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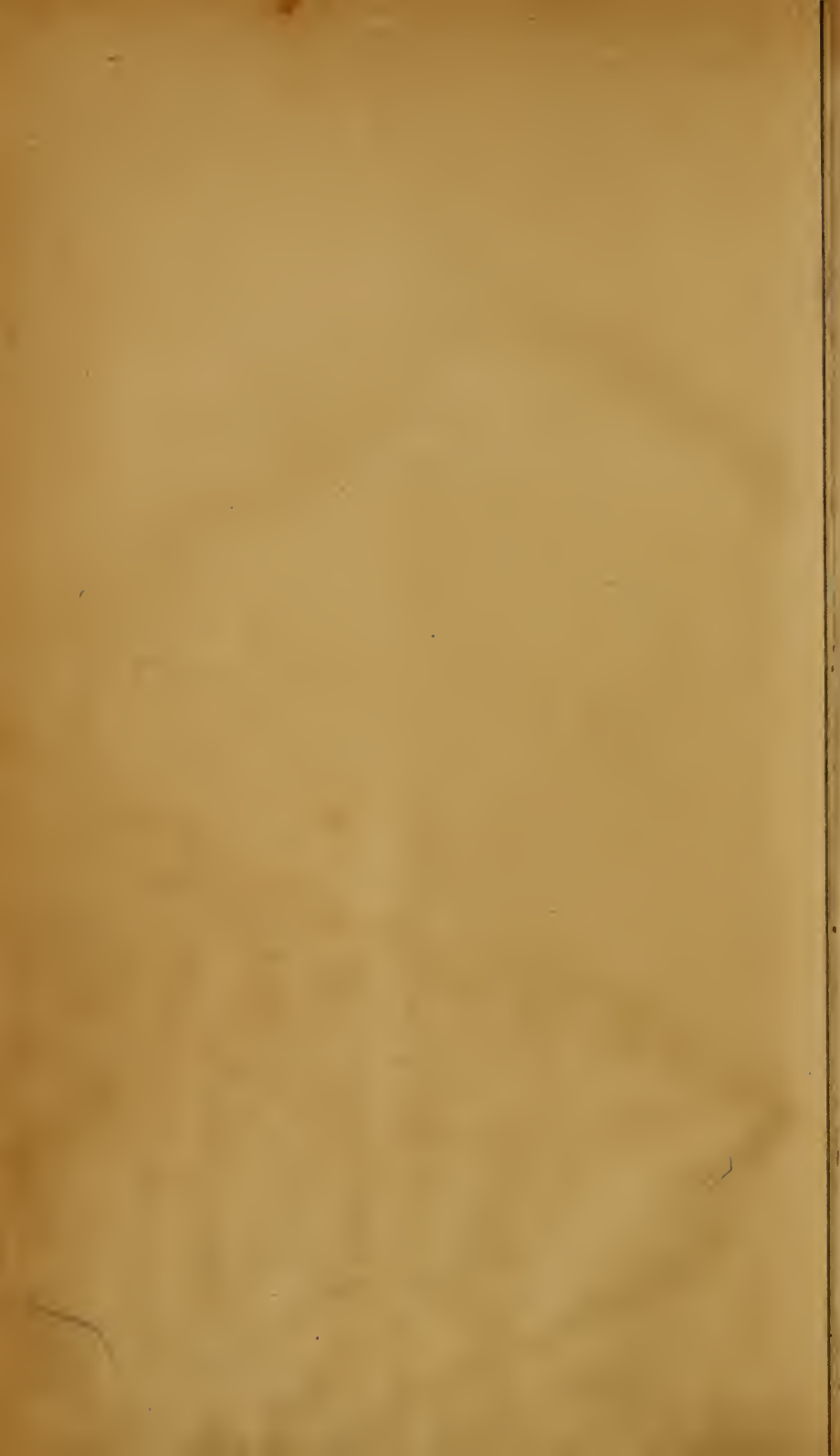
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VOL. I.

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Darley De

The husbandman prepares his seed to yield
Its hundred fold; no more the people fight,

And all the horrid scars of war are healed,
And God doth smile upon our just delight.—Page 56.

Park Life

THE GALAXY.

MAY 1, 1866.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

JULIA BRABAZON.



THE gardens of Clavering Park were removed some three hundred yards from the large, square, sombre-looking stone mansion which was the country-house of Sir Hugh Clavering, the eleventh baronet of that name; and in these gardens, which had but little of beauty to recommend them, I will introduce my readers to two of the personages with whom I wish to make them acquainted in the following story. It was now the end of August, and the parterres, beds, and bits of lawn were dry, disfigured, and almost ugly, from the effects of a long drought. In gardens to which care and labor are given abundantly, flower-beds will be pretty, and grass will be green, let the weather be what it may; but care and labor were but scantily bestowed on the Clavering Gardens, and every-

thing was yellow, adust, harsh, and dry. Over the burnt turf toward a gate that led to the house, a lady was walking, and by her side there walked a gentleman.

"You are going in, then, Miss Brabazon," said the gentleman, and it was very manifest from his tone that he intended to convey some deep reproach in his words.

"Of course I am going in," said the lady. "You asked me to walk with you, and I refused. You have now waylaid me, and therefore I shall escape—unless I am prevented by violence." As she spoke she stood still for a moment, and looked into his face with a smile which seemed to indicate that if such violence were used, within rational bounds, she would not feel herself driven to great danger.

But though she might be inclined to be playful, he was by no means in that mood. "And why did you refuse me when I asked you?" said he.

"For two reasons, partly because I thought it better to avoid any conversation with you."

"That is civil to an old friend."

"But chiefly"—and now as she spoke she drew herself up, and dismissed the smile from her face, and allowed her eyes to fall upon the ground—"but chiefly because I thought that Lord Ongar would prefer that I should not roam alone about Clavering Park with any young gentleman while I am down here; and that he might specially object to my roaming with you, were he to know that you and I were—old acquaintances. Now I have been very frank, Mr. Clavering, and I think that that ought to be enough."

"You are afraid of him already, then?"

"I am afraid of offending any one whom I love, and especially any one to whom I owe any duty."

"Enough! indeed it is not. From what you know of me, do you think it likely that that will be enough?" He was now standing in front of her, between her and the gate, and she made no effort to leave him.

"And what is it you want? I suppose you do not mean to fight Lord Ongar, and that if you did you would not come to me."

"Fight him! No; I have no quarrel with him. Fighting him would do no good."

"None in the least; and he would not fight if you were to ask him; and you could not ask without being false to me."

"I should have had an example for that, at any rate."

"That's nonsense, Mr. Clavering. My falsehood, if you should choose to call me false, is of a very different nature, and is pardonable by all laws known to the world."

"You are a jilt! that is all."

"Come, Harry, don't use hard words"—and she put her hand kindly upon his arm. "Look at me, such as I am, and at yourself, and then say whether anything but misery could come of a match between you and me. Our ages by the register are the same, but I am ten years older than you by the world. I have two hundred a year, and I owe at this moment six hundred pounds. You have, perhaps, double as much, and would lose half of that if you married. You are an usher at school."

"No, madam, I am not an usher at a school."

"Well, well, you know I don't mean to make you angry."

"At the present moment, I am a schoolmaster, and if I remain so, I might fairly look forward to a liberal income. But I am going to give that up."

"You will not be more fit for matrimony because you are going to give up your profession. Now, Lord Ongar has—heaven knows what—perhaps sixty thousand a year."

"In all my life I never heard such effrontery—such barefaced, shameless worldliness!"

"Why should I not love a man with a large income?"

"He is old enough to be your father."

"He is thirty-six, and I am twenty-four."

"Thirty-six!"

"There is the Peerage for you to look at. But, my dear Harry, do you not know that you are perplexing me and yourself too, for nothing? I was foolish enough when I came here from Nice, after papa's death, to let you talk nonsense to me for a month or two."

"Did you or did you not swear that you loved me?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, I did not imagine that your strength would have condescended to take such advantage over the weakness of a woman. I remember no oaths of any kind, and what foolish assertions I may have made, I am not going to repeat. It must have become manifest to you during these two years that all that was a romance. If it be a pleasure to you to look back to it, of that pleasure I cannot deprive you. Perhaps I also may sometimes look back. But I shall never speak of that time again; and you, if you are as noble as I take you to be, will not speak of it either. I know you would not wish to injure me."

"I would wish to save you from the misery you are bringing on yourself."

"In that you must allow me to look after myself. Lord Ongar certainly wants a wife, and I intend to be true to him, and useful."

"How about love?"

"And to love him, sir. Do you think that no man can win a woman's love, unless he is filled to the brim with poetry, and has a neck like Lord Byron, and is handsome like your worship? You are very handsome, Harry, and you, too, should go into the market and make the best of yourself. Why should you not learn to love some nice girl that has money to assist you?"

"Julia!"

"No, sir; I will not be called Julia. If you do, I will be insulted, and leave you instantly. I may call you Harry, as being so much younger—though we were born in the same month—and as a sort of cousin. But I shall never do that after to-day."

"You have courage enough, then, to tell me that you have not ill-used me?"

"Certainly I have. Why, what a fool you would have me be! Look at me, and tell me whether I am fit to be the wife of such a one as you. By the time you are entering the world, I shall be an old woman, and shall have lived my life. Even if I were fit to be your mate when we were living here together, am I fit, after what I have done and seen during the last two years? Do you think it would really do any good to any one if I were to jilt, as you call it, Lord Ongar, and tell them all—your cousin, Sir Hugh, and my sister, and your father—that I was going to keep myself up, and marry you when you were ready for me?"

"You mean to say that the evil is done."

"No, indeed. At the present moment I owe six hundred pounds, and I don't know where to turn for it, so that my husband may not be dunned for my debts as soon as he has married me. What a wife I should have been for you—should I not?"

"I could pay the six hundred pounds for you with money that I have earned

myself, though you do call me an usher—and perhaps would ask fewer questions about it than Lord Ongar will do with all his thousands.”

“Dear Harry, I beg your pardon about the usher. Of course, I know that you are a fellow of your college, and that St. Cuthbert’s, where you teach the boys, is one of the grandest schools in England; and I hope you’ll be a bishop; nay—I think you will, if you make up your mind to try for it.”

“I have given up all idea of going into the church.”

“Then you’ll be a judge. I know you’ll be great and distinguished, and that you’ll do it all yourself. You are distinguished already. If you could only know how infinitely I should prefer your lot to mine! Oh, Harry, I envy you! I do envy you! You have got the ball at your feet, and the world before you, and can win everything for yourself.”

“But nothing is anything without your love.”

“Pshaw! Love, indeed. What could I do for you but ruin you? You know it as well as I do; but you are selfish enough to wish to continue a romance which would be absolutely destructive to me, though for a while it might afford a pleasant relaxation to your graver studies. Harry, you can choose in the world. You have divinity, and law, and literature, and art. And if debarred from love now by the exigencies of labor, you will be as fit for love in ten years’ time as you are at present.”

“But I do love now.”

“Be a man, then, and keep it to yourself. Love is not to be our master. You can choose, as I say; but I have had no choice—no choice but to be married well, or to go out like a snuff of a candle. I don’t like the snuff of a candle, and, therefore, I am going to be married well.”

“And that suffices?”

“It must suffice. And why should it not suffice? You are very uncivil, cousin, and very unlike the rest of the world. Everybody compliments me on my marriage. Lord Ongar is not only rich, but he is a man of fashion, and a man of talent.”

“Are you fond of race-horses yourself?”

“Very fond of them.”

“And of that kind of life?”

“Very fond of it. I mean to be fond of everything that Lord Ongar likes. I know that I can’t change him, and, therefore, I shall not try.”

“You are right there, Miss Brabazon.”

“You mean to be impertinent, sir; but I will not take it so. This is to be our last meeting in private, and I won’t acknowledge that I am insulted. But it must be over now, Harry; and here I have been pacing round and round the garden with you, in spite of my refusal just now. It must not be repeated, or things will be said which I do not mean to have ever said of me. Good-by, Harry.”

“Good-by, Julia.”

“Well, for that once let it pass. And remember this: I have told you all my hopes, and my one trouble. I have been thus open with you because I thought it might serve to make you look at things in a right light. I trust to your honor as a gentleman to repeat nothing that I have said to you.”

“I am not given to repeat such things as those.”

“I’m sure you are not. And I hope you will not misunderstand the spirit in which they have been spoken. I shall never regret what I have told you now, if it tends to make you perceive that we must both regard our past

acquaintance as a romance, which must, from the stern necessity of things, be treated as a dream which we have dreamt, or a poem which we have read."

"You can treat it as you please."

"God bless you, Harry; and I will always hope for your welfare, and hear of your success with joy. Will you come up and shoot with them on Thursday?"

"What, with Hugh? No; Hugh and I do not hit it off together. If I shot at Clavering I should have to do it as a sort of head-keeper. It's a higher position, I know, than that of an usher, but it doesn't suit me."

"Oh, Harry! that is so cruel! But you will come up to the house. Lord Ongar will be there on the thirty-first; the day after to-morrow, you know."

"I must decline even that temptation. I never go into the house when Hugh is there, except about twice a year on solemn invitation—just to prevent there being a family quarrel."

"Good-by, then," and she offered him her hand.

"Good-by, if it must be so."

"I don't know whether you mean to grace my marriage?"

"Certainly not. I shall be away from Clavering, so that the marriage bells may not wound my ears. For the matter of that, I shall be at the school."

"I suppose we shall meet some day in town."

"Most probably not. My ways and Lord Ongar's will be altogether different, even if I should succeed in getting up to London. If you ever come to see Hermione here, I may chance to meet you in the house. But you will not do that often, the place is so dull and unattractive."

"It is the dearest old park."

"You won't care much for old parks as Lady Ongar."

"You don't know what I may care about as Lady Ongar; but as Julia Brabazon I will now say good-by for the last time." Then they parted, and the lady returned to the great house, while Harry Clavering made his way across the park toward the rectory.

Three years before this scene in the gardens at Clavering Park, Lord Brabazon had died at Nice, leaving one unmarried daughter, the lady to whom the reader has just been introduced. One other daughter he had, who was then already married to Sir Hugh Clavering, and Lady Clavering was the Hermione of whom mention has already been made. Lord Brabazon, whose peerage had descended to him in a direct line from the time of the Plantagenets, was one of those unfortunate nobles of whom England is burdened with but few, who have no means equal to their rank. He had married late in life, and had died without a male heir. The title which had come from the Plantagenets was now lapsed; and when the last lord died about four hundred a year was divided between his two daughters. The elder had already made an excellent match, as regarded fortune, in marrying Sir Hugh Clavering; and the younger was now about to make a much more splendid match in her alliance with Lord Ongar. Of them I do not know that it is necessary to say much more at present.

And of Harry Clavering it perhaps may not be necessary to say much in the way of description. The attentive reader will have already gathered nearly all that should be known of him before he makes himself known by his own deeds. He was the only son of the Reverend Henry Clavering, rector of Clavering, uncle of the present Sir Hugh Clavering, and brother of the last Sir Hugh. The Reverend Henry Clavering and Mrs. Clavering his wife, and

his two daughters, Mary and Fanny Clavering, lived always at Clavering Rectory, on the cutskirts of Clavering Park, at a full mile's distance from the house. The church stood in the park, about midway between the two residences. When I have named one more Clavering, Captain Clavering, Captain Archibald Clavering, Sir Hugh's brother, and when I shall have said also that both Sir Hugh and Captain Clavering were men fond of pleasure and fond of money, I shall have said all that I need now say about the Clavering family at large.

Julia Brabazon had indulged in some reminiscence of the romance of her past poetic life when she talked of cousinship between her and Harry Clavering. Her sister was the wife of Harry Clavering's first cousin, but between her and Harry there was no relationship whatever. When old Lord Brabazon had died at Nice she had come to Clavering Park, and had created some astonishment among those who knew Sir Hugh by making good her footing in his establishment. He was not the man to take up a wife's sister, and make his house her home, out of charity or from domestic love. Lady Clavering, who had been a handsome woman and fashionable withal, no doubt may have had some influence; but Sir Hugh was a man much prone to follow his own courses. It must be presumed that Julia Brabazon had made herself agreeable in the house, and also probably useful. She had been taken to London through two seasons, and had there held up her head among the bravest. And she had been taken abroad—for Sir Hugh did not love Clavering Park, except during six weeks of partridge shooting; and she had been at Newmarket with them, and at the house of a certain fast hunting duke with whom Sir Hugh was intimate; and at Brighton with her sister, when it suited Sir Hugh to remain alone at the duke's; and then again up in London, where she finally arranged matters with Lord Ongar. It was acknowledged by all the friends of the two families, and indeed I may say of the three families now—among the Brabazon people, and the Clavering people, and the Courton people—Lord Ongar's family name was Courton—that Julia Brabazon had been very clever. Of her and Harry Clavering together no one had ever said a word. If any words had been spoken between her and Hermione on the subject, the two sisters had been discreet enough to manage that they should go no further. In those short months of Julia's romance Sir Hugh had been away from Clavering, and Hermione had been much occupied in giving birth to an heir. Julia had now lived past her one short spell of poetry, had written her one sonnet, and was prepared for the business of the world.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY CLAVERING CHOOSES HIS PROFESSION.

HARRY CLAVERING might not be an usher, but, nevertheless, he was home for the holidays. And who can say where the usher ends and the schoolmaster begins? He, perhaps, may properly be called an usher, who is hired by a private schoolmaster to assist himself in his private occupation, whereas Harry Clavering had been selected by a public body out of a hundred candidates, with much real or pretended reference to certificates of qualification. He was certainly not an usher, as he was paid three hundred a year for his

work—which is quite beyond the mark of ushers. So much was certain ; but yet the word stuck in his throat and made him uncomfortable. He did not like to reflect that he was home for the holidays.

But he had determined that he would never come home for the holidays again. At Christmas he would leave the school at which he had won his appointment with so much trouble, and go into an open profession. Indeed he had chosen his profession, and his mode of entering it. He would become a civil engineer, and perhaps a land surveyor, and with this view he would enter himself as a pupil in the great house of Beilby & Burton. The terms even had been settled. He was to pay a premium of five hundred pounds and join Mr. Burton, who was settled in the town of Stratton, for twelve months before he placed himself in Mr. Beilby's office in London. Stratton was less than twenty miles from Clavering. It was a comfort to him to think that he could pay this five hundred pounds out of his own earnings, without troubling his father. It was a comfort, even though he had earned that money by "ushering" for the last two years.

When he left Julia Brabazon in the garden, Harry Clavering did not go at once home to the rectory, but sauntered out all alone into the park, intending to indulge in reminiscences of his past romance. It was all over, that idea of having Julia Brabazon for his love ; and now he had to ask himself whether he intended to be made permanently miserable by her wordly falseness, or whether he would borrow something of her wordly wisdom, and agree with himself to look back on what was past as a pleasurable excitement in his boyhood. Of course we all know that really permanent misery was in truth out of the question. Nature had not made him physically or mentally so poor a creature as to be incapable of a cure. But on this occasion he decided on permanent misery. There was about his heart—about his actual anatomical heart, with its internal arrangement of valves and blood-vessels—a heavy dragging feeling that almost amounted to corporeal pain, and which he described to himself as agony. Why should this rich, debauched, disreputable lord have the power of taking the cup from his lip, the one morsel of bread which he coveted from his mouth, his one ingot of treasure out of his coffer? Fight him! No, he knew he could not fight Lord Ongar. The world was against such an arrangement. And in truth Harry Clavering had so much contempt for Lord Ongar, that he had no wish to fight so poor a creature. The man had had delirium tremens, and was a worn-out miserable object. So at least Harry Clavering was only too ready to believe. He did not care much for Lord Ongar in the matter. His anger was against her ; that she should have deserted him for a miserable creature, who had nothing to back him but wealth and rank!

There was wretchedness in every view of the matter. He loved her so well, and yet he could do nothing! He could take no step toward saving her or assisting himself. The marriage bells would ring within a month from the present time, and his own father would go to the church and marry them. Unless Lord Ongar were to die before then by God's hand, there could be no escape—and of such escape Harry Clavering had no thought. He felt a weary, dragging soreness at his heart, and told himself that he must be miserable forever—not so miserable but what he would work, but so wretched that the world could have for him no satisfaction.

What could he do? What thing could he achieve so that she should know that he did not let her go from him without more thought than his poor words

had expressed? He was perfectly aware that in their conversation she had had the best of the argument—that he had talked almost like a boy, while she had talked quite like a woman. She had treated him *de haut en bas* with all that superiority which youth and beauty give to a young woman over a very young man. What could he do? Before he returned to the rectory, he had made up his mind what he would do, and on the following morning Julia Brabazon received by the hands of her maid the following note:

“I think I understood all that you said to me yesterday. At any rate, I understand that you have one trouble left, and that I have the means of curing it.” In the first draft of his letter he said something about ushering, but that he omitted afterwards. “You may be assured that the inclosed is all my own, and that it is entirely at my own disposal. You may also be quite sure of good faith on the part of the lender.—H. C.” And in this letter he inclosed a check for six hundred pounds. It was the money which he had saved since he took his degree, and had been intended for Messrs. Beilby & Burton. But he would wait another two years—continuing to do his ushering for her sake. What did it matter to a man who must, under any circumstances, be permanently miserable?

Sir Hugh was not yet at Clavering. He was to come with Lord Ongar on the eve of the partridge-shooting. The two sisters, therefore, had the house all to themselves. At about twelve they sat down to breakfast together in a little upstairs chamber adjoining Lady Clavering’s own room, Julia Brabazon at that time having her lover’s generous letter in her pocket. She knew that it was as improper as it was generous, and that, moreover, it was very dangerous. There was no knowing what might be the result of such a letter should Lord Ongar even know that she had received it. She was not absolutely angry with Harry, but had, to herself, twenty times called him a foolish, indiscreet, dear, generous boy. But what was she to do with the check? As to that, she had hardly as yet made up her mind when she joined her sister on the morning in question. Even to Hermione she did not dare to tell the fact that such a letter had been received by her.

But in truth her debts were a great torment to her; and yet how trifling they were when compared with the wealth of the man who was to become her husband in six weeks! Let her marry him, and not pay them, and he probably would never be the wiser. They would get themselves paid almost without his knowledge, perhaps altogether without his hearing of them. But yet she feared him, knowing him to be greedy about money; and, to give her such merit as was due to her, she felt the meanness of going to her husband with debts on her shoulder. She had five thousand pounds of her own; but the very settlement which gave her a noble dower, and which made the marriage so brilliant, made over this small sum in its entirety to her lord. She had been wrong not to tell the lawyer of her trouble when he had brought the paper for her to sign; but she had not told him. If Sir Hugh Clavering had been her own brother there would have been no difficulty, but he was only her brother-in-law, and she feared to speak to him. Her sister, however, knew that there were debts, and on that subject she was not afraid to speak to Hermione.

“Hermy,” said she, “what am I to do about this money that I owe? I got a bill from Colclugh’s this morning.”

“Just because he knows you’re going to be married; that’s all.”

“But how am I to pay him?”

"Take no notice of it till next spring. I don't know what else you can do. You'll be sure to have money when you come back from the Continent."

"You couldn't lend it me; could you?"

"Who? I? Did you ever know me have any money in hand since I was married? I have the name of an allowance, but it is always spent before it comes to me, and I am always in debt."

"Would Hugh—let me have it?"

"What, give it you?"

"Well, it wouldn't be so very much for him. I never asked him for a pound yet."

"I think he would say something you would't like if you were to ask him; but of course, you can try it if you please."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Lord Ongar should have let you keep your own fortune. It would have been nothing to him."

"Hugh didn't let you keep your own fortune."

"But the money which will be nothing to Lord Ongar was a good deal to Hugh. You're going to have sixty thousand a year, while we have to do with seven or eight. Besides, I hadn't been out in London, and it wasn't likely I should owe much in Nice. He did ask me, and there was something."

"What am I to do, Hermy?"

"Write and ask Lord Ongar to let you have what you want out of your own money. Write to-day, so that he may get your letter before he comes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never wrote a word to him yet, and to begin with asking him for money!"

"I don't think he can be angry with you for that."

"I shouldn't know what to say. Would you write for me, and let me see how it looks?"

This Lady Clavering did; and had she refused to do it, I think that poor Harry Clavering's check would have been used. As it was, Lady Clavering wrote the letter to "My dear Lord Ongar," and it was copied and signed by "Yours most affectionately, Julia Brabazon." The effect of this was the receipt of a check for a thousand pounds in a very pretty note from Lord Ongar, which the lord brought with him to Clavering, and sent up to Julia as he was dressing for dinner. It was an extremely comfortable arrangement, and Julia was very glad of the money—feeling it to be a portion of that which was her own. And Harry's check had been returned to him on the day of its receipt. "Of course I cannot take it, and of course you should not have sent it." These words were written on the morsel of paper in which the money was returned. But Miss Brabazon had torn the signature off the check, so that it might be safe, whereas Harry Clavering had taken no precaution with it whatever. But then Harry Clavering had not lived two years in London.

During the hours that the check was away from him, Harry had told his father that perhaps, even yet, he might change his purpose as to going to Messrs. Beilby & Burton. He did not know, he said, but he was still in doubt. This had sprung from some chance question which his father had asked, and which had seemed to demand an answer. Mr. Clavering greatly disliked the scheme of life which his son had made. Harry's life hitherto had been prosperous and very creditable. He had gone early to Cambridge, and at twenty-two had become a fellow of his college. This fellowship he could hold for five or six years without going into orders. It would then lead to a

living, and would in the meantime afford a livelihood. But, beyond this, Harry, with an energy which he certainly had not inherited from his father, had become a schoolmaster, and was already a rich man. He had done more than well, and there was a great probability that between them they might be able to buy the next presentation to Clavering, when the time should come in which Sir Hugh should determine on selling it. That Sir Hugh should give the family living to his cousin was never thought probable by any of the family at the rectory; but he might perhaps part with it under such circumstances on favorable terms. For all these reasons the father was very anxious that his son should follow out the course for which he had been intended; but that he, being unenergetic and having hitherto done little for his son, should dictate to a young man who had been energetic, and who had done much for himself, was out of the question. Harry, therefore, was to be the arbiter of his own fate. But when Harry received back the check from Julia Brabazon, then he again returned to his resolution respecting Messrs. Beilby & Burton, and took the first opportunity of telling his father that such was the case.

After breakfast he followed his father into his study, and there, sitting in two easy chairs opposite to each other, they lit each a cigar. Such was the reverend gentleman's custom in the afternoon, and such also in the morning. I do not know whether the smoking of four or five cigars daily by the parson of a parish may now-a-day be considered as a vice in him, but if so, it was the only vice with which Mr. Clavering could be charged. He was a kind, soft-hearted, gracious man, tender to his wife, whom he ever regarded as the angel of his house, indulgent to his daughters, whom he idolized, ever patient with his parishioners, and awake—though not widely awake—to the responsibilities of his calling. The world had been too comfortable for him, and also too narrow; so that he had sunk into idleness. The world had given him much to eat and drink, but it had given him little to do, and thus he had gradually fallen away from his early purposes, till his energy hardly sufficed for the doing of that little. His living gave him eight hundred a year; his wife's fortune nearly doubled that. He had married early, and had got his living early, and had been very prosperous. But he was not a happy man. He knew that he had put off the day of action till the power of action had passed away from him. His library was well furnished, but he rarely read much else than novels and poetry; and of late years the reading even of poetry had given way to the reading of novels. Till within ten years of the hour of which I speak, he had been a hunting parson—not hunting loudly, but following his sport as it is followed by moderate sportsmen. Then there had come a new bishop, and the new bishop had sent for him—nay, finally had come to him, and had lectured him with blatant authority. "My lord," said the parson of Clavering, plucking up something of his past energy, as the color rose to his face, "I think you are wrong in this. I think you are specially wrong to interfere with me in this way on your first coming among us. You feel it to be your duty no doubt; but to me it seems that you mistake your duty. But as the matter is simply one of my own pleasure, I shall give it up." After that Mr. Clavering hunted no more, and never spoke a good word to any one of the bishop of his diocese. For myself, I think it as well that clergymen should not hunt; but had I been the parson of Clavering, I should, under those circumstances, have hunted double.

Mr. Clavering hunted no more, and probably smoked a greater number of

cigars in consequence. He had an increased amount of time at his disposal, but did not, therefore, give more time to his duties. Alas! what time did he give to his duties? He kept a most energetic curate, whom he allowed to do almost what he would with the parish. Every-day services he did prohibit, declaring that he would not have the parish church made ridiculous; but in other respects his curate was the pastor. Once every Sunday he read the service, and once every Sunday he preached, and he resided in his parsonage ten months every year. His wife and daughters went among the poor—and he smoked cigars in his library. Though not yet fifty, he was becoming fat and idle—unwilling to walk, and not caring much even for such riding as the bishop had left to him. And to make matters worse—far worse, he knew all this of himself, and understood it thoroughly. "I see a better path, and know how good it is, but I follow ever the worse." He was saying that to himself daily, and was saying it always without hope.

And his wife had given him up. She had given him up, not with disdainful rejection, nor with contempt in her eye, or censure in her voice, not with diminution of love or of outward respect. She had given him up as a man abandons his attempts to make his favorite dog take the water. He would fain that the dog he loves should dash into the stream as other dogs will do. It is, to his thinking, a noble instinct in a dog. But his dog dreads the water. As, however, he has learned to love the beast, he puts up with this mischance, and never dreams of banishing poor Ponto from his hearth because of this failure. And so it was with Mrs. Clavering and her husband at the rectory. He understood it all. He knew that he was so far rejected; and he acknowledged to himself the necessity for such rejection.

"It is a very serious thing to decide upon," he said, when his son had spoken to him.

"Yes; it is serious—about as serious a thing as a man can think of; but a man cannot put it off on that account. If I mean to make such a change in my plans, the sooner I do it the better."

"But yesterday you were in another mind."

"No, father, not in another mind. I did not tell you then, nor can I tell you all now. I had thought that I should want my money for another purpose for a year or two; but that I have abandoned."

"Is the purpose a secret, Harry?"

"It is a secret, because it concerns another person."

"You were going to lend your money to some one?"

"I must keep it a secret, though you know I seldom have any secrets from you. That idea, however, is abandoned, and I mean to go over to Stratton to-morrow, and tell Mr. Burton that I shall be there after Christmas. I must be at St. Cuthbert's on Tuesday."

Then they both sat silent for a while, silently blowing out their clouds of smoke. The son had said all that he cared to say, and would have wished that there might then be an end of it; but he knew that his father had much on his mind, and would fain express, if he could express it without too much trouble, or without too evident a need of self-reproach, his own thoughts on the subject. "You have made up your mind, then, altogether that you do not like the church as a profession," he said at last.

"I think I have, father."

"And on what grounds? The grounds which recommend it to you are very strong. Your education has adapted you for it. Your success in it is already

insured by your fellowship. In a great degree you have entered it as a profession already by taking a fellowship. What you are doing is not choosing a line in life, but changing one already chosen. You are making of yourself a rolling stone."

"A stone should roll till it has come to the spot that suits it."

"Why not give up the school if it irks you?"

"And become a Cambridge Don, and practice deportment among the undergraduates."

"I don't see that you need do that. You need not even live at Cambridge. Take a church in London. You would be sure to get one by holding up your hand. If that, with your fellowship, is not sufficient, I will give you what more you want."

"No, father—no. By God's blessing I will never ask you for a pound. I can hold my fellowship for four years longer without orders, and in four years' time I think I can earn my bread."

"I don't doubt that, Harry."

"Then why should I not follow my wishes in this matter? The truth is, I do not feel myself qualified to be a good clergyman."

"It is not that you have doubts, is it?"

"I might have them if I came to think much about it—as I must do if I took orders. And I do not wish to be crippled in doing what I think lawful by conventional rules. A rebellious clergyman is, I think, a sorry object. It seems to me that he is a bird fouling his own nest. Now, I know I should be a rebellious clergyman."

"In our church the life of a clergyman is as the life of any other gentleman—within very broad limits."

"Then why did Bishop Proudie interfere with your hunting?"

"Limits may be very broad, Harry, and yet exclude hunting. Bishop Proudie was vulgar and intrusive, such being the nature of his wife, who instructs him; but if you were in orders I should be very sorry to see you take to hunting."

"It seems to me that a clergyman has nothing to do in life unless he is always preaching and teaching. Look at Saul"—Mr. Saul was the curate of Clavering—"he is always preaching and teaching. He is doing the best he can; and what a life of it he has. He has literally thrown off all worldly cares—and, consequently, everybody laughs at him, and nobody loves him. I don't believe a better man breathes, but I shouldn't like his life."

At this point there was another pause, which lasted till the cigars had come to an end. Then, as he threw the stump into the fire, Mr. Clavering spoke again. "The truth is, Harry, that you have had, all your life, a bad example before you."

"No, father."

"Yes, my son; let me speak on to the end, and then you can say what you please. In me you have had a bad example on one side, and now, in poor Saul, you have a bad example on the other side. Can you fancy no life between the two, which would fit your physical nature, which is larger than his, and your mental wants, which are higher than mine? Yes, they are, Harry. It is my duty to say this, but it would be unseemly that there should be any controversy between us on the subject."

"If you choose to stop me in that way ——"

"I do choose to stop you in that way. As for Saul, it is impossible that

you should become such a man as he. It is not that he mortifies his flesh, but that he has no flesh to mortify. He is unconscious of the flavor of venison, or the scent of roses, or the beauty of women. He is an exceptional specimen of a man, and you need no more fear, than you should venture to hope, that you could become such as he is."

At this point they were interrupted by the entrance of Fanny Clavering, who came to say that Mr. Saul was in the drawing room. "What does he want, Fanny?" This question Mr. Clavering asked half in a whisper, but with something of comic humor in his face, as though partly afraid that Mr. Saul should hear it, and partly intending to convey a wish that he might escape Mr. Saul, if it were possible.

"It's about the iron church, papa. He says it is come—or part of it has come—and he wants you to go out to Cumberly Green about the site."

"I thought that was all settled."

"He says not."

"What does it matter where it is? He can put it anywhere he likes on the Green. However, I had better go to him." So Mr. Clavering went. Cumberly Green was a hamlet in the parish of Clavering, three miles distant from the church, the people of which had got into a wicked habit of going to a dissenting chapel near to them. By Mr. Saul's energy, but chiefly out of Mr. Clavering's purse, an iron chapel had been purchased for a hundred and fifty pounds, and Mr. Saul proposed to add to his own duties the pleasing occupation of walking to Cumberly Green every Sunday morning before breakfast, and every Wednesday evening after dinner, to perform a service and bring back to the true flock as many of the erring sheep of Cumberly Green as he might be able to catch. Towards the purchase of this iron church Mr. Clavering had at first given a hundred pounds. Sir Hugh, in answer to the fifth application, had very ungraciously, through his steward, bestowed ten pounds. Among the farmers one pound nine and eightpence had been collected. Mr. Saul had given two pounds; Mrs. Clavering gave five pounds; the girls gave ten shillings each; Henry Clavering gave five pounds—and then the parson made up the remainder. But Mr. Saul had journeyed thrice painfully to Bristol, making the bargain for the church, going and coming each time by third-class, and he had written all the letters; but Mrs. Clavering had paid the postage, and she and the girls between them were making the covering for the little altar.

"Is it all settled, Harry?" said Fanny, stopping with her brother, and hanging over his chair. She was a pretty, gay-spirited girl, with bright eyes and dark brown hair, which fell in two curls behind her ears.

"He has said nothing to unsettle it."

"I know it makes him very unhappy."

"No, Fanny, not very unhappy. He would rather that I should go into the church, but that is about all."

"I think you are quite right."

"And Mary thinks I am quite wrong."

"Mary thinks so, of course. So should I, too, perhaps, if I were engaged to a clergyman. That's the old story of the fox who had lost his tail."

"And your tail isn't gone yet?"

"No, my tail isn't gone yet. Mary thinks that no life is like a clergyman's life. But, Harry, though mamma hasn't said so, I'm sure she thinks you are right. She won't say so as long as it may seem to interfere with anything papa may choose to say; but I'm sure she's glad in her heart."

"And I am glad in my heart, Fanny. And as I'm the person most concerned, I suppose that's the most material thing." Then they followed their father into the drawing room.

"Couldn't you drive Mrs. Clavering over in the pony chair, and settle it between you," said Mr. Clavering to his curate. Mr. Saul looked disappointed. In the first place, he hated driving the pony, which was a rapid-footed little beast, that had a will of his own; and in the next place, he thought the rector ought to visit the spot on such an occasion. "Or Mrs. Clavering will drive you," said the rector, remembering Mr. Saul's objection to the pony. Still Mr. Saul looked unhappy. Mr. Saul was very tall and very thin, with a tall thin head, and weak eyes, and a sharp, well-cut nose, and, so to say, no lips, and very white teeth, with no beard, and a well-cut chin. His face was so thin that his cheek bones obtruded themselves unpleasantly. He wore a long rusty black coat, and a high rusty black waistcoat, and trousers that were brown with dirty roads and general ill-usage. Nevertheless, it never occurred to any one that Mr. Saul did not look like a gentleman, not even to himself, to whom no ideas whatever on that subject ever presented themselves. But that he was a gentleman I think he knew well enough, and was able to carry himself before Sir Hugh and his wife with quite as much ease as he could do in the rectory. Once or twice he had dined at the great house; but Lady Clavering had declared him to be a bore, and Sir Hugh had called him "that most offensive of all animals, a clerical prig." It had therefore been decided that he was not to be asked to the great house any more. It may be as well to state here, as elsewhere, that Mr. Clavering very rarely went to his nephew's table. On certain occasions he did do so, so that there might be no recognized quarrel between him and Sir Hugh; but such visits were few and far between.

After a few more words from Mr. Saul, and a glance from his wife's eye, Mr. Clavering consented to go to Cumberly Green, though there was nothing he liked so little as a morning spent with his curate. When he had started, Harry told his mother also of his final decision. "I shall go to Stratton to-morrow and settle it all."

"And what does papa say?" asked the mother.

"Just what he has said before. It is not so much that he wishes me to be a clergyman, as that he does not wish me to have lost all my time up to this."

"It is more than that, I think," Harry, said his elder sister, a tall girl, less pretty than her sister, apparently less careful of her prettiness, very quiet, or, as some said, demure, but known to be good as gold by all who knew her well.

"I doubt it," said Harry, stoutly. "But, however that may be, a man must choose for himself."

"We all thought you had chosen," said Mary.

"If it is settled," said the mother, "I suppose we shall do no good by opposing it."

"Would you wish to oppose it, mamma?" said Harry.

"No, my dear. I think you should judge for yourself."

"You see I could have no scope in the church for that sort of ambition which would satisfy me. Look at such men as Locke, and Stephenson, and Brassey. They are the men who seem to me to do most in the world. They were all self-educated, but surely a man can't have a worse chance because he has learned something. Look at old Beilby with a seat in Parliament, and a property worth two or three hundred thousand pounds! When he was my age he had nothing but his weekly wages."

"I don't know whether Mr. Beilby is a very happy man or a very good man," said Mary.

"I don't know, either," said Harry; "but I do know that he has thrown a single arch over a wider span of water than ever was done before, and that ought to make him happy." After saying this in a tone of high authority, befitting his dignity as a fellow of his college, Harry Clavering went out, leaving his mother and sisters to discuss the subject, which to two of them was all-important. As to Mary, she had hopes of her own, vested in the clerical concerns of a neighboring parish.

CHAPTER III.

LORD ONGAR.

On the next morning Harry Clavering rode over to Stratton, thinking much of his misery as he went. It was all very well for him, in the presence of his own family to talk of his profession as the one subject which was to him of any importance; but he knew very well himself that he was only beguiling them in doing so. This question of a profession was, after all, but dead leaves to him—to him who had a canker at his heart, a perpetual thorn in his bosom, a misery within him which no profession could mitigate! Those dear ones at home guessed nothing of this, and he would take care that they should guess nothing. Why should they have the pain of knowing that he had been made wretched forever by blighted hopes? His mother, indeed, had suspected something in those sweet days of his roaming with Julia through the park. She had once or twice said a word to warn him. But of the very truth of his deep love—so he told himself—she had been happily ignorant. Let her be ignorant. Why should he make his mother unhappy? As these thoughts passed through his mind, I think that he revelled in his wretchedness, and made much to himself of his misery. He sucked in his sorrow greedily, and was somewhat proud to have had occasion to break his heart. But not the less, because he was thus early blighted, would he struggle for success in the world. He would show her that, as his wife, she might have had a worthier position than Lord Ongar could give her. He, too, might probably rise the quicker in the world, as now he would have no impediment of wife or family. Then, as he rode along, he composed a sonnet, fitting to his case, the strength and rhythm of which seemed to him, as he sat on horseback, to be almost perfect. Unfortunately, when he was back at Clavering, and sat in his room with the pen in his hand, the turn of the words had escaped him.

He found Mr. Burton at home, and was not long in concluding his business. Messrs. Beilby Burton were not only civil engineers, but were land surveyors also, and land valuers on a great scale. They were employed much by Government upon public buildings, and if not architects themselves, were supposed to know all that architects should do and should not do. In the purchase of great properties Mr. Burton's opinion was supposed to be, or to have been, as good as any in the kingdom, and therefore there was very much to be learned in the office at Stratton. But Mr. Burton was not a rich man like his partner, Mr. Beilby, nor an ambitious man. He had never soared Parliamentwards, had never speculated, had never invented, and never been

great. He had been the father of a very large family, all of whom were doing as well in the world, and some of them perhaps better, than their father. Indeed, there were many who said that Mr. Burton would have been a richer man if he had not joined himself in partnership with Mr. Beilby. Mr. Beilby had the reputation of swallowing more than his share wherever he went.

When the business part of the arrangement was finished Mr. Burton talked to his future pupil about lodgings, and went out with him into the town to look for rooms. The old man found that Harry Clavering was rather nice in this respect, and in his own mind formed an idea that this new beginner might have been a more auspicious pupil, had he not already become a fellow of a college. Indeed, Harry talked to him quite as though they two were on an equality together; and, before they had parted, Mr. Burton was not sure that Harry did not patronize him. He asked the young man, however, to join them at their early dinner, and then introduced him to Mrs. Burton, and to their youngest daughter, the only child who was still living with them. "All my other girls are married, Mr. Clavering; and all of them married to men connected with my own profession." The color came slightly to Florence Burton's cheeks as she heard her father's words, and Harry asked himself whether the old man expected that he should go through the same ordeal; but Mr. Burton himself was quite unaware that he had said anything wrong, and then went on to speak of the successes of his sons. "But they began early, Mr. Clavering; and worked hard—very hard indeed." He was a good, kindly, garrulous old man; but Harry began to doubt whether he would learn much at Stratton. It was, however, too late to think of that now, and everything was fixed.

Harry, when he looked at Florence Burton, at once declared to himself that she was plain. Anything more unlike Julia Brabazon never appeared in the guise of a young lady. Julia was tall, with a high brow, a glorious complexion, a nose as finely modelled as though a Grecian sculptor had cut it, a small mouth, but lovely in its curves, and a chin that finished and made perfect the symmetry of her face. Her neck was long, but graceful as a swan's, her bust was full, and her whole figure like that of a goddess. Added to this, when he had first known her, she had all the charm of youth. When she had returned to Clavering the other day, the affianced bride of Lord Ongar, he had hardly known whether to admire or to deplore the settled air of established womanhood which she had assumed. Her large eyes had always lacked something of rapid, glancing, sparkling brightness. They had been glorious eyes to him, and in those early days he had not known that they lacked aught; but he had perceived, or perhaps fancied, that now, in her present condition, they were often cold, and sometimes almost cruel. Nevertheless, he was ready to swear that she was perfect in her beauty.

Poor Florence Burton was short of stature, was brown, meagre, and poor-looking. So said Harry Clavering to himself. Her small hand, though soft, lacked that wondrous charm of touch which Julia's possessed. Her face was short, and her forehead, though it was broad and open, had none of that feminine command which Julia's look conveyed. That Florence's eyes were very bright—bright and soft as well, he allowed; and her dark brown hair was very glossy; but she was, on the whole, a mean-looking little thing. He could not, as he said to himself on his return home, avoid the comparison, as she was the first girl he had seen since he had parted from Julia Brabazon.

"I hope you'll find yourself comfortable at Stratton, sir," said old Mrs. Burton.



"A PAIR FECKLESS THING, TOTTERING ALONG LIKE"—



"Thank you," said Harry, "but I want very little myself in that way. Anything does for me."

"One young gentleman we had took a bedroom at Mrs. Pott's, and did very nicely without any second room at all. Don't you remember, Mr. B. ? it was young Granger."

"Young Granger had a very short allowance," said Mr. Burton. "He lived upon fifty pounds a year all the time he was here."

"And I don't think Scarness had more when he began," said Mrs. Burton. "Mr. Scarness married one of my girls, Mr. Clavering, when he started himself at Liverpool. He has pretty nigh all the Liverpool docks under him now. I have heard him say that butcher's meat did not cost him four shillings a week all the time he was here. I've always thought Stratton one of the reasonablest places anywhere for a young man to do for himself in."

"I don't know, my dear," said the husband, "that Mr. Clavering will care very much for that."

"Perhaps not, Mr. B. ; but I do like to see young men careful about their spendings. What's the use of spending a shilling when sixpence will do as well ; and sixpence saved when a man has nothing but himself, becomes pounds and pounds by the time he has a family about him."

During all this time Miss Burton said little or nothing, and Harry Clavering himself did not say much. He could not express any intention of rivalling Mr. Scarness's economy in the article of butcher's meat, nor could he promise to content himself with Granger's solitary bedroom. But as he rode home he almost began to fear that he had made a mistake. He was not wedded to the joys of his college hall, or the college common room. He did not like the narrowness of college life. But he doubted whether the change from that to the oft-repeated hospitalities of Mrs. Burton might not be too much for him. Scarness's four shillings'-worth of butcher's meat had already made him half sick of his new profession, and though Stratton might be the "reasonablest place anywhere for a young man," he could not look forward to living there for a year with much delight. As for Miss Burton, it might be quite as well that she was plain, as he wished for none of the delights which beauty affords to young men.

On his return home, however, he made no complaint of Stratton. He was too strong-willed to own that he had been in any way wrong, and when early in the following week he started for St. Cuthbert's, he was able to speak with cheerful hope of his new prospects. If ultimately he should find life in Stratton to be unendurable, he would cut that part of his career short, and contrive to get up to London at an earlier time than he had intended.

On the 31st of August Lord Ongar and Sir Hugh Clavering reached Clavering Park, and, as has been already told, a pretty little note was at once sent up to Miss Brabazon in her bedroom. When she met Lord Ongar in the drawing-room, about an hour afterwards, she had instructed herself that it would be best to say nothing of the note ; but she could not refrain from a word. "I am much obliged, my lord, by your kindness and generosity," she said, as she gave him her hand. He merely bowed and smiled, and muttered something as to his hoping that he might always find it as easy to gratify her. He was a little man, on whose behalf it certainly appeared that the Peerage must have told a falsehood ; it seemed so at least to those who judged of his years from his appearance. The Peerage said that he was thirty-six, and that, no doubt, was in truth his age, but any one would have declared him to be

ten years older. This look was produced chiefly by the effect of an elaborately dressed jet black wig which he wore. What misfortune had made him bald so early—if to be bald early in life be a misfortune—I cannot say; but he had lost the hair from the crown of his head, and had preferred wiggery to baldness. No doubt an effort was made to hide the wiggishness of his wigs, but what effect in that direction was ever made successfully? He was, moreover, weak, thin, and physically poor, and had, no doubt, increased this weakness and poorness by hard living. Though others thought him old, time had gone swiftly with him, and he still thought himself a young man. He hunted, though he could not ride. He shot, though he could not walk. And, unfortunately, he drank, though he had no capacity for drinking! His friends at last had taught him to believe that his only chance of saving himself lay in marriage, and therefore he had engaged himself to Julia Brabazon, purchasing her at the price of a brilliant settlement. If Lord Ongar should die before her, Ongar Park was to be hers for life, with thousands a year to maintain it. Courtton Castle, the great family seat, would of course go to the heir; but Ongar Park was supposed to be the most delightful small country-seat anywhere within thirty miles of London. It lay among the Surrey hills, and all the world had heard of the charms of Ongar Park. If Julia were to survive her lord, Ongar Park was to be hers; and they who saw them both together had but little doubt that she would come to the enjoyment of this clause in her settlement. Lady Clavering had been clever in arranging the match; and Sir Hugh, though he might have been unwilling to give his sister-in-law money out of his own pocket had performed his duty as a brother-in-law in looking to her future welfare. Julia Brabazon had no doubt that she was doing well. Poor Harry Clavering! She had loved him in the days of her romance. She, too, had written her sonnets. But she had grown old earlier in life than he had done, and had taught herself that romance could not be allowed to a woman in her position. She was highly born, the daughter of a peer, without money, and even without a home to which she had any claim. Of course she had accepted Lord Ongar, but she had not put out her hand to take all these good things without resolving that she would do her duty to her future lord. The duty would be doubtless disagreeable, but she would do it with all the more diligence on that account.

September passed by, hecatombs of partridges were slaughtered, and the day of the wedding drew nigh. It was pretty to see Lord Ongar and the self-satisfaction which he enjoyed at this time. The world was becoming young with him again, and he thought that he rather liked the respectability of his present mode of life. He gave himself but scanty allowances of wine, and no allowance of anything stronger than wine, and did not dislike his temperance. There was about him at all hours an air which seemed to say, "There; I told you all that I could do it as soon as there was any necessity." And in these halcyon days he could shoot for an hour without his pony, and he liked the gentle, courteous badinage which was bestowed upon his courtship, and he liked also Julia's beauty. Her conduct to him was perfect. She was never pert, never exigent, never romantic, and never humble. She never bored him, and yet was always ready to be with him when he wished it. She was never exalted; and yet she bore her high place as became a woman nobly born and acknowledged to be beautiful.

"I declare you have quite made a lover of him," said Lady Clavering to her sister. When a thought of the match had first arisen in Sir Hugh's London

house, Lady Clavering had been eager in praise of Lord Ongar, or eager in praise rather of the position which the future Lady Ongar might hold; but since the prize had been secured, since it had become plain that Julia was to be the greater woman of the two, she had harped sometimes on the other string. As a sister she had striven for a sister's welfare, but as a woman she could not keep herself from comparisons which might tend to show that after all, well as Julia was doing, she was not doing better than her elder sister had done. Hermione had married simply a baronet, and not the richest or the most amiable among baronets; but she had married a man suitable in age and wealth, with whom any girl might have been in love. She had not sold herself to be the nurse, or not to be the nurse, as it might turn out, of a worn-out debauché. She would have hinted nothing of this, perhaps have thought nothing of this, had not Julia and Lord Ongar walked together through the Clavering groves as though they were two young people. She owed it as a duty to her sister to point out that Lord Ongar could not be a romantic young person, and ought not to be encouraged to play that part.

"I don't know that I have made anything of him," answered Julia. "I suppose he's much like other men when they're going to be married." Julia quite understood the ideas that were passing through her sister's mind, and did not feel them to be unnatural.

"What I mean is, that he has come out so strong in the Romeo line, which we hardly expected, you know. We shall have him under your bedroom window with a guitar, like Don Giovanni."

"I hope not, because it's so cold. I don't think it likely, as he seems fond of going to bed early."

"And it's the best thing for him," said Lady Clavering, becoming serious and carefully benevolent. "It's quite a wonder what good hours and quiet living have done for him in so short a time. I was observing him as he walked yesterday, and he put his feet to the ground as firmly almost as Hugh does."

"Did he indeed? I hope he won't have the habit of putting his hand down firmly as Hugh does sometimes."

"As for that," said Lady Clavering, with a little tremor, "I don't think there's much difference between them. They all say that when Lord Ongar means a thing he does mean it."

"I think a man ought to have a way of his own."

"And a woman also, don't you, my dear? But, as I was saying, if Lord Ongar will continue to take care of himself he may become quite a different man. Hugh says that he drinks next to nothing now, and though he sometimes lights a cigar in the smoking room at night, he hardly ever smokes it. You must do what you can to keep him from tobacco. I happen to know that Sir Charles Poddy said that so many cigars were worse for him even than brandy."

All this Julia bore with an even temper. She was determined to bear everything till her time should come. Indeed she had made herself understand that the hearing of such things as these was a part of the price which she was to be called upon to pay. It was not pleasant for her to hear what Sir Charles Poddy had said about the tobacco and brandy of the man she was just going to marry. She would sooner have heard of his riding sixty miles a day, or dancing all night, as she might have heard had she been contented to take Harry Clavering. But she had made her selection with her eyes open,

and was not disposed to quarrel with her bargain, because that which she had bought was no better than the article which she had known it to be when she was making her purchase. Nor was she even angry with her sister. "I will do the best I can, Hermy; you may be sure of that. But there are some things which it is useless to talk about."

"But it was as well you should know what Sir Charles said."

"I know quite enough of what he says, Hermy—quite as much, I dare say, as you do. But, never mind. If Lord Ongar has given up smoking, I quite agree with you that it's a good thing. I wish they'd all give it up, for I hate the smell of it. Hugh has got worse and worse. He never cares about changing his clothes now."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Sir Hugh to his wife that night; "sixty thousand a year is a very fine income, but Julia will find she has caught a tartar."

"I suppose he'll hardly live long; will he?"

"I don't know or care when he lives or when he dies; but, by heaven, he is the most overbearing fellow I ever had in the house with me. I wouldn't stand him here for another fortnight—not even to make her all safe."

"It will soon be over. They'll be gone on Thursday."

"What do you think of his having the impudence to tell Cunliffe"—Cunliffe was the head keeper—"before my face, that he didn't know anything about pheasants! 'Well, my lord, I think we've got a few about the place,' said Cunliffe. 'Very few,' said Ongar, with a sneer. Now, if I haven't a better head of game here than he has at Courton, I'll eat him. But the impudence of his saying that before me!"

"Did you make him any answer?"

"There's about enough to suit me," I said. Then he skulked away, knocked off his pins. I shouldn't like to be his wife; I can tell Julia that."

"Julia is very clever," said the sister.

The day of the marriage came, and everything at Clavering was done with much splendor. Four bridesmaids came down from London on the preceding day; two were already staying in the house, and the two cousins came as two more from the rectory. Julia Brabazon had never been really intimate with Mary and Fanny Clavering, but she had known them well enough to make it odd if she did not ask them to come to her wedding and to take a part in the ceremony. And, moreover, she had thought of Harry and her little romance of other days. Harry, perhaps, might be glad to know that she had shown this courtesy to his sisters. Harry, she knew, would be away at his school. Though she had asked him whether he meant to come to her wedding, she had been better pleased that he should be absent. She had not many regrets herself, but it pleased her to think that he should have them. So Mary and Fanny Clavering were asked to attend her at the altar. Mary and Fanny would both have preferred to decline, but their mother had told them that they could not do so. "It would make ill-feeling," said Mrs. Clavering; "and that is what your papa particularly wishes to avoid."

"When you say papa particularly wishes anything, mamma, you always mean that you wish it particularly yourself," said Fanny. "But if it must be done, it must; and then I shall know how to behave when Mary's time comes."

The bells were rung lustily all the morning, and all the parish was there, round about the church, to see. There was no record of a lord ever having

been married in Clavering church before; and now this lord was going to marry my lady's sister. It was all one as though she were a Clavering herself. But there was no ecstatic joy in the parish. There were to be no bonfires, and no eating and drinking at Sir Hugh's expense—no comforts provided for any of the poor by Lady Clavering on that special occasion. Indeed, there was never much of such kindnesses between the lord of the soil and his dependants. A certain stipulated dole was given at Christmas for coals and blankets; but even for that there was generally some wrangle between the rector and the steward. "If there's to be all this row about it," the rector had said to the steward, "I'll never ask for it again." "I wish my uncle would only be as good as his word," Sir Hugh had said, when the rector's speech was repeated to him. Therefore, there was not much of real rejoicing in the parish on this occasion, though the bells were rung loudly, and though the people, young and old, did cluster round the churchyard to see the lord lead his bride out of the church. "A pair feckless thing, tottering along like—not half the makings of a man. A stout lass like she could a'most blow him away wi' a puff of her mouth." That was the verdict which an old farmer's wife passed upon him, and that verdict was made good by the general opinion of the parish.

But though the lord might be only half a man, Julia Brabazon walked out from the church every inch a countess. Whatever price she might have paid, she had at any rate got the thing which she had intended to buy. And as she stepped into the chariot which carried her away to the railway station on her way to Dover, she told herself that she had done right. She had chosen her profession, as Harry Clavering had chosen his; and having so far succeeded, she would do her best to make her success perfect. Mercenary! Of course she had been mercenary. Were not all men and women mercenary upon whom devolved the necessity of earning their bread?

There was a great breakfast at the park—for the quality—and the rector on this occasion submitted himself to become the guest of the nephew whom he thoroughly disliked.

GIANTS, DWARFS AND FAIRIES.

CORNWALL is one of the most original and one of the most un-English of English counties. It is an isolated Celtic district, abutting on the old Saxon frontier. Clinging to the past, jealous of the new, the Cornish miners and fishermen, stay-at-homes themselves, and unvisited by many strangers, have retained among them more old legends and traditions of the past than even the Welsh or the Highlanders.

In several parts of Cornwall there still exist huge rocks, said to have been used by the giants when hurling or playing at athletic games. The Titans of Trecrobben and St. Michael's Mount often met to play at "bob-buttons." The throw was generally made from Trecrobben Hill, and the Mount was the "bob," on which huge slabs of rock served for the buttons. Holiburn of the Cairn was a giant, who is said to have married a farmer's daughter. Once, when watching some Cornishmen hurling, he was so pleased at the game made by a young peasant that in sheer good-nature he killed him by patting him on the head. The giant of Trebiggan was a much less benevolent son of Anak. He is said to have dined every day on children whom he fried on a flat rock outside his cave. His arms were so long that he would snatch the sailors from ships passing by the Land's End; and sometimes, after having had his fun, replace them again.

In some of these "drolls,"* it is too evident that the story-teller has well earned his name by having embroidered the old legend, and that, too, pretty handsomely. Of these aberrations from truth, the history of "Tom and the Giant Blunderbuss" is a painful example. Tom was a lazy young giant near Hayle, and his unwieldy rival lived in a castle toward St. Ives. Tom, in driving a wagon full of beer from market, trespassed on the giant's territory. The giant attacked him with his club, which happened to be a young elm-tree; Tom fought him with a wheel and an axle-tree, and eventually ran him through the body with the pole. As a reward for his fair fighting and courage, the giant left Tom all the gold, copper and tin in his castle. This generous giant figured for centuries in the old guise-dances at Cornish festivals. The giant Bolster was another hero of Titanic days. He lived on St. Agnes Beacon Hill, and the earthwork near Trevenaunance Porth still bears his name. This monster could stand with one foot on St. Agnes Beacon, and the other on Carn Brea Hills, six miles apart. A bad husband, he employed his wife in carrying and removing blocks of granite from hill to hill. He fell in love with St. Agnes, and that virtuous lady, weary of his importunities, offered to marry him if he would fill a hole in the cliff at Chapel Porth with his blood; but as the hole opened into the sea, unknown to the obtuse and unobservant giant,

* *Popular Romances of the West of England, or the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and edited by Robert Hunt, F. R. S. 2 vols. Hotten, 1865.

he fell a victim to his love. The red stain still visible in the cliff shows where the deluge of blood once poured. Nor was the giant of Goran, who dug the huge intrenchment there, twenty feet broad, and twenty-four feet high, in one night, one whit wiser. The latter fiend being ill, called in a subtle doctor, who played him the old trick. He grew at last so weak, that the great medicine-man kicked him over the cliff, and killed him. The promontory is still called the Dodman or the Dead Man. The Cupboard, a curious gorge on the coast near Portwreath, was once the cavern of the giant Wrath, who waited there for wrecks and drifts. Wading out to sea, he used to tie the boats to his girdle, walk back to his den, and there devour the luckless fishermen. Jack the Tinkeard figures largely in the giant stories. He was a friend of that Tom who slew Blunderbuss, and was remarkable for a bull's-hide coat, which was as tough as iron. He thrashed Tom at singlestick, and taught him to draw a bow with his toes, so as to kill hares and kids that were almost out of sight. Jack drove the enchanter Pengerswick out of his castle, and dug a pit for a vicious old giant at Morva, into which Jack's enemy fell, and broke his wicked old neck.

Very much akin to the giants, though dating only from the seventeenth century, is the Demon Tregeagle, that terror of Cornish children. This demon, when in the flesh, was the steward to a lord down Bodmin-way; he destroyed deeds, forged titles, and persecuted the poor. As a magistrate, he put to death innocent persons, to hide his own iniquities; as a landlord, he was rapacious, grinding, and unscrupulous. He is reported to have murdered his sister, and broken the hearts of his wives and children. On one occasion, his spirit is said to have been called into court as the witness in a case of a disputed title to some land. Reluctant to retire, the lawyers and churchmen were at last compelled to bind Tregeagle to empty out Dosmery pool with a pierced limpet-shell. This Dosmery is a black, lonely pool on the Bodmin moors. One night, chased by demons and hell-hounds, Tregeagle fled to Roach rock, thrust his head in at the east window of the chapel, and implored help of the hermit. The monks of Bodmin then gathered together, and sent the erring spirit to the shore at Padstow to make trusses of sand, and ropes of the same material, with which to bind them. Every night he packs them together; every day the breakers roll them level again. Worn out with his howlings, the priest of Padstow banished him to Bareppa, and there condemned him to carry sacks of sand across the estuary of the Loo, and empty them at Porthleven, till the beach was clean down to the rocks. Every night the sweep of the Loo round toward the Lizard effaced the poor creature's labors. One night, however, the mocking devils tripped up the sack-bearer, and so Tregeagle fell, and the sand pouring out, raised the bar that destroyed the harbor of Helstone. Once more banished, the unjust steward was sentenced to sweep the sands from Porthcurnow Cove round Tol-Peden-Penwith headland. There Tregeagle still labors. His roarings are heard during the coming storms, and on the moors his shrieks pierce the night-winds.

The "merry maids," or mermaids, figure as largely in Cornish as they do in Breton mythology. They are descended from the Greek Sirens and the Norse water-spirits, and are firmly believed in all through the tin country. Morva, a parish between Zennor and St. Just, is famous for them; and families still exist there who are supposed to have received gifts from them. At Morva they are seen as "ladies" on the rocks, going from the shore to isolated reefs, or weeping and wailing on the beach.

Padstow harbor is said to have been choked with sand by a mermaid, in revenge for being shot at by a fisherman. The town of Seaton, near Looe, was, tradition also says, overwhelmed with sand for a similar reason. Near the beautiful serpentine cove of Lamorna, not far from the Lizard Cliff, a lady shows herself previous to a storm with comb, mirror, and other fitting decorations, to compensate for the fish's tail. Before a wreck, she has been heard singing plaintively, the moaning spirits along the shore echoing her lamentations. Young men are known to have swum off to the rock that she haunts, lured by her songs; but they have never returned.

At Cury, near the Lizard, there exists a strange tradition. An old man walking in a retired cove, came suddenly upon a rock on which was seated a beautiful girl, with fair hair so long that it covered her whole body. Alarmed at the intrusion, the mermaid slid off the rock into a deep transparent pool, and there, crying, angry, and frightened, held a parley. It appeared she had strayed from her husband and family, who were asleep out of the reach of the hot sunshine, in a cave at Kynance Cove. She implored the old man to take her on his back to the sea, as there was a dry bar of sand now stretching between her and her watery home. For this favor, she gave him her comb, and the power to break witches' spells, to charm diseases, to discover thieves, and to restore stolen goods. Whenever afterward the old man wished to see his young friend, he had only to go to a half-tide rock, and comb the water with the mermaid's comb. He afterwards carried the water-spirit to a secret place where, unobserved, she might see the funny "people, who had their tails split so that they might walk on them." The mermaid offered to make the old man young again, but he refused; nor would he obey her wish, to visit her home under the waves.

In a valley near Perranzabuloe, by "the buried church of the sands," there is a still wilder tradition. The wife of a yeoman named Penna, while bathing her infant daughter in a pool amid the arched rocks of Perran, suddenly saw the child, as if in a paroxysm of joy, leap from her arms, and disappear in the water. The mother's terror and agony were soon, however, removed by the babe swimming up to the surface of the water smiling, and brighter and more beautiful than before. The mother saw no difference in the child, but the old crones in the village at once dubbed it a mermaid's changeling. Years passed away as they are in the habit of passing, and Selina Penna grew up a beautiful woman. The squire's nephew, urged by the praises of a malevolent man, a rejected suitor of her mother's, saw her, fell in love with her, and seduced her. Broken-hearted at her disgrace, she died, and was buried in the churchyard on the sands. The night after a revel, the squire's nephew (Walter Trewoofe), straying on the sands, heard a voice singing a dirge, and passing round a rock, discovered a beautiful woman seated at the mouth of a cavern. She was like his buried love, but she disappeared when he seized her by the hand. On another visit to the same cavern, the maiden, as he addressed her, turned into a mermaid, who seized him in her arms. A storm rose, the waves broke round the rock, and Walter Trewoofe found too late that the vengeance of the water-spirits had overtaken him. Still the mermaid clasped him, till the sea washed them both to the highest pinnacle of the rocks, and then bore them out to the ocean. That night, during the fiercest of the storm, the water-spirits were seen tossing from one to another the corpse of the seducer and destroyer of one of their race.

The Cornish fairies are less sprightly and more malevolent than those of

Devonshire. There are five species of Cornish fairies—the Small people; the Spriggans, the ghosts of the giants who guard treasure; the Piskies, mischievous sprites who mislead travellers, and ride the farmers' horses; the Knockers, or mine spirits; and the Brownays, or domestic sprites.

The Small people are by some supposed to be the old Druids, gradually becoming smaller and smaller, because they will not renounce their idolatry. They resemble the elves of Scandinavia in many of their attributes. Others imagine them to be the spirits of the old inhabitants of Cornwall who lived centuries before the birth of Christ. Too bad for heaven, too good for hell, they are condemned to remain on earth, and to grow smaller and smaller, till they turn into ants, and then perish.

The Irish have almost the same belief, only they say that the fairies are a portion of the fallen angels, who, less guilty than the rest, were suffered to undergo a final state of probation. At St. Ives there is a tradition of a poor woman, who lived on one of the hills near Zennor church-tower, being intrusted by the fairies with a child to nurse. By using some water to wash her eyes with from a magic ewer supplied by the child's father, she became possessed of the power of seeing the fairies anywhere and at all times. Detecting the fairy father stealing fruit at St. Ives' market, her power became known, and the fairies put out her right eye. When she got home, the boy was gone, and from that hour she and her husband became poor.

Scrofulous children, in Cornwall, are often supposed to be changelings. Some thirty years since a poor woman of the hamlet of Treonike lost her little boy in a wood. It was found some days after, asleep on a bed of fern. By his own account, he had been lured into the centre of the wood by supernatural music. Falling asleep, a beautiful lady appeared, and had led him through the palaces of Fairyland. The Gump at St. Just has always been notorious as the reveling ground of the Small People. On one occasion an old miner hid himself near the gump, in hopes of seizing some of the fairy treasure. At the due time, he saw the hill open to the sound of music. Every blade of grass was hung with colored glow-worm lamps, every furze bush sparkled with little stars. Presently appeared innumerable courtiers, soldiers, musicians, and crowds of servants bearing vessels of silver and gold, and cups hollowed out of jewels. Last of all, on thrones, carried upon a platform, came a young prince and princess. As the marriage feast began, the old man stole round to the back of the mound, to get nearer for a sight at the royal table. To his surprise, the mound was dark there, and as he looked over the hillock, he was startled by seeing thousands of little eyes all intently and mischievously fixed on him. Screwing up his courage, he took off his hat, and raised it to cover the prince, princess, and their little table of gold plate, when a shrill whistle was heard—his hand remained motionless in the air, and the banquet disappeared. There was a buzz round him, as of a flight of angry bees, and from head to foot he was pricked and pinched. Then he rolled down the mound, and lay speechless, his arms and legs, like Gulliver's, secured by thousands of little silken strings. As the moon shone out, he saw a fairy, no larger than a dragon-fly, stamping on his nose, and dancing with glee. When the sun arose, he found that he had been tied to the ground by gossamer webs. He shook himself, and was free. Wet, cold, and sulky, he returned home to tell his misfortune to his friends. This was a fairy wedding; but a fisherman of Lelant had once the good fortune to see the funeral of a queen of the fairies. He was returning from St. Ives laden with pilchards, when he heard the bell of Lelant Church toll as if it was

muffled. Making his way over the waste and hills of blown sand, he looked in at a window and saw that the building was illuminated. The fairies dug a little hole near the sacrament table, and placed in it the body of their queen, throwing in upon it flowers and myrtle branches. When the mourners began to shriek, the fisherman involuntarily shrieked too. Instantly the lights were extinguished, and the intruder was pursued, and pricked and pinched till he had left the little folk far behind in his maddened flight.

These Small People, too, are sometimes as thievish as they are mischievous. Not many years since, a favorite red-and-white cow of a farmer at Bosfrancan ceased to give her usual quantity of milk. On the evening of one midsummer's day, the dairymaid who had milked this cow plucked a handful of clover to put on her hat to steady the bucket. Among this clover there happened to be a stem with four leaves; this gave the girl power to see the Small People. When she looked, there were thousands of them filling buttercups and fox-glove flowers from the milk, and laughing and drinking as they gathered their stolen beverage. By her mother's advice, the dairymaid instantly rubbed the cow's udder with fish brine, to scare the Small People. The cow never yielded much milk after that, but pined away, and nothing throve with the farmer.

The little green spots between the cairns near the Logan Rock are called "the Small People's Garden." On summer nights, music is heard there, and hundreds of little lights are seen moving among them. Far out at sea, the fishermen smell the scent. By day, the flowers turn to mere ferns and sea-pinks. Sometimes the fairies hold fairs. Some miners saw one once at Bal Lane, in Germoe. Next day, one of them, as he told the story in the mine, fell down the "bob pit," and was killed. His companion, who called fairies "wicked, spiteful devils," was thrown down stairs, and dreadfully bruised. In many fairy stories, as in the "The Adventures of Cherry of Zennor," a pretty country girl is hired by a fairy to nurse his child. Beguiled into Fairyland, where all is sunshine, and flowers "grow spontaneous in the open air," she generally contrives to steal some fairy ointment, anointing her eyes with which, she is enabled to see the fairies, and all their mischievous pranks. The theft is discovered, and she is banished to earth, where she sometimes pines or becomes crazed. In the famous case of Anne Jefferies, a laborer's daughter at St. Teath, 1626-1698, who described her adventures in Fairyland, the existence of fits is sufficient to show that the girl was either very diseased or a great liar.

But the Cornwall Celts have wilder stories than those of the fairies' pranks. They believe in the Demon-horse that tempts benighted travellers to mount it; they tell of a suicide ghost rising from its grave on the cross-roads, and leaping up behind a drunken farmer, who had shouted to it. At Boscean, the well-known Spectre Bridegroom legend prevails. In the Cornish story, however, the unhappy girl is saved by a blacksmith, who, with a red-hot iron, burns her dress from the hold of the spectre.

Even in the present century, however, wild beliefs have sprung up in ignorant parts of Cornwall, just as fungi spring up inevitably from damp and decay. A woman named Sarah Polgrain, who had lived at Ludgvan, was hung at Bodmin for the murder of her husband, a crime to which she had been instigated by a horse-dealer, known in the district as Yorkshire Jack. On the scaffold, the man appeared, and kissed his paramour before the bolt was drawn. It was said that he had there promised to join her after death. The horse-dealer went to sea, and on his return from the Mediterranean in a fruit-ship,

was washed off the deck by an enormous and supernatural wave, and, presently, in a lightning cloud, the sailors saw the devil, Sarah Polgrain, and Yorkshire Jack pass away out of sight. Bad weather in Ludgvan is still attributed to the exertions of Sarah Polgrain.

There is a curious superstition also at Gornhilly, on the Lizard promontory. On a large, lonely piece of water there, known as "Croft Pasco-Pool," there is sometimes seen by night a ghostly vessel with lug-sails spread. "The Ghost of Rosewarne" dates from the reign of James I., when Ezekiel Crosse, a low attorney, fraudulently obtained the estate. The ghost of one of the Rosewarnes appeared to him as an old man, and led him to a cairn containing treasure. He used to appear to Crosse constantly afterwards when he was dining with his friends, to whom he had always to represent the ghost as an idiotic and deaf and dumb intruder. Worn out at last by this spiritual persecution, the attorney surrendered the ill-gotten estate to a person of the ghost's showing. Crosse eventually, it is said, destroyed himself, and the ghost appeared and rejoiced as the bad man's funeral was passing by the treasure cairn.

Let us now turn to the legends of the miners, since two-thirds of the Cornishmen spend half their days underground. All tin-workers believe in "the Knockers," or "Buccas," spirits who indicate productive lodes by blows with invisible picks and sledges. They are supposed to be the ghosts of those old Jews who crucified our Lord, and were sent as slaves by the Roman emperors to work the Cornish mines. It is certain that Jews farmed the mines in the days of the early Norman kings. The miners say they often see little imps dancing and tumbling about the mine-timber when they come to work. Every mine has its own tradition. At Wheal Vor, a white rabbit always appears in one of the engine-houses before a fatal accident; it has been often chased, but never caught. About thirty years since, at the same mine, a man and a boy were blown to pieces while blasting. The engineman, shocked at the mere fragments of flesh that were alone left, took them on a shovel, and threw them into the blazing furnace. From that time, the engineman declared that troops of little black dogs haunted the place, whether it was open or shut; and it was found difficult to get men enough to work the machine.

At Wheal Jewel, a dead hand used to be seen carrying a lighted candle, and moving up and down the ladders. It appeared after a rather bad fellow had fallen down the mine, and been killed. After a suicide at Polbreen mine, near St. Agnes Beacon, a voice used to appear beguiling the workmen. On one occasion, however, it mercifully called two men from a level where a mass of rock soon after fell.

The fishermen round the wild headlands of Cornwall have their legends also, for sailors, living as they do, on an element full of mysteries, are proverbially superstitious. A pilot at St. Ives told Mr. Hunt a story of how one midnight, strolling on the wharf, to watch a vessel, afterwards wrecked, that he had to take into Hayle, he saw a man, who refused to speak, leaning against a post. On looking closer, the pilot saw that there were pieces of seaweed and stick in his whiskers; that the flesh of his face and hands looked as if it were par-boiled; and that as he walked, the water "squashed" in his shoes. The pilot was ill six months from the fright occasioned by this apparition. All along the Cornish coast, the Phantom Ship is also thoroughly believed in. Years ago, a vessel made signals of distress to the westward of St. Ives' Head. On reaching the ship, which was schooner-rigged, and had a light over her bows, one of the sailors made a grasp at her bulwarks, in order to leap on board; but

his hand met nothing solid, and he fell back into the boat as the ship and lights disappeared. The next morning, a London vessel was wrecked at Gwithian, and all on board perished. The Phantom Lights—called by the sailors "Jack Harry's lights"—are generally seen before a gale, and the ship beheld resembles the one that is subsequently wrecked.

At Porthcurno Cove, near the Logan Stone, there is sometimes seen, when the mists are rising from the marshes, a black square-rigged vessel, with no one on board, that glides over the sands to Bodelan and Chygwiden, and there vanishes. On whoever sees it, ill-luck is sure to fall. The Dead Ship is another superstition peculiar to Cornwall. Years ago, a pirate, too wicked even for his companions, was put on shore in the Priests' Cove, near Cape Cornwall. Settling at Tregaseal, the wretch lived by wrecking—beguiling vessels with false lights, and murdering those who escaped the waves. When this man lay dying, a black vessel, with all her sails set, was seen coming into the land against wind and tide; but as the man fell back and died, it bore out to sea again in a whirlwind, and surrounded by lightning. At the funeral, a black pig suddenly joined in the procession. When the men reached the church stile, the storm again broke out, and the bearers, leaving the coffin without the church-yard stile, rushed into the church for safety. Then came a blaze and flash ten times fiercer than the rest, and the coffin was seen to fly burning through the air.

The huge green-stone rocks of an island near St. Ives are connected with a curious superstition. Some years ago, a vessel was wrecked there. The men who went off to the rescue found on board a lady, who held a child in her arms. She refused to part with her charge; and in drawing her by a rope from the vessel to the boat, the child was lost in the boiling waters. On recovering her senses, and hearing of the child's death, the lady pined away, and soon after died. Shortly after her burial, however, her spirit was seen to pass over the wall of the church-yard, traverse the beach, and walk on to the island. There she spent hours looking among the rocks, and as day broke, returned to the land, and disappeared near her grave. When the nights are very tempestuous or dark, she carries a corpse-light for a lantern; but on fine nights, she makes her search without a light. This apparition is supposed to predict disasters to seamen.

Nor are the hardy sailors of Cornwall without other omens and warnings. The parts of the shore where wrecks have taken place are often haunted. At night, before the coming of storms, the voices of dead sailors are heard calling their own names.

Porth Towan is the scene of a wild belief. A fisherman walking one night on the sands, when all was silent, except the lip and whisper of the tide, distinctly heard a voice from the sea exclaiming three times: "The hour is come, but not the man!" At that moment, a black figure appeared on the top of the cliff, then rushed impetuously down the steep path, over the sands, and was lost in the sea.

Very often local phenomena have given rise to superstitions intended to account for them. At Sennen Cove, there is sometimes seen a band of opaque misty vapor that stretches across the bay. It is supposed to be a warning to fishermen not to venture out, as it was always followed by a severe storm. Once when it appeared, a wicked old fisherman, seeing the weather still fine, ventured out, and beat the fog with a flail, to drive away the "hooper," as he impiously said. The boat passed through the bar of thick fog, and went to sea; but a storm soon after rose, and it never returned.

The "wraith," as the Scotch call such an apparition, is not uncommon in Cornwall.

It foretells the death of the person it resembles. They tell a story of a wraith of this kind that was seen forty years ago by a smuggling farmer at Newlyn. A boat laden with ankers of spirits was starting at Mullion Cove for Newlyn. At the last moment, one of the crew, remembering he had business at Helstone, was left behind. On his return from Helstone, as he passed the top of Halzaphron cliff, he met all the men, with their hair and clothes dripping wet. The boat and crew were never heard of more; and the farmer was so affected by the circumstance, that he pined and died shortly afterward.

The innumerable stories of witches and general superstitions, as well as the interesting legends of the early saints, we have no room to touch on. We have given, we think, enough to show that Cornwall is second to no district of Europe in the wildness, variety, and originality of its legends. Long may it be before the blown sand-hills, the great cliffs of jointed granite, the desolate moors, rough with burial-mounds, and the little coves, where the sand is so soft and white, and the rocks so emeraldine under the sea, cease to be haunted by such associations. But, while amusing ourselves with such curious remains of bygone mythologies and old beliefs, do not let us forget that they are proofs of ignorance to be lamented, and education still lamentably insufficient. They give false notions of the Divine rule and governance, and are, however poetical, too palpably relics of an old paganism, that can never blend thoroughly with Christianity.

To the antiquary and poet, the ethnologist and the student of mythologies, they will always be valuable and interesting objects of study; but as popular beliefs, the sooner they become obsolete, we think, the better.

CHILDE HAROLD.

FROM HEINRICH HEINE'S "ROMANCES."

Eine starke, schwarze Barke.

SAD and stark, a funeral bark
 Floats on the voiceless sea;
 And watchers clad in vestments sad
 Sit in it, silently.

The Poet dead, with naked head,
 Lies still, and stiff, and cold;
 But on the skies, his fixed blue eyes
 Their glassy gaze still hold.

Whispers creep up from the deep,
 As 'twere the Nixen's sigh;
 The waves collide the vessel's side,
 As 'twere a mortal cry.

C. B. C.

A CHAPTER FROM A NOBLE LIFE.

THE man of genius and the man of the people; the loyal and the liberal, the conservative and the progressive, were united in Massimo d'Azeglio. In him Italy has lost a prophet, a patriot; the world a painter, a novelist, a thinker, a reformer. But Victor Emanuel's loss is greatest of all! When Cavour fell, he lost his ablest statesman—the man of the time, the nation-maker. In Azeglio the King has lost a *friend*. Where will he find another like him? one whose candid soul can meet Royalty face to face, and dare speak truth, however unwelcome, when the welfare of king and country are at stake? To be served faithfully, not for what the Crown can give, but for love of him who wears it, and for greater love of the nation it governs, is a blessing rarely enjoyed by sovereigns, and one which Victor Emanuel—though less himself a man of thought than of action—knew how to value. And now, though not given to sentiment, he will feelingly remember that once, at least, did Azeglio's fearless fidelity to king and country save both in the hour of imminent peril. No wonder that, next to *Il nostro Re, primo soldato d'Italia!* Massimo d'Azeglio was nearest to the hearts of the people, even when they were looking most proudly to Cavour, while he completed the work which his less conspicuous predecessor began and labored for many a weary year to promote.

But those of us who have enjoyed the choice privilege of long personal acquaintance with the great man just fallen, alone can appreciate all his wealth of worth. In his case, emphatically could it be said that "To look on him was to love him." His noble, benign countenance, classic features, and intellectual brow, most of all his heart-smile, once seen, could never be forgotten. Nor was the pathos of melancholy wanting to tone all into harmony. One saw and felt that the shadow of sorrow had passed over that strong soul, and there was *that* in his pathetic voice which moved the listener to sympathy. In private life only could Massimo d'Azeglio be seen in his chief greatness—as the true man; and nothing but his real patriotism would ever have drawn him out of the retirement which he loved as only the thinker, the artist, the scholar can love. Manly as he proved himself on the battle-field, and as brave as honest in diplomacy, there was a delicacy, a refinement in his very nature only short of effeminacy; the highest polish that culture gives added little to what nature gave. Italian as he was in the finer elements of man, he was yet quite *unitalian* in the mastery of his emotional nature. Unlike his countrymen, as his fair hair and light eyes made him appear, so his calm, progressive soul never rushed with the torrent, like theirs; nor was his fervid purpose ever consumed in the fire of passion. Still his writings show no lack of fervor, nor of the higher frenzy of the poet.

It is not the object of this article to sketch the life of Massimo d'Azeglio, nor to discuss his merits as author, artist, statesman, soldier; but simply to lay the laurel on his new-made grave for that one act above referred to, as the salvation of his now redeemed Italy. During the parliamentary debates, at Turin, in 1855, on the bill abolishing the old monasteries, the King, weakened

by disease, and sadly enervated by severe bereavements—having lost mother, wife, child, and only brother within a few weeks—exposed to the ghostly power of Rome, through his spiritual counsellors, received with favor an artful compromise which would have forfeited the political independence of the country. The Cavour Ministry instantly tendered its resignation. Alarm prevailed in Parliament and among the people. It was then that Azeglio flew from his retirement to the aid of his old colleagues, hastened to the royal palace, and was, for the first time, refused an audience, being told that the King was confined to his private apartments, and could not be seen. Time pressed; a Concordat was imminent: a more earnest second effort to reach the royal ear was made in vain; when the following letter, hurriedly penned, but worthy to be printed in characters of gold—though losing, of course, something of its vital essence in translation—was secretly conveyed to his Majesty:

*“Sire:—*In Spain it used to be prohibited, under pain of death, to touch the King. There was one whose robe caught fire: no one ventured to lay hands on him, and the King was burnt to death. But, were I to risk my head, or even the total loss of your Majesty’s favor, I would think myself the most vile of men if, in a moment like this, I allowed your refusal to see me to deter me from addressing you. *Sire*, believe in your old and faithful servant, who in your service has had no other object than your good, your fame, and the welfare of the country. I say it with tears in my eyes, and kneeling at your feet—do not proceed further in the road you have taken. It is yet time; return to your previous one! A cabal of friars has succeeded in one day in destroying the work of your reign, in agitating the country, undermining the statute, obscuring your name for honesty and truth. There is not a moment to be lost! No official announcement has as yet made it impossible for you to retract. It was said the Crown desired to take counsel on the subject; let the Crown say that those counsels have shown the proposed conditions to be inadmissible. Let what is just past be considered as if it had never been, and affairs will resume their normal and constitutional current. Piedmont will suffer everything except being put anew under the priestly yoke. Witness in Spain the result of the monkish intrigues to bring the Queen to sign a disgraceful Concordat. To what has it reduced her! Similar intrigues produced the downfall of James Stuart, of Charles X., and many others. Your Majesty knows well that the things which I predicted have come to pass. Believe me, this is not a question of religion, but of interest. Amadeus II. disputed for thirty years with Rome, and conquered at last. Be firm, and your Majesty will likewise conquer. Do not be incensed against me. This act of mine is the act of an honest man, of a faithful subject, and of a true friend.

(Signed)

“AZEGLIO.

“TURIN, 29th April, 1855.”

The appeal did its work. The King was roused and reassured. Cavour was again summoned; the country once more breathed freely, and Azeglio returned to his classic retreat with the only reward he ever asked for public service. The same lofty disinterestedness is conspicuous in all the acts of his life; exhibited alike when presiding in the ministry, in the senate, in diplomacy, and shining with winning light in those patriotic writings which so powerfully serve to revive the hopes and elevate the national sentiments of his countrymen. Thank God, he lived to see his own Italy free, united—a nation! and as a nation, King and people will mourn for Massimo d’Azeglio as for the saviour of his country.

E. C. K.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A VAMPIRE BROOD.

IT was a bright moonlight night, in the last week of July, 186—, and half the population of Morteville-sur-Mer had turned out, as the fashion of Morteville-sur-Mer is, to walk upon the pier.

Among the crowds of men and women thus occupied, and even at a time of year when Morteville is most thronged with sea-bathers from all parts of France, the preponderance of English people was unmistakable. Can you mistake for a moment the dress, the walk, the laugh, the voice of our compatriots? especially of that class of our compatriots who find it convenient to reside out of England and in such places as Morteville-sur-Mer? A few Britons of a different type there may have been there—quiet, plainly dressed people—passing through Morteville on their way to Paris, and walking on the pier after dinner, simply because better air was to be got there than in the stifling, overcrowded hotels within the town. But these you would have passed without notice in the crowd. The mass of Britons, the mass who arrested your eye and your ear as they passed, were the English residents in the place—the actual Anglo population of Morteville-sur-Mer: some of them flashy and overdressed; others poor-looking, subdued, out-at-elbows; but none wholly devoid of interest to the careful observer of his kind. For every one who lives in Morteville has a reason for doing so. And in the history of every one who has a reason for living out of his country, there must, I think, be something—some misfortune, some debt, some imbecility, oftentimes some crime—that may well make us, who sit by our own firesides still, pause and meditate.

"I don't believe their name is Wilson at all," remarked Mrs. Dionysius O'Rourke; "and if you recollect right, my dear Mrs. Maloney, I said so to you from the first. I believe he's a Trant—one of Lord Mortemaine's sons—away in hiding from his creditors; indeed, O'Rourke says he can swear to having seen the man's face in Homburg three years ago, and then his name was Smithett. He, he, he!" and Mrs. O'Rourke being the possessor of six hundred a year, and so a magnate in Morteville, her laugh was instantly echoed among the little knot of familiar and congenial spirits by whom she was at this moment surrounded.

"I've nothing to say against the poor unfortunate man himself," chimed in the shrill voice of old Mrs. Maloney, the Mrs. Candour of the community. "Indeed, I think every one must pity him, poor creature, with the life he leads at home between those dreadful women. But as to his daughter—as to Miss Archie Wilson!"

And Candour threw up her eyes and clasped her aged hands, as one might

do who possessed all the details—but would not—no, no, no! for worlds would not reveal them—of an erring fellow-creature's sins.

"Miss Wilson is really growing very pretty," said another voice; a man's this time. "Who would have thought a year ago she would turn out such a fine-looking girl?"

"Oh, I think her lovely, lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic, impulsive young being of about four-and-thirty. "Such beautiful eyes, and such a sweet mouth and teeth, Captain Waters! Poor, *poor* little Archie!"

The speaker was Miss Augusta Marks—Gussy Marks, as she was commonly called among her friends; at once the professional toad-eater general, and the literary or intellectual element of Morteville. On what ground this young creature founded her relationship with the literature of her country was never clearly made out. She referred vaguely herself, it was understood, to the *Saturday Review*; but her more intimate friends professed themselves to be in possession of data regarding a romance once contributed by her to the *Brompton Herald, or Penny Household Guide*, under the title of "Lucile, or the Duke's Victim: a Revelation from Life." Whether this was true or false; whether the revelation was printed or allowed to remain in manuscript, Gussy Marks announced herself, and all Morteville spoke of her, as a literary character. If she had written *Vanity Fair*, could she have done more? If you can attain a reputation without work, who is the gainer? Only in one respect the somewhat impalpable nature of her profession made itself disagreeably felt. Gussy remained poor; and had to work hard for her daily dinner by fetching and carrying news about from house to house, and generally flattering all such persons—there were not very many in Morteville—as would not only receive poor Gussy's attentions, but let her take their value out afterwards in solid eating and drinking.

Amusing, Miss Gussy Marks undoubtedly was. She was bitterly spiteful; and to strangers, when they first settle in a dull place like Morteville, bitter, inveterate spite, even when it is unseasoned by a grain of wit, is better than no entertainment at all. But she was not capable, as in their different fashions were Mesdames O'Rourke and Maloney, of boldly killing any man's reputation outright. Some of Mrs. O'Rourke's falsehoods were sudden, almost justifiable homicides. Gussy's carefully worded equivocations were deliberate, cold-blooded murders; murders with malice aforethought. She belonged to the class who whisper about versions, more or less blackened, of other people's villifications; who supply all missing links in other people's evidence; who are "sure they heard so somewhere—not from you, dearest Mrs. Blank? Then from some one else, for I know *I* never thought so." The vilest, the most cowardly class of all, in short. The assassin runs some risk; the wretch who hovers round till the deed is done, and then warily begins to mangle the helpless corpse of the slain, none.

"Such an agreeable companion! such unfailing spirits!" all new-comers to Morteville pronounced as Miss Marks prostrated herself in turn at their feet. Then, as the months passed, the new-comer's door would gradually open less freely to Gussy; and the women of the family would speak of her as "a very amusing person for a time; but——;" and the men make short cuts down the nearest street whenever they met her; and poor Gussy have to fall back for intimacy on her old patronesses—the O'Rourke-and-Maloney coalition—and any such stray birds as she might chance occasionally to pick up at their houses.

On this special evening, and at this moment, when Archie Wilson's ill-doings are being brought forward for the purpose of moral animadversion, a whole group of the notabilities or typical people of Morteville are assembled beneath the light-house at the extreme end of the pier: *inter alia*, Mrs. Dionysius O'Rourke, Mr. Montacute and his daughters, the literary element, Captain Waters, and old Mrs. Maloney—a majority of ladies, as is generally the case, the Englishmen in Morteville not affecting much appearance in public. They play cards of a morning, play them of an afternoon, play them of an evening (very well they play, too; don't sit down here at loo or écarté unless you are tolerably sure of your game); and the two or three men, who happen at the present moment to be absent from the club, puff away helplessly at their cigars, and listen, without offering any observations of their own, while the women talk.

Let me take a rapid sketch of one or two of these people before Miss Archie Wilson's character is submitted to the scalpel. *A Dieu ne plaise* that they should hold any place save in this first or introductory scene of my story! *à Dieu ne plaise* that I should essay to paint a finished picture of one of them! But a few brief outlines my pen must with repugnance trace: first, to make you understand what manner of people these are who speak; secondly, to show you in what kind of social atmosphere Archie Wilson herself—the unconscious subject of their moral vivisection—had spent the last two years of her child's life.

Mrs. Dionysius O'Rourke—on account of her great size as well as her high position in society, I feel that I must give her precedence over her friends—was a lady of about, say, fifty-five, and of considerable social experience; had been twice married—"Let us say married! Ah, yes—married!" Mrs. Maloney would remark with bitter irony during the half-yearly period when these two potentates invariably passed each other without bowing in the street)—and had resided in every place of easy resort on the Continent. In all that Mrs. O'Rourke ever told respecting the past, the first husband was dropped altogether; the second, Colonel Morier, or as she, in her vain attempts to slip down the native Tipperary, called it, "Mawyer," brought into extraordinary preëminence, save on one occasion, well remembered by the Maloney, when a family called Morier really came to Morteville, and when Mrs. O'Rourke never mentioned their name nor came outside her door during the six weeks of their stay. The third and present one, Mr. Dionysius O'Rourke, seemed to be viewed both by his wife and by her friends in the light of a butler—an hypothesis that O'Rourke himself supported by the assumption of all those broad and generous views in regard to the consumption of liquor which butlers generally hold.

To judge by the number of dukes and duchesses she talked of, Mrs. O'Rourke had mixed in excellent society all her life; and barring the adventitious circumstances of seventeen stone of solid flesh, the irradicable Tipperary, and an undue tendency to gorgeous yellow satin and birds of strange plumage in the matter of dress, she was really an entertaining, and, on the theory of Joe Gargery, a fine figure of a woman. She took away everybody's character, certainly; but who should know better than Mrs. O'Rourke how easy it is for people to live and be happy without *that*? And she gave and enjoyed good dinners, and not worse wine than was commonly current in Morteville. How could any one say that Mrs. Maloney's infamous stories of bygone days were correct? Would not an open house, a real butler (as well as O'Rourke), and

six hundred a year, insure popularity in other places as well as Morteville-sur-Mer?

Mrs. Maloney, Mrs. O'Rourke's closest ally and most implacable enemy, was of a totally different build; for whereas Mrs. O'Rourke had been wicked and prosperous, and gone into a comfortable mass of human flesh and blood, Mrs. Maloney had been wicked and grown lean upon it; and in that one fact of being in a Banting or anti-Banting state lies much philosophy. Indeed it is not certain that, for moral classification, the whole of humanity might not broadly be divided into these two sections—the fat, the lean; the jovial, the ascetic. There were softening moments, weaknesses of the flesh, in Mrs. O'Rourke, as in all fat, food-loving creatures. At a certain tempered stage of fulness, one point short of surfeit or inebriety—in the interval, for instance, between dinner and the last glass of hot brandy-and-water before bed-time—she would as soon have called you a good fellow as a bad one; but no eating or drinking ever mollified Mrs. Maloney's flinty soul or softened a line upon her bird-like hatchet-face. She could never overcome her sickening spite against the human race for persisting still in being young and handsome and happy, as she had once been. She detested people for being wicked, because she had no longer the temptation to be wicked herself; she detested them for being good, because she had never known the meaning of good while she lived.

When Mrs. Dionysius O'Rourke went to the Morteville balls, all the little Frenchmen would run about after her, in sheer amazement at her undraped bulk.

"Hold, Alphonse! hast thou seen the English mamma! But 'tis rather an exhibition for a museum than a ball-room. *Une hippopotame qui se décolleté comme ça!*"

From old Mrs. Maloney's corpse-like face and anatomical neck and arms, bared as only utter fleshlessness can ever bare itself, men of all nations turned away with horror. She was not even curious. Occasionally, indeed, she would drag into her meshes some unfledged boy who thought it savored of manliness to ape precocious cynicism, or some hoary-headed roué who would fain hear the vices imputed to others which he no longer had it in his power to commit. And then was Mrs. Maloney in her glory. Then she almost felt that in the possession of a tongue like hers resides compensation for being old and loveless and unbeautiful. Then was youth vilified and age dishonored; then were beauty and love and faith, and all the fairness and the nobleness of our common humanity, disfigured by the vitriol flung from that black heart, until her listener—however foolish, however world hardened—would turn away with a shudder from the blasphemies of those lips that had once been fresh and young.

Look at the pictured impersonations in which the old painters' fancies used to embody all that men conceive of when they use the word *fiend*—the malignant, the impious, the hopeless—and you will see Maloney; she who thirty years before had been, if fame spoke true, the beauty and the toast of one of the most brilliant, the most genial-hearted cities in the kingdom.

If priest or parson would have let her mount into his pulpit, show her withered face, and vent her impotent rage against the life she had made vile use of, *there* had been a sermon to keep women pure and men honorable. The Spartans turned their drunken slaves to some account. Can we, with all our science, find no use for the scum, the dregs of our society? Is our children's love of honor, of virtue, of truth, of courage—of the crown of all these, charity—to be taught by written books alone?

Seated between these two women—I pass over Mr. O'Rourke, a poor little man weighing about as much as any one of his wife's limbs, and at this particular moment, as usual, not by any means more pleasant company for all the brandy he had taken since his dinner—seated between Mesdames O'Rourke and Maloney was Captain Waters, one of the head dandies or clothes-wearing men of Morteville.

Captain Waters was perhaps eight-and-twenty, perhaps eight-and-forty. Certain effete and obliterated human faces seem of texture too putty-like for time's finger to mark them with any lasting indentation. Captain Waters had one of these faces. He had pale hair, pale eyes, pale cheeks, pale girlish hands, a pale coat, a pale hat, and an eye-glass; the last the most distinctive feature about him. Who was Captain Waters? No one knew. What service had he been in? what were his means of living? No one knew. It was faintly believed that he was a married man; one of those stray atoms of matrimony that do float about on the surface of Anglo-Continental life. It was believed also that some one thought they had once seen him in Italy robbing a church with the Garibaldians. It was generally admitted that he played the best game of *écarté* in Morteville. As far as voice and manner went, Captain Waters was a gentleman; only an occasional restlessness of manner, a proneness to change any conversation as soon as it trenched too nearly on his own personal history, betraying the class of professional adventurers to which he belonged. He said he was related—very possibly it was true—to more than one great English family, and that nothing but a change in the Cabinet was needed for him to obtain one of the foreign diplomatic appointments for which his perfect command of Continental languages fitted him. In the mean time, he was economizing abroad; that is to say, wearing good clothes, living at one of the best hotels in the place, flirting desperately with young ladies, getting dinners out of old ones, and generally winning the money of any men who were well-born enough to become Captain Waters's companions—he detested vulgar people—and to walk arm-in-arm with him on the Morteville Pier.

Captain Waters was spiteful; as spiteful to the full as Mesdames O'Rourke and Maloney. But while theirs was heartfelt, malignant spite—the work of artists who put their hearts into what they fabricated—Captain Waters's was dilettanteism. Everything, even the trouble of pulling characters to pieces, bored or seemed to bore him. Nothing, including every possible moral depravity or deformity, surprised him. Raising his eye-glass up a quarter of an inch, taking his cigarette languidly in his little blue-veined hand, and smiling barely enough to show his even teeth, he would just throw in a word, a delicate finishing touch, when the other common assassins had done their work. You may imagine what the word would be to appreciative hearers. A plat, dressed by the hand of a *cordón bleu*, crowning some repast of high-seasoned coarser dishes—savory and tasteful perhaps in their way, but lacking that quintessence of flavor which only education and refinement know how to prepare for the palate of civilized man.

The last noticeable person in the group was Miss Gussy Marks, a few of whose moral characteristics we have already considered. The *personnel* of this young person, had she flourished thirty years ago, might have justified her claims in the matter of literature; for thirty years ago women who wrote were, we learn, considered in this country somewhat in the light of monsters—women only in their invincible inferiority of brain; but otherwise unsexed by the mere attempt to raise themselves above their samplers. Miss Marks

had a high, bare forehead, a flat head, beetling eyebrows, great bird-like eyes and nose, a splendid development of animalism about the lower part of the face, and a moustache! Yes, a moustache! Why should I euphemize? A moustache such as many a fledgling ensign would incur his year's debts in advance to possess.

The last new-comers to Morteville—consequently the last new chance of dinner that Miss Marks was seeking to propitiate—were Mr. and the two Miss Montacutes, by whose side she now stood. Regarding them there is little to say. The Miss Montacutes were pretty girls, who talked a good deal of grand married sisters, and their regret at having to come to such a slow place as Morteville for poor mamma's health. And Mr. Montacute was a man who had formerly been rich and now was poor, and who had spent a great deal of his time in various Continental jails, and already was meditating as to how much was likely to be garnered out of the Morteville shopkeepers before he should run away. Yet once Mr. Montacute had kept open house and given money with a free hand to those who asked him for it, and had brought up his lads to call dishonor by its right name. Look at his face now—the set, hard mouth, the eyes that won't meet yours; listen to the bullying tone in which he talks to his wife and daughters, and say if professional insolvency can be pleasant work to a man who was bred a gentleman? Say if he too might not add some comments to that unwritten sermon of which I spoke just now?

“Poor little Archie Wilson!” repeated Miss Marks, with unction; “if some one would only take the child up, something might be made of her yet.”

“I should think somebody would be quite sure to take her up,” suggested Captain Waters, in the intervals of making a fresh cigarette. “You need not be uneasy on that score, Miss Marks.”

“Captain Waters, you are too bad,” cried Mrs. Maloney, while Mrs. O'Rourke chuckled, and the Miss Montacutes remarked demurely how plainly you could see the light-house on the opposite coast. “Of course it's all very amusing for you gentlemen, but for the ladies in the place—and young ladies especially—I say it's most embarrassing. Why, really, now, Miss Montacute, you mustn't be shocked, but I do think it right to put you on your guard”—only Mrs. Maloney called it ‘gu'iard.’ “What do you suppose I saw last night from my window?”

No one's imagination was equal to the emergency. Captain Waters looked up at the sky and smiled.

“Well, then, you must know, Mr. Montacute, my lodgings is just opposite to the Wilsons', Roo d'Artois—and 'twas a moonlight night, as this may be, and everything as distinct as possible—and about eleven, or half-past, I sat down by my window to think a little”—she sighed piously—“before retiring to rest, when what should come out from the Wilsons' parlor window but a man's figure!”

The whole company repeated, as one man, the word “window!”

“Yes, window!” exulted Mrs. Maloney, warming to her work. “If it had been by the door no one would have been more willing than myself to give her the benefit of the doubt, for of course the Dormers live on the first, and the old Countess d'Eu on the second; and it is possible, though extremely unlikely, that this person might have been unconnected with the Wilsons. But no, it was from their window it appeared. They live on the rez-de-chaussé, Mr. Montacute. Not that I blame them for that, poor creatures; but with Mrs. Wilson wearing a silk-velvet cloak, and Archie, to my own knowl-

edge, seven pairs of boots since Christmas, economy it is not. A man's figure, dressed in a short paletot, a wideawake hat, and smoking a cigar! Now comes the point of the story. That figure was Miss Archie Wilson herself!"

Horror on all sides; even Captain Waters languidly interested.

"And dressed—like a man!" ejaculated Gussy Marks plaintively; "dressed *quite* like a man, my dear Mrs. Maloney?"

"Well, no," explained Maloney, "the miserable girl wore some kind of dark skirt, which indeed betrayed her to me—that and her hair, which, although it was tucked up, I could see the bright red in the moonlight; but for the rest of her figure dressed as I tell you—a man's paletot, a wideawake hat, and smoking a cigar. She paraded up and down the pavement for some time, her hands in her pockets, her hat stuck on one side, and no more ashamed of herself, my dear, than any of us are now! Indeed, the way she stared up at me was so offensive that I rose at last and shut down my window, and saw no more of the disgusting spectacle. We may form our own conclusions," sniffed Mrs. Maloney, virtuously—"we may form our own conclusions as to what should make a young girl assume such a disguise, and steal away from her father's house at midnight. Whatever Christian charity has bid me do hitherto, I feel my duty to society leaves me only one course now—I shall treat Miss Archie Wilson with the *hotombar* at once; and I think every other well-conducted woman"—Captain Waters's cigarette made him cough—"should do the same."

Though Mrs. Maloney had lived much abroad, her mastery of French idiom was still precarious; hence one of her favorite expressions was that of treating people with the *hotombar*, which fanciful compound she emphasized much as she might have done the word tomahawk, or any other deadly weapon of attack.

"But perhaps it was all done as a joke," hazarded the prettiest Miss Montacute, who was too young and innocent to be shocked. "When Tom's at home, Lizzie and I often dress up in his hat and coat—don't we Lizzie?"

"Yes, but you don't go out into the streets in male dress, dear Miss Montacute," put in old Gussy Marks, persuasively. "Of that I am quite sure. This poor neglected child, Archie, possibly—possibly does these things in ignorance; but still"—Gussy mused or pretended to muse—"it is confirmatory of what I told you I had seen, Mrs. O'Rourke—is it not?"

"And what have you seen, Miss Marks?" inquired Captain Waters, when Mrs. O'Rourke had croaked forth her little contribution of venom. "Don't let us lose one scrap of evidence against this unhappy and misguided young person."

"My scrap of evidence, then," answered Gussy, growing suddenly tart—"my scrap of evidence, Captain Waters, is, that Archie goes out on these moonlight expeditions to meet Mr. Durant—nothing more."

"To meet Mr. Durant?" repeated Waters, really opening his eyes now, and flinging the end of his cigarette into the sea—"the man who is staying at my hotel?"

There was something to be interested in at last. Not a wretched little girl's reputation, but the possibility of detaining in Morteville a young man so excessively fond of staking high, and so excessively ignorant of all the finer intricacies of *écarté* as Mr. Durant. They had played together now for five nights; and after deducting the necessary loss incurred by Waters on the first night of the match, Mr. Durant was about one hundred and twenty pounds to

the bad. What a *deus ex machina* it would be if any little flirtation should turn up and make the young man linger about this place! As the vision of Archie's fair girlish face rose before him, Captain Waters felt himself quite soften. Poor pretty little thing! If these old women's stupid scandals were to get about and reach the father's ears, the whole thing might be stopped at once.

"I happen to know that Durant has been quietly at home every midnight since he has been in the place, Miss Marks. I don't know whether Miss Archie Wilson went out to meet him or not."

Now, Gussy Marks hated Captain Waters from her soul: first, because, following a fixed rule he had in regard of ugly (penniless) women, he never looked in her face when he spoke to her; secondly, because his superior powers of pleasing had been the means of ousting her from more than one Morteville house, where before his advent she had been wont to drop in, as of right, at dinner time.

"You may have any opinions you like, Captain Waters, but you will not prevent me, and others with me, from having ours. If Archie Wilson talks to Mr. Durant for an hour together over the back-garden wall of a morning, as I have seen with my own eyes, it is not very scandalous, I think, to assume that she attires herself as Mrs. Maloney saw her do, to meet Mr. Durant at night."

"Over the back-garden wall? Miss Wilson talks to this Mr. What-d'ye-call-him over the back-garden wall? Well, really now we may call it a Providence that the whole thing has come to light; and just before this public ball, where we shall all meet her, too! In these foreign places I say one can't be too careful as to the women one associates with." And Mrs. Maloney cast up her eyes to heaven, as though rendering a mental thanksgiving for the providential escape she had had in the way of moral contamination. "I don't say that I'd go so far as to cut Mr. Wilson, as he calls himself; but as to the girl Archie, I do say that it's a duty we owe to society and to each other to——"

"Good-night, Mrs. Maloney," cried a girl's voice close beside her ear. "I hope, now, you're none the worse for sitting up so late last night. It was lovely in the moonlight, wasn't it?"

A child's face—bright, saucy, unfeared—looked back at Mrs. Maloney for a moment; then the girl broke into a laugh—a clear, merry laugh—that startled more than one group of foreigners out of their conventional decorum, and Miss Archie Wilson disappeared in the crowd.

For one minute the people who had been talking of her did show sufficient humanity to be guiltily silent. Then, "She has gone down to the sands—she has gone alone to the sands!" cried old Gussy Marks, who was the first to rally. "And a gentleman with her—yes, a gentleman with her!"

All the group of friends turned their heads eagerly in the direction Gussy pointed out, and by the aid of the brilliant moonlight detected a slight childish figure running down one of the flights of steps that connect the Morteville pier with the sands. A minute later, another—and a man's figure was at her side; and all the heads were bent eagerly forward in anticipation of the dreadful and notorious scene they were about to witness. But Morteville to-night was destined to be disappointed of a scandal; and a sort of groan passed through the group of friends as they discovered their mistake. The man proved to be no other than Archie Wilson's father.

"A blind!" cried Mrs. Maloney, with the resolute tone of a Christian determined not to be done out of her righteous indignation. "Archie Wilson put

on her new hat to walk on the sands with her father! Wait till midnight, and look through my window, if you want to judge of Miss Wilson's innocence! To remind me to my very face of what I'd seen! Dark as it is, she must have seen that I treated her with the *hotombar* that she deserved. Little wretch!"

And then the company breaking up into couples, as they resumed their walk, the characters of each other, as well as of Miss Archie Wilson, began to be demolished.

Let us leave them here, and forever, to their work!

CHAPTER II.

THE HONORABLE FREDERICK LOVELL.

WILL no one write for us the lives of Unsuccessful Men? The brothers of the poets, the first cousins of the painters, the godmothers and godfathers of the novelists—enterprising writers of biography have shown us these and all other relations of great men from their cradles to their graves. And still the human beings nearer to greatness still—the men who have not succeeded—find no historian.

"He started with eighteen-pence in his pocket," we are accustomed to read of the one successful man out of ten thousand. "Eighteen-pence in his pocket, a habit of early rising, strict religious principles, and a taste for arithmetic; and died worth half a million." All right for him—the one sheep garnered into the great fold of success; but what account have we of the rest of the shadowy host for whose prudence, whose patience, whose religious principles, whose arithmetic even, no market ever came? If there is any law that governs the secret of human success, we have signally failed as yet in discovering its mode of operation. Patience certainly goes a very short way toward attaining it—the great majority of men and women seem to be intensely patient at failure during all their wasted sixty or seventy years of life; and as to great ability, look at some of the best paid, and yet the shallowest charlatans in the world's history!

Some years ago a Frenchman wrote a book, showing that unsuccessful men of ability are destined by every law, moral and physiological, to become the progenitors of successful ones. Given a father whose life has been spent in a series of intellectual failures, and you will most likely see a son in whom these inchoate tendencies shall assume the shape men worship as success. All the arguments of the book I have forgotten, but I must confess the Frenchman's theory, true or false, struck me at the time as a pleasant one. It assigns to us some use—to us who have invested our little capital to our best, who have striven as manfully as the most successful among them all, and yet have made no mark upon the age. We represent the sterile year when nature is readjusting her forces, the field which next spring shall be green with corn, the orchard which next autumn shall be bowed down with fruit. More consolatory, at least, to view our failure so—as the result of physical laws out of our reach at present; more consolatory, I say, to believe there is an average of successful men to each fifty years, and that it is accident whether our fathers' failures are stepping-stones for us, or our own stepping-stones for our sons. Looking over our chest of unpublished MSS., or our gallery of unsold pictures, or our scheme for national defence (that the government was mad enough to

reject), or our electric-telegraph improvement which broke down only through one error (rectified next week by Smith, who made twenty-five thousand pounds)—shall we not face these our past failures with better temper if we take the Frenchman's view of the subject, than if, as all biographies of successful Britons seem to bid us do, we believe that we have failed because we deserved to fail? We have had our dreams of greatness—we have thought of inventions that should benefit mankind, have known bitter wintry mornings and sultry noons, have sacrificed and suffered and come to grief. But that we have missed the palm is no absolute reason why the saints who do wear it should deny that our feet once stood, even as theirs did, beside the stake.

The Honorable Frederick Lovell, at present known in Morteville under the name of Wilson, was an instance of thorough painstaking, patient, and absolute failure. In an age when one hundred and nine thousand copies of the second Solomon's poems have been sold, why, I ask myself, did Frederick Lovell's never meet with success? They were commonplace, verbose, affected, strained, moral, and enormously bulky. And still the second Solomon was taken, and poor Frederick Lovell left.

"To be a poet," says Mr. Carlyle, "a man must have an insight into the eternal veracities." Frederick Lovell for years had never wearied of repeating this axiom and applying it to himself. Do you understand its meaning, reader? Do I understand it? We think we do, perhaps; and Frederick Lovell thought he did. Who shall say what mysterious flaw in his power of judgment made him to err so egregiously? Where are we to draw the borderline that confined him, as it confines hundreds of painstaking men like him, to such intolerable mediocrity? Until Macaulay told the world that Robert Montgomery's writings bore the same relation to poetry which a Turkish carpet bears to a picture, the world looked upon that arch-impostor as one of the master-spirits of the age. But the wildly-inverted metaphors, the quivering fire-clouds, the racing hurricanes, the galloping white waves, the earth dashing into eternity, of Frederick Lovell scarcely found a critic who would condemn them. And here and there in his writings were thoughts—unstolen ones too—to which all the Montgomerys, all the second Solomons, could never have given utterance. The man was not a poet; yet on rare occasions you felt that he came painfully, pathetically near to one. Fools and wise men are not two separate nations, with a sea rolling between them, but neighbors each of a common border-land; and in this border-land are many whose nationality it is sometimes hard to decide upon. Frederick Lovell possessed many gifts that certainly put him far away from the category of fools. He was laborious to a degree; he loved his art, or what to him stood for art; he honestly strove to study nature and reproduce her, both with his pen and brush—for the poor fellow painted pictures as bulky as his poems. He was as immeasurably remote from being a fool as he was from being an artist—nay further, I would fondly like to think. And still, looking at his pictures and reading his verses, the human heart that loved him most—a child's—knew that they were not, and never would be, works of art. All the ingredients were there, like the colors in the Turkey carpet; the glow of genius, that should fuse and mould them into one harmonious whole, was utterly and forever wanting.

In his social relations Mr. Lovell had failed as much as in his artistic ambition. He started in life as there seemed every probability of his ending it, with an invincible repugnance to accept that belief which most men, wise or fools, have mastered by the age of nine, namely, that two and two make four.

Money, or the saving or the utilizing of money, nay, the enjoyment of money, seemed a subject altogether beyond Frederick Lovell's grasp. On his twenty-first birthday he came into twenty thousand pounds; on his twenty-fifth five thousand out of this sum remained. He had not been very vicious or very extravagant, he thought. He had travelled about, and bought pictures, and enjoyed artistic society and seen his friends at his table; and it was a very great pity that so little could be done upon a moderate income. What would it be best to do with the five thousand pounds that yet remained? Marry, perhaps.

When any excessively poor man desires to multiply his poverty by two, there is always some excessively poor young woman ready to assist him in working out this little sum of social arithmetic. Just at this juncture Frederick Lovell might, if he had possessed ordinary sense, have settled himself with bread to his mouth for life; his first cousin, the Lady Olivia Carstairs, with fifteen thousand pounds of her own, and only five years older than himself, being willing to become his wife. He told his family he would do everything they all thought right; and promised the following Monday to make Lady Olivia a formal offer of marriage. But on the Sunday that intervened, a girl with long eye-lashes sat two pews before him in church, and Frederick Lovell thought how pleasant it would be to go and live in Rome and study and become an artist in earnest, with such a face as that to haunt his painting-room and inspire his dreams.

He married her; went to Rome and studied; and at the end of a year found himself a widower, in the possession of a little daughter, three thousand pounds capital, and a great many art-studies, that no one but himself thought much of, in his painting room.

The marriage—what there was of it—had turned out more happily than most marriages in which the first foundations are long eye-lashes. Both of them had offended the whole of their relations by marrying each other; and no letters, save Mr. Lovell's old bills, had ever followed them from England; and they had had no society, and had spent a great deal more money than they could afford. But they had been happy. Happy for twelve months, fifty-two weeks, three-hundred-and-sixty-five days! Had Frederick Lovell done so very badly with his life, I wonder?

"And I would run away with you, just the same again, Fred," the girl said on her death-bed, with her arms round his neck, and the child a fortnight old lying beside her. "Yes, I would, if I knew this was to be the end of it. We should have grown more economical in time, and you would have been a great artist, dear—I know it. Will you be so without me, I wonder, Fred?"

No; that he never could be. But if he had had in him the materials of a greater man, perhaps he would not have wept for her loss so grievously and so long. Grief, in the true artistic nature, embodies itself, perforce, like every other emotion, in art; and, depend upon it, as soon as Goethe began to seek for consolation in *Egmont*, the composition of that marvellous poem worked off some at least of the edge of his passion for Lili. Frederick Lovell had sufficient concentrativeness to suffer more profoundly than common men, but not force of will enough to raise himself, as men following a genuine vocation do, above his misery. He wandered about in Italy with the child, spending his money and doing no work, for a great many months; then came back to England, and thought he might as well read for orders and be a priest.

It was the best resolution he ever made in his life; for there were several nice little livings in the Lovell family, and Lady Olivia, unappropriated still,

had an immense love for clergymen and parish domination. As a priest he could have worked what stood to him for poetry into very good sermons, and have painted altar pieces, and stained glass for windows—the poor fellow was very High Church, and quite earnest and sincere in his religious beliefs—and possibly have succeeded in imposing all his labors as works of high art upon an agricultural population. But when do the round men fall into the round grooves of life? Essayists and reviewers hold livings; and men like Frederick Lovell paint pictures and aspire to understand the Eternal Veracities. On the very eve of respectability, his ordination over, and an encouraging letter from Lady Olivia lying on his table, some wandering artist he had known abroad came to visit Mr. Lovell in his London lodgings; and two days later he was a Bohemian on the face of the earth again. His friend had described Dresden and the community of artists there, and the facilities for study and the cheapness of living, in terms too glowing for Frederick Lovell's heart to withstand; and in a fortnight he was installed, with his little daughter, on a third-story in the Dresden Market place, really for once living cheap, and happier than he had yet felt since his wife's death.

He could not write poetry; but I think Mr. Lovell's life at this period was almost an unwritten poem. It was an absurdity for the man to devote himself to an ambition he could never attain, to spend his days in making copies which any student of eighteen in the government schools could have done better, and his nights in writing tomes of verses that no publisher would ever accept. Still, over all one intense, unselfish, never-wearying love shone, and made the life noble. No woman ever tended her first-born child more tenderly than did Mr. Lovell his little motherless daughter. She was two years old now—a sturdy, forward child; already walking and talking in her fashion, and perfectly cognizant that the great awkward male creature she lived with was, at once, her "Josh" and her humble slave. When she hurt herself in any way, she beat him. Mr. Lovell was an immense angular man, over six feet high. When he refused her anything, she drooped her head immediately, and pretended to be sick; an appeal that never failed to bring him to abject and instant submission to her wishes. It was Miss Lovell's habit to wake between five and six in the morning; and Mr. Lovell, who sat up habitually late at night writing or drawing, was constantly roused from his bed by a pair of tiny, but neither irresolute nor weak, hands at this hour, because "Arte de Mark sehen will," as the child in her broken *patois* worded it. He never rebelled after a certain morning when the child had cried herself white and sick at being refused, and the good German wives, early abroad at their own marketings, would look with wet eyes after the English widower with his black clothes and solemn face, and Archie in his arms, all aflush with delight, and making her slave stop before every fresh basket of fruit that they passed.

One day, when the child was nearly three years old, her hands and face were fever-parched, and for the first time in her life she refused to eat. The solitary German servant of the household threw up her apron over her face, and said the worthy Lord was going to take the child back to Himself. She had seen two children of her sister's in brain fever, and, at first, they too had flushed faces, and refused food like the *Fräulein*, and both of them died.

In an agony of mute horror Mr. Lovell rushed away to the English physician then living in Dresden, and conveyed to him by looks, rather than words, that his child was dying.

"Hangs her head—won't eat—skin hot?" said the doctor. "Mr. Lovell,

the child is sickening for the measles. Half the children in Dresden have got measles in its mildest form. Couldn't have it at a better time of the year. No Englishwoman to be with her? Well, let us see now whom you could have—Miss Curtis? You don't know her?—no matter. Miss Curtis is always ready to nurse anybody. I'll get her to go to you before night."

By night Miss Curtis was at Archie's bedside, where she remained for a fortnight. The child was very ill indeed, and wilful, as all strong, impetuous children are, under her sufferings; and when Mr. Lovell, helpless in his tortures of fear, watched Miss Curtis bathing his idol's hot eyes, or sponging her hot hands, and soothing her in those thousand ways with which only a woman's hand can soothe a suffering child, he felt that he could have fallen down and kissed the very hem of her dingy old black-silk gown.

As Archie got better, she clung tenaciously to her new friend. Miss Curtis knew lots of things that Archie did not know. Miss Curtis could deftly create a bird, enclosed within bars and sitting on a perch, out of a sheet of paper. Miss Curtis could paint a boy on one side of a card and a gate on the other, and when you twisted the card round by means of a piece of silk, the boy was sitting astride on the gate—whistling, Miss Curtis averred, and Archie believed; could make life-like sweeps out of one of Mr. Lovell's old waistcoats, with teeth stitched in white silk, and real brushes, cut off the cat's back, in their hands.

"What shall I ever do without Miss Curtis?" Mr. Lovell thought one day, as he watched her sitting beside Archie, darning through a great basket of the child's socks—a branch of domestic economy much neglected by the servant girl—and keeping her amused with stories at the same time. "There's scarlatina, chicken-pox, hooping-cough, and God knows what besides that the baby may have; how am I to bring her through it all alone? Would she ever have struggled through these dreadful measles without Miss Curtis to nurse her?"

Youth, beauty, money would, I verily believe, not have made Frederick Lovell unfaithful to his buried love. He was not unfaithful to her now. For her child's sake he married Miss Curtis. She was a plain little dowdy woman, a good many years older than himself, a lady by birth and education, with eighty pounds a year to live on; and when Mr. Lovell asked her to be his wife, she could really scarcely gasp out "yes" in her bewilderment and gratitude.

"You will find her a treasure—a treasure, my dear sir," remarked her relative, the English chaplain, with whom till now she had been living, and who was naturally joyful at transferring her to other hands. "A good wife cometh of the Lord. Would it be requiring too much that my dear cousin's little money should be strictly settled upon herself?"

It was a long time before Mr. Lovell could become accustomed to the special seal of Divine approbation that had been set upon him. He loved beauty in women, and Elizabeth, his wife, was plain and wizened; he loved silence, and she babbled, chiefly of duchesses, from morning till night; he loved solitude, and he was never alone. Only, as years wore on, and as Archie did take all manner of childish complaints—through all of which her stepmother nursed her faithfully, and as Archie grew to be a great girl, and Mrs. Lovell, to the best that was in her, educated her and made her work at her needle, and attended her in her walks abroad, and saw to the lengthening of her frocks, and told her what was right and what was wrong for young girls to do, Mr. Lovell

ceased to ask himself if he had done wrong in marrying again. He could not have brought up the girl without a woman of some kind to help him; and companions or governesses would have required a salary, and very likely have struck for marriage just as Archie was beginning to like them. And besides these considerations—love, and all pertaining to love, wholly and forever gone—Mr. Lovell, in his mania for art, possessed a triple armor against all the small annoyances of life, even a second wife like his wife Elizabeth.

A mania is a pleasure raised within the sacred regions of the ideal, and so put beyond the reach of common loss or disappointment. Powerless to create himself, the faculty of admiration—the faculty, nay, let me say the rare genius, of comprehension, the sole gift which can enable an inferior man to stand at the side of great artists—was Mr. Lovell's.

As years wore on, and as the fact of his own want of success became just a part of his every-day life, he only grew more and more confirmed in his admiration for the success of others, and gradually a transition, not uncommon in men of this character, into a dealer, on a small scale, in different works of art.

On leaving Dresden, when Archie was about six or seven years of age, he returned once more to Rome; and here he had his headquarters until about two years before the present time. He believed himself all this time to be an unhappy man. He knew that the blue Roman sky shone over the six feet of earth where all the best part of himself lay buried. He knew that the present Mrs. Lovell was feebly irritating to him; that he had alienated himself utterly from every tie at home; that the age was passing on, while he neither with pen nor brush had made the faintest indentation upon it; finally, that year by year he seemed to grow more hopelessly foolish in regard of money, both in the getting and the spending. But still in that soft climate, and ever pursuing his own art studies or his beloved "*bricbracquerie*," living a Bohemian life among the Bohemians of all the Italian cities in turn, his temperament was too essentially an artistic one to allow him to be a very miserable man.

"Third son of Lord Lovell," his wife would say when deploring her husband's evil ways with any sympathizing Englishwoman who came across her path—"third son of Lord Lovell, and connected on his mother's side with the Carstairs; and several delightful livings in the family, if he had only chosen to keep to his profession. And here we live, my dear madam, wandering like felons among papists and foreigners, and all his beautiful literary talents, that might have won him a name in the pulpit, thrown away. If Archie had only been a boy, as they christened her, one of these livings might be kept in the family yet."

"Yes, if I had only been a boy," Archie would chime in at this point of her stepmother's lamentations—"if I were only a boy, I'd be an artist, like what papa meant to be; or an actor, or musician, or something of that kind, and make a name for us all yet."

The poor child had been brought up among artists and musicians, and things of that kind; and her ideas of reputation, as of a great many other subjects, were much more artistic than conventional ones.

CHAPTER III.

BRUNE AUX YEUX BLEUS.

JUST as the Morteville gossips were returning from their evening amusement on the pier, two young men, Englishmen, issued forth, arm-in-arm, from the Couronne d'Argent, the principal hotel of the place.

The younger of these men was Gerald Durant, Captain Waters's "good thing" at *écarté*, the admirer that Morteville tongues had ascribed to Miss Archie Wilson. The elder was Mr. Robert Dennison, his first cousin, now on his way back to London after a fortnight in Paris, and at the present moment trying, or seeming to try, to persuade Gerald Durant to start with him to-morrow morning by the first boat for Folkestone.

"If there was anything to make you stop in this disgusting hole I would not ask you, Gerald. But as by your own account you don't know a creature to speak to, and are losing twenty pounds regularly to that scoundrel Waters at *écarté*, I can't see why you should be obstinate in spoiling my party for me."

Gerald Durant hesitated. "I believe I should do better to go," he said, after a minute or two; "but as to my absence spoiling your party, the thing's absurd. Markham or Drury would come in a moment, and are as ready, either or both of them, to lose their money at loo as I am; anybody in the world you like to ask, in short—except Sholto."

"Markham is out of town; and Lady Lavinia, as you know, never lets that wretched little Drury for a second out of her sight; for Sholto I have no taste—I never had a taste for children. As to losing your money, my dear boy"—Dennison's manner grew genially warm and pleasant—"I don't exactly see the point of the remark. The last time we played loo at my chambers you may remember you landed more than seventy pounds of my money."

"Well, well, I'll go then," said Gerald, in the tone of a man who would rather do anything than be bored to explain why he didn't do it. "It will be better so, I daresay; but I think if you had seen the face which has been the cause of my lingering on here, you would better appreciate my intention of going away."

"Cause! There is a pretty face in it then, after all?"

"Do you think I should poison myself daily at a Morteville table-d'hôte for the pleasure of losing twenty pounds a night to Captain Waters at *écarté*?" replied Gerald. "Of course, there is a pretty face in it; and, of course, if I stayed I should come to grief, as I always do."

"As you always do!" remarked Dennison, with a laugh. "Gerald, by the way, that reminds me—although it really is getting no laughing matter—what is Maggie Hall doing? I have been wanting to ask you this long time. Sir John and all of them are beginning to feel their position awkward."

"Who?"

"Maggie Hall, the pretty dairy-maid from Heathcotes. My dear boy, why should you try to have secrets with me?" but his tone was not thoroughly collected as he spoke.

"I think you have asked me about Maggie Hall before, Robert," answered Gerald, coldly; "and I told you then that I knew nothing whatever of her. I never had anything to say to Maggie save in the way of friendship; and you, better than any other man, ought to know it."

And he dropped his friend's arm—they were at the entrance to the pier

now, and walking a step or two aside, gazed intently away across the moonlit sands. In the far distance the shadows of two figures—a man and a girl—cut the path of rippling light that fell across the water and Gerald Durant's face. He knew them to be Archie and her father in a second, and began to vacillate again. How fair the pure girlish face must be looking now! If he waited he could easily contrive to meet her somewhere on their way home, steal a word half in play with her as he had done before, and ask her to meet him once more (every mistake in Gerald's life was prefaced by those fatal words, "once more") at that broken garden-wall to-morrow. Why should he give way always to Dennison? He knew very well that he was wanted as a fifth and as a loser at loo; that Dennison cared no more for his society than he did for the society of any stranger he might see for the first time, who would stake his money uncalculatingly. He had taken Dennison's advice times enough in his life, and whenever he had done so had repented it. Besides, the easy assumption of superiority in his cousin's last remark had nettled Gerald excessively. Clever as Robert Dennison was, he overshot his mark sometimes. Gerald Durant was his inferior in will and in brain; but Gerald was the last man living to like to have the sense of his own inferiority thrust upon him. Show the hand of iron for a moment, and these weak natures rebel from the touch that they would be unconscious of under the silken glove.

"The steamer starts at eleven sharp," remarked Dennison, presently; "you will be able for once to get up early, Gerald, eh?"

"Well, yes, I daresay I shall—if I go," answered Gerald; and then he took out his cigar case, struck a light, and leaning lazily against the parapet of the pier, began to smoke.

Dennison came beside him and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder. "I see how it all is, Gerald," he remarked carelessly; "and I shall say no more about it. Come or stay, just as suits your fancy in the morning. Sir John will be glad enough to see you when you do come, you may be very sure. The poor old man is hotter than ever about your standing for L—; and there is no doubt now as to the nearness of the coming election. Parliament has already got nearer to the end of its prescribed term than usual, and if through any extraordinary vitality, or to serve any special policy of the premier, it should survive the autumn, next May for certain must see it legally terminated. What a career is before you, Gerald," he added affectionately, "if you could only bring yourself to care about it in earnest!—an heiress as devoted as Lucia destined for you from her cradle; an uncle as lenient as Sir John, bent, whether you will or no, upon bringing you into public life." And while he talked thus, Mr. Dennison laid his hand within his companion's arm, and gradually led him back into good temper—no very difficult matter with a man so facile as Gerald—as they strolled slowly onward down the pier.

Let me speak to you of these two men's appearance as they walk together thus. Of Robert Dennison's first. A stranger seeing them in any position side by side would say that Mr. Dennison must take precedence in all things, even to the chronicling of the color of his eyes and the length of his whiskers. His whiskers were, I believe, what struck you most when you looked at him. They were irreproachable whiskers—jet black, without one brown or red hair among them; mathematically correct in growth; long, glossy, thick. Men of weak, frivolous character are prone to vacillation in the fashion of their whis-

kers or beards. Six months in Egypt, a year in Vienna, will upset all the foregone conclusions of these purposeless creatures' lives, and send them back to London regenerate. But from the time when Mr. Dennison first attained man's estate till now—and he was past thirty—the cut and length of his whiskers had remained inviolate. All young women in the housemaid line of life who looked at Robert Dennison pronounced him a very fine gentleman indeed. Such critics are not always bad judges. He was a very fine gentleman; over six feet in his stockings, broad-shouldered, deep-voiced, large-limbed. His head was of the bullet-shape, more often seen in Frenchmen than ourselves; his complexion sallow-olive, his nose small, his teeth short, square, and white almost to singularity. So far the catalogue reads favorably. Now for the features which really constitute a human face (the rest are but adjuncts)—the lips and eyes. Mr. Dennison had lips that made some fastidious natures shrink away with nameless repugnance only to look at them: full lips, dark in color, set as granite; the under one slightly projecting, and supported by a heavy coarse-hewn chin. And his eyes were of the worst hue a man's eyes can ever be—black. Through all the infinite gradations of other colors—through brown, or gray, or green, or (the color for the gods) blue—the human soul, whatever there may be of it, shows forth. Only with these black inscrutable orbs does a man look at his fellow-creatures as through a mask. Robert Dennison's eyes were incapacitated, simply by their color, from giving any softer expression. The broadest sunlight could scarcely evoke a tawny ray from their sombre depths. If you looked at them with closest scrutiny, you could never discern the pupil from the iris; and 'tis precisely in this—in the shifting color, in the quick reflection of light, in the sudden dilation or contraction of the pupil—that all expression of passion exists. Those who had seen Dennison under the influence of rage—a rare occurrence with him—asserted that his eyes could take a red lurid light, the reverse of agreeable to look at. At all other times they served him, as he was wont in his genial manner to confess, better than any other pair of eyes in the world could have done—they told no secrets of their master. To an archbishop or an orange-girl, to a judge upon the bench or a beggar, those eyes (*occhi neri, fieri e muti*) would have looked with precisely the same hard, unflinching expression. And Mr. Dennison was quite right: they suited him.

Gerald Durant was a slight, boyish-looking man of five-and-twenty, with hair of the bright chestnut color you see surrounding Raphael's softest faces; a fair complexion, that flushed like a girl's as he spoke; and long, silky, flaxen moustache and whiskers. When he was without his hat (he had taken it off just now, as he stood watching Archie and her father upon the distant sands), the first thing you noticed in him was his beautiful brow. For a moment—until you saw it was a woman's beauty, not a man's—you would have called that forehead, with its low-growing hair, its delicate mouldings, its marble whiteness, intellectual. For a moment, then, you saw the absence of all the ruggedness, all the force that in a man is intellect. In his youth, a man with a head like this will give promise of great things, and at five-and-thirty he will be living in a villa at Richmond still. His eyes were gray; great speaking eyes, that softened and changed color if a woman took his hand, or a burst of music smote his ear. His nose and mouth were of the cast Vandyke has taught us to identify with our weakest race of kings; and his chin—at once the characteristic, the index of every face—was characterless. For the rest, his make, although slight, was far from effeminate. Intense desire of excite-

ment was Gerald Durant's master passion; and he was wise enough to know that field sports, alternating with the life of cities, are the most epicurean sort of excitement that a civilized man can take. As a boy, he had been stroke-oar of one of the boats and captain of the Eleven at Eton; in later years he had been openly called the boldest rider to hounds in her Majesty's Guards. And any man who is a good rider, and who can handle an oar well, will have his chest well developed. His graceful hands were far too brown and manly-looking to allow a suspicion of dandyism, and his dress was plain and English almost to affectation. At the present moment (and while Robert Dennison, with a high hat, lavender gloves, swell boots, and frock coat, looked ready for a wedding) Gerald was in a brown velveteen morning suit, a spun-silk shirt, a Tyrolean hat, and gloveless. "The Guards only dress when they are on duty," he had answered, when Dennison had chaffed him as to his style of costume. "In Bond street I do what you are doing now; at all other times I suit myself."

And noting what the undress really was—how becoming in its picturesque Bohemianism, how studied in every detail of its seeming carelessness—Mr. Dennison had smiled, but not with his lips, at the answer. All the weakness of Gerald Durant's character lay in it; and nothing yielded Mr. Dennison more intense satisfaction than analyzing any new trait of weakness in the men he called his friends.

Toward the middle of the pier they were joined by Waters, who had freed himself from his Morteville associates the moment he saw the two Englishmen approaching. Dennison had already made his acquaintance that day at the table-d'hôte, and began talking to him at once with the kindly tone of encouragement which for some years past it had been his habit to show to all the men or women who preyed upon his cousin Gerald.

"For a few weeks this must be an amusing life to lead, Captain Waters, especially to any one who makes cosmopolitan human nature his study, as I have no doubt you do. I have been on the pier twenty minutes, and have already seen queerer specimens of Britons—male and female—than I ever did during the last fortnight on the Boulevards; and that is saying a good deal."

"Well, they certainly are a tolerably shady lot," answered Waters, with a shrug of his shoulders; "the residents in the place especially. People a shade too bad in character for the Channel Islands, and without ready money enough to take them to Florence, settle down in Morteville; and a pretty subsidiary stratum they make. The fun is to see them pulling each other to pieces. Women without a shred of reputation between them sitting in judgment on a little girl like this Archie Wilson, as I have heard old O'Rourke, Maloney, and Company doing during the last half hour."

At the name of Archie, Gerald Durant turned his face quickly toward Waters, and Robert Dennison noted the gesture.

"Who is O'Rourke, and what is Archie, Captain Waters?" he asked. "I have rather a fancy when I travel of picking up little everyday bits of watering-place scandal."

"O'Rourke is a decently-successful fifth-class adventuress, who manages to keep herself at the head of the Morteville society. Archie is the daughter of an uncommonly shady Englishman, called Wilson, who has been living here for the last year; she is the prettiest girl in the place; and divides her time equally between running about on the trottoir and smoking cigarettes at an

open window late of an evening; a very nice little girl, in short. Nothing but laziness has made *me* neglect her up to the present time."

And Captain Waters smiled significantly. He was implying even a blacker falsehood than he told. Archie Wilson's time was not divided between the trottoir and the consumption of tobacco, although the girl did occasionally walk about the Morteville street, and in the course of her life had pretended to smoke about half-a-dozen of her own father's cigarettes. On Captain Waters she would have looked (as he knew) with about as much favor as on one of the waiters at the Couronne d'Argent. But what is a trifling statement involving a young girl's fame to a gentleman of his profession in the prosecution of business? Gerald Durant must be detained at Morteville, and according to his lights, he (Waters) was doing his best to detain him there.

"And what opinion does the Morteville world pass upon this young person?" Durant asked after a moment or two. "Do they hit her harder than you do, Waters; or are the trottoir and the tobacco smoke the worst things that can be brought against her?"

"Oh, as to that," cried Waters jauntily, but he did not thoroughly understand Durant's tone, "if you come to facts, I daresay the little girl is about the honestest of the whole lot. She runs about alone all day long, and makes eyes at all the men she meets; but what can you expect from a child brought up in such a way as she is, and in such places as these?"

"And she is handsome, doubtless?" suggested Dennison; "as all the other women fall foul of her."

"Handsome? Well, no. She'll be a very well-made woman—good hands and feet, and a fine waist, and all that; but lanky at present, and sunburnt."

"I differ from you entirely, Captain Waters," interrupted Gerald Durant. "I know Miss Wilson slightly; and I think she's very handsome; one of the most handsome girls I ever saw in my life."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Durant," cried Waters, laughing. He had a trick of calling men by their names at once, however studiously they gave him his title of "Captain" in return. "If I had known that you were an acquaintance of Mademoiselle Archie, I would have been more discreet. Well, she is a very pretty little girl, and not a bit faster, I daresay, although less careful, than her neighbors. Of course, as you have the pleasure of knowing Miss Wilson, you will stop for the public ball to-morrow night? If you do, you should tell me now, and I will get you a ticket. None by strict right are issued after to-day. That is the time," he added carelessly to Dennison, "to see all our Morteville world at its best. If you care for seeing shady British nature in its full dress, you ought to stay yourself and go to it."

The hint was carelessly enough thrown out; but it worked as Waters hoped and intended it should work upon Gerald Durant. The fancy rose before him in a moment of Archie; not a little girl running wild as he had seen her hitherto, but flushed, and radiant, and coquettish, in a light ball dress—a woman, not a child. He felt the slight, lithe figure yielding in his arms as he danced with her. He saw the mocking face turned up again, with its bewitching nameless charm, to his. What did it matter whether his cousin Lucia fretted a little at his absence or not? What did it matter if, for a short time longer, he let things take their course as best they might, without let or hindrance of his? The intoxication of a new fancy was in fact upon him. And it was no custom of Gerald Durant's to cast away the chance of any new emotion for the sake of graver and less pleasant interests.

"You are sure about this ball on Tuesday, I suppose?" he said to Waters when, half an hour later, they were separating at the entrance to the hotel. "I mean, you are sure that all the English will be going to it."

"I know that all the O'Rourke set will go," answered Waters; "also Miss Wilson and her mother; for I heard it discussed this evening."

"Oh, well, you may get me a ticket for it then. I believe I will stop and see the shady Britons in the full dress that you speak of"

"And I am to bear your excuses to Sir John and Lucia?" remarked Dennison, when Waters left them. "Gerald, when will you cease, I wonder, to run about after every pair of foolish eyes that chance to meet you in the street?"

Durant looked up quickly at his cousin's face; but its expression was more adamant than ever in the brilliant moonlight.

"With so much at stake, my dear boy," he went on persuasively, "how can you allow another week to pass without showing yourself at home? I can assure you the time has past for looking upon Sir John's suspicions as a laughing matter. I had a letter from him the day before I left Paris, and really his fierce messages to you are—"

"Matters that concern me, and me alone," interrupted Gerald with his boyish laugh. "I can understand Sir John being savage under the combined influences of gout and of his own most ridiculous mistake; but why should you be so careful about me, *mon cousin*? I can't hurt you whatever I do; indeed, I've often thought what a pity it is I don't go utterly to the bad at once, and leave you to a quiet walk over. You're a much better man than I am in business; and you've got settled political views, which constituents like: and altogether you'd make a vastly steadier heir for Sir John than I ever shall. How about trying it on? I am going to stop here. Most probably I'll get into some mess or other with Mdlle. Archie. How about your taking the initiative, and suggesting to the home-powers that Mr. Robert Dennison would be a much more fitting person to receive the intended honors than his scapegrace cousin Gerald Durant? It's worth thinking of, eh?"

To have our own cherished intentions suddenly put into words by the man one purposes to wrong is not a pleasant experience. Robert Dennison was neither weak nor sensitive, nor a conscientious man in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was (like most men off the boards of transpontine theatres) human; and an answer came by no means fluently from his lips.

"I—I am the last man living, my dear Gerald—the last man living to supplant you with Sir John; and as to Lucia, I believe our dislike for each other is tolerably mutual. What could put such a preposterous idea into your head?"

"*Brune aux yeux bleus!* Why, I do believe it is Archie again," was Gerald's answer. "Yes, there she goes, following the old man up from the pier. If the child hasn't a walk! Robert, tell me if you ever saw a better one among the handsomest women in Seville? Why, from here you could swear to the foot she must have. No woman ever walks like that who hasn't a foot arched, small, and firm withal, like a Spanish woman's—"

'Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime,

Qui sait, brune aux yeux bleus, ce que vous en diriez?"

I shall run the risk, at all events;" and in another moment, but with an innocent, indolent air, not at all that of a human creature in pursuit of anything, Gerald Durant was following the steps, at about twenty yards' distance, of the two figures he had pointed out to Dennison.

When he had progressed a few steps, he turned and saw that his cousin was still watching him. "Good-night, Robert," he cried cheerily; "good-bye, if I don't see you again; give my love to Lucia; and say I shall certainly be back at the end of the week.

'Si je vous le disais qu'une douce folie
A fait de moi votre ombre et m'attache à vos pieds.' "

And he went on singing half-aloud De Musset's immortal song—Lucia, his constituency, Sir John, his debts, his hopes, everything else, forgotten—until he had followed Archie to within twenty yards of her own house.

SPRING—1866.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

GRUFF, busy March, the servant of the Year,
Has done his work, and growling has he gone;
All swept is Nature's house this birthday morn
Of her who now comes tripping o'er the lawn,
Dropping green shadows on the grass so sere,
That smiles with fancy to again be born
And soothe the eye with promise of sweet cheer.

Gay, tender April, dear Nature's fairest child—
She leads in beauty Summer's lovely train;
Modest and coy and half as if in pain
To be awakened from her sleep again,
With eyes just ope and manner partly wild,
Pouting, in gentle tears down drops the rain,
And ere she has done weeping she has smiled.

Give her good welcome, and eager let us hail
Her coming whom the Earth doth dearly love,
O'er which she broods, as gentle nursing dove
Covers her young, and from the skies above
She draws sweet influence, and a lover's tale
The birds do sing, as in the air they rove
Or 'long the margin of the lakelet sail.

With glittering promise all is fairly bright;
The shrinking flower now doth burst the shield
It sought 'gainst Winter; the flocks do roam a-field;
The husbandman prepares his seed to yield
Its hundred fold; no more the people fight,
And all the horrid scars of war are healed,
And God doth smile upon our just delight.

A WINTER WITH THE AMERICAN PERIPATETICS.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

WHEN the war was over, and the ominous truism of "all quiet on the Potomac" had become an everlasting epitaph, I gave away the aggregation of bones and hide which had carried me through the final battles, and felt very much like a Centaur amputated above the shoulder blades.

I hope I am not uncharitable in admitting that I was very sorry to quit the war. The salvos of peace made me a bereaved man. They literally threw me upon the world. Not, of course, that I could not get plenty to eat and drink, and friends to share it; but my occupation was gone—the zest, and bubble, and muscularity of life; the pleasant littlenesses of its purposes, the whole social fabric which bounded it, the elect camps, the favorite Generals, the preferred pathways over which I cantered with no destiny but the delivery of my dispatches; to this choice and vagarious existence, prolific of energies, but without the aching of ambition, had succeeded a career without a horizon, a consciousness that in the wide, wanton peace I was useless as *thé* dismantled cannons, the folded signal flags.

It was, therefore, with that feeling of relief which follows every new suggestion that I took up this letter at the office of the journal which called me its "Own":—

"DEAR SIR:—The Baconian Association of the city of Pottawattamie instructs me to invite you to deliver the third lecture of their course. The author of the brilliant letters upon the death of Azeroth and the battle of Six Prongs should possess somewhat of what Montaigne calls the 'faculty of chattyness.' We shall be glad to pay you the customary fifty dollars and expenses, and, in the event of your acceptance, will find you some engagements in our dependencies.

"Respectfully,

"D. ILETTANTI, Corresponding Secretary."

The relief that I felt, when I read the foregoing thrice, was not unmixed with a shrinking sensation, as of Cincinnatus suddenly summoned to the head of the Roman armies. My regard for public speakers, never profound, amounted in the space of two moments to the deepest admiration. What were dodging chain, canister, and lead, to the deadly concentration of a hundred opera-glasses and the inward comparison of a thousand silent jurymen and gossips, who had listened to the silver periods of Wendell Phillips, and lived an intellectual lifetime in every epigram of Mr. Emerson! Hidden behind my sanctum curtains, with a saucy and itching quill to skirmish before the flippant body of convictions, of which every journalist has a *corps d'armée*, I could wound, demoralize, or rout a village of sentimentalists; but to unmask in the presence of the foe, and show them the nakedness of the oracle they feared—Ugh! it made me ashamed.

What faculties had I for public speaking? My voice was sharp, but sharp-

ness without volume was like one of Farragut's rams without weight. I was accused of confidence, and had dexterously affirmed the mistake, but my conscience whispered to me that it was only a species of sensitiveness too proud to shrink when it wanted to. Had I grace? Ho! ho! it had taken me a week to sit astride a horse; my sister would not waltz with me; I gesticulated most effectively with my hands in my pockets; I was too intense in every subject to be earnest in any; and never took a lesson in elocution since banished from the nursery prematurely for silence.

In brief, I was a beardless youth of twenty-four, with that unfortunate brownness of locks and lightness of eyes for which one is challenged at the polls as a minor up to his fortieth birthday.

I do not say that I am giving a fair picture of myself in this; but it is a faithful copy of my conceptions of myself when the Pottawattamie Association summoned me to the rostrum. Just at this wavering time, however, the Thebes Association, the Alexandrian Library, and the Irrawaddy Institute sent on word that they joined the Pottawattamies, and were quite anxious to hear me talk at my earliest pleasure. Very soon I had some twenty applications, and when I showed them to Mr. Piffip, the managing editor, he said—

“Go in! lecturing is the easiest way in the world of getting on.”

I therefore replied to the Pottawattamies that I should be happy to address them upon the “Recreations of our Special Correspondent” early in December, and next day great numbers of people in the city of Pottawattamie were reading my name on dead walls, and wondering what my “Recreations” had been, and how much I asked to tell them. In the course of a week the Pottawattamie daily papers came to hand, and as I looked over the list of lecturers who were to favor the Association during the winter, I felt the shrinking sensation again, and wondered by what subtlety of communication my name, and the productions of it, had ever recommended me to that remote public which had arisen to confront me by the shores of Lake Erie, as suddenly and as intimidatingly as from the same spot the stature of the great Pontiac himself invoked the earliest Englishmen. For in that list were the names of the professors, Himmalaya and Bourgeoise, the first a University oracle, the second a natural philosopher, as daring as Herbert Spencer whom he loved; the Napoleonic historian, Habitt; the versatile divine, Mallett; the great Cough, inspired of temperance; De Seville, the most original of humorists out of the nursery; Toussaint and Petard, aboriginal agitators, and General Talionis, the statistician of valor. Sandwiched amidst so much learning, I fully entered into the feelings of a junior counsel, retained in a terrific murder trial, if, indeed, my flushes were not as guilty as those of the criminal, surrounded by so much learning. That I had previously lectured was no assurance whatever. Rather did I suffer infinite suspense at the admonition of that wild foray upon the Lancashire coast, where I spent my last sovereign to make public sentiment on the American question, and was paid in storms of cheers and counter-cheers, with scarcely enough glory to reach Liverpool. In the meantime the lecture associations, representing their own interests, were emphatic in their indorsements. It made me pale to read paragraphs from the Hudson to Lake Michigan, dilating upon the fluency of my address, the sonorousness of my utterances, and the pictorial dignity of my characterizations. The Secretary of the Pottawattamie had a versatility of laudation little short of genius, and he must have set all the boys in Pottawattamie to saving their sixpences for the arrival of the great Manhattan elocutionist.

The interval was brief, and I tried to prepare my essay, but with these effervescent feelings I indicted only incoherences. Day after day slipped by—not in procrastination; for I avow that I never worked so hard in my life—but every sheet that I composed dropped piecemeal to the basket, and the nights were no more real than the “Sleeping Beauty’s” when the whole parquette ogles her as she dreams; till, at last, I awoke with a thrill one Monday morning, with only thirty-six hours between me and publicity.

Then, like a man called upon to prepare a speech for the scaffold, I resolved, if I failed in all the elegancies and powers of oratory, to be, at least, modest and sincere. I walked apart a little way, and it came to me, as I communed perturbedly, that if ever in my life an occasion could arise void of temptations and selfishnesses, it would be in that hour of talk, the night to fall, when the people should look into my eyes, and measure me by what I said—not by what I seemed. In the journals I was not myself, but an agent of the convictions of my masters. Therefore, as a lecturer, I would tell the plain truth of journalism, without sneer or varnish, and uttering no sentiments that were not convictions, be likewise candid in my person, and say no period for mere applause, and put the people to sleep rather than be their buffoon. With a platform of principles to stand upon, it is astonishing how promptly words came to express them. Calmness came, too, and I went to Ilion in a sleeping car, with nothing to lecture about, as quietly as Tour d’Auvergne surrendered his forces at the windmill, when he had not a musket at his back. At Ilion I had me a fire built, and began to write before breakfast. At four o’clock the “Recreations” were down in black and white, and then the committee called.

If I have any motive whatever in this article, it is to pay tribute to the splendid body of American young men who are forming, at so much sacrifice and with such enthusiasm, a literary sentiment throughout the Western country. From the North River to the Mississippi, if no further, there are Lecture Companies, soundly organized, and commonly the nucleus or the consequent of a large incorporated library. These are often rich and potential, as everywhere they are the æsthetic influence of their several communities, and more unselfish organizations exist nowhere in the world. They have little commercial ambition, and cater to no intestine vanities, but watch the periodical literature of the country, to encourage any rising star, and knowing nothing of the envies and bitternesses of letters, are alike independent of partisan prejudices. They are at once the active and the conservative power of the West. No charlatanism meets them but to be ashamed; no timid excellence but to be approved. I would have the young *litterateurs* of New York made aware of these silent and vigilant censors, who hold personal integrity to be an inseparable component of talent, and lose sight of no public writer from the date of his first success till his death.

Of this description were the committeemen of Ilion—fresh, handsome, sagacious—who measured me at the first salute, and pleasantly inquired as to my wishes for the night. These were few: to be introduced without an adjective, and by my name alone—not my past nor my promise; a glass of water; a reading stand; and a strong, shaded light. The committee were anxious to exhibit their city, but two obliging gentlemen of my own profession had already secured me, with that design, and the afternoon stole away in such genial meandering that I only remember how soberly and respectably the night closed around me, and how younger and older I grew together, as I climbed the stairs of the Ilion Hall, and stood in the dressing room. It was filled with

young men, sedately affable, and, of them all, I was the youngest. If they were a trifle concerned at my extreme youth, I felt my pride expanded in their doubt, and slipped off my hat and overcoat, and looked once in the little mirror. The face I saw there was the son of the man it reflected. I walked to the stage door and glanced at the audience. Oh! heart that I feel wrinkling; oh! boy that I feel growing man untimely; oh! early, earnest, fond thrill of ripening recognition; I wish that the winter would roll back and let me live that glance again!

There were a thousand people assembled; the plumes in the bonnets, the gloss of the curls, the eyes all fused and flashing and waiting, the hurry at the door, the low, expectant gossip, the splendor of the lights—I felt an instant's dimness, happiness, terror—

"Come!" said the Secretary, "let us go on." There was an old gentleman, portly and imposing, who, somehow, got on with our party. He was at once seized upon as the "Special Correspondent," though how he could ever have ridden a horse, or, with those pounds avoirdupois, had any "Recreations" whatsoever, was my mental interrogatory, even in that critical instant. I took the middle chair—President and Secretary on either hand; the stage filled immediately; I heard my name pronounced, and was standing at the little reading desk with my book spread out, and all the eyes wide open, with a sort of surprised smile in the bottoms of them—and perfect silence.

It is only to fasten every public speaker's first sensations into type, that I dwell upon the phases of that evening. Those who have passed them may be assisted to revive their reminiscences; the coming orators may gain a foretaste.

The first perception was that of crudeness talking to confusion. Whether anybody or everybody whispered, or whether all the ribbons blew, or all the gas jets flashed, or a concert of indifference arose, I determined only that nobody was listening, and became myself listless, so that I could take note of the pitch and tone of my voice. These truly seemed incongruous; I made no roundnesses; everything cut like a knife, but not a word echoed. I appeared to talk to all the corners and cornices and window sills; my eyes lacked directness, like my matter; I was lolling, not declaiming, and the unities in my essay became painfully imperfect. I wondered myself what end I was talking toward, and everybody seemed gaping to find out as much.

If a man wants his faults of rhetoric exposed to himself as much as his faults of elocution to his audience, let him declaim his best compositions before a thousand people.

The second sensation is that of extraordinary acuteness addressing individualities. The senses grow quick as quicksilver; you hear a chair rattle; you see a cock-eyed man look two ways, and follow both his angles of vision; you feel the texture of the green baize under your palm; you wonder why a comma instead of a colon was written in a certain place of your manuscript; then you become interested in certain faces, and know exactly what they are expressing; the person in the long beard is cold and incredulous—you make a dead set at him to talk him into sympathy; the old woman in the leghorn bonnet sleeps with one eye—you talk that eye awake in no time, and are very ill at ease if you don't. In a word, you pick saliences out of the audience, as points of attack are picked out of a fortification.

All at once, while you proceed with your analysis, a sort of clatter begins. It is like the distant tumble of crockery; but it travels up and down the floors, as table-rappings are said to do, very timidly at first, but directly all the edges

of sound roll into one concave, and there is a peal so powerful that you cannot hear yourself at all. It takes a moment or two for you to fully understand this demonstration. Suddenly you feel that it is applause. You can remark two old gentlemen with canes who are rapping; a woman, until now very pallid and attentive, is observed to flush, as if she felt something you averred; only the cock-eyed man is imperturbable, but it is impossible to say when he smiles and when he don't.

You distrust this applause till you see what drew it forth, and, to your great joy, it is one of your earnest, indignant truths that stirred the heels of people. This you feel to be a much nobler sort of approbation, than if you had merely invoked the shaft of Bunker Hill and called the army gazette aloud; so you are vastly encouraged, and look upon your audience as highly intelligent. The first laugh you excite strengthens your confidence immensely; it shows you that people are not averse to laughing, and that you are not so much of a death's head as you supposed. As the moments slip, you become personally acquainted with every man, woman and child in the house. If there is a yawn it plagues you to fear; a boy who has been sitting with his mouth open, hugely interested, suddenly shuts it; you would have that boy hanged unless he gaped on the spot! Stay! a person rises; is he really going to leave the house? The old distrust at once returns; your interest must be flagging if that man should leave. Huzza! he is only taking off his overcoat, and, as he sits again you inwardly pronounce him the most intelligent man in Ilion. It is the cock-eyed man who receives your most tremendous sentences with the same doubtful divergence; he hears your poetry with one eye in the cornice and the other in your vest pocket, and you are irate because you cannot talk both eyes together. At last, after an hour of thrills, and joys, and suspenses, you feel the last word of your lecture glide away, and hear the feet all thunder at once, and everybody rises, and you fall into a thousand million arms, and shake hands with mankind, and bow and smile out of real exuberance to everybody.

Then you find yourself before the grate in your room with certain of the committee pleasantly conversing; they do not know what burning desire you have to hear the success of the night talked over, and every comment you interpret three ways, as sensitive as jealousy to the tritest regard. At last the secretary rises and spreads a receipt-book upon the table; you see the green-backs unrolled, and feel abashed and mercenary, but your name goes down, and he discloses before it a long roll of famous autographs. Here is Henry Giles,—there Gavazzi,—close before Beecher,—a phalanx of bishops,—a whole faculty of eminent professors. You feel a great deal more excited than when your name stands on a foreign magazine cover between Sir Lawrence Wraxalles and George Lewes.

You are alone, with the bank notes untouched, the fire dying in the grate, your valise packed for the midnight train, and the boyish elation has subsided. You sternly walk to and fro, and lean upon the mantelpiece, and stand like an older and graver man in the face of a new and more exacting society. A conviction of responsibility comes like a solemn citation, to tell you that you are no more an indifferent unit amidst your race, but one whose life has passed from himself. As from your closet you voluntarily came to stand before these thousand people, back to it they shall follow you, and look across your shoulder, and be your rebuke or indorsement. Farewell, Bohemia! the world of boys, the sphere of Bedouins, with all thy wayward judgments, and flexible convictions, and dissolute skepticisms! It is no more the public—it is society to whom you talk—sons, daughters, wives, mothers—God!

And if the knees go down, why! let the fire blaze, and the shutters burst wide open, and the whole continent look in. There is no vitality in any resolution unless you breathe into it the breath of a prayer!

I had no trouble with any of my appointments, and journeyed from town to town, straight westward, making a zig-zag through the Connecticut Western Reserve, and describing an arc through Michigan and Northwestern Illinois, to return to the Pennsylvania border, and fulfill some scattering obligations. In this circuit, once repeated, I travelled seven thousand miles from my point of departure, and for three consecutive weeks spoke every night. It occurred to me, therefore, that Piffip, the managing editor, was more literally than figuratively correct, when he described lecturing as a good way to "get on." In truth, I found it hard enough, and harder by its apparent ease; for where one expects an excursion and catches cold, rheumatism, and diseases of the spleen he grows old by the sheer deceit of the thing. I often lectured two hours, entertained the committee till midnight, and had to rise at three o'clock in the morning to be able to make the next connection. Combined with this physical distress was the dread of failing spirits, which now and then overtake the liveliest peripatetic. An audience knows little of the man who rises before them in cloth and linen, smooth of beard and speech, and pleases for an hour, and disappears. There is a nameless melancholy and indisposition which makes that seance an hour-on-the-rack to the philosopher himself.

One of the most popular lecturers last winter was the rattling western journalist, Beef Lawler. He painted in oil and music, was a tender sentimentalist, and had no superior in the power of interesting and embellishing. Yet he is said to have suffered this peripatetic melancholy so poignantly, that to escape his audience he sometimes hid himself, and had to be bullied into speaking. Human nature, unless it has the levity of a girl-in-her-teens, is not equal to the duty of being agreeable six nights in seven. Once I halted at the great railway town of Patmos, and at the sight of my name upon a board-fence, felt a description of indignation. The committee received me with the urbanity of sovereigns; I had the best room in the inn; the fare was fresh and savory; the audience quick to appreciate and charitable to enthusiasm. But I seemed to be talking at the stake, with the flames in my throat. I could not smile. Applause made me cynical. I went back to my room with a dismal consciousness of absolute failure, and would not be comforted by my dearest intimate. The next morning, as I was leaving the town in wrath, the enterprising Patmians of the association overtook me. The words were on my lips:

"Take back your money; I know I did not earn it."

But the Secretary only meant to invite me to lecture again as I came eastward, and I heard him, like a man deliberately lied to.

It was farthest from my anticipations, at the beginning, that I should have any campaigning to do, as when an army "non-combatant;" but once, at the village of Omnivorium, I discovered, after my lecture, that two railways made no connection, whereby I was quite cut off from the city of Popocatapelt, though solemnly announced to appear there within eighteen hours. But there was another railway, fifty odd miles distant, which did make connection with the Popocatapeit road, and, twenty minutes after I heard of it, an obliging committeeman was going straight for the place, through the ruts and pitholes of the night. We drove alternately; for it was cold as famine, and every bone in our bodies cracked, and trembled, and cried out. Now I fell from the

forward seat into the shivering committeeman's lap, and now the committeeman butted me off the seat, so that our horse believed he was both to harness and to saddle. Now we dropped into a ravine—horse and dearborn, as if driven over a cliff; and now were flying vertically upward, as on a moonbeam, with every muscle of the nag bursting with exertion. We could not sleep, having to shift from side to side all night to ballast the wagon; and when we could look at each other in the morning, both appeared to have been spouted out of a mud-geyser, and to be quite spent and lunatic. But I got to Popocatepetl, and after one hour's sleep, took up my lecture with perfect success to myself.

I think it was Jouston, the rising layman and editor, who made so unfortunate connections two years ago. He struck a town on the wrong night, and got a telegram, when just too late, that it was another town, sixty miles off, that expected him. So he paid a hundred dollars for a special train, and when he reached the other town, rain fell, so that the whole audience might have been put out of doors by one tolerably muscular man. In this manner, one week's experiment lost Jouston both money and spirits, though he was said to be a powerful speaker. The most embarrassing cause of the lecturer's non-reliability does not come from within himself, but is due to the carelessness of Secretaries. The system of lecturing in the United States is a series of skeins, the threads of each skein being routes, and the points where the skeins communicate are literary intelligence offices. Thus, Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Cincinnati may be called the intelligence offices. At each of these the Corresponding Secretary of the regular lecture association distributes his lecturers to the surrounding towns; if he be a man of method, he can give them continuous engagements, so that they will lose no nights in idleness, and yet travel only small distances each day. But where a Secretary undertakes to "manage" a dozen lecturers, he not uncommonly shakes them together like so many sugar-plums in a box. It was the Professor Bourgeoise and Reverend Ripple who so met each other one season. Bourgeoise was riding along joyously between Michigan and Illinois, calculating the amount of motion in digestion, and wondering why his dinner didn't give him more heat, when these dynamical reflections were arrested by a hand on his shoulder:

"Good morning, Bourgeoise! where do you speak to-night?"

"At Chihuahua, my dear Ripple."

"Bless my soul, no! It is I who am booked for Chihuahua."

"No, sir!"

"Yes, sir! here is the Secretary's letter: Chihuahua, January 9th."

"And here, *ditto!*" cries Bourgeoise: "Chihuahua, January 9th."

"Who is your Secretary?"

"Shodd!"

"Impossible! he's mine!"

They both looked at each other a minute, and the flushes on their faces melted at last into a laugh.

"Shodd's an unfaithful steward!" said Ripple.

"Oh!" said Bourgeoise, "he'll send three of us to the same town next Monday."

"We'll have a duel—in coffee!" said Ripple; "whoever drinks himself to nervousness shall go to bed, and give the other the floor."

They went along with some misgivings, charitable as gentlemen are, till, as they came in sight of Chihuahua, they saw upon a great dead wall :

“THE CHEMISTRY OF GRAVEL.”

LECTURE BY PROF. BOURGEOISE.

And in the chemist's audience there was no more pleased attendant than the philosopher, his rival.

The etiquette of the peripatetics and their entertainers is generally kindly and candid. You quit Pottawattamie, perhaps, at daylight. You have a book to read in the train, and, ten to one, there are people in the same car who have heard you lecture. After awhile one of these approaches and introduces himself. He at once inquires what you think of the Western country. You express yourself reservedly as well pleased, and the Western man at once asks if you were not astonished.

“Ohio's did well in the war,” he says; “we're mighty proud of our ree-cord.”

After five or six hours you reach the place where you are to speak, and see a group of young gentlemen anxiously regarding the passengers as they descend. They at once hit upon you as the “Special Correspondent,” and come forward in a body :

“Mr. Trample, I believe”—in a glad sort of voice. “Mr. Trample—Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Gath, Mr. Jehocolt.” You speak to all these in turn, and are set in a coach in no time, and away you go up the street, to see your name posted on every corner, and the committeemen explain all points of interest :

“There is our Masonic Hall! You see the spire of the Female Seminary over the blacksmith's shop; the young ladies will come out in force to-night; this edifice is the residence of Congressman Ingot; he made his money on the railroad; we think him a very sound man. Our hotels, as you see, are very neat, though not imposing; this is the village market.” “Does the town improve?” “Well, no! but it ought to, for we have got the best harbor on the lake!”

You dismount at the hotel, and when the landlord hears who you are, he has a fire made by the colored boy in his best room, and while the committee judiciously retires, he says :

“A lively little town this, sir; but it ought to grow faster, for we've got the best harbor on the lake.”

The colored boy who makes the fire is named Philip, and he has confused ideas of the functions of a lecturer. He thinks you may combine sawdust and a magic-lantern, and looks at your muscles to see if you are the Massachusetts Hercules; but, judgment being adverse, concludes that you are a great humorist, and says :

“Mr. Alf. Burnett was hyah last week; but he had opposition wi' the Infant Orator, an' I guess he come out shawt.”

“A lively town is Glucksburg, Philip!”

“Well, sah! dey don't grow, somehow, do dey say dey got de best harbor on de lake.”

Directly the committee sends a delegate back, who intimates his desire to further develop the beauties of Glucksburg. He covers you with warm wolf-skins, and is a most intelligent *cicerone*, respectful and spirited, and, as you listen to him, a pride develops that you never felt before in the young men of the republic. He misses no lane, alley, cottage nor hencoop. He is high-minded and reverential in his graver conceptions, and while zealous in the in-

terests of his town, comprehends the claims of all the country, except when he avers, in a quick and dogged corollary, that "We've got the best harbor on the lake."

From Buffalo to Toledo there is no settlement of any description that does not claim a natural superiority. Of the merits of these claims I am not informed; but in this village pride lies much of the individual energy of the country. You can never make a great nation out of a people who are ready to admit anything against themselves.

The devotional character of the American people can never be fully understood by one who is familiar with the East alone. The young *litterateur* who does not stir out of New York may write fashionable skepticism for his own little circle with some applause, and esteem the highest appreciation that of rationalists and materialists. But this is a country of religious people; and in those parts of the West, where we dimly hear of strange sects and gospels, the orthodox preacher is most powerful. I think I never lectured before any audience where two clergymen were not present, and they represented the most progressive intelligence of the town. As a specimen of the extreme piety of the Northwest, I may refer to my experience in Gilboa, Michigan.

Gilboa applied for me very early in the season, and I looked at the map in vain to find it. Concluding it to be a very little place, I half made up my mind to decline the invitation; but the Gilboaites manifested so obliging, forgiving, and accomodating a spirit, that I could not finally say nay. Therefore, one afternoon in February, I got out of a Michigan Central train, and while looking lugubriously at a great, cold, stage-coach, which was marked "Gilboa," a young Indian of the Chippewa tribe introduced himself as the Secretary of the Gilboa Institute. He and two of his associates put me in a "jumper," and we followed the snow bells over wild and vaguely-peopled hills, in the midst of which, ever and anon, a frozen lake hung suspended. The winds were piercing; the skies were cold as marble; the farms, hewn out of oak, showed yet the tusks of their primal wilderness, driven under ground but still defiant. Twelve miles of aboriginal travel—the reins held by this son of a Chippewa chief, which made even sterner and more savage the gallop toward the Poles—showed us on a bleak hill top, where a few indomitable oaks held picket against the storm, a scattered settlement, which reminded me of a Jesuit Mission Post, such as Père Marquette established. In the middle a great brick cottage stood, three stories high, flanked across the road by an Academy of framed plank; and every residence in the town was either a Professor's, or that of some family which had removed hither to give its children education. A Congregational minister founded it. Lost one day in the woods, in the winter of 1857, he came out thrice on this hill-top, and at last said to himself: "God is in this: he means me to found a school here." Another cottage in Ohio had previously been reared by this Protestant Jesuit; but he again went zealously to work, preaching the Gospel of education, and to-day there are at Gilboa three hundred men, girls, boys and women—black, red, and pale-faced—and a town without a tavern, which does not desire itself to be the county-seat, nor to have a railway within ten miles of it. The whole faculty called upon me, all of them, I think, being clergymen, and one of these said that every resident of the town of accountable years was a "professing Christian." It very naturally occurred to Our Own Correspondent that he had reached the wrong camp, and the impulse was formidable to hide myself in the woods. This disputing with doctors in the Temple was at least novel;

and when I took my place in the pulpit of the church, I was not a little alarmed by the choir, climbing to my side, and rehearsing, "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh." Then we had a prayer, the true charity and intelligence of which abated its formality, and the choir thundered :

"Sherman is coming; seek the Union lines:
Brothers, the free flag blows."

My fears were gone two minutes after I began to speak. They all laughed heartily, and put their heels down in the right places: and though I nearly froze the next morning as I returned, I have a right kindly love of everybody in Gilboa. This town is a sample settlement of the great principles which have triumphed in this country over all opposition—devotion and education.

A very different experience was that of Bishop Colossus, who followed me at Horniny City. The hotel of that place is far inferior to the enterprise and pith of its people; so the lecturers are taken to private houses, and the lot fell upon Squire Blunt to entertain Bishop Colossus. The Squire was an old-fashioned sort of republican, who cared very little whether he ate with a knife or fork, so the provender was sufficient and savory. Therefore, his wife greatly feared he would not meet the Bishop's notions of propriety, and prevailed upon him to stay in the kitchen while the girls displayed courtesy. So Bishop Colossus came, and delivered a pleasant lecture on the "Automaton," and went home with Mrs. Blunt. For a little while he looked uneasy, and then asked Mrs. Blunt if there was a pipe in the house. Directly he was filling the parlor with smoke, and had his boots off. The Squire, in great bewilderment, peeped in, and Bishop Colossus at once made him sit down to hear an anecdote. In the course of five minutes Squire Blunt and Bishop Colossus were telling stories over mutual glasses of brandy and water, and the parlor of the Blunts smells of smoke to this day.

The great lesson which a course of lectures teaches to their deliverer, is the common-sense, thrift, kindness, honesty, and intelligent aspiration of the American people. Most of our public men carry muck-rakes, and show us that the fountains of society are corrupt. There is a great deal of dyspepsia among editors, and actors, and authors, and a great deal more cheerfulness among the people than such can see. I did not find the American clergymen fanatics and bigots; the American editors reckless vituperators; the American politicians dead to all honorable appeals. The only editor who preferred to sneer at my years rather than report my speech, I afterward found to be without respect in his own community, and the man who, of all others, was an enthusiast in letters, and who has developed lecturing in the West to a most disinterested and useful method, was an Israelite who kept a clothing store.

The lecture system has been denounced by pseudo-censors, in the interests, not of intelligence, but of their own little octaves; but men must go before books, to talk of them and their uses; and where the libraries were fullest I found the lectures best sustained. The lecture is a sanitary regulation in literature, by which authors whose world narrows by sedentary habits are lured into fresher spirits, thoughts, and territories. Three months of literary rest is gained to the writer, who, if he be successful, can retire awhile upon his profits, to reappear with graver and better-digested compositions. The lecture system is at once an advertisement and a reward of literature.

JOHN RYLAND'S WIFE.

By J. K. MEDBURY.

IT was the height of wisdom; it was the depth of folly. Those who knew them best, called it a perfect marriage. Those who knew them best, declared that a less auspicious union never was. The men talked and potted over it, and the women gossiped and knitted over it, until at last the conversation at all the supper tables at Hertersville became an inextricable tangle.

Nevertheless, amid all this seething sea of opinion, there were few but would allow that on one side at least there was love to overflowing.

John Ryland was a prudent man. Young and new in his profession, he manifested a persistence and sharp economy in his business relations, that led those who were wont to discount the future, into sneering at him as a trifle close. But at home he was the most lavish of mortals. He had purchased a curiously-built cottage, with a fine river exposure, pleasant and oddly-twisted pathways winding up to it, cooled in the noontide heat by delicious bits of shade, a flower parterre in front of it of rare selection for color and perfume—altogether just such a retreat as would win the heart at once of a full-souled, nature-loving woman.

“What a charming cage you have bought for me, Jean,” said she in her wild way; “I shall never be able to fly from it, no matter if my wings are never clipped!”

“I hope you will never wish to, love,” was the reply, as he bent gently over her, and his arm fondly circled her waist.

Surely none of all that busy, gadding, outside world would have ventured to doubt the affection that flowed out then and there strong, joyous and buoyant. Ah, such billing and cooing! Rumor at Hertersville was a blind old beldame indeed!

But let us not be unfair. There is often an undercurrent of sound sense beneath the frothiness of hasty opinion; and conventional ideas and verdicts, much as we like to flout them, are at bottom sometimes right. Ordinary people who were old acquaintances of John Ryland—who had watched him grow into manhood and felt a grateful pride in the every-day wisdom which he evinced in the general actions of life, looked with sore dismay and utter scepticism at his attachment for an individual so peculiar and irregular as Miss Lettie Frost.

Ryland first met her at a party given by a city friend. “An amateur musician,” was the comment before introduction—“the most dangerous woman here.” He found himself at once *tête-à-tête* with a person in singular contrast to anybody he had ever fallen in with before. It was not her voice, which was music itself, nor the rich glow of hair looped in a tangle of blue-black curls behind, nor the Southern flush of her face, that charmed him most, though these alone had driven many men mad. But the freshness of her conversation, her piquancy, her wilful enthusiasm, startled him with the bewil-

derment of new and unusual sensations. Her frankness would of itself have won him, for he was the sincerest of men.

"They call me wild and wayward," said she, "and indeed it is not easy to keep in those tiresome grooves along which society trundles. Life gets to be so tame. You come to a party. They are not men and women you meet, but so many yards of broadcloth bowing to so many frouces of satin. If you happen to be a little real, it is rank socialism; and if a woman speaks from her soul, she is *so* unsophisticated, poor thing! I hate it, and want to be off to Germany—to go there and study music five or six years, and then come back, perhaps, or better stay! Do you not love music? It is my whole life—that and painting. Next, I love flowers, and color, and the waltz. I shall be married in a waltz, when I do marry!" And she made so pretty a *move* and looked up so archly in Ryland's face, that he flushed all over in mingled vexation and passion. What right had a woman of such keen feelings and intense expression as she had shown herself in their earlier conversation to flutter off into such frivolities as these? Was she laughing at his earnestness? Or might it not be an evidence of that very capriciousness which she had just confessed as a part of her nature? It was a deep relief to him that at this moment a gentleman came up and claimed Miss Lettie for the dance. Whether fascination, or love, or mere admiration, he could not well tell; but he felt that a strange influence was on him.

"You have caught the distemper, I perceive," said his cousin Harry, crossing over from the other side of the room and sitting in the chair just left vacant. "She is a terrible flirt. It is a trick. She takes us men unawares. Most women have a stale way. You sniff the bait and shy off. But she is so 'natural' and 'unaffected' that she is sure to catch all the best of us. And then she flings us aside as you would a dead mouse, not worth anything henceforth."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Miss Frost! Don't I know all about it?"

"Perhaps you do; this is stupid, though. Let us join some of the ladies." So they rose, and Ryland talked chit-chat, flitting here and there among the dozens of dolls in white dresses and pink faces, until human nature could endure it no longer, and then he took his leave.

Walking rapidly from street to street, he soon reached his room. Then he lighted a cigar and entered on a general survey of things. He was a very cool man—never more so than on that evening. Of this he was sure. It was quite safe to contemplate Miss Frost from a philosophical altitude, and lifted up by the perfume of his Havana, he had attained that altitude. What was she? Who was she? The last question was the easier. She was a woman who sang divinely, and who sang to very few. She composed superb melodies—real Chopin gems of music—but never published, her ideal was so high. Moreover, she was an artist in water-colors, and the tiny sketchy products of her brush had been praised by judges who knew amateurs only to despise them. For the rest, she was one of the most uncontrollable of women, doing a thousand things which society shuddered at, but doing them so adroitly and safely that society only grumbled and generally held its tongue. In the purely fashionable circles she would not move—and perhaps could not had she wished. In intellectual circles she was admitted, admired, dreaded. But she was so careless, so unconscious of opinion, so child-like and *naïve* that people were constantly changing their judgment, and could never quite decide what they thought of her.

"What was she? Nothing but a curious study," said Ryland up in the clouds. "As for loving her, one might as well be Ixion or woo a will-o'-the-wisp. She fascinates you—true. But a philosopher comprehends fascination—gets the honey and avoids the sting. She is nothing but a mental study—a rare subject for metaphysical anatomy—and a wise man never cares to be a student."

The result of that evening's consultation with himself was shown by our philosopher some five days after. There was another party. Miss Frost was to be present. Ryland, also, contrived to be present. The latter was in conversation with the former in less than fifteen minutes. They sought a remote corner of the room. Never had Ryland's ear been filled with such a flow of marvelous word-music. Forgetting the sense, he could have sat for years listening to the exquisite modulations of her voice. But the subject itself seemed infinitely great. Miss Frost had fallen into a semi-rhapsody on the effect of rhythm in art—in all art, in all nature, in life itself. She was in a species of ecstasy. Her cheeks burned. Her eyes were like billowy oceans of light. Her lips quivered with excitement. Gentlemen sought her out for the dance. She refused them, but so gayly coming down from sky to earth with so easy a sweep that no one of them could have suspected her of having left earth at all.

"Oh, it is my way!" she said in a somewhat rapt air when her companion alluded to it. "They think me satirical, a flirt, a coquette, a something rather mysterious. But they cannot comprehend me. I don't know that any one can." And then she danced off on a new topic. The endless variety of masks in the world—how seldom people ever get close to each other—that enticing subject, that bewildering subject—when you have for your *vis-à-vis* a glorious woman with massy black hair and flushing face and eyes filled with spiritual beauty.

The two parted that evening only to meet again early in the next forenoon to visit a great painting just arrived from Paris. Over his cigar, deep into the midnight, Ryland pondered and reflected. It was not the student of human nature, though, this time. He knew he was in love, and he asked himself whether it were wise. So far as men can judge rationally on a vast question in a few hours—so far he judged. At last he took a short, swift resolution. He would make a bold venture, and, perhaps, succeed by the very impetuosity and suddenness of his attack. The day woke bright and sweet. They saw the great picture. They took a long ride after, and Ryland strove with the woman of his passion till the dying sun flamed athwart the distant hills. At night the wager of battle was over and he had won.

When Hertersville heard of the stormy wooing, as hear it did, there was a most natural commotion; and still greater was the agitation when the cottage was furnished and thrown open to friends not six months after Mr. Ryland first met his bride. Nevertheless, though shocked and scandalized by the precipitancy of the affair, popular opinion felt quite right in visiting at the new home; and finding the hostess kindly, gentle and unpretentious, it began to reconsider its judgments and even to discover room for congratulation on the event.

"She is a great addition to our society," said Mrs. Hauterer, with characteristic appreciation. "Something quite new and wildish. We shall like this wife of yours. We are to have a few friends with us to-morrow night, and you must bring her to tea."

Mr. Ryland bowed. "Nothing could delight him more than an expression

of admiration from such a quarter." He said the same thing when he reached home, only there was a doubtful accent in his voice, as if he were not quite sure how it would be received.

"Oh, Mrs. Hauterer! she is not a great addition to *our* society, is she? Mrs. Do-as-your-neighbor-does—that is her name as I read it after she had prosed on here in the parlor for a half hour. If I am over-polite to that style of humanity, I shall be straight-jacketed in a month."

Now, Mrs. Hauterer was a splendid woman, Ryland thought, and the tone of his wife's speech irritated him. "But, dear—" A kiss broke off the rest of his sentence and turned his seriousness into smiling.

"Oh, yes!—'but, dear, she is well-meaning, and humdrum is a very good basis to build life on'—that is what you were going to say, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is it," was the reply.

"And why did you marry me then?"

"Because I could not help it."

"A pretty response for a believer in humdrum! What if I can't help liking to do as I please, and keeping Mrs. Hauterer & Co. at arm's length?"

"But you were very good to all our callers."

"Certainly. When one receives, it is—

'Ever the dutiful
More than the beautiful,'

as they sing in Esther."

"Won't you go there to-morrow night, dearest?"

"Won't you come here to-morrow night, dearest?"

"Ah, you incorrigible!"

"Ah, you delightful humdrum!" And the evening conversation suddenly ended with one of those delicious domestic scenes which are indescribable, merely because "reporters are not admitted."

The next night the two stayed at home, and a bright evening Lettie made of it, sparkling with wit, her voice in a perpetual warble, the piano-key rattling in ecstasy, the hours slipping by with the trip and bewilderment of the "*German*." Only Mrs. Hauterer, with her supper table of ravishing whiteness and comfort, her invited guests in excellence of wristbands and new lace, could not quite understand why *the* guests did not come, and resolved not to be appeased. Other invitations, slighted by unconventional Mrs. Ryland, produced further heart-burnings and vexation. It soon became the fashion not to ask the Rylands. "They are getting proud," said some. "Or mad," said others.

While the delicious honeymoon continued—and it was a very protracted honeymoon indeed, lasting nigh three moons before it waned—Ryland was, on the whole, careless of the outside world. "If Lettie prefers me to everybody else, I ought to be flattered," thought he.

One day, however, the young lawyer came to his senses; so, at least, he styled the process of thinking that took hold of him. His cousin Harry had dropped into his office. "Well, Ryland, law business is getting dreary, isn't it?"

"Not that I know of."

"You had better turn poet, eh?"

"Why?"

"Now don't be so innocent. That delightful home life of yours—it ought to be conducive to poetry. There's not a great deal of prose in it, is there?"

My good fellow, I admire you, and, therefore, like all your belongings; but aren't you letting that charming housekeeper of yours carry things a trifle too far?"

"Ahem. That is it, is it?" was the response.

"Hertersville is angry with you, New York is in the way of forgetting you, and that magnificent project of auld lang syne—the big future you used to talk of—that great social centre into which you were intending to place your wife—those marvellous successes in politics and literature and law—they are getting rather smoky, aren't they?"

"Confound you, keep your opinions to yourself," growled Ryland with becoming indignation. But when his cousin was gone, he found himself weighing seriously what had been said, and accepting the criticism as, on the whole, just. It was, indeed, a sad fact! Things had not shaped themselves as they ought to have. Society had been wilfully ignored. The office work was already suffering, and, instead of more, he really had fewer law cases than ever.

At tea table that evening John Ryland looked quite grave. When he had finished his meal he looked even graver.

"How cheerful you are to-night, John."

"That's flat nonsense."

Lettie opened her eyes. It was the first cross speech since they were married. "What's flat nonsense?"

"My being cheerful—I haven't been cheerful for four months."

"That is, you haven't been happy since I ceased to be Miss Frost. Thank you, Jean! I had better become Miss Frost again?"

"Perhaps you had."

"Very well, it shall be—to-morrow." And Mrs. Ryland seated herself at the piano and began "Tam O'Shanter."

This was not the issue Ryland wished to make. He had certainly said the opposite of his real meaning, and an explanation was necessary.

"Lettie!"

"Jean"—the keys still crashing, and "Tam O'Shanter" well across the bridge.

"I want to speak to you."

"Wait till I finish, please;" and the fingers continued on at a gallop. When you make up your mind to apologize, are in the tenderest mood, have the most pathetic syllables at your tongue-tip, an interruption is embarrassing. It fretted Ryland that his wife should persist in playing just then. He grew more and more annoyed, and when she stopped he was in no humor to say what he had intended.

"Well, I am listening," said the lady, turning round on the piano-stool and presenting a somewhat absent countenance.

"Darling" (he said this as you would say *Madame*), "we are really going on quite in the wrong. It won't do to cut ourselves loose from society in this way. It hurts my profession. It will be hurtful to ourselves before long. You ought not to have refused invitations as you have."

"Oh, is that all? Well, it is lonely. I'll give a great party. When shall it be?"

"It don't matter when. It is too late. Nobody will come."

"Then we will go to the byways and hedges. I will send a circular to Bohemia."

"Bohemia! There it is! You are the most thorough Bohemian I ever knew. As if there were not something in respectability, and civilized life; as if we human beings do not owe a debt to each other; as if the best help to the world must not be brought to it, the world's way."

"As if you and I had not made a great mistake all this while," flashed out Lettie, waking from her dreaminess. "You knew that I hated convention and believed in being natural; and in sight of all this you persuaded me to be your wife. A mistake—a pitiful mistake—easy to rectify!" She stopped. Her eyes flamed and glittered. There was a sofa near, and crossing the floor, she flung herself on it, her face in her hands. Hysteria is a difficult matter to manage in any of its modes and tenses. Ryland did not venture to manage it, but began to pace up and down the room. Then it occurred to him that thus far he had made a fool of himself—and if he spoke more he would only mix things. Perhaps he had best write. He would put the letter into his wife's hands, and she would read it and understand him. He took pen and paper and seated himself at the table. Still his wife moved not. Then he wrote. It seemed as if he could not cease writing. He told her how deeply he loved her; he urged upon her the vast possibilities of her nature now idly wasted—what an influence she might exert for good, and how sinful it was to continue that selfish life. It was a burning letter, almost rhythmic in its calm intensity. Folding it, he slipped it in Lettie's half-open hand. She still made no sign. Then he went up to his room and waited long and anxiously, until at last sleep came to soothe his fever.

At the breakfast table, on the morrow, his wife sat as usual, smiled as usual; but was very silent. He also was very quiet, for he did not well know how to speak. So they parted, he going to the city.

Mrs. Ryland had lain on the sofa the night long, a tempest of emotion raging in her brain and heart. She was by temperament very passionate, and had never been forced into control. The storm of feeling which held sway through the long, black hours produced a species of bewilderment and temporary aberration of thought. She saw everything through an unwonted atmosphere. Her marriage seemed a blunder and a crime. A choking sensation came upon her, as if some one had clutched her. A horrible idea seized her; she imagined that instead of loving, she had been made the prey to a delusive fascination. There was a powerful animal side to her nature, and the very suspicion of restraint made her chafe. All the more because there was scarcely justification for her indignation, did she feel the impulse of indignation. Then came remembrances of her early, free existence, the memory of its joyousness, of its rich abandon—oblivion of its deficiencies, of its sorrows, of its penalties.

Before her husband had appeared in the morning, she began to mature a plan of action. When the paper came, she skipped the news and studied the advertising columns.

"Board for a lady who will be a companion—No. 77 Livingston Sq."

"That is it," said she. "I will go straight to town. I can teach music and painting; yes, and make water-color sketches." She hastily filled a trunk, selecting for her wardrobe only what had belonged to her before marriage. At noon she took the up-train, and on arriving, directed her steps to Livingston Sq. The house pleased her. The lady hostess was French—cheerful and vivacious. She engaged rooms at once, and was soon quite at home.

A few hours conversation convinced her that she could not make herself very companionable with her new acquaintance, who was kind enough, to be sure,

but with just that every-day Philistine commixture and practicality which had vexed her in Mrs. Hauterer. Nevertheless, Mrs. Jenzin was so amiable in her commonplaces that there was no room for getting angry. So Mrs. Ryland hastily adapted herself to her new situation, and endeavored to become oblivious to the past. She unlocked her trunk, busied herself with a pretence of arrangement, and presently gave her little room a native and customary appearance. The letter which her husband had written was in her pocket. She had no impulse to open it. It would only renew the anger of the previous night. For the first time it now occurred to her that this sudden *escapade* would strike the world so strangely that she could not hope to succeed as teacher. Her wisest way was to shut herself off from every one; and in her present mood this was anything but a denial. She could now have that freedom which was refused her; and Jean—he was free also! If she could have been at the Hertersville cottage that night, her thoughts would not have been so lightsome.

John Ryland had no rest all the day. At evening he approached his home with strange misgivings. He felt that he had acted wretchedly, yet he felt also that his motives had been good and just. He hoped that his wife might have so seen it; and the belief of a kindly reception was, on the whole, strong as he entered the house. The first object that caught his eye was a note suspended from the chandelier by a thread. He snatched it down. It was like his wife to do such a wayward thing. As he tore open the envelope a ring dropped out. He picked it up. It was her wedding ring. One moment more and he knew the whole.

Not even the natural inclination toward that intense style which is now in vogue among *litterateurs* will justify our stultifying the facts of history so far as to describe John Ryland as crushed by this startling discovery. It did produce a slight, almost imperceptible shiver in him. There was an unusual, hollow sensation about the heart. But otherwise you would have said he was quite the same as on yesterday, or the day before. That curious practical vein in the man which made him win his wife with preconceived impetuosity—which had led him into the scene of yesternight, where it must be confessed he played his part bunglingly, now took possession of him once more. He quietly explained to the servants that his wife had been obliged to leave hastily for New England. In the morning he took his usual train, and after first going to his office, went to find Lettie's former guardian, Silas Frost. This gentleman received his legal relative with great coolness, for his niece had slighted him as well as others since her marriage; but when he ascertained the object of Ryland's visit, he was aroused into sympathy.

"One of her infernal freaks," said he, apologetically. "I always thought you were mad to marry. She will lead you such a devil-dance as you never took before."

"But what can I do?"

"Do? Do nothing; let her go, confound her!" Mr. Frost was pacing up and down the room, fussing, fuming, trying to light a cigar, looking decidedly red in the face, quite belying the indifference of his language.

"How much money did this fine young lady get from you the day before her elopement?"

"Her allowance is not due till next week. I cannot find that she has any money with her."

"No money? There is an item! Money is the sinew of war. You will hear from her in a week."

"I fear not," was the reply, sadly uttered. "I fear not," he vacantly repeated, "she is too much in earnest for that."

"Well, then," said the silver-gray relative, his cigar now fairly lighted and emitting delicious gusts of smoke, "did she take her jewels?"

"They were all in her case, which was left behind. Ah! I remember; the housemaid said that she wore her diamond cross."

"The cross!" broke in the uncle. "That is a family heirloom! She will pawn it—the fool. Why the devil did you not have her arrested?"

Ryland was in despair. No aid could come from such a magazine of peevish impetuosity. "Never mind about the cross," he said at length. "My wife is not a fool. But where had I best look for her?"

Mr. Frost could not tell—his niece was a flyaway. She might, for all he knew, be in the moon. She might stay there, for all he cared. Was he harsh? Well, he was ready to do his duty, and if his nephew would be patient he would go up town and make inquiries. With this agreement they parted. Mrs. Ryland, however, whether fortunately or the reverse, had quite eluded pursuit. Their best efforts, managed with great secrecy, were of no avail.

It was now, when the mystery began to thicken, that Ryland felt in its entirety the great calamity that had befallen him. Beside the painfulness of the alienation, a thousand fears harassed him. What suffering might not Lettie be undergoing! She had no money; she was apparently not teaching. There was the diamond cross, to be sure; but the most diligent search at the pawn-brokers' had not led to any trace of this ornament.

Luckily for Mr. R.'s sanity, there was a great law case to engross his attention. A divorce trial (*Clayson vs. Mayette*), in which the public took an unusual interest, partly from the celebrity of the parties involved, largely also from the curious social tragedy which it revealed, was now in court, and he had been retained as defendant's counsel. Some of the facts so singularly resembled his own secret affliction that he entered upon it with almost personal feeling, and his appeal to the jury, marked by a pathos which only an interior experience could have made so deep and thrilling, swept that body into a triumphant verdict, and at the same time won him the applause of the profession.

It was a day or two after his eloquent plea that he took a languid stroll up Broadway. His one object was to escape the torment of his thoughts. A picture store attracted his attention. It was Issichor's, and he mechanically entered through the open door. A collection of photographs lay on the counter, and a clerk stood by displaying them.

"They are beautiful pictures, sir."

"Yes, but all in one tone. I confess to a love of color. It is a pity you don't have oil paintings of this size; they admit of striking effects."

"We have some superb ones in water colors; would you like to see them?"

"As you please."

A little drawer was presently placed on the counter. It contained a dozen miniature pictures. Ryland took up one. Something in the subject, or the touch, or the color affected him. He scanned it with searching eyes. "Who does these for you?" he finally said.

"A lady artist."

"And her name?"

"There is some mystery about it. She paints L. F. in the margin, but her address is different."

"Do you sell many of them?"

The clerk hesitated. "No, sir," he said, at last, "they don't seem to take."
"They ought to sell. How many of them have you?"
"A dozen."

"I wish them all."

As the pictures were being put up, one slipped and fell. "The best one, sir," said the clerk. "It is curious, though, that while I have seen the original—a hillside view of the Hudson from Hertersville—the artist has written 'View of Arno.'"

"Let me look." Had he entertained a doubt before—as he had not—this one picture, with its characteristic chirography, would have resolved it. Besides, the "View of Arno" was indisputably a familiar copy of a spot which he had often visited with his wife. He had handled, praised, admired this picture a hundred times in the past. But would they be willing to disclose the address? "Tell me where this lady has her studio. I desire to order a peculiar class of paintings." The clerk stepped to the back part of the store, and presently returned. "At Mrs. Jenzin's, No. 77 Livingston Sq."

"Thank you;" and Mr. Ryland walked off. The secret was disclosed now. She was attempting then to support herself by her brush, and thus far, if the clerk at Issichor's could be relied upon, without success. Livingston Square was endowed with a fashionable name, but it was by no means a fashionable quarter. She was living there because it was cheap; might she not be in positive want at this very moment? The idea was painful, and his anxiety was so great that he at once directed his steps toward the house. It was easily found—a low, shabby-genteel brick edifice—an English basement—dusky but not dirty without. Mrs. Jenzin was out, but would be back in five minutes. Mr. Ryland walked in, not without some fear, for he did not know but Mrs. Jenzin might prove to be his wife, and it was not quite diplomatic to meet her thus.

He had barely seated himself, when he heard the outer door open, and, presently, saw a large, neatly-dressed figure glide by the parlor entrance and ascend the stair. She stayed above some time. When she descended, it was to enter the room and approach him. "You wished to see me, I think?"

Our visitor's fears were removed, and the quiet, lady-like manner of the person before him was decidedly reassuring. "You have in your house an artist?"

"Yes, Mrs. Frost. Poor woman! she has been terribly sick. It happened last night—a kind of delirium. I have been in a worry all day. But she is better. Mr. Issichor, I suppose?"

"No; but from Mr. Issichor's. I wish to order some pictures—but your guest is ill. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Oh, no, sir!" was the reply, a shade of suspicion passing over the face and lingering there.

"I do not wish to be obtrusive; but I have taken a great interest in the lady's paintings, and hope to obtain others."

"She will be glad to sell them, sir. I will bring some down."

She glided out of the room. Before she had returned, Mr. Ryland decided upon his course of action. "Shall I be frank to you, Mrs. Jenzin? This lady is related to me. I am extremely anxious about her health. She wishes to separate herself from her friends, and were she well, it would be quite right. Now, I wish you to tell her nothing about me; only say that her pictures have found a sale. I shall leave her to herself. These sketches are valuable. I

have not money for them all, and will therefore only take one." He emptied his purse. There was not much in it, but certainly liberal payment for a single painting.

Mrs. Jenzin bowed. "I shall regard you only as a purchaser; but I know that Mrs. Frost wishes to be left alone, and would be angry if she knew you were here. You must not come again. Mr. Issichor is her agent." Her lips compressed, but there was pity in her eyes.

"Do you know all?" asked her visitor.

"I know nothing. It is a beautiful lady, and she was as blithe as a May morning when she first came; but she is so wretched and sick now! It is a shame, a wicked shame, whatever it is." The eyes that were soft before became very soft now—and a tear glistened there.

Mr. Ryland could not restrain himself. He sprang forward and seized her wrist; he almost forced her into a chair, and then told his whole story. When he finished, she was sobbing. She attempted to speak, but the excitement partially confused her language, making it an odd medley of French and English. Mrs. Frost had told her nothing of this. She had been very companionable, and kept closely to the house, going out but once, and afterward not at all. Lately she had been moody, keeping to her room because, as Mrs. Jenzin thought, her pictures did not sell. She had proposed to pawn a curious diamond cross, but Mrs. J. would not consent. After this she fell ill. In her delirium she had called the name "Jean." "What is your name, sir?"

"John, but she called me *Jean* when she petted me."

"Oh, it must be so! You must be true. I pity you; from my heart, I pity you. She called 'Jean,' and talked so rapidly I could not tell what she said. I will help you, Monsieur Ryland. I shall be a *cher ami* to you."

A faint, tinkling sound came down the stair. "She rings for me. You must go now. Come to-morrow. Good-by." She extended her hand.

"But I may send my physician?"

"Yes, if she will not suspect. Good-by. Adieu."

Doctor Dubois was a great physician in the city then—a marvellous man, who caught instinctively at the individual difficulty and the individual cure. Mr. Ryland at once procured his services. "It is not dangerous," said Doctor D., after he had seen her. "A nervous shock. She is in good hands. It is nursing that she needs most. Mrs. Jenzin is everything."

Every day thenceforth Mr. Ryland called, bringing little delicacies, listening eagerly to each word of the busy Mrs. Jenzin, listening eagerly, also, to each footfall on the stair which he dared not yet ascend.

And above, in her neat little room, weak, and wasted, and weary, Mrs. Ryland kept very still, as her medical attendant bade her. But she could not quite repress the leaping energies of her thoughts. They were no longer wild and coquettish, they centered on one object, but around that object they hovered with an anxiety that was anguish. The early days of her self-elected retirement had slipped by buoyantly enough. When, however, she found that her paintings did not sell, and that Issichor, like all other dealers, took only on commission, she began to doubt. It was on one of these long and lagging days that her hand happened to touch something strange in her pocket. On searching, it proved to be the old letter, still unopened, just as Ryland had given it to her on the eventful night. She would read it now free from all passion. She did read it, and the greatness of her husband's heart disclosed itself anew as by a sudden revelation. Perhaps even then she would have

returned had not pride stepped in and forbade. Nevertheless, in the loneliness of unemployed hours, the old days came back anew.

It was on the evening preceding Mr. Ryland's discovery of her concealment that she had been thinking of these things more than ever. The torturous reflections, a wish to retrieve the past, pride, a dreary waste of ill-defined sensation, flowed in on her, as a convulsive torrent. A newspaper lay on the table, and she took it up to divert her mind. It contained a report of the closing argument of the great trial, and her husband's name stood in large, full type at the head of the first column. This was something wholly unexpected, and her eyes hurried nervously over the printed page. It moved her strangely. She saw with intuitive perception the source of his eloquence; it seemed to take on all his own familiar tones, as if he were speaking to herself alone. A weariness fell on her. The long past returned to her with all that horrible distinctness which one feels when falling from great altitudes, or in places where death is turning the minute-glass of existence. She saw, as in a vivid, swift-rolling panorama, every fault of her previous life, her capriciousness, her selfish isolation. She saw, also, in a new and pregnant aspect, all the large qualities of her husband's soul. That rankling sensation which comes over us in dreams, when we lift the hand to defend a loved object and find it held back by a mysterious paralysis—when the merest whisper would save our dearest earthly trust, and the lips refuse to move—caught her now in its steel grasp, and held her as in a vice. Her feeble frame could not endure the terrible reaction; her brain reeled, and, as she sought a chair, she swooned and fell. It was in this condition that Mrs. Jenzin had found her.

And now that her strength had partly returned, and her mind was free to act, the old reflections haunted her anew. The sale of her pictures had cheered her, but she was still a prey to the thought of the great wrong her waywardness had led her into. How much would she have given for the soft pressure of a familiar hand—that touch which had driven away pain so many times.

Sickness is a remorseless teacher, which subjugates and often "reconstructs" us. Weak, dependent, like a feeble child, Mrs. Ryland had come to perceive what a wealth of genial feeling this plain, commonplace hostess possessed. It awed her. She was in a new atmosphere. That infinite humanity which dwells sometimes under the most ordinary exterior, impressed her now with peculiar significance. She saw the merit of simple, customary duties, and learnt a new lesson in her suffering. She might herself have performed these same kind offices to a stranger; but it was novel to see a kindred instinct of so different a nature. Her judgment softened, and her old proneness to criticise died away. Mrs. Jenzin was the world, and there was clearly much more in this world which she had scorned than had seemed to her. And so new ideas began to make way—a deeper recognition of the goodness that underlies all phases of human life, a silent, half-conscious confession of the error in her previous theories. And with this fresh inflow of feeling, her thoughts naturally connected her husband and the unhappy estrangement. It was absurd to let pride and a useless persistence in what in her present experiences appeared strange and false keep them any longer apart.

On one of these days of the long convalescence, while her mind was vaguely revolving these things, the silence of the chamber became burdensome to her. She heard the door bell ring. She heard footsteps come and go; and, as happens to nervous invalids so often, this movement made her solitariness oppressive, and strong, sudden passion seized upon her. She reached out her

hand and pulled the cord. In a moment Mrs. Jenzin was by her side with, "What can I do for my darling?"

"I wish to write a note—only a tiny one. Please bring my portfolio."

"But you must not do it; the doctor will not let you. I will write for you, if you tell me what."

Mrs. Ryland looked at her hostess. The little black, nervous eyes were glistening with solicitude and tenderness. "You must not write—surely not. You must be very still," said Mrs. Jenzin.

"No," was the answer. "I am better than you think; but you may do it if you wish."

Mrs. J. placed the portfolio on the table, and slowly opened it. Then she looked up inquiringly.

"It is not much; only a message to a friend. Write:

"DEAR JEAN—I am here—here at 77 Livingston square. Not quite as well as you should see me; but I need you. Come.

"LETTIE FROST RYLAND."

"Direct it."

"But you are not well enough to receive visitors," broke in her companion, eying the invalid with a most curious expression.

"Oh, yes, I am—to see him. He will make me strong!"

"Hush," said Mrs. Jenzin, "some one is calling. I will return in a moment."

Mrs. Ryland heard no one, but fell back on her pillow, patient and happy. It was over now. He would soon be there. The struggle was passed. Dreamy languor took possession of her. She closed her eyes.

Mr. Ryland had called that day as usual; and when Mrs. Jenzin left him at the peremptory summons from above, he arose from his chair and took a few nervous turns up and down the lengths of the carpet. Pausing mechanically at the mantel, and glancing furtively toward the entrance, as if afraid of some new embarrassments and obstructions, Mrs. Jenzin's face greeted him, bright with a smile of elation. His keen, sensitive state made him apprehend everything at once; and, lightly following her along the winding stair, he passed eagerly by as they reached the door-sill, and moved noiselessly up to the bedside. The thin vibration of the air affected the invalid; she half turned, and languidly lifted her eyelids.

Too weak to be excited, too happy for uttered words, she raised herself slightly from the coverlid, and placed her white-veined hand tenderly on the bent face. It was one of those moments of infinite feeling which the human pen should not profane. Both knew that the past was as if it never had been, and the future shadowless and perfect.

And when with love came renewed force and health—when the joy of that reünion had tested its great strength through days and weeks—when all that was beautiful of the old repeated itself, and Hertersville was once more home—Mrs. Hauterer and her coterie began to review their scant judgment, and Ryland's friends, unconscious of the cause, but rejoicing in the new and inexplicable revelations which the society of Mrs. Ryland now unfolded, suddenly voted themselves all wrong; and declared that not a kinder, nobler, and more gracious woman was to be found all the country through. As for John Ryland himself, none ever asked his opinion; nor, indeed, did it seem necessary to do so!

NEBULÆ.

—ONE of the most entertaining newspapers in England, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, recently gave its readers some very sensible advice on the subject of private theatricals, which applies as well to the youth of this country. The private study of histrionic art, it says, might be quite as beneficial to young people as that of any of the ordinary routine of accomplishments. It would teach them two things in which they are often too deficient—to speak their own language properly, not hissing it through their teeth, or snuffling and swallowing half their words; and to stand and move with ease. It might also assist in dispelling some of that troublesome self-consciousness, arising more from vanity than modesty, which is well named *mauvaise honte*, and which renders some shy, others impudent, but makes all who are afflicted by it awkward. But at present the amateur actor, much as he seems to enjoy the practice of the art, can hardly be said to study it at all; the utmost he does generally is to study some *artist*. Instead of setting-to to get a full comprehension of the intention of his author, and form a clear conception of the character he has to play, he goes to see how So-and-so does it, and copies it as closely as he can—often successfully enough. But it is, after all, but a copy of a copy. We have known a whole corps of dramatic amateurs put themselves under the guidance of some accomplished master of the profession, not to be taught his art, but to be crammed or coached in one particular play. Every look, movement and intonation was learned and got by heart, and faithfully reproduced; and the necessary result was that the performance was stiff, cold and uninteresting. No one was thinking of his part or his character, but of how Mr. Threestars told him to say this and to do that. It is just what Mr. Ruskin warns the amateur draughtsman to avoid. “Look at nature, and see how it affects your mind. Do not be thinking how So-and-so told you to *do sky* or to *do grass*.”

So, too, with regard to the character of the plays suitable for parlor representation. Our drawing rooms are of so limited a size that there are few plays that can be conveniently performed in them. Our comedies and dramas or action have too many characters, and require more space and better scenic arrangements than are possible in most private residences. The choice, therefore, lies between short farces and the *comedies de salon*—episodes of real life—for which the English language seems to have no name.

This being the case, it is amazing that the first step toward preparing for private theatricals should be to circumscribe the given space as much as possible by the introduction of a miniature theatre. When real actors wish to represent scenes from genteel every-day life on the stage, their object and the difficulty they have to overcome is to make it look like a drawing room. Now, the object of the amateur seems to be to make the drawing room look like a stage. When he has already four walls, doors, windows, fireplace, all “real and proper,” as Mr. Swiveller says, why in the world should he put up pasteboard

imitations of them? If two exits are necessary, and are not always found ready to our hands, this can be remedied by a couple of screens, and elbow-room, always a great desideratum, gained thereby. Amateur actors object to this simplicity of decoration on the score that they are too much at home in it—that there is no illusion; forgetting that to the spectators there is no possible illusion in the pasteboard room they erect for themselves, which has the effect of making its inhabitants look preternaturally big. The conditions of a public theatre and an ordinary room are so different that the attempt to produce illusion by means of scenery should as much as possible be avoided. Real artists feel this so strongly that they prefer to dispense with these adjuncts almost entirely, and we have heard the same advice given by others of great note in the profession. Of course those who give merely a few hours of their leisure now and then to the pursuit of an art that requires the steady application of a lifetime, can never hope to compete with professional artists; but it does not follow that they may not possess equal natural talent and aptitude. Gentlemen and ladies of intelligence, general education and cultivated taste, often snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, where they depend on themselves, and trust to the inspiration of their own instincts. Let the amateur actor select with what discrimination he may from among the plays already known to the public, but give the time and labor he now expends in learning the tricks of some favorite model in the profession to forming his own conception and a style of his own. He must not flatter himself, however, that he will be able to do this on the spur of the moment. He will find it at first as much more difficult than his old practice as the painting an original picture is more difficult than copying one. He will have to study *acting*, instead of confining his observations to one actor, and to do so with advantage he must use all his intelligence and powers of discrimination. But he will also find it much more interesting; and when he has succeeded in making a character his own, he will probably succeed in representing it with ease and fidelity. There appears no good reason why plays specially fitted for home representation should not be written for the purpose. We have beautiful models of this style of composition in the *Scenes and Proverbs* of Octave Feuillet and Alfred de Musset.

We echo the appeal of the English journal to our aspiring young authors to try their hand at parlor plays of this kind, instead of giving us perpetual repetitions of the clumsy, vulgar adaptations, which are the disgrace of the modern stage. There is certainly an opening here for any one desirous of seeing a reform effected in this matter. It would at least give him practice and facility of handling, and perhaps lead to more important works. The charming little entertainments called chamber operas have been attempted with success by amateur writers and composers, and, from their unambitious nature, are well suited for drawing-room performance. Will no budding dramatic genius follow the lead?

— THE Paris correspondents give some interesting gossip concerning the progress of the building for the great exhibition which is to open next year on the Champ de Mars. Foreign tourists, whose recollections of that spacious field are associated with reviews and races, would be strangely puzzled were a photograph of the scene it now presents suddenly placed before their eyes. Their first idea would probably be that they were looking down upon a network of open trenches before a beleaguered town. The surface is traversed in all directions by broad, deep galleries of brickwork, just beginning to rise

above the level of the ground. At first sight it is apparently a "maze without a plan." Turn which way you will, you see nothing but the heads and hands of bricklayers, and an unceasing procession of carts filled with materials, while every few minutes a train of loaded trucks rushes across the bridge, bringing wholesale supplies of bricks, stones and lime. On the opposite side of the river equal activity is displayed in levelling the heights of Trocadero, where a broad esplanade is being constructed, which bids fair to become one of the most fashionable promenades of Paris. The Emperor himself takes great interest in the progress of the works, and seldom allows more than three days to elapse between each personal inspection. Simultaneously with the inauguration of the International Palace, will take place, if within the limits of human power, the opening of the Opera house and of the Hotel Dieu. Considerable incredulity, however, exists on this point, and nothing short of a miracle of industry and perseverance, backed by an ungrudging expenditure of money, can ever bring about the completion of the new hospital within the stipulated period.

— THE appointment of the Prince Imperial as Honorary President of the Commission of the Universal Exhibition took everybody by surprise, and still furnishes a subject for gossip and wit. For some time previous it had been rumored that the Empress would succeed to the post vacated by Prince Napoleon, but it was generally supposed that the Prince himself would resume the duties which no other man in France is equally competent to discharge. As a practical linguist Prince Jerome is probably unrivalled in France, while to the possession of the most varied accomplishments he joins a rare talent for administrative business and the management of details. It happens, however, to be the fashion of the hour that the boy prince should be put forward on every possible occasion, and it is, perhaps, thought that he has now appeared sufficiently often in the character of the sick veteran's providence and the soldier's friend. In another year or so we may expect to see "our beloved son" gazetted to the Governor-Generalship of Algeria; but for the present he can do no great harm as Lord Lieutenant of the Champ de Mars.

— It is generally supposed that the demolition and reëdification of Paris are owing to an imperial inspiration. This is now said to be incorrect. The plans which are being carried out under the supervision of M. Haussmann were all drawn out in the reign of Louis Philippe, were approved by that sagacious ruler, and finally deposited in a place of safety and oblivion, because no minister had the courage to ask from the Chambers either a grant of money or powers to enable the municipality to raise funds on their own account. As Balzac somewhere remarks, "Despotism illegally performs great things, while liberty will not take the trouble to legally perform very small things." Napoleon III. is therefore entitled to the credit of having dared to execute what his predecessors scarcely ventured to dream. The Emperor does not confine his schemes to Paris. Another of the great works which he is just now disposed to patronize, as sure to furnish employment for his dreaded friends, the *ouvriers*, is the construction of a tunnel under the Channel, for the benefit of persons afflicted with sea-sickness. The propensity for making short cuts has always been a special weakness of Napoleon III. When a prisoner at Ham, he busied himself about plans for dividing the Isthmus of Panama, and so uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. At a later period, we have seen him encouraging M. de Lesseps in his scheme for emptying the Mediterranean into the Red Sea. It is estimated that the proposed tunnel will require a capital of at least

seven millions sterling, and very likely double that sum, so that there is little chance of that submarine railway being completed in time for the opening day of the next Paris Universal Exhibition.

— THE most extravagant styles prevail in Paris this Spring in ladies' boots and shoes. At the first race of the season, which took place early in March, some ladies wore satin and others kid boots, embroidered and ornamented with mother-of-pearl buckles. Some wore pearl-gray poplin boots, with silver heels, fastened with silver buttons, and stitched in an ornamental manner with *cerise* silk. Black satin boots, with gilt heels, predominated. The costliness of boots and shoes indicates the eventual triumph of short skirts over the present long trains that sweep the sidewalks with such a disagreeable tendency to get under gentlemen's feet. A pair of ladies' boots, with gilt heels and gilt buttons, cost in Paris from twenty to thirty dollars; simple glazed kid boots cost about ten dollars. There is a proposal to ornament shoes intended for ball-rooms and dancing with precious stones, as was the custom during the reign of Louis XVI. It was then called the *venez y voir* style; and in those days some great ladies wore fortunes on their feet. We would by no means advise our readers to adopt these costly stupidities. For those who admire and desire to adopt the more quiet and more reasonable fashions, no boots can be better suited to Spring wear than those simply made of either black kid or black poplin. The poplin, if desired, may match the dress in color, but it is more frequently worn either black or gray. Boots made of good French satin, and fastened with crystal buttons, are "well worn" for dressy occasions. Very dainty mule slippers have lately been introduced. They are made of rich Algerian silk, which is striped across with divers brilliant hues, and the slipper is then lined with either blue or *cerise* silk. The Court bootmakers foretell that boots made of rich corded silk will supersede all other varieties for afternoon promenades during the Spring and early Summer.

— THE *Journal des Chiffons* furnishes some curious details as to the French glove trade, which it appears has increased during the last twenty years to a surprising degree. Gloves are not made everywhere; and even the skins necessary for their manufacture are not to be had in every part of France. Lambskins and kid-skins, for finest quality gloves, are prepared at five places only—namely, Paris, Annonay, Grenoble, Romans, and Chaumont, whereas Milhau is the only spot where chamois leather, used in preparing these delicate skins, can be procured. A system of cutting out and measuring was invented in 1835, which has been in vogue ever since, and has proved an immense improvement on the plan formerly adopted by glove manufacturers. The glove sewers of the Paris factories come from Vendome, Montagne, Verneuil, Mittry, and Tremblay, and a few other villages of the departments of Oise and of Seine-et-Oise. Paris alone produces first quality gloves, Grenoble second quality. Swedish gloves are made of the inside part of the kid-skin, of which the upper layer has been made use of for *gants glacés*. In 1827, the value of gloves sold amounted only to 5,516,600f.; in 1849, to 25,000,000f.; and in 1853, to 30,998,000f. Since that date the sale of gloves for export has very nearly doubled.

— IF Paris is still destined to give the law in matters of female attire, says *The Queen*, the days of crinoline are numbered. The doubting *Parisienne* is gradually abandoning that much-abused institution. For morning dresses

the iron cage is still used as a necessary adjunct to the looped-up skirt, which it serves to keep high and dry out of the mud. But in the evening it is the fashion to wear a long, trailing dress, called a *queue à la comète*. What is lost in breadth is more than made up in length; and it is doubtful whether, so far as general convenience is concerned, this change is for the better. It requires considerable tact and skill to circulate in a crowded assembly without treading on a dress which drags so far behind the wearer. It must be said, however, to the credit of Paris ladies, that they do not wear these trailing dresses in the street.

— THE London *Athenæum* protests with some reason against the proposal to erect a memorial to Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey. The late Premier hated Gothic architecture, as being gloomy and dark. There is, therefore, something singularly out of place in associating his memory with one of the most characteristic examples of this style in England. Another objection is suggested by the crowded state of the Abbey itself, which is so blocked up with memorials, tombs, and statues as to suggest a stone-carver's workshop rather than a Christian cathedral. It has been proposed, as more in consonance with Lord Palmerston's wishes, to place an appropriate slab over his grave, and to erect a statue of him in the corridor of the House of Commons.

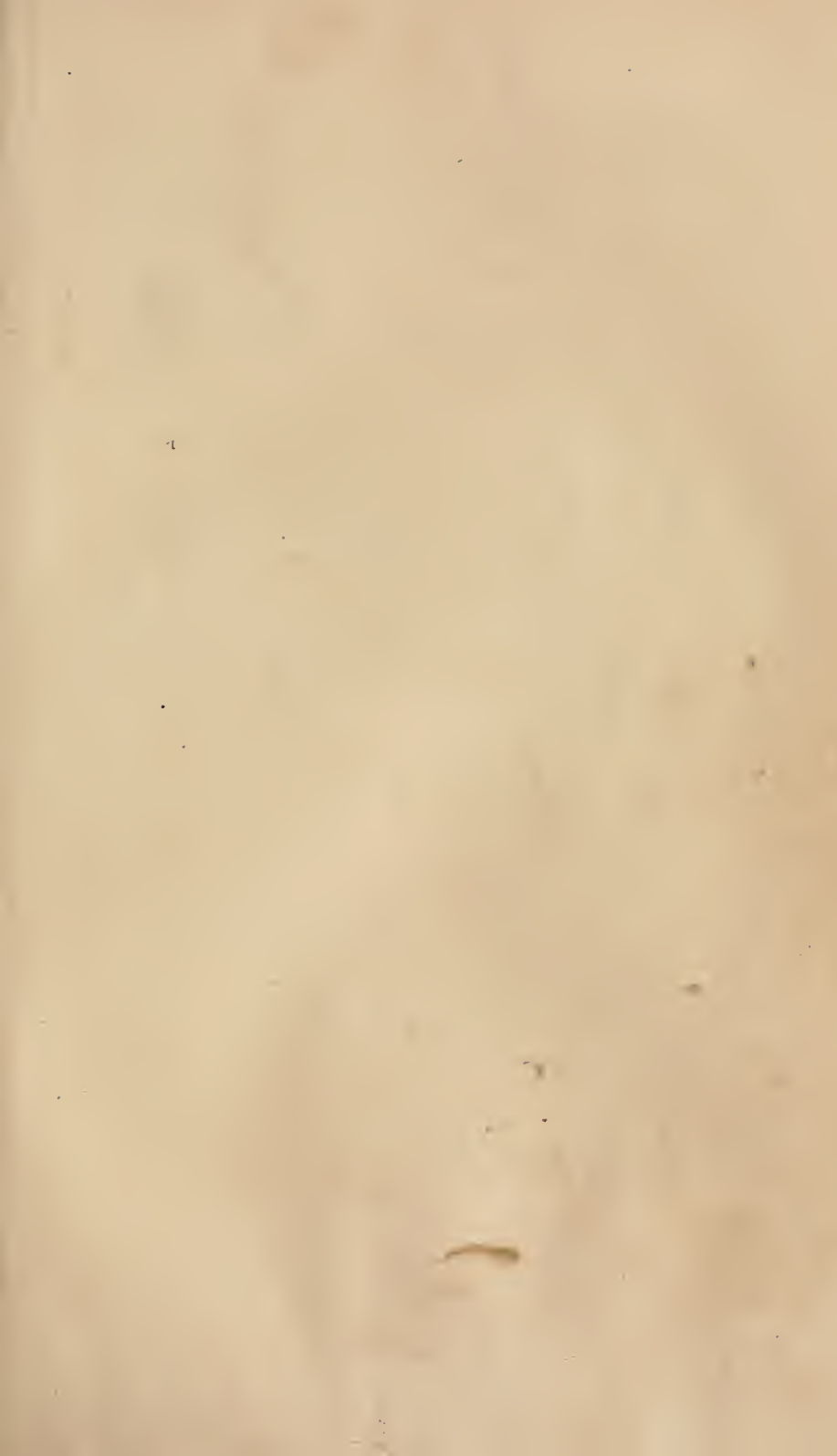
— THERE was certainly reason enough for the protest the early Quakers made against the extravagance and foppery in dress which prevailed in the time of the Stuarts. One has only to see a well-mounted play, the scene of which is laid in the seventeenth century, to understand how much more time and money it required to keep a gentleman fashionably dressed in those days than now. Imagine what would be the cost of the dress of the heroes and walking gentlemen of the stage, if it were really composed of the elegant materials it appears to be, and all the gold lace, as well as the diamonds, gems, and other precious stones adorning it were genuine ornaments. It was no wonder, therefore, that George Fox and his fellow Quakers felt the necessity for reformation in this particular. And so far as they contributed to produce the reform, they are entitled to grateful remembrance for the present simplicity in gentlemen's dress.

The first thing that occurs to one on comparing the dress of two centuries ago with the dress of to-day, is the advantage the latter has in bringing men to a social level, so far as outward appearance goes. The old dress favored aristocratic distinctions; the modern dress is democratic. The lord and the shop-keeper, the prince and the merchant's clerk, are clothed by the same tailor, with garments cut in the same fashion. You must judge the gentleman (and it is the highest standard) by his face, his voice, his manners, his conversation, his taste, his simplicity.

Probably the Quakers have done much less to produce this modern simplicity in men's dress than the necessities and conveniences of modern life itself. But give them what credit we may for the reform, they (with a few other kindred sects) are themselves now the exceptions to the general uniformity and simplicity in masculine dress which have begun to prevail throughout the civilized world.

A writer in *Good Words*, in alluding to this weakness of the Quakers, says it is an error to imagine that what is technically known as the Quaker's dress was the original distinctive costume of their community. On the contrary, George Fox and others of their founders appear to have held that the question of dress was one of utter insignificance; so much so that they did not even

speak of it, beyond advising simplicity of attire, and the absence of all that absurd and expensive ornament which was in fashion in the time of the Stuarts. George Fox himself used to wear a common leather suit. One searches in vain for any ancient documents to prove that the Friends were expected to wear a garb of any particular cut or fashion. One of the earliest Printed Epistles on the subject was published in the year 1691, and it merely advises all Friends "to avoid pride and immodesty in apparel, and all vain and superfluous apparel of the world." Another, published in 1803, regrets that "the vain customs and fashions of the world prevail over some of our profession, particularly in the excess of apparel; and we do earnestly recommend that all who make profession with us, take care to be exemplary in what they wear, so as to avoid the vain customs of the world, and all extravagance in color and fashion." The ladies come in for their share of advice and remonstrance, yet without the slightest attempt to impose upon them any restrictions as to the peculiar shape or method of wearing their dress. Many quotations might be made from the printed Epistles of those days in relation to neatness of attire, but it is hard to find one which dictates to the Friends any particular style of costume.





MR. SAUL PROPOSES.

THE GALAXY.

MAY 15, 1868.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE BURTON.



IT was now Christmas time at Stratton, or rather Christmas time was near at hand; not the Christmas next after the autumn of Lord Ongar's marriage, but the following Christmas, and Harry Clavinging had finished his studies in Mr. Burton's office. He flattered himself that he had not been idle while he was there, and was now about to commence his more advanced stage of pupilage, under the great Mr. Beilby, in London, with hopes which were still good, if they were not so magnificent as they once had been. When he first saw Mr. Burton in his office, and beheld the dusty pigeon-holes with dusty papers, and caught the first glimpse of things as they really were in the workshop of that man of business, he had, to say the truth, been disgusted. And Mrs. Burton's early dinner,

and Florence Burton's "plain face" and plain ways, had disconcerted him. On that day he had repented of his intention with regard to Stratton; but he had carried out his purpose like a man, and now he rejoiced greatly that he

had done so. He rejoiced greatly, though his hopes were somewhat sobered, and his views of life less grand than they had been. He was to start for Clavering early on the following morning, intending to spend his Christmas at home, and we will see him and listen to him as he bade farewell to one of the members of Mr. Burton's family.

He was sitting in a small back parlor in Mr. Burton's house, and on the table of the room there was burning a single candle. It was a dull, dingy, brown room, furnished with horsehair-covered chairs, an old horsehair sofa and heavy, rusty curtains. I don't know that there was in the room any attempt at ornament, as certainly there was no evidence of wealth. It was now about seven o'clock in the evening, and tea was over in Mrs. Burton's establishment. Harry Clavering had had his tea, and had eaten his hot muffin, at the further side from the fire of the family table, while Florence had poured out the tea, and Mrs. Burton had sat by the fire on one side with a handkerchief over her lap, and Mr. Burton had been comfortable with his arm-chair and his slippers on the other side. When tea was over, Harry had made his parting speech to Mrs. Burton, and that lady had kissed him, and bade God bless him. "I'll see you for a moment before you go, in my office, Harry," Mr. Burton had said. Then Harry had gone down stairs, and some one else had gone boldly with him, and they two were sitting together in the dingy brown room. After that I need hardly tell my reader what had become of Harry Clavering's perpetual, life-enduring heart's misery.

He and Florence were sitting on the old horsehair sofa, and Florence's hand was in his. "My darling," he said, "how am I to live for the next two years?"

"You mean five years, Harry."

"No; I mean two—that is, two, unless I can make the time less. I believe you'd be better pleased to think it was ten."

"Much better pleased to think it was ten than to have no such hope at all. Of course we shall see each other. It's not as though you were going to New Zealand."

"I almost wish I were. One would agree then as to the necessity of this cursed delay."

"Harry, Harry!"

"It is accursed. The prudence of the world in these latter days seems to me to be more abominable than all its other iniquities."

"But, Harry, we should have no income."

"Income is a word that I hate."

"Now you are getting on to your high horse, and you know I always go out of the way when you begin to prance on that beast. As for me, I don't want to leave papa's house where I'm sure of my bread and butter, till I'm sure of it in another."

"You say that, Florence, on purpose to torment me."

"Dear Harry, do you think I want to torment you on your last night? The truth is, I love you so well that I can afford to be patient for you."

"I hate patience, and always did. Patience is one of the worst vices I know. It's almost as bad as humility. You'll tell me you're 'umble next. If you'll only add that you're contented, you'll describe yourself as one of the lowest of God's creatures."

"I don't know about being 'umble, but I am contented. Are not you contented with me, sir?"

"No—because you're not in a hurry to be married."

"What a goose you are. Do you know I'm not sure that if you really love a person, and are quite confident about him—as I am of you—that having to look forward to being married is not the best part of it all. I suppose you'll like to get my letters now, but I don't know that you'll care for them much when we've been man and wife for ten years."

"But one can't live upon letters."

"I shall expect you to live upon mine, and to grow fat on them. There; I heard papa's step on the stairs. He said you were to go to him. Good-by, Harry—dearest Harry! What a blessed wind it was that blew you here."

"Stop a moment; about your getting to Clavering. I shall come for you on Easter eve."

"Oh, no; why should you have so much trouble and expense?"

"I tell you I shall come for you—unless, indeed, you decline to travel with me."

"It will be so nice! And then I shall be sure to have you with me the first moment I see them. I shall think it very awful when I first meet your father."

"He's the most good-natured man, I should say, in England."

"But he'll think me so plain. You did at first, you know. But he won't be uncivil enough to tell me so, as you did. And Mary is to be married in Easter week? Oh, dear, oh, dear; I shall be so shy among them all."

"You shy! I never saw you shy in my life. I don't suppose you were ever really put out yet."

"But I must really put you out, because papa is waiting for you. Dear, dear, dearest Harry. Though I am so patient I shall count the hours till you come for me. Dearest Harry!" Then she bore with him, as he pressed her close to his bosom, and kissed her lips, and her forehead, and her glossy hair. When he was gone, she sat down alone for a few minutes on the old sofa, and hugged herself in her happiness. What a happy wind that had been which had blown such a lover as that for her to Stratton!

"I think he's a good young man," said Mrs. Burton, as soon as she was left with her old husband up stairs.

"Yes, he's a good young man. He means very well."

"But he is not idle; is he?"

"No—no: he's not idle. And he's very clever—too clever, I'm afraid. But I think he'll do well, though it may take him some time to settle."

"It seems so natural, his taking to Flo; doesn't it? They've all taken one when they went away, and they've all done very well. Deary me; how sad the house will be when Flo has gone."

"Yes—it'll make a difference that way. But what then? I wouldn't wish to keep one of 'em at home for that reason."

"No, indeed. I think I'd feel ashamed of myself to have a daughter not married, or not in the way to be married afore she's thirty. I couldn't bear to think that no young man should take a fancy to a girl of mine. But Flo's not twenty yet, and Carry, who was the oldest to go, wasn't four-and-twenty when Searness took her." Thereupon the old lady put her handkerchief to the corner of her eyes, and wept gently.

"Flo isn't gone yet," said Mr. Burton.

"But I hope, B., it's not to be a long engagement. I don't like long engagements. It ain't good—not for the girl; it ain't, indeed."

"We were engaged for seven years."

"People weren't so much in a hurry then at anything; but I ain't sure it

was very good for me. And though we weren't just married, we were living next door and saw each other. What'll come to Flo if she's to be here and he's to be up in London, pleasuring himself?"

"Flo must bear it as other girls do," said the father, as he got up from his chair.

"I think he's a good young man; I think he is," said the mother. "But don't stand out for too much for 'em to begin upon. What matters? Sure, if they were to be a little short you could help 'em." To such a suggestion as this Mr. Burton thought it as well to make no answer, but with ponderous steps descended to his office.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Burton, "so you're to be off in the morning?"

"Yes, sir; I shall breakfast at home to-morrow."

"Ah—when I was your age, I always used to make an early start. Three hours before breakfast never does any hurt. But it shouldn't be more than that. The wind gets into the stomach." Harry had no remark to make on this, and waited, therefore, till Mr. Burton went on. "And you'll be up in London by the 10th of next month?"

"Yes, sir; I intend to be at Mr. Beilby's office on the 11th."

"That's right. Never lose a day. In losing a day now, you don't lose what you might earn now in a day, but what you might be earning when you're at your best. A young man should always remember that. You can't dispense with a round in the ladder going up. You only make your time at the top so much the shorter."

"I hope you'll find that I'm all right, sir. I don't mean to be idle."

"Pray don't. Of course, you know, I speak to you very differently from what I should do if you were simply going away from my office. What I shall have to give Florence will be very little—that is, comparatively little. She shall have a hundred a year, when she marries, till I die; and after my death and her mother's she will share with the others. But a hundred a year will be nothing to you."

"Won't it, sir? I think a very great deal of a hundred a year. I'm to have a hundred and fifty from the office; and I should be ready to marry on that to-morrow."

"You couldn't live on such an income—unless you were to alter your habits very much."

"But I will alter them."

"We shall see. You are so placed, that by marrying you would lose a considerable income; and I would advise you to put off thinking of it for the next two years."

"My belief is, that settling down would be the best thing in the world to make me work."

"We'll try what a year will do. So Florence is to go to your father's house at Easter?"

"Yes, sir; she has been good enough to promise to come, if you have no objection."

"It is quite as well that they should know her early. I only hope they will like her as well as we like you. Now I'll say good-night—and good-by." Then Harry went, and walking up and down the High Street of Stratton, thought of all that he had done during the past year.

On his arrival at Stratton, that idea of perpetual misery arising from blighted affection was still strong within his breast. He had given all his

heart to a false woman who had betrayed him. He had risked all his fortune on one cast of the die, and, gambler-like, had lost everything. On the day of Julia's marriage he had shut himself up at the school—luckily it was a holiday—and had flattered himself that he had gone through some hours of intense agony. No doubt he did suffer somewhat, for in truth he had loved the woman; but such sufferings are seldom perpetual, and with him they had been as easy of cure as with most others. A little more than a year had passed, and now he was already engaged to another woman. As he thought of this he did not by any means accuse himself of inconstancy or of weakness of heart. It appeared to him now the most natural thing in the world that he should love Florence Burton. In those old days he had never seen Florence, and had hardly thought seriously of what qualities a man really wants in a wife. As he walked up and down the hill of Stratton Street, with the kiss of the dear, modest, affectionate girl still warm upon his lips, he told himself that a marriage with such a one as Julia Brabazon would have been altogether fatal to his chance of happiness.

And things had occurred and rumors had reached him which assisted him much in adopting this view of the subject. It was known to all the Claverings—and even to all others who cared about such things—that Lord and Lady Ongar were not happy together, and it had been already said that Lady Ongar had misconducted herself. There was a certain count whose name had come to be mingled with hers in a way that was, to say the least of it, very unfortunate. Sir Hugh Clavering had declared, in Mrs. Clavering's hearing, though but little disposed in general to make any revelations to any of the family at the rectory, "that he did not intend to take his sister-in-law's part. She had made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. She had known what Lord Ongar was before she had married him, and the fault was her own." So much Sir Hugh had said, and, in saying it, had done all that in him lay to damn his sister-in-law's fair fame. Harry Clavering, little as he had lived in the world during the last twelve months, still knew that some people told a different story. The earl, too, and his wife had not been in England since their marriage; so that these rumors had been filtered to them at home through a foreign medium. During most of their time they had been in Italy, and now, as Harry knew, they were at Florence. He had heard that Lord Ongar had declared his intention of suing for a divorce; but that he supposed to be erroneous, as the two were still living under the same roof. Then he heard that Lord Ongar was ill; and whispers were spread abroad darkly and doubtfully, as though great misfortunes were apprehended.

Harry could not fail to tell himself that had Julia become his wife, as she had once promised, these whispers and this darkness would hardly have come to pass. But not on that account did he now regret that her early vows had not been kept. Living at Stratton, he had taught himself to think much of the quiet domesticities of life, and to believe that Florence Burton was fitter to be his wife than Julia Brabazon. He told himself that he had done well to find this out, and that he had been wise to act upon it. His wisdom had in truth consisted in his capacity to feel that Florence was a nice girl, clever, well-minded, high-principled, and full of spirit—and in falling in love with her as a consequence. All his regard for the quiet domesticities had come from his love, and had had no share in producing it. Florence was bright-eyed. No eyes were ever brighter, either in tears or in laughter. And when he came to look at her well, he found that he had been an idiot to think her plain.

"There are things that grow to beauty as you look at them—to exquisite beauty; and you are one of them," he had said to her. "And there are men," she had answered, "who grow to flattery as you listen to them—to impudent flattery; and you are one of them." "I thought you plain the first day I saw you. That's not flattery." "Yes, sir, it is; and you mean it for flattery. But after all, Harry, it comes only to this, that you want to tell me that you have learned to love me." He repeated all this to himself as he walked up and down Stratton, and declared to himself that she was very lovely. It had been given to him to ascertain this, and he was rather proud of himself. But he was a little diffident about his father. He thought that, perhaps, his father might see Florence as he himself had first seen her, and might not have discernment enough to ascertain his mistake, as he had done. But Florence was not going to Clavering at once, and he would be able to give beforehand his own account of her. He had not been home since his engagement had been a thing settled; but his position with regard to Florence had been declared by letter, and his mother had written to the young lady asking her to come to Clavering.

When Harry got home, all the family received him with congratulations. "I am so glad to think that you should marry early," his mother said to him in a whisper.

"But I am not married yet, mother," he answered.

"Do show me a lock of her hair," said Fanny, laughing.

"It's twice prettier hair than yours, though she doesn't think half so much about it as you do," said her brother, pinching Fanny's arm.

"But you'll show me a lock, won't you?" said Fanny.

"I'm so glad she's to be here at my marriage," said Mary; "because then Edward will know her. I'm so glad that he will see her."

"Edward will have other fish to fry, and won't care much about her," said Harry.

"It seems you're going to do the regular thing," said his father, "like all the good apprentices. Marry your master's daughter, and then become Lord Mayor of London."

This was not the view in which it had pleased Harry to regard his engagement. All the other "young men" that had gone to Mr. Burton's had married Mr. Burton's daughters—or, at least, enough had done so to justify the Stratton assertion that all had fallen into the same trap. The Burtons, with their five girls, were supposed in Stratton to have managed their affairs very well, and something of these hints had reached Harry's ears. He would have preferred that the thing should not have been made so common, but he was not fool enough to make himself really unhappy on that head.

"I don't know much about becoming Lord Mayor," he replied. "That promotion doesn't lie exactly in our line."

"But marrying your master's daughter does, it seems," said the Rector.

Harry thought that this, as coming from his father, was almost ill-natured, and therefore dropped the conversation.

"I'm sure we shall like her," said Fanny.

"I think that I shall like Harry's choice," said Mrs. Clavering.

"I do hope Edward will like her," said Mary.

"Mary," said her sister, "I do wish you were once married. When you are, you'll begin to have a self of your own again. Now you're no better than an unconscious echo."

"Wait for your own turn, my dear," said the mother.

Harry had reached home on a Saturday, and the following Monday was Christmas-day. Lady Clavering, he was told, was at home at the park, and Sir Hugh had been there lately. No one from the house except the servants were seen at church, either on the Sunday or on Christmas-day. "But that shows nothing," said the Rector, speaking in anger. "He very rarely does come, and when he does, it would be better that he should be away. I think that he likes to insult me by misconducting himself. They say that she is not well, and I can easily believe that all this about her sister makes her unhappy. If I were you, I would go up and call. Your mother was there the other day, but did not see them. I think you'll find that he's away, hunting somewhere. I saw the groom going off with three horses on Sunday afternoon. He always sends them by the church gate just as we're coming out."

So Harry went up to the house, and found Lady Clavering at home. She was looking old and careworn, but she was glad to see him. Harry was the only one of the rectory family who had been liked at the great house since Sir Hugh's marriage, and he, had he cared to do so, would have been made welcome there. But, as he had once said to Sir Hugh's sister-in-law, if he shot the Clavering game, he would be expected to do so in the guise of a head gamekeeper, and he did not choose to play that part. It would not suit him to drink Sir Hugh's claret, and be bidden to ring the bell, and to be asked to step into the stable for this or that. He was a fellow of his college, and quite as big a man, he thought, as Sir Hugh. He would not be a hanger-on at the park, and, to tell the truth, he disliked his cousin quite as much as his father did. But there had even been a sort of friendship—nay, occasionally almost a confidence, between him and Lady Clavering, and he believed that by her he was really liked.

Lady Clavering had heard of his engagement, and, of course, congratulated him. "Who told you?" he asked—"was it my mother?"

"No; I have not seen your mother I don't know when. I think it was my maid told me. Though we somehow don't see much of you all at the rectory, our servants are no doubt more gracious with the rectory servants. I'm sure she must be nice, Harry, or you would not have chosen her. I hope she has got some money."

"Yes, I think she is nice. She is coming here at Easter."

"Ah, we shall be away then, you know; and about the money?"

"She will have a little, but very little; a hundred a year."

"Oh, Harry, is not that rash of you? Younger brothers should always get money. You're the same as a younger brother, you know."

"My idea is to earn my own bread. It's not very aristocratic, but, after all, there are a great many more in the same boat with me."

"Of course you will earn your bread, but having a wife with money would not hinder that. A girl is not the worse because she can bring some help. However, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy."

"What I meant was that I think it best when the money comes from the husband."

"I'm sure I ought to agree with you, because we never had any." Then there was a pause. "I suppose you've heard about Lord Ongar," she said.

"I have heard that he is very ill."

"Very ill. I believe there was no hope when we heard last; but Julia never writes now."

"I'm sorry that it is so bad as that," said Harry, not well knowing what else to say.

"As regards Julia, I do not know whether it may not be for the best. It seems to be a cruel thing to say, but of course I cannot but think most of her. You have heard, perhaps, that they have not been happy?"

"Yes; I had heard that."

"Of course; and what is the use of pretending anything with you? You know what people have said of her."

"I have never believed it."

"You always loved her, Harry. Oh, dear, I remember how unhappy that made me once, and I was so afraid that Hugh would suspect it. She would never have done for you; would she, Harry?"

"She did a great deal better for herself," said Harry.

"If you mean that ironically, you shouldn't say it now. If he dies, she will be well off, of course, and people will in time forget what has been said—that is, if she will live quietly. The worst of it is that she fears nothing."

"But you speak as though you thought she had been—been—"

"I think she was probably imprudent, but I believe nothing worse than that. But who can say what is absolutely wrong, and what only imprudent? I think she was too proud to go really astray. And then with such a man as that, so difficult and so ill-tempered——! Sir Hugh thinks——" But at that moment the door was opened and Sir Hugh came in.

"What does Sir Hugh think?" said he.

"We were speaking of Lord Ongar," said Harry, sitting up and shaking hands with his cousin.

"Then, Harry, you were speaking on a subject that I would rather not have discussed in this house. Do you understand that, Hermione? I will have no talking about Lord Ongar or his wife. We know very little, and what we hear is simply uncomfortable. Will you dine here to-day, Harry?"

"Thank you, no; I have only just come home."

"And I am just going away. That is, I go to-morrow. I cannot stand this place. I think it the dullest neighborhood in all England, and the most gloomy house I ever saw. Hermione likes it."

To this last assertion Lady Clavering expressed no assent; nor did she venture to contradict him.

CHAPTER V.

LADY ONGAR'S RETURN.

BUT Sir Hugh did not get away from Clavering Park on the next morning, as he had intended. There came to him that same afternoon a message by telegraph, to say that Lord Ongar was dead. He had died at Florence on the afternoon of Christmas-day, and Lady Ongar had expressed her intention of coming at once to England.

"Why the devil doesn't she stay where she is?" said Sir Hugh, to his wife. "People would forget her there, and in twelve months time the row would be all over."

"Perhaps she does not want to be forgotten," said Lady Clavering.

"Then she should want it. I don't care whether she has been guilty or not.

When a woman gets her name into such a mess as that, she should keep in the background."

"I think you are unjust to her, Hugh."

"Of course you do. You don't suppose that I expect anything else. But if you mean to tell me that there would have been all this row if she had been decently prudent, I tell you that you're mistaken."

Only think what a man he was."

She knew that when she took him, and should have borne with him while he lasted. A woman isn't to have seven thousand a year for nothing."

"But you forget that not a syllable has been proved against her, or been attempted to be proved. She has never left him, and now she has been with him in his last moments. I don't think you ought to be the first to turn against her."

"If she would remain abroad, I would do the best I could for her. She chooses to return home; and as I think she's wrong, I won't have her here—that's all. You don't suppose that I go about the world accusing her?"

"I think you might do something to fight her battle for her."

"I will do nothing—unless she takes my advice and remains abroad. You must write to her now, and you will tell her what I say. It's an infernal bore, his dying at this moment; but I suppose people won't expect that I'm to shut myself up."

For one day only did the baronet shut himself up, and on the following he went whither he had before intended.

Lady Clavering thought it proper to write a line to the rectory, informing the family there that Lord Ongar was no more. This she did in a note to Mrs. Clavering; and when it was received, there came over the faces of them all that lugubrious look, which is, as a matter of course, assumed by decorous people when tidings come of the death of any one who has been known to them, even in the most distant way. With the exception of Harry, all the rectory Claverings had been introduced to Lord Ongar, and were now bound to express something approaching to sorrow. Will any one dare to call this hypocrisy? If it be so called, who in the world is not a hypocrite? Where is the man or woman who has not a special face for sorrow before company? The man or woman who has no such face, would at once be accused of heartless impropriety.

"It is very sad," said Mrs. Clavering; "only think, it is but little more than a year since you married them!"

"And twelve such months as they have been for her!" said the Rector, shaking his head. His face was very lugubrious, for though as a parson he was essentially a kindly, easy man, to whom humbug was odious, and who dealt little in the austerities of clerical denunciation, still he had his face of pulpit sorrow for the sins of the people—what I may perhaps call his clerical knack of gentle condemnation—and could therefore assume a solemn look, and a little saddened motion of his head, with more ease than people who are not often called upon for such action.

"Poor woman!" said Fanny, thinking of the woman's married sorrows, and her early widowhood.

"Poor man!" said Mary, shuddering as she thought of the husband's fate.

"I hope," said Harry, almost sententiously, "that no one in this house will condemn her upon such mere rumors as have been heard."

"Why should any one in this house condemn her," said the Rector, "even

if there were more than rumors? My dears, judge not, lest ye be judged. As regards her, we are bound by close ties not to speak ill of her—or even to think ill, unless we cannot avoid it. As far as I know, we have not even any reason for thinking ill.” Then he went out, changed the tone of his countenance among the rectory stables, and lit his cigar.

Three days after that, a second note was brought down from the great house to the rectory, and this was from Lady Clavering to Harry. “Dear Harry,” ran the note—“Could you find time to come up to me this morning? Sir Hugh has gone to North Priory. Ever yours, H. C.” Harry, of course, went, and as he went, he wondered how Sir Hugh could have had the heart to go to North Priory at such a moment. North Priory was a hunting seat some thirty miles from Clavering, belonging to a great nobleman with whom Sir Hugh much consorted. Harry was grieved that his cousin had not resisted the temptation of going at such a time, but he was quick enough to perceive that Lady Clavering alluded to the absence of her lord as a reason why Harry might pay his visit to the house with satisfaction.

“I’m so much obliged to you for coming,” said Lady Clavering. “I want to know if you can do something for me.” As she spoke, she had a paper in her hand which he immediately perceived to be a letter from Italy.

“I’ll do anything I can, of course, Lady Clavering.”

“But I must tell you, that I hardly know whether I ought to ask you. I’m doing what would make Hugh very angry. But he is so unreasonable and so cruel about Julia. He condemns her simply because, as he says, there is no smoke without fire. That is such a cruel thing to say about a woman; is it not?”

Harry thought that it was a cruel thing, but as he did not wish to speak evil of Sir Hugh before Lady Clavering, he held his tongue.

“When we got the first news by telegraph, Julia said that she intended to come home at once. Hugh thinks that she should remain abroad for some time, and indeed I am not sure but that would be best. At any rate, he made me write to her, and advise her to stay. He declared that if she came at once he would do nothing for her. The truth is, he does not want to have her here, for if she were again in the house he would have to take her part, if ill-natured things were said.”

“That’s cowardly,” said Harry, stoutly.

“Don’t say that, Harry, till you have heard it all. If he believes these things, he is right not to wish to meddle. He is very hard, and always believes evil. But he is not a coward. If she were here, living with him as my sister, he would take her part, whatever he might himself think.”

“But why should he think ill of his own sister-in-law? I have never thought ill of her.”

“You loved her, and he never did; though I think he liked her too, in his way. But that’s what he told me to do, and I did it. I wrote to her, advising her to remain at Florence till the warm weather comes, saying that, as she could not specially wish to be in London for the season, I thought she would be more comfortable there than here; and then I added that Hugh also advised her to stay. Of course I did not say that he would not have her here—but that was his threat.”

“She is not likely to press herself where she is not wanted.”

“No—and she will not forget her rank and her money; for that must now be hers. Julia can be quite as hard and as stubborn as he can. But I did

write as I say, and I think that if she had got my letter before she had written herself, she would perhaps have stayed. But here is a letter from her, declaring that she will come at once. She will be starting almost as soon as my letter gets there, and I am sure she will not alter her purpose now."

"I don't see why she should not come if she likes it."

"Only that she might be more comfortable there. But read what she says. You need not read the first part. Not that there is any secret; but it is about him and his last moments, and it would only pain you."

Harry longed to read the whole, but he did as he was bid, and began the letter at the spot which Lady Clavering marked for him with her finger. "I have to start on the third, and as I shall stay nowhere except to sleep at Turin and Paris, I shall be home by the eighth—I think on the evening of the eighth. I shall bring only my own maid, and one of his men who desires to come back with me. I wish to have apartments taken for me in London. I suppose Hugh will do as much as this for me?"

"I am quite sure Hugh won't," said Lady Clavering, who was watching his eye as he read.

Harry said nothing, but went on reading. "I shall only want two sitting-rooms and two bedrooms—one for myself and one for Clara—and should like to have them somewhere near Piccadilly—in Clarges street, or about there. You can write me a line, or send me a message to the Hotel Bristol, at Paris. If anything fails, so that I should not hear, I shall go to the Palace Hotel; and, in that case, should telegraph for rooms from Paris."

"Is that all I'm to read?" Harry asked.

"You can go on and see what she says as to her reason for coming." So Harry went on reading. "I have suffered much, and of course I know that I must suffer more; but I am determined that I will face the worst of it at once. It has been hinted to me that an attempt will be made to interfere with the settlement——" "Who can have hinted that?" said Harry. Lady Clavering suspected who might have done so, but she made no answer. "I can hardly think it possible; but, if it is done, I will not be out of the way. I have done my duty as best I could, and have done it under circumstances that I may truly say were terrible; and I will go on doing it. No one shall say that I am ashamed to show my face and claim my own. You will be surprised when you see me. I have aged so much;——"

"You need not go on," said Lady Clavering. "The rest is about nothing that signifies."

Then Harry refolded the letter and gave it back to his companion.

"Sir Hugh is gone, and therefore I could not show him that in time to do anything; but if I were to do so, he would simply do nothing, and let her go to the hotel in London. Now that would be unkind—would it not?"

"Very unkind, I think."

"It would seem so cold to her on her return."

"Very cold. Will you not go and meet her?"

Lady Clavering blushed as she answered. Though Sir Hugh was a tyrant to his wife, and known to be such, and though she knew that this was known, she had never said that it was so to any of the Claverings; but now she was driven to confess it. "He would not let me go, Harry. I could not go without telling him, and if I told him he would forbid it."

"And she is to be all alone in London, without any friend?"

"I shall go to her as soon as he will let me. I don't think he will forbid

my going to her, perhaps, after a day or two; but I know he would not let me go on purpose to meet her."

"It does seem hard."

"But about the apartments, Harry? I thought that perhaps you would see about them. After all that has passed, I could not have asked you, only that now, as you are engaged yourself, it is nearly the same as though you were married. I would ask Archibald, only then there would be a fuss between Archibald and Hugh; and somehow I look on you more as a brother-in-law than I do Archibald."

"Is Archie in London?"

"His address is at his club, but I dare say he is at North Priory also. At any rate, I shall say nothing to him."

"I was thinking he might have met her."

"Julia never liked him. And, indeed, I don't think she will care so much about being met. She was always independent in that way, and would go over the world alone better than many men. But couldn't you run up and manage about the apartments? A woman coming home as a widow, and in her position, feels a hotel to be so public."

"I will see about the apartments."

"I knew you would. And there will be time for you to send to me, so that I can write to Paris, will there not? There is more than a week, you know."

But Henry did not wish to go to London on this business immediately. He had made up his mind that he would not only take the rooms, but that he would also meet Lady Ongar at the station. He said nothing of this to Lady Clavering, as, perhaps, she might not approve; but such was his intention. He was wrong, no doubt. A man in such cases should do what he is asked to do, and do no more. But he repeated to himself the excuse that Lady Clavering had made—namely, that he was already the same as a married man, and that, therefore, no harm could come of his courtesy to his cousin's wife's sister. But he did not wish to make two journeys to London, nor did he desire to be away for a full week out of his holidays. Lady Clavering could not press him to go at once, and, therefore, it was settled as he proposed. She would write to Paris immediately, and he would go up to London after three or four days. "If we only knew of any apartment, we could write," said Lady Clavering. "You could not know that they were comfortable," said Harry; "and you will find that I will do it in plenty of time." Then he took his leave; but Lady Clavering had still one other word to say to him. "You had better not say anything about all this at the rectory, had you?" Harry, without considering much about it, said that he would not mention it.

Then he went away and walked again about the park, thinking of it all. He had not seen her since he had walked round the park, in his misery, after parting with her in the garden. How much had happened since then! She had been married in her glory, had become a countess, and then a widow, and was now returning with a tarnished name, almost repudiated by those who had been her dearest friends; but with rank and fortune at her command—and again a free woman. He could not but think what might have been his chance were it not for Florence Burton! But much had happened to him also. He had almost perished in his misery—so he told himself—but had once more "tricked his beams"—that was his expression to himself—and was now "flaming in the forehead" of a glorious love. And even if there had been no such love, would a widowed countess with a damaged name have suited his

ambition, simply because she had the rich dower of the poor wretch to whom she had sold herself? No, indeed. There could be no question of renewed vows between them now; there could have been no such question even had there been no "glorious love," which had accrued to him almost as his normal privilege, in right of his pupilage in Mr. Burton's office. No; there could be, there could have been, nothing now between him and the widowed Countess of Ongar. But, nevertheless, he liked the idea of meeting her in London. He felt some triumph in the thought that he should be the first to touch her hand on her return after all that she had suffered. He would be very courteous to her, and would spare no trouble that would give her any ease. As for her rooms, he would see to everything of which he could think that might add to her comfort; and a wish crept upon him, uninvited, that she might be conscious of what he had done for her.

Would she be aware, he wondered, that he was engaged? Lady Clavering had known it for the last three months, and would probably have mentioned the circumstance in a letter. But perhaps not. The sisters, he knew, had not been good correspondents; and he almost wished that she might not know it. "I should not care to be talking to her about Florence," he said to himself.

It was very strange that they should come to meet in such a way, after all that had passed between them in former days. Would it occur to her that he was the only man she had ever loved? for, of course, as he well knew, she had never loved her husband. Or would she now be too callous to everything but the outer world to think at all of such a subject? She had said that she was aged, and he could well believe it. Then he pictured her to himself in her weeds, worn, sad, thin, but still proud and handsome. He had told Florence of his early love for the woman whom Lord Ongar had married, and had described with rapture his joy that that early passion had come to nothing. Now he would have to tell Florence of this meeting; and he thought of the comparison he would make between her bright young charms and the shipwrecked beauty of the widow. On the whole, he was proud that he had been selected for the commission, as he liked to think of himself as one to whom things happened which were out of the ordinary course. His only objection to Florence was that she had come to him so much in the ordinary course.

"I suppose the truth is, you are tired of our dullness," said his father to him, when he declared his purpose of going up to London, and, in answer to certain questions that were asked him, had hesitated to tell his business.

"Indeed, it is not so," said Harry, earnestly; "but I have a commission to execute for a certain person, and I cannot explain what it is."

"Another secret—eh, Harry?"

"I am very sorry—but it is a secret. It is not one of my own seeking; that is all I can say." His mother and sisters also asked him a question or two; but when he became mysterious they did not persevere. "Of course it is something about Florence," said Fanny. "I'll be bound he is going to meet her. What will you bet me, Harry, you don't go to the play with Florence before you come home?" To this Henry deigned no answer; and after that no more questions were asked.

He went up to London and took rooms in Bolton street. There was a pretty fresh-looking light drawing-room, or, indeed, two drawing-rooms, and a small dining-room, and a large bedroom looking over upon the trees of some great nobleman's garden. As Harry stood at the window it seemed so odd to him that he should be there. And he was busy about everything in the chamber.

seeing that all things were clean and well ordered. Was the woman of the house sure of her cook? Sure; of course she was sure. Had not old Lady Dimdaff lived there for two years, and nobody ever was so particular about her victuals as Lady Dimdaff. "And would Lady Ongar keep her own carriage?" As to this Harry could say nothing. Then came the question of price, and Harry found his commission very difficult. The sum asked seemed to be enormous. "Seven guineas a week at that time of the year!" Lady Dimdaff had always paid seven guineas. "But that was in the season," suggested Harry. To this the woman replied that it was the season now. Harry felt that he did not like to drive a bargain for the Countess, who would probably care very little what she paid, and therefore assented. But a guinea a day for lodgings did seem a great deal of money. He was prepared to marry and commence housekeeping upon a less sum for all his expenses. However, he had done his commission, had written to Lady Clavering, and had telegraphed to Paris. He had almost brought himself to write to Lady Ongar, but when the moment came he abstained. He had sent the telegram as from H. Clavering. She might think that it came from Hugh, if she pleased.

He was unable not to attend specially to his dress when he went to meet her at the Victoria Station. He told himself that he was an ass—but still he went on being an ass. During the whole afternoon he could do nothing but think of what he had in hand. He was to tell Florence everything, but had Florence known the actual state of his mind, I doubt whether she would have been satisfied with him. The train was due at 8 p. m. He dined at the Oxford and Cambridge Club at six, and then went to his lodgings to take one last look at his outer man. The evening was very fine, but he went down to the station in a cab, because he would not meet Lady Ongar in soiled boots. He told himself again that he was an ass; and then tried to console himself by thinking that such an occasion as this seldom happened once to any man—could hardly happen more than once to any man. He had hired a carriage for her, not thinking it fit that Lady Ongar should be taken to her new home in a cab; and when he was at the station, half an hour before the proper time, was very fidgety because it had not come. Ten minutes before eight he might have been seen standing at the entrance to the station looking out anxiously for the vehicle. The man was there, of course, in time, but Harry made himself angry because he could not get the carriage so placed that Lady Ongar might be sure of stepping into it without leaving the platform. Punctually to the moment the coming train announced itself by its whistle, and Harry Clavering felt himself to be in a flutter.

The train came up along the platform, and Harry stood there expecting to see Julia Brabazon's head projected from the first window that caught his eye. It was of Julia Brabazon's head, and not of Lady Ongar's, that he was thinking. But he saw no sign of her presence while the carriages were coming to a stand-still, and the platform was covered with passengers before he discovered her whom he was seeking. At last he encountered in the crowd a man in livery, and found from him that he was Lady Ongar's servant. "I have come to meet Lady Ongar," said Harry, "and have got a carriage for her." Then the servant found his mistress, and Harry offered his hand to a tall woman in black. She wore a black straw hat with a veil, but the veil was so thick that Harry could not at all see her face.

"Is that Mr. Clavering?" said she.

"Yes," said Harry, "it is I. Your sister asked me to take rooms for you,

and as I was in town I thought I might as well meet you to see if you wanted anything. Can I get the luggage?"

"Thank you; the man will do that. He knows where the things are."

"I ordered a carriage; shall I show him where it is? Perhaps you will let me take you to it? They are so stupid here. They would not let me bring it up."

"It will do very well I'm sure. It's very kind of you. The rooms are in Bolton street. I have the number here. Oh! thank you." But she would not take his arm. So he led the way, and stood at the door while she got into the carriage with her maid. "I'd better show the man where you are now." This he did, and afterward shook hands with her through the carriage window. This was all he saw of her, and the words which have been repeated were all that were spoken. Of her face he had not caught a glimpse.

As he went home to his lodgings he was conscious that the interview had not been satisfactory. He could not say what more he wanted, but he felt that there was something amiss. He consoled himself, however, by reminding himself that Florence Burton was the girl whom he had really loved, and not Julia Brabazon. Lady Ongar had given him no invitation to come and see her, and therefore he determined that he would return home on the following day without going near Bolton street. He had pictured to himself beforehand the sort of description he would give to Lady Clavering of her sister; but, seeing how things had turned out, he made up his mind that he would say nothing of the meeting. Indeed, he would not go up to the great house at all. He had done Lady Clavering's commission, at some little trouble and expense to himself, and there should be an end of it. Lady Ongar would not mention that she had seen him. He doubted, indeed, whether she would remember whom she had seen. For any good that he had done, or for any sentiment that there had been, his cousin Hugh's butler might as well have gone to the train. In this mood he returned home, consoling himself with the fitness of things which had given him Florence Burton instead of Julia Brabazon for a wife.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. SAMUEL SAUL.

DURING Harry's absence in London, a circumstance had occurred at the rectory which had surprised some of them and annoyed others a good deal. Mr. Saul, the curate, had made an offer to Fanny. The Rector and Fanny declared themselves to be both surprised and annoyed. That the Rector was in truth troubled by the thing was very evident. Mrs. Clavering said that she had almost suspected it—that she was at any rate not surprised; as to the offer itself, of course she was sorry that it should have been made, as it could not suit Fanny to accept it. Mary was surprised, as she had thought Mr. Saul to be wholly intent on other things; but she could not see any reason why the offer should be regarded as being on his part unreasonable.

"How can you say so, mamma?" Such had been Fanny's indignant exclamation when Mrs. Clavering had hinted that Mr. Saul's proceeding had been expected by her.

"Simply because I saw that he liked you, my dear. Men under such circumstances have different ways of showing their liking."

Fanny, who had seen all of Mary's love affair from the beginning to the end, and who had watched the Reverend Edward Fielding in all his very conspicuous manœuvres, would not agree to this. Edward Fielding from the first moment of his intimate acquaintance with Mary had left no doubt of his intentions on the mind of any one. He had talked to Mary and walked with Mary whenever he was allowed or found it possible to do so. When driven to talk to Fanny, he had always talked about Mary. He had been a lover of the good, old, plainspoken stamp, about whom there had been no mistake. From the first moment of his coming much about Clavering Rectory the only question had been about his income. "I don't think Mr. Saul ever said a word to me except about the poor people and the church services," said Fanny. "That was merely his way," said Mrs. Clavering. "Then he must be a goose," said Fanny. "I am very sorry if I have made him unhappy, but he had no business to come to me in that way."

"I suppose I shall have to look for another curate," said the Rector. But this was said in private to his wife.

"I don't see that at all," said Mrs. Clavering. "With many men it would be so; but I think you will find that he will take an answer, and that there will be an end of it."

Fanny, perhaps, had a right to be indignant, for certainly Mr. Saul had given her no fair warning of his intention. Mary had for some months been intent rather on Mr. Fielding's church matters than on those going on in her own parish, and therefore there had been nothing singular in the fact that Mr. Saul had said more on such matters to Fanny than to her sister. Fanny was eager and active, and as Mr. Saul was very eager and very active, it was natural that they should have had some interests in common. But there had been no private walkings, and no talkings that could properly be called private. There was a certain book which Fanny kept, containing the names of all the poor people in the parish, to which Mr. Saul had access equally with herself; but its contents were of a most prosaic nature, and when she had sat over it in the rectory drawing-room, with Mr. Saul by her side, striving to extract more than twelve pennies out of charity shillings, she had never thought that it would lead to a declaration of love.

He had never called her Fanny in his life—not up to the moment when she declined the honor of becoming Mrs. Saul. The offer itself was made in this wise. She had been at the house of old Widow Tubb, half-way between Cumberly Green and the little village of Clavering, striving to make that rheumatic old woman believe that she had not been cheated by a general conspiracy of the parish in the matter of a distribution of coal, when, just as she was about to leave the cottage, Mr. Saul came up. It was then past four, and the evening was becoming dark, and there was, moreover, a slight drizzle of rain. It was not a tempting evening for a walk of a mile and a half through a very dirty lane; but Fanny Clavering did not care much for such things, and was just stepping out into the mud and moisture, with her dress well looped up, when Mr. Saul accosted her.

"I'm afraid you'll be very wet, Miss Clavering."

"That will be better than going without my cup of tea, Mr. Saul, which I should have to do if I stayed any longer with Mrs. Tubb. And I have got an umbrella."

"But it is so dark and dirty," said he.

"I'm used to that, as you ought to know."

"Yes; I do know it," said he, walking on with her. "I do know that nothing ever turns you away from the good work."

There was something in the tone of his voice which Fanny did not like. He had never complimented her before. They had been very intimate, and had often scolded each other. Fanny would accuse him of exacting too much from the people, and he would retort upon her that she coddled them. Fanny would often decline to obey him, and he would make angry hints as to his clerical authority. In this way they had worked together pleasantly, without any of the awkwardness which on other terms would have arisen between a young man and a young woman. But now that he began to praise her with some peculiar intension of meaning in his tone, she was confounded. She had made no immediate answer to him, but walked on rapidly through the mud and slush.

"You are very constant," said he; "I have not been two years at Clavering without finding that out." It was becoming worse and worse. It was not so much his words which provoked her as the tone in which they were uttered. And yet she had not the slightest idea of what was coming. If, thoroughly admiring her devotion and mistaken as to her character, he were to ask her to become a Protestant nun, or suggest to her that she should leave her home and go as nurse into a hospital, then there would have occurred the sort of folly of which she believed him to be capable. Of the folly which he now committed, she had not believed him to be capable.

It had come on to rain hard, and she held her umbrella low over her head. He also was walking with an open umbrella in his hand, so that they were not very close to each other. Fanny, as she stepped on impetuously, put her foot into the depth of a pool, and splashed herself thoroughly.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said she; "this is very disagreeable."

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I have been looking for an opportunity to speak to you, and I do not know when I may find another so suitable as this." She still believed that some proposition was to be made to her which would be disagreeable, and perhaps impertinent; but it never occurred to her that Mr. Saul was in want of a wife.

"Doesn't it rain too hard for talking?" she said.

"As I have begun, I must go on with it now," he replied, raising his voice a little, as though it were necessary that he should do so to make her hear him through the rain and darkness. She moved a little further away from him with unthinking irritation; but still he went on with his purpose. "Miss Clavering, I know that I am ill-suited to play the part of a lover; very ill-suited." Then she gave a start and again splashed herself sadly. "I have never read how it is done in books, and have not allowed my imagination to dwell much on such things."

"Mr. Saul, don't go on; pray don't." Now she did understand what was coming.

"Yes, Miss Clavering, I must go on now; but not on that account would I press you to give me an answer to-day. I have learned to love you, and, if you can love me in return, I will take you by the hand, and you shall be my wife. I have found that in you which I have been unable not to love—not to covet that I may bind it to myself as my own forever. Will you think of this, and give me an answer when you have considered it fully?"

He had not spoken altogether amiss, and Fanny, though she was very angry with him, was conscious of this. The time he had chosen might not be con-

sidered suitable for a declaration of love, nor the place; but, having chosen them, he had, perhaps, made the best of them. There had been no hesitation in his voice, and his words had been perfectly audible.

"Oh, Mr. Saul, of course I can assure you at once," said Fanny. "There need not be any consideration. I really have never thought ——" Fanny, who knew her own mind on the matter thoroughly, was hardly able to express herself plainly and without incivility. As soon as that phrase "of course" had passed her lips, she felt that it should not have been spoken. There was no need that she should insult him by telling him that such a proposition from him could have but one answer.

"No, Miss Clavering; I know you have never thought of it, and therefore it would be well that you should take time. I have not been able to make manifest to you by little signs, as men do who are less awkward, all the love that I have felt for you. Indeed, could I have done so, I should still have hesitated till I had thoroughly resolved that I might be better with a wife than without one, and had resolved also, as far as that might be possible for me, that you also would be better with a husband."

"Mr. Saul, really that should be for me to think of."

"And for me also. Can any man offer to marry a woman—to bind a woman for life to certain duties, and to so close an obligation, without thinking whether such bonds would be good for her as well as for himself? Of course, you must think for yourself—and so have I thought for you. You should think for yourself, and you should think also for me."

Fanny was quite aware that, as regarded herself, the matter was one which required no more thinking. Mr. Saul was not a man with whom she could bring herself to be in love. She had her own ideas as to what was loveable in men, and the eager curate, splashing through the rain by her side, by no means came up to her standard of excellence. She was unconsciously aware that he had altogether mistaken her character, and given her credit for more abnegation of the world than she pretended to possess, or was desirous of possessing. Fanny Clavering was in no hurry to get married. I do not know that she had even made up her mind that marriage would be a good thing for her; but she had an untroubled conviction that, if she did marry, her husband should have a house and an income. She had no reliance on her own power of living on a potato, and with one new dress every year. A comfortable home, with nice, comfortable things around her, ease in money matters and elegance in life, were charms with which she had not quarrelled, and, though she did not wish to be hard upon Mr. Saul on account of his mistake, she did feel that in making his proposition he had blundered. Because she chose to do her duty as a parish clergyman's daughter, he thought himself entitled to regard her as a *devotée*, who would be willing to resign everything to become the wife of a clergyman, who was active, indeed, but who had not one shilling of income beyond his curacy. "Mr. Saul," she said, "I can assure you I need take no time for further thinking. It cannot be as you would have it."

"Perhaps I have been abrupt. Indeed, I feel that it is so, though I did not know how to avoid it."

"It would have made no difference. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Saul, nothing of that kind could have made a difference."

"Will you grant me this—that I may speak to you again on the same subject after six months?"

“It cannot do any good.”

“It will do this good—that for so much time you will have had the idea before you.” Fanny thought that she would have Mr. Saul himself before her, and that that would be enough. Mr. Saul, with his rusty clothes and his thick, dirty shoes, and his weak, blinking eyes, and his mind always set upon the one wish of his life, could not be made to present himself to her in the guise of a lover. He was one of those men of whom women become very fond with the fondness of friendship, but from whom young women seem to be as far removed in the way of love as though they belonged to some other species. “I will not press you further,” said he, “as I gather by your tone that it distresses you.”

“I am so sorry if I distress you, but really, Mr. Saul, I could give you—I never could give you any other answer.”

Then they walked on silently through the rain—silently, without a single word—for more than half a mile, till they reached the rectory gate. Here it was necessary that they should, at any rate, speak to each other, and for the last three hundred yards Fanny had been trying to find the words which would be suitable. But he was the first to break the silence. “Good-night, Miss Clavering,” he said, stopping and putting out his hand.

“Good-night, Mr. Saul.”

“I hope that there may be no difference in our bearing to each other, because of what I have to-day said to you?”

“Not on my part—that is, if you will forget it.”

“No, Miss Clavering; I shall not forget it. If it had been a thing to be forgotten, I should not have spoken. I certainly shall not forget it.”

“You know what I mean, Mr. Saul.”

“I shall not forget it even in the way that you mean. But still I think you need not fear me, because you know that I love you. I think I can promise that you need not withdraw yourself from me, because of what has passed. But you will tell your father and your mother, and of course will be guided by them. And now, good-night.” Then he went, and she was astonished at finding that he had had much the best of it in his manner of speaking and conducting himself. She had refused him very curtly, and he had borne it well. He had not been abashed, nor had he become sulky, nor had he tried to melt her by mention of his own misery. In truth, he had done it very well—only that he should have known better than to make any such attempt at all.

Mr. Saul had been right in one thing. Of course she told her mother, and of course her mother told her father. Before dinner that evening the whole affair was being debated in the family conclave. They all agreed that Fanny had had no alternative but to reject the proposition at once. That, indeed, was so thoroughly taken for granted, that the point was not discussed. But there came to be a difference between the Rector and Fanny on one side, and Mrs. Clavering and Mary on the other. “Upon my word,” said the Rector, “I think it was very impertinent.” Fanny would not have liked to use that word herself, but she loved her father for using it.

“I do not see that,” said Mrs. Clavering. “He could not know what Fanny’s views in life might be. Curates very often marry out of the houses of the clergymen with whom they are placed, and I do not see why Mr. Saul should be debarred from the privilege of trying.”

“If he had got to like Fanny what else was he to do?” said Mary.

"Oh, Mary, don't talk such nonsense," said Fanny. "Got to like! People shouldn't get to like people unless there's some reason for it."

"What on earth did he intend to live on?" demanded the Rector.

"Edward had nothing to live on, when you first allowed him to come here," said Mary.

"But Edward had prospects, and Saul, as far as I know, has none. He had given no one the slightest notice. If the man in the moon had come to Fanny I don't suppose she would have been more surprised."

"Not half so much, papa."

Then it was that Mrs. Clavering had declared that she was not surprised—that she had suspected it, and had almost made Fanny angry by saying so. When Harry came back two days afterward, the family news was imparted to him, and he immediately ranged himself on his father's side. "Upon my word I think that he ought to be forbidden the house," said Harry. "He has forgotten himself in making such a proposition."

"That's nonsense, Harry," said his mother. "If he can be comfortable coming here, there can be no reason why he should be uncomfortable. It would be an injustice to him to ask him to go, and a great trouble to your father to find another curate that would suit him so well." There could be no doubt whatever as to the latter proposition, and therefore it was quietly argued that Mr. Saul's fault, if there had been a fault, should be condoned. On the next day he came to the rectory, and they were all astonished at the ease with which he bore himself. It was not that he affected any special freedom of manner, or that he altogether avoided any change in his mode of speaking to them. A slight blush came upon his sallow face as he first spoke to Mrs. Clavering, and he hardly did more than say a single word to Fanny. But he carried himself as though conscious of what he had done, but in no degree ashamed of the doing it. The Rector's manner to him was stiff and formal; seeing which, Mrs. Clavering spoke to him gently, and with a smile. "I saw you were a little hard on him, and therefore I tried to make up for it," said she afterward. "You were quite right," said the husband. "You always are. But I wish he had not made such a fool of himself. It will never be the same thing with him again." Harry hardly spoke to Mr. Saul the first time he met him, all of which Mr. Saul understood perfectly.

"Clavering," he said to Harry, a day or two after this, "I hope there is to be no difference between you and me."

"Difference! I don't know what you mean by difference."

"We were good friends, and I hope that we are to remain so. No doubt you know what has taken place between me and your sister."

"Oh, yes; I have been told, of course."

"What I mean is, that I hope you are not going to quarrel with me on that account? What I did, is it not what you would have done in my position—only you would have done it successfully?"

"I think a fellow should have some income, you know."

"Can you say that you would have waited for income before you spoke of marriage?"

"I think it might have been better that you should have gone to my father."

"It may be that that is the rule in such things, but if so, I do not know it. Would she have liked that better?"

"Well; I can't say."

"You are engaged? Did you go to the young lady's family first?"

"I can't say I did; but I think I had given them some ground to expect it. I fancy they all knew what I was about. But it's over now, and I don't know that we need say anything more about it."

"Certainly not. Nothing can be said that would be of any use; but I do not think I have done anything that you should resent."

"Resent is a strong word. I don't resent it, or, at any rate, I won't; and there may be an end of it." After this, Harry was more gracious with Mr. Saul, having an idea that the curate had made some sort of apology for what he had done. But that, I fancy, was by no means Mr. Saul's view of the case. Had he offered to marry the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of the daughter of the Rector of Clavering, he would not have imagined that his doing so needed an apology.

The day after his return from London, Lady Clavering sent for Harry up to the House. "So you saw my sister in London?" she said.

"Yes," said Harry, blushing; "as I was in town, I thought that I might as well meet her. But, as you said, Lady Ongar is able to do without much assistance of that kind. I only just saw her."

"Julia took it so kindly of you; but she seems surprised that you did not come to her the following day. She thought you would have called."

"Oh, dear, no. I fancied that she would be too tired and too busy to wish to see any mere acquaintance."

"Ah, Harry, I see that she has angered you," said Lady Clavering; "otherwise you would not talk about mere acquaintance."

"Not in the least. Angered me! How could she anger me? What I meant was that at such a time she would probably wish to see no one but people on business—unless it was some one near to her, like yourself or Hugh."

"Hugh will not go to her."

"But you will do so; will you not?"

"Before long I will. You don't seem to understand, Harry—and, perhaps, it would be odd if you did—that I can't run up to town and back as I please. I ought not to tell you this, I dare say, but one feels as though one wanted to talk to some one about one's affairs. At the present moment, I have not the money to go—even if there was no other reason." These last words she said almost in a whisper, and then she looked up into the young man's face, to see what he thought of the communication she had made him.

"Oh, money!" he said. "You could soon get money. But I hope it won't be long before you go."

On the next morning but one, a letter came by the post for him from Lady Ongar. When he saw the handwriting, which he knew, his heart was at once in his mouth, and he hesitated to open his letter at the breakfast-table. He did open it and read it, but, in truth, he hardly understood it or digested it till he had taken it away with him up to his own room. The letter, which was very short, was as follows:

DEAR FRIEND:—I felt your kindness in coming to me at the station so much! the more, perhaps, because others, who owed me more kindness, have paid me less. Don't suppose that I allude to poor Hermione, for, in truth, I have no intention to complain of her. I thought, perhaps, you would have come to see me before you left London; but I suppose you were hurried. I hear from Clavering that you are to be up about your new profession in a day or two. Pray come and see me before you have been many days in London.

I shall have so much to say to you ! The rooms you have taken are everything that I wanted, and I am so grateful !

Yours ever,

J. O.

When Harry had read and had digested this, he became aware that he was again fluttered. "Poor creature!" he said to himself; "it is sad to think how much she is in want of a friend."

IN THE HAMMOCK.

How the stars shine out at sea !
 Swing me, Tita ! Faster, girl !
 I'm a hang-bird in her nest,
 All with scarlet blossoms drest,
 Swinging where the winds blow free.

Ah ! how white the moonlight falls.
 Catch my slipper ! there it goes,
 Where that single fire-fly shines,
 Tangled in the heavy vines,
 Creeping by the convent walls.

Ay de mi ! to be a nun !
 Juana takes the veil to-day,
 She hears mass behind a grate,
 While for me ten lovers wait
 At the door till mass is done.

Swing me, Tita ! Seven are tall,
 Two are crooked, rich, and old,
 But the other—he's too small ;
 Did you hear a pebble fall ?
 And his blue eyes are too cold.

If I were a little nun,
 When I heard that voice below,
 I should scale the convent wall ;
 I should follow at his call,
 Shuddering through the dreadful snow.

Tita ! Tita ! hold me still !
 Now the vesper bell is ringing,
 Bring me quick my beads and veil.
 Yes, I know my cheek is pale
 And my eyes shine—I've been swinging.

ROSE TERRY.

THE MARCH OF THE CHOLERA.

NOT the least remarkable fact in the history of the great rebellion, is the comparative immunity which our armies, and the population of the districts which were the scenes of active military operations, enjoyed from the epidemic diseases engendered by war. It is true that the malarial influences incident to certain localities have increased, to a greater or less extent, the sickness and death rates in our armies, but none of those fearful epidemic maladies which depend upon specific miasms generated in large bodies of men, under bad hygienic management and defective sanitary police, such as typhus, typhoid fevers and malignant dysentery, have produced anything like the havoc which has been repeatedly observed in European armies from these diseases. But while the Nation is congratulating itself upon its escape from the epidemics which commit such ravages in the wake of war, it is startled by the approach of a pestilence, bred upon a distant soil, and marching with resistless energy through Europe and across the sea to this Western Continent. While indulging in the happy security of peace at home and abroad, we are suddenly thrown into anxiety and alarm by a foreign complication, which, scarcely a year ago, no prophet could predict, and no diplomacy can now avert. Nothing in the shape of a foreign war could more excite the pulse of the Nation than the anticipated approach of the Cholera: "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The heart of commerce grows faint at the prospect of its paralyzing influence upon trade; capitalists tremble for the security of their investments; the terror it inspires usurps the place of reason, and panic deranges for a season the whole framework of society. Such have been the effects of previous visitations of this pestilence, and such will doubtless be the effects again, if we fail to heed the timely warning which Providence has given of its approach, and set our house in order for its coming.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and science has made this adage as true of epidemic diseases as it is of less insidious foes. One of the lessons which modern civilization is daily impressing upon us, and one which the sanitary history of our armies during the past five years has illustrated with great force is, that the choice between health and disease lies in a very large degree with ourselves. We do not mean that it is always possible for us to escape the tendencies to disease impressed upon us through hereditary influences or social evils, but, as science progresses, the hope dawns upon us that we may yet acquire such control over these sources of disease, as well as over epidemic maladies, as to mitigate their effects to an extent now hardly conceivable. This hope, which science makes reasonable, depends mainly for its fruition upon the practical results of scientific investigation being made popular and brought within the intelligence of the masses. Never does the necessity for this general knowledge of the laws which govern the origin and

progress of disease appear to be greater than in the presence of a fearful epidemic. Nothing certainly at this time can contribute more to control the ravages of the coming pestilence and allay public excitement, than to bring the present knowledge of its originating causes and the influences which diffuse it within the comprehension of the people.

Ever since the first occupation of India by Great Britain, Asiatic cholera has been recognized as an endemic disease in that country. As early as 1762 a malady more terrible than yellow fever is described as having appeared in the Bengalese Territory, destroying 30,000 natives and 800 Europeans in a short time. Again, we have very authentic and graphic accounts of the ravages committed by cholera in an English army corps at Gangam, on the Coromandel coast, in 1781. It is said that "men previously in perfect health dropped down by dozens, and even those less seriously affected were generally past recovery in less than an hour." It was not until 1816, however, that we have any reliable records of a widespread epidemic; then the cholera appeared in a most virulent form at Jessore, a crowded, filthy town in Bengal, and in numerous other places in the Delta of the Ganges. It is impossible to trace any regular progress in this first great migratory movement of the pestilence in India; its general direction, however, was westward. In 1823 it reached Astracan, the great eastern trading port of Russia, on the northern shore of the Caspian, menacing Europe for the first time. Here the progress of the pestilence was, for six years, mysteriously stayed. In July, 1830, however, the cholera broke out again in Astracan and Orenburg, and there marshalled its strength for its first great march around the world.

It is worthy of note here, that there was a singular immunity from the pestilence in the countries to the north and south of the parallel lines which the disease followed from Odessa and Moscow. Denmark escaped entirely, Norway and Finland were not visited until 1832, and Stockholm was the only place in Sweden that suffered from the epidemic. On the south, the southern provinces of the Austrian Empire, Bavaria, Franconia, Central and Southern Germany, the whole of Rhineland, from Cologne to Basle, as well as Savoy and the Rhone districts of France, were also spared by the pestilence. It is difficult to explain these facts, especially as intercourse was kept up between many of the exempted localities and those ravaged by the disease. The well-known protective influence of mountain ranges, the comparatively slow modes of communication in those days, and the great tide of trade and travel being from the east toward the west, are facts which furnish probably the true solution to these apparently mysterious phenomena in the march of cholera.

While the disease was travelling through Russia into the heart of Europe, it reached Egypt through Arabia, and passed thence to Constantinople and Smyrna. In the Autumn of 1831 it broke out at Sunderland, on the east coast of England, and in February, London and Edinburgh were attacked simultaneously. It traversed the Atlantic in June, and appeared about the same time in Quebec, Montreal and New York. During the Summer the progress of the pestilence in this country was very rapid, and marked by the same tendency to travel in the direction of the principal rivers and thoroughfares. In the Spring of 1833 the disease was very fatal in Havana and Mexico, making, in the case of the City of Mexico, an exception to its usual preference for alluvial districts. In the Summer of 1833, the cholera recrossed the Atlantic, and appeared for the first time in Lisbon. It languished in Portugal during the Winter months of 1833-'34, and in the Spring of 1834 broke out in Spain.

From Spain it took a north-easterly course, attacking Marseilles, Toulon, Nice and Genoa; thence extending into Lombardy by Coni and Turin; thence into Central Italy by Florence, and reaching Trieste in the Autumn of 1835, it passed on to complete its comet-like course in the Eastern countries, from which it had invaded Europe five years before. In 1834 the pestilential current again crossed the Atlantic from England to this country, and some places were attacked by the slighter epidemic of this year, which had entirely escaped that of 1832. There were occasional, and, in some instances, severe outbreaks of cholera both in Europe and in this country, until the Autumn of 1837. After 1837 the cholera was not heard of in Europe or America for ten years, though it continued to prevail as an endemic in India, its birthplace.

The second great migratory movement of cholera began, like the first, in the Delta of the Ganges. It is said to have had its origin, as recent investigations show that the first may have had, in a Mahometan pilgrimage. In July, 1848, there assembled at a place called Tantah, in the Delta, nearly 200,000 pilgrims, from all parts of Egypt and Syria, to celebrate the festival of a Mahometan saint. Immediately on the dispersion of this assemblage, the disease appeared at Alexandria and Cairo, and in the third week of August there were 300 cases daily in Cairo, and 130 in Alexandria. Before the pilgrims dispersed at Tantah, there were said to have been upward of 3,000 deaths from the malady. This epidemic swept over Europe with great rapidity, exhibiting far more malignant and diffusive energy than its predecessor. It reached our own shores in the Autumn of 1848, appearing almost simultaneously at New York and New Orleans. In the previous epidemic, the introduction of the disease was clearly traceable to emigrant ships which arrived at Quebec and New York about the same time, with cholera cases on board. The pestilence crossed the ocean in the same way in 1848. On the 2d of December, 1848, the ship *New York* arrived at Staten Island. She had sailed from Havre on the 9th of November, with French and German emigrants. All on board remained well until the 16th day, when cholera broke out. Before the vessel arrived at Quarantine ground, seven of the steerage passengers had died, and twelve sick were sent to the hospital on the Island. Immediately eight cases and five deaths occurred in the hospital, among persons who had had no communication with the vessel. A sharp frost seemed to arrest the further spread of the disease. A similar occurrence took place almost simultaneously at New Orleans. The ship *Swanton* arrived at that port with emigrants, about the same time. Thirteen passengers had died of cholera at sea. The day after the ship arrived, a woman, having decided cholera, was sent to the hospital on shore, and on the following day, a passenger on the same ship, who was landed in good health, was admitted to the hospital in a state of collapse. Other cases from the city were admitted the same day. In these latter it is said no communication with the ship could be traced. From this time the disease spread rapidly in the hospital and in the city, and from New Orleans it extended its course up the Mississippi river, attacking the towns on the banks, and reaching St. Louis and Chicago before it appeared in the cities on the Atlantic coast in the Spring. The same malignancy, and the same diffusive energy which characterized this second epidemic in Europe were observed in this country. It is also a notable fact that the disease did not disappear either from Europe or America for several years after its introduction in 1848, repeating in this respect the history of the previous visitation. The epidemic disappeared from this country in the Autumn of 1854, but continued to prevail

in some of the West India Islands, on the Northern coast of South America, and in many places in Europe during the years 1855 and 1856.

We find that both the great epidemics which invaded Europe were cradled in the Delta of the Ganges, and it is evident that the cholera is an endemic there, as the yellow fever is in the Antilles, and the plague in Egypt. Authentic accounts of its ravages are traced as far back as the occupation of the Indian Peninsula by Great Britain; there is little doubt, indeed, that the disease was known there for centuries before, and authorities are not wanting to show that it had found its way into Europe in the seventeenth century. It seems to have its origin always in the marshy jungles at the mouths of the great rivers, and to ripen into deadly power under the influence of the tropical sun and amid the reeking filth of an overcrowded, uncivilized and superstitious population. The efficient causes of the disease, whatever they may be, are periodically intensified and diffused in India by the assemblages at the religious festivals, which take place every few years among the devotees of Islam and Juggernaut. During these ceremonies, the people gather in immense crowds and subject themselves to the fatigues of exhausting journeys, ill clad, camping on the borders of stagnant streams, indulging in all the excesses of debauchery, and subsisting on the most loathsome and disgusting food. Is it surprising that an endemic poison should gather force and malignancy under such circumstances as these? or that the civilized world should suffer from the invasion of a pest, thus periodically bred upon its very borders, and finding ready means of transportation in the ever-increasing avenues of trade and travel? The report of the French Commission on the epidemic which less than a year ago appeared on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the short space of five months was anchored in our own harbor, proves that it originated with the pilgrims returning from the celebration of the festival of Kourban-Beiram, the feast of sacrifices at Mecca. The number of individuals of all ages and both sexes assembled from the various Mahometan countries to go through the consecrated ceremonies was estimated at 700,000, and the number of sheep and camels slaughtered, the offal of which was abandoned upon the ground, exceeded a million. "The pilgrims came to this festival," says a writer in a recent number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, "badly clothed, badly fed, many exhausted, and all fanatically ecstatic—to them death had no terrors, and this common earth no future. To die was to enter Paradise the earlier, the transition from life to death a mere dream, the prevention of death a curse rather than a blessing, and pain even an ecstasy. In years past this vast multitude has never assembled without being subjected to the ravages of some disease. How could such a catastrophe be avoided? They come together unprepared for all the exigencies and necessities of life. They have no encampment, no sufficiency of food or water, no latrine, no drain, no one ready or willing to bury their dead. Into such a host as this cast a speck of disease-producing matter that will reproduce disease, and the passively unwholesome living mass becomes actively poisonous. Unfortunately, too, it is a moveable pest, for of the hundreds of thousands attacked, few after all reach the goal they long for. Despite fanatical hope, the majority remain tied to the earth, and these, when the great celebration is over, dragging vast miles homeward as immortalized *Haji*, before whom common mortals must uncover, carry with them the germs of disease, and disseminate it wherever they go."

A feature common to the progress of the past epidemics of cholera is the general tendency of the pestilential current toward the west. This tendency

has been ascribed to the direction of prevailing winds; but the fact with regard to the influence of winds upon the progress of the cholera seems to be, that while under certain conditions the specific poison of the disease may be wafted by currents of air, it will also make its way in opposition to even the monsoon and trade winds. The only conclusion indeed that can be drawn from the irregular and erratic progress of the pestilence, as well as from its general tendency toward the west, is that it marches in the tracks of human intercourse. It follows the tide of traffic and travel. No other hypothesis can explain its apparent independence of parallels of latitude, its rapid passage of broad oceans, and its inevitable extension in the courses of great high-ways and navigable rivers.

Another fact deduced from the history of the past epidemics of cholera, and one which it is to be hoped may be keenly appreciated by publicsanitary authorities, is the great malignancy of the disease wherever masses of human beings are congregated, whether in armies or in the crowded tenements of large towns. This fact is sufficiently illustrated in the fearful mortality of the pestilence among the Mahometan pilgrims, in numerous instances in armies in India and Europe, and everywhere in the history of cholera in the large cities of the world. This observation, trite as it is, teaches really all that is practical in the management and control of cholera as an epidemic.

The history of the origin and progress of cholera naturally suggests the inquiry as to the efficient causes of the disease, and the means by which it is communicated, and conveyed from one locality to another. The ancient theories as to the atmospheric and telluric causes of cholera, that is, of its dependence upon peculiar electrical and thermometric conditions of the air, or upon poisonous emanations from the soil, are inconsistent with the geographical distribution of the pestilence, and are now for the most part abandoned. The pathologists of the present day generally agree in classifying cholera with those diseases which depend upon the introduction into the human system of specific poisons of animal or vegetable origin. It is true that none of these so-called specific poisons, such as we suppose to be the efficient causes of typhus, small pox, scarlet fever, and the like, have ever been isolated; they have never been detected by the microscope, nor successfully analyzed by chemistry; we are entirely ignorant of their nature, whether they are material or exist simply in the form of effluvia from putrescent animal and vegetable matter; and yet the fact of their existence, as demonstrated by their effects and the laws which govern their development and propagation, is as incontestable as that of electricity.

Many curious theories have been advanced to explain the nature of the cholera poison. In 1849, considerable excitement was produced in England by the supposed discovery by Drs. Brittain and Swayne, of Bristol, of the cause of cholera, in a minute fungous plant which they detected in various specimens of water used for drinking and culinary purposes, and corresponding with similar fungi found in cholera discharges. These supposed fungi, were afterward proved to be common varieties of water algæ by experienced microscopists, and the hypothesis based upon them was generally abandoned. Sir Henry Holland, in some very ingenious reflections on the cause of cholera, argues to prove the probable dependence of this and other epidemic diseases upon the diffusion through the atmosphere of myriads of microscopic animalculi. He alludes, in support of this theory, to the wonderful researches of Ehrenberg, in the kingdom of the Infusoria. Some of these infusorial animals are not more

than from a one-thousandth to a two-thousandth of a line in diameter, and a cubic inch of water may thus contain more than 800,000,000,000 of these beings, estimating them to occupy only one-quarter of its space; and a single drop (measuring not more than a line in diameter), placed under the microscope, will be seen to hold 500,000,000, an amount, perhaps, nearly equal to the whole number of human beings on the surface of our globe. If a single drop of water may thus swarm with life, what incalculable numbers of animalculi must be contained in every stagnant pool or lake and in the sea. These invisible infusoria, in consequence of their immense and swarming numbers, color large tracts of water, and give rise to one variety of phosphorescence of the sea. They compose in dense and crowded masses a sort of mould, a cubic inch of which may represent more than 40,000,000 of individual animals. It is true that these wonderful revelations in the microscopic world prove nothing of these animalculi as sources of disease; and yet, when we reflect that these minute animal organisms may be, as Professor Owen suggests, "nature's scavengers," it is not unreasonable to suppose that, under certain conditions, they may acquire poisonous properties, and thus be the means of producing and spreading disease among more highly organized beings. This animalcular theory of cholera becomes even more reasonable when we consider the facts which have been developed within the past twenty-five years by Kuchenmeister, Von Siebold, and others, in regard to parasitic diseases. It would seem from the results already obtained in this branch of science, as if no organized being was free from the depredations, in some form or another, of "trencher friends," and that there was more truth than fancy in the couplet of Hudibras:

"These fleas have other fleas to bite 'em,
And these fleas, fleas, *ad infinitum*."

Not less than thirty varieties of entozoa find hospitable quarters within the body of man, to say nothing of the more familiar parasites that prowl upon his surface. In addition to these, the skin and mucous membranes of the human subject furnish a genial soil for the growth of ten distinct species of fungous plants.

These parasites produce very distressing, and, in many instances, very fatal maladies—not only in the human species, but among the lower animals. It is said, for example, that an Entozöic disease has extended itself to such an alarming degree in Iceland, that one-sixth of the whole population is affected with it, and it causes 10,000 deaths annually. The wide diffusion of some of these diseases is due to the fact that many parasites are common to animals and men, and communicable from one species to another. It is worthy of notice, too, in this connection, that history furnishes numerous examples of periods of blight in the vegetable kingdom, associated with epizöotics among the lower animals, and with epidemics affecting the human family.

We have alluded to these facts concerning parasitic diseases, not with a view of supporting the theory that cholera is caused by an entozöon, for there is as yet no ground for such a supposition, but simply to show that there is nothing improbable in the animalcular theory of its origin. Its history certainly indicates that the disease depends upon some specific poison, and that this poison, being portable, must have a material nature; what this material poison is, animal or vegetable, there is every reason to hope will one day be determined.

The material nature of the cholera poison may be reasonably inferred from

the facts relating to its conveyance from one locality to another, and from the probable modes of its diffusion. The extension of the pestilence in the high-ways of trade and travel has already been noticed. We have seen that the second great epidemic was more widely diffused and more malignant than the first, and for the reason, doubtless, that the means for its rapid transportation were greatly multiplied. Steamships had taken the place of sailing vessels, and railways of slow-moving vehicles and caravans. The increased facilities of communication, the extension of commercial enterprise, and the overcrowding of towns and cities in the development of manufacturing interests, all conspire to accelerate the progress, and help the deadly work of cholera. These facts are all important in their bearing upon the question of preventing the introduction of the disease into Europe from its place of origin in the East. The French Government, with a sagacity which it always exhibits in matters relating to social science, has suggested the plan of a diplomatic conference on the subject of cholera, with the special object of considering this question. The inefficiency of Sanitary Cordons, when the cholera has once broken its Eastern bounds, has been repeatedly demonstrated both in Europe and this country—a perfect quarantine, in these days of free commercial intercourse, being almost impracticable under any circumstances—and in this country, with its extended lines of sea coast, probably impossible; and though it is desirable that the most stringent legislation should accomplish all that is feasible in this respect, we cannot place much reliance on its complete success. If, however, as appears from the report of the French Commission, the cholera is always brought into Europe by Mahometan pilgrims returning from Mecca, and if, as is doubtless the fact, the facilities for its importation are increased by the passage of these pilgrims in crowded and ill-ventilated steamships, the true places at which to establish Sanitary Cordons are the seaports from which the pilgrims embark and at which they arrive.

The received opinions as to the modes by which cholera is propagated, are based upon the theory that the disease depends upon a specific, material poison contained in the characteristic discharges of the disease. It is true that some authorities deny this theory, and base their objection to it on the failure of Namias to produce the disease, by inoculating the healthy with the discharges of the sick, and on the experiments of M. Foy and others, whose enthusiasm led them to taste the discharges, and who yet escaped infection. But the positive value of a few experiments of this kind is very little, compared with the repeatedly successful results of similar experiments on the lower animals, and the less direct but very cogent evidence of the same method of propagation among human beings. Dr. Budd, of Bristol, England, and the late Dr. Snow, of London, have accumulated a vast amount of evidence going to establish the fact that cholera is purely a disease of the stomach and bowels, and that this disease is always induced by the introduction into the stomach of a specific poison; that this poison is contained, exclusively, in the discharges of the sick, and that nothing is exhaled from the lungs or skin that can produce the malady; that this poison is not a gas or vapor, but a material substance, soluble in water or in a dried state, capable of being wafted a little way by currents of air, or transported in clothing long distances. Dr. Snow regarded water as the principal means of spreading the disease in communities. He demonstrated repeatedly the direct introduction of the choleraic poison into a locality, and its percolation through badly constructed cesspools and sewers into wells from which water was drawn for drinking and culinary

purposes. The most remarkable, perhaps, of these instances was in the famous Broad Street epidemic in London. He traced the source of the poison in this case to its introduction into a well through a defective drain; he removed the handle of a pump by which the poison was being dispensed to many hundreds of the population, and stopped the plague, as if by magic. The conveyance of the cholera poison in a dried state in clothing and merchandise has been repeatedly illustrated in the transportation of the disease in ships; and the probability of its being occasionally wafted for considerable distances through the air has been reasonably inferred from numerous facts in the history of the disease. In the Autumn of 1848, the disease appeared to be conveyed in this way to Staten Island from the ship *New York*, which arrived at Quarantine with the cholera on board. Another remarkable observation of this kind is recorded by Mr. Bostock, an English army surgeon in India. "One wing of a cavalry regiment, just arrived from England, and in high health, ascended the Ganges, from Calcutta, in boats, there being no cholera at the time in Calcutta. At a certain period of the voyage the troops arrived at a part of the country where cholera prevailed in the villages on the banks of the river, *but with which they did not communicate*. Here cases of cholera occurred in the boats; after a few days, when they had passed the limits of the existence of the disease on shore, it disappeared in the boats. What makes the case peculiarly conclusive is that the same experience was repeated a short time afterward with the other wing of the regiment—the disease appearing and disappearing as before at the same points."

It is unnecessary to describe the various modes in which a material morbid poison, almost infinitely multiplied probably in every case of the disease, may find its way into the alimentary canal. The fact that the cholera spreads most rapidly, and is most fatal among those who are careless about personal cleanliness, and who live in crowded, ill-ventilated and filthy dwellings, is sufficiently suggestive of the many ways in which the poison may be widely dispensed. Although the conditions associated with poverty and its concomitant evils are those which have been uniformly observed to favor the extension and fatality of cholera, it is proper to notice that certain states of the atmosphere are always found to give energy to the development and diffusion of the disease. Its geographical distribution shows that the pestilence may prevail within a considerable range of temperature, but it has been found in India, and in the history of the great epidemics everywhere, that an elevated temperature, with a moderate degree of moisture, presents the most favorable conditions for its rapid and fatal progress. The apparent anomaly in this respect observed in the history of the disease in Russia in the Winter season, is explained by the circumstance that the internal atmosphere of the Russian houses is kept at a very high temperature by means of stoves, and also by the fact that the water used during the Winter season is obtained in most cases from the melting of snow, which has been exposed to the reception of various excrementitious substances thrown out from the houses.

The question of the contagiousness of cholera is one about which there is, of course, much anxious inquiry. Unfortunately the proverbial disagreement of doctors finds no exception in the answers to this question. The different opinions result partly from the diversity of views regarding the cause of the disease, and partly from the different acceptations of the term *contagion*. If we accept the theory received by the best pathologists of the present day that the cholera depends upon a specific material virus which exists in the charac-

teristic evacuations of the disease, and being portable, is conveyed either through the medium of air, water or food into the alimentary canal, we shall easily arrive at the true interpretation of the term *contagion*, as applied to this malady. Contagion signifies strictly communication by contact—consequently a disease to be strictly contagious must be conveyed from the sick to the well by personal contact through the skin. Very few diseases are communicable in this way, and there is no evidence to show that cholera is one of them. But the specific poison of a disease may be breathed into the lungs, or swallowed with food or drink, and coming in *contact* with moist and very vascular mucous membranes may be readily absorbed and reproduce its effects. So in a larger sense all diseases depending upon a specific virus are contagious, so long as their peculiar poisons, which are reproduced in the sick, and are excreted in various ways from their bodies, can be brought into immediate contact with any living membrane, from which they can be absorbed. In some diseases, their contagious principles are exhaled from the lungs, in others they are excreted by the skin, and in others again they are passed with the discharges from the alimentary canal. In a few, it is probable that the specific virus is eliminated from the body in more than one of these ways. The true statement then in regard to the contagiousness of cholera, justified by the present state of knowledge, would seem to be this—that cholera is contagious, just as typhus, typhoid fever or small pox are contagious, that is, it depends upon a specific virus, which is multiplied either in or out of the body in the discharges, and is transmissible in the ways before mentioned. It is doubtless less contagious than the diseases just alluded to, for the reason that its poison is not exhaled with the breath, nor accumulated on the surface of the body; it probably resides wholly in the evacuations, and hence it is more capable of removal, and with ordinary hygienic care the risk of its communication to those about the sick can be almost surely avoided. From these considerations on the cause of contagion in cholera, it may be reasonably inferred that in a clean, well-ordered household, a single case of the disease need not excite anxiety or alarm for the safety of others, and if this be true of a household in which the laws of hygiene are observed the same might be made true of towns and cities.

The appointment of a new Health Commission, characterized by eminent scientific ability, and invested with most liberal executive powers, is at this time a source of sincere congratulation to the citizens of New York. This city, in its present condition, with its defective sewerage, crowded tenements, foul markets, and filthy streets, offers a most inviting field for the diffusion of cholera. It is true that the Commission has imposed upon it the worst of the herculean labors, but the task once completed, we may anticipate the future invasions of epidemic disease with comparative complacency. In no city in the world probably are the means for realizing the beneficial results of sanitary science greater than in New York. Its natural advantages for sewerage and thorough ventilation were never surpassed. All that is needed, is the scientific ability to teach, and the power to enforce, the laws of public and private hygiene.

THE ART OF DINING.

AS soon as born, the child cries for food, and the first care of the nurse is that its wants be promptly supplied. From the cradle to the grave, a large share of thought and attention is necessarily devoted to those bodily cravings which our daily food is meant to satisfy. How important then becomes that science which guides us in the proper preparation of our food; a science indispensable to our very existence, and hence the first we ought to acquire.

I call cookery a science, and such it is, in the application of principles to the preparation of food; in the use of spices; in the composition of sauces; in the mixtures for pastry, and in the compounding of the various mysteries of the *cuisine*. It is indeed the gastronomical branch of chemistry.

Cookery is an art as well as a science; an art whose principles are applied in the trussing of birds; in the shaping, garnishing, ornamenting and moulding of dishes and cakes. As an art, it transforms the table, with its unsightly collection of ill-arranged dishes, into an object beautiful to the eye, and brings satisfaction to other senses than that to which it is its especial mission to minister. It thus gratifies the taste, while it administers to the body.

Gastronomy is the opposite of gluttony. It does not seek to teach us the secret of the Roman Emperor who wished only to eat as much and as often as possible. It does not teach us what kind of food we can consume the most of, but what it is that best suits each individual constitution, and secures to it the highest degree of health. It is the application of mind to the selection and preparation of our food, and lifts us above the blind instincts of the lower animals.

It is a fact beyond question, that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are influenced in a large degree in their operations by those physical conditions which are dependent upon our food. And in its more direct and hardly less important bearing upon bodily comfort and beauty, the Science of Cookery rises to a dignity which has been too little understood and appreciated in America. Physiology proves that it is the contraction of the muscles that produces wrinkles; therefore, a person whose food is properly prepared will always appear younger and more beautiful than one who follows no scientific principles in his eating. Good food, properly prepared, will keep his muscles in order and elastic. Any one, male or female, young or old, starting with a good stomach can keep healthy and in good flesh with proper food; it is only necessary to select the kind required by the constitution, and prepare it judiciously. It is not what we eat that makes us fat, but what we digest. Bad food may bring a temporary bloatedness, but not the plumpness of good health.

I agree with the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson, as well as by a

celebrated New York clergyman, that good things have been made by the Creator for good people. America is better provided than any other country with the raw materials for food. Why, then, should not Americans make a proper use of the abundant means which Nature has placed at their disposal for health and enjoyment? Why do Americans content themselves with the poor living to which so many of them are accustomed? It is because born of yesterday, although we have rivalled the old world in many sciences and arts, we have so far paid no attention to the Art of Cookery. Few of us know what dishes are to be eaten first or last, and what reasons determine their selection. I will try to initiate the readers of *THE GALAXY* into the mysteries of Gastronomy, so far as they are applied to the preparation of a dinner, our principal and most substantial meal.

A well-cooked dinner is charming to the eye, delightful to the smell, and delicious to the taste. Besides supplying the waste of our system, it ministers, in its measure and place, to our intellectual and moral capacities, as I have before shown. Well-prepared food does not mean costly food; bear in mind that money alone cannot provide wholesome dishes. Three pounds of good beef, or of good mutton, properly cooked, are more palatable, digestible, and afford more nourishment than ten dollars' worth of either beef, mutton, poultry or game poorly prepared.

If a dinner is composed of but one dish, one is not long in determining the order of dishes, but if it is composed of two or more it is necessary to know which comes first. It is no uncertain rule that determines this, for the laws of Gastronomical Science are as precise in their application as those of any other science.

In order to allow the stomach to properly perform its hidden and wonderful work, it is necessary not only to give it the right materials, but to give them in due time and order. A dinner, no matter how grand it may be, for two, ten or one hundred persons, is composed of only seven kinds of dishes, viz :

Potage—Hors-d'œuvres—Relevés—Entrées—Rôtis, or Roast Pieces—Entremets and Dessert.

Potage is the gastronomical or modern name for soup. A potage is generally made with broth and bread, or Italian pastes, such as vermicelli and maccaroni, or vegetables, fruit, etc. Milk is also used in many potages.

Soup is the first dish served at dinner. Although as nutritious as any other, it is lighter, and very easy of digestion. It prepares the stomach for the heavier materials, by setting the salivary glands and gastric juice at work. Raw oysters are eaten first at breakfast, luncheon and supper for the same reason. Some connoisseurs eat oysters even at dinner and before the soup. This is against the rules of Gastronomy. After having eaten oysters, the soup, however good it may be, is not much relished; the taste of the one dish does not agree with that of the other. Those who eat oysters merely as an appetizer make a mistake, as the American oyster, instead of merely whetting the appetite, satisfies it.

The hors-d'œuvres are served after the soup, and are generally eaten while the relevés are carved. They are composed of small appetizing dishes, such as : Butter and radishes, anchovies, Bolóna sausage, pickled fruit, pickled fish, olives, sardines, etc.

The relevés are composed of fish and meat. At a family dinner, the relevé is almost always of fish. At a grand dinner, or at a dinner for several persons, both fish and meat are served as relevés. A fish served whole is a relevé, but

when served in pieces or slices, with a sauce or gravy, it is an entrée. The relevés of meat are the largest pieces served during the dinner; such as:

Braised, roasted, or à la mode beef; calf's head; shoulder, leg, or saddle of veal; pork; hams, boiled or roasted; fillet of beef; chickens or capons, with rice; lamb quarters: legs, shoulders, or saddles of mutton; meat pies; patés de foies gras; turkey, boiled or stuffed; venison, etc.

After the relevés, the entrées are served. They are composed of meat and fish. Entrées are the most difficult dishes to prepare. All the science and skill of the cook are necessary for their preparation. Nearly all the dishes of meat and fish served with sauces (either blondes or brunes) are entrées. The gastronome eats very little, if any, of the relevés; he reserves his appetite for the more delicate and tasty entrées.

Next comes the rôtis, or roast pieces, and the salads of greens. The salads are eaten with, or immediately after the rôtis. Roasted fish is also served, and is called the second rôti. The roast pieces of meat are almost always poultry and game. Poultry must be served first.

The entremets, which come next in order, are composed of vegetables, fish, sweet dishes, and large cakes. Fish served as entremets must be small, and fried; fish prepared in any other way is never served as entremets. By the sweet dishes are understood dishes made of vegetables, fruits, or eggs and sugar. Although the appetite is pretty much gone by the time the sweets are brought on, they are so enticing in appearance that we make an effort and taste them. Some go beyond tasting; so much the worse for them; they pay a high price for a momentary gratification.

Cheese comes first in order in the dessert. It has the property of taking away any taste that may have been left in the mouth by the food already taken, and therefore prepares the palate for the dainties of the dessert. Cheese is also very favorable to the tasting of wines, the latter being always more relished with cheese than with any other kind of food.

Ordinarily, but one kind of soup is partaken of, but this is not the case with the other kinds of dishes.

There is no order for the eating of hors-d'œuvres. Every one takes what he likes best.

Fish is eaten before meat as relevé.

The order of the different kinds of entrées (tastes and exceptions aside) is to commence with fish, then follow with butcher's meat and poultry, and game last. This rule holds good for the rôtis, except that the fish is last, instead of first.

Vegetables come first in the entremets; then the fried fish, sweet dishes, and, lastly, the cakes.

For the dessert there is no order. After the cheese, which is always eaten first, every one helps himself according to taste or fancy.

The gastronomical or hygienic rule to be observed in eating, it will be seen, is, therefore, after the soup and hors-d'œuvres, to commence with the heaviest or most substantial dishes, and to finish with the lightest.

The rule is just the opposite for wines. Here we must commence with the lightest, and end with those which contain the most alcohol, and are consequently the heaviest.

No kind of drink ought to be taken before eating. Drinking when the stomach is empty causes the evaporation of the gases, irritates the stomach, and is very often followed in the end by indigestion and dyspepsia. Imme-

diately after the soup, a little pure wine is taken. This must be what is called "vin de table" (table wine); that is, a good claret or German wine, not containing more alcohol than claret. The following are generally used :

Macon, Thorins, Rhine, Médoc, Côte St. Jacques, Beaune, Moulin-à-vent, St. Emilion.

After this, and while the hors-d'œuvres, relevés and entrées are dispatched, the beverage should be, invariably, one part of wine (the same as above) and three parts of water. We are perfectly aware that this rule is not always followed; but we are very sorry for those who depart from it—who, for a momentary gratification, spoil their appetite and stop digestion. It is known in physiology that alcohol causes the food to ferment in the stomach, and partly paralyzes the nervous system, and consequently stops the stomach in its hidden and wonderful work.

A glass of Madeira wine or a sorbet is taken just before eating the rôti. With the rôti and entremets, a superior and richer wine is served and drank, sometimes without water, but not by the gastronome, who drinks water and wine till he comes to the dessert. These wines are :

Pomard, Clos-Vaigeot, Nuits, Côte-Rôtie, Graves, Sauternes, St. Julien, Chateau-Margaux, St. Georges, Chambertin, Hermitage, St. Peray, Romanée, Banzi, Lafitte, Médoc.

Water is never added to the wines served with the dessert. The selection of the wines most in use depends, to a great extent, on the taste of the host, or the country in which the dinner takes place. In every country, champagne is foremost. Then come French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Hungarian and German wines in general. Among these we find :

Lunel, Muscat, Tokay, Cape of Good Hope, California, Madeira, Cyprus, Malaga, Syracuse, Alicante, Sherry, Port, Canary, Constance, etc.

White wine is always taken while eating oysters. Its taste agrees better with that of oysters than any red wine; very likely on account of being free from essential oils, and containing very little tannin. Chablis wine is considered the best to be taken with oysters, especially in France; but it loses much of its flavor by transportation over water, and very little, if any, has ever been imported into this country. The best French white wines here are Sauternes, Pouilly and Graves. There are also excellent Rhine white wines, Hungarian, German, etc. The Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian white wines contain too much alcohol to be taken with oysters; they are wines for dessert.

The French custom of taking a cup of black coffee after dinner has been adopted everywhere. As a general rule, a liquor glass of brandy is served with the coffee to gentlemen, and a little milk to ladies. Coffee is a stimulant; it produces agreeable sensations, and excites the faculties of the mind. It helps digestion after a substantial dinner. It neutralizes the fermentation of alcohol in the stomach to a great extent.

Having dined, the best thing is to take your ease for half an hour; not even reading, but talking of trifles that do not tax the intellect. The mind and the stomach should not be made to work together if we would avoid dyspepsia.

In the next and succeeding papers we will consider this subject of the Dinner more particularly and see how we shall cook and serve our dishes. It shall be a simple meal, such as any family THE GALAXY enters might easily provide.

PIERRE BLOT.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ARCHIE.

SHE was a tall slip of a girl, with a waist that you could span; long-limbed, and with enough of childishness about her still to give her that nameless grace that never quite comes back to any woman in her full maturity. In her best black silk—the second dress she had had of regulation length—and a bonnet, walking demurely by her father's side to church, Archie Lovell looked a grown-up young lady; in her sailor-hat and gingham suit, running wild about the Morteville beach of a morning, she looked a child, and a very wicked child, too. Her hair (that Mrs. Maloney called red) was always, save under the Sunday bonnet, left to hang upon her shoulders, as girls of twelve wear it in England—Mr. Lovell averring that it was a sin to let paddings, or pins, or artifice of any kind come near it; and I think he was right. Now that lime- and lemon-juice blanch our women's hair, and that auricomus and other fluids bring it back to yellow or red, one gets sceptical on the subject of gold-tinted locks; but Archie's were of a hue that all the *artistes* in London could never so much as imitate: nut-brown in shade, red-gold in sunshine, supple, plenteous, exquisitely soft, rich, and "kiss-worthy," to use the word of some old poet, always. Her face was a charming one—sunburnt almost to the darkness of her hair, with coal-black pencilled brows, small nose, rather more inclining to *retroussé* than the girl herself liked; a mouth too large for a heroine, but excellent for a woman—having white, short teeth; the perfection of coloring; and that square cut about the corners of the lips that renders any mouth at once passionate and intellectual—the mouth of a poet. Her hands were browner even than her face, but small, strong, and delicately modelled; and her eyes! ah, here was the crowning fascination of the whole. With dark eyes, Archie would have been a pretty, sparkling brunette, probably—such a woman as you admire for an evening, and then lose among all the other women of the same color in your memory; but once see Archie Lovell's blue eyes shining from that brown face, and eyes and face sunk in on your remembrance for ever. They were blue to singularity, like some of those Italian eyes that occasionally startle you just on this side of the Apennines: sapphire-blue to their very depths, with crystal-clear iris, and thick lashes—rich, black, and curling up, as you see sometimes on a young child. Could those eyes soften or fill with passion, or were exquisite form and color all their beauty? No one knew. Archie was a child till last Thursday, and all the expressions her face had worn as yet had been intensely childish ones: rage, when anything vexed herself or her father; pleasure over a new frock; mischievous delight at "taking rises" out of her simple stepmother; and saucy devil-may-

carishness (I have searched in vain for a loftier expression, but everything heroic is so out of place in speaking of Archie)—saucy devil-may-carishness toward the whole of the Anglo-Morteville population—the female portion of it especially—at all times and seasons when she came across their path.

Till last Thursday. Last Thursday she made the acquaintance of Gerald Durant. He was walking—bored, and trying to kill the hours that hung wearily before the boat sailed—along one of the back streets of the town, when suddenly he came upon the vision of Archie's face—a vision destined to haunt his memory through many an after year. She was perched up, not in a wholly lady-like position, on a villainous broken wall that bounded the garden of their landlady's house; no hat on, the wonderful hair hanging loose down her shoulders; a striped blue-and-white shirt, confined round the waist by a strap like a boy's; and a paraphernalia of oil-paints beside her on the wall; for, in her way, Archie had painted ever since she could stand alone. For some minutes she was unconscious of Durant's approach, and worked quietly on at the dead coloring of her sketch, while he stood and fell in love with her. Then he came nearer; and she saw and nodded to him. He was dressed in the same velveteen suit and mountaineer's hat that you have seen him in on the pier; and Archie, unversed in Guardsmen, took him in full faith for a Wanderbursch, and wished him good-day in patois German—a language that she had learnt beautifully, three years before, among the mountains of Tyrol. He answered in excellent Anglo-Hanoverian, and the girl's cosmopolitan ear told her in a second he was an Englishman. She looked at his hands next; saw he was no Wanderbursch—and blushed crimson? No, reader. In the course of this story I will not once write conventionalities respecting Archie. She blushed not one shade, but began to laugh at the pronunciation, excellent though it was, of the stranger's German; and three minutes later Gerald had seen her sketch, and was standing chatting to her as freely as if they had just been introduced, and waltzed together for the first time at a ball, or undergone any other formal introduction, within the sacred precincts of propriety and social decorum.

They talked on for an hour or more, Archie ever and anon putting in a stroke or two at her unfinished sketch (it was during this time, no doubt, that Gussy Marks espied them); then a French *bonne* appeared at the back door of the house, who shouted out to mademoiselle across the length of the garden that dinner was served; and Durant bowed himself away.

He was as much *épris* as he had ever been in his life. His nature had become a good deal French by frequent residences in Paris and other Gallican influences, and French words best describe many of his moods. Not really in love, of course—do Guardsmen ever fall in love? not flattered; not struck with the desire of hunting down a credit-giving quarry, as was generally the case in Mr. Durant's flirtations—but *épris*. Those blue eyes, that lithe and graceful form, had won his sense of beauty. That unabashed tongue—so childish, yet so keenly shrewd—had stimulated as much intellectual zest as it was in him to feel about a woman. Who and what was this girl, dressed like a boy, painting like an artist, talking like a well-born woman of five-and-twenty, and looking like a lovely child of sixteen?—this young person whose speech would not have discredited a duchess, but who sat perched on the wall of a Morteville back street, and who nodded and talked to the first stranger who passed her in the road?

He went back to his hotel, told his valet to unpack his things, and in the

evening amused himself by losing his money at écarté to Captain Waters. The next morning early he was on the sands; and Miss Lovell was there also, with her father.

She looked at him as she passed, and he raised his hat—Mr. Lovell doing the same mechanically, and without as much as looking at him; and Durant's vanity was wounded on the spot. The girl did not look conscious, nor the father distrustful. What a fool he had been to think for ten minutes of the stupid little bourgeoisie—a blue-eyed, pert young woman, who, doubtless, planted herself daily on that wall with the express purpose of flirting with any barber or bagman who might chance to pass along the street!

He walked back to his hotel; told his valet to repack his portmanteau at once, and then—then on his way to the pier met Archie (on her road home for a forgotten sketch-book), and stopped and talked to her once more.

She was looking her best—better than she had done the day before—in a fresh white dress, skirt and jacket alike, a sailor-hat bound with a bit of blue ribbon, neat peau-de-Suède gloves, perfect little laced boots, and a bunch of honeysuckle in her breast. Gerald got leave to carry her book for her (told his long-suffering valet, whom he passed upon the pier, hot with indignation, to take back his things to the hotel), and when he left Miss Lovell within fifty yards of her father on the beach, had made up his mind, as much as he ever made up his mind, to look upon it as a settled affair that he should lose his head about her. This was two days ago. He had seen her and walked with her on the sands more than once since; and Archie was a child no longer. She was not a whit in love with Mr. Durant; her heart was as unstirred, really, as a moorland pool, upon whose surface the imaged fitting clouds give a semblance of agitation; but she had received the deference—had listened to the implied flatteries of a man learned in the science of woman-pleasing, and her imagination, her vanity, her zest in life, her life itself, had got a new and delicious stimulus. She was a child no longer!

The Rue d'Artois was dead silent as Mr. Lovell and his daughter entered their house; and when a few minutes later Gerald, his cigar in his mouth, passed carelessly up the street under the shadow of the opposite houses, he could hear Miss Archie's voice, clear and ringing, on the silent night air.

Mr. Lovell's apartment was on the rez-de-chaussée. The windows and shutters were wide open, and the light of a lamp upon the supper-table showed the family group with perfect distinctness to any passer-by who chose to look at them from the street—Mrs. Lovell prim and upright at one end of the table; Mr. Lovell's stooping form and preoccupied face at the other. Close beside him, radiant in her white dress and with her shining hair, Archie; and walking familiarly about, attending on them, Jeanneton, the great, good-humored French peasant woman, who formed the cook, housemaid, and butler of the Honorable Frederick Lovell's present establishment.

"Fifteen francs is certainly an enormous price," said Miss Lovell, addressing her stepmother with that air of intense indignation seldom seen in women, save where apparel is concerned—"but they would be the making of the whole dress. A plain white tarlatan is the best taste in the world for me, I want nothing better; but then the adjuncts should be perfect. My gloves I'm sure of, for I tried them on early this morning, when my hands were cold; and my wreath will do.' But my—no; I don't like to think of it even—they *would* make such an addition."

"When I was a girl, black slippers were very much worn with white dresses,"

said Mrs. Lovell; "and very nice they used to look. I was at a ball given by the Honorable Mr. Rawston, of Raby Castle; and the three ladies Vernon were there in white gauze—"

"And black shoes!" interrupted Archie, pertly. "Yes, Bettina, that's all very well, but I'm not one of the ladies Vernon—I'm Archie Wilson; and all the old Morteville ladies hate me; and I wish—yes, I do—to be the prettiest girl at the ball. And if I could have these—well, it's no use talking of it—but if I could, it would just make the difference in my whole dress. I wonder whether M. Joubert would take fourteen francs if I offered it to him—money down?"

"Money down, my dear!" cried Mr. Lovell, waking up suddenly. "What is that you are talking of? Money down! My dear Archie, whatever you do, never fall into any of these horrible innovations. Money down!"

"It would be a great innovation if we were to put it into practice," cried Archie, who evidently was accustomed to make her opinions known in the household. "But for once in my life, father, I do wish I could pay ready cash. That cruel wretch of an old Joubert, why should he refuse credit any more than any other tradesman? And the only ones that fit me in the place! I declare I've half a mind to pawn my ear-rings, and have them. Better be without trinkets of any kind than wear black shoes and a white dress. I hate the thought of it!" and turning up her animated face across her shoulder—all of which pantomime Gerald was watching—Miss Lovell here communicated her grief in French to Jeanneton, who immediately broke forth in a loud chorus of indignation and sympathy. Why, even at a ball at the Mairie she (Jeanneton) had worn white shoes. Black shoes and a white dress for mademoiselle at mademoiselle's first ball, monsieur! And Jeanneton extended her clasped hands deprecatingly toward monsieur, as though he were a monster of domestic tyranny about to force his innocent child into a convent, or a marriage of convenience. "Mademoiselle's first ball!" reiterated Jeanneton, imploringly.

"But why—but what do you all mean? Why should not the child have these black boots?"

"White! white! white!" cried Archie, immensely excited.

"Well, then, white boots, if she wishes them. Are not white boots the correct thing for young women to wear at balls?" he continued, addressing Mrs. Lovell; "if they are, let her have them by all means. Poor little Archie!" And he stretched his arm out and stroked her hair caressingly.

If Archie had expressed a wish for a set of diamonds and a white satin dress, Mr. Lovell would have said, "let her have them;" and the girl shot a quick look of sapient intelligence toward her stepmother. "Don't enlighten him," the look said; "don't tell him our reputation is so bad M. Joubert won't let me have a pair of white satin slippers on credit; don't tell him we have only just francs enough to last out next week, and that by dint of somewhat short dinners toward the close of it." Then aloud, "Ah, dear papa, you never deny me anything," she said; "and you'll see if I won't do you credit to-morrow evening—shoes and all. I do hope the young men will pay me attention," she added, quitting the subject of money, now that her father had roused himself enough to take part in it. "I only know three; and that's not many to look to for twenty-one dances, is it? Even if they all ask me twice—which one can't be sure of—there's six, and fifteen to sit out. Bettina, I hope I sha'n't sit out fifteen dances."

"Well, my dear, I hope not; but there's never any saying, men are so capricious. I remember once when I was young—"

"Ah, but that was very different. The Marquis of Tweedle never asked you at all after dancing nine times running with you the night before; but people like M. Gounod are not likely to be capricious. Do you think I could calculate with certainty on M. Gounod asking me three times, now?"

M. Gounod was a little French doctor—a bachelor of forty—greatly sought after by all the female population of Morteville; and Mrs. Lovell answered that she thought Archie might certainly rely on a dance with him—a dance, perhaps, at the end of the evening. As to thinking he could dance with little girls before midnight, with the Mairie's two daughters, and the Sous-préfet's wife, and all his influential patients, in the room, it was absurd; unless, indeed, they went very early, and he gave her a quadrille before the other ladies had arrived.

"A pleasant prospect for me!" cried Archie, with a real tremor in her voice, and real tears rising in her eyes; "and after lying awake for nights and nights thinking of this ball, and how jealous I would make old Gussy Marks and all of them by my successes! If—if—" but the supposition lapsed into silence; "if Mr. Durant would only stay, and go to it," was what she thought; but for about the first time in her life she felt a shyness at putting her thought into words.

"If little Willie Montacute asks me, I'll dance away half the night with him, at all events," she finished, after a minute or two. "Anything would be better than sitting by and seeing other people enjoy themselves." And then Miss Lovell took a vigorous heap of *fricandeau* of veal, and a goodly pile of salad, an addition of cherry *compote* (she was quite cosmopolitan in her taste for sauces), a gigantic slice of the loaf, and began her supper.

Gerald watched her robust appetite with admiration. The young person he could least love on the earth—her he was engaged to marry—had, before men, a trick of dallying with her food, which exasperated him singularly. What did girls go in for when they abstained from food? Intellectual charms?—the cleverest people eat the most. Physical ones? to be handsome, the frame of any animal must be well nourished. No such illogical human creature was before him now; but a young woman eating her supper as heartily as a man—ay, and helping herself ever and anon to fresh condiments, and finally to more veal and another trench of bread; and, as I have said, Mr. Durant's admiration increased enormously as he watched her.

When the supper table was at length cleared by Jeanneton, Mrs. Lovell reminded her stepdaughter in a very serious tone what day of the week it was.

"Sunday evening, Archie, my dear—Sunday evening, you know."

"Well, Bettina, what of it? Jeanneton may clear the things away on Sunday evening, mayn't she, without sin?"

"Archie dear, for shame! A young girl should never use words of that sort. You know on Sunday evening I always like to attend to our services. We shall have just time for a good quiet reading now, before bed-time."

"Not to-night, Bettina, not to-night," said the girl, gravely, and coming so abruptly to the window that Durant half-thought she must have caught a glimpse of his figure before he drew away quickly into deeper shadow. "It isn't that I dislike the readings," she added, in a voice that utterly disarmed poor little foolish Bettina; "when I'm in the mood, I like them better than anything else, I do; but I'm not in the mood to-night; and I won't pretend to read David's grand old words, and all the time be thinking of white satin shoes and M. Joubert, and my chances of partners at the ball. A cigarette and a walk by moonlight would be much more suitable to my present state of mind."

"Not a cigarette, Archie, not a cig—"

"Bettina, child, please go to bed, and don't mind me. If I think a cigarette would do me good, I shall smoke one, you may be sure. Now, good-night."

"Well, then, Archie, don't put on—you know what I mean. It was very well for once, but you are getting too old for these tricks now; and let Jeaneton sit at the window, at all events." And then, having apologized away her lecture into simple acquiescence, as usual, Mrs. Lovell lit her bed-candle and went away; and Archie and her father were left alone.

He came up and put his arm round her shoulder. A great gaunt man Durant could see he was, in the moonlight, with narrow, stooping shoulders, white, delicate hands, and a pale, absent-looking, intellectual face.

"Archie, my love, Bettina is right; don't go out again as you did last night."

"O, papa, it was such fun! and knowing all the stories the old ladies would make up: and it was only your coat and hat, papa, after all."

"But still it pained me, Archie; it pained me when you told us of it."

"I won't do it then. I'll never do it again." Very quick and decided she said this. "Poor little papa, you have quite enough to trouble you without me."

And Mr. Gerald Durant, who was not overburdened with household affections, felt oddly at seeing her take her father's hand and hold it tenderly up against her cheek.

"If you like, I'll go up at once and help Bettina with the reading," she added after a minute or two.

"Well, well, that's quite another thing," answered Mr. Lovell. "Bettina is a most admirable woman. I'm sure you and I owe her everything, Archie; but her theology is—well, let us say her weakest point—a thing to be accepted, not argued about. To persist in Dissenting manuals, as she does, when all the noblest works of our Church are open to her! No, Archie, I must say I do not care how often you miss poor Bettina's readings."

The theological difference between her father and his wife had been long patent to Archie; and from the time she was six years old she had known how to make discreet use of them on occasion.

"And you'll make me a cigarette or two before you go?" (Mr. Lovell had a sanctum in which he always spent the early hours of the night.) "Ah, do, papa; it's so jolly to sit here and smoke in the moonlight."

"But you don't like it, Archie?" said Mr. Lovell, as he took out his tobacco and prepared mechanically to obey her. "I can tell by your face, miss, you don't really like your cigarettes a bit."

"Well—*like?*" answered Archie, reflectively; "like? no. I don't suppose I do like the taste, any more than I like the feel of a bonnet; but still I'm quite ready to wear a bonnet on Sunday. It's the ideas of things, I believe, not the things themselves, that are nice—don't you think so, papa?"

"Yes, Archie," he answered, quietly. "And 'tis in the pursuit of the 'ideas of things,' not of things themselves, that men's lives waste away—like mine."

"O, father! waste away?"

"Waste away, child—and leave no trace, either for bad or good, as they waste."

Archie was silent, and gave a long and wistful look at her father's face. Vaguely it came into her head to speculate whether this was truth indeed that he had spoken; whether a life spent in dreams does not, in the very things left undone, leave as palpable a record of itself—more palpable oftentimes—

than a life of activity and work? But she made no answer. A sort of instinct told her that it was better Mr. Lovell should believe his failures to be harmless ones at least. And, with their money frittered away, herself and her education neglected, their position—ay, and at times the common comforts of life—gone, too, the poor child, with premature womanly tact, had long since learnt to be silent whenever Mr. Lovell sentimentalized about himself and his failures.

“You will have finished ‘Troy’ in a few weeks, papa; and then there will be no more talk of failure. I am certain, quite certain, you will get a good price for it in London.”

“Troy” was an enormous and very ambitious landscape, that Mr. Lovell had been working at for years. It was a wonderful combination of such red, purple, and green, as nature never painted yet upon the face of creation; but dear to Mr. Lovell’s heart as ever “Carthage” was to Turner, or, perhaps, a juster simile, as “The Banishment of Aristides” to poor Haydon.

To Archie this picture was like a brother or sister. It had grown with her growth—every great event of her life, since she was a child of seven, seemed, in one way or another, to be connected with “Troy;” and now that it was within a few weeks of completion, when the artist himself said that more thought, more finish, *could* not be given to this masterpiece of his life, his daughter’s heart fevered tumultuously over its prospects of success or of failure. Childish though the girl was in most other things, in everything pertaining to money her life had already forced her to be wise. Mr. Lovell estimated (who shall say by what tariff?) that “Troy” must fetch five hundred guineas at least. Five hundred guineas would enable them to pay off the creditors from whom they had run away—for Mr. Lovell in his heart was honest still; to cast aside this incognito that Archie detested so cordially, and to start afresh. (Starting afresh was a process they had passed through—hitherto by the sacrifice of capital—about every year since her birth.) Yes; and suppose “Troy” did not sell? Suppose the picture-buyers in London did not think those marvellous ruby purples more like to nature than Archie in her inmost heart did here in Morteville-sur-Mer? Long after her father had left her, Miss Lovell stood pondering these things; the cigarettes still lying upon the window-sill, the ball, the white satin shoes, Mr. Durant himself, forgotten; and when suddenly a figure emerged into the light close before her, for a second or two she did not even recognize him.

“Miss Lovell, I am afraid I have startled you,” he remarked, as she drew instinctively away from the window, and half hid herself behind the curtain.

“Ah, Mr. Durant! is it you? Well, for a moment I certainly did not know you. I was far away from Morteville—just then—day-dreaming, as I’ve a dreadful habit of doing.” And then she held out her hand—that little bit of a sunburnt hand, whose modelled proportions were already so graven upon Gerald’s memory—and gave it him.

Affairs were progressing, thought Mr. Durant; the girl had never shaken hands with him before. The papa and mamma retire, and mademoiselle, surprised in a pretty *pose* in the moonlight, gave her hand to him, and returned his pressure heartily. Now was the time to begin serious love-making at once.

Which conclusion shows that a Guardsman, weighted even with seven seasons’ experience, may make desperate mistakes occasionally about matters wherein his own vanity is concerned.

CHAPTER V.

A CIGAR BY MOONLIGHT.

ARCHIE LOVELL seated herself like a child upon the sill of the open window, leant forth her face full where Maloney, had she been there, could have seen it, and told Mr. Durant at once, and without any reserve, that he might go on with his cigar while he talked to her. Mind it?—not a bit. Her father smoked all day and all night long. She had been brought up since she was a baby among people who smoked. Why, Bettina, who looked upon a cigar as a capital crime once, had got actually to feel lonely without the smell of smoke now.

“And who is Bettina?” asked Gerald, thinking that domestic confidences would be the kind of conversation most calculated to put the girl at her ease with him.

“Bettina is my father’s second wife,” answered Archie promptly—“Elizabeth, really; but he disliked the name so much, that a German friend thought of Bettina for him—and the most ill-used, long-suffering step-mother in the world. I was three when she came to us—I am seventeen now; and during these fourteen years I have turned every hair of her head from black to white. Poor little Bettina!”

“Are you so very wicked, then, Miss Wilson?” Gerald asked: “I should not have thought so, I am sure.”

“O, I was an awfully wicked child, I think” answered Archie; “and then I believe I really did take every disease under the sun—Bettina says so, at all events—also, that I got into more accidents than any other child extant. Now, of course, it’s different. There are no more diseases, as she says, that I can take, and I am too careful, and a great deal too fond of myself to get into accidents: so really a good deal of the poor little woman’s responsibility is taken away.”

The balls had broken in Durant’s favor. He could open the first battery of flirtation in an easy, orthodox fashion, and without the wearisome necessity of any more of those dreary family histories.

“No other disorder that you can possibly take? I should hardly think that, Miss Wilson, at your age.”

“Well, of course, I don’t mean cholera or the plague” (“You matter-of-fact young Briton!” interpolated Archie mentally), “but childish ailments—hooping-cough, measles, scarlet-fever, and all the rest of it. Do you understand now?”

“And you don’t admit the possibility of any but bodily ailments, then? You don’t recognize the existence of mental sufferings?—disappointed hopes, broken hearts—”

“O, I’ve much too good a digestion for any nervous affection of that kind,” she interrupted with a laugh. “Papa says I shall never know anything about the usual griefs of civilized young women as long as my magnificent appetite and digestion remain to me.”

If the fence was unconscious, it was none the less effective. Gerald saw that he was a great deal farther than he had thought from sentiment still, and resolved for the present to follow rather than lead.

“Civilized young women! Don’t you consider yourself as belonging to civilization, then?”

"Hardly, Mr. Durant; or only in the same sort of way that gipsies do. Now, look;" she just touched his sleeve with her hand, and leant her face forward confidentially to his; "look here; as long as I can remember anything, we've been living about in Italy, but never longer in any place than a year or so at a time. We have always been much too poor for any English people to want to know us, and my father's friends everywhere have been artists—artists, and actors, and musicians, and republicans, and all those sorts of men, you know. For the rest, we generally know our butcher and our baker—till our credit gets too bad for us to want to keep up the acquaintance—and occasionally the English parson, but not his wife or daughters, to bow to; sometimes the doctor; and that's about the extent of our dealings with the Philistines. I've never been to school; I haven't an accomplishment belonging to me, except dancing (which I learnt by instinct, I suppose); and I've scarcely known an English child to speak to since I was born. Now, am I civilized or not?"

"Very," answered Gerald laconically, and looking long at the refined, high-bred face so close to him there, alone at this hour and by this light; yet fenced round, divinely shielded, by its own unconsciousness of evil, as few faces had ever seemed to him in London ball-rooms. "You have been in Rome, of course, among all the other Italian cities?" he remarked, as the girl returned his look with a thorough want of embarrassment, that to him was more singularly embarrassing than any shyness would have been.

"Yes, we actually lived in Rome for nearly two years once; and we looked upon it as headquarters, or home, all the time we were in Italy. It is home to papa, I think; or more home than anywhere else could ever be."

"The Roman artist-life suited him, I suppose?"

"Ah, no, Mr. Durant. His heart is in Rome—just that!"

The color ebbed up into Archie Lovell's face; her breast heaved. "Mamma is buried there, you know," she whispered, in a suddenly softened tone. "She was quite a girl when papa married her, and she died a year after their marriage. He has really never lifted up his head since. All his pictures and poems—poor papa!—even I myself, are nothing compared to her and that one year they lived together. I used to feel miserably jealous, Mr. Durant, at the number of hours he would spend sitting beside her grave in Rome; and I hope I shall never go back there to be made jealous any more. All the years he has had me ought to be more to him than that one little year with her. And yet," she added in a minute, and with another subtle change of voice, "I can understand it all. I should feel the same myself. Mamma was everything to him."

Here, then, was the subject of love fairly brought upon the carpet—the girl's own capacity, not for love only, but for passionate, overwhelming love, openly acknowledged; and still Gerald Durant felt that he was as remote from intimacy with her as though the Alps divided them. No woman, learned or unlearned, ever paved the way to facile flirtation by making such a declaration as this. The siege, if siege it were to be, must be a long one, ending possibly—already he estimated Archie truly enough to know this—not as his flirtations had ended hitherto, but in his own utter defeat and subjugation. If this girl's changeful, wooing voice had once got fairly round his heart—if those little hands once held him in absolute thrall, he knew himself, in some mad hour, to be quite capable of marrying her. And to marry any woman save the one destined for him would be, in his fettered position, simply to throw life up of his own free will. Lucia Durant he must take for his wife, no mat-

ter whether other faces were fairer to his sight, other voices sweeter to his ear.

Marry! Heaven, where was his imagination leading him? and what was this girl but a pretty, precocious child, whom it was pleasant to play at love-making with here in the moonlight, possibly dance half the night with at the Morteville ball to-morrow, and then go away and forget? And he looked at her again, and saw that the child was prettier far than he had ever given her credit for, with her great blue eyes softening, half in tears, and the full-cut mouth trembling; thought, feeling—yes, dormant passion even—stirring over all the flower-like, childish face.

“Your father is a happy man, Miss Archie, whatever else he has lost.”

“Why, please?”

“He has got you.”

“He has; and a precious trouble and anxiety I have been to him,” she answered, going back abruptly to her usual manner. “How in the world do you know I was called Archie?”

“I—I—well, really I don’t know Did you never tell me so yourself?” He could not for his life have brought his lips to say that Waters had spoken of her.

“Perhaps. I don’t remember. But however you heard it, once would be enough, I’m sure, to impress it on your mind. Did you ever hear such a name for a girl in your life before? ‘Archie!’ And it is not a diminutive, not a pet name; I was christened it. Shall I tell you how? When I was five or six weeks old, my mother dead, and poor papa in his worst grief, some English ladies who lived in the house took it into their heads I ought to be christened, and teased him as to what my name was to be. He says he remembers he pushed a book of my mother’s across the table, and said ‘her name’ and left them. It had been a gift of her brother’s, and had these words written in it: ‘Pauline, from Archie.’ Well, of course I don’t know what these excellent women thought, or how they managed it, but at all events they chose the most English of the two, and I was christened Archie instead of Pauline, as papa meant. Do you hate it?”

“On the contrary,” answered Gerald; “I like the name infinitely, because no woman I have known before has borne it.”

“I am glad of that. I think sometimes my name alone would set people against me, even if I didn’t look so much like a boy, and smoke cigarettes, and—”

“Miss Wilson! you don’t mean to tell me you smoke—actually smoke? No, no. Impossible.”

“I assure you I do. Here are two cigarettes papa made for me just now. Are you shocked?”

“Fearfully.”

“What! did you never see a young lady smoke in your life before?” cried the girl, looking intensely amused.

“Never,” answered Gerald, with the air of a Quaker. “I have lived among good, demure, quiet young ladies, I can assure you—young ladies who have never seen a cigar, save by accident, and don’t know the meaning of the word pipe.”

“O, dear, how good they must be, and not at all tiring to live with! Is it one of their portraits you wear in that locket, *par hasard?*” making this unexpected home-thrust with the thorough audacity of a child; “if it is, show

it me. I should like to see how good, demure, quiet young ladies look who never saw a cigar, except by accident."

Without a word, Gerald disengaged the locket from his chain, and Archie seized hold of it and ran off eagerly to the lamp. A strong magnifier of Mr. Lovell's was lying on the table; and after opening the locket and finding that it did contain a photograph, and a photograph of a girl's face, Archie examined it through the glass with eager attention. For a moment something in the expression of the portrait repulsed her strongly; then her artistic eye discerned the accurate statuesque proportions of the features, the classic cut of the small head, the soft moulding of the fair and stately neck; and finally, with a sinking of the heart utterly beyond her own power of analyzation, she felt herself bound to acknowledge that this woman whose portrait Gerald Durant wore on his breast was beautiful.

All Archie's foregone beliefs in herself seemed revolutionized at this moment. Accustomed to hear the open opinions of her father and his friends as to her looks, she had simply and gladly believed herself to be handsome—an hour ago had spoken with assurance of being the prettiest girl at the Morteville ball to-morrow. What did she seem in her own sight now? A wild gipsy child—a picturesque model perhaps, with bright tawny hair, a pair of blue eyes, and not another good feature in her face. Pretty? Why, this girl she was looking at was simply exquisitely faultless. The line of face a delicate oval; a small irreproachable nose; a small irreproachable mouth; hair so fair as to look fair even in a photograph, brought down low and with mathematical accuracy upon the forehead; a slender throat, gracefully turned aside; soft eyelids, modestly downcast (perhaps because Miss Durant thought it decorous for her eyes to evince no expression in a portrait taken for her cousin, perhaps because the photographer knew that their want of color would tell if he attempted them upraised); every line exquisitely faultless, in short.

But it was not the beauty of the features alone—not the irreproachable nose and mouth, and Madonna-like downcast eyes; it was the indefinable propriety—I search for and can find no other word—of the whole picture, even to the narrow bit of velvet, from which a black cross depended precisely in the centre of the slender throat, that struck Archie with a sense of pain. She had herself been photographed by half the artists in Italy, but always in wild, unstudied attitude, with careless drapery, with hair unbound—as "Undine," as "Graziella," as a peasant child, a nymph, a contadina; but ever, as she felt now, with new and bitter shame, as a "model." This was how an English girl of her age and of her birth ought to look in a picture. This was what a man like Gerald Durant meant when he spoke of good, demure, quiet young ladies; and with a stiff, altered manner, that he was not slow to notice, she went back to the window and returned him, his locket.

"Your friend is very beautiful, Mr. Durant. There is not a fault in her face, and I should stifle if I lived in the same house with her. I thank you for showing me her picture."

"Well, I suppose she is beautiful," answered Gerald, refastening the likeness coolly to his chain; "beautiful as a statue, and as cold! I always fancy my cousin Lucia—did I tell you she was my cousin?—must be like Rebecca. You have read *Ivanhoe*?"

° Yes, Archie had read *Ivanhoe*, and Paul and Virginia, and *The Newcomes*. They found them in some lodgings they had in Padua once; and she remembered all about Rebecca very well.

"The same kind of blonde, gentle, negative, unimpeachable woman," went on Gerald, looking away from Archie as he spoke. "Don't you remember feeling how much better poor Ivanhoe must have loved Rebecca in his heart?"

"I remember that Ivanhoe married Rowena," answered Archie laconically. "It didn't matter much to Rebecca, after that, which he loved."

And then there was a silence—the first silence there had ever been yet between them; broken at length by Miss Lovell trying to say something cold and formal about its being past eleven, and how she had promised Bettina not to stay up late to-night.

"And I shall meet you at the ball to-morrow?" asked Gerald, throwing away the end of his cigar, and moving slightly nearer to his companion.

"The ball! O, Mr. Durant, will you really be there? I *am* so glad: I thought you were going away to-morrow morning." And her face flushed all over with pleasure, like a child's unexpectedly entranced by the advent of a new toy.

"Perhaps you will not be so glad to-morrow evening," Mr. Durant remarked. "I rely upon your giving me a great many dances, Miss Wilson."

"I—give *you* dances? dance with you, do you mean? O, thank you!" Archie's eyes sparkled anew with delight. "Willy Montacute and M. Gounod are the only other dancers I can really depend upon," she added with her usual sincerity; "and I don't want to sit out a single dance. I will dance with you as often as you ask me; and I'll make Bettina go early, so that you won't be able to get engaged before you see me."

And she let her hand rest in his at parting, and leaned her head out, smiling, to look after him in the moonlight, and gave him a last salutation, full of meaning and friendliness, as he stopped and looked back at her before turning out of the Rue d'Artois.

"Poor little girl!" thought Gerald, magnanimously, when, five minutes later, he was standing smoking his last pipe outside the door of the hotel. "Rouse her jealousy, give her vanity a chance of gratifying itself, and she would be a woman, and as disappointingly easy to win as all other women! As lucky for her as for the duration of my own fancy for her, perhaps, that I am going away so soon."

"Give him dances!" thought Miss Lovell, as she laid her head upon her pillow. "Why, of course I will—every dance on the list if he chooses. I like him. When you see him close, his dress is cleaner than most men's" (Archie had been brought up among foreign artists, remember). "Not too much brains in his head, perhaps, but a handsome *malerisch* face, and just the height for a partner. I must have those white shoes of old Joubert's now. Mr. Durant shall never tell his cousin that he danced with a girl in France who wore black shoes and a white dress at a public ball. Fourteen francs! If the old wretch would only take off one, I've got five francs in my purse already, and perhaps Bettina—" And then Miss Lovell was asleep.

If her vanity was touched, her heart up to the present moment was most entirely unscathed; more unscathed than the Guardsman's, if the truth must be told.

UNBELIEF.

WE whose brains are always conjuring imaginary good,
Unto whom the slips of others chiefly come as mental food ;

Who pursue a fancied world and flesh with moral scourge and rod,
And quite put to rout the Devil with a well-turned period ;

Who grow righteous in our own eyes as we state our faults at zero,
And conquer our besetting sin by proxy in our hero ;

Unto us there comes at times a dreary, mocking doubt and pain,
In whose shadow fades all glory, and all greatness seems to wane,

(Born of knowledge of the distance, which we cannot choose but heed,
'Twi'xt our doing and our writing, 'twixt our dreaming and our deed.)

If the nobleness of martyrs, with whom History's page is spread,
Be more real than the figments of imagination bred ?

Whether nature be not much the same in all the sons of men ?
If the act gain not its glory from the flourish of the pen

Which records it ? Whether, if the truth were told,
All our faith in heroism be not taking gilt for gold ?

In the clutches of the Doubt-Fiend stood I thus, one Summer day,
In a hospital where round me, wounded, dying soldiers lay.

"Just in from the front," they told me—though 'twas little need to say,
With the waves of battle round us, flood or ebb tide every day ;

With the ambulances ever moving, moving past my gate,
With a dreadful, creeping slowness telling of their ghastly freight—

Mangled, tortured, faint and fevered ; every form of pain was there ;
Gone all power of their manhood, which perhaps was worst to bear.

And, withal, not even a murmur, not a groan I heard ascend ;
For the brave and dauntless spirit ruled the body to the end.

Friend, before the simple patience, so unconscious it was grand,
Of these good and faithful servants of our Flag and Fatherland,

I sank down in dust repentant—all the Doubt-Fiend's power fled,
And my spirit put on sackcloth, and cast ashes on its head.

Cried I, "Soul with fancy sickened, on thyself returns thy rod—
Learn the glory of the Real. Doubt of man is doubt of God.

"Learn, O Soul, which through self-gazing hast dwarfed its thoughts of man,
Not thy mean and meagre structure, but His image was the plan."

From that hour I walked triumphant, strong to serve our patriot band ;
For I, another Thomas, in the wounds had thrust my hand.

A. M. C.

THE HOME OF VICTOR HUGO.



TO the northwest of France, hidden in the mystic vapors of the ocean, lies a fortunate archipelago. The gulf stream there brings out a flora worthy of the fairest isles of the Adriatic and Mediterranean. Geologists tell us what revolution detached this Norman soil from the Norman coast, and relate how the sea, invading the immense bay which separates Cherbourg from Brest, only suffered those rocks to remain which were high and firm enough to defend themselves, as on Mount Saint Michael, against its wrath. Without need of science, the traveller easily finds the law for these convulsions of nature, and their traces. Jersey and Guernsey are only to be reached by a line of

small islands and rocks, almost on a level with the water, and scattered about, sometimes near each other, sometimes parted, like links of a riven chain. As the traveller draws near, valleys of gorgeous green appear—cottages, flowers and meadows. This is Jersey.

Jersey and Guernsey are, to the curious eye, two gardens which the rocks hold suspended above the sea; to the thinker they are two worlds, two microcosms. Has not each of them, like the proudest continent, its shores that look upon the whole circle of the horizon? Coasts, ports, plains, mountains and valleys are all assembled in a space that can be visited in one day, from one end to the other. The climate is delightful, the vegetation fairy-like, the sky is a harmonious marriage of light with the sea, whose pearly hues seem to tell us the secret splendors of ocean treasure. Life there is a blissful dream.

If you advance a few steps in this fair realm of Guernsey, you will see manors that are created by Protestant emigration, its pious, ever-living souvenirs. In returning toward the city, you will see a superb walk through

trees now secular, a legacy made to the city of Saint Pierre by a Frenchman, in 1783. If you descend toward the sea, a large house will attract your eye, and you will see inscribed upon it the now famous name: "Hauteville House." And there, grouped round the same thought, are Liberty, Exile and Poetry. Exile! exile! the only grief that time can never soften. If you ask me how it is endured, I will reply, through duty.

Victor Hugo's home is situated in the most lovely spot that ever landscape painter dreamed of. Placed upon a height, it overlooks the city, the fort and that immense horizon of the sea where nothing seems to trammel the flight even of genius itself. The house is celebrated in Guernsey, where it excites lively curiosity. Wonders are related of it, enhanced by the mystery overhanging a threshold till now never crossed by the Guernsey world; it is said to contain furniture worthy of an enchanter's palace.

The apartments and galleries have been entirely constructed from designs by Victor Hugo; he passed three years in drawing them. The rarest curiosities, such as carved oak belonging to the Middle Ages and the *Renaissance*, with enamels, porcelain gathered together and arranged in the most masterly manner, mingle with Venetian and Florentine wonders. The house within—for externally it presents the frigid aspect peculiar to English houses—is a work of art, the materials of which are master-pieces also. I will describe the house which is to reveal the master, who, indeed, reveals himself by the mottoes and devices traced upon the walls and furniture. Victor Hugo, who loves to live in the past, has a mania for antique furniture. If we now raise ruins and rebuild edifices according to the laws of their primitive construction; if we reframe inscriptions, restore statuary and *basso-rilievo*, we should remember that *Notre Dame de Paris* and the *Voyage sur les bords du Rhin* helped us to do so, by giving us the rudiments of our science.

Victor Hugo's house is entered by a vestibule, the construction of which immediately arrests the eye. On the upper lintel is a *basso-rilievo*, representing the principal subject of *Notre Dame de Paris*, and which is gilded and painted. The effect is charming; beauty seems to welcome you at the very entrance. The *basso-rilievo* is accompanied by glass windows with embossed panes, such as are to be found in the cottages of the Black Forest. On the right and left, in carved oak, are two medallions, left by David, after Victor Hugo and his second daughter. A column in the purest style of the *Renaissance* supports this entire mass, and adds still more to the tranquil simplicity and severity which mark the entrance.

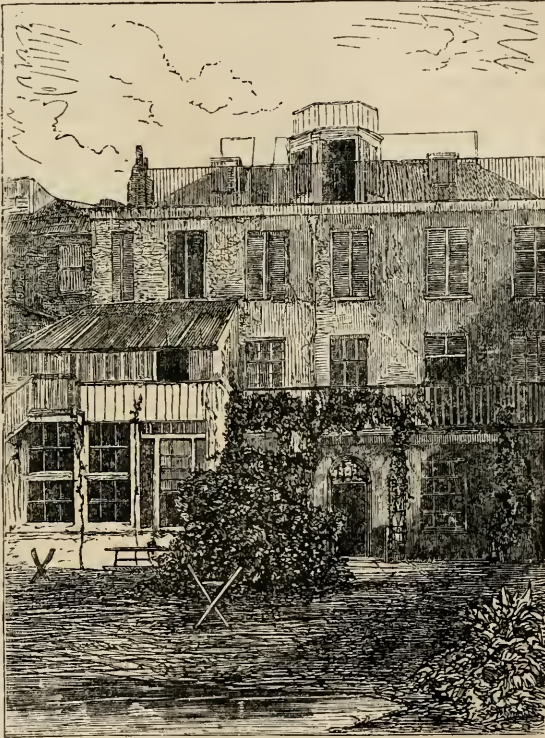
This vestibule is lighted by the softened rays which penetrate the small squares of coarse glass, forming a *chiar' oscuro*, such as Rembrandt loved. In this soft light a monumental door is visible, that of the dining-room. On a panel is written: "Love and Believe." Above one of the doors and below a statuette of the Virgin, is a word that promises hospitality to the visitor: "Ave."

Let us accept our welcome and enter the billiard saloon, where we shall see many interesting pictures belonging to the family, with geographical charts, and the poet's designs, framed in borders of varnished fir. The strangeness of these ink designs strikes the visitor immediately. They form ten fantastic pages, and are heightened with sepia and touches of gold-leaf. It is impossible to convey any idea of them. There, as in all he undertakes, Hugo is powerful. Many will remember the sales of his sketches in 1852 (*Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne*), at the time when his furniture was also sold.

These ten designs hanging upon the wall are views of Spain, Brittany, the Rhine, Jersey and Guernsey. On one is written: "Burg of Hugo-eagle-head," and one remembers the verses of the *Legende des Siècles*,

"He set the cities free: he came alone
To Hugo-eagle-head in cavern Home."

The frames, equally wonderful in execution, are by the poet also. Among the pictures is the crowning of the dead Inez de Castro. Upon the frame is inscribed: "The Duke and Duchess of Orleans to Victor Hugo."



HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.

From the billiard-room, the tapestry-parlor is entered. Here, as in the other rooms, the mantle-piece has been the principal object of attention—and should not the family hearth be so? Imagine a cathedral of carved oak, which, rising vigorously from the floor, springs up to the ceiling where its upper carving touches the tapestry. The doorway corresponds to the fireplace; the rosace is a convex mirror, placed above the mantle-piece; the central gable is a firm entablature covered with fantastic foliage, and decorated by arches of exquisite taste, in which the Byzantine mingles with the rococo; the two towers, are two counterforts which repeat all the ornamentation of the entire mass. The coping, very imposing in its effect, recalls the fronts of the houses in Antwerp and Bruges. A face appears amid the wood work, vigor-

ously thrown out. It is that of a bishop whose crosier alone is gilded. On each side of it is a shield with the witty motto :

“ Crosier of wood, bishop of gold.”

“ Crosier of gold, bishop of wood.”

On two scrolls, representing rolled parchment, are inscribed the names of those whom Victor Hugo looks upon as the principal poets of humanity : “ Job, Isaiah, Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Molière.” On the opposite side are the names of “ Moses, Socrates, Christ, Columbus, Luther, Washington.”

Upon the double entablature of the chimney-piece two oaken statues lean : one is Saint Paul reading, with this inscription on the pedestal : “ The Book.” The other is that of a monk in ecstasy, with raised eyes. On the pedestal is the word “ Heaven.”

In a room called the working-room, is another truly monumental work which, as in the tapestry parlor, mounts from floor to ceiling. It is inscribed : “ *Ad augusta per angusta,*” a motto borrowed from the fourth act of Ernani.

The walls of the dining-room are covered with magnificent delf. This is the delf of Holland in the seventeenth century. An immense mosaic represents large bunches of flowers painted with minute care and thrown into vases of fanciful form, and odd animals, all mingled together. The groundwork is white and blue, and has an oaken foundation which forms three massive divisions, embellished with old paintings upon panels, causing the dining room to resemble certain conventual rooms. A basilled mirror, surmounted by a sleeping child chiselled in copper, animates this apartment, lighted by two large windows opening upon the garden. Add to this a mantle-piece such as our ancestors looked upon, and Gobelins tapestry upon the walls, on which the riches of Summer are spread forth.

Vases and statuettes of porcelain and delf are everywhere. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries offer nothing more curious. A statuette, *Notre Dame de-Bon-Secours*, carrying the Child-Jesus, whose little hand grasps a globe representing the world, is above the superstructure of the mantle-piece. Below it is this verse, to be found in the *Chansons des rues et des bois* :

“ The people are little, but shall be great.

Within thy sacred arms, oh ! mother blest,

Oh ! holy Liberty, with conquering step,

The child who bears the world doth rest.”

Various legends complete the aspect of the place. Here, on one side is the word “ Man ” in front of the word “ God ” ; further on the plaintive words, “ My Country ” ; again a melancholy line, “ Life is exile,” and near that this pious counsel :

“ Inhabitant of fading lands,

Think of eternal home.”

And a little healthful axiom :

“ Post prandium stabis

Seu passis mille meabis.

Vale ! ”

An arm-chair of carved oak is placed against the wall at the upper end of the table. Victor Hugo looks upon it as the ancestral seat at his table. A

chain closes it, bearing, among other inscriptions, the words, "The absent are there."

The simplest apartments are used by the family, and the galleries spread forth all their riches to the guest. The gallery in the first story is divided into two portions. Hangings of Indian damask, of crimson hue, cover the walls of the red parlor, and serve as a frame-work to the great Norwegian tapestries, which formerly belonged to the bed-room of Queen Christina, at Fontainebleau. The panels, of jet, six feet long and five feet broad, in design and workmanship, and through the gold-work mingled with the jet, are treasures such as do not exist elsewhere.

The subjects are fanciful. Golden cocks and eagles gleam upon trees of a porphyry red, the leaves of which are thrown out upon the glittering sky. Gold, silk, velvet, glass and spangles of silver sparkle upon a foundation of white jet. Four of these panels decorate the red parlor, two being on the walls and two upon the ceiling. We have mentioned this parlor before, but return to it. Imagine a chimney-piece with four statues gilded with Venice gold which appear to peruse these words of Lucretius :

"Juvenum simulacra per ædes,
Lampados igniferas manibus retinentia dextris."

They support the canopy, below which is the chimney-piece, and represent negroes, with flat profiles, shaven heads, and atheletic forms, with their busts scarcely covered with slight drapery, open upon the breast, and fastened to the shoulders, leaving the lower limbs nude. Each is in a different attitude, and all form part of the same group. They seem to be darting forward and obeying an order. Behind them, a glass, which mounts to the ceiling, reflects them with fine effect.

In the embrasures left on each side by the projection of the general construction, two old Japanese monsters grimace and look at themselves in two mirrors with grot-work frames.

The canopy is of Chinese silk, ornamented with faces and birds.

Six pedestals with golden brocade cartouches support the statues and monsters.

A small Louis XIII. clock, representing the Samaritan woman, rests upon the slab of the mantle-piece.

Two tables, one in *Renaissance* ebony, incrustated with tin, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans, the other in marquetry, of the Louis XIV. style, with massive feet, are displayed here. The latter is a perfect gem. There is, besides, a marvellous screen, which looks as if it had escaped from Madame de Pompadour's *boudoir*; a handsome China *vasque*, and a Japanese perfume-stand made of bronze, which was given to Victor Hugo by Alexandre Dumas, complete the furnishing of this room.

The blue parlor, which is next in order, is no less sumptuous in another order of decoration.

The gallery in the second story opens with a folding-door, and is formed of carved and chiselled cedar, a master-piece found by Victor Hugo. This gallery is called the "Oak Gallery;" it is a sort of guest chamber, in fact. Six windows, looking out upon Fort St. George, distribute the light through a perfect forest of carved oak.

Occupying double the depth taken for the parlors on the first story, the "Oak Gallery" is divided into two parts by a skilful arrangement of the fur-

niture, and a handsome doorway with spiral columns in the *Renaissance* style, painted and gilt. In the first division is the mantle-piece; in the second is seen a magnificent bed, so vast that it seems to have been built, rather than put up.

The mantle-piece, which is wide, low and massive, is enriched with the most delicate workmanship. It represents the Sacrifice of Isaac, which is placed in an oaken frame, embellished with two demi-balusters entwined. Four caryatides, two feet high, hold up this charming pediment. They represent repeatedly, Sylvanus with Dryads. All the figures are crowned with flowers and fruits, and their bodies are partly concealed under a scabellum ornamented with fine arabesques. Behind these exquisite statuettes is a large glass placed on a level with a construction in Holland delf; in the middle is a pedestal which supports a Celadon drinking opium, an exquisite face, such as would please the most fastidious antiquary. The two lateral wings are formed of very rich panels, upon which the scabellum of the caryatides rests. It would be vain to attempt to describe the wilderness of Biblical, Pagan and Chinese figures, in which art has blended baboons' heads with dryads' faces.

The bed fronts the mantle-piece, the head of it resting against the wall and the feet directed toward the spectator. The canopy is formed of an assemblage of *Renaissance* panels; the head of the bed holds forward two mythological subjects, accompanied with small columns and spirals, surmounted by a bracket-pedestal in ebony, crowned by a death's head in ivory, with this inscription: "Nox, mors, lux." The body of the bed has a *basso-relievo* upon the front, a curious specimen of the carvings of the Middle Ages. A *lambrequini*, embroidered in a thousand colors with silk, and a spread in tapestry, serve to garnish this gigantic bed, in which no one has ever slept, and which could only have been equalled in feudal sleeping-rooms.

A candelabra in oak, with forty candles, is placed between the two columns which divide the gallery. It was entirely executed upon designs by Victor Hugo, who modelled and carved the crowning figure in wood. It is a colossal girandole, spreading like a tiara, and bearing upon its summit a cluster of branches, to which the candles appear to attach flowers of light.

The door of entrance, seen from the interior, is as brilliant as a church window. Two spiral columns sustain a pediment of oak, with *Renaissance* grotesques, surrounded by arabesques and monsters; it advances with two folds, which are resplendent with paintings, among which are eight large figures of the martyrs, attired in gold and purple, the principal being Saint Peter. Upon the lintel is inscribed, "*Surge, perge,*" and near it the words of Lucan: "The conquerors have the gods, with the conquered Cato remains." There are maxims besides: "*Gloria Victis—Væ nemini,*"

" Mind breatheth where it listeth,
Honor goes where duty calls,"

and below a clock, which sounds a merry chime as the hours go by:

" All leave their trace upon the frame and mind,
All wound, alas! the last one healeth."

Isolated by their situation in the midst of the sea, the inhabitants of Guernsey are sailors, and seek their life and its relations without. Each house bears an indispensable signal-mast, and has a "look-out." As soon as a ship appears, the *oriflammes* of the port signal it, and on the instant signals re-

peated from house to house tell of the departure, or return, throughout the island.

Victor Hugo has chosen the look-out at Hauteville House for his own room. It is a little belvedera, open in all directions, where the soul can expand, though the space is as limited for the body as a captain's cabin. There stands the poet's table, his paper upon it, with ink and pen. It contains an iron bed, as hard as a soldier's couch.

The garden is but a half acre of flowers and lawn, and contains a pretty bit of water surrounded by a grassy margin; two honest ducks perform the part of swans as well as they can, near a terra-cotta fountain, at the base of which are dolphins' heads, throwing miniature cascades into the air. On lifting the ivy around the fountain, I found on one side the inscription: "Where hope is, there is peace." On the other side, this verse, from the "Contemplations":

"Immensity is being, eternity the soul."

The poet sits in the garden, and looks—toward France!

G. CLUSERET.

MISS CLARE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I DID not believe anybody lived there. A ruined castle had never looked more deserted than did that square old house when I came in sight of it. Its bare brown sides stood out against the fall sunshine without a vine clampering near. At a little distance from its southern end there rose a tree, a dying sycamore that drew itself together and refused to droop over a blackened and mossy well-curb that stood at its roots. That was all one saw in looking from the hill on whose brow I stopped my horse to rest him and myself, and to survey the country.

Hills rose all round the house, and the narrow, grassy road on which I was travelling was the only sign any one had approached the building since it was erected.

So I thought till, descending the slope, and trotting slowly down the road by the house, I startled a hen with a brood of little peeping chickens from a huckleberry bush close by the way. Impelled by a strange impulse which I did not understand nor try to resist, I reined in my horse and dismounted. The chickens ran screaming to their mother, as I walked by them to the door. "Poor things!" I said to myself, "how will they ever get through the winter?" I felt like saying that to everything I saw about the place. It was quite a long walk from the highway to the door, and my feet more than once got entangled among the faded remains of the tall weeds that had flourished there all Summer. Close by the door I was astonished to see a pot of heliotrope, set out in the sun for an hour at mid-day, I supposed. The air was unusually warm for the late Fall, and the sunlight fell revivingly on the sweet purple flowers.

I gave a resounding rap on the door with my riding whip that made the house echo like a great hollow shell. Then, before anybody should come, I tried to think what I should say when some one did appear. A middle-aged, ordinary looking woman came from somewhere far back, I should think, for I heard her walking a long time before she opened the door.

"Can you accommodate myself and horse here till to-morrow?" I asked, "I am tired, and would rather stop here than ride on to the hotel at the next village."

After a moment's thought and scrutiny of my face and dress, she replied:

"Yes, I guess so; if you'll take care of your horse yourself."

I agreed to the condition, and she called a child to show me the stable. A little, toddling four-year-old girl came and went before me, down behind a knoll, where I found a dilapidated barn, into which I introduced my horse.

The presence of the child surprised me. I had not thought there had been a

child on the premises for years. I tried to make her talk, but she would not, or could not, so I walked back to the house.

It was somewhat past their dinner hour, and I said I wanted nothing to eat till supper. I saw no one but the woman and child, and began to think I had courted a fit of ennui in yielding to my impulse and coming to this quiet place.

I thought of the heliotrope at the door, and wondered if it belonged to this woman. I studied her face, and decided that if she wished to cultivate flowers she would choose a bright, double marigold.

I sauntered out of doors, and round into the front yard; the flower-pot was gone. My hostess had not removed it, I knew. I had already woven a little plot, the heroine of which should be a sweet, blue-eyed blonde, the owner of the heliotrope. Blondes were my favorites, and this lady must be a Saxon beauty.

At supper, a slight, dark girl came and sat down at table opposite me. She bestowed a deliberate, inquiring look upon me, and then ate her supper, never even glancing my way again. It was very provoking; that prolonged look seemed to satisfy her that I was so very ordinary appearing that there was no need of bestowing on me another glance. I think I looked at her during the whole meal, I could not help it. Her dark face drew my eyes, and unconsciously challenged them to peruse it. Her eyes were large and dark; the darkness seeming to lie principally in the great power of expansion in the pupil, which was luminous and soft; so it was then, though I afterward learned that it did not always possess that quality.

I launched several topics of conversation, watching her meanwhile, hoping she would favor my frail barks with fair wind, but she did no such thing; she sat indifferently, and saw every little conversational venture sink down disabled, without saying a word to save it. I mentioned a number of places I had visited, in the forlorn hope that I might hit upon one she had seen, and that she might manifest it. At last I spoke of hearing a celebrated lecturer at a certain town. At the mention of the man's name her whole countenance darkened like a cloud where one expects to see lightning playing, but she did not look up, and I saw no lightning.

"I won't go away from here till I have found you out, and made you talk," I said to myself, when she rose from the table and left the room, without having articulated a single word.

So, on the impulse of the moment, because this woman had wounded my vanity, I made that resolve whose execution changed my life as completely as lives can be changed.

I devoted myself to my hostess, and finally retired to my room, with the agreeable conviction that I had made a good impression upon that lady, and that she would board me as long as I wanted to stay. I was to pay her a good price, perhaps that had something to do with her ready consent.

"Allow me to assist you; I am supposed to be stronger than you," I said the next morning when I found the young lady in the barn, constructing, with hammer, boards and nails, some sort of a box—something for a plant, I imagined.

"Thank you," was the answer; "this does not require much strength; it is only my dexterity that is called into play."

Her voice was even and harmonious; she spoke with the intonation of polite society.

I was rude enough to stand by her several seconds, with watchful eyes, noting the flexible form in its crimson morning-gown. If I had been a woman I should have said, "That is the color most consonant with that face;" but as I am a man I only had a dim realization that the pallidity of her countenance was relieved by the warm tint she wore, and, little as I knew the girl, I felt an indescribable recognition of her hot, passionate spirit in the significant fieriness of that beautiful crimson. Some unknown link between her temperament and the outside world had made that vital hue the silent interpreter of her characteristics.

As I looked at her, she raised her hammer and struck it on a nail she was holding in place; the nail glanced from its position, and she drove it through the flesh part of one of the fingers of her left hand. I uttered an exclamation, and endeavored to take the hammer from her hand. She smiled a little strange smile, and clenched her fingers over the handle, to prevent my getting it—then she drew the nail from her bleeding fingers, and pounded it in its place with an energy that had something of spite in it.

"What can one do with such a woman as that?" almost burst from my lips, so impetuously did it cross my mind.

She rose from her knees, and began binding up her hand with her handkerchief very tenderly, and with an expression of soft self-pity on her face. I took the hand in mine, and swathed it in the gossamer handkerchief; as I did so I saw a name marked in its corner. Thinking that if I wanted to know her, I must take advantage of every circumstance, I scrutinized the marking, and read aloud—"Viviane Clare."

"Excuse me, Miss Clare," I said; "I know I am very rude, but I wish to become possessed of the right to speak to you, and you see I am bold enough to seize the first opportunity of learning your name."

She withdrew her hand with a suddenness that was almost a jerk, and instantly became absorbed in tending it again.

"I wish I had persisted in my intention of doing your carpentering for you," I said.

"I suppose you think if you had persisted you would have succeeded, don't you?" she asked, with a laugh that was very musical, while it was slightly satirical.

"I realize now that I should have been defeated in my humane desire," I replied. "You have not yet pardoned me for discovering your name by stratagem," I continued; "in atonement, let me tell you that the name by which men know me is Jarl Perrom."

I bowed as I ceased speaking; she did not look up to perceive it; she only said:

"Thank you, Mr. Perrom," with an indescribable accent of polite derision, that pierced me like sharp steel.

"I hope you will experience no evil effects from the wound," I said, lowering my eyelids to hide my vexed eyes. "With your permission, I will lead my horse from the stall, as he wants grooming."

I thought she would go out at that; but she said:

"I don't mind it;" and turned to her boards and nails again.

There she crouched, graceful as a couchant leopard, fumbling with her bandaged left hand, and making quick, telling strokes with her right. I never groomed a horse with so distracted a mind before. Under my hands he grew pettish and fractious, and I narrowly escaped being kicked several times. At

length in a pet, I tied him up to his crib, and was turning to come out, when Miss Clare spoke. Apparently she had not looked at me before since I took the horse out.

She said, with mirthful voice :

"You have given that horse rope enough to get tangled about his fore legs if he is so inclined, and cause a catastrophe."

With a burning face I saw my blunder, and rectified it, feeling very much like chopping off my hands for having been so awkward.

"I confess I am not used to being my own groom," I said ; "your knowledge is as useful as it is uncommon."

She did not reply ; and as I had no pretence to stay longer, I stalked out of the barn, with a frivolous, secret wonder in my mind as to whether she was going to transplant her heliotrope, for she seemed now preparing to fill her box with earth. I settled the question, however, with a grunt of sarcasm, by muttering to myself that "she was going to have another womanish plant to dawdle over."

I had to admit, though, that she did not look like a woman to dawdle about anything.

With this admission in my mind I went into the house, and looked round for the heliotrope. I found it by a sunny window.

For some reason I liked this plant. Something in its royal violet appealed to me as the insignia of Miss Clare's idiosyncrasies ; its rich perfume was the fitting aroma of her imperial nature ; it bore itself as the princely gonfalon of the hosts of her heart and head ; under such an ensign did I already wish to enlist. I thought with a smile, that, though Miss Clare was not a blonde, yet I would like to follow her standard.

"You like flowers, I suppose, Mrs. Jerdan," I said to my hostess, as I stood over the blossom, inhaling with epicurean breaths its incomparable richness.

"Yes, well enough. But I never should think of fussing about that thing as Miss Clare does. She brought it away from home with her, and has taken the greatest care of it ever since."

"Then this is not her home," I remarked indifferently.

"Oh, no ; she only boards here for a while."

"Mrs. Jerdan is right," spoke Miss Clare's tuneful voice from the doorway.

"I am here as long as I wish to stay. My home is in Boston."

Was it her particular province to discompose and confuse me ? If it had been, she could not have succeeded more entirely.

I looked down at the girl's eyes, and said :

"You have discovered that I am interested in you."

"I have discovered that you experience a feeling, which, if you were a woman, I should surely call curiosity," she answered, advancing toward me and stopping by her plant, fondling it with dainty fingers.

"I don't like to have you call the feeling by that name," I said, with an air that implied that she could awaken a stronger sensation than mere curiosity. I found that every such gallant attempt was lost upon her.

She looked up in my face, and indifferently asked :

"Why not ? Does the imputation wound your dignity ?"

I noted that, now that the pupils were contracted, her eyes were hazel-gray. I replied to her Yankee directness by an indistinct murmur, for, in truth, I did not know what to say. Then I remarked :

"Your heliotrope is getting too large for this pot ; you must transplant it, unless you want it to blossom itself to death."

"Yes, it was for this pet of mine that I was wounded this morning; I am going to put it in a box, to-morrow. It will flourish greenly and bless me with sweetness in return for my love. It is not human at all, Mr. Perrom."

"You are too young to be a cynic," I said, secretly glad of this remark she had volunteered, and astonished at myself that I was so glad.

"It is not years that make a cynic," was the reply, "it is life, and there is so much of life sometimes in a day."

I did not hazard a response to that remark, though I wished to speak in terms I feared she would resent as too personal. A silence of several minutes followed. The harsh lines around her mouth, the retrospective appearance of her face, made me imagine her to be thinking of something disagreeable in her past.

At last I said:

"Can I be of any assistance in transplanting, to-morrow?"

Her face did not change as she said:

"Thank you, none whatever," and walked away.

What vagary had taken possession of me, prompting me to like this girl? Something that I felt would soon develop itself into that which would prove more vital than a mere freak. Though I could not, with any reason, decide why I had become so conscious of this attraction, yet I felt it to be, if erratic as lightning, as powerful and as sure to its mark. I did not love the girl. I do not think I believe in the idea of the growth of anything so complete, so perfect as love, in one or two days. I do not deny its possibility for some natures, where the whole previous life seems to have been attuned by invisible hands for this meeting and this love. But for me, who have groped in earth's dryness and dustiness, I did not expect a sudden purification for the reception of the glorious guest.

I had been at the isolated farmhouse a fortnight, and had seen very little of Miss Clare. In the meantime, when I sat at my reading or writing, I occasionally heard the report of a pistol from somewhere back of the house. For a long time, I wondered what boy or young man was practising shooting, or what pigeons and quails were suffering from his expertness. At last, one morning, as an incessant "crack, crack" came up against my window, I took my little revolver from its case and went out in search of the marksman. The air was cool and frosty, and came against my face with the very essence of Winter in it. Hurrying on to keep warm, I came upon Miss Clare, who was standing about a dozen paces from a target board nailed upon a tree. When I came up, she was standing with her face turned from me, loading her pistol. She wore a short, loose, double-breasted fur jacket and a fur cap. The cap did not become her; her face was too proudly, coldly cut for such a half jaunty thing. I took out my own pistol and examined it, while she asked me if I was a good shot.

"Ordinary," I answered.

"Well, let me see," she said, and stood aside for me to take her place and shoot. I did so, and was sufficiently mortified at seeing that my shot went so wide of the mark as to emphasize my remark that I was ordinarily skilled. However, I knew I could do better, and I fired two more charges, both of which went full upon the eye of the target.

"That is a great deal better than I can do," remarked Miss Clare, stepping up and firing with so little appearance of taking aim that I wondered her bullet came so near—within a quarter of an inch of the mark. We practised

for half an hour, and I proved myself more clever at the art than Miss Clare. I wished to offer myself as instructor and companion, but the fear of being repulsed prevented me. I might have dispensed with that diffidence, for, when we were returning to the house, she asked :

“ Initiate me into the mysteries, will you ? ”

“ Of Eleusis ? ” inquired I, laughing and wondering what she meant.

She replied with ready tongue :

“ No ; I have the insufficient key of *Æschylus* for that. I mean, I want Mr. Perrom to teach me to shoot.”

“ You can shoot now.”

“ You require explicitness, I see. I want you to teach me how to hit the mark when I do shoot. Will you ? ”

I believe I concealed the exultation which those words gave me. I only answered :

“ With pleasure.”

“ When shall we commence ? ” she asked.

“ To-morrow,” I said.

All day I had a to-morrow to which to look forward. I confess to the childishness of thinking as often as once every quarter hour that the next day I was to practise shooting with Miss Clare. I believe I should not have had occasion to accuse myself of this had I been anywhere else than in this solitary place, where there were but few outside influences to intrude themselves upon me. I had seen but two carriages upon the road since my arrival there, and, after my morning gallop over long stretches of brown field, I had nothing to do but read, write and think. I was often in the mood at that period of my life, when, if I was idle for any length of time, my thoughts became as errant as my material nature was slothful ; they would persist in wandering to that which they liked best. Now my emotions or my roused interest were the way-marks, all pointing to the path my thoughts should take—everything made me think, almost with a painful exclusiveness, of Miss Clare. I had nearly reached my thirtieth year, and I could not lay to extreme youth a concentration of thought which I had never before experienced in regard to a woman.

A leaden flow of the blood through my veins, a heavy thudding of my temples when I went to bed that night, gave promise of something beside an accurate eye and true aim for the morning. The next day's sunlight, when it came in on my face through the window, fell with cruel brightness upon eyes which had not slept through the night. I felt that I was either very ill or was getting ready to be so. I was determined to rise and go down stairs, however, and, after repeated failures, I at length succeeded in dressing, and, when I had rested awhile, I started for the stairway. How I ever got down those stairs, I never knew ; but I fainted dead away at the bottom. I remember, when the first sensation of faintness came upon me, that my mind framed a curse that my man's strength should have left me. Before I could shape my lips to utter the imprecation, they were powerless to do so. A sprinkling of water on my face and a wet hand on my forehead were the first sensations of returning consciousness. Before I had power to open my eyes, I hoped the hand was Miss Clare's. I had a dim idea that it was soft, and, consequently, must be hers.

I opened my eyes, and, in the dusky light of the passage-way, I saw that Miss Clare was beside me.

“ We shall not shoot this morning, shall we, Mr. Perrom, since you are so

provoking as to be ill?" was the first remark she made, softly bathing my forehead in the meantime.

"Perhaps we shall," I said, writhing from her hand. "This accursed faintness may pass away in a little while."

I ground my teeth in a rage at my incapability.

"The sickness will hardly go away to-day, I think. Can you rise?" she asked.

"I think so."

I made a cumbersome movement to stand up, but should have failed in the effort had not Miss Clare taken my hands and assisted me. Ill and half-confused as I was, I vividly felt the firm, warm clasp of her slender fingers. It was the first time our hands had met. Conscious of the present wish that they might never more be strangers, I said, faintly and earnestly:

"I really hope, Miss Clare, that you are as sorry as I that I cannot accompany you this morning—and that is hoping a great deal."

I leaned against the lower part of the balusters, and looked through the dim light at my companion. It seemed to me that her haughty mouth was softened somewhat—that her eyes were less distant in their splendor. She was going to be kind to the sick man, however she might be to him when he was well.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Perrom; more sorry that you are ill. I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself in some way. Perhaps you have written too much; I have guessed that you write a great deal."

There was so enchanting, subtle a sweetness in her voice, that I acknowledged to myself, as I weakly stood, supported by the staircase, that I would willingly endure an illness for the sake of hearing it. Those tones murmured in all cadences through my wild dreams for the next few weeks. Musical and kind as were her words, I could not but own that it was not a music for me alone; it was not the exclusive harmony for one heart only—it was the kindness of her womanly nature toward all suffering, and she was so gifted as to be able to display it more bountifully than some women.

"Though I have written much," I said, "I cannot accuse myself of over-exertion. If I have offended against the laws of health, it has been unconsciously."

She came a step nearer and said, somewhat hastily:

"I do not know why I have allowed you to stand so long in this cold hall. You should have known better. Allow me to assist you to your room; then I will send Mrs. Jerdan to attend to you. Now try to get up these stairs; take my arm—lean heavily; do not fear—I am strong."

I obeyed her implicitly; had I wished to do otherwise, I had not the power. At every other step I stopped and sternly, intensely tried to steady my quivering limbs and swimming head. It was useless—I could not do it. At one of these pauses, Miss Clare looked at me attentively, and said:

"It's of no use—you can't succeed; not because you have not the will, but because your will partakes of the weakness of your physical nature. Yield, throw aside your pride, and humbly wait till nature recuperates herself."

I did not answer till I reached my own door; then, as I rested before entering, I said:

"It is hardly consistent for you to advise like that."

"How do you know?" with a surprise that appeared to have a little alarm in it.

"By your face," I said.

She looked relieved, and turned to go. I called her back.

"You must be brief," she remonstrated; "I don't want to have you fainting again."

"I only wanted to ask you, in case I am unconscious, not to allow Mrs. Jerdan to have a physician here who is *very* ignorant. I have little faith in country doctors—not much in any. You'll know by his appearance if he's a quack. Prescribe for me yourself, rather than allow such to attend me. You promise?"

I held out my unsteady hand. She took it, and said, "I promise;" then ran down stairs for Mrs. Jerdan. I staggered into my room and fell upon the bed, utterly in the grasp of that unseen, strange power of disease. The next month is not a blank to me, though but for a few blessed memories I should pray that it might be so. There were some moments of calm, moments when I opened my weary eyes in realization of everything around me. Twice I saw Miss Clare sitting near; she gave me back an answering look of intelligence to that which she saw in my face. I did not speak, I had not the slightest wish to do so. I closed my eyes with a feeling of deep and entire relief, for, while I realized her presence, I feared no more the incubus of fever.

The days of convalescence at last dawned upon me. Sleep, the merciful and all-healing, smiled upon my tired soul. There were days when it seemed to me that I slept nearly all the time—slept with a sense of quiet bliss that made me wish for nothing beyond the present.

When I fell into the habit of lying peacefully awake for several hours, I noticed that the doctor came every day. I thought him a quiet, reliable man, who appeared to understand his business. I secretly wondered if his was the obscure fate of practising in the little village near by. As soon as I had sufficient energy and strength to talk, I asked him where he lived.

"In M.," mentioning a city about thirty miles away.

"Do you come from there every day?" I asked.

"Yes, why not?"

I did not reply, but inquired eagerly, "Who sent for you?"

"I don't know. I only know for whom I was sent." He smiled tantalizingly, and went out.

I had not seen Miss Clare since the fever left me. The next time Mrs. Jerdan came in, I asked if Miss Clare would come up a moment. She had gone to walk, Mrs. Jerdan replied; she would give her my message when she returned.

I lay dreamily waiting for her coming, my wasted fingers aimlessly playing with the counterpane, folding and unfolding, doubling and undoubling, with the restless wandering of a sick person.

At last my heart beat heavier as I heard it—a faint rustle of garments in the passage, and Miss Clare opened the door. She advanced with quiet tread to my side, and took a hand of mine in hers. My weakened frame felt the revivifying effect of the vital life and electricity in her, as my hand closed round her fingers. I had not sufficient control over myself to prevent my eyes from eagerly devouring her face. Her eyelids drooped beneath my gaze. She smiled and spoke:

"So, Mr. Perrom, you think yourself sufficiently recovered to receive a visitor?"

"I think myself well enough to receive you," I said, feebly detaining the hand she attempted to withdraw.

"As I get better, I grow curious," I continued, relinquishing with a smothered sigh the fingers that lay passively in mine.

"Yes, I think your nature is essentially inquisitive," she said, sitting down in a low chair near me. "Do you desire any information that I can give you?"

"How came you to know of this physician from M.?" I asked, half fearing that it might have been Mrs. Jerdan who had procured him. She replied directly:

"A friend of mine in Boston has great faith in him; so, after one interview with the doctor over there in the village, I sent to M.; I hope you are favorably impressed by him, for I think he has done very well by you."

"And you didn't like the village doctor?"

"Like him!" with a slight laugh, "he would have bled and blistered you to death; and, as you placed your life in my hands, I felt some compunctions. Though not so tender-hearted as I should be, I would be willing to leave only my enemy in the hands of an ignorant quack."

Her voice sounded so refreshing, so musical, after my long banishment, that I would willingly have had her talk hours, even had she spoken nothing but the veriest insipidities. She sat by a small light stand, on which stood a few vials and a glass; she rested one arm on the stand, and bent slightly forward as she spoke; her position one of easy, faultless grace; her form, in its soft, dun-hued dress, was elegant and bewitching in every curve; the faint fragrance that hung around her stole sweetly upon my senses; and her face—what strange happiness it gave me only to look at her face again! Those large eyes looked quietly at me, or glanced casually about the room. In them lay the wonderful power of her face; in them lay quiescent the fire and sweetness of her soul—the terrible anger and unfathomable kindness of her nature. I saw, too, that her mouth was another index to her temperament; that its proud lips betokened the furious volcanic disposition, which was probably an inheritance, and which she had never learned to control.

At length, I roused myself and spoke:

"I am very grateful to you, Miss Clare. When I regain a little of my former strength, I will try to tell you how thankful I am; for I did not wish to die."

"She rose and moved toward the door:

"You are very weak now, and you exaggerate. Have you any message for Mrs. Jerdan?"

"None. Don't desert me in my convalescence, will you?"

"You'll soon be able to desert us," she said, with her hand on the door and a smile on her face.

"But I shall not have the will," I cried.

"Well, good-by." She was in the passage now.

"Good-by," I groaned, rather than said, for all the light seemed leaving the room.

THE FALLACIES OF MEMORY.

THE aberrations of memory have in them this peculiarity: we never remember that our remembrance is habitually, not merely fallible, but faulty. We treat all mistakes as exceptional, rather than instancial. We assume that when error is detected, there is either intentional falsehood or culpable inexactitude—or at the least, some singular accidental lapse, which it somewhat taxes our candor to credit in our neighbors, and our pride to confess for ourselves. Over and over again the same result occurs whenever we have occasion to verify any particular recollection by reference to memoranda, or to return to the scene of a past occurrence, or to discuss with another witness the details of any event. Invariably we find our recollection has exaggerated the fact, as recorded in the memorandum; invariably the scene we revisit differs essentially, in some of its leading features and dimensions, from that which we believed we remembered; invariably our fellow witness remembers quite other words and acts from those which have impressed themselves on our minds. Nevertheless, in the face of such experience a hundred times repeated, we remark complacently again and again: "How strange that I should have mistaken such a fact! how singular that my memory (generally so accurate) should have made me fancy that house so much larger than it is! how stupid of So-and-so not to recollect what happened at such a time!" These absurd comments repeated by us all perpetually, never seem to awaken us to the fact that their origin cannot be an infinite succession of exceptional cases, but a simple result of permanent mental laws. Like the old geologists who counted every fossil as an accidental deposit or relic of the Flood, we persist in attributing each freshly discovered error of memory, not to Nature, but to some singular chance, or some portentous cataclysm of the human faculties.

To judge of this matter more soundly must assuredly be desirable. How many of our daily acts, how much of our estimate of our fellows, how large a share even of our public justice, depends on our reliance upon the veracity of memory, it is needless to show. To proceed constantly on a false assumption in a matter so closely intertwined with all our affairs must needs cause us to fall into a thousand errors which would be avoided did we act on sounder theories. Yet so painful is the idea of the fallaciousness of one of our greatest faculties, that we prefer to encounter the consequences of endless mistakes rather than face the humiliating truth, which would preserve us from them all. It is surely time that here also, as in so many other cases, we should open our doors to Truth, not leaving her forever knocking thereat with one hard fact after another, nor yet challenging her before her entrance to disclose the gifts she has never yet failed to bear hidden in her hand. Let us candidly admit and intelligently study the phenomena of memory, and it cannot be but that our corrected judgment of its veracity will avail us better than our present habitual blind reliance. The Present, in our lives, is ever closely

bound with the Past, and the cord which unites them is all woven of strands of memory. When we know that on the soundness of that cord we often hang honor, love, faith, justice, things more precious than life itself, our reluctance to test its strength would be as senseless as that of Alpine travellers who should refuse to try the rope which is to support them over the abyss, lest perchance in sooth, it might prove to be insecure.

To form a just estimate of the validity of an average human memory, it is, of course, only fair to eliminate from the mass of cases of inaccuracy which present themselves, all such as may fairly be assigned to some other origin than a *bona fide* failure of recollection.

Among these a great many will be found attributable to the imperfect command of language possessed by the majority even of educated persons. A poor vocabulary is a half-filled purse, unfit to supply the owner with coin to exchange for ideas. Some are so wretched as to have nothing but copper—others only silver. Not one man in a thousand has golden words enough to render always the Beautiful, the Sublime, the Holy. He may have seen, heard, and felt truly, remembered truly, and desired truly to record his remembrance—but the words which are needful fail him. He is a painter, with no pigments save gray and dun. How shall he paint the purple and crimson of the sunset? We are forever tempted to confound a man's expression of his thought with the thought itself. For aught we can tell there may be in the minds of thousands of "inarticulate" ones, ideas as bright, pictures as vividly grand and beautiful, as ever haunted the brain of noblest poet, but "mute, inglorious Miltons" they must remain, for the words which should reveal their thoughts in their true majesty are denied them. Lower down the human scale where there is no question of "poets who have never penned their inspirations," where impressions themselves are dim and thoughts prosaic, the same lack of words limits even the expression of these humbler ideas, and the phrases of the boor, who needs to tell the story of a village fray or detail the succession of his crops, will labor as clumsily as the unwieldy oxen of his plough. When a blind gentleman asks his servant to describe to him the scene at the moment before his eyes, what is the answer he receives? Is it a faithful and vivid transcript of all its leading features? nothing of the kind; only a bald mention of those particulars for which the man happens to possess either observation or nomenclature. The same scene described by a poet, a true artist in language, would seem to belong to another world. It is obviously idle to expect that when the servant details *past* events, he will more accurately describe what he *remembers* than what he *sees*.

Again, there are endless failures mistakable for failures of memory, which, in reality, are failures in the accuracy of the original observation. To hundreds of persons, we may justly repeat Johnson's rebuff to Boswell: "Sir, it is not your memory which is deficient, but your attention."

Of course, the ideas which are conveyed through sights and sounds imperfectly perceived are all faulty from the first, and no memory of them can be otherwise than faulty also.

How large is another class of errors wrongly set down to the default of memory, namely, voluntary falsehoods, covered by such pretence, there is no need to tell. On this matter of lying we shall have more to say presently, in reference to embellishments and exaggerations gradually superseding in the speaker's own recollection the original event.

Lastly, endless apparent lapses of memory must arise from the pure care-

lessness and inadvertence of many talkers. To hear some persons scatter their epithets, we might deem that words were of no more consequence than the drops of water a rower allows to run off his oar as he "feathers" it in a boat race.

All these causes which combine to add to the apparent inaccuracy of memory must, of course, be excluded from view when we seek to form a just estimate of the fact. But when all is done, and we have deducted imperfect language, imperfect observation, fraud and carelessness, we still retain a residue of experience pointing all one way, namely, to the immense uncertainty attaching to the exercise of the human faculty of memory. Let us analyze these facts of experience, so as a little to appreciate their number.

History is a science, which, in our time seems chiefly occupied in dispelling delusions. The characters we supposed we knew most familiarly, the anecdotes which tradition repeated most constantly and confidently, are precisely the characters and anecdotes now oftenest revised, rejudged and discredited. Criticism resembles the scientific lecturers of our schools twenty years ago, displaying to a class of children the marvels of the microscope: "Here you observe is a fine pointed needle, here a piece of the most delicate French cambric, here is the golden hair of a beautiful young lady." We look through the fatal lens, and lo! the needle resembles a crowbar; the fine cambric has become villainous canvas; the golden hair is revealed to be an ugly tube, like a rusty gas pipe. Thus in reading history by the new method, all things are reversed. Our old heroes are heroes no more to the literary *valets-de-chambre* who so ruthlessly undress them. Our monsters of tyranny and iniquity come forth at the call of the beneficent enchanters, who undertake to transform them like the good Beast in the fairy tale, restored to human shape, and worthy of the tenderest affections of Beauty. Martyrs, philosophers and kings innumerable, are now slowly rolling down the hill of Fame, like stones in a glacier, while, ever since Walpole recalled Richard III. from Hades for judgment, there has been a perpetual rehabilitation of the damned of History, till very soon we may expect to be left without a single time-dishonored villain with whose name to "point a moral or adorn a tale." The fact to which these great changes point must surely be this—that immense fallacies have been imbedded for ages in the memory of all civilized nations.

Again, not only the characters of individuals have been falsely conveyed to us, but the special details of their words and acts. The long speeches attributed by ancient historians to their orators and generals are hardly, we presume, supposed to represent accurately the original harangues; but when short, pithy sayings are universally given to certain characters, and have obtained currency, wherever the supposed speaker's name is known, we might justly assume that if historical memory is ever reliable, it would be in such a case. Yet the notorious fact is, that all such sayings, and aphorisms, and war-cries, nay, all very striking and characteristic anecdotes of any kind, are precisely the doubtful bits of the story of each great man's life. Whenever, as in such modern cases as the incidents of Waterloo, we are enabled to sift the evidence for and against the veracity of the anecdote, it is tolerably certain that the balance will incline against it. So completely is this truth now recognized that the old stories, which fifty years ago enlivened all histories, are now hardly quoted, or if quoted, are prefaced by the remark, "It is needless to say there is little authority to support the anecdote of Thomyris saying, 'Cyrus thy thirst was blood,' or Xerxes flogging the Hellespont, or

Tell shooting the apple on his son's head, or Alfred spoiling the neatherd's cakes."

Even when some substratum of truth exists, the details, perhaps the most essential of the details, of the story are false. No anecdote is perhaps more widely circulated in England than that Nelson originated the exhortation which has become a sort of national *sursum corda*—"England expects every man to do his duty." The facts of the case (well known to the near relatives of the parties) are these: Nelson ordered the signal, to be made before the action at Trafalgar, "*Nelson* expects every man to do his duty." The officer who obeyed the command found that the flag which should have signified "*Nelson*" was, by some accident, missing at the moment; reflecting how he could supply the deficiency, he hit upon the happy idea of choosing the signal, "*England*" as a substitute for "*Nelson*," and thus produced the watchword we have so constantly attributed to our naval hero himself.

When anything remarkably noble, or poetical, or witty, is said by an obscure person, there is an universal tendency to attribute it to any contemporary individual with whose reputation it seems to harmonize.

Sidney Smith and President Lincoln will doubtless share the credit of all the Joe Millers (another typical name) of England and America in this century, while a different class of anecdotes will attach themselves to Wellington, Garibaldi and Whateley. These errors form, in fact, one entire class of myths; and there is a corresponding class, consisting of stories of what a distinguished man *ought* to have said, and, therefore, is alleged to have said, in a certain contingency. "Up Guards and at them!" would have been a natural speech under the circumstances. "La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas," would have been a sublime bit of French sentiment. But Wellington is proved not to have said the first phrase, and the second is equally discredited, albeit engraved on the monument at Nantes. All the legal world of England believed the anecdote of Erskine telling Thelwall that if he conducted his own defence on his trial he would surely be hanged, to which Thelwall was held to have responded, "Then I'll be hanged if I do!" Nevertheless, Thelwall assured a gentleman, from whom we derive the story, that neither Erskine nor he said anything of the kind. Both these classes of myths, it is evident, involve curious lapses of memory, the memory of the *person* who really made the speech, or the memory of the *speech* which the person really made. Again, modern warfare has appliances for recording the events of the field, such as ancient times could in no way parallel. Telegraphs, special correspondents, dispatches, newspapers circulating in both the belligerent nations, afford us means, first, to ascertain the facts, then, to record them instantly, publicly, and before all parties. When we compare such a state of things with the old annals—written, usually, by men who never saw the battles they recorded, nor any battles at all, men who wrote years after the event, and passed their MSS. only among fellow-countrymen, neither able nor willing to contradict them—when we compare, I say, new history and old history, we may well stand aghast. If all our advantages end in such contradictions as those current about the Crimean war, the contradictions of the "Times" and the Russian newspapers, of Kinglake and Todleben, by what rule of three shall we estimate the utter unreliability of History written without our machinery of correction? *

* A very amusing instance of such contradictory evidence has taken place, as we write, in London. On opening the present session of Parliament, the Queen was known to

Before quitting this part of our subject, we may remark that, though it is the tendency, beyond a doubt, of all modern criticism to discredit all the *details* of History (and especially of those characteristic anecdotes in which tradition revels), it is clear, on the other hand, that all sound reason goes to strengthen the credit due to the veracity of the *larger* events of History—even of those unsupported by strict documentary evidence. To doubt the existence of any of the great prophets or conquerors of ancient times—to question the truth of the Persian Invasion of Greece, the Jewish Exodus, the Reign of Cæsar, the Norman Conquest of England—would be justly regarded in this century as a display of gross ignorance and impertinence. Yet, between the small events *à priori* doubtful and the large events *à priori* credible, there must be a middle region, embracing perhaps the greater part of history, where the improbability attaching to the one order of facts and the probability belonging to the other meet in a middle term of neutral likelihood. We have heard one of the ablest thinkers of the age remark that the determination of the relative value of historical facts according to this scale will be one of the tasks whose achievement will serve most importantly to clear up our future judgment of all the great problems which lie before us for solution. Again, in our Courts of Justice, it is notorious how continually the most honest witnesses contradict one another on the simplest matters of fact, and thereby prove the inaccuracy of memory, even when acting under the pressure of conscience, alarmed by judicial oaths and the tremendous results of a trial for capital offence. Such anecdotes as the following might be multiplied almost to any extent by a man conversant with the experience of the Bar. A trial took place in Dublin twenty years ago (as the writer was informed by one of the jury) in which three witnesses were summoned to give evidence whether a man who left their village for India many years previously was a certain Thomas Staunton or his kinsman, John Staunton. The three witnesses were perfectly uninterested in the result of the case, and of unimpeachable honesty so far as any chance of bribery was concerned; yet, of these three men, two swore it was Thomas Staunton who went to India, and one swore it was John. The ablest lawyers at the Irish Bar endeavored, for two days, by cross-examination, to clear up the mistake, which no one doubted arose from involuntary lapse of memory. Their efforts,

have intended a change in the usual programme. She declined to abandon her widow's weeds for the royal robes and diadem, and the robe was consequently merely laid upon the throne, and the crown carried beside her. Considerable curiosity arose to know how she would actually dress and act on the occasion, and the applications to obtain places in the gallery of the House of Lords were innumerable. Of course, when the Queen entered the splendid chamber (of very small dimensions), all eyes were fixed upon her, and, doubtless, turned to her, as the centre of interest during the ceremonies of the ensuing hour or two. The result of all this attention was, that the evening and morning papers afterward all contradicted each other as to her costume and behavior. The "Times" stated it was "variously" asserted she wore violet or black, and, of six private friends of the writer, who witnessed the scene from the best situations in the House, the following evidence was derived: "1. The Queen wore black. 2. The Queen wore violet. 3. The Queen wore purple. 4. The Queen wore velvet. 5. The Queen wore silk. 6. The Queen wore miniver. 7. The Queen looked so pale, it was sad to see. 8. The Queen looked full of grief, her face flushed deeply. 9. The Queen took no notice of any one on entry, but kissed the Princess of Wales on going away. 10. The Queen at once went up to the Princess of Wales and kissed her tenderly." *Et voila comme on écrit l'histoire!* the history of the current hour!

however, proved entirely abortive, and the case was given up. The late Recorder of Birmingham was at one time counsel in a case called on at three separate intervals of six months. The short-hand notes taken by the reporters of the testimony of the witnesses at each of the trials were, of course, examined and compared with the final evidence, whereupon the curious phenomenon was presented of a regular ascending scale of certitude, and particularly in proportion as the event ought to have receded from the memory of the witnesses. On the first trial, the testimony was brief and general. On the second, it had grown longer and much more elaborate. On the third, it had become enriched with a multitude of previously unknown details and clear statements regarding matters which at first had been unremarked, or, at least, unstated.

Doubtless every experienced lawyer could quote many instances tending, like the above, to prove the unreliability of memory. The Saffron Hill murder, as it is called in England, was a notorious case in point, and serves to illustrate a yet further defect of the faculty, namely, that at moments of excitement of any kind it is even more than usually untrustworthy and fallacious. The witnesses of that fray were proved utterly incompetent to remember the crucial facts of the case—*who* struck a certain blow—or spoke certain words—or was present at a given moment. Doubtless the same confusion occurs whenever there is similar excitement. What a revelation then have we here of the unreliability of History? Precisely in proportion as any event involves great interest, just so far the memory of it is liable to be obscure. The excitement of strong feelings of anger, horror, astonishment, fear, causes the exciting transaction to be involved to the spectators in a sort of mental blur, like the perceptions of a man drunk with wine. Vehement excitement, in truth, is intoxication—an intoxication often more dangerous, because less suspected, than that produced by any material stimulant. To behold a deadly fray—to witness the supposed apparition of the departed—to lead a charge of cavalry—nay, to yield to the storm of our own passions, hate, love, or furious anger—is to be for the time in an abnormal condition of the mental faculties, such as haschish or alcohol can hardly produce. The results on the senses—obscuring all sensations, even to the mutilations of the limbs—and the subsequent distortion and partial effacement of the memory of the scene, are all parallel to the common phenomena we observe in the case of a drunken man. He has acted, as if borne on, without volition; he has seen and heard without observing; and he remembers what has occurred with the dimness of a photograph taken out of focus. It is true that some incidents of each scene will probably have been perceived with extraordinary clearness and vividness, like the glimpses of landscape suddenly revealed between clouds and showers, and brought close to us in a gleam of lurid light. The man will have seen a *part* of the transaction most lucidly, and this part will seem burnt on his memory; but it must be recollected that such partial gleams and one-sided recollections are far from safe materials with which to form any just estimate of an event, on which they throw rather the delusive glare of a conjuror's stage, than a fair and equal illumination. The single passage of the scene, recalled without its context of antecedent and subsequent occurrences, is precisely the most misleading record we can possess. Yet this is all that memory, acting on the impressions received in moments of excitement, can give us. All beside is blurred as by the clouds which surround the one vivid glimpse of sea or mountain beheld in the storm.

When we reflect that nearly everything in the past history of our race which we most care to know has been delivered to us by witnesses laboring under these bewildering conditions of excitement of one kind or other, even such reliance as we might be disposed to give to common testimony seems loosened at the points where we would fain desire it could have been most firm.

Again, in ordinary private life, where no publicity attends the record of events, and no special excitement attaches to them, what do we find experimentally to be the worth of memory? In the first place, of course, we all recognize that after the lapse of some forty-eight hours or thereabouts, we are quite unable to trace back our history, step by step, hour by hour. What we did a week ago, at a given hour, and the week before, at another hour, is effaced, unless we are either so regular in our employment as to be able to mark any exceptions, or else chance to have been greatly concerned in that which may have happened. Where we walked or rode—with whom we conversed—what we read or ate—or wore—whether it rained or shone—whether we were ill or well—sad or merry—all has been swept away, like yesterday's sea-weed by the morning tide. Trying to recall the past week, month, year, we shall succeed in finding certain points here and there, a few stepping-stones in the flood of time. Some of them stand out high and clearly, and on these we may pass in thought, bridging back our years to the first memorial of childhood—others are nearly submerged under the ever-rising current of oblivion, and others again, lie far down, where we only see them in strange glimpses by day, or weird dreams by night. But when we have made the most of our poor memorials, there remains always a waste of unmarked sands of life, hours and days unnumbered, over which the swift river eddies fast, leaving no memory behind. Let any man take the almanacs of his past years, ten, twenty years ago, and say to how many of the days or months therein he can attach a recollection of any kind. The result will surely be to convince him that what we have said of exciting events holds good in a measure of all events. We behold parts of them, and lose the rest (all that should explain them often), in a thick impenetrable cloud. Like the faces in a great crowd, our past hours have gone by, and we remember only here and there a single one, an hour supremely beautiful in its joy—or an hour deformed with agony—an hour borne on a car of triumph—or an hour trampled under foot of shame!

For the isolated events which we actually remember, or believe we remember, let us ask of what value is our memory. Doubtless, antecedent to all test, we have all a more or less strong persuasion of the veracity of our recollection. We are ready to aver, that a place—a person—an event, was precisely as we recall it. If it happen that we have taken no notes—taken no sketch or photograph—shared our witness with no one whose memory can be brought up to check our own—then everything remains undisturbed. No suspicion troubles our confidence in our faculty of memory. But when it happens that any of these verifications are tried, what is the usual result? Let us suppose that we have narrated some little incident at an interval of half a dozen years, and, at the end of that period, we chance to look at an old letter or journal, written on the very day or two after the event occurred. Did it ever happen to us to do this without something very like a blush, and the exclamation "Good Heaven! how much I have been mistaken in telling that story!" It happened once to the writer, to hear a most scrupulously

conscientious friend narrate an incident of table-turning, to which she appended the assurance that the table rapped when nobody was within a yard of it. The writer was confounded by this latter fact—the lady was fully satisfied of its accuracy, but promised to look at the note she had made, ten years ago, of the transaction. The note was examined, and it was found to contain the distinct statement, that the table rapped when the hands of six persons rested on it! Nothing could be more instructive—for the lady's memory in all other points beside this one proved to be strictly correct, and in this point she had erred in entire good faith, being, in fact, a person unusually and scrupulously conscientious in speech and in all other matters. Yet it is evident, that while the whole story chanced to turn on one incident, her memory as regards that incident was deceived. She was doubtless excited by the scene, and remembered the rapping most vividly, but the position in which the six spectators stood was blurred in her mental picture of the scene. The table was a lucid point in the landscape; the six spectators were enveloped in cloud.

Memory of places forms a still better test than that of events, seeing there is less disputable about their details. Now, in dreams it would appear we always mistake the places we imagine we see. We have a notion of identity, combined with the most curious inversion of every fact by which such identity could be verified. We see St. Peter's, and are sure it is St. Peter's we see, albeit the building before the eye of fancy is a red brick Gothic tower; we see the New Forest, and find it a sandy plain; we see Regent street, and behold a pair of Polar bears walking up and down an iceberg in the middle of the circus! Such are the vagaries of sleeping memory, which we laugh at when we awake. But are there no similar, though, of course, less monstrous, tricks played on us habitually by the waking faculty? Let any one endeavor to draw from memory a street, a mountain, a park, which he has gazed at for years, and then let him compare his sketch with the original, or with a photograph of the spot. We venture to affirm he will not do so without a little start, at the sudden jerk of rectification, as the wheels of memory run off the wrong rail upon the true one.

Again, as regards persons. When we meet a long-parted friend, whose features we have many a time recalled by day and conjured up in the darkness of the night, is it the mere change effected by years, the brown hair grown gray, the smooth cheek faded and lined with care, which we scan so anxiously? Is not the face itself different from that one which we fondly imagined we carried safe clasped in our hearts? If we had been asked to describe the face, should we not have erred in more features than one?

The facts I have now stated will probably seem more or less important and decisive to my readers, in proportion as they may be personally gifted with a somewhat better or worse memory, or may have been induced already to pay attention to the eccentricities of the faculty generally. To all, however, I conceive it will be a somewhat unpleasant task to face the plausibility of a theory which shall make defects of memory the rule, and not the exception. Yet here is the point to which the above remarks, if just, assuredly must lead us. The sort of vague complaints of failure of memory or absence of mind, which we are all ready to make, will not answer here. As La Rochefoucauld said long ago, "*Chacun se plaint de sa mémoire, mais personne ne se plaint de son jugement.*" To compare mental things with moral, we are all willing to avow, in generalities, that we are "miserable sinners," and that our faculties

are fallible. The thing needed morally is, that we should be conscious of actual transgression, and the thing needed mentally is, that we should recognize the habitual mendacity of our remembrance. But, surely, this is incumbent on us if it be proved that *whenever we bring memory to test* it is habitually found defective. The presumption that it is correct, when we cannot verify it, is, to say the least, very illogical. In the brief review we have just made of the subject, this defectiveness of tested memory has met us on all sides. In the details of History, the characteristic anecdotes, the striking speeches, the whole character of remarkable men, we find ourselves constantly more and more driven, first to question, and then to rescind the judgment and testimony of the past. In judicial inquiries, we constantly find that the most experienced lawyers are the most completely satisfied of the unreliability of a large part of the evidence given concerning ordinary events; and of the double doubtfulness attaching to the evidence which relates to events witnessed under strong excitement. In private life we find the vast majority of our past days a blank in recollection, and of the scenes, the persons, the transactions of which we suppose ourselves to have a true remembrance, we rarely test any single point, by memoranda, photographs, collateral testimony, or in any other way, without finding we have erred—if not essentially in the main features of the case, yet in details which, according to circumstances, might become precisely the important points of our testimony. Surely, in the face of these facts, it is idle to go on acting as if lapses of memory were exceptional, and the accurate use of the faculty a thing to be expected and calculated upon. Surely, it is time we should change our gratuitous confidence in this most deceptive faculty for a very cautious distrust of its allegations, whenever we lack time or opportunity to verify them.

It would be an invaluable service to mankind, we believe, were it possible to offer such a philosophy of memory as might serve for the basis of scientific analysis of the faculty, and a method of distinguishing its false from its true exercise. To the framing of such a philosophy, the writer of this brief essay can make no pretension; nor to the remotest suggestion, helping to throw more light than has been already shed by psychological writers upon the nature and laws of this department of our mental organization. One observation only we presume to make on this most obscure subject, and that observation will only tend to correct a misleading metaphor, commonly applied to memory, and serving much to keep up the prevalent false estimate of its veracity. Memory is forever likened by poets and rhetoricians to an engraved tablet, treasured in the recesses of mind, and liable only to obliteration by the slow abrasion of time, or the dissolving heat of madness. We venture to affirm that such a simile is not in the remotest degree applicable to the real phenomena of the case, and that memory is neither an impression made, once for all, like an engraving on a tablet, nor yet safe for an hour from obliteration or modification, after being formed. Rather is memory a finger mark traced on shifting sand, ever exposed to obliteration when left unrenewed, and if renewed, then modified, and made not the same, but a fresh and different mark. Beyond the first time of recalling a place or event, it is rare (we maintain), to remember again actually the place or the event. We remember not the things themselves, but the joint recollection of them, and then the second and the third, always the *latest* recollection of them. A proof that this is so may be found by anybody who will carefully study the processes of his own mind, after he has once detailed at length, in words, any scene he has previously witnessed—

he will find himself instantly going over *precisely what he has narrated*, and no more. To proceed beyond this and recall from oblivion a single incident of which he had *not* spoken will require a distinct effort, perceptibly different and more difficult than the recollection of those facts of which he has spoken, and after a certain lapse of time or repetition of his narrative *minus* the excluded incidents, this effort will become nearly impracticable. In other words, it is easy to go back over the impression we have renewed with a fresh mark, but to descend beneath and clear up the original impression, is extremely difficult. Thus, as in accordance with various laws of mind, each fresh trace varies a little from the trace beneath, sometimes magnifying and beautifying it, through the natural bias of the soul to grandeur and beauty—sometimes contracting it by languid imagination—sometimes distorting it through passion or prejudice—in all and every case the original mark is ere long essentially changed. We find, indeed, in our minds something which we call a remembrance, and which appertains in truth to the faculty of memory, but it reproduces not the event it assumes to record, but that idea of it which, after twenty modifying repetitions, has for the moment the uppermost trace in our minds. The more this view of memory is considered, the more, we venture to affirm, it will be found to correspond with the actual phenomena of the case. By adopting it, we account for the great fact we have signalized above, that the main portion of our past lives is a blank in memory—with only a few cases of remembered hours. Why is it a blank? Simply because we have not thought of it, brought it up for fresh remembrance, marked it afresh on the sand. Sometimes the most trifling scenes are passed on from childhood, remembered and renewed, again and again. Why are these retained and others lost? Only because from some chance we have thought or talked or written of them—and have let the rest pass away without the fixing process of revision.

Again, by this theory of memory, we obtain an available hypothesis, to account for the notorious but marvellous fact, that liars come in time to believe their own falsehoods. The warping of the original trace of the story, albeit voluntary and conscious, has, equally with unconscious dereliction, effected the end of obliterating the primary mark, and substituting a false one, which has assumed the place of a remembrance. Without conscious falsehood, the same thing happens also occasionally when we realize strongly by imagination some circumstance which never happened, or happened to another person. A most truthful woman asserted that a certain adventure had befallen her; it had really befallen her child, but the child repeating it often to her, she had realized it so vividly that it seemed her own experience. Another mother asserted that the horses depicted in Rosa Bonheur's great picture were as large as life. Her little boy had asked whether they could be ridden on, and her maternal imagination had stopped with that of her child. A very common way in which the same mendacious effect is produced, is by the habit of speculating on what *would have* happened had certain contingencies been otherwise than they were. We begin by saying: "It might have happened so and so," till having realized in fancy that hypothetical case more vividly than we remember the real one, we suddenly and unconsciously substitute the fancy for the fact. The writer once in early youth played a little jest on a companion, intended to startle her while reading a ghost story. The jest miscarried, owing to the intended victim pulling a certain string by accident before she sat down to read. Years afterward she alluded to the circumstances,

“and it alarmed me so much *because* I was sitting over the fire reading a ghost story.” Recalled to the fact, she admitted with astonishment, that she had said, “*if* I had been reading a ghost story I should have been so much alarmed,” till she convinced herself she had been reading one at the moment.

If it be granted that the simile now suggested to describe the action of memory be a just one, and that by using it we can in some degree figure to ourselves the mode in which the familiar phenomena of error and forgetfulness are produced, it will follow that our chief practical concern must be to study the laws of mind, whereby the successive traces of memory are liable to be warped and distorted, and, so far as it may prove possible, guard ourselves against the causes of error. These causes seem chiefly to be the following :

1st. Wilful falsehood, leading to unconscious self-deception.

2d. Allowing ourselves to dwell on imaginary contingencies till they become realities in our imagination.

3d. Diverging from literal truth, with the honest purpose of conveying a true meaning. This is a form of unverity to which little attention is ever paid, and yet it is one of the most common of all, and whose constant practice tends very peculiarly to warp the memory. So strong is the dramatic element in us all that few ever detail a narrative without completing it by some touches not *historically* true, though conscientiously believed to *explain* the truth; to supply the genuine reason for this speech or the other action, or to bring into relief the real feelings of the actors. The fact is, we can never witness any transaction without making some theory of the motives, sentiments and purposes of the agents; and, in telling the history thereof, we inevitably work out this theory in our description. Sketching on one occasion in the great temple at Baalbec, it occurred to the writer, in striving to give some idea of the splendid ruin, to endeavor to define where a certain arch had once extended. Every stone of the arch had fallen; only the marks on the walls revealed where it had been, and these marks, in a poor, hasty sketch, would have utterly failed to convey any impression of the fact. Quite unconsciously, a stone or two (fallen, doubtless, a thousand years ago) were replaced in the sketch—just enough, and no more, to convey the desired idea of the original arch. Then came the reflection, “Here is precisely what we do every day in our stories. We just add a stone, just darken a shadow, just double a line, to show what we very honestly believe to be true!” How large might be the falsehoods thus originated, how soon our theory would take in our memories the place of fact, there is no need to tell. The form of memory most safe from such distortions is unquestionably the verbal memory, where the words to be remembered are arranged either in regular verse or in that special kind of rhythmical prose which answers the same purpose of keeping them in close phalanx. The reason why such words are remembered is plain. The trace they make in the memory each time they are repeated is marked precisely in the same furrow. Any divergence is not (as in the case of other errors of memory) an exaggeration or distortion, but a positive transformation, which the rhythm usually disowns, or which, if permitted by the rhythm, yet jars upon ear or sense. After the curious process of committing verses to memory has been achieved, we do not very often find ourselves betrayed by such unconscious transformation. We may lose the trace altogether, or find it broken here and there, but we rarely find a wrong word established in our minds in the place of a right one, as we find a wrong cir-

cumstance of an event or feature of a scene. The real nature of this kind of memory remains, after all efforts to elucidate it, one of the most marvellous of all the mysteries of our nature. The law of association of ideas is surely here developed to the uttermost. After the lapse of twenty years, a few leading words will suggest to us line after line, perhaps hundreds of lines together, till we seem to draw out an endless coil of golden chain which has lain hidden in the deepest treasury of our minds. When we release it again, it furls up into so small a compass that we forget our very possession of it, and it may lie there, perchance, till, in extreme old age, when half our mental wealth is lost in oblivion, we draw out once more the poem we loved long ago, and repeat, with trembling voice, the words we sang in the joyous tones of youth.

But, if words arranged in rhythm have peculiar safety of remembrance—and for this reason, doubtless, have the prayers, aphorisms, oracles, charms, of all nations, been so constantly given a rhythmical form, for traditional preservation—on the other hand, words *not* in rhythm are singularly hard to recall accurately. The clever game of “Russian Scandal” is an excellent proof how impossible it is for half a dozen people to repeat the same words in succession, even immediately after they have heard them. No divergencies of witnesses in courts of justice are more remarkable than those concerning the words they have heard or read. Of all the prose lessons which most of us acquired by rote in our school days, it is rare that half a page will remain accurately in our recollection in middle life; although the sense of the lessons may be preserved, and the very words of others learnt in verse at the same period.

A very singular defect of verbal memory, is the difficulty felt by nine persons out of ten, in remembering proper names, at the same time that the possession of such name is felt to be the key to the whole knowledge of the subject. A man’s face, figure, voice, in fact the man himself, in bodily presence before us, frequently fails to recall to us who he is, and what have been our relations to him. For all we can remember, he may have been an old acquaintance, or a man who travelled with us yesterday in the railway, or a tradesman from whom we bought a pair of gloves. We know that we have seen him before, and that is all. The when—the where—and the how, we cannot remember. At the same time we are quite aware that if we could only recall his name, we should instantly remember all we ever knew about him. His name is the hook to which we have hung every fact in our collection, and in our hurry we cannot find it. By-and-by memory supplies us with the missing name and then all is clear. Our vague stare is exchanged for the cordial recognition, and we exclaim: “How strange I should have forgotten your name for the moment! I remembered your face quite well, but could not tell where we had met.” It is said that persons who have received injuries of the brain, and those who are failing in old age, suffer in a special degree from this difficulty of remembering proper names, which may therefore be considered the most weak point in this very weak faculty. A familiar yet unaccountable fact connected therewith, is the greater facility with which we recover the lost clue when we do not directly strive to recover it, but occupy ourselves in some other thoughts, leaving some unknown, unconscious faculty to work at the required search. As a star seems brighter when we are not looking directly at it, but a few degrees aside, so a word which we seek seems to come out of obscurity in our recollection when we have turned our direct mental vision a little away to other objects. Memory

is a coy and wilful witness, who will not be interrogated with point-blank questions, nor browbeaten by cross-examination. She remains silent and sulky when so treated, but as soon as she is humored by being left at peace, she comes forward, of her own accord, and volunteers the information we desired. How, or why, this should be so, it seems difficult to understand. The action of the unconscious mental powers is even more marvellous than that of the faculties, which work in the daylight of our cognizance.

It has often been observed that the memory of illiterate persons is stronger than that of the well educated. Undoubtedly those who cannot read often display singular accuracy in remembering, not only the events and places and persons on which it is natural their whole attention should be centred, but also such matters as addresses, names, figures, dates, which other people usually find it needful to record in written memoranda. We have known an instance in which a servant, who could not read or write, became a very directory and annual register for a whole household, and was safely referred to for any matter, even after the lapse of years, which had once passed under her knowledge. On the other hand, it has been our own lot, in early student days, to be obliged to keep written notes of every domestic or social engagement lest they should escape our recollection in a week, at the very time when the words and pages of the books we perused were securely committed to memory for years. The two classes of impressions, those derived from actual life, and those derived from books, very obviously infringe differently on the memory, and mutually disturb one another. To recur to our simile: the shifting sands on which both traces are made are doubly disturbed by the varied and often transverse lines, and the whole field offers a more confused and difficult perusal than when a few simple impressions of sights and sounds fill up roundly the ample space in the mind of the savage or the peasant.

The conclusions to which this brief review of the failures and weaknesses of memory must lead us are undoubtedly painful. To be deceived a hundred times, and misled even in important matters, by a wrong estimate of our powers, seems less sad than to be compelled to admit that the powers themselves are untrustworthy. "To be weak is to be miserable," in this as in all other things; but to find memory weak is to be not only feeble in the present, but to lose our grasp of the past. That dear Past! the past by whose grave we are standing all our later life, is doubly lost to us if we must cover it up in dust and oblivion.

To know that what we deem we recall so vividly is but a poor, shifting reflex—hardly of the thing itself, only of our earlier remembrance of the thing—this is sad and mournful. Almost more terrible it seems to confess the fallaciousness of the great traditions of History, and in the waste of waters, over which we are drifting, to behold the barks of past centuries, no longer stretching their sails in our wake, but growing hazy and spectral in the mist of doubt, till some we deemed the richest galleons in that mighty fleet fade from our eyes, and are lost forever in impenetrable cloud. These things cannot be evaded or averted. On our generation of mankind has come the knowledge of an isolation, such as younger races never felt, perhaps could less have borne. The sweet, childlike companionship with Nature, the reasoning beasts and birds, the half-human fauns and dryads and nymphs and river gods, the gnomes and sylphs and fairies of later time; the peopled sky of angels, and nether world of demons and of ghosts—all are gone from us. We are alone—we of this poor, human race—so far as we have any knowledge or

even definite fancy—among intelligent beings. Between us and our dumb brute slaves there is a gulf, which no longer is bridged over by any earth-born or heaven-descended race. Science, as she marches round us, in yet wider and wider circles, leaves ever a hard and barren track behind her, on which no flower of fancy may bloom again, and at this hour she threatens yet more—that if we would find the parents from whom we came, and whose Paradise-home yet seems the cradle of our infancy, we must retrace the world's course for ages of millenniums, and find them at last, not beautiful and calm, conversing in Eden with the sons of God, but sinister-browed and dwarf of limb, struggling with the mammoth and the cave-bear in the howling wilderness of an uncultured world. Is not this enough? Must we also relinquish those elysian fields of History, where the great departed yet seemed to live in bowers of amaranth and never-fading fame? Keeping the landmarks of ages—the wars and the dynasties—keeping the great heirlooms of wisdom, in books of art, in temple and picture, and poem and statue, must we relinquish those thousand lesser features, which must have served to render History real and dear to us, and have brought the mighty Dead, not as silent ghosts and faintly descried shades, but as living and speaking men before us? Must we be content to know, that only the outlines of the ancestral pictures of our house are true, and all the colors which make them beautiful retouched and falsified? Perchance it must be so. Perchance the loneliness of human nature must needs be more impressed on us, as science advances in the field of historical criticism, as in the fields of mythology and physiology. The past is becoming like a twilight scene in a mountain land, where the valleys are all filled with mist, and wood and waterfall and village spire are dimly shadowed—only some snowy Alp, whose huge outline we recognize, towers into the upper air, while the lights gleam here and there, from hearth and cloister and student's cell, like rays of genius shining through the night of time. We are a thousand millions of men and women and babes living now upon earth, but of those who are gone before, on whose dust we tread, of those who may be dwelling now in the stars which glitter in this wintry sky, we know almost as much, and that is not knowledge, but conjecture. We are alone on our island world, as the descendants of the mutinous crew in the Pacific waste, when the memory of their fathers' land was fading away, and no ship had ever drawn near to break, with its white wing, the eternal circle of their horizon. We are alone. But there is ONE whose hand we trace in every page we save from the wreck of the Past, whose Light of Inspiration gleams through the thickest night, who fills Himself alone the whole spirit world we had peopled with the chimeras of imagination. Is it a hard matter to be alone in the Universe with God?

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

SPOKEN AT SEA.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THE STEAMSHIP VIRGINIA.

TWELVE hundred miles and more
From the stormy English shore,
All aright, the seventh night,
On her course our vessel bore.
Her lantern shone ahead,
And the green lamp and the red
To starboard, and to larboard,
Shot their light.

Close on the midnight call
What a mist began to fall,
And to hide the ocean wide,
And to wrap us in a pall !
Beneath its folds we past :
Hidden were shroud and mast,
And faces, in near places
Side by side.

Sudden there also fell
A summons like a knell :
Every ear the words could hear—
Whence spoken, who could tell ?
“ What ship is this ? where bound ? ”
Gods, what a dismal sound !
A stranger, and in danger,
Sailing near.

“ The Virginia, on her route
From the Mersey, seven days out ;
Fore and aft, our trusty craft
Carries a thousand souls, about.”
“ All these souls may travel still,
Westward bound, if so they will ;
Bodies rather, I would gather ! ”
Loud he laughed.

“ Who is't that hails so rude,
And for what this idle mood ?
Words like these, on midnight seas,
Bode no friend nor fortune good ! ”
“ Care not to know my name,
But whence I lastly came,
At leisure, for my pleasure,
Ask the breeze.

To the people of your port
Bear a message of this sort :
 Say, I haste unto the West,
A sharer of their sport.
Let them sweep the houses clean :
Their fathers did, I ween,
 When hearing of my nearing
 As a guest !

As by Halifax ye sail
And the steamship England hail,
 Of me, then, bespeak her men ;
She took my latest mail—
T'was somewhere near this spot :
Doubtless they've not forgot.
 Remind them, (if you find them !)
 Once again.

Yet that you all may know
Who is't that hailed you so,
 (Slow he saith, and under breath,)
I leave my sign below ! ”
Then from our crowded hold
A dreadful cry uprolled,
 Unbroken, and the token—
 It was Death.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

A STORY OF THE OPEQUAN.

THE CHARIOT WITH THE HEADLESS HORSES.

ON the right bank of the Opequan—that picturesque little stream which, rising above Manchester, in the Valley of Virginia, flows between rush-clad banks and beneath white-armed sycamores to the Potomac—there stands to-day, as it stood fifty years ago, an old country house. This house has a wide hall, full of deer antlers, pictures of race horses, fishing rods, fowling pieces and game bags. In the large apartments of the mansion, portraits of dames and cavaliers, in lace and ruffles, look down from the walls. Without, tall oaks stretch their mighty arms against the eaves and sigh around the gables. In front of the broad portico extends a sort of chase, dotted over with other oaks so huge and old that they are dying at the top. Beneath the hill flows the Opequan with a low, continuous murmur—a “river of time” seeking the Potomac, its eternity.

In the thirty years which have rolled over the head of the present writer since his childhood—each of which has destroyed some hope, brought to him some grief, or borne away upon its dusky wings some dear illusion—many hours have been spent by him in this good old mansion, and those hours were among the happiest of his existence. The faces, the eyes, the lips—dear eyes! smiling lips! where are they now? They shone and laughed once—to-day they are dim and cold.

Among the divertisements of the place and time were “ghost stories.” Whence comes that profound interest taken by so many persons in tales of *diablerie*? Does it spring from some inherent weakness of the human mind—some craving for a theory of life more exciting than the real? I know not; but I know that many hold to the belief that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of everyday mortals. Above all is this the conviction of the young—it was the conviction, at least, of him who writes this page in those long gone years when he read, with a tremor of the nerves, the wondrous narratives of Irving—“The Mysterious Picture,” “The Devil and Tom Walker,” and all the wonderful *repertoire* of that prince of story-tellers.

What was better than reading ghost stories, however, was hearing them. In the old house on the Opequan he received that portion of his education. By the Winter fire, or in the Summer nights, he listened with more or less credulity, as his years were few or many, to those singular narratives which escape from the lips of the aged in the midst of a circle of awe-struck listeners; and, though since that time many real persons and events have gone into that oblivion which awaits all human things, those narratives, falling upon the impressible mind of youth, struck so deep that they remain rooted in his memory.

One of these tales of *diablerie* is here presented. It is not the product of

the imagination—a fable feigned for the entertainment of the reader—but the offspring of memory. It was told me in the old house I have mentioned—the lonely mansion, with its “haunted chamber,” its dusky corridors, its huge oaks without, whose boughs, as I listened, brushed against the windows or sighed around the gables with a weird and mysterious effect, which made the audience start at times and hold their breath.

The story was called *THE CHARIOT WITH THE HEADLESS HORSES*, and was as follows:

Early in the present century, there came to S.—a small village on the Potomac, in Virginia—a young gentleman named Shirley. It is not necessary to say that the appearance of a youthful stranger in any village of the known world is an occurrence of breathless interest to the fraternity of gossips, who have their representatives everywhere; and young Shirley at once concentrated upon himself a hundred eyes and tongues. All that anybody knew of him was that he came from Lower Virginia, and seemed to design remaining at the village for some time, as it was discovered that he had taken lodgings by the month at the village tavern. For the rest, he was a young gentleman of about twenty-five, tall, well-dressed, courteous, but grave in his demeanor, and with an aristocratic pallor, which his dark eyes and hair rendered still more striking. Three days after his arrival, when the fraternity of gossips were almost in a state of frenzy from his unmanly and insulting silence in regard to himself and his errand, he suddenly terminated all speculation by hiring a small office, in front of which soon appeared a sign bearing the inscription “James Shirley, Attorney at Law.”

In three weeks the gossips had discovered all about him, and their disappointment was great. The “unknown stranger” appearing so suddenly and “mysteriously” was simply a young gentleman from Lower Virginia who had, after the common fashion, left home to commence life upon a new arena. S. had been selected as that arena, and there he was—a simple attorney at law, not a royal exile or prince in disguise.

He soon made friends, though his manners were criticised as much too grave for those of a youth. At times, this gravity amounted to gloom; but an unfailing courtesy conciliated everybody, and in six months Shirley was what is called a “rising man.” He had appeared with great success in several actions in the courts, and had made an impression in society. Letters of introduction had opened to him the best circles of S. and the neighborhood; and, wherever he appeared, he was received with smiles and welcome alike by old gentlemen and young ladies.

At twenty-five, the feelings soon concentrate. In the skies of youth, one star comes very quickly to outshine all others. Shirley fell in love with a young lady of about nineteen, bearing the pretty name of Pauline Weston, a daughter of Colonel Weston, to whom the young man had brought a letter of introduction.

A month afterward, it was known that he was engaged to this young girl.

She was gay, witty, and the soul of every merry-making. A brighter pair of blue eyes had never shone in that region; redder lips had never uttered the jest or the laugh. Why did Shirley select her? It seemed impossible to explain the fact, save upon the “theory of opposites.” Engaged they were, however, and Colonel Weston, who had become very much attached to the young man, placed no sort of obstacle in the way. The gossips speedily informed each other that the wedding day was fixed, and this time the fraternity had come into possession of the exact truth.

Fifteen days before the evening fixed for the ceremony, Pauline Weston was sitting at a window looking out upon the main street of the town, when she saw Shirley coming toward the house. She awaited him with something nearly resembling gloom. Since their engagement Pauline had discovered in her lover some traits of character which made her uneasy. For a man of fresh and vigorous intellect, he was strangely superstitious, and at times gave way to fits of gloom and melancholy, from which nothing could arouse him. At such moments his pale face became paler; his eyes had in them a singular light, as though the gaze of their owner were turned inward; and when any one spoke to him he would start with a frightened air, and answer entirely at random to any question. More than once he had related with ominous gravity the wildest and most extravagant stories of weird occurrences in his own family; the appearance of spirits to members of the household; the fulfilment of terrible dreams, and the strangest verifications of mysterious warnings. That human beings received these warnings of impending woe he believed as firmly as he believed in his own existence; and one of his habitual phrases was, "Three warnings never deceive."

One of his gloomy moods had attacked him on the preceding evening, and Pauline had vainly attempted to laugh him out of it. He had remained obstinately sombre, and had left the house about eleven o'clock, the picture of despair.

As he now approached, Pauline saw that his mood had not altered. As he entered, Shirley's face was as dark as night. A frightful pallor covered his features; but to all the young lady's questions, he only replied that he had had "bad dreams."

Assuming a bright smile and a gay tone, she endeavored to laugh her lover out of his mood. The attempt was entirely unsuccessful. In vain did Pauline assume her most bewitching air; glance sidewise with the most coquettish provocation, twisting as she did so one of her golden curls over her white and taper fingers, the wide sleeves falling back and displaying an arm round, rose-white, and charming. Shirley remained gloomy and almost speechless.

"Upon my word," said the young lady at last, with something like a pout, "any one who saw you at this moment would scarcely believe that you were engaged to be married—and to my very humble self."

A sigh was the only response. The young lady colored slightly, forced a laugh, and added:

"You surely *must* have had 'bad dreams!' What in the world is the matter that you start so?"

"You are right, Pauline," returned Shirley, "I *have* had the most distressing dreams, and cannot dissipate their influence."

"Tell me your dream."

He looked at her gloomily.

"I am afraid."

"Do not be," was the earnest reply, in a voice full of affection. "Have you forgotten that it is my right to share your trouble—your sorrow as your joy?"

He looked at the blushing face, and a slight color came to his own.

"You are right," he said; "above all does it concern you—for you were the subject of my dream."

"I!" came again with a forced laugh—"What in the world has your lordship condescended to dream about me? That I had cut my little finger—that I was thrown by some wild steed I was riding—or did the chariot with the headless horses stop before my door?"

At those words, *the chariot with the headless horses*, Shirley gave a visible start, and turned so frightfully pale that he seemed about to faint.

"What—do you mean?" he almost gasped, his dark eyes burning in his pallid face. Then understanding, doubtless, that this emotion would have a disagreeable effect upon the young lady, he passed his trembling hand over his forehead bathed in cold sweat, and said more calmly :

"I do not understand your allusion to 'headless horses.'"

"Have you never heard the legend?" said the young lady, with a troubled glance. "I thought every one in S. had heard it."

"I am a stranger—relate it," he said, with gloomy calmness.

"It is very absurd, and very simple. They say that whenever any one is going to die in S. a chariot with six horses, all without heads, drives noiselessly up to the door of the house where the sick person lies, and at the moment when he expires the door of the chariot opens, without noise, closes in the same manner, dusky hands are seen to gather up the reins, and the chariot drives silently away."

The words uttered by the young lady produced a terrible effect upon Shirley. He placed his hand with a quick movement upon his heart, uttered a groan of the deepest agony, and, closing his eyes, sank back almost fainting in his chair.

The young girl ran to bring a glass of water, which she placed to his lips, and in an instant he opened his eyes.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," he said, with an expression of almost agony upon his features; "I have these attacks sometimes, but soon get over them. See, Pauline, I am quite calm again."

And by a powerful effort he suppressed his emotion, and resumed his former expression of gloomy calmness.

"But you have not told me your dream;" said Pauline, with a beating heart, "what could it have been?"

"I had *three* dreams—each time the same," he responded in a low tone, "but we will not speak further of them at present. This is almost my last visit before going, Pauline; let us speak of our marriage."

In fact Shirley designed setting out on the next morning to visit home and make every necessary arrangement for his marriage. He gave himself fifteen days for this journey. On his return the marriage was to take place.

Of this they now spoke, and it is unnecessary to listen to the conversation. At the end of three hours, Shirley rose, enclosed the young girl in a long, lingering embrace, and left the house.

On the doorstep he met Colonel Weston, portly, rubicund and laughing, as he struck his gold-headed cane at every step which he took, upon the pavement.

"Well, James!" was his hearty exclamation, "you are not going just as dinner is ready? A bad rule—very bad! But what makes you so pale?"

"Am I pale?" muttered Shirley.

"Yes—as pale as if you had seen *the chariot with the headless horses!*" laughed the Colonel.

Shirley started.

"The second!" came in a hoarse murmur from his lips.

"What—what—James? What did you say, my boy?"

"Nothing, sir—I hope you are well, and that I will find you as well on my return."

"Ah, yes! you go to-morrow; you must positively come in and dine. You can't? You have business? Hang business, say I! or I would have said, a fortnight before my marriage! But you will spend the evening with us? Yes? Well, come early."

And the old Colonel stumped into the house.

"The second!" muttered Shirley again, with a strange expression in his eyes, as he went back to his office.

He spent the evening at Colonel Weston's, and when the rest of the family retired, he was left alone with the young lady, who continued to converse with him until past midnight. What occurred during this interview is not known, but it was afterward observed that Pauline carefully avoided any allusion to it. No one saw her after the interview, on that night; but on the next morning all the roses in her cheeks had faded.

The state of Shirley's mind after the conversation was better known. A sort of busybody of the town who spent his time in collecting and disseminating "news"—that is, gossip—of every imaginable description, happened to be returning home after midnight. Seeing a light in Shirley's office, behind which was his bed-chamber, the busybody conceived a desire to ascertain what kept the young lawyer up so late. No rules of ceremony restrain such people. The busybody coolly entered, and as coolly asked where Shirley—with whom he had but a slight acquaintance—was going.

The reply of the young man, according to the report of his visitor subsequently, was rather rough.

"To make a journey!"

"I see," said the intruder, "but where? to the low country I suppose?"

"Yes, sir!" came still more curtly than before.

"On business?"

"On business, sir!"

A slight color began to tinge the pale face of Shirley. This persistence annoyed him.

"Well," said his visitor, "I see you are busy, and I won't intrude. Preparing for your marriage. I suppose? I am told the old Colonel is delighted, and Miss Pauline is the beauty of the country. In splendid health, too. That is a great thing in marriage, Mr. Shirley. I have known her from a child—she never had a day of sickness. You are going away to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, well, a pleasant journey."

And the busybody left the office—Shirley continuing to pack his valise, for his journey was to be made on horseback.

Suddenly the head of the busybody was again thrust in.

"I forgot," he said.

"Forgot what, sir?"

"To say that you will miss old Tom Biggs's funeral; it will be a grand affair; he was formerly Sheriff, and very popular. He died to-night. They said he would live. I knew he would not. I saw *the chariot and horses.*"

"Saw what?" exclaimed Shirley, turning round.

"The chariot with the headless horses. In a dream last night I saw them as plain as I see you, drawn up before his door. Did you never hear the legend?"

And the busybody was returning quickly into the apartment, when Shirley abruptly exclaimed, "I have heard it! good-night, sir!" and shut the door in his face.

As the door closed, the visitor heard Shirley fall into a chair, and utter, with a species of groan, the singular words,

"The third!"

The busybody took his revenge by declaring subsequently to all his neighbors that the young lawyer must "have something on his mind"—his face was as livid as a corpse, and his eyes "looked wild."

On the next morning Shirley set out for the low country, and in three or four days reached his home without accident.

On the day after his arrival he received a letter from Pauline—long, loving, so full, indeed, of evidences of her affection, that it made his pale face flush. He had already written—their mutual promise had been to write every day.

Two other letters came from Pauline. Then they stopped. Shirley wrote daily—no answers came.

The effect of this upon the young man was frightful. The darkest forebodings seized upon him, and a settled gloom took possession of him, rendering him almost incapable of attending to the business of his journey. The great irregularity of the mails at the epoch gave him a faint glimmer of consolation; but as day after day wore on, and no more letters came, he abruptly terminated his arrangements, sprung upon his horse, and set out rapidly for S., which by hard riding he reached before midnight on the second day—the 10th of November.

Three months after these events he was dead. Those who held his dying form in their arms heard him describe in faint murmurs all that happened to him after coming in sight of the town.

As he approached the village, he said, a deeper and deeper gloom oppressed him; a more profound foreboding seized upon him. A huge black shadow, like the wing of some gigantic bird of night, seemed to draw toward him from the far horizon; and strange dim shapes flitted by him in the night. The moon had risen like a great bloody disc, bathing the bleak forest in its solemn and mysterious light; a low, moaning breeze from the Potomac detached one by one the last leaves from the Autumn trees; and this wind from the great river, as it passed on, seemed to the startled ears of Shirley like the sob of a host of unseen mourners, accompanying some invisible cortège to the grave.

What follows is given upon his own statement. Entering the town at a gallop, he pressed on through the deserted streets, drew up in front of his office, threw the bridle over the fence, and hastened toward Colonel Weston's.

As he turned the corner leading to the house of his bride, he remembered looking at his watch. *It was twenty-eight minutes past eleven.* Hurrying on, he emerged from beneath a long row of overshadowing trees, nearly stripped of their foliage; Colonel Weston's house was then not more than a hundred yards distant, when suddenly he reeled and staggered against the trunk of one of the trees. His blood was frozen in his veins; his eyes glared; at what he saw, shudder after shudder passed through his limbs—a sort of vertigo seized upon his burning brain.

In front of Colonel Weston's house stood a black chariot with ebon plumes nodding from the roof, and attached to this chariot were six black horses, without heads, a dusky figure driving with shadowy reins. Over all fell the blood-red moonlight, in weird and solemn splendor.

The young man remained speechless and without motion for about *two minutes*; when all at once a hoarse and stifled cry escaped from his lips, and stretching out his arms, he fell insensible to the earth, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

The door of the chariot had suddenly but noiselessly revolved upon its hinges; it opened; a dusky something flitted for an instant in the moonlight, and the door as silently closed. The shadowy figure on the driver's seat had then gathered up the reins, the vehicle began to move without noise, and passing within ten feet of the young man, drawn by its headless horses, dusky as phantoms, had disappeared without sound in the darkness.

The road which it took was toward the village cemetery.

An hour afterward Shirley was discovered insensible upon the ground by Dr. Butler, a physician of the village who had just come out of Colonel Weston's house. Assistance was promptly rendered him, and he was put to bed; but a violent attack of brain fever ensued. Three months afterward, he was dying; but his mind, long obscured by delirium, had regained its clearness, and he listened calmly to Pauline's father, who sat sobbing by his bed.

What had happened may be related in a very few words. Three days after Shirley's departure, the young lady had gone to a party in a very thin dress and slippers; on her return she had been attacked by pneumonia, and this attack had proved fatal. She would not permit any one to write to her betrothed, fearing to alarm him unnecessarily—hence the cessation of the letters.

In her last moments she had muttered faintly something about a *dream-warning of the young man's—a chariot with headless horses which had appeared to him three times in sleep, even before he had heard the legend*; and after this she sank rapidly.

Pauline had expired at *precisely half-past eleven* on the night of the tenth of November. The chariot with the headless horses had waited but *two minutes*.

Three months afterward, as I have said, Shirley had gone to rejoin her.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

NEBULÆ.

—SHAKESPEARE'S Birthday was celebrated by a dinner at the rooms of the Century Club, at which a party of about fifty gentlemen, most of whom are well known in New York society, were present. Although at the rooms of the club, the dinner was not given by the club, and many of those who united in it are not enrolled among the "Centurions." Mr. Bancroft presided; Judge Daly was First, and Mr. Grant White Second Vice-President. On Mr. Bancroft's right was Mr. Bryant; opposite him Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Huntington, President of the National Academy of Design; Dr. Francis Lieber and Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton were of the company, which included some of our most eminent lawyers, merchants and bankers.

The affair was as informal, sociable and private as one of its dimensions could well be made; but there were a few regular toasts—Mr. Bancroft speaking to "Shakespeare," Judge Daly to "The Commentators," Mr. Bryant to "The Century," Dr. Lieber to "The Drama," and Mr. Curtis to "Woman." All these subjects were illustrated upon the list of toasts by passages from Shakespeare's works. The commentators were treated rather hardly by the application to them of the following passage from "The Merchant of Venice:"

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them they are not worth the search."

This created the more amusement, as it was understood that the quotation was made by one of the commentators themselves—Mr. Grant White. "The Century" was ushered in with

"Here comes a poet and a painter,"

from "Timon of Athens;" followed by

"But this is worshipful society,"

from "King John." The bill of fare was also illustrated by quotations. It opened with "Fear no more tavern bills," from "Cymbeline." It was easy to introduce the first course with "Now good digestion wait on appetite," from "Macbeth," and "Pericles" furnished an apt half line, "lying with simple shells," for the oysters. The salmon was pronounced, like *Caliban*, "a most delicate monster;" but the shad had evidently puzzled the maker of the bill, who surmounted his difficulty by this whimsical and outrageous perversion of two half lines from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Richard III.:" "I am but a shad-ow"—"a shad, oh! like an angel." No other quotation was particularly noticed, except that applied to the canvas-backs—"O dainty duck! O dear!" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—the first part of which was taken to refer to the creature, and the second to his price.

Of the speeches, in response to the regular toasts, that made by Mr. Curtis

was the most effective. Mr. Curtis performed very gracefully the pleasant and always popular task of glorifying woman; illustrating his theme by references to certain of Shakespeare's peerless creations in this kind, and awakening the enthusiasm of his hearers by insisting that these lovely and, as he seemed to think, absolutely perfect creatures were but the antetypes of the real women of the day around us, as we have found them during the trying period of the last four years—tender, true, devoted. Dr. Francis Vinton, in a speech of much humor and penetration, attacked Mr. Curtis's position—doing it indirectly, however—by flank movement, a reminiscence of his military education. He showed that no perfect woman was presented to us in the Bible, and that the men most lauded in that volume were men with very human failings; and, in fact, that "they proved to be sinners as to the very virtues in regard to which they were represented as saints." Abraham, the father of the faithful, lied; Jacob, the chosen and beloved of God, cheated his own father and brother; Moses, the meek, said, "Hear now, ye rebels! must we fetch you water out of this rock?" and smote the rock to which he was bidden only to speak; David, the man after God's own heart, put his devoted servant Uriah in the way of certain death, and then lived sinfully with his wife, and so on. Dr. Vinton's instances were men; and he left it only to be inferred that women, being, with all their charms of character and of person, yet human, and also not the stronger vessel, were subject to the same weakness, even in regard to their peculiar and distinctive virtues, as men. But, in connection with this subject, a striking, and, we believe, hitherto unnoticed, fact was brought out by the next speaker. Mr. Grant White, upon his health being drunk, said, after due acknowledgment, that it having been intimated to him that that calamity might befall him, he had thought that his hearers would be much more interested in sharing with him a discovery in regard to Shakespeare, than in listening to anything that could be said by one so unaccustomed to thinking while on his feet. In the preparation of the toasts and the bill of fare, he had solicitously sought to avoid any repetition of what appeared at a dinner on Shakespeare's birthday at the same place five or six years ago. He had been able to accomplish this, except upon one point, and that the one as to which he had looked for the least trouble. He had thought—and it must be admitted that there are few if any of us who would not have thought with him—that the searcher for a compliment to woman in Shakespeare's writings would only have to take his choice of many. Nevertheless, the lines quoted on this occasion were those which appeared on the previous bill—the following from "Love's Labor Lost:"

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

A marked sensation was produced in the company by Mr. Grant White's assertion that these lines, which he pronounced "cold and conceit-ish," were reproduced only because, after a long search, with all the aid at his command, not only through the plays but the sonnets and poems, this was the only passage in praise of woman—of the sex—that he could find. Praises of a particular woman, either by a lover in the dramatic revelation of his passion, or by an uninterested person as a part of the portraiture of a female personage in the drama, were numerous; but of glorification of the sex, the entire works

of the great poet of humanity, according to the latest of his commentators, furnish only that given above, which it must be confessed is very chilly and unsatisfactory. The speaker yet more astonished his hearers by going on to say that he found that this absence of panegyric was not the concomitant of a neglect of the subject; it was not mere absence of praise; but that on the contrary, if the passage required for the occasion had been one of censure, he could have had his choice of many. He thereupon read a few of many of this nature that he had had copied for him—very cruelly, as he confessed, by a woman. Here are some of them :

“ To be slow in words is woman’s only virtue.”

“ Dumb jewels, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman’s mind.”

“ The man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.”

“ Frailty, thy name is woman !”

“ How hard it is for women to keep counsel !”

“ *Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women !—Help Heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.”

“ Women are not
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne’er touch’d vestal.”

“ O most delicate fiend !
Who is’t can read a woman ?”

“ Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage ?”

“ The bountiful blind woman (Fortune) doth most mistake in her gifts to woman. For those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favored.”

“ A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing : ever out of frame ;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch’d that it may still go right.”

“ Come on, come on : You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.”

Mr. White pronounced the important word in the final line of the last passage *huzzies* ; and it is worthy of special remark in connection with this subject, that while *husband* has retained its original and honorable signification, *housewife*, its counterpart, has been degraded until, on the lips of women, who chiefly use it in its clipped form, it has, and had when Shakespeare wrote, a

very ill signification. There were many other passages of the kind, the speaker said, which he did not read, but he closed with this one spoken by the jealous *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline":

"Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd,
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.

* * * * *

Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather all:
For e'en to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better."

The critic drew attention to the significance of the fact that while Shakespeare had put this censure of the sex in the mouths of some of his personages, making them go so far as to say that woman—not a particular woman—is "a fiend," although a delicate one; that frailty's name is woman; that women generally—not certain women—are wildcats, devils, huzzies; that men their creation mar in profiting by them, and so on to the terrible outburst in "Cymbeline," yet although he had a lover or a loving husband in every play, and in some plays two, he was never led to cause any one of these to offset the others' general dispraise by praise suited to the whole sex—to call woman angel instead of fiend, and hold her up in her proper position as the real blessing and not the fascinating curse of man. This fact was all the more remarkable, the speaker said, because of the other admitted fact, which he had mentioned, and which Mr. Curtis had dwelt upon, that Shakespeare's women are at once the noblest, the loveliest, and the truest to nature in the whole range of imaginative literature. He attributed this incongruity between Shakespeare's ideal of woman and what he had written of woman in the abstract, as well in his poems as in his dramatic writings, to the poet's early experience of women, which began at eighteen years of age with his marriage with Anne Hathaway, aged twenty-six, and who it is very evident that Mr. White has come to regard as having been an unchaste, designing termagant. Indeed he intimates as much in his "Memoirs of Shakespeare." He seemed to think that while he could embody his ideal and cause his men to speak of and bear themselves toward those ideals as became their loveliness and their

worth, when he came to utter the thoughts of his own heart about woman, bitterness flowed freely from his pen, and only bitterness.

Mr. Grant White's announcement of his discovery upon this interesting subject and his comments about it created, as we remarked before, quite a sensation, and brought up Mr. Curtis in reply, to whom Mr. White rejoined. But the former only asserted the beauty of Shakespeare's feminine creations, the charms and the truthfulness of which Mr. White asserted with equal confidence, and which have no greater admirers than he, as all may see by his writings. It is understood that he intends to push his investigations of this subject further. The celebration of Shakespeare's birthday, which on this occasion was brought about chiefly by Mr. William T. Blodgett, whose discriminating love of art has made him so well known in the most cultivated circles, will be repeated yearly, if we may judge by the expressions of satisfaction elicited by this dinner.

—A REVELATION not very creditable to any of the parties concerned in it, was made in the evidence given on the trial of the suit of Mr. Augustin Daly, against Hezekiah Bateman, the father of "Leah" Bateman, the actress. Mr. Daly appears to be dramatic critic of the New York Courier, a well known Sunday paper. He adapted "Leah" for Miss Bateman, wrote one of those pamphlet puffs, which are sold in the lobbies of theatres, under the name of biographies, went to Philadelphia to manage the press of that city, which had proved hard-hearted in Miss Bateman's case, and remained there three weeks and a half, during which time, according to his testimony, "the whole press" there, "kindly offered him the use of their columns." For all this, it appears that he received \$475 and his expenses, together with about \$700 from the performance of the play. If their value as literary labor is the standard, Mr. Daly appears to have received quite all that his services were worth—in fact, to have been very highly paid; if they were compensated in proportion to Miss Bateman's success in the play that he adapted, he probably would receive a good deal more. Mr. Charles Gayler, who is described in the Express's report as "the celebrated dramatic author and manager," says that such a biography as Mr. Daly wrote, is worth from \$150 to \$200, and that his services in Philadelphia were worth from \$75 to \$100 per week. Mr. J. Guido Methua, who, we are told, is "the well-known dramatist and author," rated the managing of the Philadelphia press at \$80 per week, and said that for similar services for Mlle. Ottilie Genee, whoever she may be, he had received \$75, and 10 per cent. of her profits, which shows certainly either a generous disposition on the lady's part, or a high estimate of Mr. Methua's services. On the contrary, Mr. Frank Ottarson, who made reputation in the Tribune, but who has transferred his talents to the Times, says that a theatrical agent's services are worth about \$25 per week, and that these biographies should cost only about \$50. As to the biographies, they are well enough. If they bring people to the theatre, there seems no more reason that they should not be published, than that posters should not be pasted up. It is also very natural that the writers for the press on dramatic subjects should be employed to prepare these biographies, and in the case of honorable men it is not at all improper. True, such an engagement may easily be made the occasion of corrupting a journalist—if he is willing to be corrupted. But so may a journalist in any department, be corrupted upon any other subject, if he is only willing. The fact is, that in journalism as in all other professions (as distin-

guished from business which deals with money or goods, and is regulated by accounts), society has to depend upon the character of individuals. Willy nilly, they must be trusted; and it depends only on themselves whether they betray their trust or not. So a man may do business for a manager or an actor, and, if he be one who is by nature or principle faithful to his convictions, yet be an honest critic of that manager's theatre or that actor's performances. But what shall we say of the testimony of Mr. Daly, that the Philadelphia press, or, as he thinks proper to call them, "the literary gentlemen" of that city, kindly offered him the use of their columns? Mr. Bateman sends an agent for the express purpose of managing the press; Mr. Daly goes on that express business; and, according to his account, the press submits quietly to management, and makes its columns the mere mouthpiece of Mr. Bateman's agent! Can journalists complain of the damaging effect of such revelations as this upon the standing of their profession? True, men of other professions are corrupt; but journalists must remember that they are like cities set upon hills. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this affair, however, is the holy horror of all such arrangements which the Herald manifests in regard to it. Nothing could be more edifying than the manner in which that immaculate and ever incorruptible sheet improves the occasion daily, in paragraphs scattered all over its leading page, showing the lack of principle in some journals—the Tribune, the Times or the Evening Post, for instance—when compared with another journal which need not be named; and especially the wickedness of the managers of the principal theatres, who, as all the world knows, to rid themselves of exaction and dictation, submission to which was rewarded with puffs, took several measures, and among them "do not advertise in the New York Herald;" since when they have prospered as never before, while the Herald's special favorite, Miss Rushton, who did what the other managers did not, speedily came to grief.

—A REVEREND gentleman, and a missionary to boot, Mr. Wolf, has published a letter in the London Record, which is rich in the teaching of Christian courtesy by example. Making a tour in the province of Fohkien, in China, he and his companions found the inns intolerable. So, in one town they went out and sought shelter in a temple. The bonze was startled, as well he might be, by the attempt to turn his "church" into a tavern; but after explanations, he courteously consented to receive the intruders. Then they spread their beds, "taking care," Mr. Wolf says, "to turn our backs on the huge image which was placed upon the altar, lest the priest and others present should imagine that we revered their idol." Not content with this foolish and pharasaic piece of incivility, the missionary presently begins to lecture the good people around him on the heinousness of their religion—especially, let us hope, on the wickedness of giving Christian missionaries shelter in their temples. When will John Bull, even when he is a missionary, learn to show, not courtesy, but a decent consideration for the feelings of other people? Suppose a disciple of Confucius were to walk into Westminster Abbey or Trinity Church, and ask shelter from the rain, and after being permitted to take a nap in front of the chancel, he should get up, put on his pyramidal hat, turn his back on the communion table, take out his opium pipe, and after an exhilarating whiff or two, begin to pitch into the Thirty-nine Articles and the Apostles' Creed, for the benefit of such of the outside barbarians as might be within hearing; would he not very quickly be made acquainted with the out-

side of the building? But there is no fear of a Chinaman ever doing such a thing. Chinamen are too considerate of others for that; and, indeed, it may be safely said that no one but a true Briton would have taken such a method of showing his gratitude and winning his way among the people that he had come to convert.

—It is not often that a finer poetical sketch of its kind is produced than Mr. Stedman's "*Anonyma*," which appeared recently in the Round Table; but we wish that we could add that critical misapprehension of a poet's purpose such as appeared in regard to this poem in the Albion is equally rare. A writer in that highly respectable paper, writing in a candid and, toward Mr. Stedman, even a kindly tone—writing, too, with discrimination—passes severe moral censure upon him, and protests against his "*Anonyma*" as an apology for a vicious life. Now, *Anonyma*, who speaks this poem in soliloquy, is a high-grade courtesan—one of those who do not belong to the class called by the French *filles publiques*, or even approach its boundaries. The poet makes her draw with delicate and even dainty hand her own portrait, and she says of herself—born, it appears, out of wedlock—that she owes some thanks to the father who grudged her his name,

" Seeing at least that blood will tell,
And ever keep me above the ranks
Of those who wallow where they fell."

How felicitously and compactly that last line expresses what *Anonyma* is not as well as what she is, and what it is in which she differs from the class into which you see that she fears she may descend! The self-painted portrait is full of these happy touches—touches which bring to the mind's eye, not only the creature of whom the speaker is the type, but her surroundings and the conditions of society of which she is the concomitant, if not the inevitable result. This is the purpose, the motive, of the poem, which is, in fact, a dramatic lyric, much like those that Browning has written, and which contain, perhaps, his best work. In these lyrics the poet says nothing by way of description, but allows the character to unfold itself from within by uttering its own thoughts and feelings. This the Albion's censor seems not to have perceived in the case of Mr. Stedman's poem, and he quotes the following stanzas as evidence that *the poet* means almost to justify *Anonyma* in her course of life, and also to put forth the idea that "'a rich man's girl' must needs be a heartless and mercenary schemer."

If I had been a rich man's girl,
With my tawny hair, and this wanton art
Of lifting my eyes in the evening whirl
And looking into another's heart:
Had love been mine at birth, and friends
Caressing and guarding me night and day,
With doctors to watch my finger-ends,
And a parson to teach me how to pray;

If I had been reared as others have—
With but a tithe of these looks, which came
From my reckless mother, now in her grave,
And the father who grudged me even his name—
Why, I should have station and tender care,
Should ruin men in the high-bred way,
Passionless, smiling at their despair,
And marrying where my vantage lay.

A more radical misapprehension of poetic motive and treatment could hardly be. Let us try Browning in the same way. These lines are from his "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister," a poem which corresponds exactly in all its conditions to Mr. Stedman's; for a vicious monk is revealing himself by speaking of his relations to a virtuous brother :

" There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of Heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to Hell, a Manichee ? "

Did it ever enter into the head of any man that Browning revelled in the consciousness that there were twenty-nine distinct damnations in that chapter, any more than that Coleridge delighted in the twenty-four "well-defined and several stinks" that he detected in Cologne? It is the *monk* whom Browning has created who gloats over the prospect of tripping up his brother, and sending him flying into hell. So in these lines from "Bishop Blougram's Apology," in which the speaker, like Mr. Stedman's, refers to the conditions of his birth and the circumstances in which he was placed :

" Had I been born three hundred years ago
They'd say ' What's strange ? Blougram of course believes ; '
And seventy years since, ' disbelieves, of course.'
But now, ' He may believe, and yet, and yet,
How can he ? ' * * * *
* * * * Again, who wonders and who cares ?
But I, the man of sense and learning too,
The able to think yet act, the this, the that,
I to believe at this late time of day !
Enough, you see I need not fear contempt."

In this passage does it ever occur to any reader that Browning is defending Blougram's selfishness, sensuality and hypocrisy? But *Anonyma's* apology is no more Mr. Stedman's than Bishop Blougram's is Mr. Browning's. Both these poets, like a much greater poet than the best of them, have painted dramatically a portrait of a depraved character, the study of which is none the less interesting because of the moral defects of the character. The point is worth making, if only to help people to set themselves right upon a question of some literary importance; for we have heard that a few well-meaning people have stopped their subscriptions to the Round Table because of "Anonyma." They had better turn Shakespeare out of their houses straightway. In the way of art, this poem is one of the best of its class—a very interesting one; and is certainly one of the most finished, felicitously worded, and really thoughtful of its author's productions

—AMONG the strikes of the day, a somewhat singular one is that of the workmen of Mr. Poole, the tip-top West End tailor of London. They got sixpence sterling an hour, and the boss belonged to a class who get quickly rich—who rise even into the "moneyocracy" of London. To men who pay tailors' bills it is very hard to get up sympathy with any kind of tailor, employer or employed; for we all know that whichever wins in a contest about money,

it is we who lose. "Your highwayman," Quevedo says, "is only a wild kind of tailor." The result of the London strike was an arrangement and a slight advance, accompanied by a great notoriety for Mr. Poole—as good as a thousand feet of dead wall or a column in the Times for a year. So that it has been intimated that he and his men got up their quarrel in collusion. By the way, has any one ever attempted to account for the fact that although the needle has been woman's tool since the first fig leaves were sewed together, coats are still made, and all the finest sewing done, by men?

—It would seem as if we were about to attempt so much in the way of reform, that by and by we shall be in need of a little wholesome neglect. Certainly the new Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the least needed of all our new means of reformation. For if there be a people who are kind to their beasts, it is ours. A cruel Yankee is a scarce creature, and a Yankee whose cruelty gets the better of his selfish interest in his cattle, much rarer. It is, of course, very desirable that calves should not be carted through the streets in hideous heaps, and that oxen and sheep should not be worried and beaten into madness as they are driven to the shambles—desirable for our sakes as much as for theirs. But these ends might be easily reached by a simple ordinance; and they being attained, the little cruelty that remains is surely not worthy of the formidable array of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries, that has been set up against it. It has, however, been suggested, that as the Society is not for the suppression of cruelty to beasts or brutes only, but to animals, and as that term includes men and women as well as insects, those of us who are compelled to ride in railway cars may find some mitigation of our hard lot at the hands of this Society; and also, that as the Broadway pavement is very unsure footing for horses, the Society may be able to compel the city to take it up. But, wide as it is the fashion to extend the jurisdiction of commissions and associations, it is hardly to be expected that the amiable gentlemen who have associated themselves under Mr. Henry Berg will be allowed to decide how many men, women and children, make a load for a street car, to sit upon the fitness of a new horse-collar, or to interfere with the jobs of any City Department.



A FRIENDLY TALK.

THE GALAXY.

JUNE 1, 1866.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTESS.



ABOUT the middle of January Harry Clavering went up to London, and settled himself to work at Mr. Beilby's office. Mr. Beilby's office consisted of four or five large chambers, overlooking the river from the bottom of Adam Street in the Adelphi, and here Harry found a table for himself in the same apartment with three other pupils. It was a fine old room, lofty, and with large windows, ornamented on the ceiling with Italian scroll-work, and a flying goddess in the centre. In days gone by the house had been the habitation of some great rich man, who had there enjoyed the sweet breezes from the river before London had become the London of the present days, and when no embankment had been needed for the Thames. Nothing could be nicer than this room, or more

pleasant than the table and seat which he was to occupy near a window; but there was something in the tone of the other men toward him which did not quite satisfy him. They probably did not know that he was a fellow of a

college, and treated him almost as they might have done had he come to them direct from King's College, in the Strand, or from the London University. Down at Stratton a certain amount of honor had been paid to him. They had known there who he was, and had felt some deference for him. They had not slapped him on the back, or poked him in the ribs, or even called him old fellow, before some length of acquaintance justified such appellation. But up at Mr. Beilby's, in the Adelphi, one young man, who was certainly his junior in age, and who did not seem as yet to have attained any high position in the science of engineering, manifestly thought that he was acting in a friendly and becoming way by declaring the stranger to be a lad of wax on the second day of his appearance. Harry Clavering was not disinclined to believe that he was a "lad of wax," or "a brick," or "a trump," or "no small beer." But he desired that such complimentary and endearing appellations should be used to him only by those who had known him long enough to be aware that he deserved them. Mr. Joseph Walliker certainly was not as yet among this number.

There was a man at Mr. Beilby's who was entitled to greet him with endearing terms, and to be so greeted himself, although Harry had never seen him till he attended for the first time at the Adelphi. This was Theodore Burton, his future brother-in-law, who was now the leading man in the London house—the leading man as regarded business, though he was not as yet a partner. It was understood that this Mr. Burton was to come in when his father went out; and in the meantime he received a salary of a thousand a year as managing clerk. A very hard-working, steady, intelligent man was Mr. Theodore Burton, with a bald head, a high forehead, and that look of constant work about him which such men obtain. Harry Clavering could not bring himself to take a liking to him, because he wore cotton gloves, and had an odious habit of dusting his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief. Twice Harry saw him do this on the first day of their acquaintance, and he regretted it exceedingly. The cotton gloves, too, were offensive, as were also the thick shoes which had been dusted; but the dusting was the great sin.

And there was something which did not quite please Harry in Mr. Theodore Burton's manner, though the gentleman had manifestly intended to be very kind to him. When Burton had been speaking to him for a minute or two, it flashed across Harry's mind that he had not bound himself to marry the whole Burton family, and that, perhaps, he must take some means to let that fact be known. "Theodore," as he had so often heard the younger Mr. Burton called by loving lips, seemed to claim him as his own, called him Harry, and upbraided him with friendly warmth for not having come direct to his—Mr. Burton's house—in Onslow Crescent. "Pray feel yourself at home there," said Mr. Burton. "I hope you'll like my wife. You needn't be afraid of being made to be idle if you spend your evenings there, for we are all reading people. Will you come and dine to-day?" Florence had told him that she was her brother Theodore's favorite sister, and that Theodore as a husband and a brother, and a man, was perfect. But Theodore had dusted his boots with his handkerchief, and Harry Clavering would not dine with him on that day.

And then it was perfectly manifest to him that every one in the office knew his destiny with reference to old Burton's daughter. He had been one of the Stratton men, and no more than any other had he gone unscathed through the Stratton fire. He had been made to do the regular thing, as Granger, Scar-

ness, and others had done it. Stratton would be safer ground now, as Clavering had taken the last. That was the feeling on the matter which seemed to belong to others. It was not that Harry thought in this way of his own Florence. He knew well enough what a lucky fellow he was to have won such a girl. He was well aware how widely his Florence differed from Carry Scarness. He denied to himself indignantly that he had any notion of repenting what he had done. But he did wish that these private matters might have remained private, and that all the men at Beilby's had not known of his engagement. When Walliker, on the fourth day of their acquaintance, asked him if it was all right at Stratton, he made up his mind that he hated Walliker, and that he would hate Walliker to the last day of his life. He had declined the first invitation given to him by Theodore Burton; but he could not altogether avoid his future brother-in-law, and had agreed to dine with him on this day.

On that same afternoon Harry, when he left Mr. Beilby's office, went direct to Bolton Street, that he might call on Lady Ongar. As he went thither he bethought himself that these Wallikers and the like had had no such events in life as had befallen him! They laughed at him about Florence Burton, little guessing that it had been his lot to love, and to be loved by such a one as Julia Brabazon had been—such a one as Lady Ongar now was. But things had gone well with him. Julia Brabazon could have made no man happy, but Florence Burton would be the sweetest, dearest, truest little wife that ever man took to his home. He was thinking of this, and determined to think of it more and more daily, as he knocked at Lady Ongar's door. "Yes; her ladyship was at home," said the servant whom he had seen on the railway platform; and in a few moments' time he found himself in the drawing-room which he had criticized so carefully when he was taking it for its present occupant.

He was left in the room for five or six minutes, and was able to make a full mental inventory of its contents. It was very different in its present aspect from the room which he had seen not yet a month since. She had told him that the apartments had been all that she desired; but since then everything had been altered, at least in appearance. A new piano had been brought in, and the chintz on the furniture was surely new. And the room was crowded with small feminine belongings, indicative of wealth and luxury. There were ornaments about, and pretty toys, and a thousand knickknacks which none but the rich can possess, and which none can possess even among the rich unless they can give taste as well as money to their acquisition. Then he heard a light step; the door opened, and Lady Ongar was there.

He expected to see the same figure that he had seen on the railway platform, the same gloomy drapery, the same quiet, almost deathlike demeanor, nay, almost the same veil over her features; but the Lady Ongar whom he now saw was as unlike that Lady Ongar as she was unlike that Julia Brabazon whom he had known in old days at Clavering Park. She was dressed, no doubt, in black; nay, no doubt, she was dressed in weeds; but in spite of the black and in spite of the weeds there was nothing about her of the weariness or of the solemnity of woe. He hardly saw that her dress was made of crape, or that long white pendants were hanging down from the cap which sat so prettily upon her head. But it was her face at which he gazed. At first he thought she could hardly be the same woman, she was to his eyes so much older than she had been! And yet as he looked at her, he found that she was

as handsome as ever—more handsome than she had ever been before. There was a dignity about her face and figure which became her well, and which she carried as though she knew herself to be in very truth a countess. It was a face which bore well such signs of age as those which had come upon it. She seemed to be a woman fitter for womanhood than for girlhood. Her eyes were brighter than of yore, and, as Harry thought, larger; and her high forehead and noble stamp of countenance seemed fitted for the dress and headgear which she wore.

"I have been expecting you," said she, stepping up to him. "Hermione wrote me word that you were to come up on Monday. Why did you not come sooner?" There was a smile on her face as she spoke, and a confidence in her tone which almost confounded him.

"I have had so many things to do," said he lamely.

"About your new profession. Yes, I can understand that. And so you are settled in London now? Where are you living—that is, if you are settled yet?" In answer to this, Harry told her he had taken lodgings in Bloomsbury Square, blushing somewhat as he named so unfashionable a locality. Old Mrs. Burton had recommended him to the house in which he was located, but he did not find it necessary to explain that fact to Lady Ongar.

"I have to thank you for what you did for me," continued she. "You ran away from me in such a hurry on that night that I was unable to speak to you. But to tell the truth, Harry, I was in no mood then to speak to any one. Of course you thought that I treated you ill."

"Oh, no," said he.

"Of course you did. If I thought you did not, I should be angry with you now. But had it been to save my life I could not have helped it. Why did not Sir Hugh Clavering come to meet me? Why did not my sister's husband come to me?" To this question Harry could make no answer. He was still standing with his hat in his hand, and now turned his face away from her and shook his head.

"Sit down, Harry," said she, "and let me talk to you like a friend—unless you are in a hurry to go away."

"Oh, no," said he, seating himself.

"Or unless you, too, are afraid of me."

"Afraid of you, Lady Ongar?"

"Yes, afraid; but I don't mean you. I don't believe that you are coward enough to desert a woman who was once your friend because misfortune has overtaken her, and calumny has been at work with her name."

"I hope not," said he.

"No, Harry; I do not think it of you. But if Sir Hugh be not a coward, why did he not come and meet me? Why has he left me to stand alone, now that he could be of service to me? I knew that money was his god, but I have never asked him for a shilling, and should not have done so now. Oh, Harry, how wicked you were about that check? Do you remember?"

"Yes; I remember."

"So shall I; always, always. If I had taken that money how often should I have heard of it since?"

"Heard of it?" he asked. Do you mean from me?

"Yes; how often from you? Would you have dunned me, and told me of it once a week? Upon my word, Harry, I was told of it more nearly every day. Is it not wonderful that men should be so mean?"

It was clear to him now that she was talking of her husband who was dead, and on that subject he felt himself at present unable to speak a word. He little dreamed at that moment how openly she would soon speak to him of Lord Ongar and of Lord Ongar's faults?

"Oh, how I have wished that I had taken your money! But never mind about that now, Harry. Wretched as such taunts were, they soon became a small thing. But it has been cowardly in your cousin, Hugh; has it not? If I had not lived with him as one of his family, it would not have mattered. People would not have expected it. It was as though my own brother had cast me forth."

"Lady Clavering has been with you; has she not?"

"Once, for half an hour. She came up for one day, and came here by herself, cowering as though she were afraid of me. Poor Hermy! She has not a good time of it either. You lords of creation lead your slaves sad lives when it pleases you to change your billing and cooing for matter-of-fact masterdom and rule. I don't blame Hermy. I suppose she did all she could, and I did not utter one word of reproach of her. Nor should I to him. Indeed, if he came now the servant would deny me to him. He has insulted me, and I shall remember the insult."

Harry Clavering did not clearly understand what it was that Lady Ongar had desired of her brother-in-law—what aid she had required; nor did he know whether it would be fitting for him to offer to act in Sir Hugh's place. Anything that he could do, he felt himself at that moment willing to do, even though the necessary service should demand some sacrifice greater than prudence could approve. "If I had thought that anything was wanted, I should have come to you sooner," said he.

"Everything is wanted, Harry. Everything is wanted—except that check for six hundred pounds which you sent me so treacherously. Did you ever think what might have happened if a certain person had heard of that? All the world would have declared that you had done it for your own private purposes—all the world, except one."

Harry, as he heard this, felt that he was blushing. Did Lady Ongar know of his engagement with Florence Burton? Lady Clavering knew it, and might probably have told the tidings; but then, again, she might not have told them. Harry at this moment wished that he knew how it was. All that Lady Ongar said to him would come with so different a meaning according as he did or did not know that fact. But he had no mind to tell her of the fact himself. He declared to himself that he hoped she knew it, as it would serve to make them both more comfortable together; but he did not think it would do for him to bring forward the subject, neck and heels as it were. The proper thing would be that she should congratulate him, but this she did not do. "I certainly meant no ill," he said, in answer to the last words she had spoken.

"You have never meant ill to me, Harry; though you know you have abused me dreadfully before now. I daresay you forget the hard names you have called me. You men do forget such things."

"I remember calling you one name."

"Do not repeat it now, if you please. If I deserved it, it would shame me; and if I did not, it should shame you."

"No; I will not repeat it."

"Does it not seem odd, Harry, that you and I should be sitting, talking

together in this way?" She was leaning now toward him, across the table, and one hand was raised to her forehead while her eyes were fixed intently upon his. The attitude was one which he felt to express extreme intimacy. She would not have sat in that way, pressing back her hair from her brow, with all the appearance of widowhood banished from her face, in the presence of any but a dear and close friend. He did not think of this, but he felt that it was so, almost by instinct. "I have such a tale to tell you," she said; "such a tale!"

Why should she tell it to him? Of course he asked himself this question. Then he remembered that she had no brother—remembered also that her brother-in-law had deserted her, and he declared to himself that, if necessary, he would be her brother. "I fear that you have not been happy," said he, "since I saw you last."

"Happy!" she replied. "I have lived such a life as I did not think any man or woman could be made to live on this side the grave. I will be honest with you, Harry. Nothing but the conviction that it could not be for long has saved me from destroying myself. I knew that he must die!"

"Oh, Lady Ongar!"

"Yes, indeed; that is the name he gave me; and because I consented to take it from him, he treated me—O heavens! how am I to find words to tell you what he did, and the way in which he treated me. A woman could not tell it to a man. Harry, I have no friend that I trust but you, but to you I cannot tell it. When he found that he had been wrong in marrying me, that he did not want the thing which he had thought would suit him, that I was a drag upon him rather than a comfort—what was his mode, do you think, of ridding himself of the burden?" Clavering sat silent looking at her. Both her hands were now up to her forehead, and her large eyes were gazing at him till he found himself unable to withdraw his own for a moment from her face. "He strove to get another man to take me off his hands; and when he found he was failing—he charged me with the guilt which he himself had contrived for me."

"Lady Ongar!"

"Yes; you may well stare at me. You may well speak hoarsely and look like that. It may be that even you will not believe me; but by the God in whom we both believe, I tell you nothing but the truth. He attempted that and he failed; and then he accused me of the crime which he could not bring me to commit."

"And what then?"

"Yes; what then? Harry, I had a thing to do, and a life to live, that would have tried the bravest; but I went through it. I stuck to him to the last! He told me before he was dying—before that last frightful illness, that I was staying with him for his money. 'For your money, my lord,' I said, 'and for my own name.' And so it was. Would it have been wise in me, after all that I had gone through, to have given up that for which I had sold myself? I had been very poor, and had been so placed that poverty, even such poverty as mine, was a curse to me. You know what I gave up because I feared that curse. Was I to be foiled at last, because such a creature as that wanted to shirk out of his bargain? I knew there would be some who would say I had been false. Hugh Clavering says so now, I suppose. But they never should say I had left him to die alone in a foreign land."

"Did he ask you to leave him?"

"No ; but he called me that name which no woman should hear and stay. No woman should do so unless she had a purpose such as mine. He wanted back the price he had paid, and I was determined to do nothing that should assist him in his meanness ! And then, Harry, his last illness ! Oh, Harry, you would pity me if you could know all !"

"It was his own intemperance !"

"Intemperance ! It was brandy—sheer brandy. He brought himself to such a state that nothing but brandy would keep him alive, and in which brandy was sure to kill him—and it did kill him. Did you ever hear of the horrors of drink ?"

"Yes ; I have heard of such a state."

"I hope you may never live to see it. It is a sight that would stick by you for ever. But I saw it, and tended him through the whole, as though I had been his servant. I remained with him when that man who opened the door for you could no longer endure the room. I was with him when the strong woman from the hospital, though she could not understand his words, almost fainted at what she saw and heard. He was punished, Harry. I need wish no farther vengeance on him, even for all his cruelty, his injustice, his unmanly treachery. Is it not fearful to think that any man should have the power of bringing himself to such an end as that ?"

Harry was thinking rather how fearful it was that a man should have it in his power to drag any woman through such a Gehenna as that which this lord had created. He felt that had Julia Brabazon been his, as she had once promised him, he never would have allowed himself to speak a harsh word to her, to have looked at her except with loving eyes. But she had chosen to join herself to a man who had treated her with a cruelty exceeding all that his imagination could have conceived. "It is a mercy that he has gone," said he at last.

"It is a mercy for both. Perhaps you can understand now something of my married life. And through it all I had but one friend—if I may call him a friend who had come to terms with my husband, and who was to have been his agent in destroying me. But when this man understood from me that I was not what he had been taught to think me—which my husband told him I was—he relented."

"May I ask what was that man's name ?"

"His name is Pateroff. He is a Pole, but he speaks English like an Englishman. In my presence he told Lord Ongar that he was false and brutal. Lord Ongar laughed, with that little, low, sneering laughter which was his nearest approach to merriment, and told Count Pateroff that that was of course his game before me. There, Harry, I will tell you nothing more of it. You will understand enough to know what I have suffered ; and if you can believe that I have not sinned——"

"Oh, Lady Ongar !"

"Well, I will not doubt you again. But as far as I can learn you are nearly alone in your belief. What Hermy thinks I cannot tell, but she will soon come to think as Hugh may bid her. And I shall not blame her. What else can she do, poor creature ?"

"I am sure she believes no ill of you."

"I have one advantage, Harry—one advantage over her and some others. I am free. The chains have hurt me sorely during my slavery ; but I am free, and the price of my servitude remains. He had written home—would

you believe that? while I was living with him he had written home to say that evidence should be collected for getting rid of me. And yet he would sometimes be civil, hoping to cheat me into inadvertencies. He would ask that man to dine, and then of a sudden would be absent; and during this he was ordering that evidence should be collected! Evidence, indeed! The same servants have lived with me through it all. If I could now bring forward evidence I could make it all clear as the day. But there needs no care for a woman's honor, though a man may have to guard his by collecting evidence!"

"But what he did cannot injure you."

"Yes, Harry, it has injured me; it has all but destroyed me. Have not reports reached even you? Speak out like a man, and say whether it is not so!"

"I have heard something."

"Yes, you have heard something! If you heard something of your sister where would you be? All the world would be a chaos to you till you had pulled out somebody's tongue by the roots. Not injured me! For two years your cousin Hugh's house was my home. I met Lord Ongar in his house. I was married from his house. He is my brother-in-law, and it so happens that of all men he is the nearest to me. He stands well before the world, and at this time could have done me real service. How is it that he did not welcome me home; that I am not now at his house with my sister; that he did not meet me so that the world might know that I was received back among my own people? Why is it, Harry, that I am telling this to you—to you, who are nothing to me; my sister's husband's cousin; a young man, from your position, not fit to be my confidant? Why am I telling this to you, Harry?"

"Because we are old friends," said he, wondering again at this moment whether she knew of his engagement with Florence Burton.

"Yes, we are old friends, and we have always liked each other; but you must know that, as the world judges, I am wrong to tell all this to you. I should be wrong, only that the world has cast me out, so that I am no longer bound to regard it. I am Lady Ongar, and I have my share of that man's money. They have given me up Ongar Park, having satisfied themselves that it is mine by right, and must be mine by law. But he has robbed me of every friend I had in the world, and yet you tell me he has not injured me!"

"Not every friend."

"No, Harry, I will not forget you, though I spoke so slightly of you just now. But your vanity need not be hurt. It is only the world—Mrs. Grundy, you know, that would deny me such friendship as yours; not my own taste or choice. Mrs. Grundy always denies us exactly those things which we ourselves like best. You are clever enough to understand that."

He smiled and looked foolish, and declared that he only offered his assistance because perhaps it might be convenient at the present moment. What could he do for her? How could he show his friendship for her now at once?

"You have done it, Harry, in listening to me and giving me your sympathy. It is seldom that we want any great thing from our friends. I want nothing of that kind. No one can hurt me much further now. My money and my rank are safe; and, perhaps, by degrees, acquaintances, if not friends, will form themselves round me again. At present, of course, I see no one; but because I see no one, I wanted some one to whom I could speak. Poor

Hermy is worse than no one. Good-by, Harry; you look surprised and bewildered now, but you will soon get over that. Don't be long before I see you again."

Then, feeling that he was bidden to go, he wished her good-by, and went.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUSE IN ONSLOW CRESCENT.

HARRY, as he walked away from the house in Bolton street, hardly knew whether he was on his heels or his head. Burton had told him not to dress—"We don't give dress dinner parties, you know. It's all in the family way with us"—and Harry, therefore, went direct from Bolton street to Onslow Crescent. But, though he managed to keep the proper course down Piccadilly, he was in such confusion of mind that he hardly knew whither he was going. It seemed as though a new form of life had been opened to him, and that it had been opened in such a way as almost necessarily to engulf him. It was not only that Lady Ongar's history was so terrible, and her life so strange, but that he himself was called upon to form a part of that history, and to join himself in some sort with that life. This countess, with her wealth, her rank, her beauty, and her bright intellect, had called him to her, and told him that he was her only friend. Of course he had promised his friendship. How could he have failed to give such a promise to one whom he had loved so well? But to what must such a promise lead, or rather to what must it not have led had it not been for Florence Burton? She was young, free, and rich. She made no pretence of regret for the husband she had lost, speaking of him as though in truth she hardly regarded herself as his wife. And she was the same Julia whom he had loved, who had loved him, who had jilted him, and in regret for whom he had once resolved to lead a wretched, lonely life! Of course she must expect that he would renew it all—unless, indeed, she knew of his engagement. But if she knew it, why had she not spoken of it?

And could it be that she had no friends; that everybody had deserted her; that she was alone in the world? As he thought of it all, the whole thing seemed to him to be too terrible for reality. What a tragedy was that she had told him! He thought of the man's insolence to the woman whom he had married and sworn to love, then of his cruelty, his fiendish, hellish cruelty; and lastly of his terrible punishment. "I stuck to him through it all," she had said to him; and then he endeavored to picture to himself that bedside by which Julia Brabazon, his Julia Brabazon, had remained firm, when hospital attendants had been scared by the horrors they had witnessed, and the nerves of a strong man, of a man paid for such work, had failed him!

The truth of her word throughout he never doubted; and, indeed, no man or woman who heard her could have doubted. One hears stories told that to oneself, the hearer, are manifestly false; and one hears stories as to the truth or falsehood of which one is in doubt; and stories again which seem to be partly true and partly untrue. But one also hears that of the truth of which no doubt seems to be possible. So it had been with the tale which Lady Ongar had told. It had been all as she had said; and had Sir Hugh heard

it—even Sir Hugh, who doubted all men and regarded all women as being false beyond a doubt—even he, I think, would have believed it.

But she had deserved the sufferings which had come upon her. Even Harry, whose heart was very tender toward her, owned as much as that. She had sold herself, as she had said of herself more than once. She had given herself to a man whom she regarded not at all, even when her heart belonged to another—to a man whom she must have loathed and despised when she was putting her hand into his before the altar. What scorn had there been upon her face when she spoke of the beginning of their married miseries! With what eloquence of expression had she pronounced him to be vile, worthless, unmanly; a thing from which a woman must turn with speechless contempt! She had now his name, his rank, and his money, but she was friendless and alone. Harry Clavering declared to himself that she had deserved it—and, having so declared, forgave her all her faults. She had sinned, and then had suffered; and, therefore, should now be forgiven. If he could do ought to ease her troubles, he would do it—as a brother would for a sister.

But it would be well that she should know of his engagement. Then he thought of the whole interview, and felt sure that she must know it. At any rate he told himself that he was sure. She could hardly have spoken to him as she had done, unless she had known. When last they had been together, sauntering round the gardens at Clavering, he had rebuked her for her treachery to him. Now she came to him almost open-armed, free, full of her cares, swearing to him that he was her only friend! All this could mean but one thing—unless she knew that that one thing was barred by his altered position.

But it gratified him to think that she had chosen him for the repository of her tale; that she had told her terrible history to him. I fear that some small part of this gratification was owing to her rank and wealth. To be the one friend of a widowed countess, young, rich, and beautiful, was something much out of the common way. Such confidence lifted him far above the Wallikers of the world. That he was pleased to be so trusted by one that was beautiful, was, I think, no disgrace to him; although I bear in mind his condition as a man engaged. It might be dangerous, but that danger in such case it would be his duty to overcome. But in order that it might be overcome, it would certainly be well that she should know his position.

I fear he speculated as he went along as to what might have been his condition in the world had he never seen Florence Burton. First he asked himself, whether, under any circumstances, he would have wished to marry a widow, and especially a widow by whom he had already been jilted. Yes; he thought that he could have forgiven her even that, if his own heart had not changed; but he did not forget to tell himself again how lucky it was for him that his heart was changed. What countess in the world, let her have what park she might, and any imaginable number of thousands a year, could be so sweet, so nice, so good, so fitting for him as his own Florence Burton? Then he endeavored to reflect what happened when a commoner married the widow of a peer. She was still called, he believed, by her own title, unless she should choose to abandon it. Any such arrangement was now out of the question; but he thought that he would prefer that she should have been called Mrs. Clavering, if such a state of things had come about. I do not know that he pictured to himself any necessity, either on her part or on his, of abandoning anything else that came to her from her late husband.

At half-past six, the time named by Theodore Burton, he found himself at

the door in Onslow Crescent, and was at once shown up into the drawing-room. He knew that Mr. Burton had a family, and he had pictured to himself an untidy, ugly house, with an untidy, motherly woman going about with a baby in her arms. Such would naturally be the home of a man who dusted his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief. But to his surprise he found himself in as pretty a drawing-room as he remembered to have seen; and seated on a sofa, was almost as pretty a woman as he remembered. She was tall and slight, with large brown eyes and well-defined eyebrows, with an oval face, and the sweetest, kindest mouth that ever graced a woman. Her dark brown hair was quite plain, having been brushed simply smooth across the forehead, and then collected in a knot behind. Close beside her, on a low chair, sat a little fair-haired girl, about seven years old, who was going through some pretence at needlework; and kneeling on a higher chair, while she sprawled over the drawing-room table, was another girl, some three years younger, who was engaged with a puzzle-box.

"Mr. Clavering," said she, rising from her chair; "I am so glad to see you, though I am almost angry with you for not coming to us sooner. I have heard so much about you; of course you know that." Harry explained that he had only been a few days in town, and declared that he was happy to learn that he had been considered worth talking about.

"If you were worth accepting you were worth talking about."

"Perhaps I was neither," said he.

"Well; I am not going to flatter you yet. Only as I think our Flo is without exception the most perfect girl I ever saw, I don't suppose she would be guilty of making a bad choice. Cissy, dear, this is Mr. Clavering."

Cissy got up from her chair, and came up to him. "Mamma says I am to love you very much," said Cissy, putting up her face to be kissed.

"But I did not tell you to say I had told you," said Mrs. Burton, laughing.

"And I will love you very much," said Harry, taking her up in his arms.

"But not so much as Aunt Florence—will you?"

They all knew it. It was clear to him that everybody connected with the Burtons had been told of the engagement, and that they all spoke of it openly, as they did of any other everyday family occurrence. There was not much reticence among the Burtons. He could not but feel this, though now, at the present moment, he was disposed to think specially well of the family because Mrs. Burton and her children were so nice.

"And this is another daughter?"

"Yes; another future niece, Mr. Clavering. But I suppose I may call you Harry; may I not? My name is Cecilia. Yes, that is Miss Pert."

"I'm not Miss Pert," said the little soft round ball of a girl from the chair. "I'm Sophy Burton. Oh, you musn't tittle."

Harry found himself quite at home in ten minutes; and, before Mr. Burton had returned, had been taken upstairs into the nursery to see Theodore Burton, Junior, in his cradle, Theodore Burton, Junior, being as yet only some few months old. "Now you've seen us all," said Mrs. Burton, "and we'll go downstairs and wait for my husband. I must let you into a secret, too. We don't dine till past seven; you may as well remember that for the future. But I wanted to have you for half an hour to myself before dinner, so that I might look at you, and make up my mind about Flo's choice. I hope you won't be angry with me?"

"And how have you made up your mind?"

"If you want to find that out, you must get it through Florence. You may be quite sure I shall tell her; and I suppose I may be quite sure she will tell you. Does she tell you everything?"

"I tell her everything," said Harry, feeling himself, however, to be a little conscience-smitten at the moment, as he remembered his interview with Lady Ongar. Things had occurred this very day which he certainly could not tell her.

"Do—do; always do that," said Mrs. Burton, laying her hand affectionately on his arm. "There is no way so certain to bind a woman to you, heart and soul, as to show her that you trust her in everything. Theodore tells me everything. I don't think there's a drain planned under a railway bank but that he shows it me in some way; and I feel so grateful for it. It makes me know that I can never do enough for him. I hope you'll be as good to Flo as he is to me."

"We can't both be perfect, you know."

"Ah, well! of course, you'll laugh at me. Theodore always laughs at me when I get on what he calls a high horse. I wonder whether you are as sensible as he is?"

Harry reflected that he never wore cotton gloves. "I don't think I am very sensible," said he. "I do a great many foolish things, and the worst is, that I like them."

"So do I. I like so many foolish things."

"Oh, mamma!" said Cissy.

"I shall have that quoted against me, now, for the next six months, whenever I am preaching wisdom in the nursery. But Florence is nearly as sensible as her brother."

"Much more so than I am."

"All the Burtons are full up to their eyes with good sense. And what a good thing it is! Who ever heard of any of them coming to sorrow? Whatever they have to live on, they always have enough. Did you ever know a woman who has done better with her children, or has known how to do better, than Theodore's mother? She is the dearest old woman." Harry had heard her called a very clever old woman by certain persons in Stratton, and could not but think of her matrimonial successes as her praises were thus sung by her daughter-in-law.

They went on talking, while Sophy sat in Harry's lap, till there was heard the sound of a key in the latch of the front door, and the master of the house was known to be there. "It's Theodore," said his wife, jumping up and going out to meet him. "I'm so glad that you have been here a little before him, because now I feel that I know you. When he's here, I shan't get in a word." Then she went down to her husband, and Harry was left to speculate how so very charming a woman could ever have been brought to love a man who cleaned his boots with his pocket-handkerchief.

There were soon steps again upon the stairs, and Burton returned, bringing with him another man, whom he introduced to Harry as Mr. Jones. "I didn't know my brother was coming," said Mrs. Burton, "but it will be very pleasant, as of course I shall want you to know him." Harry became a little perplexed. How far might these family ramifications be supposed to go? Would he be welcomed, as one of the household, to the hearth of Mrs. Jones; and if of Mrs. Jones, then of Mrs. Jones's brother? His mental inquiries, however, in this direction, were soon ended by his finding that Mr. Jones was a bachelor.

Jones, it appeared, was the editor, or sub-editor, or co-editor, of some influential daily newspaper. "He is a night bird, Harry—" said Mrs. Burton. She had fallen into the way of calling him Harry at once, but he could not on that occasion bring himself to call her Cecilia. He might have done so had not her husband been present, but he was ashamed to do it before him. "He is a night bird, Harry," said she, speaking of her brother, "and flies away at nine o'clock that he may go and hoot like an owl in some dark city haunt that he has. Then, when he is himself asleep at breakfast time, his hootings are being heard round the town."

Harry rather liked the idea of knowing an editor. Editors were, he thought, influential people, who had the world very much under their feet—being, as he conceived, afraid of no men, while other men are very much afraid of them. He was glad enough to shake Jones by the hand, when he found that Jones was an editor. But Jones, though he had the face and forehead of a clever man, was very quiet, and seemed almost submissive to his sister and brother-in-law.

The dinner was plain, but good, and Harry after a while became happy and satisfied, although he had come to the house with something almost like a resolution to find fault. Men, and women also, do frequently go about in such a mood, having unconscionably from some small circumstance, prejudged their acquaintances, and made up their mind that their acquaintances should be condemned. Influenced in this way, Harry had not intended to pass a pleasant evening, and would have stood aloof and been cold, had it been possible to him; but he found that it was not possible; and after a little while he was friendly and joyous, and the dinner went off very well. There was some wild fowl, and he was agreeably surprised as he watched the mental anxiety and gastronomic skill with which Burton went through the process of preparing the gravy, with lemon and pepper, having in the room a little silver pot, and an apparatus of fire for the occasion. He would as soon have expected the Archbishop of Canterbury himself to go through such an operation in the dining-room at Lambeth as the hard-working man of business whom he had known in the chambers of the Adelphi.

"Does he always do that, Mrs. Burton?" Harry asked.

"Always," said Burton, "when I get the materials. One doesn't bother oneself about a cold leg of mutton, you know, which is my usual dinner when we are alone. The children have it hot in the middle of the day."

"Such a thing never happened to him yet, Harry," said Mrs. Burton.

"Gently with the pepper," said the editor. It was the first word he had spoken for some time.

"Be good enough to remember that, yourself, when you are writing your article to-night."

"No, none for me, Theodore, said Mrs. Burton.

"Cissy!"

"I have dined really. If I had remembered that you were going to display your cookery, I would have kept some of my energy, but I forgot it."

"As a rule," said Burton, "I don't think women recognize any difference in flavors. I believe wild duck and hashed mutton would be quite the same to my wife if her eyes were blinded. I should not mind this, if it were not that they are generally proud of the deficiency. They think it grand."

"Just as men think it grand not to know one tune from another," said his wife.

When dinner was over, Burton got up from his seat. "Harry," said he, "do you like good wine?" Harry said that he did. Whatever women may say about wild fowl, men never profess an indifference to good wine, although there is a theory about the world, quite as incorrect as it is general, that they have given up drinking it. "Indeed I do," said Harry. "Then I'll give you a bottle of port," said Burton, and so saying he left the room.

"I'm very glad you have come to-day," said Jones, with much gravity. "He never gives me any of that when I'm alone with him; and he never, by any means, brings it out for company."

"You don't mean to accuse him of drinking it alone, Tom?" said his sister, laughing.

"I don't know when he drinks it; I only know when he doesn't."

The wine was decanted with as much care as had been given to the concoction of the gravy, and the clearness of the dark liquid was scrutinized with an eye that was full of anxious care. "Now, Cissy, what do you think of that? She knows a glass of good wine when she gets it, as well as you do Harry, in spite of her contempt for the duck."

As they sipped the old port, they sat round the dining-room fire, and Harry Clavering was forced to own to himself that he had never been more comfortable.

"Ah," said Burton, stretching out his slippered feet, "why can't it all be after-dinner, instead of that weary room at the Adelphi?"

"And all old port?" said Jones.

"Yes, and all old port. You are not such an ass as to suppose that a man in suggesting to himself a continuance of pleasure suggests to himself also the evils which are supposed to accompany such pleasure. If I took much of the stuff I should get cross and sick, and make a beast of myself, but then what a pity it is that it should be so."

"You wouldn't like much of it, I think," said his wife.

"That is it," said he. "We are driven to work because work never palls on us, whereas pleasure always does. What a wonderful scheme it is when one looks at it all. No man can follow pleasure long continually. When a man strives to do so, he turns his pleasure at once into business, and works at that. Come, Harry, we musn't have another bottle, as Jones would go to sleep among the type." Then they all went up stairs together. Harry, before he went away, was taken again up into the nursery, and there kissed the two little girls in their cots. When he was outside the nursery door, on the top of the stairs, Mrs. Burton took him by the hand. "You'll come to us often," said she, "and make yourself at home here, will you not?" Harry could not but say that he would. Indeed he did so without hesitation, almost with eagerness, for he had liked her and had liked her house. "We think of you, you know," she continued, "quite as one of ourselves. How could it be otherwise when Flo is the dearest to us of all beyond our own?"

"It makes me so happy to hear you say so," said he.

"Then come here and talk about her. I want Theodore to feel that you are his brother; it will be so important to you in the business that it should be so." After that he went away, and as he walked back along Piccadilly, and then up through the regions of St. Giles to his house in Bloomsbury Square, he satisfied himself that the life of Onslow Crescent was a better manner of life than that which was likely to prevail in Bolton Street.

When he was gone his character was of course discussed between the hus-

band and wife in Onslow Crescent. "What do you think of him?" said the husband.

"I like him so much! He is so much nicer than you told me—so much pleasanter and easier; and I have no doubt he is as clever, though I don't think he shows that at once."

"He is clever enough; there's no doubt about that."

"And did you not think he was pleasant?"

"Yes; he was pleasant here. He is one of those men who get on best with women. You'll make much more of him for awhile than I shall. He'll gossip with you and sit idling with you for the hour together, if you'll let him. There's nothing wrong about him, and he'd like nothing better than that."

"You don't believe that he's idle by disposition? Think of all that he has done already."

"That's just what is most against him. He might do very well with us if he had not got that confounded fellowship; but having got that, he thinks the hard work of life is pretty well over with him."

"I don't suppose he can be so foolish as that, Theodore."

"I know well what such men are, and I know the evil that is done to them by the cramming they endure. They learn many names of things—high-sounding names, and they come to understand a great deal about words. It is a knowledge that requires no experience and very little real thought. But it demands much memory; and when they have loaded themselves in this way, they think that they are instructed in all things. After all, what can they do that is of real use to mankind? What can they create?"

"I suppose they are of use."

"I don't know it. A man will tell you, or pretend to tell you—for the chances are ten to one that he is wrong—what sort of lingo was spoken in some particular island or province six hundred years before Christ. What good will that do any one, even if he were right? And then see the effect upon the men themselves! At four-and-twenty a young fellow has achieved some wonderful success, and calls himself by some outlandish and conceited name—a double first, or something of the kind. Then he thinks he has completed everything, and is too vain to learn anything afterward. The truth is, that at twenty-four no man has done more than acquire the rudiments of his education. The system is bad from beginning to end. All that competition makes false and imperfect growth. Come, I'll go to bed."

What would Harry have said if he had heard all this from the man who dusted his boots with his handkerchief?

OUR HOUSES.

MISS BREMER once said that the American never seemed to be living in his own house. It was merely a residence temporarily occupied until some other person, for whom the house was really built, should come along and take possession. She might have added that we build our houses less for our own comfort, and to satisfy our own wants, than for the great American public gazing on. Our countrymen are not in the least what the English call snobs; they never tremble nor truckle before the illustrious great—but, judging by the splendor they brandish in the face of the great American nation, they seem to think that, by building a grand house, the consequence which they never bestow on any one else may some how or other be reflected on themselves.

In the private dwelling-houses in New York, the general similarity of the buildings, and uniform size of the lots, seem to destroy all opportunity for originality in taste, or even for a display of the character of the owner. A few, it is true, are very handsome, and others even really magnificent; only one is sometimes struck by a little want of fitness on the part of the proprietor. The charming women, it is true, clad in the last lovely fashion of the Paris *demi monde*, suit well that *entourage*, but it does not impress one as altogether in character for one of our compatriot democrats to be seen letting himself in, after a hard day's work, to a building with such a splendid façade. The stores, too, owned by those palatial proprietors, are often constructed, in appearance, at least, in direct violation of the a b c's of architecture, it being in that art regarded as necessary to make the lowest parts the strongest and heaviest, inasmuch as they have to support the others; whereas we, as some author remarks, appear to build four or five stories of marble or iron, supported mainly by a sheet of plate glass. The handsomest fronts, those of cast iron, are symbolical, it is to be feared, in some cases, of the proprietors within. They ask our confidence, as it were, upon the solidity of their columns of indebtedness and capital invested, which subsequently prove as mere a shell, and just as hollow, as the exterior columns and capitals of cast iron. Whether the proprietors are solid men or not, the whole system of iron fronts makes a pretense of solidity which it does not possess.

The houses about the outskirts of the town are no longer the quiet New England cottages, so symbolical of the past. These have given place to a more modern style of dwellings, which, however eccentric they may affect to be, are astonishingly regular in their irregularity. Their deviation from the cubic form of the hotel, which may be said to represent the architecture of a place where there is no other public building, seems only suggested by the idea of making some architectural effect which is unmeaning in itself, and not suggested by any peculiar taste or want of the owner. A tower—an ornament peculiarly unsuitable for all small houses, and of which the best hope is that it may contain a water tank—is, sometimes, to give variety, twisted round, and stuck at an angle against the little box. If Robinson has

a cupola, with an impracticable staircase leading to it—a place insufferably hot in the dog-days, and freezing in Winter—Jones must have one also, and, if possible, with a little taller spike on the top. We may twist our towers and cut them short; cupola and bay window may burst out in a perfect eruption over every building; but we can never hope for an architecture as original as our trotting wagons, unless we abandon that style dictated simply by abundant means, and which is borrowed from another civilization, and adapt our houses with careful thought to our own personal advancing tastes and intelligence.

An architect, for example, is required to construct a building for a man of fortune. We have now no need of battlements behind which archers may shoot on insurgent serfs. Thackeray says “the grocer rules the world now, instead of the baron,” and it may be considered typical of that change that the roofs of our breweries and factories are so frequently decorated with that baronial convenience. We have no need of narrow loop-holes for musketry, since General Lee is now president of a college. No need of a baronial hall for family portraits; a small box will contain the photographic album. No need of place for armorial escutcheon, since the *fleur de lis* serves here generally for decoration for hacks. The ground around the building will, in all likelihood, consist of ten rather than ten hundred acres. Let not, then, a pretentious park entrance introduce only to a drive of some two or three hundred yards. As it is useless, however, to attempt to define all the changes from the old, let us then attend to what is to be suggested in the new.

To commence: let the architect consult the character and the taste of the owner himself. Is he, for example, a man of literary taste? Let a large library be the one central feature, and others subservient, expressing that idea externally as well as internally. In another, does the master or mistress of a family wish to entertain numerous guests? Let a dancing-hall or dining-room, or both, be the central feature. A thousand varying conditions suggest a thousand variations of the present conventional country house. There is hardly a family sufficiently wealthy to employ an architect that has not some one leading taste. When the happy time comes, however, with expanded means, for shedding the old home, the error generally fallen into is that of the flea who took up his abode in a lobster shell. He really had no need for that spacious mansion, but it was such a comfort to think how other fleas might envy him, and then it would be so convenient if a real lobster should come along and pay for the gorgeous abode.

This error once avoided, the old house just left may almost indicate the new, if rightly examined. What additional rooms advancing tastes or desires may demand, indicate this. Whatever old rooms enlarged or improved that their fortune may compass, those also suggest to the architect; but let them not build rooms they do not want, nor repeat any they have, in fact, neither needed nor used.

The modern parlor is more particularly obnoxious to criticism. It is an apartment dedicated for the most part to a senseless pretension. We do not refer to those which are in daily use, or to those which, by their magnificent profusion of works of virtu and luxury, have absolutely attained the dignity of art, and in which the hand of the scientific decorator is to be plainly seen. The ordinary conventional parlor of the wealthy is meant; decorated, as it often is, in gold, furnished and painted in light blue, a color admirably calculated to destroy the effect of any paintings hung on the walls.

Gay frescoes ornament the ceiling; a cabinet with medallions stands in one corner; the floor is covered by an Aubison or tapestry carpet, too delicate to allow a suspicion of fire in the useless grate; while velvet covers the space above the mantel, on which stands a clock of which the works are the part of least consideration. *Vis-à-vis* to the cabinet is an *étagere* to receive contributions of articles better suited to the dining room or boudoir; tea-cups too fine or smelling-bottles too delicate for use. Beside these, all sorts of delicious jimcracks overflow from the *étagere*, and flood the *marqueterie-table* in the middle of the room. If by chance one sees a work-table, it is hermetically sealed with a vase on the top of the lid, with bottles or glasses of Bohemian-ware intended for *eau sucré*, a tippie practically unknown in these parts, Dresden shepherdesses, or it may be a bronze donkey, supporting a pair of paniers overloaded with articles too small for use. In short, whatever is too fine for use is generally collected in that senseless apartment.

We may trace this great American institution, not in its decorations, which are European, but in its solemn abandonment, to that part of the United States which has more particularly guided and left its impress on the national character. The civilization of New England has developed the most immense number of moderate houses, of moderate comfort, in which, perhaps, an undue use is made of the kitchen, or some small adjoining room, as a living room, and consequently they always have a conventional room to represent gentility, and in which they may to themselves suppose they live.

Years ago, the writer, when in a law school in a New England town, had, for a consideration, obtained the sole use of the parlor. Wheeling out in front of the fire, a horsehair sofa, of which he had previously remarked the uncommon shallowness of the seat, he cast himself down upon the ingenious piece of furniture, which immediately tumbled backward; thus revealing the secret, confirmed by subsequent examination, that it was only constructed with the design of standing with its back against a wall. That respectable apology for furniture, so evidently not intended for use, may be regarded as the index humbly pointing out the road along which our countrymen have since travelled with so much flourish. In tracing the gradations from that humble parlor all the way up to one of *marqueterie*, *ormolu*, silk, lace and tapestry, the moral was the same. It was always in some degree more splendid than the real rooms in which the family lived, and the real rooms were generally pinched, and straitened of some comfort to furnish out that one magnificent, senseless humbug.

In regard to the quality of honesty, on which Ruskin lays such just stress in his criticisms, it does not seem that we have advanced much beyond our ancestors. In the past of the United States the date of certain old buildings, connected inseparably in our minds with old mahogany and old Madeira, seems the most honest of all. We speak of the times which preceded the venerated mahogany, which latter was about contemporaneous with the architectural addition of a Doric portico in front, of preposterous size, and made of clapboards. This portico marks our first great architectural advance, and although we have greater taste and more elaborate devices, the principle of servile imitation which suggested that great improvement is, in a large measure, the moving spring now. To illustrate by an example both an unhappy and a happy style of imitation: the first is represented in a granite building erected on the grounds now occupied by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Mount of St. Vincent. Bridged moats, well-stocked dungeons, knights in

armor, seneschals, warders—all are suggested and should accompany that ponderous pile. The historian Sismondi, although he confesses to the feudal ages, argues with great ingenuity that there never was an age of chivalry in Europe. Now there certainly never was either the one or the other here, and the contrast between those feudal times, for which the model of that tower was designed, and our own commonplace days, renders the construction of such a building a ridiculous anomaly. In strong contrast to this stately pile, there is a pleasant, quiet corner which has been illuminated by the genius of perhaps the best story-teller the English language has ever known—the quaint Dutch house erected by Washington Irving on the very foundation of that old building where Katrina Van Tassel received her lovers. With that style of building every association is humble, quiet and charming. One could hardly fancy anything which would be more delicious to the fiercely driven brain-worker of the present time, than the quiet tranquillity, suggestive of the long pipes, the long rests, and mental repose, which that style of architecture must inevitably call up. It is suggestive of a bygone scene; not pretentious, and not so far removed but that one might easily fancy he could himself obtain it here.

Our climate itself indicates many modifications in our style of building. Its peculiarly oppressive heats of Summer, its fierce storms and heavy falls of snow, seem to point out the system of arcades for our cities, similar to those of Bologna or Paris. The peculiar brilliancy of our sunlight, and the large proportion of bright days, obviate in some measure the objection to the darkness of the lower story. They might be introduced, also, into the country houses, about which the piazza now plays so prominent a part. We sleep principally in the second story, and the first is frequently constructed unnecessarily large, to give room above, where the numerous wants of a highly civilized society demand large sleeping rooms, dressing rooms, closets, etc. The reflection from the roof of the piazza is an inconvenience to these rooms, by the heat and glare it creates in Summer. Now, by building over the piazza, making it, as it were, an arcade below, these disadvantages would be removed and the additional room gained. The necessities of climate have produced some specimens of this style of building in Havana; a city where the tropics have so modified the Spanish architecture, that a more quaint and charming city it is difficult to find. On one side of the Plaza de Armes, with its garden and palm trees, is the Palace of the Captain-General, which is built in this way.

It would be unjust to indulge in these reflections on American architecture without at the same time expressing an appreciation of those great successes of landscape gardening which have rendered the country places in the United States so beautiful. It is true that a place bare of trees, but judiciously planted out and cared for, in eight or ten years time produces much more satisfactory results to a landscape gardener than any piece of natural wood, more particularly near the house, though this is not to underrate our success in that art which has been carried to a greater perfection with us than almost anywhere else out of England. The high banks of the river Elbe, near Hamburg, are used for country seats, somewhat like the shores of the Hudson, and around the lakes of that city are a great number of charming little suburban homes. The places, with one or two exceptions, are not so fine as ours. The houses smaller, less ground about them, and only superior in their exquisite neatness and their adaptation to the people who enjoy those houses and grounds. Enjoy is precisely the word. Those antiquated people seem to be living for

their own comfort and pleasure, and not to care what the rest of the world think. Their smoothly kept bits of lawn always have a little summer-house, looking out on the high road, or on the water, in which those honest burghers seem to pass most of their leisure time, taking their meals in public with long colored bottles on the board. Or the fathers of the families are pulling away at their pipes and Bairish beer, while the children play on the green, and the mammas ply the needle. It is as jolly as a little private beer garden on their own account. The steamboats on that lake afford a wonderful contrast to our architectural floating palaces. Little propellers innumerable keep snorting about in all directions, people coming, going, getting on and off, at all sorts of stopping places, just as if it was for the fun of the thing. They seem to enjoy it, even though they cannot take a quid of tobacco with the satisfied feeling of being in the finest boat in all creation.

The great ambition of the cockney Parisian is to possess a *maison de campagne* on the lac d'Enghein, a lake near Paris. This lake is somewhat like the country part of the scenery of those Hamburg lakes, and yet unlike them too. It is like in the small houses, and the exquisite lawns, and the summer-houses, and unlike inasmuch as it lacks that air of reality of the German country places, and rather gives an idea of a make-believe country life, the feeling somehow of a pasteboard cottage on the stage of a theatre. The summer-house is always on the edge of the water, for the brave papa to sit and catch his minnow, while the children throw crumbs to the swans, and Jules or Auguste is presenting Madame with a bouquet in the back-ground. It seems like an imitation of the Petit Trianon, where one could make love, and play at country-house for a week or two, and then go back to the serious business of the opera at Paris. This style of landscape gardening which the French call English, but which is also Chinese, is the result partly of an Anglo-mania, and partly the sequence of a dream of nature indulged in by the powdered, wigged and rouged contemporaries of Rousseau. I think that neither on the Elbe nor on the lac d'Enghein was the architectural effect as imposing as with us. Indeed, our Central Park is superior to any park in Europe, except as to the size of the trees. In the cities of Germany they are frequently laying out new parks, and these are inferior to the Central. This is as well laid out, and has more natural advantages, than either the Bois de Boulogne or the parks of London.

The Capitol at Washington and the Treasury building are noble specimens of art; though, perhaps, a little below the eminence claimed for them by such Members of Congress as have never visited Europe. Still, we may expect national or public successes rather than individual. Every one remembers the architectural abode of Diogenes, and his practical protest against splendor, as well as the tribute to his judgment on the part of Alexander. Now, there is no doubt that in architecture we cannot become Alexanders, and, therefore, the example set by that illustrious democratic philosopher is, perhaps, the most noble left to us. To give one illustration of how our efforts here have been dwarfed by the European examples: There is the old chateau of Chambord, in Tourraine, of which the guide-books furnish us a few statistics—which is the representative of a manner the most satisfactory of all to the Anglo-Saxon mind. For over twenty years eighteen hundred men were constantly at work on it, and even after that time, during the next half century, it was, by incessant labor, slowly advancing.

It is not alone from its rich balustrade, its flying buttresses, classic chim-

neys, and all the gorgeous sculpture of the florid *Renaissance* that this ancient chateau derives its charms, but as well from those brilliant associations which we cannot yet hope for in this country; if indeed they have not already forever passed away with the social state of which they were part. A single name like that of Marshal Saxe would alone render memorable the halls of Chambord, with which his memory is indelibly associated. The chateau of Chambord was designed when classic architecture was in the ascendant. It is a cycle of fashion in taste, which comes round from time immemorial; as when Michael Angelo, and the brilliant architects and painters of his time, despised the old-fashioned barbarian Gothic, the Grecian column and pediment rose once more with newer and finer decoration. One more turn of the cycle, and it is in the midst of a Gothic *renaissance* that we find Europe now. A Gothic *renaissance* of literature, as well as of architecture. The classic writers of the days of Queen Ann protested against the Gothic barbarian Shakespeare, but we have quite a different standard, and the essayists of the *World* and *Examiner* enjoy the shady side of the wall now. The same writers who condemned the inspired barbarian, spoke of Gothic architecture with the most supreme contempt. The abuse of the classic and *renaissance* in our day by Ruskin, may be more brilliantly worded, but could not be more genuine.

As the inevitable cycle swings round, we, too, may look for a return of some of the principles of a Gothic *renaissance*; and our Gothic era of the Revolution of 1776 may, perhaps, return, with its plain, spacious mansion-house, its old mahogany, and its rougher style of life. But really, in a humble way, it is here now. Along the Hudson River the magnificent country seats may present examples of the highest advance in luxury and art, and by their perfection delight the eye. Still, they bring in their train the ponderous factory and the level embankment of the railroad, which have polished out of existence some of the prettiest nooks of winding streams, and even altered the shores of the mighty river itself, effacing from its rocks the sculptured arrows and last traces of the Indians. Still, throughout the purely rural districts there are no more delightful drives; where, without finding great wealth or polish, one seldom sees a trace of poverty, and from which the equality and democracy of the Gothic days of our revolution have never completely passed away. Indeed, any decoration added to those quiet, snug, old-fashioned houses, nestled under the spreading elm or black walnut tree, would look as much out of place as spangles on a Roman toga.

In New York we have an old building or two, which may illustrate the difficulties of a rise of the classic. The custom-house is constructed after—and a very long distance after—the Parthenon. Here, however, instead of the magnificent statue of Minerva, sculptured by Phidias, and ornamented with gold and gems, the guardian genius would rather be some old woman with a pan of ashes, to enable the crowd in Wall street to ascend and descend that long flight of marble steps in such slippery weather as we usually enjoy in Winter. The climate of New York does not lend itself to long flights of marble steps, as does the climate of Athens. At the other end of the city, on the summit of Murray Hill, at the point where, were we under some effete despot, the houses would probably recede on either side of Fifth Avenue, and some triumphal arch record the triumphs of our citizens—near that very spot is the Classic once more pressed into the service of a Christian temple. Though the body of the church is somewhat Grecian, the pediment over the

main entrance, with its tympan cut to receive a vase, is debased Roman; and the steeple itself can hardly be regarded as anything else than of the Presbyterian order. Altogether, the building to serve for modern uses becomes so composite in its character of architecture that it can hardly encourage imitation.

There is another well-known Grecian example, which may serve as a warning to those ingenious architects who copy cheaply in wood the spires originally magnificently executed in stone—a church which had on the top of a stone Doric pediment mounted a long, smooth, wooden steeple, with an immense golden comet for a weather-cock. Now, although the steeple has rotted and been taken away, the mutilated stump of the old excrescence still remains, and it is to be feared that the practical part of that astonishing addition, the comet, has reached its aphelion, never to return.

It would be difficult to criticise some of the modern churches, with pointed windows of the early English and other similar styles. They almost all, however, have some weak spot, the result of injudicious economy in small matters. Either there is not sufficient ground about them, and they are crowded in between rows of houses, or the tower is indicated by the foundation, and not completed. Or joined on to an elaborate front, we see the cheap walls of inferior brick, which the selfish proprietors on either side have neglected to cover. Almost all the churches bear the air of being constructed with an abundance of faith, but a deficiency of funds. The school of ethics for an individual who lives beyond his income does not apply, it seems, to a corporation. It is the usual course when a congregation have collected a sum sufficient to build a decent school-house, immediately to project a Gothic cathedral.

The cheap copies of European cathedrals have other inconveniences too; the original having been generally planned to contain small chapels, and another distribution of pulpit, and of audience. Grace Church, with its wooden spire, and general air of a pasteboard model of a cathedral on the exterior, encounters on the interior those difficulties, one not being able to hear the preacher twenty pews away. Then the yellow and purple and green sunlight, as it streams through the painted windows, colors the bald heads and solemn countenances, and rivals in brilliancy even the Spring dresses of the worshippers themselves. There is, however, not a more conspicuous warning against blind imitations, than a church on Union Square affords, against the architectural character of which even the statue of Washington, placed opposite, seems solemnly to protest. In the old times in Europe, at the advent of some new style, or from the death of the royal patron, or poverty, the completion of some immense cathedral was arrested, and the half-finished tower roofed over to protect it from the weather, and so left. That imperfection and misfortune of the model the architect has deliberately copied, and has decorated a church intended for two large towers, with about a tower and a half. It reminds one pleasantly of the Chinese tailor, who, having as a measure an old patched pair of trousers to work after, makes the new pair with patches in the same places.

W. F. C. HASTINGS.

THE PAGAN ELEMENT IN FRANCE.

FRENCH life and literature and art make public and familiar that which among a more northern and reserved people is hidden, or confined to the coarse and clandestine literature of disreputable classes; and it is difficult for us to resist the conclusion that the French are more immoral and less under the influence of the Christian idea of life than ourselves. We take everything seriously, and we cannot understand the playful ease and uncorrupting gayety with which our Gallic friends discourse of matters and things, the charms of which we do not choose to confess, and which our grosser nature bestializes. The habits of the French, their traditions, their ancient and almost uninterrupted intercourse with the pagan world, their assimilation of pagan literature and life, their quickness and sensibility of nature, have shown them to be at once the most unregenerate, natural and cultivated race since the light and subtle Greeks shaped a life which France now spontaneously imitates.

There are two ideas of life which may shape the national character and which produce diverse results. The one is Virtue, the other is Beauty. To the French—as to the Greeks—beauty is more than virtue; to the English—as to the Teutons—virtue is the ideal which they honor most. The very hypocrisy of English life, and the hidden immorality of English society, is witness of the homage offered to a virtue of which they are not capable in practice. The French are much more frank, and they do not pretend—save when they wish to dignify their rhetoric—to ally honesty and beauty. To be witty and beautiful is the Frenchman's ideal of women; to be honest and healthy is the Englishman's. How far beauty lends itself to indulgence is a question which we are not candid enough to treat. Our moral system has been so much medicated, and wrapped in the unwholesome flannels of untimely restrictions, that exposure to the natural conditions of our bodily life might utterly destroy us, or make us the easy prey of some barbarian horde uncorrupted and unemasculated by the sentiments and seductions of civilized life.

The French, imbued with a sentiment which takes away grossness from indulgence and makes even vice charming, have always been sincere in their homage to beauty and their devotion to the life of pleasure. It was a native of Roman Gaul who created that species of romance in which licentiousness of sentiment and elegance of style gave a new sensation to the cruel and debauched Roman of the Empire; and to-day the literature of France is most powerful of all literatures in works proper to the life of pleasure, and which show the finest talents embodied in works that fascinate the mind, intoxicate the heart, and make us ripe for the festival of the senses. This is not so much because the French are immoral, but because they are essentially pagan in their idea of life. Like some beautiful women, like artists, they are gay and facile in temperament, incapable of stoicism, incapable of seclusion, incapable of patient suffering, incapable of voluntary renunciation: therefore they never have been Christian, but have continued to honor the pagan idea of life, and

have kept up the worship of Venus. As an illustration of the inveterateness of the Frenchman's slavery to the senses and his preposterous consciousness of woman, think of Michelet's blasphemous epigram apropos of the Virgin Mary :

"France needed for its God a woman."

The French alone among modern peoples have felt what Matthew Arnold calls "the poetry of the life of the senses;" and by substituting the poetic sentiment of pleasure, of enjoyment, for the religious sentiment of worship and of renunciation, the French have escaped the bestializing effects of indulgence. The Frenchman cannot become a beast in his pleasures; it requires the gross body and inert mind of the Englishman to fall so low. Socially, the French are in life not unlike the butterfly in a flower garden—they appropriate enjoyment as the butterfly appropriates sweets, and they devote themselves to the life of the senses and of the understanding. The spontaneity and perfect ease with which they treat affairs of the heart, and the vivacity with which they insist on the sentiment of pleasure and of elegance at the expense of fidelity and vigor, require all their spirit, all their courage, all their ardor on the battle-fields of the world, to save them from contempt and the charge of being an emasculated race. The arrogant and reticent Englishman, the intense and metallic American, can hardly respect the facile and witty Frenchman, and it is almost an anomaly to both to find the French masters in every department of knowledge and sharing every progressive movement in the world. Compared with the more slow-moving spirit of other people, the genius of France is essentially feminine; it is brilliant, capricious, rapid, at once minute and comprehensive, with a jesuistical conscience and a mental habit of generalizing that is astounding to the patient and pedantic mind of a more masculine people. When we turn to the most national expression of the French nature—to those arts properly called fine—we discover a seductive, nude, versatile, and vivacious manifestation of the dominant spirit of France. In painting—the form of art which has found its amplest expression in France—we see at a glance the universal homage which France offers to woman, and the triumph of the pagan religious sentiment. Of the artist's work in France, we may say it is the unending festival of physical beauty; it is the orgie of the senses; it is the celebration of that wonderful, supple, opulent and dazzling organization, the human body. It appeals to us, persuades us, and on every canvas delights us, or (if we reject this symbol of what Heine called the religion of pleasure), it shocks us, pains us, and drives us back to business or the barrenness of renunciation.

We are not very likely to understand this expression of life, if we deny the supremacy of pleasure and the despotism of beauty, and fulminate moral anathemas against the habits of a people, which, borrowed from the most perfect epoch of the world, have enabled them to oppose the most perfect civilization to barbarism or the primitive life of man. Since the Christian dispensation nations have been under ecclesiastical, religious, fanatical, warlike ideas; France alone has been artistic and pagan. Ever since the *Renaissance* she has cultivated the understanding and gratified the senses, expressed herself in artistic forms and opposed the mystic, theological and imaginative ideas of mediæval times. On the one hand, she has opposed the dryness of Protestantism, and on the other she has used Catholicism simply as a piece of rhetorical "property" for state occasions. Her sincerest worship has been

the pagan one of delight in bodily life. With the complete subjection of society to the understanding and the senses, French society has never been gross or unclean; for perfect sensation and an active understanding always exact of realities utmost care and studious conservation of the finest means of enjoyment. It is the spiritual and imaginative that, despising realities, confront grovelling pleasures and can even tolerate filth. Human life was never more unclean than in the Middle Ages; it was never more spiritual and imaginative. But France, never spiritual, never under the influence of spiritualized imagination, but always seeking the *point d'appui* of the senses and always under the direction of the understanding (and by understanding we mean the faculty which enables us to use the material world and is not cognizant of any other), has never been in subjection to the Christian or spiritual idea; all she has taken from the Gospel is the social doctrine of the equality of men; neither England nor America has been logical enough to take that, but both have honored Christianity as the revelation of a pure life and a comprehensive religious faith.

Painting in France is the most obvious and accessible witness of the essential life of the people. Ever since the first Revolution, painting in France has been made the unconscious exponent of the life of the French people. The artists—those men most sensitive and accessible to life, those men most faithful and active in determining and representing social conditions—have been the best historians of French society. French men of letters since the Revolution have borrowed from the painter, and the highest word of approbation which criticism has for them is "artistic."

How perfect and startling is the testimony of French art! How conclusively it shows the anti-Christian idea of life! How faithfully it lends itself to repeat the pagan thought and feeling! The Greek, with his perfect body and subtle and rapid intellect, was confronted by two great facts—life and death—sensation and negation—means of pleasure and the final and inevitable destruction of pleasure. It was death which made his cheerful, sunny life tragic and pathetic in its final issue. The greatest antithesis which the Greek knew was life and death—delicious, full, absolute consciousness, and blank, ghastly, absolute unconsciousness. Between these two realities the whole dramatic genius of the Greek oscillated; between these two realities the dramatic genius of France oscillates, and it goes no further. The cultivated Greek and the cultivated Gallic mind have nothing more to appreciate—they stop abruptly when, beginning with sensation, they announce death. Death is the limitation of the pagan idea. But here where France stops, where Greece stops, where the pagan idea is without power of expansion, comes the Christian idea, and opposes to the life of the senses and the negation of sensation, the life of the spirit. It does not react against the life of pleasure by announcing the ghastly reality of death, but, affirming everlasting life, it announces the supremacy of the spirit to the senses; it opposes to the life of the senses the life of the soul, and, with a grand abnegation which has taken captive serious and imaginative minds, it has pushed away the frail and ephemeral good of sensation for the everlasting one of spiritual exaltation. But this is foreign to the pagan mind, it is foreign to modern France. The dramatic resources of the French genius are precisely the same as were those of the cultivated pagan, and it does not seem to be conscious of the power of expansion which the revelation of Christianity has given to thought. The so-called religious art in France is the most heartless, the insincerest work it has to show.

If we wish to find the wit, the talent, the power of the French mind, we must look to those works which are essentially anti-Christian—which set forth the good of enjoyment, not that of renunciation—which honor beauty, not virtue—which minister to sensation, not spirituality.

The pagan idea being dominant in the social life of the French people, we repeat, their most natural forms of expression (which are painting and letters) show that they react from the life of pleasure—just as the pagans did—by contemplating death. Alone among the modern schools of art, the French show the supremacy of woman as a means of pleasure, and of death as the destroyer of pleasure. French *salons* show more canvases devoted to the representation of fair, cruel, irresistible Venus, and ghastly, friendly, inevitable death, than we have time to count. French art celebrates two festivals—the festival of life, and the festival of death. It has no sign of voluntary renunciation to offer, it shows death *forcing* renunciation. No art in the world has been so much devoted to cruel and revolting subjects—such as executions, assassinations, and the various forms of violent death; no art in the world has been so much devoted to mere enjoyment. The reaction of contemporary painters is in triviality, or, as in landscape art, devotion to nature, which might have been shared by any pagan poet. If French art is not seductive and devoted to “the nude;” if it is not dramatic and devoted to some wreck or assassination; if it is not pantheistic in sentiment and devoted to simple nature, it is frivolous and mechanical—as in Plassan or Meissonier—or, as in Frere, simply negative, and of no influence on the vital life of the people. Frere is a man of mark only outside of France.

To men who have made a revel of life, the thought of death is fascinating, and they morbidly entertain ideas of destruction which to chaste and healthy natures are monstrous. The mind of France, likewise, is gratified when her painters for a brief moment cease their worship of pleasure and beauty, and place before her grand and terrible pictures, like “The Wreck of the Medusa,” for instance; and the people of France hail with acclamations a painter like Delaroche, who devotes his whole time to depict famous historic tragedies and the romantic and terrible forms in which sudden death overtakes life. Likewise, they hail Doré, who revels in subjects of cruel, and destructive, and violent forces. Doré is the representative dramatic artist of France; Cabanel and Couture are its representative exponents of beauty and the pleasure of sensation. In the *salon* of 1865, among pictures of “the nude” too numerous to mention, was one by Achille Glaize, entitled “Tyrannica Voluptas.” It represented a fair, beautiful, large, lovely woman, perfectly nude, borne in triumph on the shoulders of men. The composition was in every way typical. The whole of society was represented in this group of men, each one, oblivious of the other, bending in his slavery under the fair, fearful, and irresistible Venus. She was supreme in that group of eager, intense and rejoicing lovers, and each one moved forward in unshamed slavery to the beautiful. Near the heart of the fatal enchantress of men, in reverie and with infinite sadness of expression, stood the dreamy student, with a face profoundly passionate, not unlike Beethoven; in front of him, eagerly pressing forward, an old, withered looking *savant*; in the immediate foreground, a rough-looking soldier, full of action; near him, a tradesman, and a priest; and, in the background, a satyr is seen, laughing his lascivious laugh and playing on his flute. In this composition we have France—it is French society; and the picture is obviously typical of the slavery of man to the beautiful. The gayety, the *abandon*, the

felicity of this picture, so naturally expressing the joy of the senses and the triumph of the pagan idea of our natural life, would have found no place in an English or American public gallery; for these characteristics in this form are not admitted by public sentiment. What we publicly resent in practice we do not tolerate in letters or in art. Fancy for a moment the effect of the exhibition of a few of the pictures of the Paris *salon* of 1865 in our own annual exhibition! What would the moral detectives of society have to say about the corrupting influence of such a picture as Baudoin's "Satyr Imploring Venus," or Jules Talrich's "Sleep of Love," wherein the pose of Venus is too audaciously abandoned to be described with words? What would be said of the more beautiful "Lesbia and her Sparrow," immortalized by the verse of Catullus, and represented by the elegant and voluptuous lines of Raphael Poggi? What comment would our community make on the exquisite and marvellously and sensuously beautiful picture of Aphrodite lying in the hollow of a wave, and gleaming soft, white, mellow—like a caress to the eye, and music to the ear, and transport to the senses—painted by Cabanel, and exposed in the Paris *salon* of 1864? These ravishing nudités; these pagan offerings to the beautiful; these unshrinking, ample and frank exhibitions of the sweet and thrilling fleshhood which sheaths our souls and awakens in us the fullest and most ardent life, do not affect our public as they affect the cultivated French public. We resist them, or we contemplate them as some forbidden fruit.

It is almost impossible for an industrial community having the roots of its life in Puritanism, no matter how much it is overlaid with culture, to distinguish between the moral and artistic, and enjoy healthfully the latter when it conflicts in the least with moral good, or seems to destroy the integrity of chastity. It is this which must forever keep the artistic sentiment subordinate in England and America. For the essential life of the artistic is in the worship of the beautiful, and ardent worship of the beautiful is not possible where the restrictions and proprieties of the Puritan or moral sentiment are more respected than the unreflecting delight of a soul given up to the contemplation of the shapes and colors of things. What is called the immorality of great painters is not so much a wanton and premeditated violation of the formulas of Christian morality as it is the impulsive expression of devotion to what the eye sees and enjoys, what the soul selects and exalts. How far subjection to the beautiful weakens the moral force of society has been partly answered by Greece and by France, and until England and America can show more exalted and more harmonious characters than Greece or France have given to history, we must be more modest in claiming that the controlling and animating idea of our social life is better than that of France, or of Greece, or of Italy in the Sixteenth Century. If you insist that "the Pompeian extreme," is the result of worship of the beautiful, we, on the other hand, must point to the viciousness and deformity of the degenerate Puritans of factory towns, as the result of industry and formalism, unbroken even by the harmless gayety and graceful idleness. But it is not our purpose to paint the ugliness of the forced activity and dismal sentiment of that life which is most opposed to the pagan idea. On the contrary, we are to show how persistently the pagan idea is dominant in contemporary art and society.

Since the reaction of the Romanticists, the French painters have attempted to revive, not in the conventional classic spirit, but in the realistic spirit, the symbols and forms of paganism; and Pompeii and Herculaneum have been

studied, and the museums of antiquities in Naples and Rome have been ransacked, for details that would help to reconstruct the past of Greek and Roman life. The unimpassioned Gérôme trained himself to represent the severe and beautiful forms of antiquity, and he abandoned tragic subjects to give us a picture of a famous courtesan; and he placed before the Parisians the atrium of Aspasia's house, with Alcibiades dallying with Pleasure, and indifferent to his intrusive but faithful friend. Why did Gérôme paint the space and splendor of a Greek interior, beautiful slaves, and smooth, white-limbed, white-robed, deep-bosomed women in their unconcerned, unreflecting and delightful life? Was it for historic facts? for nice details of an epoch hitherto treated generally and largely and without conscience? We believe not. We believe the epoch, and the people of that epoch, were selected by Gérôme because they lent themselves easily to the expression of the dominant taste of the French people, which was love of the nude and the most ample yet chaste representation of the life of the body. France of the nineteenth century was tired of the faded life and unhealthy look of Scheffer's men and women; it was tired of Delaroche's executions and assassinations and frigid historic pictures; it did not have grandeur of spirit enough to understand Delacroix, and it turned with delight to the revival of the pagan forms, and it honored painters who once more invited it to rejoice in the pleasure of the eye, and honor the body as sacred and soul-compelling clay. When the English have an impulse (too strong to resist) for abandonment to this brief and ravishing materialism, they call Keats a great poet, and they let themselves linger in tranced delight over the mellow and delicious words of *Endymion*, and they even defend the pell-mell disorder and richness of that burst of poetry fed by the ardent blood of a young man just conscious of the melting and fiery delight of sensation. But this pagan or natural condition which France contemplates and illustrates with the gayety of a heart always young, England allows herself only in poetry, and at rare intervals. The sentiment of pleasure is destroyed by the imperiousness of passion, and therefore England is to-day richer in serious and splendid works, expressive of the force of her physical and moral life, than she is in the light and voluptuous works such as France, dedicated to pleasure, has given to the literature of the world, and which show the facility and gayety of a life untroubled by conscience and given to mere enjoyment.

Instead of Hogarth, with his lash and his moral wrecks, we have Watteau, with his charming girls and gallants—gallants and girls that never grow old, never heard a sermon, never knew suffering, never witnessed decay. It is the tyranny of the senses, it is delight in mere sensation, it is pleasure, it is voluptuousness, it is sensuousness, it is refined dissoluteness, which French art represents, which to-day shows the supremacy of the pagan over the Christian idea in the social life of the most cultivated, the most active, the most ardent, and the most civilized people of the world. France to-day has a literature utterly heathen, it has an art utterly heathen, it has a social life utterly pagan. Its religion is one of indulgence, not of renunciation, and practically it is dedicated to enjoyment. It may be that English and American Phariseism will scorn this sinner who, among nations, is unregenerate, and careless of—while life is at its best—reason and truth and judgment to come. France is not heartless, and France is not mechanical. We, more slow-moving, more calculating, and indifferent to that which excites another race, have our crime and our transgression to answer for. We are not pagan in our social life, but we are mercenary and barbarian. We are too gross to enjoy, without danger

to our moral nature, the last and finest expression of the beautiful. We think Titian a very immoral man because he painted nude figures; we think France unchaste and corrupt because French painters boldly exhibit their studies and pictures of modern goddesses *au naturel*, and are even provoking when they paint a costumed figure. We would freeze hot blood and make our writers and painters live a very meagre life. We are frightened, and our sense of propriety is outraged, when things are truly and vividly expressed, and loveliness is frankly and wholly unveiled.

We do not say that French license would suit our social life, but we are sure that our reserve and calculating wickedness would appall and paralyze the gay and spontaneous Frenchman. Because our immorality is less seductive and frank in its form of expression, we are not necessarily better than our gay and pagan neighbors; and French art, varied, attractive, powerful, beautiful, most irresistible on the side of sensation, and with nothing of "the preachy-teachy-prosy" motive, is too exquisite, too lovely, to be rejected as a wholly fatal and wicked thing. Its seeming licentiousness is redeemed by the dominance of the beautiful, and the beautiful exercises such enchantment that even coarseness and brutality are overcome and transformed; and to a world that will not renounce the pleasure of the eye, beauty is the most potent influence to correct the rank animalism of man's nature. It is no trifle to learn what Robert Browning well calls "the value and significance of flesh." The great masters of Venetian art taught us that; the great masters of modern French art teach us that.

EUGENE BENSON.

CLEMENT.

I.

THAT time of year you know, when the Summer, beginning to sadden,
Full-mooned and silver-misted, glides from the heart of September,
Mourned by disconsolate crickets, and iterant grasshoppers, crying
All the still nights long, from the ripened abundance of gardens ;
Then, ere the boughs of the maples are mantled with earliest Autumn,
But the wind of Autumn breathes from the orchards at nightfall,
Full of winy perfume and mystical yearning and languor ;
And in the noonday woods you hear the foraging squirrels,
And the long, crashing fall of the half-eaten nut from the tree-top ;
When the robins are mute, and the yellow-birds haunting the thistles,
Cheep, and twitter, and flit through the dusty lanes and the loppings,
When the pheasant booms from your stealthy foot in the corn-field,
And the wild-pigeons feed, few and shy in the soke-berry bushes ;
When the weary land lies hushed, like a seer in a vision,
And your life seems but the dream of a dream which you cannot remember—
Broken, desultory, vague, an echo that answers to nothing !
That time of year, you know. They stood by the gate in the meadow,
Looking toward the sinking sun, and the level stream of its splendor
Crimsoned the meadow-slope and woodland with tenderest sunset,
Made her beautiful face like the luminous face of an angel,
Smote through the pain'd gloom of his heart like a hurt to the sense, there.
Languidly elung about by the half-fallen shawl, and with folded
Hands, that held a few, sad asters : “ I sigh for this idyl
Lived at last to an end ; and, looking on to my prose-life,”
With a smile, she said, and a subtle derision of manner,
“ Better and better I seem, when I recollect all that has happened
Since I came hither in June : the walks we have taken together
Through these darling meadows, and dear, old, desolate woodlands ;
All our afternoon readings, and all our strolls through the moonlit
Village—so sweetly asleep, one scarcely could credit the scandal,
Heartache and trouble and spite, that were hushed, for the night, in its silence.
Yes, I am better. I think I could even be civil to him for his kindness,
Letting me come here without him. * * * * *

But open the gate, Cousin Clement ;
Seems to me it grows chill, and I think it is healthier, in doors.
—— No, then ! you need not speak, for I know well enough what is coming :
Bitter taunts for the past, and discouraging views of the future ?
Tragedy, Cousin Clement, or comedy—just as you like it ;—
Only not here alone, but somewhere that people can see you.
Then I'll take part in the play, and act the remorseful young person
Full of divine regrets at not having smothered a genius
Under the feathers and silks of a foolish, extravagant woman.
O, you selfish boy ! what was it, just now, about anguish ?
Bills would be your talk, Cousin Clement, if you were my husband.”
Then, with her Summer-night glory of eyes, low-bending, upon him
Dark'ning his thoughts as the pondered stars bewilder and darken,

Tenderly, wistfully drooping toward him, she faltered in whisper,—

All her mocking face transfigured,—with mournful effusion :

“ Clement, do not think it is you alone that remember—

Do not think it is you alone that have suffered. Ambition,

Fame, and your art—you have all these things to console you.

I—what have I? Since my child is dead—a bereavement.”

Sad hung her eyes on his, and he felt all the anger within him

Broken, and melting in tears. But he shrank from her touch while he answered,

(Awkwardly, being a man, and awkwardly, being a lover,)

“ Yes, you know how it is done. You have cleverly fooled me beforetime,

With a dainty scorn, and then an imploring forgiveness !

Yes, you might play it, I think—that rôle of remorseful young person,

That, or the old man’s darling, or anything else you attempted.

Even your earnest is so much like acting I fear a betrayal,

Trusting your speech. You say that you have not forgotten. I grant you—

Not, indeed, for your word—that is light—but I wish to believe you.

Well, I say, since you have not forgotten, forget now, forever !

I—I have lived and loved, and you have lived and have married.

Only receive this bud to remember me when we have parted—

Thorns and splendor, no sweetness, rose of the love that I cherished !”

There he tore from its stalk the imperial flow’r of the thistle,

Tore, and gave to her, that took it with mocking obeisance,

Twined it in her hair, and said with her subtle derision :

“ You are a wiser man than I thought you could ever be, Clement—

Sensible, almost. So ! I’ll try to forget and remember.”

Lightly she took his arm, but on through the lane to the farm-house,

Mutely together they moved through the lonesome odorous twilight.

II.

High on the farm-house hearth, the first Autumn fire was kindled ;

Scintillant hickory bark and dryest limbs of the beech-tree

Burned, where all Summer long the boughs of asparagus flourished.

Wild were the children with mirth, and grouping and clinging together,

Danced with the dancing flame, and lithely swayed with its humor ;

Ran to the window-panes, and peering forth into the darkness,

Saw there another room, flame-lit, and with frolicking children.

(Ah ! by such phantom hearths, I think we sit with our first-loves !)

Sometimes they tossed on the floor, and sometimes they hid in the corners,

Shouting and laughing aloud, and never resting a moment,

In the rude delight, the boisterous gladness of childhood—

Cruel as Summer sun, and singing birds to the heartsick.

Clement sat in his chair unmoved in the midst of the hubbub,

Rapt, with unseeing eyes, and unafraid in their gambols,

By his tawny beard the children caught him, and clambered

Over his knees, and waged a mimic warfare across them,

Made him their battle-ground, and won and lost kingdoms upon him.

Airily to and fro, and out of one room to another

Passed his cousin, and busied herself with things of the household,

Nonchalant, debonair, blithe, with bewitching, housewifely importance,

Laying the cloth for the supper, and bringing the meal from the kitchen ;

Fairer than ever she seemed, and more than ever she mocked him,

Coming behind his chair, and elapsing her fingers together

Over his eyes in a girlish caprice, and crying, “ Who is it ?”

Vexed his despair with a vision of wife, and of home and of children,

Calling his sister’s children around her, and stilling their clamor,

Making believe they were hers. And Clement sat moody and silent,

Blank to the wistful gaze of his mother bent on his visage

With the tender pain, the pitiful helpless devotion

Of the mother that looks on the face of her son in his trouble,
Grown beyond her consoling, and knows that she cannot befriend him.
Then his cousin laughed, and in idleness talked with the children;
Sometimes she turned to him, and then when the thistle was falling,
Caught it and twined it again in her hair, and called it her keeppake,
Smiled, and made him ashamed of his petulant gift there, before them.

But, when the night was grown old and the two by the hearthstone together
Sat alone in the flickering red of the flame, and the cricket
Carked to the stillness, and ever, with sullen throbs of the pendule
Sighed the time-worn clock for the death of the days that were perished—
It was her whim to be sad, and she brought him the book they were reading.

“Read it to-night,” she said, “that I may not seem to be going.”
Said, and mutely reproached him with all the pain she had wrought him.
From her hand he took the volume and read, and she listened—
All his voice molten in secret tears, and ebbing and flowing,
Now with a faltering breath, and now with impassioned abandon;
Read from the book of a poet the rhyme of the fatally sundered,
Fatally met too late, and their love was their guilt and their anguish,
But in the night they rose, and fled away into the darkness,
Glad of all dangers and shames, and even of death, for their love’s sake.

Then, when his voice brake hollowly, falling and fading to silence,
Thrilled in the silence they sat, and durst not behold one another,
Feeling that wild temptation, that tender, ineffable yearning,
Drawing them heart to heart. One blind, mad moment of passion
With their fate they strove; but out of the pang of the conflict,
Through such costly triumph as wins a waste and a famine,
Victors they came, and Love retrieved the error of loving.

So, fore-knowing the years, and sharply discerning the future,
Guessing the riddle of life, and accepting the cruel solution,—
Side by side they sat, as far as the stars are asunder.

Carked the cricket no more, but while the audible silence
Shrilled in their ears, she, suddenly rising and dragging the thistle
Out of her clinging hair, laughed mockingly, casting it from her:

“Perish the thorns and splendor—the bloom and the sweetness are perished.

Dreary, respectable calm, polite despair, and one’s Duty—

These, and the world, for dead Love!—The end of these modern romances!

Better than yonder rhyme? * * * * Pleasant dreams and good-night, Cousin
Clement.”

W. D. HOWELLS.



MISS CLARE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

NOW that I commenced to live again, I grew rapidly better. The pulse of health bounded freer and stronger every day. In my inmost heart I acknowledged that to my illness I owed a nearer approach to Miss Clare than I could have effected in that time by usual intercourse. And, contradictorily, I was discontented and unhappy in thinking so. She had been kind to the invalid; it had now become my dearest hope of happiness that she might some day be kind to the man simply for his own sake.

While I was imprisoned in my room, I saw Miss Clare only once or twice; but, when I got below stairs, and could walk up and down at the sunny side of the house, I insisted upon Miss Clare's accompanying me, and flatly refused to go without her. At first, I was sadly afraid she would resist—I saw signs of it in her eyes—and I was already preparing to maintain my request, when she suddenly yielded and gracefully went with me.

The ground was frozen stiff, icicles hung on the old well sweep, and the dying sycamore looked wilder and more melancholy than ever. I shuddered with an undefinable dread of something evil to come. I looked at Miss Clare. She was gazing absently at the clear, far-off sky—that steely, beautiful sky which sometimes seems so far away from us. Her face was reserved and sad; not sarcastic, as I had feared it might be. I had thought of numberless things to say to her, while I sat alone in my room; now they all left me, and I spoke in an indifferent tone:

“Now that our New England Winter has really set in, I suppose you will be returning to the gayeties of your home.”

She turned toward me and spoke quickly:

“Of my home?”

“Yes—of Boston,” I replied, a little surprised at the peculiar expression of her face and the ironical ring in her tone. “You will prove false to feminine nature by staying away from a city home during the Winter season.”

I saw that I had chosen an unfortunate subject, but some evil whispering tempted me to continue.

“Are you going soon?” I asked.

The voice in which she replied precluded the possibility of speaking upon that topic again.

“Really, Mr. Perrom, I have not yet decided.”

I had called the cynical expression to her face, and there was no more genial kindness that morning. I wondered at my stupidity—I had forced her to walk with me, and then studiously made myself disagreeable. I went out alone the next day and every time after.

Soon I resumed my morning horseback excursions, and after one or two of those rides I felt the glorious elixir of health again pulsing in my frame; I was no longer weak; I was once more a man among men.

One cold, still morning in January I took my pistols from their case and entered Mrs. Jerdan's sitting-room in search of Miss Clare. She was reading by the fire, and received me with the easy cordiality which sometimes distinguished her, and which appeared entirely at variance with the moods in which she occasionally indulged.

"You remember I promised to teach you to shoot," I said; "I have come to claim my pupil."

Her eyes shone with pleasure. "You are very kind not to forget," she said.

"I must acknowledge it is not a disinterested kindness," I responded, allowing the impulse of my heart to betray itself in my face. I held those eyes to mine for an instant that was forever after remembered by me. Men do not forget the first time the woman beloved comes near to them in one full glance. She did not give me back the passion that burned in my eyes; the language I read was that of surprised inquiry, not of repellent scorn that despised its discovery.

We went out toward the field where she had left her target still nailed to the tree. No merciful premonition of that which was to come gave me warning to turn back with the girl who walked with me. Happily we went on. Over Miss Clare's face was the soft pride that so enthralled me. Gentler, more kind than I had ever before seen them, her eyes seemed as she talked; in their gray deeps a luminous shadow seemed to dwell that baffled while it drew me on. I loved her entirely, devotedly, with heart and soul and strength, and now I only waited the opportunity to tell her what she might have seen.

"I am going to astonish you," she said, as she took her place to shoot, and fired with the same careless air which I had noticed before. The result showed her improvement.

"You have been practising," I exclaimed. "It is unfair if you have surpassed your teacher."

As I handed back her pistol after loading it, she said in a subdued voice:

"Do you know, it seems as if I were infatuated with this shooting? I have come here day after day—I did not exactly like it, but somehow I could not help it. I believe I am superstitious. It seems, Mr. Perrom, that some demon has impelled me to perfect myself in this unwomanly pastime. I have shuddered, as I think of some horrible object to which it may lead. Am I talking strangely?" She paused a moment, and then continued with flushed cheeks and wild eyes—"Ah! to what will not my ungovernable temper lead me if I am ever tempted too much! I try to control it, but sometimes I am not mistress of myself. It is very humiliating to think of it."

She put the pistol in her cloak pocket with a gesture of disgust, and looked up at me with eyes in which there was a strange, unconscious, beseeching look, that thrilled to my soul.

"Miss Clare," I said in a low steady voice, "the unaccustomed solitude of your life has made you morbid. The unhealthy impulse you mention is common to sensitive minds, particularly when the surroundings favor it. Pray, has your demon presented himself in tangible form? Has he an eye of coal, and a tongue of flame?"

She turned away her face with a look of relief.

"I know I am childish sometimes. I did not use to be so," in a faltering voice. "Do trouble and persecution make one grow imbecile?" she asked suddenly, looking at me.

"They do sometimes," I answered. "But they never would have that effect upon you—it would be a worse effect, I am afraid."

"Worse! How is that?" she asked, coming a step nearer me in her interest.

"Make you cynical and unbelieving—make you doubt the existence of faith, love and purity in the world. God deliver you from such a fate, for there is none worse!"

I uttered the last words with all the fervency I felt. I took the hand that hung by her side. She did not withdraw it immediately. She looked down and said with unutterable sadness:

"I have distrusted everybody, everything; I have almost lost faith in God Himself. Such treachery, such vile, inhuman wretches as I have known—and to think that I once blindly believed and trusted in them! Can you, Mr. Perrom, after your years of battle with the world, can you still tell one to believe in human nature—to believe in trust-worthiness once more?"

Her voice changed from the cadence of sadness to the clear, impetuous questioning that will be answered.

I hesitated for a moment. The powerful, fiery love within me pleaded hard for utterance. I broke out with rapid words:

"Miss Clare, I offer you my life to show that to you, of all women in the world, to you, one man will be true."

All my soul was in my words. I could have died, gladly and worthily for an assurance of love from Viviane Clare. She averted her face, but I saw the drooping lid, the quivering mouth. For a moment she did not speak—at last she said:

"My last words were not said to extract that expression from you, Mr. Perrom, you do not know what fate you seek."

She walked away a little distance. When she came back, her face was quiet—her manner that indescribable mingling of the utmost cordiality with the utmost reserve.

"I trust to you, Mr. Perrom, to point out my faults of position and aim; for in this shooting I must rival a friend of mine who has declared that a woman's nerves are not steady enough to hit a target."

Could I give up thus easily my happiness for life? I could, at least, control my face and tone. The voice in which I replied to Miss Clare was the same in which I might have spoken to Mrs. Jerdan.

She raised her pistol for another trial, when her hand was stayed by the sound of rapid footsteps on the frozen ground, and the appearance of a man walking toward us from a few yards behind the target. The hand fell to her side with her finger still on the trigger. Instead of looking toward the man, I instinctively, and with a feeling of dread, looked at Miss Clare. All the color that the sharp air had called to her face gradually left it. Her very lips paled and seemed to grow moveless.

The man stopped and leaned against the target-tree.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Viviane," he said, "but really this is very fortunate for me."

At the first word, his voice seemed familiar, and when I looked at him, I

recognized the lecturer whose name had called the thunder gust to Miss Clare's face at my first interview with her.

"Why is it fortunate, Mr. Gilroy?"

It was Miss Clare who spoke. I had not expected speech from her any more than one would listen for the voice of the marble Niobe. She had not changed her attitude; it did not seem herself that spoke; only the stony lips unclosed, and from them dropped like icicles the words addressed to the stranger.

He laughed a little as he replied:

"Why fortunate? A strange question, Viviane, for you to ask me. I am fortunate because I have been seeking you without rest for the last six months, and was just on my way to the village near to follow up the clue I thought I had obtained, when, behold! here you are! It is very evident why I consider myself fortunate, is it not, Viviane?"

I watched Miss Clare while he spoke. Every time he uttered her name an expression of intense loathing writhed across her face; the remainder of the time she was quiet, like the quietness of the volcano when the lava is boiling in its bosom, but is still held down by the earth armor which presses it so heavily. There was silence for a few moments. For the first time I looked earnestly at the man. He had not moved from his first position, a graceful leaning against the tree. He was tall, elegant, with an appearance of perfect satisfaction with himself; handsome, blue-eyed, with fair hair and beard. In his eyes there dwelt the smile of the infernal deities. His form and face was the shrine of that evil which is more hideous when beautiful than when ugly. His was the penetrating, evading sin which one can feel, but never dissect and prove. Your heart might recoil, but your brain could give no reason why it did so. His was not the tangible wickedness that defeats itself—it was the subtle power that absorbs, conquers and destroys, and gives no sign of deformity.

"What do you propose doing?" Miss Clare asked. A slight flush colored the delicate skin of Mr. Gilroy's face.

"I propose making you my wife, as you have so long been mine by contract. Ah, Viviane, I have so wished for you! I have waited long for the touch of those fair hands, for the caress of those royal lips! Is it strange that I am impatient?"

He spoke like an epicure, a sensitive, refined one, and his eyes glowed with anticipation. Could mortal woman endure it? But Miss Clare did endure it—heroically and with rigid resolve. I thought I detected in Gilroy's face the intention to repay himself with taunts for his long search and anxiety.

"I shall be happy to escort you to Boston, Viviane," he continued. "Your uncle is waiting very anxiously for you. The fact is, we have both been almost distracted since your flight. Your uncle desponded directly, but I—I would have moved the universe to find you!"

He spoke with almost savage earnestness, but still with calm accent and elegant gesture. He went on more indifferently—"But you know he had only a fortune, whereas I had a wife to lose. A vast difference, you will perceive, when the wife in question is Viviane Clare."

"That is sufficient," suddenly said Miss Clare. "The future to which you look forward is impossible. You may go back to Boston as soon as you like; at least, leave here directly."

"Perhaps you have fallen in love during your retirement," he said, without

moving, and looking at me, apparently for the first time. Happily for me, I returned his glance with a nonchalance worthy of himself. Miss Clare did not reply—indeed, he hardly gave her the opportunity, for he proceeded immediately—

“If you would be willing to let a friend advise you, don’t shock the proprieties by cherishing the grand passion as unfortunately as your mother did.”

The flame had at last reached the powder. Not till long after did I know why the mention of the mother’s name in such terms thus affected the daughter. When I did know, I wondered no more at the effect of those words. A fiery flame shot into Miss Clare’s hitherto controlled face.

“Do not dare to mention her name again!” she cried in the tones of an insulted queen.

“Really!” exclaimed Gilroy; “have I reached you at last, my empress? Your mother never could have been so handsome as you are at this moment. If she had been, I hardly blame that man for receiving all she offered him.”

The fury of unspeakable agony and despair raged in Miss Clare’s eyes; her mouth turned white again, and from it there broke the words,

“My mother! Oh, my God! I cannot bear *that!*”

Swift as death she raised the pistol which had never left her hand—the finger had not left the trigger. She did not require time to take aim, if she had, I might have restrained her. The flash that streamed from the pistol was not half so terrible as the fire I knew was burning in her soul, but its mission was more instantaneous. Gilroy dropped without a sigh, with the last taunting smile still on his lips.

I sprang to Miss Clare. The instant she had discharged her weapon, she had thrown it from her, and stood cowering with her face in her hands. Horrified as I was by the deed, I felt most vividly the temptation that had urged it. I realized too plainly that I might have done it myself, had my own pistol been ready loaded as hers had been. I tried to remove her hands from her face, a fear taking possession of me that her reason might leave her in this dreadful time. After a moment she allowed me to withdraw her hands and look into her face. For an instant she met my gaze. I should not have recognized her eyes as the same I had seen one minute ago. Soft, sweet, as the midnight sky of Summer, they looked into mine with inextinguishable regret sighing in their depths.

“Oh, Viviane?” I cried, thinking for one ecstatic moment that my love was returned. A deeper shadow fell like a veil over her face. She moved away.

“Attend to *him*,” she said in a voice of anguish, and turned and fled toward the house.

All this had not occupied a moment since the shot was fired. I bent over the fallen man, with despair in my heart. Prostrate, senseless as he was, I almost hated him, for I felt that my future was impenetrably darkened, and I thought it was to him I owed it. He was hit in the side, whether mortally or not I did not know, but I was sure that he was badly wounded. Staunching the flow of blood as well as I could, I ran to the house and sent the child for the nearest neighbor to help me get Gilroy to the shelter of Mrs. Jerdan’s roof.

Answering all inquiries by saying that he had been accidentally hit while we were firing, I finally quieted the volleys of questions that were levelled at me, and succeeded, with the help of the man who came, in getting him on to one of Mrs. Jerdan’s spare beds.

Then I galloped in furious haste after a surgeon. At nightfall of that day it was decided that "Gilroy was very severely, but, it was to be hoped, not dangerously wounded." The manner, more than the words of the surgeon, soothed my spirit. Not till then did I know how I had dreaded to hear a worse sentence.

Miss Clare had kept her room. Mrs. Jerdan said she was so much disturbed by the accident that she would not come down. I begged Mrs. Jerdan to go up and inform her of the hopeful opinion of the surgeon; then I retired to my own room, almost ill from sheer excitement. My sympathies were so acutely interested in Miss Clare, that it might as well have been myself who had done the deed. It was in vain that I tried to sleep; I walked back and forth in my little room with the unmeaning fury of an imprisoned tiger. In the gloomy blackness of that Winter night, I seemed fighting with a future that brooded over my present like the wings of a vulture over the struggling deer. In the midnight there shone no glimmer of hope to quiet me; there seemed not even the peaceful light of passiveness for me; for, to my temperament, I thought it must be happiness or misery; I could take no refuge in glacial calm.

Sleep at last came, but I only panted through terrific nightmares; I drank no draught of sweet repose. It had been daylight for an hour when I awoke. I hurried down stairs with a resolve to see Miss Clare—to let her know that, loved or unloved, I could be to her a friend in this her hour of trouble.

"Has Miss Clare come down yet?" I asked, standing before the kitchen fire and waiting the answer with vague anxiety.

"Come down! Bless you, Mr. Perrom, she's been gone these three hours." The words fell like doom upon me.

"Gone!" I echoed with imbecile blankness, "Where?"

"She did not say where, but she hired a man to carry her to the station some time before light. She took her trunks with her."

Mrs. Jerdan looked at me curiously: She thought I was getting entangled somehow.

I asked, "Did she leave no message?"

"Message for whom?" she inquired a little maliciously.

"For me," I answered boldly, but feeling very much like uttering a cry of despair.

"No."

I went to the barn; I threw myself on to my horse, and sped to the dépôt. My horse did not run, he flew. I entered the little dépôt, breathless, but cold.

"What trains have stopped here this morning?" was my first question.

"Two; the up and down,"

"The terminus of the down train is Boston, is it not?" I asked. I had an impression that Miss Clare had gone to Boston.

"Yes."

"When did that go?" He consulted the clock

"Two hours and twenty minutes ago."

"And the up train—where does that go?"

"That goes through to Montreal, and has been gone from here just thirty-five minutes."

"Did a young lady take passage in the cars for Boston?" I knew there were but few passengers from this town at this season, and I felt confident the man would remember if he had seen her. He reflected a moment.

"No; there was no lady, old or young; only a man went in the Boston train."

"You are sure—you would have seen her?"

"Yes, sir; I see the passengers." The man began to look inquisitive himself.

"And the up train?" I said. Now he looked wise.

"Now you come to something," he said. "A young lady took passage through to Montreal."

"Ah!" That exclamation came from me with such a mingling of emotions that the man stared. Clearly, if no lady had gone from here toward Boston, and one had gone North, it was natural to think that lady must be Miss Clare.

"Did you notice her face?" I inquired, though I felt already sure.

"Dark—dark hair and eyes."

What visions of happiness I had dreamed of that face about whom the man said carelessly, "Dark—dark hair and eyes." A feeling of inexpressible tenderness throbbed in my heart at those few words. I turned and looked from the window; my softened eyes it seemed to me would betray me.

"When is the next train for the North due?"

"To-night, at six o'clock."

I walked out and mounted my horse. There was nothing for it but to wait—a torment which the inquisition would have exulted in.

No unfavorable symptoms appeared in Mr. Gilroy's case during that day. Telling Mrs. Jerdan that I should send her my address, that she might communicate the state of her patient, a little after nightfall I started again for the station.

Meantime, I had formed no definite plans. But one idea had entire possession of me—to find Miss Clare. What I should do then, I did not know. I looked not beyond that. I could not endure the thought that Miss Clare was alone, and pursued by the remembrance of that scene with Gilroy. Only to find her; to offer again the love which she only could inspire—then I left to an unknown future all that might follow.

As I was whirled along in the cars, I tried to assure myself that I might not find her; that the city of Montreal would engulf and hide her from me as entirely as though she had never existed. But all such contingencies melted like snow in my burning heart. For love like mine, impossibilities were possible.

The faint light of the late dawn was fast losing its grayness when the train reached the St. Lawrence.

I did not believe she would conceal her name. I began my search by going to the hotels and examining the books. Patiently, unweariedly, I went from hotel to hotel. I looked carefully down the long list of names. I was unsuccessful. Meanwhile, I looked with half-acknowledged hope at the face of every woman I met. At nightfall, I at last felt my fatigue. Tired, exhausted—even more from disappointment than physical exertion—I went to sleep, my last connected thought being:

"I was a fool to expect to find her the first day."

Without dreams, without waking, I slept on till the dawn of my second day's search. The days that followed seemed to be sapping at the citadel of my life, with their harassing vexations; their false, fluttering hopes; their continual, miserable defeats. There was this moment the eager, absorbing hope, almost a belief; then the instantaneous sinking. Could she be there

and I not find her—I, in whom the desire, the longing had now become well-nigh ungovernable? It is Victor Hugo who says that love, while it consumes, illuminates. At this period, I felt only the devouring; I was not conscious of the light.

When I had been in Montreal a fortnight, I received a letter from Mrs. Jerdan, saying that Gilroy was getting on slowly, but safely. That comforted me greatly.

Four weeks of this life. I determined on going to Boston and seeing Miss Clare's uncle. It was in the afternoon that I resolved to go by the evening train. It happened to be the day consecrated to a patron saint of the city. Crowds of people were moving in the streets that led to the cathedral. Since my stay in Montreal, I had made one of every gathering. So, sauntering from my hotel, I joined the stream of human beings. The instant I was fairly with them, I became alert, my glances falling rapidly on each lady that was near, and prying with persistent search over the heads to those at a distance.

Borne unresistingly by this living tide, I entered the cathedral and leaned against a pillar. Becoming insensibly affected by the organ and the chanting, I closed my eyes and gave myself for a moment into the arms of that ineffable ecstasy which music only can invoke. Still with my eyes closed, still with my soul infused by the harmony, gradually upon my senses there stole a faint perfume, peculiar and rare—a fragrance which I knew only by its being inseparable from Miss Clare. Thrilled with unspeakable happiness, I remained an instant longer with shut eyes, transported by that music and that vision.

The last melodious flute in the organ died away in sweetness. I looked around. In all that crowd, I saw only a woman who knelt two seats in front of where I stood. Her back was toward me. She was dressed in black. A long veil fell down and almost encircled her. In her form, in her position, there seemed that indescribable air, that high-bred grace which is innate, and never acquired. My temples throbbed; my whole frame quivered with suppressed expectation. Miss Clare was in Montreal; this must be Miss Clare. This was the only woman I had ever seen who resembled her. As I watched her, she raised her handkerchief to her face. Again that exquisite perfume. I could not see her face—not the slightest outline of it—but her figure was the same; there seemed the same supple elasticity.

Patiently I waited, hardly conscious of the pushing, vibrating crowd around me. At last the mass was said, the procession formed and winding out from the gothic entrance. The unknown lady rose; she leaned with careless elegance over the railing, one hand by her side, holding a shining, purple-bound prayer-book. At sight of that book a shadow darkened me. Miss Clare might come to high mass, but would she have a prayer-book? She slowly turned her head; my fingers tightened over my walking stick. I saw the profile of a handsome face with beautiful eyes, but it was not the face of Viviane Clare. I turned and fled. I can use no other word for the headlong speed with which I left the church. I wandered with blind rapidity; I thought I was trying to find my hotel, but when I roused myself, I was in a different part of the city. My hurried walk became a slow plodding with downcast eyes.

I only reached the hotel in time to start for the dépôt. I stopped at the town where Mrs. Jerdan lived. Mr. Gilroy was still confined to his room; he had been severely wounded. I did not venture upon an interview with

him, but posted to Boston. I was right in feeling sure that Gilroy would never mention how he became hurt. He imagined a revenge sweeter than that.

In Boston, I found Mr. Clare, by the aid of the directory. He lived in a handsome house in a fashionable locality, and I instinctively hated him for it, as I mounted the broad steps.

My powers of observation and penetration all rallied to my help when Mr. Clare at last came into the parlor to see me. "I must be mistaken in my idea of this man," I said to myself as I looked at him when he returned my bow.

A man somewhat past middle age, his dark hair whitened, his mild eyes lighted only by an expression of courteous inquiry. "This man has been duped by Gilroy," I thought.

He looked at my card, and said—

"Mr. Perrom, pray be seated."

I sat down again. I did not like his voice; it was not in accordance with his face. I was going to surprise him, for I thought I should then discover more. I should thus disarm him for a moment.

"You will, I hope, excuse me, but will you tell me what is the last news from your niece, Miss Clare?"

He looked at me with the sudden, quick bristling of a cat.

"Viviane?" he cried, in a tone so harsh, and at the same time so treacherous, that I could hardly refrain from a motion of repulsion. It was that man's voice, not his face, that betrayed the tiger.

"Yes, I believe her name is Viviane," I answered, carelessly.

"Do you bring any news from her?" he inquired, with an anxiety that I saw was intense, notwithstanding his effort to conceal it. In those words and that manner he had revealed to me that which I came to discover, unless, indeed, he was a more consummate actor than I thought him.

His search, too, had been fruitless; he did not know, any more than I, where Viviane Clare had gone.

"On the contrary, I came to hear from her," I said.

He looked at me scrutinizingly, but he did not ask me any questions, as seemed natural. He resumed his polite air and said:

"Unfortunately, I can give you no information."

"In that case, I will not intrude longer," I responded, rising.

At the door he said, with a peculiar laugh:

"We do not learn much, do we, Mr. Perrom?"

"It appears so," I replied, and went down the steps. I no longer wondered that Miss Clare had left her uncle's house.

One day, about six months after my return, I was standing by the window in a book-store, on Washington street. I turned the leaves of a book, but I was looking out on to the street. Suddenly I drew back, for Mr. Clare was passing, and on his arm leaned Gilroy—emaciated, haggard, but still graceful, striking as ever. He walked slowly and evidently with some difficulty. I shivered; it seemed to me that I felt a cold wind like that which the legend tells announces the coming of the dreadful Luminous Shadow. I went back to my lodgings in an unnaturally depressed mood. Not once since Miss Clare had gone, had I felt more miserably desponding. I attributed it in part to the temperature. It was a day in the latter part of August—almost at sunset. A white film was over the sky, the sun was a red ball that hung, like an evil eye in the horizon.

I did not take the horse-car—I preferred walking over the bridge, for I hoped to get a breath of salt sea air. I had lived for a few weeks in Charlestown, in a quiet street, whence I could see the mouth of Mystic River, and a glimpse of the bay. I reached the door of my lodgings, loitered there a moment, then sauntered on. I thought it would be more hot and stifled in my room than it was under the sky.

I walked slowly to the end of the street, down to the water. There was not the faintest scent of saltness in the air—no more than if I had stood by the shores of an inland lake. It was a dead calm. The water lay almost black, tinged with a faint dark purple, the gift of the sun, which had just disappeared. I listened for the ripple of the sea among the stones. It was low tide—I heard nothing, the ripples were asleep, or perhaps dead.

A few hotel children sat flat on the sand, with their feet in the water. They did not talk loudly; the atmosphere was such as subdued even their garrulity. Far off, low down in the Northern sky, there were flashes of pale lightning, but there was no thunder. It was silence that reigned now—more awful, more oppressive than the crashes of tempest.

It seemed to me that I breathed with difficulty; the pulses of my heart were weakened; this great, brooding stillness was suffocating. I stretched out my hands toward the silent sea. I implored it for one breath of its saltness. It gave me nothing save a sense of infinite weariness—almost of stagnation.

Unable to endure this longer, I turned and walked back. I had reached the house next to the one where I lived, separated from it by a little garden. As I passed slowly along I inhaled the perfume of heliotrope. Quickly, with memory acute and painful, I glanced at the window I was passing. It was open, and on its ledge stood a pot of heliotrope. My heart no longer beat languidly—it bounded. At that moment I thought I recognized the plant. It was larger, it had grown, but it appeared familiar to me.

Had I reasoned upon that belief, I should have laughed at myself, but I did not reason; I felt inspired.

I mounted the steps of that house and rang the bell, and with the fragrance still floating about me, I asked if "Miss Clare was in?"

I knew that I had but to apologize if she was not there.

The servant did not hesitate. She replied:

"Yes, sir. Come in." She opened a door, and saying—"Miss Clare, a gentleman to see you," she closed the door and left me alone with a lady who sat near where I stood.

That lady was Viviane Clare.

Her face was paler, her eyes were larger, her hands were thinner. I saw that while the servant announced me; I saw it with a pang of sorrow for her suffering.

I watched the expressions chase each other over her face—of surprise that any one should come to see her—of frightened inquiry—of relief unutterable.

The hand I took was cold, but not colder than mine. Though I watched her so closely, it did not seem to me that I was self-possessed in the least. It was all I could do to bring my rebelling frame into subjection.

I looked into her eyes. How famished, starved I had been for the glances of those eyes! How had I lived when I could not see them? I wondered at that more than ever, now that I saw them again.

I thought first of relieving any anxiety she might feel about Gilroy. I said:

"Mr. Gilroy is nearly well."

"Yes, I know it," with a sigh of thankfulness.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Ever since I came from R.," mentioning the place where we had stopped.

"You came directly to Boston?" I inquired incredulously.

"Yes; directly." A momentary silence.

"Will you sit down, Mr. Perrom?" We had been standing, our hands joined as we had met.

"But the man at the R. station said that no lady took passage that day for Boston," I said.

"I believe he did not see me. I was barely in time, and didn't go into the *dépôt*; I paid my passage in the cars."

She looked at me inquiringly.

"Because, Miss Clare, I went to Montreal and searched a month there for you. I had reason to believe that you had gone that way."

She flashed a glance at me, then lowered her eyes.

I continued, speaking rapidly—

"I never was so utterly unhappy as when I was forced to believe that I could not find you in Montreal. It was absolute torture to me to think that you had gone; that you might still think Gilroy fatally injured; that you were alone with no friend to soften that dreadful solitude."

Miss Clare's head drooped to her hand—her eyes were shaded.

"You are very kind"—with an intonation that expressed how grateful she was."

"Kind!" I cried. "But *you* are not kind, Miss Clare. You have made me suffer. You only can repay me for that misery."

Silence that seemed dreadful to me, for she sat turned from me, her face hidden. Did not, then, this girl care for me?

I rose; I had reached that pitch of excitement when I appeared cold, because if I did not I should fall into the other extreme. I spoke, and my voice congealed on the air as it left my lips.

"Miss Clare, once I offered you my life, which, since I have seen you, is only another name for love. You did not accept it; it may be that I ought to have believed that that meant only rejection, but for the sake of my future I have tried not to think so ——"

Miss Clare looked up and interrupted—

"Mr. Perrom, you may call to-morrow night; now I beg that you will leave me."

Her face was calm, her eyes deep and steady—only her voice had an almost imperceptible tremor in it.

In the afternoon of the next day, a letter was left at the door for me. When I asked who had brought it, the landlady said it was the servant who lived next door below.

It was from Miss Clare. As I read I felt that the mystery of her past life was melting before me. It commenced:

It is my desire that Mr. Perrom know something of the life of her to whom he has shown himself every way noble. I am a Cuban by birth. My mother was descended from an old Andalusian family whose pride is only exceeded by their love. To me my mother has always been the handsomest and best woman I have ever seen. No scorn, no jeers could ever prevent me from reverencing her as we reverence embodied truth and purity.

Of Archibald Clare, I only know that he was a villain and my father. That handsome Lousianian came to Cuba, to the plantation of my grandfather, on a visit to my mother's brother. It was only necessary for him to see my mother in order to love her. I do not mean to love; call it what you will. We never injure those we love. My mother loved with the strength, the purity, the passion of a life-time. She was married to Archibald Clare.

During his stay in Cuba, my father made frequent visits to his home in Louisiana. There is no need of relating to you the details of that time. It was discovered that Clare had been married to a lady in New Orleans, two years before he ever saw my mother. After that discovery he came no more to our plantation in Cuba.

To tell you what my mother suffered would be to reveal that which can never be told—the utter anguish of a human heart.

She had loved a traitor; she was a De Gama, and she was dishonored. In those words are death and blackness. Yet she lived till I was seventeen. Then I was alone, for the family had died impoverished; all but my mother's brother, who was in Spain.

It appeared that my father had not forgotten me, for he sent for me to come to New Orleans, but I refused. After two years there came a family from the Northern States, Boston, to spend the Winter near where I lived. Before they returned they gave me a letter from my uncle in Boston. I liked the tone of the letter. I liked their description of Mr. Clare, and I returned with them. About a year after, I discovered that it had been a concerted plan to get me to my uncle's. Mr. Gilroy is a nephew of Mr. Clare; he was a constant visitor at the house. I did not like Mr. Clare; I hated Mr. Gilroy; nevertheless, in appearance, everybody was good to me. The nephew offered himself to me. I was vehemently urged to marry him, but I as vehemently refused. There swept over me furious gusts of rage, of fury and despair. At times there seemed to be a tempest within me. At such times those about me trembled. Such savage moods were the inheritance left me by my volcanic-natured father, my fiery but sweet-souled mother. It was a temperament nurtured by a residence among servants who were entirely subject to my childish control.

At last I discovered why Mr. Clare was so urgent for me to marry his nephew. My uncle in Spain had died and left a large fortune to me, of which I had thus far been ignorant. Privately I secured the services of a lawyer, but I only recovered about a third of my fortune. Then I fled from Mr. Clare's.

I dreaded Mr. Gilroy more than anything upon earth, but he found me, you will remember when.

My destiny is in gloom; I have no right to the name I bear; I have no right to an ancestral pride in my mother's family."

Here the letter ended abruptly. Hardly had my eyes devoured the last word before I was in the street, seeking admission at the next house.

There was no one in the parlor when I entered. In a moment the door opened. It seemed that Miss Clare hesitated an instant, then she came in. I advanced; I seized her hands; I cried eagerly—

"Now—at last—Viviane!"

She raised her eyes—that glance was glorious; it was ineffable; it was woman's love—the love of Viviane Clare.

MARIA L. POOL.

THE ART OF DINING.

II.

ACHILLES, the handsomest of the Greeks, and one of the "most elegant gentlemen" of the Homeric days, did not disdain to himself cook the viands he offered to Ulysses and his two companions. It is idle to expect a similar condescension from any of the gentlemen of the present day. Would it be impertinent, however, to suggest to our good housewives the importance of devoting a small share of their personal attention to the affairs of the *cuisine*? Not that I would commend the example of the somewhat too gracious Achilles to them for adoption. I am aware of the distance that separates us from the days of Homeric simplicity. But is it not worthy of consideration whether something of the evil of "servantgalism" is not due to the ignorance of household affairs among the mistresses themselves? I pity the man whose wife thinks it a drudgery and beneath her dignity to take charge of the preparation of the food which can contribute so much to his health and comfort, or be such a fruitful source of misery and ill-temper. Is it surprising that the gentlemen should patronize their clubs, when so many wives are indifferent to the claims of that organ in which a man's system is said to centre—the stomach? And how can we show proper hospitality to relatives and friends if we are obliged to leave them to be poisoned by the ignorance or carelessness of servants?

It is the pleasure, no less than the duty, of a good housekeeper to see that her family and friends are properly fed; that their food is well prepared as well as well served. She cannot depend wholly on good servants for this; if ignorant herself, the positions become reversed, and they are the real mistresses of the house. She should even see that the comfort of her guests is considered in such things as the temperature of the dining-room, which should be at 66° Fahrenheit.

A dinner is like a dress; its effect is more in the making than in the material, which needs only to be good of its kind. The dress, though of silk or velvet, if made and trimmed without taste, is lost, or nearly so; and one made of the most simple fabric may show to the best advantage the beauty and gracefulness of the wearer. A bit of plain beef, well cooked and well seasoned, is far more palatable than the choicest quail or canvas-back duck improperly cooked. Any one who can turn a spit before a good fire can cook a roasting piece well, but it requires much skill to properly season the gravy or sauce. Everything depends upon a nice discrimination of taste and odors. A person may have a good hearing and sight, and yet be unfitted to prepare the simplest dish, for want of the senses of smelling and tasting. Some dishes require high and much seasoning, others just the contrary. The amount of seasoning varies, too, with the climate. Curry may be good and even necessary in Java, but I am of opinion that it is too strong to be used in this country.

The prejudice that some entertain against garlic deprives them of one of the best seasonings. Garlics when cooked lose the bad odor they have in a raw state, and give a fine flavor to the dishes they are cooked with. French cooks never use savory; they believe that it destroys instead of improving the taste of dishes. Bay leaf, the leaf of the sauce laurel tree, is used in Italy instead of straw or hay for packing bottles of oil, etc., and is imported into this country with the oil. It is very cheap and gives a pleasant flavor to sauces, soups, etc. The peculiar and fine flavor of sauces and gravies comes from the sugar of onion and carrot they contain. Onions, garlics and shallots, beside sugar, contain also some volatile oil, which evaporates in cooking.

Soup is spoiled by the uneven boiling to which it is sometimes subjected. Good broth, and therefore good soup, requires an even fire; you spoil the soup by boiling it fast for some time and then setting the soup-kettle on the corner of the range where there is not enough heat. Broth that has been used to warm meat in, may be either used for the same purpose another time, or made into soup, after having been strained. The proportion for good broth is about five pints of water to three pounds of meat. One pound of meat for three persons is enough. Oysters should never be eaten before the soup, as I have before said. The rule of the dinner should be, "soup first, and nothing until after soup." A story told of the opening of one of our leading hotels, will enforce this maxim. The ignorant waiters had been subjected to a preliminary drill by the head waiter, who alone understood his profession. They were instructed how to march into the dining-room in military style, with the several courses in regular succession—the final injunction being, "soup first, nothing until after soup." The dinner was announced; the file of servants passed down the table and laid a plate of soup before each guest. One gentleman objected; he wished no soup. "Soup first, nothing 'till after soup," repeated the faithful waiter, *sotto voce*. Again the plate went down. "I told you I didn't wish any soup; take it away," ordered the gentleman angrily. "Soup first, nothing 'till after soup"—and again the plate was put into its place, this time with the admonition—"just be aisy and eat your soup, or you can't have any dinner; sure the orders are "soup first, nothing 'till after soup." And so I say: "soup first, nothing 'till after soup."

After the soup, which partakes of the qualities of both, our food divides itself into two kinds—animal and vegetable. These again divide themselves into seven kinds, viz: milk, esculent grains, vegetables, meat, fish, fruit and eggs. Nature has provided for everything; so we see in the Spring tender plants springing up as if to admonish of our necessities. If we were wise enough to eat a good proportion of them we should avoid much disease and sickness.

Vegetables, however, are not as nutritious as meat. The average per centage of vegetable matter contained in vegetables is about .12. It is .26 in the potato and only .04 in the turnip. Grains average about .85 of nutriment. Wheat has .95 and oats only .74. The average in fruits is about .21. It is .29 in plums and only .17 in apples. It is much more in oily fruits; almonds contain .65. But oily fruit is not good as a food, and the less we eat of it the better. Vegetables are refreshing on account of the acid they contain, especially sorrel and tomatoes. A few dimes spent in sorrel, in the Spring, will save many dollars in the shape of medicines or doctors' bills. Sorrel contains a great amount of oxalic acid. Some vegetables are softening, like the leek. A few are exciting and stimulating, like celery, watercress and radishes. Watercress is the greatest of anti-scorbutics.

Although I am so strongly in favor of much vegetable food in the Spring and Summer, I am by no means an apostle of the vegetarian creed—graham bread and like eccentricities. I pity persons of that persuasion, but have no wish to imitate them in spite of the proverb:

“First learn to pity, then embrace.”

The mind has its diseases as well as the body, and I think vegetarianism is one of them. It is by practical experience that we learn what food is proper for us, and not by chemical analysis. Every thing we eat, with the exception of salt, can be turned into charcoal; yet who can live on charcoal?

An experiment has been made by the great chemist, Magendie: He fed geese with gum only, and they died on the sixteenth day; he fed some upon starch only, and they died the twenty-fourth day; he fed others on boiled white of eggs, and they died the forty-sixth day; he fed others on the three kinds mixed together, and they fattened instead of dying. So we must vary our food as much as possible in order to supply the waste of every part of our system.

In cooking vegetables, green vegetables, such as cabbage, spinach, etc., should be put into the water at its first boiling, with salt. Dry vegetables, like beans, peas, etc., should be put over the fire in cold, soft water, after having been soaked in lukewarm water—beans for twenty-four hours. Potatoes should be steamed but never boiled. Steam with the skin on. Bear in mind that a potato must never be peeled; the part immediately under the skin contains the most nutriment. Cut out the germs or eyes, if any; if young and tender the skin can be taken off with a scrubbing brush; if old, scrape the skin off and then roast them. In selecting potatoes, remember the smaller the eye the better the potato. By cutting a piece from the thickest end, you can tell whether they are sound. They must be either white or pink, according to the kind. Always select beans without spots. Mushrooms should be selected with great care. It is better and safer never to use them when they are old; this can be told by the blackness of the comb underneath, before picking; when young it is of a pink color.

Milk and eggs partake of the nature of animal as well as vegetable food. Fish is less nutritious than meat, containing only twenty per cent. of nutritious matter, but ought to be partook of at least twice a week. It contains more phosphorous matter than any other food, and is very good to supply the waste of our system, especially of the brain. The brain of an idiot contains about one per cent. of phosphoric matter, while that of persons of sound intellect contains from two to two and one-half per cent. The brain of a maniac contains three and one-half per cent. We need have no fear, however, of losing our senses from eating too much fish. It supplies the waste, but does not augment the proportion of the phosphoric matter.

Fish divide themselves into two kinds: fish with black flesh, like bass, mackerel, bluefish, perch, pike, salmon, trout, shad, etc., and fish with white flesh, such as cod, haddock, halibut, etc. Turbot is between the two, and may be prepared like either. Fish with black flesh are generally prepared in white sauces, and the white fish in black or white sauces. Fishes of the same family, or having the same kind of flesh, are cooked alike and require the same spices.

Nearly all fish are baked, boiled, broiled, fried, simmered or stewed. With few exceptions any fish may be cooked in these six ways. A few kinds are

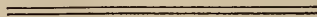
roasted. The best way to bake fish is to put it into a bake-pan with slices of carrot and onion, salt, etc. Put a little water in the pan, one-eighth of an inch, cover with a piece of paper, and bake. It takes but a few minutes to cook, though how long it is impossible to tell exactly, as it depends as much on the size, kind and quality of the fish as on the fire. As soon as the flesh comes off the bones easily it is done. This can be ascertained with a knife.

In boiling fish it should be placed whole in a fish kettle, with three sprigs of parsley, two of thyme, a bay-leaf, three cloves, one garlic, four onions cut into slices, a wine-glass of claret wine, or a few drops of vinegar, salt and pepper; cover it with water and boil gently. Serve on a napkin with green parsley around it. It may be also served with a caper, oil, piquante or tomato sauce. In that case you omit napkin and parsley. In boiling fish they should be put over a sharp fire with a good draft, to prevent smoking. Begin by kneading butter with chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and spreading it all over the fish. A bay-leaf may be added with most fish. Serve with anchovy, caper, maitre d'hotel, or white sauce. Bass, dab-fish, salmon, tunny, and turbot may be improved by being placed before boiling in a crockery vessel, with parsley and onions chopped fine, salt, pepper, thyme, two bay-leaves and two or three tablespoonsful of sweet oil, half under and half on the fish. Leave it thus for two or three hours. For carp and trench, a few drops of vinegar should be used instead of oil. Only small fish are fried. They should be dipped in butter and immersed in hot fat. In simmering or stewing, a little vinegar or a glass of wine should be put in with the fish.

More attention should be paid in this country to the cultivation and preservation of fish. In many localities our finest fish are almost disappearing for want of a little care to restrain those who dam and destroy the best streams, regardless of the comfort of others. It is not long since a fish-pond was almost as essential to the grounds of an English nobleman or country gentleman as his vegetable garden or fruit orchard. And before the Protestant reformation, when the observance of church-fasts was more common, a fish-pond was found near every cathedral, city and monastery. The improved means of transportation, which enables us to carry fish from the sea and large streams inland, has changed this; but unless some care is taken to protect our fisheries, we shall have to return to the old custom to supply our tables with choice fish.

Having now considered the subject of soup, fish and vegetables, in my next article I will give some hints for the selection and cooking of the more substantial portion of the dinner—the meats.

PIERRE BLOT.



FIAT FACIENDUM.

I^N rambling among the valleys and the rugged hills of the east or Baden bank of the Rhine, I once found a fine old ruin, magnificently seated toward the upper end of one of these valleys, all mouldered away, except low lines of wall and moat, the two great flanking towers of the front, and the curtain and arched gateway between them. Above the empty gateway, a vast stone scutcheon had adorned the wall, with the bearings of a baronial family; but they were too indistinct to be deciphered, except the motto, in whose deep-cut German text might still be read with tolerable ease,

Fiat Faciendum.

The singularly terse and significant phrase, notwithstanding its unclassical Latinity, struck me very forcibly. *Hoc age* is obscure; having no intrinsic meaning whatever. A motto should tell its own story—without leaving us to ascertain elsewhere that if we know all about it it will mean something. And the compact, rugged strength of the ancient Roman tongue has here well said in two words what even the boasted terseness of our monosyllabic English must express in nine. *Fiat faciendum*—"Let that be done which is to be done." Truly, the motto indicates that a Yankee built the old castle, rather than a bullet-headed robber baron.

Of course there is a legend, I said. And on my return to the snug little inn "zum Traube"—the very same, for what I know, that erst accommodated the terrible Heinz von Stein—I asked the landlord, and he told it me. Here it is, though in my own English, not in the landlord's poor Badisch German; and, moreover, somewhat filled out and corrected from manuscript records which I afterward discovered in the library of St. Gallen, and among the relics of the great Benedictine collection of Corvey:

I do not know how it came to fall to the lot of such a nice old gentleman as the Baron von Verdammtseyn to be one of the most eminent in all the broad German Empire of the numerous practitioners in the black art. He may be said, indeed, to have been the leading wizard of the period; and customers flocked from far and near to his ancient castle of Schloss-Verdammt for advice or aid. And they always got it; the rich for pay, the poor for nothing; for the Baron was at the same time shrewd and benevolent, like Robin Hood, W. Kidd, Esq., and other gentlemen of the same kidney. He had studied at all the universities, and had finished himself off with an optional course in magic at Salamanca. In fact, it was the Baron, according to the story, who was the original of Chamisso's character of Peter Schlemihl, the man with no shadow. Everybody knows what the peculiar commencement exercises at Salamanca were, in the Faculty of Magic. The graduating class was assembled at a certain subterranean locality, and ran a race across a vast cavern. At

this apparently harmless and wholesome gymnastic exhibition, however, the Devil made it a point to be present; and the university statutes* permitted him, if he could, to bag the hindmost in the race, "to the only use and behoof," as the lawyers say, "of him the said Devil"—whence the well-known proverb. Sometimes—perhaps once in a century or two—this infernal patron of the games happened to fail in his interesting little device, and had to go back to his cooking-stove with nothing but the shadow of some artful dodger of a student, too spry even for his diabolical promptitude. What happened to the shadows thus thieved no person ever discovered; but it was always observed that their lucky losers became unrivalled masters in their art. Such a one was the Baron.

Now, the Baron, like most horrid old scoundrels (I use this as the conventional mode of describing people whose ways of thinking and acting are not understood by the majority; not that the Baron *was* a scoundrel, but that everybody may know what sort of a person I mean), had had a very beautiful and exemplary wife, much younger than himself, who had of course—so people said at least—been very miserable with him. She died, at any rate, and left the old gentleman alone with his devils, his customers, and a fine boy; a stout little rascal with tow-colored hair, chubby cheeks, big, bright blue eyes, and lungs like two hurricanes in a bag. None of the Baron's relations could be induced to undertake the charge of this young person, and the father therefore had to put him out to nurse with a good woman near by, the wife of a farmer, whose heart the wizard had won by gratuitous professional services. He had, namely, put himself through a fearfully long conjuration, to find out why her butter so often failed to "come," which he ascertained to be by reason of the enmity of certain unfriendly goblins, who, however, couldn't touch her cream if it was kept in the waters of a little consecrated spring near by. In this cool receptacle, accordingly, she kept it, and never had any more trouble with the butter, while the Baron, on his part, fired off an incantation at the goblins long enough and jaw-cracking enough to send all the ghosts in Germany to the Red Sea; although the German variety of that creature can stand up under much harder words than any other, owing to his acquaintance with the German tongue.

But to return: It is the boy, the young Baron von Verdammtseyn, not the old one, whose story is at this time to be told. There are no cases in history where a paternal rascal has by choice brought up his child to open rascality. Nor did the old sorcerer train up his brave little blue-eyed Fritz in spells and conjurations. He brought his son home as he began to grow up, and caused him to be diligently trained in all the exercises and accomplishments of a young noble of about A. D. 1250, under the able tutorage of an old esquire, one Esaias Stoskopf, an experienced man-at-arms, long banged and knocked about in the German wars. The old gentleman himself took charge of the literary education of Fritz; and thus the young Baron grew up to be quite a model of manly strength and beauty, knightly skill and prowess, and also of *belles lettres* and classical learning, for he could sign his name, read Latin or his native Old High German without stopping to spell more than three-quarters of the words, and state his own views in writing, in either of said tongues, so handsomely that almost anybody who could read could find out what he meant.

* See edition of 1465, folio, Salamanca, fo. 666; titled "*De dyabolo vltimum habituro.*"

There was but one fault in the young Baron's character. Not that he did not drink himself very tipsy on Rheinwein, decide casual controversies or differences of opinion by the method of assault and battery, swear very hard and promiscuously, and always take whatever he wanted if he could find it and get it. But without these foibles—or rather *fortes*—he would not have been a bold young German Baron of about A. D. 1250, at all, but merely a poor creature, of no account. These things were the manners of the period, and no more to be found fault with than Abraham's having two wives.

The single fault was a sort of indolence or procrastination, rather inconsistent with the vigor and boldness and hardy force which he showed when he once had undertaken anything. But the difficulty always was, to get the youth to begin. "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*" He never wanted to get up in the morning and begin his day's occupations. He was never ready to set out on any expedition. He never wanted to go and do his exercises at tilting, or fencing when it was time.

Fritz had also, very naturally, a great curiosity about his old father's secret employments.

Now, the old Baron transacted all his professional business in a sort of sky-parlor, in the topmost room of a very ancient tower, the oldest part of the castle, built before the memory of man, and said by family tradition to have been erected in the mythic times of the Nibelungen, by a German hero, long a faithful soldier of the great Dietrich of Bern, who came back from Italy with much treasure, and founded the family and the castle of Schloss-Verdammt. This tower was known as the Teufelsturm—the Devil's Tower—a proper enough name, considering the avocations of its present owner and occupant. These avocations were invariably followed in solitude; for even the most respected of the old Baron's customers never entered his sanctum. They were always shown into a great hall, and seated at one end of it. At the further end was a deep, dark recess, and the old wizard always came silently out of the darkness there to meet his visitor, just as if he was a phantom that grew up there for that occasion only. At the end of the conference he disappeared by the same road, unless he waited upon some honored visitant to the door or to the drawbridge. But no man ever was allowed to follow him from the hall. And a story was whispered about that he was dead—had been for a long time—was only an evil spirit that came and went on demand within the deep shadows of the recess in the hall below the Teufelsturm.

But all this time the fact was merely that he went that way to the foot of the stairs. What he did in his secret room far above, no mortal knows. Strange noises—pops, murmurs, and squeaks—came sometimes faintly floating down to the awe-struck ears in the castle-courts below; and if uncommon hues and forms of smoke afforded any grounds for an opinion, strange smells went sometimes floating up. And there were those who reported that from the shelter of the neighboring forest-crowned heights, they had seen by night, through the lofty windows, more living forms than one, flit to and fro within; and one old woman, renowned as a ghost-seer, said that on Walpurgis-night she had seen long trains of glimmering forms sweeping from over the distant hills on this side and on that, converging to the gray old turrets of the lofty Teufelsturm, and silently passing into its windows, evidently to attend some high festival of Pandemonium.

But about Fritz's curiosity. Almost every person can remember some little thing, perfectly insignificant in itself, which for some reason made a disproportion-

tionate, profound and indelible impression upon his mind. Thus it was with Fritz; for one day when he was working away at his boyish sword-exercise in the court with the rugged old Esaias, he happened to look up just as a rather uncommonly loud pop, and a corresponding volume of white, steamy smoke, tinged with crimson stains, blew out of the Teufelsturm window; the pop falling down upon the boy's ear-drum, and the smoke sailing peacefully up into heaven. With a sudden impulse, the boy cried out: "*Ich will der papa und seine Rauchmachen ja sehen!*" (I will the father and his smoke-manufacturing certainly see!)—and at a jump he was at the very door of the forbidden tower, when the old Esaias caught him as he fumbled with the great rusty lock, and carried him off, making fifty or sixty great signs of the cross, and ejaculating a singular mingle-mangle of the Pater Noster and tearing seventeen-cornered Old High-German oaths.

Fritz was sufficiently well-disposed and intelligent to regard the evidently sincere apprehensions and the manifold exhortations of the old soldier; and made no further efforts to penetrate into the Teufelsturm. But the circumstance made a profound impression upon him; and though ordinarily not very much given to the reflective exercises of the mind, he really fell into an occasional reverie in meditating upon the existence of this mystery in his own father's castle. He did not venture to question his father on the subject, for though most benignant and loving in his demeanor and conduct to his bold young heir, there was still something of awful reserve which hung about him like a veil; almost invisible, felt rather than seen, and which taught the boy that such a subject was safest untouched.

Fritz grew tall and strong, and reached man's estate. He was hardy, fearless, enduring, and not without a degree of hereditary shrewdness very uncommon in the deep-chested, strong-handed, but bullet-headed and iron-witted race of the *Reichs-adel*—the aristocracy of the German empire. Still, under his able military dry-nurse, old Esaias Stoskopf, he entered with a keen relish upon the legitimate career of a baron, namely: adventurous hunting-parties, enormous drinking-bouts, the vigorous prosecution of his hereditary feuds, the pursuit of measures to increase his estates and his vassalage, and the harvesting of all the cash, bankable funds, or merchandise, which he could gather from such traders as came that way. But, amid all this warfare and robbery, there was still a little quiet wonder-corner in his mind, where he pursued his thoughtful, tacit querying about his old father's secret employments. He was, now himself too old to be really afraid to ask his sire about the matter, although the force of long habit still for a time withheld him from so doing. But once upon a time, when several days of inhospitable storm forbade all out-door occupations, and exhausted his very few rude in-door pastimes, the youth bethought him of the unsolved problem, and he determined that on the next opportunity he would ask his father of his solitary work.

The time came that very evening, when the father and son were sitting alone by the great fire in the castle hall. They had talked or meditated, as each moment might suggest. All at once, Fritz, with a resolute effort, broke the ice.

"Father," said he "you taught me all the good learning I have, and you could have taught me all I know of knightly exercises; for old Esaias says you used to be the best lance and the best swordsman and rider in all the Schwarzwald; and a wise captain, too. Now I want you to teach me one other thing."

"What is that, Fritz?" asked the old gentleman, quite innocently.

"Why," rejoined his son, not without an effort, "I hope I may well uphold the name and fame of our house. I shall be a sufficiently good soldier, but it plagues me to think that I shall not be so wise a clerk as you are. Teach me about all your business up in the old tower!"

"Fritz, Fritz!" cried the old Baron von Verdammtseyn, sorrowfully and surprised, "why do you ask that? What made you think of that?"

"I know you do wonderful things," said Fritz, encouraged at the mildness of his father's manner, "and are wise and give all men counsel. Everybody says that spirits help you, and that you can do and know and advise as no other man can. I want to be able to do so. I can use my hands and my sword and my lance as well as anybody. I want to use my brains as well. I want as much knowledge and power as you have."

"Fritzchen," said the old Baron solemnly, "perhaps it would be better if I had not learned so much. Peril grows with knowledge. Study is an empire. Few are the great conquerors who do not end by being slaves to their own overgrown possessions. And a former servant is the hardest of all masters. But the free baron who hunts and sports in the green wood, or well and bravely maintains his honor and the honor of his sovereign lord in battle, and feasts high and jollily at home in his hall among his faithful vassals, lives happily, and grows old in pleasure and peace, and dies among his children, in the fullness of his renown and in the hope of heaven. Can not that content you?"

But Fritz made such answer as showed plainly that he was wholly possessed with the desire of some such preëminence in power and wisdom as could only be derived from sources quite other than those open to common men. Ever since old Esaias Stoskopf prevented him from running up stairs into the Teufelsturm, he said, the wish had been fixed in his mind; and either by fair means or foul his purpose he would attain.

The poor old Baron, in great distress, exhausted himself in arguing against the wild design of his son; but, finding him quite impracticable, he said at last, after a pause of deep thought:

"Well, Fritzchen, I have but one comfort: you are ten years too old to begin the course of study which I followed. Still, no doubt, much may be done; and, if it must be so, you may possibly in part attain your desire. But let me send you on an errand first, and if, when you return, you are still of the same mind, I will do for you as much as I can."

Fritz smiled at the idea of changing his mind, and inquired about the errand. It was only to carry a letter to the Graf von der Donnerwetter, a cousin and ally of the Baron, at his residence, a long day's ride distant. And the Baron added that, as there had been very little intercourse between the families for some time, Fritz might make a short stay at Donnerwetterburg, if he chose.

And so next morning the young Baron got early to horse and rode away, telling his father that he should surely return on the morrow. But nothing was seen or heard of him for a full fortnight, at the end of which time he came back, looking a very little foolish.

"A long morrow, fair son!" exclaimed the old Baron, roguishly; and with that he proceeded to inquire circumstantially into his long stay; and by some little questioning he discovered successively that Fritz had delayed his return because old Graf Moritz von der Donnerwetter wanted him to stay; that it was not very pleasant; that young Graf Theodor took him hunting; that there was nobody there in particular—stay, that Graf Theodor's sister Bren-

hilda was there; that he had seen her; had talked with her; liked her. And there, with a little blush, the tall, strong, warlike young Baron hesitated and cast down his eyes like a little girl.

"I hope you kissed her when you met," said the old man. "She is your cousin only thrice removed. I would not have the hearty, loving, German greetings forgotten. You have never practised kissing much—but you have been instructed how to be polite to the ladies."

Fritz admitted that he had endeavored to do his duty in that regard.

"But you have no sister. I want you to love your beautiful cousin. Does she like you? Perhaps you quarrelled?"

But the youth's rather imperfect narrative did not indicate any disagreement. The truth was, that he had instantly, as was almost of course, fallen deeply in love with his cousin, who was really a sweet German beauty, with rich, chestnut-brown hair; a skin fair as a lily; great loving, hazel eyes, and ripe red lips. It would not be strange, indeed, if the cunning old Baron had calculated on something of the kind. But he did not say so, by any means. Fritz, however, in spite of his first reticence, really had no secrets at all from his father; and it was not long before the kind-hearted old gentleman had heard a very sufficiently circumstantial account of the infinite charms of this cousin; of her winning ways and wondrous beauty, and her delightful kindness to him, Fritz, and her numerous little bewitching confidences in him. And the old Baron smiled, and listened gladly, although the youth's narrative sorely interrupted a certain highly important series of experiments on the subjects in Raymundus Lullius, cap. xxi., "*Quomodo Draco Niger Leonem Rutilum Vincit;*" and kept a high and well-born customer impatiently airing his vocabulary and kicking his heels in the great hall. For the poor old man was in high hopes that his boy's handsome head might be so well filled with thoughts of his cousin that he would have no more leisure to meditate on his dangerous scheme of studying the black art.

Fritz, however, so soon as he recovered from the first flush and excitement of his new sensations, very quickly recurred to the old subject, and informed his father that his views on the question of literature had undergone no change. The old Baron had by this time, however, provided for this alternative, as well as for its opposite. First, he told Fritz plainly that the pursuit of the superhuman powers he sought must incapacitate him from the pleasures and employments most fit for human beings, for the plain reason that they were never intended for men; just as unnatural food tends to destroy the natural appetite.

Then, he told the young man that he should have a glimpse of the dark regions into which he was seeking to penetrate. And thereupon, having made the necessary preparations, he took Fritz into a remote room, and remained there with him during a whole night. What was done or seen, no man knew except the two barons. When they came forth in the morning, the grave and lofty lineaments of the ancient wizard retained precisely their usual serene and impressive character in hue and outline. But the high and bold features of the son were wan and sunken; his ruddy cheek was pale, and his eyes glittered with the startled gleam of dreadful fear. Days passed before his color and his spirits returned; and it was very long before he freed himself entirely from the serious and even sad expression which remained upon his face after that night, as traces of distortion and horror long remain after even a brief season of awful bodily torment. But he never uttered a word

of what he had seen. Probably there was nothing that chemistry and optics would not explain well enough.

After this, the venerable Baron told his son, in brief terms, and with an air of high command far more loftily authoritative than he had ever used before, three things, viz:

First, That he would in no wise aid or abet him in attaining his mistaken and wrongful wish to learn the secrets and wield the power of a wizard.

Second, That he solemnly imposed upon Fritz his paternal command to give up forever his design, and that his curse should rest upon the youth in case of disobedience; otherwise, his blessing.

Third, That in one single particular he would gratify, so far as his own conscience would permit, the wish of his son; since he was loth to refuse him anything. And this he would do: he would give him a sealed packet, to contain powerful words, able to accomplish, uphold or retrieve all human affairs, unless God had decreed their ill-success. But Fritz must pledge him his word of honor, as knight and as noble, never to open the packet at all, unless reduced to the utmost extremity of misfortune and sorrow and danger, so as to be utterly unable to see any means of avoiding complete ruin; and in case he should open it, then to proceed strictly and carefully according to the directions therein.

And he quite refused to receive the young man's answer until the next day. Thus Fritz had time to reflect; and under the influence of the complex motives which the shrewd old Baron had wisely brought to bear, of awe, affection, filial reverence, and conscience, he very judiciously came into the bargain, received his packet—a very honest-looking little one, sealed up in parchment; pledged his honor, and ceased to vex himself or his father about the affair.

At this point the present history must make quite a step forward, viz: of about two years. At the end of this period, matters stood thus: The aged wizard Baron died peacefully, and was gathered to his fathers, as other men are; yet not without reports of shrieks, devils, agonies, brimstone, and the like. The most incomprehensible circumstance connected with his death was this: that when the Teufelsturm was examined, the upper room, which had been the old gentleman's laboratory, was found quite empty, bare and clean. Great were the speculations as to whether this was a provision of the old man's own, or the work of his familiar spirits, leaving their whilom tenement "empty, swept and garnished," as erst in Scripture story. But no conclusion could be reached, and the question lapsed out of very weariness, like the quarrel of the Nominalists and Realists, and many other great controversies.

The young Baron had already, before his father's death, become affianced to his beautiful, lily-white cousin, Brenhilda von der Donnerwetter, and if the old Baron could have had his way they would have been married long ago. But Fritz, although he loved Brenhilda with all his heart, was somehow not quite ready. It would have saved him some suffering if he had been, for it seemed as if all the worst evils of life had waited for his father's death to burst upon him in that crowded company which misfortunes love. Indeed, to a certain extent, there had been just such a waiting. For it speedily appeared that scarce any of the numerous and vast estates of the old Baron remained to his son. They had been sold for money to sundry speculating Israelites, and by them transferred to powerful barons at a profit, so that neither persecution nor warfare could recover them.

But worse. The faithless Graf von der Donnerwetter, as soon as he ascertained that his supposed rich young friend had only the old castle and the few acres close around it, instantly locked up the lovely Brenhilda in her bower, declared the betrothment at an end, and ordered Fritz off the premises with opprobrious names—a treacherous old scamp!

But Graf Moritz troubled himself very little about treachery. He prosecuted his claim in the Imperial chancery as vigorously as was possible under the judiciously deliberate forms of that majestic tribunal—which are by computation about fifty times more dilatory than those of the English court of the same title. But what was far more to the point, he took efficient proceedings meanwhile under that ancient code, the *Lex Baculina*, or Club Law. He mustered his men-at-arms, set about levying execution first, instead of last, and litigated his own cause so stoutly, that despite the vigorous opposition of Baron Fritz, he drove him and his few remaining men-at-arms inside of the gray old walls of Schloss-Verdammt, and crowned the enterprise by taking him prisoner one fine morning, while heading his men in a furious sally beyond the barriers, though not until he had caused a great slaughter among the besiegers, killing some score or more of their foremost with his own baronial battle-axe. Then, easily winning the castle, he demanded of the unfortunate Fritz a full and free renunciation and transfer of all his rights to the fief and lordship; and this being peremptorily refused, he ordered the young Baron to be instantly flung into the deepest dungeon of the castle, informing him that he should be beheaded next day at noon, unless he would execute the required instrument.

I need not describe the inconveniences of feudal dungeons; the darkness, cold, slime, hop-toads, moisture, smells, non-ventilation, stone beds, mouldy bread, bad water, and so on. Sitting on the stone bench in the corner, Fritz remained for a time quite unable either to perceive his state or to reflect on it, in that numb unconsciousness which follows stormy excitement, or stunning blows of fortune. But his was a vividly powerful organization, in the splendid prime of youthful vigor, and toned up and strengthened by fearless, hardy habits, so that he was neither tormented by fear of death nor much annoyed by the discomforts of his sad abode.

As soon, therefore, as the confused excitement of the day's adventures had passed away, the young Baron's quick intellect began to do its office; and he bethought himself of his father's packet, which he had very prudently kept about him during the exposures and perils of his short campaign. A meagre meal of bread and water, and a cresset to light the sorry banquet, were brought him at nightfall; and having readily obtained from the rough old soldier who acted as jailor the further use of the dim little torch, he waited until reasonably secure from interruption, and calmly proceeded to break the mystic seal; "For," he said to himself as he did so, with the quaint dialectic formality of his age, "either I am in an utterly hopeless case, or I am not. If I am, it is time to break the seal. If I am not, I will break the seal; for if any worse case be possible I will know it now." And with faculties and resolution strung up to the utmost, and with a strange sense of mingled desperation and apprehension tingling with his fast-rushing blood to the very tips of his fingers, he broke open the mysterious parcel, prepared for phantoms, skulls, devils, blue fire, or any other awful thing.

Sundry envelopes, quite waterproof; a parchment document, in the well-known manuscript of his father—nothing else whatever. A sense of disap-

pointment came over him; but perhaps the enchantments are to arise upon reciting the spell. And thereupon he betook himself to the study of the parchment. Once he read it—sprang up—controlled himself—sat down—read it once more. Then he sat in silence for a short season; rose up; bestowed the writing carefully within his garments; removed his armor, remaining in the customary close under-dress; crossed the damp stone floor to the further side. Here he stood for a moment, on the verge of one of those fearful wells so often found in old castles, and in whose safe, silent depths so many evidences of secret crime have been hidden. Pale, but with iron resolution speaking from brow and lips, the young man spoke. "*Fiat Faciendum!* If I had gone by this rule always, I should be Brenhilda's husband now. Truly, the blame is my own. I will cure my fault now, at any rate. *Fiat Faciendum.* It must be done. Therefore let it be done." And he recited the Pater Noster; signed himself with the sign of the cross; and standing with his face toward the wall beyond the well, he deliberately plunged down, feet foremost. There was one loud splash—no more; and the dungeon, its floor littered with plate armor and blank scraps of parchments, remained silent and empty, lit by the dull, red, smoky flame of the torch.

It is a bright autumnal morning in the year of God 1273, and a besieging army of Swiss and Germans lies before the walls of the Swiss-German-French city of Basle. In a large tent, pitched in a commanding situation, a man of near fifty years of age is sitting unhelmeted, but in armor, and giving orders to knights and squires, who hasten away, with speed to the business of the day. This commander is strongly made, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, above middle size, with thick, dark-brown hair; a high and wide forehead; large, strong, steady, deep-blue eyes; a prominent, straight nose, and a well-sized mouth, hidden in the heavy moustache and beard. His face is a brave and powerful German face, and his expression is of calm and deliberate yet ready and fearless and resolute strength.

A knight rides rapidly up from the northward, with one or two men-at-arms and a prisoner, and demands audience in haste. He reports, with an air of incredulity, that his prisoner is a young man who came in from the northward, professing to bring news of instant importance which he will communicate only to the commander himself. "Bring him in, then," answered the chief; "he will scarce venture to sport with me." He is brought in; a tall, strong youth, with a bright eye and bold, open features. The chieftain asks promptly, "Thy news?" The young man looks about him for an instant. "Let me speak it to your highness's ears only."

"Come, then," said the chieftain, and beckoning the youth to follow, he led the way into a small inner tent, containing a stool or two, and a sack of straw by way of bed. And turning short round, he continued, with the same calm, but brief and peremptory tone, "What is the news?"

"Your Imperial Majesty"—

"You err, young man," interrupted the soldier, "I am no Emperor." Yet there was a perceptible sparkle in his stern blue eyes, and his cheek flushed.

"Your Imperial Majesty," resumed the youth, with a reverence, "was elected King of the Romans and Emperor of Germany, over Alfonso of Castile and Ottocar of Bohemia, two days ago at Spire."

"If this be true," answered the other, "well for me and for thee. But if not"—and he cast a severe look at the young man, who only smiled.

"Whom, then, do you think me?"

"Rudolph von Hapsburg, Landgrave of Alsace and Prefect of Zurich," answered the young man, readily.

"Right," replied the soldier; "right. But two days ago, you say. And Spires is fifty leagues away, and at the further end of the Black Forest. And why do I receive the news otherwise than by the Imperial messengers? And how couldst thou have outstript them? And there is peace on the other side of the Rhine. Why came they not by that road?"

"The messengers were beset and slain in the Black Forest, while making all speed hither," answered the youth. "I gave water to the last of them that lived after the murderers had departed. I was alone and unarmed, and could not follow them. The dying man besought me to bear his errand to you, saying it would stead me well. I had no other business, and I came readily, until your outlying parties took me and brought me to you. If they had come by the west bank of the river, I think they would have been taken into Basle, and the Bishop would have hanged them before he would have let them bring you that news."

"Right again, young man," said Rudolph. "He would so. But let me call my Chancellor."

He stepped to the door to do so; but at the moment there arose without a confused noise of shouting and running together, yet not as of a battle. Rudolph did not return, and the young man sat down and sat still, resting his face in his hands.

"*Fiat Faciendum!*" he said to himself—for it was Fritz, of course. "I bring the first news. It is well I sped. I begin to prosper already. It is a good saying."

Now the uproar grew and grew, and gathered toward the tent, and the air was filled with shouts of "Live Rudolph the Emperor!" in three or four German and Swiss dialects at once. In fact—for we may step outside and leave Fritz alone a little—the news, coming by the other bank of the Rhine, had just reached Basle also, and a great deputation of citizens had come forth to announce to the new Emperor their unconditional submission to him, in spite of their truculent, fighting old Bishop. So enraged was this man of God at the prosperity of Rudolph, whom he hated with the hatred of a priest, that it is said he exclaimed, "Sit steady, great God, or Rudolph will take Thy place, too!"

There was an end of the siege, of course, and no further doubt of Fritz's news. And the new Emperor, much pleased with the bearing of his young messenger, rewarded him well for his good news, and, upon due inquiry and authentication of his name and family, furnished him at once with all the appointments of a noble, and placed him in attendance upon his own person.

With his natural good sense, Fritz forbore for the time to seek any redress for his personal wrongs, thinking to wait until after the new Emperor's coronation. Rudolph, meanwhile, varied the diplomatic and civic duties which at once began to crowd upon him, by little forays upon one or another of the worst of the robber barons of the Rhine country. Some of them he hung, and confiscated their lands; and some, upon submission, he pardoned, or fined and pardoned; and thus doing, he moved northward with his army along the valley of the Rhine, through the Black Forest, toward Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was to be crowned.

In these little military operations, Fritz, who loved fighting, reduced his

new motto to practice in the very best style. He was up and doing from morning till night; charged first in every combat, and ceased last in every pursuit; and killed and took so many of the scoundrelly land pirates of that ill-reputed region, that he at once became quite famous among the troops. This fame of his was much enhanced by his war-cry, for which he used no other than the Latin words of his motto itself. "*Fiat Faciendum!*" rang out in his strong bass tones over every fight, until the ignorant men-at-arms, both friend and foe, seeing his tremendous vigor and success, actually imagined the words an incantation, and the brave and strenuous young knight a wizard. Something of these tales came to the ears of Rudolph, who always kept himself well acquainted with what was going on, and, his curiosity being excited, he requested Fritz one night to tell him all about it. So the young man told him the whole story, about Brenhilda and the dungeon, and all.

Rudolph swore an immense imperial German oath as the tale ended, that such infamous outrages should have been practised upon the best knight of his following.

"You shall have your lands and his too, and more beside; and your lady likewise; and the Graf also!" swore the enraged Emperor, "if it take myself and all the strength of the Holy Roman Empire to see you righted."

"*Fiat Faciendum,*" observed Fritz. "If your Imperial Majesty sees fit, let me take a thousand men and go in five minutes. Schloss-Verdammt is only ten miles hence."

"Do so," said Rudolph. "But take with you a herald and a formal summons to surrender the place into your hands for me. And if the Graf be not there, or whether he be or not, take also his own hole of Donnerwetterburg, and hold him my prisoner."

It was done. Both castles were at once yielded, for so high was the reputation of Rudolph von Hapsburg for vigor and severity, that old Graf Moritz, always cunning rather than desperate, abandoned all thoughts of resistance.

Of course Fritz married Brenhilda out of hand. I need not trace his subsequent career as soldier and counsellor. His motto always served him well, and his life was one of prosperity and happiness. Old Graf Moritz was pardoned at the intercession of his son-in-law; and after the great battle of Marchfeld, August 26, 1278, where Rudolph's most dangerous rival, Ottocar of Bohemia, was killed, and his army totally defeated by the Emperor, Fritz took occasion to obtain a little leisure, and rebuilding Schloss-Verdammt on a magnificent scale, cut deep in the stone over the main gateway, the excellent motto which was the foundation of all his good fortune.

"But how did he get out of the dungeon?"

Let us read the old Baron's parchment. There is a brief extract from it in the Nuremberg Chronicle, but by great good fortune Asher of Berlin, the German antiquarian bookseller, a few years since actually discovered the original on the inside of an old drumhead. Thus it ran:

Fiat Faciendum.

MY SON: Here is no sorcery, but plain good advice, which I wish I had followed; learn from my misfortune. I have wasted most of our substance in trying to discover the great secret of making gold. And while I hoped to make you very rich, I have made you poor. But with the help of my faithful old esquire Esaias, I have destroyed all the signs of my useless work.

You can make up for my ill fortune. Cure your one fault. You procrastinate. Put off nothing. *Fiat Faciendum*. Do instantly what needs.

I write believing that if you read this it will be in the dungeon of the Teufelsturm. For I know that Graf Moritz von Donnerwetter desires what lands are left us. If you marry Brenhilda before I die, well; if not, I foresee that his wicked energy may work you harm. I have not told you of her father's treachery, lest you should become his son-in-law, and think ill of him; but if my judgment fails me not, you know it already ere you read this, or are safe, as his son.

The words of power which you shall find herein are no spell. They are written at the head of this parchment. Consider them well; and you will find that Graf Moritz has overcome you by practising the meaning. Go forth, therefore. *Fiat Faciendum*. Do what needs. Recover your estates. Marry Brenhilda, or—somebody else. And remember me.

Your escape is easy. The Graf has put you in the Teufelsturm dungeon, because it is famous as a prison-house from which none ever broke out. That may well be, for it is deep and strong; and its secret was never known but to the head of my family. It is this: Below the water in the well, at the end of the dungeon, a passage leads out beneath the brook west of the castle, and opens in the midst of the thickets behind the old chapel there. *Fiat Faciendum*, therefore. If I am right, it is your only chance. I know Graf Moritz, and he will surely slay you. Leap down the well without armor, with your face to the wall beyond it, and as you reach the bottom, draw yourself through the opening there, and rise through the water in the other passage. This you may well do while you can hold your breath. But after you have escaped to the forest beyond the brook, I can direct you no whither, for I have no firm friend left alive; I must entrust your fate to your own stout arm, bold heart, and quick brain. But act ever on the motto, and prosper—*Fiat Faciendum!*

Your father,

ARENDE VON VERDAMMTSEYN.

Reader! I make you a present of the motto, to help you prosper. I wish you well—FIAT FACIENDUM.

F. B. PERKINS.

THE RED RIVER DAM.

EARLY in the month of March, 1864, a military expedition, comprising both branches of the service, set out on what was known as the Red River Campaign. The Army which took part in the movement was commanded by Major-General N. P. Banks; the Navy by Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter. The disastrous battle of Sabine Cross Roads, fought April 8th, compelled the abandonment of the object of the expedition, which was the capture of Shreveport, and the Army and Navy fell back to Grand Ecore. Nothing now remained to be done but to take measures for relieving the squadron from the critical position in which it was placed by reason of the low water in the Red River. There was strong ground for apprehending that all the vessels under Admiral Porter's command, comprising some of the most effective iron-clads of the Mississippi fleet, would have to be destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. The capture or destruction of the squadron, with some two millions of dollars, would involve the blockade of the Red River, and great inconvenience to the Army, if not its destruction, and would also for a time give the Rebels control of the Mississippi.

After the gunboats succeeded in passing over the bar near Grand Ecore, the Army moved from there to Alexandria, having on the way several severe skirmishes with the enemy, and a battle at Monett's Bluffs, on Cane River. On the arrival of the fleet at the falls near Alexandria, which are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, it was discovered that the water had fallen so low that it would be impossible for the vessels to pass them. This difficulty had been anticipated by many officers of the Army, who were acquainted with the treacherous character of Red River navigation, before our return to Grand Ecore, and the idea had been suggested of rescuing the squadron by means of a dam. Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, of Wisconsin, who had had much experience on the rivers of the Northwest, and was familiar with the difficulties of swell-water navigation, consulted with Major-General Wm. B. Franklin, commanding the Nineteenth Army corps, on whose staff he was at the time, and submitted to him the plan of a tree-dam. No action was, however, taken until the arrival of the forces at Alexandria, when the matter was placed before General Banks, and the proposed plan explained in detail by Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey. The General entered fully into the project, with perfect confidence in its practicability, and Major-General David Hunter, who was then at Alexandria, on a mission from the Lieutenant-General of the Army, suggested that, although he had little confidence in its feasibility, he nevertheless thought the experiment had better be tried, inasmuch as General Franklin, an engineer, recommended it. The Admiral had no faith in its success. As he expressed it in his own way: "If *damming* would get the fleet over, it would have been afloat long before."

On the morning of April 30th, the work was begun by Lieutenant-Colonel

Bailey, who was aided by several staff officers, and details of nearly three thousand men, consisting chiefly of regiments from the Western States. There were also employed in the construction of this great work some two hundred army wagons and about a thousand horses, mules and oxen. Several hundred hardy lumbermen, belonging to a regiment from Maine, were employed on the right, or north, bank in felling trees, while an equal number were engaged in hauling them to the river bank. Flat-boats were constructed, on which stone was brought from above, after being quarried, and the work was begun at the foot of the falls by running out a tree-dam made from the heavy timber and stone, crosstied with the trunks of other large trees, and strengthened in every way which Yankee ingenuity could devise. This dam extended out into the river a distance of above three hundred feet. Four large navy coal barges were then filled with stone and brick, and sunk at the end of the dam. From the left, or south, bank—there being no timber there—a series of heavy cribs were constructed from material obtained by demolishing some old mills and barns, while the brick, iron and stone required to sink them and hold them in their place, were procured by tearing down two large sugar houses, and by taking up a quantity of railroad iron, buried in the vicinity of Alexandria. In this work several colored regiments were employed, while the white troops carried forward the work on the other side of the river, both details working day and night.

The width of the Red River at the lower end of the falls, the point where the dam was constructed, is seven hundred and fifty-eight feet, and the depth of the water from four to six feet, the current running about ten miles an hour. Night and day the work was carried on without cessation, the men working willingly and cheerfully, although many were compelled to stand up to their waists in water during the damp and chilly nights, and under a burning sun by day, and notwithstanding very many had no faith in the success of the great undertaking. The scene presented in the vicinity of the dam was novel and interesting. Oak, elm and pine trees, whose gigantic growth dated from the days of the daring De Soto, were falling to the ground under the blows of the stalwart pioneers of Maine, bearing with them in their fall trees of lesser growth; mules and oxen were dragging the trees, denuded of their branches, to the river's bank; wagons heavily loaded were moving in every direction; flat-boats carrying stone were floating with the current, while others were being drawn up the stream in the manner of canal boats. Meanwhile hundreds of men were at work at each end of the dam, moving heavy logs to the outer end of the tree-dam, throwing in brushwood and branches of trees to make it tight; wheeling brick out to the cribs, carrying bars of railway iron to the barges, and in various other ways contributing to the completion of the work, while on each bank of the river were to be seen thousands of spectators, consisting of officers of both services, groups of sailors, soldiers, camp-followers and citizens of Alexandria, all eagerly watching our progress and discussing the chances of success.

At night the scene was even more striking and picturesque: The fires burning on both banks of the river, and at different points on the dam; the thousand swarthy figures at work on land and water passing to and fro; the camp-fires of the army which surrounded us on every side; the loud commands of the officers superintending the work; the noisy shouts of the teamsters; the sound of the falling trees, and the roaring of the rushing waters, formed in its *tout ensemble* one of the most impressive scenes we ever

witnessed. Mingled with these sounds we often heard as we passed on our rounds among the men, the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie," or the martial notes of the "Battle Cry of Freedom," while at the other end of the dam, among the dusky members of the *Corps d'Afrique*, the popular refrain of "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the ground," and some of those peculiar and plaintive plantation melodies of the South, would greet us as we pursued our way. It was while on duty one night, when such a scene as we have attempted to describe presented itself to the looker-on, that a silvery-headed contraband, who had just come into our lines, approached us, and throwing up both his hands in perfect amazement, exclaimed: "Well, 'fore God, what won't de Yankees do next!"

Passing on our rounds one morning about three o'clock, a colored soldier caused considerable delay by carelessly allowing his wheelbarrow load of brick, which were being used in the cribs, to run off the long track or gangway, thereby detaining for a few moments a line of thirty or forty African citizens, following behind. "Hit dat fifty-dollar nigga in de head wid a brick!" "Git dat wheelbarrer out ob de way!" "What doin' dar nigga?" "Kick dat blind child into de ribber!" "Smash dat black man ober de shin!" "Now den, you be quick dar, mighty quick!" "What de debbel de matter wid dat nigga!" "Mis'ble nigga don't you knows you'se a working for your sculp? De Rebels git you, you is done gone, sure!" Such were a few of the utterances of which his sable fellow-laborers delivered themselves, while the Captain of the squad assailed the culprit with certain pithy expressions not proper to be recorded. Feeling considerable sympathy for the subject of this deluge of abuse, we kindly inquired if he was tired. "Oh! Lordy, yass, massa Cunnel, I'se werry tired toten brick. It's a heap harder dan picken cotton."

During the construction of the dam, daily and almost constant skirmishing was carried on with the enemy, who were around us in strong force, and not only anticipated the capture of Admiral Porter's entire fleet, but made it their boast that the Army would be forced to surrender to General Kirby Smith. The dam they looked upon as a huge joke, and the salutation with which Union prisoners, whom the chances of war threw into their hands, were met, was: "Well, Yank, how's the dam?" Even the Rebel prisoners whom we captured during its construction could not avoid chaffing their captors by the question: "How's your big dam progressing?" The ridicule was not, however, confined to the camp of the enemy or to the Rebel citizens of Alexandria. We think we can safely assert that, until the work had progressed for a week, not ten per cent. of the officers and seamen of the Navy had the slightest faith in our saving their fleet. Indeed, we cannot now remember any officer, with the single exception of Volunteer Lieutenant Langthorne, of the Mound City, who, from the inauguration of the work, believed it would be the means of saving the squadron. The percentage of unbelievers in the Army was much less. Perhaps one-half had faith in its ultimate success. With many, the building of the dam was an endless subject of mirth, and numberless were the witticisms to which it gave birth. But the projector paid no attention to their jeers or jokes, nor did he ever for a moment lose heart or hope, but worked on manfully.

On the morning of the 8th of May, the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow three of the iron-clads to cross and proceed down to within a short distance of the dam. In another day, it would undoubtedly have been

sufficiently high to enable all the other vessels of the fleet to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, at five o'clock on the morning of the 9th, the pressure of the water became so great that it swept away two of the large coal barges that were sunk at the end of the dam, near the centre of the river. When the accident was observed, the Admiral rode to the point where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the opening in the dam, along which the water was rushing as fiercely as over the rapids at Niagara. The Lexington succeeded in getting over the falls, and then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was dashing so furiously that it seemed as if certain destruction would be her fate. Ten thousand spectators breathlessly awaited the result. She entered the gap with a full head of steam; passed down the roaring, rushing torrent; made several spasmodic rolls; hung for a moment, with a harsh, grating sound, on the rocks below; was then swept into deep water, and rounded to by the bank of the river. Such a cheer arose from that vast multitude of sailors and soldiers, when the noble vessel was seen in safety below the falls, as we had never heard before, and certainly have not heard since. Then all eyes were turned above the dam again, when another iron-clad was to be seen approaching. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, being considerably injured in the passage; but the other two passed through without any accident. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance that a portion of the dam was carried away in the manner that it was, as the two barges that were forced out by the terrific pressure of the water swung round against some dangerous rocks, making a cushion for the vessels, and doubtless preventing, as afterward appeared, the certain destruction of a portion of the fleet.

The Army, not in the least disheartened, immediately commenced the reconstruction of the dam, but not to close the breach, that being left substantially as it was. The question originally was, whether we should make one dam at the foot of the falls, with an opening for the ships to pass through, with wing dams above, thus dividing the pressure, or trust all to one principal structure. The dam had been carried away because the whole body of water had been stopped at one point, leaving no passage for the escape of any portion of it; Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey therefore determined to leave the gap of about seventy feet, caused by the carrying away of the two barges, and construct a series of wing dams on the upper falls in accordance with his original plan, thus turning all the water into one narrow channel. Several of these were built on each side of the river, thereby increasing the depth one foot two inches, and enabling all the fleet to pass the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days and nights, the wing dams being constructed in the same manner as the tree-dam on the north side of the lower falls, and on the fourth day the work was completed on the main dam, by which the depth of water was increased five feet four and a half inches—a depth sufficient to enable the largest iron-clads to cross. On the afternoon of the 12th, three of the gunboats, their hatches battened down and every precaution taken to guard against accident, safely passed the dam. Early the following morning the remaining five passed in succession, amid the cheers of the assembled thousands. By three o'clock that day the vessels were all coaled; the guns and ammunition, which had been removed to lighten the vessels, replaced; the pontoon bridge at Alexandria, laid down to facilitate operations on the dam, taken up; and the whole fleet, with their convoy of Army transports, were

steaming down the river, while the troops moved forward on the river road to cover and protect them from the attacks of the enemy. A few hours later, after the rear-guard had left Alexandria, the enemy took possession of the town, and, with rueful and elongated countenances, gazed sadly upon the work of a Northern Army, whereby a fleet worth several millions of dollars, with a magnificent armament of powerful guns, which they had looked upon as their certain prize, had been rescued.

As the Admiral says in his report to the Secretary of the Navy: "This is, without doubt, the best engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances a private company would not have completed the work under one year, and to an ordinary mind the whole thing would have appeared an utter impossibility. I do not believe that there ever was a case where such difficulties were overcome in so short a space of time, and without any previous preparation." The Colonel of the Fifteenth regiment Maine Volunteers testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, in January, 1865, "that it was a very common thing among the lumbermen of Maine to build such dams, and that he had one hundred and fifty men in his regiment who could build just such a dam," a statement which we presume must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The construction of the Red River dam was almost exclusively the work of the Army. But little aid or encouragement was rendered by the Navy, except by Volunteer Lieutenant Langthorne, commanding the Mound City, who assisted in setting the heavy cribs and coal barges. The soldiers labored zealously night and day, in and out of the water, from the 30th of April to the 12th of May inclusive, when the passage of the boats below the upper falls was completed. The dam still remains intact as we left it, and bids fair, if undisturbed, to stand a hundred years—an imperishable monument of American energy, ingenuity and skill. The opening made by the flood and through which the fleet passed, is sometimes, but rarely, used, by steamers descending the stream, the Red River *voyageurs* generally preferring a safer channel which has been made by the river washing away about seventy feet of the left, or south, bank, near Alexandria.

For the successful execution of this great work Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, the Wisconsin farmer, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and received the thanks of Congress; while the officers of the Mississippi Squadron testified their high appreciation of his inestimable services to them and the country, by presenting him with an elegant sword and a purse of three thousand dollars, which were transmitted to him with a highly complimentary letter from Admiral Porter.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT DENNISON'S SECRET.

“MAGGIE HALL! Tell my nephew Gerald that I will no longer allow the mystery about this woman to rest. Tell him, also, that I desire to see him at once, and that this is the last opportunity of explanation he will be likely to have with me.”

Maggie Hall. As Robert Dennison walked up and down the breakfast *salle* next morning, waiting for Gerald to appear, and with his uncle's open letter in his hand, the name of Maggie Hall *would* force itself with horrible obstinacy upon his mind. Already he felt that this woman, whom six months ago he had loved with blind, unreasoning passion, was a barrier in his path, a blot upon his name, an incubus upon his whole future life: and every time he thought of her thus, an unspoken curse rose in Mr. Dennison's heart. Give this message to Gerald; go home, and with well-varnished face assure Gerald's uncle and affianced wife, as he had done before, that he hoped—nay, was sure—they did his cousin wrong—that matters yet would not turn out so badly as they supposed; keep Gerald, if possible, apart from them still on his return to London—ay, and how long could all this wretched farce continue to be acted out? Would any woman, would Maggie least of all, with her uneducated mind, her suspicious wilful temper, consent to be kept out of sight, alone, and with a blackened character for ever? In one of the bursts of passion that had become so frequent of late might she not any day proclaim to the world how low he, Mr. Robert Dennison, had stooped? Low in that he had made her, an ignorant peasant girl, his wife; doubly, trebly low in that he had not rescued Gerald from the first suspicion of the dishonor (for dishonor he had now begun to think it) that was indeed his own?

Every man, I suppose, who ever did a bad deed has felt, on looking back to that deed, that he drifted into it originally by imperceptible currents; that, however it might have been later, the first beginnings of the evil were wrought by influences beyond and out of himself. Robert Dennison felt this now. He was entangled in a labyrinth of present falsehood. His worldly prospects, his ambition, the things dearest to him in life, were in jeopardy; every thing as bad with him as it could be. And why—and how? Because a beautiful peasant girl had been thrown across his path; because this girl's passionate regard for him had won, first his pity, afterward his love, and then, in a moment of weakness, but of honor—this he never wearied of reminding himself—he had made her his wife! Could he help it if scandalous country tongues had fastened upon a wrong man with whom to associate this girl's disappearance? Weighted as he was with the horrible reality, was it any

very great guilt to allow his cousin to bear, for a few weeks or months, the imputation, only, of the *mésalliance*? Could he help it if, in the mean time, Gerald's own people should look coldly on him?—if Gerald's prospects should really suffer a little through the imputation? Why, the fellow was sure to be ruined some day. He had been walking straight to ruin ever since he left school, years ago. A scandal more or less about such a man mattered nothing; while an imputation against a white, immaculate repute like his, Robert Dennison's, would be death. And if only a few short years could be lived through quietly—if Gerald were once fairly where fools and spendthrifts ought to be—might not he be taken into Sir John's favor, come into Parliament, become his heir in the sight of the world? Nay, with Maggie educated, and the first fresh scandal as to her lowly birth forgotten, might not even this wretched marriage of his be "got over?"

He was deep in the speculation still, his eyes gloomily bent upon the floor as he paced mechanically up and down the room, when Gerald himself, *débonnaire*, merry, careless, the snatch of a French love-song on his lips, sauntered in at the door. And then Mr. Dennison, after hastily putting his uncle's letter out of sight, walked straightway up to his cousin's side; and laying his hand heartily upon his shoulder, bade him good-day. He had always had a kind of elder-brother manner with Gerald, and this duty that he was going to perform now made it more than ever necessary for him to assume it.

From this point on, the story will, I hope, tell itself, without further need of retrogression; but, for clearness, I should here describe with more detail than I have done the exact worldly position in which these two men—Robert Dennison and Gerald Durant—stood to each other. They were first-cousins—Eleanor Dennison, Robert Dennison's mother, having been a Miss Durant, and consequently equally near, as far as blood went, to old Sir John Durant, of Durant's Court, the present head of the family, and the relation to whom both of the young men had been taught to look for their advancement in the world.

Equally near in blood, but, as Robert Dennison in bitterness of spirit was forced to confess, widely remote in their place within the old man's heart. Married to a woman who suited him, rich, the possessor of health and all other prosperity, the death of his only son in infancy had been the one bitter drop in Sir John Durant's cup. He had not felt the loss at the time more than other men feel such bereavements; but every future year as it passed by, leaving him without prospect of another heir, made him feel how wide a blank that little baby's death had, indeed, left in his life! At length, twelve years later, another child was born to him; and in his intense joy at the sight of the little face—come, as he said, to gladden his old age—the unwelcome fact that this second child was only a girl was almost forgotten. His favorite brother had in those intervening years married and died, leaving a motherless boy, who at the time of Lucia's birth was five years of age, the inmate of Sir John Durant's childless house, and as near his heart as any thing not actually belonging to himself could be. This boy was Gerald; and long before Lucia could walk alone, her father had finally made up his mind as to the fitness of marrying her to her cousin.

"Failing this boy, I will make Robert my heir," he would say to his wife, and ignoring the possibility of his daughter's, not of the boy's, death. "Yes; Robert should take the name of Durant, of course, and we would marry her to him. Any way, my children's children shall bear the name of Durant, although Heaven has willed that our own son should be taken from us."

Instead of failing, Gerald grew up strong and hearty; and Lucia Durant, a poor, delicate, over-physicked little girl, struggled up also to maturity. It was just as settled a thing about their marriage still as it had been when one was two years of age and the other seven. Not a word of love had certainly ever passed between them. In the first place, probably, because they did not love each other; and in the second, because Lucia's mother was not a woman to countenance love-making, however legitimate, within her walls.

"I never thought of such a thing until after I married your father," was what Lady Durant would say to her daughter. "Demonstrations of feeling during engagement are, in my opinion, perfectly unnecessary. Any well-feeling woman must grow to like her husband after marriage."

And Lucia was quite of a nature to receive her mother's opinions on the subject of love as final. She was to be Gerald's wife when she was twenty-one; Gerald was nicer than Robert; and she was quite content that her papa had decided upon him. She was glad when Gerald was at the Court, but not broken-hearted in his absence; and this was about as much feeling as Miss Durant had hitherto entertained in the matter.

By hitherto I mean until within six months of the present time. Then occurred the disappearance of Maggie Hall, one of the dairy servants at the home farm of Durant Court; and Gerald Durant, vaguely at first, but gradually with more and more frequency, was named about the county as having in some way been cognizant of her flight. The very suspicion was a horrible blow to the quiet family at the Court. Old Sir John had looked with leniency upon all Gerald's shortcomings heretofore, seldom speaking of them even to his wife, and when he was forced to do so, using euphemisms which of necessity disarmed Lady Durant's indignation against her scapegrace nephew—no difficult matter, if truth must be told; for, in spite of all her skin-deep prudery, of all her theological orthodoxy, Lady Durant was a very woman in matters of affection, and held the prodigal son in her heart dearer immeasurably than Robert Dennison, with all his prudence and all his virtue. But here was no young man's wildness, no thoughtless extravagance, no evil that a few hundreds or thousands of pounds could, as in all former instances, set right. If Gerald had done this thing that was imputed to him, the old man felt that now, indeed, were his gray hairs to be brought with sorrow to the grave. And bitter and hard words did he use as he enjoined his daughter to hold no communication, save as a friend, with her cousin; to banish from her breast the recollection that he had ever been her lover, until such time as he chose to prove his innocence before the world.

And then Lucia Durant first began to feel, in spite of all the excellent education of nearly twenty-one years, that her heart did throb with some feelings of natural, indecorous regard toward the man they had destined her to spend her life with. There was no passion, little outward energy, in the girl's temperament; but she possessed the quiet sort of obstinacy not unfrequent in very gentle, very seemingly submissive women; and in those dull Winter days, when the blow first fell, and while the old people mourned aloud, Lucia Durant used to sit, her eyes calmly bent over her embroidery, steadfastly resolving that now her cousin Gerald had fallen into ill repute she would hold by him till death. She never really believed him to have played any part in Maggie's disappearance; but, whatever she had believed, I fancy she would still have pleaded for him with her father. Her world of men consisted solely of Robert Dennison and Gerald. One of these two she knew was to be master

of herself and of her money. And in the deep-rooted, stifling repugnance that Robert's superhuman virtues had ever inspired her with, she almost felt as though she could have forgiven any earthly sin in the prodigal Gerald. Children brought up on admirable but artificial systems, as Lucia Durant had been, not unfrequently break out into this kind of instinctive rebellion when the time for action comes.

"And why don't we suspect Robert?" the poor child had once mustered courage to say, when her father had been summing up, fearfully hard, against his absent nephew. "Robert was a great deal more attentive to Maggie Hall than Gerald. Robert went abroad too at that time. Robert can only give his word, as Gerald does, to prove his innocence."

"But Robert is not a man to commit such an action," answered her father testily. He would have given half he possessed to know at that moment that Maggie Hall was Robert's wife. "Robert may not have the soft manners that please foolish girls like you, Lucia. He does not read Tennyson in a murmuring voice, and quote Burke about the days of chivalry, and spend his life holding silk for young ladies to wind. But he is a plain upright man of honor; he is more, he is a man of the world, and possesses the ambition that makes a man true to himself and to his family. Robert Dennison throw away his prospects for the sake of a dairy-girl's pretty face!" the old man had added, in a tone which expressed tolerably clearly what sort of affection he had for the plain, upright man of honor who would risk neither his own prospects nor the fair name of his family.

And Lucia was dutifully silent; and, two days later, sent Gerald the photograph of herself that he now wore—and showed to other young ladies when requested—upon his watch-chain.

"If she had loved me, she had certainly been less just," he remarked lightly to Robert Dennison. "The most convincing proof you can possibly have of a woman's indifference is, when she behaves to you with generosity." The two young men were seated together at breakfast now; and Robert Dennison with little difficulty had brought the subject round to Gerald's difficulties with the family at the Court. "Imagine any girl really loving a man—do the scoundrels pretend to say this is Lafitte?—really loving a man, and yet listening to reason, where another woman is in the case! Not that I am sorry. Poor little Lucia! the best thing for her, and for me too, is that she should not care for me overmuch."

"But you still adhere to the old idea of making her your wife?" asked Dennison, with a quick scrutiny of his cousin's careless face.

"Adhere to the old idea! why, what are you talking of, Robert? Of course I adhere to it. How can I do any thing but marry Lucia? Three thousand a year (and Lucia herself, poor child!) will be pleasant adjuncts to the old place and the old name; neither of which could Mr. Gerald Durant keep up for one week, if he came into them without any other help than his own resources."

"And you don't look upon Sir John's present temper as of consequence, then?" said Robert Dennison. "You feel quite as sure of his consent to the marriage now as you did a year ago, before all this took place?"

"Quite," answered Gerald calmly. "If the old man had taken umbrage at any of the manifold sins of my youth, I might feel differently; but I don't even trouble myself to think of a sin I have not committed. Heroines never finally disappear, except through trap-doors at the Adelphi, now-a-days. I am

as certain of Maggie Hall turning up and acquitting me with her own lips as I am of eating this piece of really excellent pie now." And as he spoke, Gerald conveyed a goodly portion of the *pâté de foie gras* in question into his mouth.

"I'm glad you take it all so quietly," remarked Dennison, with an uncomfortable smile. Was that last remark with respect to Maggie Hall a likely one to make him comfortable? "But still I must tell you, that if you were less indifferent in the matter, I think it might be better for you hereafter. I am an older man than you, Gerald; and this I will say, I think appearances are deucedly against you with regard to Maggie Hall."

Gerald laid down his knife and fork, and the blood rose up angrily into his fair, thin-skinned temples. "Very well, Robert. You said something like this to me on the pier last night, and now I'll tell you what I think. I think appearances are deucedly against *you* with regard to Maggie Hall."

Robert Dennison laughed genially. Once brought into the territory of bold falsehood, and this man felt himself more at home than in the delicate border-ground that separates falsehood from truth.

"Appearances against me! Well, I like that. I certainly never expected to hear myself accused of a folly of this kind. Without pretending to transcendental virtue, eloping with a milkmaid is decidedly not one of the pleasant vices into which I should be likely to fall."

"No, I don't think it is, under any ordinary circumstances," answered Gerald laconically. "It is, I confess, one of the last things I should have accused you of; but unfortunately, facts are stubborn things than theories. You said appearances were deucedly against me with regard to Maggie Hall, and I answered that I thought they were deucedly against you. I think so still, Robert; indeed, if we are going to speak the truth to each other, I may as well tell you I thought so from the first. You know as well as I do that I never admired Maggie except as a man must admire every pretty woman, empress or milk maid, that he comes across; and I know as well as you do that you admired her very differently. Admired! come, I may as well say the word out—that you were as head-over-ears in love with Maggie Hall as she was with you. I can say nothing stronger."

"Gerald, really—"

"Now, my dear fellow," cried Gerald, resuming his knife and fork, and his anger vanishing, as all his emotions had a trick of doing, in a moment, "don't let us spoil our breakfast by entering into any absurd discussion on the subject. You were in love with this young woman, and probably know pretty well where she is at this moment. I was not in love with her, and do not know where she is. *Voilà!* There is no more merit on one side than on the other. The whole thing resolves itself into a simple question of taste. Only don't let us go through the trouble of any useless mystifications when we are without an audience, as now."

"I think, when you talk in this airy way, you forget one slightly important point of which I spoke just now," remarked Robert Dennison; but he kept his eyes on his plate as he said this. "Maggie Hall is reported to be married. Even, with your catholic ideas in all things, you must allow that to be accused of having married her is serious."

"Serious to him whom it concerns," answered Gerald, "but to me of most supreme unimportance. Maggie Hall is certain to turn up again; if she is married, as report says, so much the better for the man who has the happiness

of possessing her. Any way, I shall be clear. It's no use arguing with me—" he went on, as Robert Dennison was about to speak—" I'm just as great a fatalist as ever, and just as much convinced of the utter folly of attempting to hinder or forward any event of one's life. If I am to marry Lucia, I shall marry her. If I am to be disinherited, I shall be disinherited. The gods alone know which would be the happiest lot, but I can look forward equally cheerfully to either."

And having now finished an admirable breakfast, Gerald Durant took out his cigar-case, and, retiring to an American lounging-chair beside the open window, prepared for his morning's smoke. "Don't tell Lucia that I stopt to dance with a little girl at a Morteville ball," he remarked, when the first few puffs of his regalia had borne away his thoughts again to Archie. "Great as my faith in Lucia is, I think that is a trial to which no woman's constancy, no woman's long-suffering, should be exposed."

Robert Dennison was still lingering over the breakfast-table—it was one of his "principles" never to smoke in the forenoon—and at this moment had taken out, unremarked by Gerald, and was reading again, his uncle's letter.

"Tell Gerald that I will no longer allow the mystery about this woman to rest. Tell him also that I desire to see him at once, and that this is the last opportunity of explanation he will be likely to have with me."

Should he deliver that message of his uncle's in its strict integrity, Mr. Dennison pondered? Honor bade him deliver it, certainly. When he saw the old man next he would have to pledge his word that he had done so. But was it matter of certainty that it was politic to himself to play thus with the cards upon the table? He had hinted at the substance of his message, and Gerald had scoffed, in his usual fatalistic way, at its importance. Was there really need to do more? If Gerald heard the message itself, ten chances to one that, roused by its tone, he would obey Sir John's wishes on the spur of the moment; and once face to face, in the present temper of both, Dennison knew enough of human nature to be sure that Gerald and Sir John Durant would be likely to come fatally near the truth in their suspicions. As his cousin seemed so happy running after this last fancy of his in Morteville, why hurry him away against his will? He confessed that he held it folly for any man to attempt to hinder or forward a single event of his life. Well, let him have the benefit of his own creed, and chase after butterflies when every serious interest of his life was trembling in the balance. He, Robert Dennison, had done his duty in hinting to him that he ought to be in England. Did Sir John actually bind him to show the message in black and white? and might not the delay even of a few more days possibly bring some good turn to himself, if in the mean time the guilt only remained safely lodged upon the shoulders where it already lay?

At this point of his meditation Robert Dennison returned the letter to his pocket, rose from the table, and came up to his cousin's side. "What were you saying about dancing at a ball, Gerald? You don't mean to say, with the thermometer at eighty, that you are really going to a Morteville ball to-night?"

"I mean not only to go, but to dance like a student at Mabile."

"With the little girl you ran after in the moonlight last night?"

"With the little girl I ran after in the moonlight last night."

"Her name is—"

"Her name is Wilson, Robert. Are you arranging in your mind how to break these dreadful tidings to Lucia?"

"I was envying you your delightful freshness of heart, Gerald. After eight—nine years—whatever it is—of such a life as yours, to find zest still in pretty little flirtations with good young ladies of seventeen!"

"I don't marry them, whatever else I do," said Gerald lightly, but looking up full and suddenly into his cousin's face. "Robert, I've been thinking as well as you during the last five minutes, and I'll tell you the conclusion I've come to."

"About—about what?" cried Dennison, with an affectation of indifference—"about the cut of your next coat, or whether you will wear white gloves or lavender at the Morteville ball to-night?"

"No; about neither, my friend. I have been thinking about Maggie Hall; and that it would be a vast deal better for all of us, for me in particular, that the truth should be spoken at once. Maggie is your wife."

Mr. Dennison's dark face changed color by the faintest shade; but neither his eyes nor mouth betrayed token of emotion or surprise.

"We spoke of this just now, Gerald, and finished with the subject, I thought. Don't reopen it, if you please."

And he took out his watch, and added something about the punctual starting of the steamer.

"The steamer goes at eleven," said Gerald. "You have half an hour still, and what I have to say won't take five minutes. Maggie is your wife, Robert. She wrote to me, a week after your marriage, and told me all."

"She—she never dared do it!" cried Dennison. "Show me the letter—she never dared write to you, and make such a statement," he added quickly.

"I can not only show it you, but give it you," said Gerald quietly. "God knows I don't want to be in possession of it, or any other evidence of your secret. As to daring," he added, "I think she acted pretty much as most women would have done. You were taken suddenly ill in Paris, you may recollect; and knowing me better, or being less afraid of me than the rest of us, she wrote this letter. What would you have her to do, Robert? Write and say that she was with you, but not your wife? Spartan generosity that; not to be expected from any woman in the present age of the world."

"And you obeyed the summons?" asked Dennison; but more to gain time than because he cared to hear the question answered.

"No. Before I had time to start I got another note—you shall have them both—telling me that you were better, and imploring me never to tell you—poor child!—that she had written. Here they are, Robert; and I can tell you I shall feel a great deal more comfortable when I have got rid of them, and of the secret too. Keeping things dark is not, and never has been, a forte of mine.

And taking a porte-monnaie from his breast-pocket, Gerald opened it and took out two little notes, which he handed over to his cousin.

Yes; they were hers. No mistake about that cramped, uneducated hand—those complicated, ill-worded sentences. And the first of them was signed, large and distinct, "Margaret Dennison." It was the first time Robert had ever read that name—for in writing to himself she knew too well to sign it in full—and a flush of mingled anger and shame rose up over his dark face.

"Now, mind, I don't want to know anything more than you choose to tell in the matter," cried Gerald. "The only thing I care about is, that I shouldn't be incriminated too deep; and perhaps the time has come when something ought to be said. You're the man to say it, Robert. You must set me right—but in any way you like—with Sir John and the rest of them."

"And—and you've never said a word about it before, then?" exclaimed Dennison, stung horribly by this generosity from a man whose frivolous nature he had always, both to himself and to others, pretended to despise.

"Can you ask me? Of course I have not. Of course you are the first and only person to whom I should think of opening my lips about it. I was awfully sorry, Robert—awfully sorry; I don't mind confessing it; for, after all, birth—however, there's no good talking now. And when first I heard that I was accused in the matter, I thought it might be all for the best to remain quiescent for a time—I mean until Sir John had at least accustomed himself to the idea of one of his nephews being Miss Hall's husband. It really isn't the same thing, after all," he added, ignorant how cruel a blow his words inflicted upon Dennison; "I mean as you were never meant to marry Lucia, or any thing, there is not half such a weight of guilt on your shoulders as there would have been on mine; indeed, I don't see what Sir John Durant or any other man has got to say at all on the subject of your marriage."

"Assuming the marriage to be a fact," said Dennison quietly; but taking very good care to put the letters safely into his pocket as he spoke.

"Assuming the marriage to be a fact!" repeated Gerald with emphasis. "You don't mean to tell me I am wrong in that assumption?"

"I mean to thank *you* heartily for the way you have acted," was Robert Dennison's answer. "Whether Miss Hall's statement had truth in it or not," he half laughed, "is a question that the future will decide. You believed it; and you have behaved like the good, generous fellow you always were, Gerald, and I shall never forget it, come what may. For the rest, rely on my doing all that ought to be done—all that perhaps I ought to have done long ago—as far as you are concerned. You will not bear me any ill-will for having tacitly joined in your condemnation hitherto?"

"Ill-will, Robert? Not I. I only know that you or any man must have been deucedly hard-placed before taking the trouble of trying to keep the thing secret at all."

"And if—if I find that the only way to turn Sir John's suspicions away from you is to compromise the girl herself, I may leave the matter as it is for a few days more, then?—till you return, at all events? You can understand, my dear Gerald, that—without for a moment admitting the truth of what these letters state—I may be in a position in which a single hasty step might do me an incalculable injury."

"I think, as I said before, Robert, that you are in a position where plain speaking would be the best for us all," answered Gerald. "But on one point you may feel thoroughly at your ease: I give you my honor to say no word of all this to Sir John, under whatever circumstances I may find myself, until you choose that it shall be known."

And then, considerably to the relief of both, a servant came in with Monsieur's bill, and to announce that time was up; and a few minutes later the cousins had shaken hands and parted. Robert Dennison's grasp was more affectionately tight than usual as he said good-by; but his hand was cold as death; his voice had not its usual sound as he expressed some commonplace hope that Gerald might still return in time for his dinner-party tomorrow.

A month later Gerald Durant looked back to this parting, and remembered bitterly the cold touch and altered voice; remembered too the set expression

of Robert's face when, a minute or two afterward, he had watched him drive away from the hotel.

A month later! What he did now was to congratulate himself heartily on being no longer bored by the possession of other people's secrets. Robert was a scheming, long-headed fellow, always worrying himself with some mystification or other for social ends, which to Gerald seemed simply valueless when attained. Possibly he was married to Maggie Hall; possibly not. Which-ever way it was, there were evidently tedious schemes afoot for keeping everything dark, and telling one set of people one thing and one another; and he himself had made an excellent escape by giving up his secret, and so washing his hands of all further trouble or responsibility.

"Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais, pour un empire,
Vous la nommer."

There was a piano in the room; and the sweet vibrating melody of Fortunio's song having suddenly come into his head, Gerald went over to the instrument, struck a chord or two, and on the spot forgot Margaret Hall and Robert Dennison, and everything in the world belonging to them. He had an exquisitely musical voice; and when he finished the little ballad his handsome, delicate features were all a-glow under the influence of that imaginary love of which he had been singing. Then he lit another cigar, threw himself upon a sofa, and read the beginning and end of a new novel; then went back to the piano, and whistled through a couple of sets of waltzes of his own composition, accompanying himself charmingly by ear, as his way was, without seeming to know what he was playing; finally remembered it was eleven o'clock, jumped up, seized his hat, and ran out just in time to meet Miss Wilson coming back from her morning's walk on the sands.

He was over head and ears in debt; was at variance with the relation to whom he owed everything and looked for everything—on the eve, for aught he knew, of ruin of all kinds; and he had just played the strongest card he possessed into the hands of an unscrupulous adversary. And a little French song could send the tears into his eyes, and a novel amuse him, and looking into a pretty face make his pulse beat as pleasantly as if no such thing as debt or falsehood or treachery existed in the world.

Are such natures to be called wicked or weak, or only philosophical? While Rome burnt, Nero distracted his thoughts with his violin. Perhaps when his turn for rehabilitation comes we shall be taught to see how blithe and gentle and *débonnaire* poor Nero really was, and make a hero of him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LODGING IN CECIL STREET.

At the window of a dingy lodging-house in one of the smaller streets leading from the Strand to the river a girl stood eagerly awaiting Robert Dennison on the day of his return from France. This girl was his wife. She was a strikingly beautiful woman, with great velvet-brown eyes, a colorless skin, but fine of texture and pure as marble; jet-black hair, a throat upright and

modelled like a statue's, and lips and teeth that alone would have made any woman lovely. Her figure, moulded on a large scale, and possibly promising over-stoutness for the future, was perfect at present in its full, free, youthful symmetry; and her hands—well, many a duchess has not really small and well-formed hands; and time and cessation from work, and much wearing of gloves, might yet bring poor Maggie's up to respectable mediocrity. Looking at her altogether as she was now—yes, even after she spoke; and you could detect the north-country burr upon her fresh, well-pitched voice—she was a woman whose hand, with all its look of labor, a man might well take without shame and lead forward to the world as his wife. Beauty, youth, health, so perfect as in itself to be a loveliness, and as loyal a heart as ever beat within a woman's breast—these made up Maggie's dower. And Robert Dennison put them in the balance against her one default of lowly birth, and cursed the hour in which he committed the exceeding, the irreparable mistake of having made her his wife.

She was dressed in a clear white dress, as he liked best to see her; with plain bands of black velvet round her throat and wrists; her hair drawn straight from her broad forehead, and gathered in one large knot low on the neck; a little bunch of country flowers, the first extravagance she had committed during her husband's absence, in her breast. Never had she looked more fair, more remote from vulgarity; never had she thrown her arms around his neck with more delighted love than when, after hours of patient watching for him, Mr. Dennison at length arrived.

"Robert! ah, Robert! I've been so lonely without you; and you've never written me, except that one line yesterday, for a week! What have you been doing all this time away?" with the slight half-querulous tremor in her voice that when a man still loves a woman he thinks so charming, and when he has ceased to love her, so intensely boring.

"Well, I've been doing a good many things," answered Mr. Dennison, suffering her for a moment to pull his face down to her level and cover it with kisses; then breaking away and throwing himself into the only comfortable chair the room possessed—a chair purchased expressly, in fact, for Mr. Dennison's comfort—"spending a few days with a friend of yours, Mrs. Dennison, for one."

"A friend of mine, Robert?" She was too excited by his coming to notice the fearfully bad omen of his calling her "Mrs. Dennison." "La, now, who could that have been? Some one from home?"—the blood rushing up into her face at the thought.

"O yes, some one from home, in one sense; however, we'll speak of that by and by. How have you been spending your time while I was away?" He scrutinized her closely. "You have taken to a very swell style of dress in my absence, at all events."

"Swell? Me swell in my dress! Why, it's only one of my old grenadines done up and trimmed afresh. I have not had a single new dress this Summer, and I'm wearing my black-velvet hat still, Sundays and all, Robert."

"What a dreadful hardship! No wonder you wanted me to return. Why don't you ask me, as you're longing to do, Maggie, whether I have brought you a new bonnet, or what I have brought you from Paris?"

Before answering she came close to him, knelt herself on a stool at his feet, and leant her cheek fondly against his knee as she looked up in his face. Instinct told her now that her husband was in one of his bad days; and, like a

dog who reads punishment in his master's eyes, she sought by caresses to turn aside the hand in whose power it lay to smite her.

"Much I think of bonnets and fine clothes when you're not here, my darling. If you had seen how I've been the last fortnight, you wouldn't have said my head was running on the like of them."

"Ah! And on 'the like' of what has your head been running, may I inquire?"

"On you, Robert, you—and nothing else—and wishing you back, and longing for the time when you'll not have to go away from me any more. O, my dear," she broke out passionately, and catching one of his hands tight up against her heart, "if you knew how I hated this life I have to lead! Moving from lodging to lodging, as if I'd done some shame I didn't want to have tracked; and never speaking to a soul from week's end to week's end, and knowing what the people at home must think of me; and all when I ought to be at your side, Robert, and known to your friends as your wife. I believe another month or two like this would drive me mad—indeed I do. I *can't* bear it."

In the early rose-colored time of their marriage Dennison had hired a pretty little furnished house in St. John's Wood for poor Maggie. Then, as his love cooled, he began to remember expense, and moved her into a lodging at Kensington; then, Mr. Dennison fancying, or saying he fancied, that some one had seen and recognized her at the window, into a smaller lodging; and so on—love cooling more and more—until she lived now in two rooms on the second floor of one of the meanest houses in Cecil Street, Strand.

"If you don't like London lodgings, you should do as I've often wanted you—go into the country. It can't be any particular pleasure to me, you know, to see you in such a place as this."

Something in his tone—something in the dead feel of the hand she cherished within her own—roused all the poor girl's miserable, never-dying suspicions in a moment.

"There now!" she cried. "A minute ago I longed for your coming, more than I longed for you when you were my lover, Robert; and now I swear to God I only wish I was lying dead at your feet! It's no pleasure for you to see me here! It will never be any pleasure to you to see me anywhere; for you're tired of me; I know it all. I'm not a fine lady, with fine feelings like yours; but I know how a man, if he was a prince, ought to treat his wife, and you don't treat me so. Why, here you've been back all this time" (five minutes it was really), "and you've not kissed me of your own will; you've not looked at me, hardly, yet. O Robert, Robert, love me again! I didn't mean to complain; I only want you to love me better and come and see me more."

And then she burst into tears; not silent, pearly tears, just staining her cheek, as you may read of some Lady Gwendoline in her silken boudoir, but good, honest, demonstrative tears, such as these uneducated women do shed when the passions of their kind call aloud for utterance.

"O Lord!" groaned Dennison, taking his hand away from her, and putting it tight over his eyes—"scenes and tears—scenes and tears—before I have been here ten minutes, as usual!"

"You used to be so kind and good to me always when you came," she sobbed.

"And you used to be so cheerful and good-tempered," retorted Dennison;

"not always crying and making these everlasting complaints, as you do now. There's no good going on any longer with it at all. This kind of thing has been acted out millions of times by other men and women before us, and always with the same results. Why should we be an exception? Mad passion for six weeks, cooling passion for a fortnight, general weariness on both sides, a little neglect on one, a great many reproaches on the other. There you have the story of the master-madness of most human beings' lives."

Then Maggie rose from her place at her husband's feet, and struggled hard to keep her tears back from her eyes. "Robert," she remarked, tolerably calmly, "it seems to me that talk like this might suit very well where a man had the power to get out of 'this kind of thing:' and a girl would be a sorry fool indeed who would want to stay with him if she was free to go. But I am not free, you know; I am your wife. You seem to forget that a little, when you run on about being tired of me."

"No, by Heaven, I don't forget it!" cried Dennison, with rising passion; "I don't forget it at all; and you've taken pretty good care other people sha'n't be in a position to do so. My cousin, Mr. Gerald Durant, has told me all: how you sold me—betrayed me to my family in the first fortnight of my marriage. Not very likely that I should come here and be moved by your soft words and your deceitful kisses, when I had just been hearing such a sweet story as that."

She blanched to the color of ashes. Her limbs seemed to tremble under her weight. "I—I never meant to do you a harm, Robert. You were ill; and I didn't know who to go to in my fright, and so I wrote to Mr. Gerald, and—"

But she stopped, sick with terror, at the new expression that she read upon her husband's face. His black eyes were fixed upon her full; the red light that could at times illumine them giving them a meaning such as they never expressed to her before; his lips were set into what by courtesy may be termed a smile; and, while he watched her, he was keeping time gently upon the arm of the chair with the white, jewelled fingers of his right hand. A sickening, a physical fear came over her. She read she knew not what resolve upon that iron face, and felt about as much power in herself to resist him as a dove might feel with the kite's talons already pressing upon her heart.

"It's my only offence against you," she stammered at length; "the first, and I swear to you the last."

"Of course," said Dennison, with quiet meaning; "every offence a woman like you commits is the last, until a new temptation comes. I'm quite aware of that, and also of how great a reliance can be placed upon your oath, Maggie. Still, to prevent anything so disagreeable happening again, I've been thinking over a fresh plan with regard to your future life. Before I married you, I remember you saying you had a fancy to go to America—"

"Robert!"

"Hear me out, please; and do try not to get up any more scenes." But he shifted away from the gaze of the large horror-struck eyes that were staring miserably at him from that white face. "I am not going to poison you, or shut you up in a madhouse; so you needn't go in for any of the tears and shrieks of your favorite penny-Herald heroines. What I am going to propose will be for your happiness and mine. I know of some excellent people just going out to Canada, and willing to take you with them, for a couple of years or so. You would lead a cheerful country life, instead of being moped up here

in London lodgings; you should hear from me constantly; you should never have a hand's turn of work to do unless you chose it; and—"

"I will not go."

"Ah! I *wish* you would have the civility to hear me patiently till I have finished."

"I will not go. Why should I stand here and listen to more of your insults?"

He shrugged his shoulders quietly.

"When you take to that sort of language, you, of course, have the advantage of me, Maggie. Still it would be better, for your own sake, perhaps, if you would keep yourself a little more composed."

"I'm quite composed enough to know what you want and what I mean to do."

"And that is—? I should really like to hear what your views for the future are."

"Well, they vary, Robert—they vary. Sometimes, when the blackest times are on me, you know, I think I'll just walk away to the river and throw myself in, and be at rest."

"Indeed! That resolution, I am quite sure, passes away very quickly. *Après?* I beg your pardon—what next?"

"Well, next, when I think how it would please you to be rid of me, and how then you'd be able to work free, as you'd like to, at getting Mr. Gerald out of his uncle's favor" (for a moment, Mr. Dennison's fingers did not keep perfect time to the imaginary air he was playing), "then, I say, I think of quite a different way to act. You want to hear?"

He nodded assent, the red glow becoming more visible in his eyes.

"Then I think I'll just go straight down to the Court, and take my marriage lines out and show them, and ask them to be my friends. The ladies would, I'll answer for it; for they are too real ladies to feel that I shamed them, as common rich people would. And so would Sir John, in time. He doesn't love you enough to take your marriage to heart as he might have done if it had been Mr. Gerald."

If Maggie had known the world for fifty, instead of for one-and-twenty years, she could not have struck home with surer aim to the hard worldly heart of Robert Dennison than her simple peasant instincts had enabled her to do. Every word told. Her knowledge of his designs, scarcely whispered to his own conscience, against Gerald; the term "common rich people" (Dennison's father had been a manufacturer); last, and sharpest, the bitter truth that Sir John would, with very little pain, get over *his* mésalliance—all stung him more acutely than any reproaches, however unjust, however passionate, of his wife's had ever done before.

"You had better have a care before you speak to me like this," he exclaimed under his breath, as he always spoke when he was really moved. "For your coarse suspicions of myself I don't care, except in as far as they remind me of my degradation in being married to a woman who could even admit them to her mind. For the rest, Maggie, take my advice; don't you go to Durant's Court without me."

"I may do that, and worse, if you say anything about sending me off to America again," she answered sullenly, but with a piteous quiver of the lips.

"May I inquire what you mean by 'and worse'? It would be a pity for us in the least to misunderstand each other."

"I mean that I may just walk straight to your chambers any day, and demand to stay there—you hear, Robert—*demand* to stay there. I mean that I may go to a lawyer, and tell him all my case, and see whether I haven't a right to live under your roof. Now you know all."

He watched her slowly and calmly while she said this; then he remarked, without any further show of passion in his voice: "Yes; now I know all. I felt long ago that I had been an idiot for marrying a peasant woman with a handsome face like yours; but I credited you—on my soul I did, Maggie!—with loving me at least. Now I see you as you are—the worst kind of woman, I believe, that lives. You acted virtue to make me marry you; you acted love as long as you thought love would pay. Now that you find yourself in poor lodgings, and with bonnets running short, you come out in your true colors; threaten me to go to law sooner than be robbed of a shilling that you think your own. As you rightly remark, now I know all."

She was an ignorant peasant woman; he was quite correct there. But in her peasant heart were truth and justice, and in her peasant brain was sharp, honest common sense. And his injustice was too transparent to wound her.

"You say all that, but you don't mean it, Robert. My virtue, as you call it, was not play-acting—as I'm your wife, I wonder you like to think so—and my love wasn't; and it is not money I want now. I want justice, and I'll have it."

"O, you will?"

"Yes, I will! if not from you, from others. I swear that."

"Very well. Now listen to me, and to something else I'm going to swear." He got up and stood close to her, looking steadily down into her face. "I am not a weak man, as you know; not at all likely to be turned from anything I once make up my mind to do; and now I will tell you how I'm going to act about you. This proposal of going abroad you may or may not accept—"

"I will not accept it."

"Very well; then you will live elsewhere. That is a matter about which I can merely offer an opinion. You can, if you choose, stay here in London, or you can go into the country; and as long as you remain quiet, and act as I tell you to act, I shall come and see you constantly, and try to make your life as little lonely as I can."

The blood rushed to her foolish heart at the first approach to a kind word from his lips. Poor fellow! had she not been too hard upon him a minute ago?

"I'm no blackguard, Maggie; and in spite of your temper and reproaches, I do remember—remember, is it ever away from my mind?—that you are my wife. In a few years, possibly much sooner, I hope to have got on in my profession; very likely, through my uncle's interest, to be in Parliament—you see I tell you everything openly and above board—and then, having educated yourself in the interval, my poor Maggie, we will acknowledge our marriage before the world. This, mind, is the future I look forward to, if you continue to obey me. Now for the other side. If you, directly or indirectly, make known our marriage to my uncle, I swear to you this: from that moment you will be my wife no longer, save in name. You may be acknowledged by my family; you may by law obtain the right of living under my roof—to-morrow, I've no doubt, if you set about it properly—and if you do, I swear—do you hear?—I swear that I will never take your hand in mine, never look upon you, except as a stranger, again while I live. Now we understand each other

thoroughly I think, and the happiness or misery of our lives is in your hands." And Mr. Dennison took up his hat as if to go.

For a minute she stood irresolute; then she turned, faltered to him, and fell upon his breast.

"I'll say nothing; I'll never go near the Court, or near any of them; I'll never wish to disobey you again, Robert. If I see Mr. Gerald, and you tell me to, I'll say that it was a falsehood I wrote about my marriage. Only never look at me as you did then. Never think the thought even of giving me up. O, Robert, I'd bear any shame with you sooner than to be called your wife before men, and that you should look at me again as you did then!"

He had hit upon the right way of managing her at last. Robert Dennison felt that, and prided himself on his skill in diagnosis, as he sat, with limbs outstretched, comfortably smoking in a coupé of the express train some hours later, on his road to Staffordshire. The question was now, how to utilize his slave's new subjugation to the uttermost? Was it quite impossible that, instead of hindering, she might be brought to lend herself to the furtherance of his ambition? One thing was certain; the letter she had written Gerald Durant lay in his, Robert Dennison's, desk. With his wife working for, not against him, what was to prove the marriage, even if Gerald, not a likely occurrence, should betray him to his uncle?

It was a soft Summer evening, the first evening in August; and as the train bore Robert Dennison through the rich harvest-tinted fields, he was sensible of great enjoyment in the delicious country air, the golden landscape, the excellent flavor of his first-rate Havana. No man of his stamp seems bad to himself while his plans look prosperous. Remorse, or what stands to such men for remorse, sets in with the first dark days of threatening discovery; and no discovery at all seemed impending now. Maggie had been suddenly brought, by a little kind harshness, to a proper state of mind. Gerald Durant, in a fit of Quixotic generosity, had made over the game, for the present at least, into his own hands. What was there in either of these circumstances to disturb Mr. Robert Dennison's conscience?

He enjoyed the fair evening landscape, the country air, the motion even of the train, with a keener relish than he had enjoyed anything for months; and his dark face looked handsomer than usual, so genial and well-pleasèd was the expression it wore, when, just in time to obey the first dressing-bell, he arrived at Durant's Court.

THE WONDERFUL CROW.

ERFORDIENSIS quidam civis corvum in deliciis habuisse dicitur quem spiritum ejusmodi fuisse (*i. e., spiritus æri*), quod sequitur evincit. Quum quidam die, tacitum et tristem videret, "quid tu," inquit jocabundus, "mi corve ita mœstus es, quidve cogitas?" Heic ex improvviso corvus è Psalm lxxvii., versiculum illum ingeminat: *Cogitavi dies antiquos et annos æternos in mente habui.* Statim ex oculis heri disparuit.

There was a certain citizen of Erfurth who had a pet crow which was one of those spirits of the air, as the following fully proves: for, seeing him one day sad and silent, the master said in joke: "Well, my crow, why are you so sorrowful, and of what are you thinking?" To whom the crow mournfully made answer from the seventy-seventh Psalm: "*I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.*" Having said this he suddenly disappeared from the eyes of his master.

—*Henrici Kornmanni. Opera Curiosa. Francofurti a / M. A. D. 1694.*

IN the Thuringian land of song,
Where nightingales sing all Summer long,
By the river Gera Erfurth stands —
A town well known in many lands;
For there—as all true histories tell—
Great Luther had a cloister cell;
Enough—of him no further word:
My song is of a humbler bird
Than the great Reformation swan,
Whose notes were heard in Freedom's dawn.

In this town of Erfurth—long ago—
A gentleman once tamed a crow,
Which proved to be a wondrous bird,
If we may trust tradition's word;
For he cawed to the horses in the stable,
Could dance a hornpipe on the table,
Beat time with his bill to the harper's tunes,
Pilfered honey and hid the spoons,
Kissed the maids and bullied the cats,
Played with the children and chased the rats,
Frolicked about in the kitchen dens,
Where he earned a living by driving hens;
Broke with his bill the window panes,
And was always tangled in ladies' trains,
Till everybody declared that he
Was the life and soul of the family.

In the town of Erfurth—long ago—
A change came over this jolly crow;
No more he heeded the harper's tunes,

THE WONDERFUL CROW.

No more he pilfered honey or spoons,
 No more to the hens was a constable grim,
 And the cats quite lost their awe of him ;
 While after dinner he danced no more
 His whirl-about jigs on table or floor ;
 And his health and spirits sunk so low
 That he seemed to be quite a converted crow.

One day his master, jesting, said :
 " Crow, what fancies are in your head ?
 Or what mighty sorrow is on your soul,
 That you mope and hide like a frightened mole ?
 Crow, my crony—"

Here came a surprise !

The master started and opened his eyes,
 While a sense of doubt and terror came o'er him,
 As though a ghost had jumped up before him.
 Well might he start ; for, without a joke,
 The crow uplifted his voice and spoke
 In good, clear tones, with no awe or qualms,
 From the Seventy-seventh of David's Psalms :
 "*Cogitavi dies antiquos—*"
 (Here he paused)—"*et annos æternos—*"
 (A pause)—"*in mente habui—*"
 He spoke with great solemnity,
 Setting forth his ancient crow knowledge, he ;—
 But, ere a second breath they drew,
 He spread his wings, and away he flew
 Far over river and road and plain,
 And never in Erfurth was seen again.

MORAL.—'Tis common in every place
 To set forth by a crow the negro race,
 As Gilmore Simms, long years ago,
 Made known in his tale of "The Lazy Crow ;"
 And 'tis very fine—if you are able—
 To have them work on your farm or stable,
 Dance your jigs and beat your call,
 And "never pay them nothing at all."
 But it cannot last forever, you know,
 For a time must come when *every* crow,
 After being silent and perplexed,
 Will search the Scriptures and find a text—
 A text of the wonderful days of old,
 When truth was to white and black unrolled ;
 Then find his tongue. Fire melts all frost :
 E'en the negro will have his Pentecost—
 And, speaking out like a soul set free,
 Will rise to knowledge and liberty.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE ORLEANIST PARTY.

AT the funeral of the venerable widow of Louis Philippe, which took place recently in England, there was gathered together a company of persons, many of whose names, during their life-time, have become historic. Marie Amelie, upon whose head had rested the crown of Orleanist France, claimed, even at her death, the homage of those illustrious men whose abilities had sustained her husband in royalty, and who had in vain striven to avert his downfall. Among the numerous and brilliant gathering were two men, who, above all others, shared the veneration of the English public. Both were ex-ministers of Louis Philippe. One is still active in the world of politics. Francois Guizot, approaching his eightieth year, yet lives, the representative of a discarded political philosophy, yet honored as few men are honored by the country which has rejected his counsels. Adolphe Thiers, at seventy, went to that sombre pageant fresh from the legislative body of France, where he had but a few weeks before made a stirring, eloquent and fearless appeal in behalf of constitutional liberty.

That appeal, uttered in the presence of an immense Imperialist majority, and in defiance of a dynasty which founded and has perpetuated its dominion by the bayonet, fully proved that the Orleanists still live in France. It demonstrated that constitutional monarchy, the Orleanist idea, has survived the perils and oppressions which have threatened its advocates during the course of the Napoleonic rule. That Thiers dared to speak as he did—boldly demanding constitutional liberty for France, and as boldly declaring that if it were much longer delayed it would be at the peril of the Empire—indicates that he was conscious of powerful support, and that he was not advancing alone to the attack.

It is well known that the Empire was founded on the principle of democracy; equally so, that its first act was the incarceration of the Orleanist deputies in the Conciergerie. A good and great man—De Tocqueville—now gone to his rest, has left an account of that act, of which he was the victim. When France is free again, it will appear; and then, probably not till then, will all be known of the transaction that is needful for history. The Emperor, shrewd enough to see that before his dynasty was strong he must concede something to the democratic principle, opened the prison doors, and not only restored the Orleanists and Republicans to freedom, but permitted them to be candidates for and to sit in the new legislative body. He has found that he could not as yet, with safety to himself, abridge that freedom. And the consequence is, that about thirty or forty—by no means a *dynastic* opposition—are members of the legislature, who vote silently, and sometimes speak heroically, against his administration. It is enough to show the power of the opposition—which is, almost to a man, revolutionary at heart—to state the result of the last election for the Corps Legislatif in the city of Paris, which occurred in 1863.

There were Imperialist, Orleanist and Republican candidates, not perhaps avowedly so, but virtually so, and certainly so recognized. To the support of the Imperialist candidates was brought every manner of official influence, proper and improper. There were authorized public declarations in their favor; in some cases requests were made on the personal behalf of the Emperor himself; and the priesthood, in formal protest, remonstrated against the election of the Liberal candidates. Yet, after an exciting canvass, nine out of the ten arrondissements of Paris elected the Opposition candidates. Thiers was elected in one of the arrondissements by 1,200 majority, and narrowly missed being elected also for Aix and Valenciennes. Six of the Opposition candidates, Havin, Ollivier, Picard, Favre, Darimon and Simon, had very large majorities. Throughout France, thirty-four Opposition deputies were chosen—among them, beside those mentioned, Berryer, Marie, Casimir Perrier and Girardin.

Upon the assembling of the legislature, Thiers assumed the leadership of the Opposition, and under him, with one or two exceptions, were ranged both the Orleanist and the Republican members. The reason why Thiers is permitted to speak is that the Emperor prefers not to try himself against nine arrondissements of Paris. It is a grievous evil to bear that so openly avowed an enemy should with impunity inculcate the most dangerous doctrines, but it is not comparable to the evil which the laying of a hand on Thiers would produce.

There is no doubt that intelligent, educated Paris, if we except the few of that class who are attached by interest or tradition to the Empire, is and always has been Orleanist, because constitutional. The most brilliant minds in France to-day, in politics, philosophy and letters, are recognized friends of limited monarchy. And corresponding to the faith which exists in that principle, coëxtensive with it, is distrust of a Bonaparte, dislike of an empire. These reasonable men see that of necessity an empire must violate the only principle on which it can mount to ascendancy, as soon as the high point has been reached—that of democracy. They see that not only is the notion of an empire, whether avowedly democratic or not, incompatible with freedom of the press, and in political action, but that it must rely entirely, for national success, upon the personal character of the existing sovereign. It is, therefore, the least stable of all dynasties for France. They see, also, that it is not enough that the Emperor be a man of ability and nerve, that it is not enough that he govern France at home with a capable administration: it is necessary to an empire to go forth in quest of military glory. But the simplest and grandest of all their positions is that stated by Thiers in his late memorable speech, when he said that the representatives of the nation in the Palais Bourbon must be heard on questions of national interest. He knows, and Napoleon knows, that to give free voice to the nation is to put the Empire on the verge of a precipice, on a swaying rock which rests on a point, and whose apex overweighs its base. This great intellectual party, therefore, the Constitutionalists, boldly present their front, and, backed by Paris, demand of the Empire a sacrifice which endangers its very existence.

The day has gone by when personal affection for royal or imperial blood, merely as such, will either save a crown or make one. We may expect to have no more of that chivalrous self-immolation at the feet of injured monarchs; that beautiful devotion to royalty which made the cold heart of Louis XVI. heave with proud emotion, and which smoothed the pathway of Charles

I. to the scaffold. It is not to be imagined that the strong intellect of Adolphe Thiers is merely seeking to restore the Count of Paris to the throne for the sake of his illustrious blood. It is still less to be imagined that the descent of the Prince Imperial will save him from the perils of the future. But the Count of Paris represents a certain principle, and the Prince Imperial another certain principle. The first is the heir, not of Louis Philippe of Orleans, but of a free constitutional monarchy. He inherits the Revolution of 1830 as his birthright. His return to the throne of the French would usher in the ideas to secure which that revolution was accomplished—an executive power, hereditary, yet originating in the national will; a legislature truly representative of the French communities, and guaranteed freedom of speech and action; an absolutely free press; and a triple balance like that of England, composed of royalty, nobility and commonalty acting in unison, and yet with individual independence. Upon these foundations the throne of Louis Philippe of Orleans was set in 1830. It was a great step in advance of Charles X.; it was much behind the order of things in '93. The Orleanist rule was a practical reform, and struck a moderate medium between sans-culottism and Bourbonism. It is observable that, although the Revolution of 1830 was organized and prosecuted by Republicans, by the legitimate successors of the earlier revolutionists, it was moulded to completion by men who had at first deprecated it, and who finally acquiesced in it to save the country. We find both Thiers and Guizot in opposition to the reactionary ministry of Prince Polignac just previous to the dethronement of Charles—the former editing the *National*; the latter the accomplished Professor of Modern History in the University of Paris, and so long ago everywhere acknowledged one of the most brilliant minds in France. Their opposition to Polignac was, however, purely dynastic; that is, it dissented from ministerial policy—not from the established form of government. According to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his recent masterly speech in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill, “a reform is a correction of abuses; a revolution is a transfer of power.” Such a definition ought to become a maxim. Thiers and Guizot, in 1829, sought a correction of abuses; they did not advocate a transfer of power. But, when the revolution came, they accepted it as an irresistible fact, and aided to turn the current of popular choice toward the House of Orleans. The enlightened reason of such men succeeded in founding, at least, the best system France has ever enjoyed. Louis Philippe became the impersonation of constitutional, monarchical liberty.

Before we go further, one other personage, still living, is to be mentioned in connection with the revolution. Odillon Barrot was a reformer more advanced in opinion than either of the distinguished men before referred to. Not at first a revolutionist, the repeated reactionary measures of the blind and frivolous Charles X. finally drove him to that position. It can almost be said that, of all French orators and advocates during the present century, Odillon Barrot in his prime was the most eloquent, the most popular, and was possessed of the most powerful influence with the multitude. He became a revolutionist, organized the attack upon the crown, and had more to do with its consummation than any other man. To attribute to him the sole merit or blame for its accomplishment would, perhaps, be to magnify his action; but it is certain that he was its leading intelligent mind. It was most fortunate for France that such a man stood in the midst, tempering the ferocity of ignorance, and holding forth his hand that everything good should not be swept away. For,

although a revolutionist, Barrot was not at heart a Republican; and, consequently, we find him, although still an outspoken progressionist, a supporter of the Orleanists, holding the position of a leader of the dynastic opposition—that is, the opposition in favor of a correction of abuses, but not of a transfer of power. Soon after the Orleanists were settled in the government, Guizot appears as Minister of the Interior, then the most responsible office in the Cabinet; and, from that time up to the Revolution of 1848, he continued almost uninterruptedly to be the principal minister of Louis Philippe, holding for seven years the Ministership of Foreign Affairs. Thiers, who had coöperated with Guizot in favoring an Orleans dynasty, almost at the outset separated from him, took his place side by side with Barrot in opposition, and was the representative of the most liberal ideas of monarchy then prevalent. When Guizot's first administration fell, after a three months' tenure of office, Baron Louis tendered Thiers the seals of Finance, which, however, he declined, and soon afterward became Under Secretary of State under Lafitte. In 1832, he was Minister of the Interior, and, in 1836, of Foreign Affairs; but his opinions differed so widely with those of Guizot that he held office on either occasion but a short time. During the greater part of Louis Philippe's reign, therefore, he was leading the dynastic opposition. But on the great principle of a free constitutional monarchy these two great men, Guizot and Thiers, the brightest lights of the reign, coincided.

It has been often said, and with much truth, that Louis Philippe was the King of the bourgeois—of the middle class of France. The experience of history, and none so clearly as the experience of English history, teaches us that this middle class, when its influence becomes paramount, seeks to establish constitutionality at the same time with security of government. The middle class of France had a stake in the stability of the new régime, yet were unwilling to sacrifice their independence to its requirements. I see no more natural reason why government has been such a failure in that country, than that which lies in the fact that as yet the middle classes have never become for a long period predominant. The reaction from the first revolution, after swinging to the extreme of Imperial despotism, thence to Bourbon despotism, came back again toward democracy in 1830, and was, luckily for France, arrested by the power of the bourgeois in time to establish for the moment their favorite form of government. Had the middle class of France reached that maturity of influence which the English middle class, by a wonderful series of steps, have reached at the present time, Louis Philippe could not have been a failure. But the temperament of the French people has made the ascendancy of that influence as yet quite impossible. Louis Philippe found it impracticable to elevate, as it was his policy to do, the middle class to the legislative governing power. The republicanism of Blanc, Lamartine, and Albert pleased the mass; and the mass had learned that it was within their power to crush both aristocrat and bourgeois.

Looking back upon the reign of the Orleanist, it is clearly apparent that no greater mistake was ever made, than that which Thiers, Barrot, and De Tocqueville made, in striving, at that time, to make the English theory of a dynastic opposition work in France. Doubtless Thiers himself would readily acknowledge the error in the light of subsequent events. Every powerful intellect which believed in constitutional government should have lent an unyielding support to the Orleanist monarchy. Every possible effort should have been directed toward putting the great intelligent middle class in a

position to defy on the one hand the sticklers for Bourbon absolutism, and on the other the demagogues who were longing to reënact 1793. To divide a class which the existence of constitutionalism absolutely demanded should be a unit, was to insure an overthrow, if later, yet as completely, as if the opposition had fairly arrayed themselves with insurrection. To establish a dynastic opposition in the first year of the constitutional experiment was ruinous. A lapse of half a century would not be too long to wait before introducing that theory. Meantime the middle class would have reached a height of influence which could successfully defy the other elements in the community. As it was, the original weakness of the bourgeois was vastly increased by the conduct of Thiers and his friends, creating a gap which gave admission to the revolutionists. When the crisis came, Thiers, Guizot and all the Orleanists joined together, too late to save the dynasty. Everybody whose memory reaches back to 1848, remembers how Odillon Barrot, after a radically liberal course, and after even compromising himself so far as to participate in the banquets which were designed to concentrate the forces of revolution, strove to stem the torrent, the barriers to which he himself had aided to tear down. Since the Revolution of 1848, as I have already said, Imperial power has not risked itself in seeking to restrain the voice of constitutionalism in expressing, at least, a decorous opposition to its measures.

So it is that the Orleanist party, the party of constitutional monarchy, the party which undoubtedly is waiting for the time when events have sufficiently ripened which shall reintroduce the principle, if not the dynasty, still lives, and lives under the guidance of its ancient and time-honored leaders. Now there is no division of sentiment between Thiers and Guizot, or between these and Barrot. It is a solid, though small, phalanx, standing antagonistic to Bonapartism. The characteristics of the Orleanists, as they exist to-day, are marked, and promise much, not only for their practical statesmanship, but also, for their future political power. Taking the men one by one, it is found that at this moment they are the dictators of intellectual France. The reign of Louis Philippe was singular for the literary eminence of many of its chief organizers and administrators. A large preponderance of that king's advisers were literary savans—philosophers, poets, historians, men of science. It is not less the fact to-day, that the heirs of the principle of constitutionalism are preëminent in this respect. De Tocqueville left a large multitude of loving disciples in intelligent France, and the number daily multiplies. Look at the roll, too, of the vanguard of French literature; see there the names of Thiers, Guizot, Favre, Ollivier, Laboulaye, Martin, Thierry, Gasparin, About, Cousin, Michelet, Arago, Beranger, Girardin—all either living, or dead recently, and all within one or two exceptions, avowedly Orleanists. These men unquestionably look to England as in many respects an example to be followed. They have studied politics as a science—not as politicians seeking to attain power by an adversary's error. They have experience upon which to found more practically theories which they tried vainly once before. They recognize in the English constitution two elements vital to constitutional liberty—a free legislature armed with financial control, an executive to be affected by the popular will. In the aristocracy of England they see a blemish upon the English system, and they would be too mindful of the fact that the noblesse fell for all time in 1793, to attempt its resurrection in France.

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity, the patriotism of the Orleanist party. They wait patiently; they indulge in no factious controversy; they abstain

from countenancing force. Meantime, their ideas are prudently sent out to circulate in the intelligence of France. When it is necessary, their mouths are opened. Intelligence grows, despite the Empire, which would throttle it before it grows to stout sinews. Beneath that frivolous and sparkling Parisian world lies a solid, thinking stratum of society. Among this inner, silent, almost imperceptible community, may be found the literary and philosophic giants of these days, avoiding the Tuileries, keeping just as clear of Guernsey, and quietly inculcating the great doctrine of constitutionalism. There is hope among them, deep-settled conviction, earnest purpose, mature wisdom. Will it be wonderful if the keen sagacity of the author of the doctrine of heroism fails to outwit such a coterie? Those flippant critics who know not the kernel of French society tell us that in France there is no such thing as solid sense. The day may come when the world will be undeceived in this particular. Thiers's speech in the Corps Legislatif, uttered but a few weeks ago, itself stamps the criticism as calumny. There is a substantial reason why the Orleanist leaders should look to the intelligent middle class of France for the endorsement of their constitutional theory. It is because they are essentially the class who can best appreciate the blessing of constitutional liberty. It is clearly not the lower class who have the most to lose in the deprivation of liberty. As one of the ablest of English writers observes, men care not for guarantees of liberty who are too obscure to be subjects of arrest; men care not for liberty of the press who are unable to read. It is, then, men important enough to be dangerous, and men who know how to read, who most feel the want of liberty, and who yearn most earnestly for it. Again, the lowest class, having no property, cares not whether the government stumbles and falls or not. It is the bourgeois—the man who has his little house in the outer faubourg, and his shop in the city—who has something to lose by revolution, something to gain by having a free system whose foundation will last. The Orleanists look to this class for their future accession of power. This class grows day by day. It reads, understands, digests. The lower class is coming up and entering into it. By and by it will be a majority; it will be able to dictate terms. The Count of Paris, wandering about the earth, shunning the land of his ancestors, bides his time. Napoleon, strong in his individuality, goes on in his work of improvement, and lays, at every opportunity, a stone which shall make firmer the Imperial foundation. Thiers holds to his post without fear, yet without reckless temerity. But some day or other this mighty Emperor may yield up his bold spirit to God, his consort with the infant heir may in vain station themselves behind the power of the priesthood, and then, possibly, France may have, for the first time, a substantial, practical and enduring constitution, monarchical—yet strong and free.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

NEBULÆ.

—COUNT Adam de Gurowski, whose recent death at Washington has been generally noticed in the newspapers, was a member of one of the most ancient and noble families in Europe. The family was not only noble, but under the old Polish constitution had for centuries been of senatorial rank. The brother of Count Adam married an Infanta of Spain. Notwithstanding this breeding and social position, Count Gurowski was a democrat of the simplest and most absolute principles, and although his father had owned more white slaves than any Southerner owned negroes, before the Rebellion, he was among the fiercest opponents of slavery. He showed an early inclination to politics of the larger school, and by his liberalism made himself obnoxious to the Russian Government before he had reached manhood. Taking part in the ill-starred Polish revolt of 1830, he was condemned to death, during his absence at Paris. There a few years afterward he wrote a book upon Panslavism; which effort for the unity and elevation of the Slavic race caused him to be called to St. Petersburg by the late Emperor Nicholas, and employed in the service of the State. While in this position he made himself many and powerful enemies at Court by the freedom and sharpness of his criticisms of the conduct of men high in rank and place. His inability to restrain censure of this kind for a long time, and the severity of his criticism when it did break out, not less than the misfortunes of his country, caused his unhappy, but still self-abnegating and honorable life. He would carry his wrath and indignation long “buttoned up,” to use his own phrase, and then it would break forth in a torrent of denunciation. Wishing to avoid the fate which in Russia frequently overtakes those who offend great nobles, he fled that country without the Emperor’s permission, and after living in Germany, France and Italy for some years, arrived here in 1849. He went at first a good deal into the most cultivated society; and from the fact that he appeared to be without either fortune or education, had with many people the credit of being a Russian spy. This suspicion was perhaps helped by his use of clouded spectacles with side blinds, which he wore chiefly to conceal the mutilation of one eye, lost in a duel, and which gave what was thought a sinister expression to his face. His learning, the wideness of his general information, and his great experience of affairs, and acquaintance with eminent public men in Europe, made him a most instructive and entertaining companion; for he talked impressively and freely, in spite of an inability to master completely the English idiom and pronunciation, which is not common among his countrymen. His difficulty with the idiom was greater even in writing than in speaking, and yet it was chiefly upon his pen that he depended for the means of his frugal life while here. All that he wrote had to be revised by some friend, to make it fluent English, before it went to press. At one time he was so reduced, that although an old man, he labored as a gardener in Cambridge.

His life was an honorable one, though he was often in sore straits for the

means of living; and, in the correctness of his conduct, he was as unlike the usual well-to-do merchant's idea of an exiled Polish Count or a "literary Bohemian" as possible. He was at one time a writer for the New York Tribune. He also published three books, full of the results of calm, close observation and original thought—"Russia as It Is," "America and Europe," and "Slavery in History." The second is by far the ablest book that has been written upon this country, except De Tocqueville's, by the side of which, however, it may well be placed. Its few errors all flow from its one great error—a failure to understand or to admire what, for lack of another word, we must call Anglo-Saxonism, which was one of Count Gurowski's weak points. These books were not very profitable, nor did they make for their author a very wide reputation. About the beginning of the war, Gurowski was employed in one of the bureaus of the State Department, whence he wrote to a friend in this city, after some exceedingly sharp criticisms upon the conduct of military affairs, the justice and foresight of which subsequent events have fully justified: "I am well, and not overpowered with labor. I besides write a critical, historical, philosophical diary of present events." This diary, the third volume of which has just appeared, created no small sensation. It is merciless in its criticism and denunciation, without respect of person, or position, or even obligation. It strikes all—Republican, Democrat, friend or foe—with unsparing and indiscriminating hand. Yet it is no less marked by the heartiness and impartiality of its praise. One effect it had which was unfortunate for its author; it cost him his place in the State Department. Had he been sure that it would do so, and that he would therefore have lacked bread, he still would have published it. His feeling for any cause that he espoused was so earnest and so absorbing that he could not believe in the honesty of those who maintained opposite views. He had one evening an argument, which became sharp, with a Mr. C., of Cambridge. Meeting a mutual friend next morning, they talked a few minutes on opposite sides of a muddy road, and parted. After each had gone a few rods, it suddenly occurred to Gurowski that his acquaintance would see Mr. C. in the course of the morning, when, wheeling round, he shouted:

"Hullo, A.!"

A. turned, and Gurowski cried at the top of his voice:

"Tell C. that he is an infamously liar."

Now C. had been one of the best friends that Gurowski had in Cambridge. His denunciations, however, were always provoked by what were, in his eyes at least, injustice, meanness, bigotry, or, what irritated him exceedingly, snobbish pretension. These, or the attempt to justify them, provoked his wrath or his contempt. To a man born in his position, and with his knowledge of the world abroad, the attempts made here by some people to set themselves up as society, and to assume the position of the European aristocracy, were ridiculous and irritating. What, to a man whose name was in the Almanac de Gotha, and whose family had possessed a domain and villages of serfs for centuries, were the differences between people who had made money thirty or fifty years ago in trade, and those who had just made or not made it? In his last diary, just published, he breaks out, the italic emphasis being his own:

"It will do for perverse newspapers, or for as perverse politicians, or for that most nauseous and disgusting American social excrescence, *the would-be gentleman, the would-be well-instructed, the would-be better-classed, the would-be well-connected*, it will do for all such to advocate the election of any mili-

tary man whatever, but it is not what any truly self-governing people ought ever to do."

One evening at a party, a lady who, in virtue of wealth, some cleverness, and unbounded pretension and self-possession, assumed the position of a leader in society, took what seemed to the poor nobleman a very high and unbecoming tone. She received an unmistakable rebuff, to the surprise of the people around her, among whom she had been accustomed to have her own way. Some of them spoke to him about his reply (which was one that the lady could not notice without a confession that she had received a check) and asked him "Why he had snubbed Mrs. — so? She was not accustomed to it."

"H'm!" the Count replied, in his queer English, "why not snob her? I have snob-bed the Emperor of Roos-ia: why should I not snob Mrs. —?"

He was, from the beginning, an earnest advocate of the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860. To an acquaintance, who objected to Mr. Lincoln's want of social culture, and sometimes coarse phraseology, Gurowski replied: "What does that matter to us in this country? Seence we cannot have the real refinement, we had better have Old Ah-bay,"—that being his pronunciation of Abe. Democratic as he was, however, (and he had renounced his title, and become a citizen of the United States,) he had a full appreciation of the requirements of society, and of how much he lost who did not, to a certain degree, conform to them. One of his friends who had worked hard during the first Lincoln canvass was appointed Secretary of Legation. This man was exceedingly careless about his dress and person. For a long time he held the appointment under consideration, and finally declined it.

"H'm!" said Gurowski to a mutual friend, "— is hoofed [huffed.] He thinks he should be full Meeneester. He is a good fellow. But," raising his eyebrows and glancing over his goggles, "h'm! full Meeneester wiz deerty sheert!"

Count Gurowski had, with all his cynicism and his roughness of tongue, a tender heart, and, when he had discovered an error on his part, would confess and ask pardon with such sorrowful self-abnegation as would touch any heart not ice-bound in conceit and egotism. Appreciation and consideration won him far more than favor.

"Count," said one of his friends to him, "you have quarrelled with everybody but me. I suppose my turn will come soon."

"No, I shall never quarrel wiz you. You are always polite and considerate to a poor old man!"

In his last diary, Gurowski notices the emancipation of the Polish peasantry in these touching words: "April 13th.—The aspirations of my whole life are finally fulfilled. They have become a fact. * * * I was about ten years old when I began to believe in this emancipation, and to agitate for it. Half a century I spent not only in hope but in working for it, at times attempting to accomplish it. And now it is done, and whatever I suffered or shall suffer is, at least in part, healed. In the name of those restored to the fullness of human rights, the Romanoffs are forgiven for all the misfortunes and evils heaped by them upon the Poles. * * * In the course of the last fifty years, Alexander I., Constantine, Nicholas, Michael, Alexander II., his brother Constantine, six Romanoffs in all, each specially has wronged and hurt me; but now all is forgiven." The poor old man had not long to suffer after this

realization of his hopes, and sleeps now, after a sorrowful life, for the griefs and privations of which his own impracticable nature was in good measure responsible. He was rough, and sometimes relentless; but he was a true-hearted gentleman, penetrated to his inmost heart with the enthusiasm of humanity. God rest his troubled soul!

—THE Princess Mary of Cambridge is at last definitely an “engaged” woman. It has been understood for some years—she is more than thirty—that a good, lovable sort of husband would be very acceptable to her, sensible woman that she is. Several attempts have been made to furnish her with the coveted possession, but in vain. Not, however, because Barkis was not willin’; for, besides her rank, she is, according to all accounts, a remarkably good-natured, pleasant woman, the best liked of all the royal family, and is also, even in photograph, very good-looking, if not decidedly handsome. She is, however, enormously stout, for a marriageable maiden. It was once proposed that Victor Emanuel should marry her. It is said that he took kindly to the proposition; but that, on seeing the lady, or her likeness, he exclaimed: “Marry that woman! Why, she is broad enough to sit on all the seven hills of Rome at once!” At any rate, the match went not forward—much to the lady’s disappointment, no doubt; for *Il Re Galant-uomo* was a very good match, beside being a very agreeable, good-looking fellow. The late Duke of Newcastle—he who was here with the Prince of Wales—was reckoned among her suitors, and a favored one. It was even expected at one time that the marriage would take place. But the Princess is a cousin of the Queen, and so within the provisions of the Marriage Act; and the necessary consent to her marriage could not be obtained in this instance, as in others. Since the good people in England must have a king, it would be much better if they would let their kings and queens marry Englishmen, that they might have Englishmen for their sovereigns, as it used to be when kings were kings, and not Germans, as it has been since kings and queens are only kept for show, and have to be surrounded with an impenetrable wall of etiquette, lest some vulgar hand should touch them and they should crumble to pieces. But the jealousy of the alliance of a subject with the royal family, and the necessity of keeping up the grade of royalty by making it a sort of caste which can have intercourse with no other without degradation, makes it necessary to hunt up some sort of a royal personage for the spouse of every other royal personage; and the little cabbage-patch German kingdoms seem to have been kept up as much for the breeding of kinglings and queenlets for husbands and wives as for any other purpose. The Prince von Keck has emerged from some one of these obscure little holes to marry a princess much older and fatter than himself. It was his business to do something of the sort, and he is going to do his duty like a man. If Prince Albert had not been born when he was, and this prince had been twenty years old or more, twenty years ago, there is no doubt that he would have been Prince Consort of Great Britain. For, at that time, there was a very short supply of the article of marriageable prince in Europe; and Victoria would have been obliged to marry Von Keck for want of another. The House of Commons is to be asked to give the Princess an allowance of £3,000 a year on occasion of her marriage. The amusements of princes have to be paid for by the people.

—THE Exhibition of the Academy of Design this year is not rich in pictures that may properly be called interesting. In this respect it does not

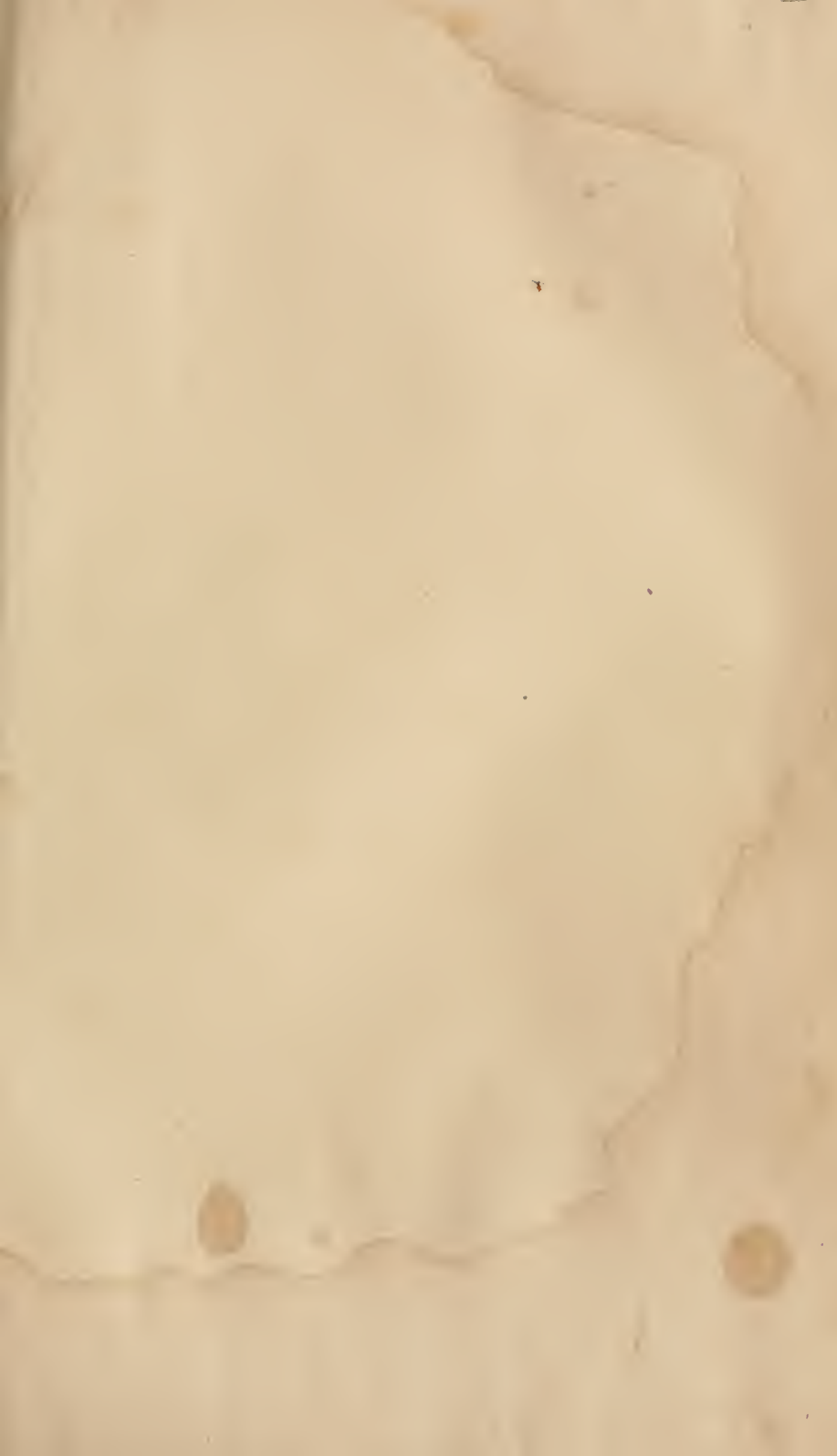
differ greatly from many of its recent predecessors. Why is it that so few of our painters produce pictures that interest us? For many of them do give us works full of qualities, or at least the indications of qualities, that we cannot but admire. But between admiration in this degree and interest there is a wide gulf. Some pictures, and those not always the most finished or correct, seize hold upon us, and we desire, if not to possess them, at least to see them often, to come back to them again and again, and study them; we muse over them with a quiet joy. This quality, it must be confessed, is found much oftener in the works of European painters than in those of our own countrymen. Go into Mr. Knoedler's (Goupil's) room, when there are some new arrivals, and you will be sure to find half a dozen pictures that fasten themselves upon the attention and dwell in the memory. They furnish topics of conversation, and they are soon carried off at good if not high prices, never to lose a certain value, and often to be spoken of as in this, that, or the other of the collections that now form a part of the attraction of so many of our private houses. This is not absolutely peculiar to the works of European painters as compared with our own; but how few of the latter, comparatively, have this good fortune. May not we believe that the chief reason of this difference may be found in the fact that our painters, as a rule, are not quite so much in earnest as their brethren abroad, and have not quite so clear an idea of what they intend to do when they sit down before their easels? They toy with art. Willing enough to win whatever of gain or distinction success may bring, they do not strive for the strife's sake, and let the money and the fame come as the consequence. Hence it is that what they produce is so often tame on the one hand, or extravagant on the other; the tameness being the result of a lack of motive and an indifference the existence of which the painters themselves would probably deny; the extravagance, of an equal lack of strong motive, and the attempt to supply its place with a superficial excitement, a striving after mere effect. Hence, too, the rarity of a new and pronounced style in the pictures that appear at our various exhibitions and the great plenty of pictures which do not differ much from other pictures except in the mere subjects which they represent. "Mr. Turner," said a lady, who once sat by the great landscape painter as he was engaged upon the sketch of a scene with which she was familiar, "Mr. Turner, but I don't see that in nature." "Madame," replied the painter, "don't you wish that you could?" A work of art is not nature, but nature as the artist sees her—nature *plus* the artist. Now when this *plus* is very strong, and at the same time is in harmony with that to which it is added, and finds a full expression, we have, whether among writers, painters or musicians, what we call an original style. It is many years since Durand, and afterwards Huntington, Gray and Elliott, took their acknowledged positions in our art world, to be followed, after an interval, by Church, Kensett, Gifford, Stone, Baker, and Eastman Johnson. All these men have a more or less pronounced style by which their works can be recognized, and which is the cause of the peculiar pleasure which their works give to their admirers. But, as we began by saying, these men are very few of their kind among the great number of our exhibitors from year to year, and among the younger painters of late the absence of originality of style, expressing strong impressions from nature and conveying them to the beholder, has been very notable. We notice, however, this year a few pictures quite new in style. Chief among these are two landscapes, No. 238,

“Monk in Tuscany,” and No. 288, “Paysage Fiesole, near Florence,” by Elihu Vedder. The first shows a monk walking in a garden, but his back is toward you, and the real picture is a glimpse, through formally clipped hedges, of a bit of country far beyond, in which is a square-towered church, all bathed in light. There is only the strong, rich color of the hedges and this church in the open beyond, with a few sharp poplars near it; but the clear expression of what the painter saw and delighted in seeing, and the newness yet the truth of what he saw, make the picture a delightful one to look at. The same qualities find fuller, though hardly more characteristic expression in the “Paysage Fiesole.” The scene is not new; a road near Florence, well-known to travellers, a hill on one side, and a light-colored stone building on the other—a view fine enough, but not remarkable for any particular beauty. But there is an impression left on the canvas of a clear, positive image on the painter’s mind, of an absolute knowledge on his part of exactly what he wished to express, and of his delight in his power of expressing it; and this awakens a corresponding pleasure in all those who can sympathize with his view of nature, and see what he sees in her. Strength of color, breadth of treatment, and truth in the forms, are the fine points of the picture. But either the shadows have too little light in them, or the light itself lacks brilliancy. Somewhat similar to these pictures in strength and simplicity of treatment, is No. 176, “The Brush Harrow,” by Winslow Homer, a picture which has more than the promise of mastery in it. Mr. Coleman’s landscape, “On the Genesee River,” No. 301, also stands out from the crowd of meritorious pictures by this inestimable quality of clear insight into nature and characteristic style. Among the figure pieces, we notice those by William M. Hunt, as distinguished not only by fine academic qualities, but by this novelty and individuality of style. The three-quarter length portrait of a lady with a child, No. 342, is really a noble, though it is far from being an entirely satisfactory picture. But its grace, its freedom, and the dignified simplicity of its treatment—so thoroughly unconventional as it is—are rarely found united in a portrait. But does Mr. Hunt think that his flesh tints are those of his subject? If that is what he sees in nature, in this particular instance, we are glad to be among those who, like Turner’s lady, cannot see what the painter sees. And besides, his work looks sketchy, and his tints in half shadow look a little red and raw. He should give his work more freshness and bloom—borrow a few tints from Stone’s palette, or Baker’s, and then *finish* his work, which is worthy of all the labor that he can expend upon it.

—Among the many books upon what may be called the philosophy of Christianity that have appeared within the last ten years, not one is more remarkable, perhaps not one will exercise a more direct influence upon that large class composed of earnest and thoughtful men who are not original thinkers, than one called “*Ecce Homo*,” which has recently been published in England, and has been promptly reprinted here. It has already been denounced in the London Quarterly Review as filled with flimsy arguments and flimsy theories which find a ready reception in an empty mind, and whose sole strength is in the weakness and credulity of those readers whom the reviewer styles its author’s dupes. On the other hand, the Guardian says that this writer has a right to claim deference from those who think deepest and know most; the North British Review, “orthodox” to the back-bone, says: “we have never read any book that treated the Christian faith in a more compre-

hensive and Christian spirit ;” and The Spectator characterizes it as original and remarkable, and “ a book which has realized with wonderful vigor and freshness the historical magnitude of Christ’s work.” The truth is that “ Ecce Homo ” contains little that is really new, but it presents views which have been brought forward before, and others which must have occurred to many readers of the Gospel—which the author always speaks of as “ our biographies of Christ ”—in a novel and impressive manner. He addresses his book, though not formally, to “ those who feel dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ ;” and he opens his first chapter by drawing attention to the fact, which every reader must, of course, have had the opportunity of noticing, but which comparatively few have noticed, and still fewer have taken at its full significance, that “ the Christian Church sprang from a movement which was not begun by Christ. When he appeared upon the scene the first wave of this movement had already passed over the surface of the Jewish Nation ;” that wave being, it need hardly be said, the religious reformation begun by John the Baptist. The writer insists upon what many readers will shrink from acknowledging, that Christ but continued mightily what the eater of locusts and wild honey with comparative feebleness began. That Christ called himself the King of the Jews, and that he was put to death upon the accusation of having set himself up as King in Judea we all know ; but the author of “ Ecce Homo ” insists that Christ did actually mean to set himself personally up as a supreme ruler, that he meant to establish a commonwealth, and that he claimed from his followers a personal allegiance due to him, not to one of a triune Godhead, but individually as the head of this commonwealth, by his Divine right of ruling. He—the writer—interprets the Temptation as a struggle in Christ’s own mind, as he meditated before commencing his labors—we had almost said career—upon the means that he should employ to extend his sway, and the manner in which he should use his marvellous and supernatural powers. The last temptation, the offer of all the kingdoms of the earth, is represented as a suggestion of Christ’s own mind that he should propagate his doctrine, and establish his rule by force, and it is insisted that to reject this temptation cost the Messiah his severest struggle. It would seem as if the author regarded the rejection of this scheme as having been made chiefly on the ground of prudence, because it in the end would fail, rather than because it was inconsistent with the inherent character of Christianity. For, he says, that although “ our good sense may be shocked ” when we think of an *auto da fê*, and of the folly of those who could think of curing intellectual error by intellectual bondage, that if we could be sure that if by destroying the pernicious sophist by fire, we could destroy also his sophistries, and create in other minds a wholesome fear of sophistry “ without creating at the same time an unwholesome dread of intellectual activity and freedom, then Christian humanity might look with some satisfaction even on an *auto da fê*.” This is said near the close of the work, very early, in which, however, the notion of Christ’s new kingdom fades away into that Christian brotherhood or society which is, and has long been accepted as the only body over which Christ asserted a supremacy—and that a supremacy—purely spiritual. To speak of this as a kingdom in such a sense as is conveyed by the phrase, King of the Jews, seems to be mere fancy, if not quibbling. For what kind of kingdom is that which includes people of all nations and all other kingdoms ? And if this writer says that the kingdom is but figurative, the answer is, what need that a book should be written to teach us what the

world has accepted as truth for nearly two thousand years? The bulk of the volume, however, is devoted to unfolding the purpose of Christ's labors. This was the enjoining of positive instead of negative virtue upon his followers, or subjects. The old law said, Thou *shalt not*—do evil; the new, Thou *shalt*—do good. The love of man, as man is represented as the main, and in fact, the only, requirement of the Christian. Those who have this love are Christians; those who have it not, no matter how blameless their lives, are not Christians. The love must be an active love; and it is compendiously expressed in a phrase reiterated again and again through the volume—the enthusiasm of humanity. It is a happy phrase, but even if a new one, it does not express a new thought; and the author, insisting upon the enthusiasm as a *sine qua non* of the genuine Christian, seems to forget that enthusiasm is a matter of temperament—almost of physical constitution; a feeling which some persons carry into all that they undertake, and to which others cannot be roused upon any subject—a matter for which they are as little responsible as for blue eyes or black hair. But it must be confessed that he puts his case very forcibly and with much penetration, thus: “As *every* enthusiasm that a man can conceive makes a certain class of sins impossible to him, and raises him not only above the commission of them, but beyond the very temptation to commit them, so there exists an enthusiasm which makes all sin whatever impossible. This enthusiasm is, emphatically, the presence of the Holy Spirit. It is here called the Enthusiasm of Humanity, because it is that respect for human beings which no one altogether wants raised to the point of enthusiasm.” The writer expressly denies to Christianity “any completeness or all sufficiency,” and calls to witness the fact that some of the men in whom the Christian spirit has been strongest have been among the most miserable of the human race, and that some nations have been led by it, not to happiness and power, but have only been consoled by it in degradation. To complete the happiness, and perfect even, the moral nature of mankind, “another mighty revelation” was necessary—“the blessed light of science.” The writer distinctly says: “These two revelations stand side by side.” The dogma of the atonement is entirely ignored. Indeed, it is remarkable that the book never confutes or defends, but only asserts. The phrase, “Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,” applied by the Baptist to Christ, is regarded as descriptive of the calmness and simplicity of his soul, and not as pointing to a vicarious sacrifice in his death. Notwithstanding all this, it may be safely said, that never was the spirit of Christianity more subtly traced or more happily expressed, and never was its regenerating power more absolutely insisted on than in this strange, though simple and clearly thought, and most fascinating book.





NOTHING MORE THAN THAT, SIR, ON MY WORD.

THE GALAXY.

JUNE 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

By MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

"WELL, and what of Gerald?" asked Sir John Durant, when at length a somewhat silent dinner was finished, and Lady Durant and Lucia had left the uncle and nephew alone over their wine. "You found him out and gave him my message, as I desired, Robert?"

"Yes, sir. I gave him your message," answered Dennison. "Indeed, I returned from Paris by Morteville instead of Havre, to do so."

"Morteville! Is Gerald there?"

"He has been there for the last week or more, I believe."

"Doing what, pray?"

"Well, sir—" and Mr. Dennison had the grace to hesitate.

"Robert," cried the old man, "I desire that you will speak the honest truth to me. The time has past for you, or for any of us, to show any consideration in speaking of Gerald's actions. For Lucia's sake alone, I have a right to put these questions, and to require very plain speaking from you in reply."

"Oh, don't think there's anything wrong going on," said Robert, looking up with sudden animation. "Poor Gerald merely seems to be killing his time as usual. He has been travelling for a month in the Tyrol, I believe, and is now—well, if I must speak plainly—is now losing a good deal of money to some *table d'hôte* acquaintance at *écarté*, every evening, and running about during the day-time after the last pretty face that has taken his fancy. Nothing more than that, sir, on my word."

"Oh! And what answer did he give to my message?" It never wanted more than one word of Robert Dennison's dispraise to make the old man secretly warm toward the absent prodigal. "You gave it him exactly in my words, I hope?"

"I did. I had your letter in my hand when I spoke to him."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I really don't think there are any grounds whatever for supposing Gerald is guilty of what you have suspected him—on my word, I do not.

No man could look as happy as he does, who was entangled in the miserable way you have feared."

"Happy—looks happy, does he? That shows, at least, how much he cares for his alienation from Lucia! Robert, give me his answer, if you please. I want the precise message that Gerald returns to mine."

"He told me that he is innocent, sir," said Dennison, shifting his eyes from his uncle's face as he spoke. "That he knows nothing of Maggie Hall, that he never saw her from the day of her disappearance till this."

"And you believe this, on your honor, to be true, Robert?"

"I do. I see no proof whatever against Gerald, more than against any other man." Mr. Dennison helped himself to a bunch of grapes, carefully selecting the muscatel, of which he was particularly fond, from the black Hamburg. "I see no positive proof against Gerald, and I don't know why we should disbelieve his word."

"And why has he taken no pains to come forward to prove this to me? You are a lawyer, Robert. Is it not commonly thought in law that, if a man makes no attempt to prove his innocence, it is tolerably strong presumptive evidence of his guilt?"

"Certainly," answered Dennison; "and there could be very little doubt as to the justice of the presumption, with regard to any ordinary man. But Gerald, in some things, is not at all an ordinary man. He is indolent by temperament, and is thoroughly and consistently a fatalist. If he is to be cleared, he is without any exertion or trouble of his own; if he is not—"

"If he is not, and soon, too, he will be a beggar!" cried Sir John Durant, angrily. "If Gerald, with a suspicion like this hanging over him, chooses to philander away his time with worthless men and women at Morteville, as all his life has been spent, he may do so; but when he wearies of them he shall not find Lucia's hand ready for his reward! Of that I have quite made up my mind. That he has married this wretched girl I do not, in my heart, believe. No, Robert, I do not. With all his faults, Gerald is not a boy to bring such shame as that upon us. Whether he had any share in her flight, I decline even to think. What I have to do with is this, that he has been accused—he, my daughter's promised husband—of having made a shameful marriage, and that he has allowed near upon seven months to pass without coming here openly and telling me all. Yes, all, Robert. Gerald knows what I have been to him, what I could forgive at this moment—ay, till seventy times seven—if he would come honestly forward and acquit himself of so foul a charge."

"And—and if he could not thus acquit himself?" asked Dennison, in a somewhat compressed voice. "As regards Lucia, I need not ask what your feelings must be toward him; but would this marriage, supposing the worst to be true, be sufficient to make you cast the poor fellow off entirely? A lowly alliance is not necessarily a shameful one, sir."

"Indeed. I am sorry to hear such an opinion from you, although I am willing to believe you actuated by good feeling toward Gerald in expressing it. If a nephew of mine, Robert, was to marry Margaret Hall, or any woman in her class, I would from that day banish him from my heart, my house, and, which I dare say he would care much more for, from my will too. No one is more lenient to folly—ay, even to error—in a young man than myself. Dishonor I would never either forget or condone. Our family has not hitherto had blood like Margaret Hall's in its veins."

"The worse for our family," thought Robert, mentally comparing Lucia's sickly prettiness and the magnificent face and form he had parted from four or five hours ago; then aloud: "I suppose you are right, sir," he said. "I suppose a *mésalliance* is about the worst action, for himself and for others, that a man can commit. However," he went on, "I am glad to find that, like myself, you don't believe Gerald to be so deeply committed. Give him the benefit of the doubt still. Pride, delicacy, a hundred feelings we may not understand" (how unconsciously men utter epigrams about themselves!) "may prevent him from coming forward to prove anything in such a matter. We don't even know what his relations may really have been with Maggie Hall."

But Robert Dennison had humanity enough in him to feel that these words, this implied calumny against this man and woman who were truest to him in the world, rather choked him in the utterance.

"Robert," answered Sir John, after a minute or two of silence, "I'm in no humor now to talk about Gerald's pride and Gerald's delicacy. How low has not my pride been sunk during all these months? You are the nearest relation after Gerald that I have. I don't know why, save that he grew up here, I should say 'after' him at all. You are as near to me as he is, and I'm now going to tell you the simple truth about all this. It has been my dream, you know, for that boy to marry Lucia. He must have the title, he must have the old house when I am gone, and it has been the hope of my life that Lucia should share them with him, and that her children should be born here, as my son's children would have been had he lived. Well, I begin to see that my dream has been a foolish one. Not for this one misunderstanding—a misunderstanding that another month, another week may heal. For this last misunderstanding itself, no; but because this indifference of Gerald shows me in reality what the character of the man is whom I look upon as a son. 'Tis no use glozing it over, Robert. For more than six months now Gerald has known himself to rest under this imputation, yet never has he come forward in an open, manly way either to refute or acknowledge the charge. Married to her I do not believe he is, but every man and woman in the county believes Gerald Durant, in some way, to have been cognizant of Margaret Hall's flight. And still Gerald Durant is the promised husband of my daughter. It shan't go on any more so; my God, it shan't!" he repeated, passionately. "I wrote him one letter, and he sent me—well, he sent me what I felt to be a cursed flippant answer, affecting to treat the whole thing as a joke, and even saying—mark this, Robert—even saying that if a member of the family *had* married Maggie, he thought it a disgrace that could be very easily got over. To have sacrificed worldly prospects for the woman one loves would be honor—hear that!—rather than disgrace, with more high-flown rubbish about the girl's goodness and beauty and virtue than I care to think of;" and the old man's face flushed over with passion. "Now, in reply to this last message sent through you, he coolly sends me word that he is innocent. Innocent! when he ought to be here at Lucia's side, here sitting at my table proving his innocence! And you tell me he is losing his money—my money would be nearer the mark—and running after disreputable acquaintances at Morteville. I'll have done with the lad—I'll have done with him!" he exclaimed, now fairly worked up to white heat. "Thank God he is not my only nephew, Robert. I have you to look to yet to keep our family from utter disgrace and ruin. My poor little Lucia!"

In all his life Robert Dennison had never seen Sir John Durant so moved.

He was a well-preserved, handsome old man, with gray eyes, that once had been soft and passionate, like Gerald's; a fair receding forehead, but beautiful rather than intellectual in its contour; refined patrician features; and with only the fatal hereditary weakness of mouth and chin to mar the face. A hot flush had risen over his cheek; his lips trembled as he spoke. Now, if ever, Robert felt was the time for him to strike; now, with the metal hot, Gerald away, and his own superior virtue and ability in such conspicuous preëminence.

"As regards Margaret Hall, I can only repeat I believe Gerald to be innocent. As regards his behavior to Lucia, I can't trust myself to speak. That is a subject on which Gerald and I have not agreed for a good many years. But there is another point on which I may, without disingenuousness to my cousin, speak openly. I should do so if Gerald were sitting here at table with us. It does grieve me bitterly to see him so utterly indifferent to the public career which, through your interest, sir, he might enter upon if he chose."

The tone in which he said this was unmistakably sincere; much more so than the tone in which he had been speaking hitherto. Sir John Durant looked steadfastly at his strong, resolute brow and face, and the thought crossed him that he had hitherto done this other nephew of his injustice. The son of an unloved sister, and of a man whom he secretly despised for his want of birth, Robert Dennison had never awakened any but the most lukewarm interest in his heart. Every hope, every ambition, the promise of every good thing, had been lavished on Gerald; and now Gerald was a spendthrift and a prodigal, and this other lad was prudent, self-denying, steady; a poor, albeit a rising barrister, living in his frugal Temple chambers, and trusting only to his own industry and his own brain for success.

"It needs but for you to bring him forward," repeated Dennison, after a minute or two, during which he had felt rather than seen his uncle's steadfast scrutiny of his face; "it needs but for you to bring him forward, and Gerald must be returned for L. I was speaking to Conyers about it only to-day, and he said the contest would be a nominal one. You and Lord Sandford together can bring in any man you choose to propose; and if Gerald—But what is the use of talking about it?" he interrupted himself, with unassumed bitterness. "Gerald has no more ambition now than he had when he was eleven, and retired—do you remember, sir?—from competing for a prize he was certain of, because he wished some other boy—his Damon of the minute!—to get it. He never had ambition; he never will have it. Ambition! It is not in his nature to desire anything strongly."

Sir John winced under the remark, then lapsed into silence—the little reminiscence of Gerald's childish folly not, perhaps, affecting his weaker nature quite in the way that it affected Mr. Dennison—and, after a few minutes, rose from his chair, and proposed that they should join the ladies in the drawing-room.

"But you are not angry, sir?" cried Dennison, anxiously, as he jumped up, with the deferential promptness he always showed in obeying his uncle's smallest wishes. "You are not annoyed, I hope, at my having alluded to all this?" he repeated in a low tone, as they were on their way to the drawing-room. "You know it's an old ambition of mine to see our family represented in Parliament, and I can't help feeling strongly about it at such a time as this."

"Annoyed with you! No, no," answered Sir John; but he turned from his admirable, high-principled nephew as he spoke, and, looking through the open door of his daughter's morning-room, his eyes fell on a beautiful full-length portrait of the prodigal; the prodigal at nine years of age, with little Lucia by his side. "I was only wishing he was somewhat more like you, Robert," added the old man with a sigh. "With your ambition and your standing, Gerald might have become anything he chose."

"Say rather, with Gerald's personal qualities, I might have become anything I chose, sir," Dennison answered quickly. "Ambition and perseverance are very well, but brilliant natural gifts—a face and a manner like Gerald's are worth all of them in the race of life. For one man or one woman who likes me, fifty like him. It has been so always, and it is just. I have only to be with him an hour myself to feel the fascination of his presence as much as any one."

The real strength of Robert Dennison's character lay in his capacity for saying things like this. A common, coarse slanderer slanders indiscriminately. Dennison knew not only where to stop from reviling, but where to begin to be generous. And then he possessed the rare gift of seeming to feel what he said! At this moment his voice shook, his face softened, and Sir John Durant felt that he had never cared for his sister's son so much in his life before. "You're a good lad, Robert, and a generous one, and some day I'll prove to the world the high opinion I have of you!" And as he entered the drawing-room, one of his hands rested kindly on his nephew's shoulder.

With a quick, upraised glance from her embroidery, Lucia Durant noticed the unwonted familiarity, and knew that Gerald must be further off than ever from her father's heart.

CHAPTER IX.

LUCIA.

THE drawing-room at Durant's Court was a long, low room, with mullioned windows, glazed still in the ancient style, with small diamond-formed quarries, a heavily carved ceiling, panelled walls, and tapestry-covered furniture that had served the Durants during the last hundred years at least. Surrounded in the county by pottery lords far richer than themselves, pottery lords who converted their houses into amateur bazaars or show-rooms of everything costly and elaborate in modern upholstery, it was Lady Durant's vanity to keep the Court furnished simply as it was when she first came to it a bride, and when none of their rich neighbors had as yet risen above their native clay. No ornament in the hall save its dark groined roof, the shields of arms upon its walls, and one huge suit of tilting armor—not bought in Wardour Street, but that had been worn by a Durant of old, and had descended from father to son in the family since the time of Elizabeth. In the dining-room, plain mahogany furniture, of a fashion to recall the parlor in which Squire Western used to sit and listen to his Sophia's harpsichord. In the bedchambers, the faded blue or green or damask hangings which had given to each its name for generations; and in the drawing-room, as I have said, the same tapestry-covered chairs and couches as had been the mode when George the Third first became king.

"No better furnished than a parsonage," the manufacturers' ladies thought, when by rare chance any of them came to be admitted on a morning visit to Lady Durant. But then what a strange, what a potent atmosphere of home seemed, by virtue of its very plainness, to hang over all the silent, grave old house! The manufacturers' wives were sensible of *that*, and, for the life of them, could not make out why the crimson-and-gold stained windows, the cast-iron balustrades, the velvets and silks and ormoulu, of their own Italian stucco palaces would always keep their show-room gloss, and steadfastly refuse to be invested with the look of home—the look which only a house wherein men have been born, and have loved and died, can ever wear—the one unpurchasable quality that makes these quiet, unchanged old country houses dear as are the faces of tried friends to those who inherit and live in them.

The angle of Durant's Court faced south and west. At every season of the year, sun and light were in all its rooms. Close without, two giant cedars sent up their immemorial fragrance from the smooth-shorn lawn. All through the Summer, roses and honeysuckles clustered at every open bedroom window. In Winter, the old-fashioned smell of dried rose-leaves and lavender made you think of Summer still. The house lay somewhat low, and on no side commanded a view beyond its own densely wooded grounds. It was shut out from all sounds save those of its own small world; the very cawing of the crows was exclusive—the Court Rookery! All the changes, all the noise of the outer world touched it not. Year by year, the same quiet servants went about the same routine of quiet duties, the same furniture stood in the rooms, the same smell of the roses mingled with the cedars in June, the same old portraits were lit up by the blazing wood-fires at Christmas. Nothing altered, nothing progressed there, save, within the last twenty years, one young girl's life. And even this had been so gentle a growth as scarce to bring about any vital change in the habits or customs of the house. At twenty, Lucia was a grown-up young woman, of course; but, save that she no longer had a governess, and that she wore long dresses instead of short ones, and sat up as late as her papa and mamma at night, her life, and the lives of all about her, went on very much the same as they had done when she was ten.

It was an old joke of Gerald's, when he was a small boy, to say the Court was an enchanted palace sleeping for a hundred years, and that he would be the fairy prince bringing "love and pleasure, hope and pain," when he married Lucia. And little Lucia, with her doll in her arms, had laughed at the joke then. Latterly, the mention of their marriage had become much too solemn a thing to be spoken of in jest; nay, even to be openly spoken of at all. Lady Durant willed it so. It was very well when they were children; but no grown-up girl should listen to any talk of love or marriage until such time as the trousseau must be got ready. And Lucia, quite calm on the subject, had answered, "All right, mamma—not till the trousseau must be got ready;" while Gerald—well, Gerald, if truth is spoken, had acquiesced only too gladly in any abrogation of the duties of his courtship.

As part and parcel of the dear old place, he liked Lucia—liked her as he liked the house, the cedars, the good old wines, the slow old carriage horses, and everything else enclosed within the boundaries of the Court. Love he never had felt, never could feel, toward her: no, nor the feeling which, in the world he frequented, among the men he associated with, is dignified by the name of love. Women of many grades and many nations had inspired his

quickly fired imagination before he first saw Archie Lovell: Lucia never—Lucia, poor little Lucia, could awaken in him neither sentiment nor passion. She held something the place a man's favorite sister holds in his regard: scarcely that. A sister, to be a favorite one, must make herself your companion; and this, up to the present time, Lucia had never done—Lady Durant not holding favorable opinions of allowing a young girl to be the companion of any one save of her governess or her mother.

No woman of forty is thoroughly suited to begin, for the first time, to bring up a child's life. Lady Durant was more than forty when Lucia was born; her husband was fifteen years older than herself; and so the girl had grown up unnaturally staid and good, as the only child of elderly parents is almost sure to be. Lady Durant loved her devotedly—more devotedly, perhaps, than some younger women love their daughters—but, living so long in this shut-out existence, without children, save him whose few weeks of life had made her own so much more lonely, without companionship except her husband's, she had forgotten too completely the feelings of youth to become in any wise the companion of her child. When she was a girl, she had been brought up according to the doctrine of Mrs. Hannah More, and according to these doctrines, very little modified, she brought up her daughter. The genuine British idea of gravity being a virtue, *per se*, was rooted deep in Lady Durant's heart. As a baby, Lucia had been duly impressed with the notion that she must never laugh out of season, must repeat solemn words solemnly, *et cetera*; and, as her high-pressure governesses made solemn teachings the main part of her education, the poor child, as time wore on, not only repeated solemn words, but all words, in an unnaturally subdued tone and with an unnaturally lengthy face. There was nothing stern, nothing unwomanly in Lady Durant's character. She simply held that prosaic, rigid, coldly methodical theory of human life in which a recognition of our capacity either for keen pleasure or of the sense of the ludicrous has no place. The mother of sons, her character might have become tenderer, more catholic—for girls she held mediocrity to be the beau ideal of perfection; and her daughter had certainly grown up the very incarnation of the prim, rigid, unimaginative system in which she had been reared.

Her face, as her photograph had told Archie Lovell, was singularly correct, as far as mere feature went. Color, life, vigor, were all that was wanting to make her beautiful. Of these she was bereft. The development of children, after all, depends as much upon physical as upon moral causes. If the Court had stood upon a breezy upland, the old parents and the want of companions, and the excellent training of Lady Durant even, would not have sufficed to quench the buoyancy out of Lucia's childhood. But the Court lay low—sheltered from every wind of heaven—hemmed in by those glorious old trees, so favorable to the haunted peace of aristocracy, so antagonistic to the circulation of oxygen, which aristocratic and plebeian lungs appear to stand in need of alike! And so, after many years' indecision whether she would grow up at all, Miss Durant, of Durant, grew up a weed, much after the pattern of the pale, scentless flowers that grew under the shadow of the cedars on the lawn. You could look at her now and feel logically certain as to what she could be at thirty, or forty, or sixty. A man marrying her might feel assured that he took to himself as spotless a heart as any English household could produce; for the very ignorance of childhood was on Lucia still. But he must feel, also, that he could prophesy with accuracy concerning all the future years of

his domestic life, and this to some men—to a man like Gerald, especially—is a singularly depressing thought. Men of his temperament crave for amusement more, perhaps, than for any other possession. Lucia never could amuse any one. None of the little aberrations from the beaten track, which make a young, untutored girl so charming, were possible to her. Nothing that she said, nothing that she did, was ever unexpected. On mild platitudes she had been reared up; uttering and enacting mild platitudes she would live and rear up her children after her.

"Honest, fair, womanly," Gerald had often thought, when he watched his cousin's face, and looked onward to the life he would have to spend with her; fair, gentle, feminine, everything he admired most in women, and a bore. And about the strongest aversion of Mr. Durant's easy, epicurean nature was summed up in that one word.

Robert Dennison had mentally compared Miss Durant with his wife, awhile since, when Sir John spoke of no blood like Margaret Hall's running in the Durant veins. The comparison returned to him with double force when he came into the drawing-room and saw Lucia sitting there: her delicate face bent down beside the lamp, her wax-like hands buried in her embroidery, the whole, still figure, in its dead-white dress, looking very much like one of Mr. Sandys's beautiful rose-and-alabaster heroines (just ready to have "snowdrop," or "pearl," or "lily" emblazoned in gold letters, at her feet). And Mr. Dennison, whose taste inclined toward robust, Juno-like beauty, rather than toward ethereal heroines, felt in his heart that his low-born wife was handsomer, yes, and nobler-looking, too, than Miss Durant, of Durant, with all her pale refinement—all her studied grace!

She turned her head at his entrance, smiling the pretty smile that she had been taught from her babyhood to accord to people, whether she liked them or not, and Robert came and seated himself by her side.

"Busy, as usual, Lucia. What elaborate piece of work are you employed upon now?"

"Nothing very elaborate, Robert; only a crest and initials. Do you like them?" and she put her work into his hands.

"G. E. D.," and the Durant crest. Then, all this elaboration of delicate stitching, these fine interpolations of Lilliputian lace-work, were for Gerald; and it was being worked under Lady Durant's own eyes. Robert Dennison returned the handkerchief to his cousin in a second.

"I admire your skill, Lucia, but I do not admire embroidery and lace-work for men. I always think a man who wears embroidery on his handkerchief ought to wear long, scented love-locks, and lace-ruffles at his wrists and throat, like one of the courtiers of Charles the Second."

"Why?"

"To be thoroughly in keeping, Lucia."

"But long hair and lace-ruffles are not the fashion now, and embroidered crests on the handkerchiefs are."

"The fashion! A man need not follow fashion like a girl, you know."

"Why not?"

"Because his aim is not to please by his pretty face and hands, as hers is—and ought to be."

"Not by his pretty face, of course—pretty is never said of gentlemen—but by being handsome and well dressed. If I was a boy I would have well-made clothes, and good gloves and embroidered handkerchiefs as Gerald does."

"And sit before the glass, studying the fashion-books, and the set of your ties, and whether lavender gloves or straw-color became you most, I hope, Lucia?" said Robert, with a laugh.

"Oh, dear, no, not if I was really a boy," answered Miss Durant, looking up into his face. "If I was really a boy, I suppose I should ride to hounds, and row, and play cricket, and be brave like Gerald is."

Of all persons in the world, Robert Dennison found his cousin Lucia the most difficult to get on with. To a man whose forte lies in half statements, implied detraction, delicate innuendo, no human creature is so embarrassing as one of these matter-of-fact people, who say "why?" to everything, and receive every statement made to them in its formal and literal meaning. If he had said "Gerald is an empty-headed fop; Gerald spends his time before the glass trying on neck-ties and deliberating as to the color of kid gloves," Lucia, after some consideration, might have admitted the new idea to her mind. His covert allusions to cavaliers and lace-ruffles and fashion-books, reached her apprehension very much as they would have reached the apprehension of a child of six. And this uncompromising simplicity, this invincible slowness of comprehension, really served Lucia as largeness of heart serves wiser people. Want of imagination kept her true; want of imagination made her just; up to the mark of a child's truth and of a child's justice.

"You should not be spoiling your eyes by lamp-light, Lucia, with such a moon as that telling you to go out in the fresh air," Mr. Dennison remarked, after watching her quiet face for a minute or two. "Would it hurt you, do you think, to have a walk in the garden? A night like this is rather a treat, you know, to a poor smoke-dried Londoner like me." Robert Dennison had reasons for wishing to talk to Lucia confidentially; and as he was to leave the Court before any of them would be up next morning, he knew that this would be his only opportunity of seeing her alone.

"Mamma, Robert wishes me to go out with him—may I?"

"What, at nine o'clock? Well, Lucia never does go out so late, Robert, on account of her throat; but if there is no dew, and you keep on the gravel—"

Dennison ran out through the window, and resting his hand down on the turf, declared it to be as dry as the carpet; and then Miss Durant, with a shawl pinned round her head as though she had been a very rheumatic old woman, was allowed to go out for ten minutes, with strict injunctions to walk fast all the time, and Dennison, resolving to make the most of his time, drew her hand within his arm and marched her far away at once from out of hearing of the old people.

"Robert has improved," remarked Sir John, when the sound of their footsteps had died away; "very much improved. Don't you think so, Jane?"

"Robert Dennison looks in good health," answered Lady Durant's measured voice; "but that I think he always did. What does he say of Gerald?"

"I don't mean improved in health," said Sir John, pettishly, "I mean improved in manners, in bearing, in every way. Robert is a young man who will make his way yet in the world, Lady Durant. You will see that."

"I always thought he would make his way, Sir John, in his own walk of life. His father was a person, I believe, who made his way in the world—was he not?"

"His father! Where is the good of talking that way now, Lady Durant? You know very well I disliked this lad's father, and I don't think it's generous, no, by God, I don't think it's generous in you, Jane, to bring up the poor fellow's want of birth so constantly!"

"My dear Sir John—"

"Oh, it's all very fine, and, of course, you said nothing really against him, but I know your tone, and I know how you have felt all your life about Robert. It would be well for us both, Jane, if we had thought more of him, and a little less of that scapegrace, Gerald; well for ourselves, and the honor of our family, too."

When Sir John Durant took up an obstinate fit, you might as well have sought to move him by argument as to transplant one of his own cedars by a touch of your hand. He had worked himself into real anger toward Gerald this evening; and Lady Durant saw that very little was needed to push him into real amity toward Dennison.

"I don't know why you should say we have undervalued Robert," she remarked, very quietly. "I, for one, have ever been alive to his good, steady, hard-working qualities."

"And have made him your favorite? taken him to your heart as a son? promised him your daughter's hand? You have done all this for Robert Dennison, have you not, Jane?"

"No, Sir John, I have not," answered Lady Durant, firmly; "neither have you. Robert never has been, never can be, as near my heart as Gerald is. Gerald took the place to me of my own son, and whether he marries Lucia or not, he will hold it." And Lady Durant rose, and coming up close beside her husband's arm-chair, rested her hand down on his shoulder.

She was a handsome woman, looking ten years younger than her age; tall, upright, with the same pure cut features as Lucia, soft, gray hair, braided low upon her forehead, and teeth and hands that still were beautiful. With all her sectarian, narrow-minded foibles, there was a certain old-fashioned honesty, a certain womanly, refined grace about Lady Durant (rare, perhaps, to meet among some of the more liberal-minded London matrons of the present day) that invested her with a charm still in the eyes of the husband of her youth. The calm, stagnant atmosphere that had failed to develop the young girl's nature, seemed to have preserved that of the mature woman in more than ordinary freshness: and as Sir John Durant looked up into his wife's face now, something about its unwonted emotion, the unwonted sight of tears within her eyes, touched him strongly—these good simple country people who in their old age could still be moved by the expression of each other's faces! "I don't ask you to love Robert Dennison, Jane. I know, keenly enough, how dear Gerald still is to us both. All I want is, that we should be just."

"In what way just, Sir John?"

"In not lavishing every good thing upon one lad to the exclusion of the other. We have given this house to be Gerald's home, we have promised to receive him as a son. That is enough. Enough, God knows! when we consider the gratitude he shows us in return."

"And what is this that you propose to do for Robert, then? Tell me. I would rather you told me. I will oppose you in nothing that you decide to be wise and just, even if all our happiness—Lucia's most—has to be sacrificed to what *you* feel to be duty!"

Wise words—words which showed that, whatever Lady Durant's errors might be regarding the training of daughters, she thoroughly understood those smaller tactics of domination which make a clever woman a good wife. In five minutes she was mistress of all the vague projects respecting Robert's advancement that had as yet vacillated across her husband's mind; and in a

quarter of an hour Sir John Durant had had his biscuit and half-tumbler of weak brandy-and-water, and was walking up to his bed, not over sorry to take his wife's advice and defer further conversation with "poor Robert" until his next visit to the Court—until Gerald, at least, had returned to England, and had been allowed one more chance of vindicating himself.

"But tell Robert from me that I shall not forget our conversation, Jane." The old man said this as his wife stood and dutifully looked after him from the drawing-room door. "And say that I hope to see him again before long—he may bring Conyers down with him if he can—and then we'll talk matters over more seriously. And just tell him, too, I have never stayed up later than nine since my last attack. It looks unkind to the lad to go away without wishing him good-by."

All of which Lady Durant very readily promised to do, and did, only with a shade less of cordiality in her manner than Robert Dennison could have desired.

Gain ascendancy over his uncle he might, of that he felt assured; over Lady Durant possibly, in time and with unflagging tact and perseverance; over Lucia never. With her hand resting on his arm, the moonlight shining on her face through the dark cloister of the overshadowing trees, here, in the old garden, where he had played with her any time ever since she could walk alone, Robert Dennison felt more embarrassed by this simple girl than he had ever felt by browbeating judge or bullying brother barrister in his life.

"You—you don't inquire after Gerald," he remarked, when they had walked to the farthest terrace of the garden—Lucia's terrace, as it was called—and when several common-place remarks had met with nothing but the girl's accustomed quiet "yes" or "no." "But perhaps you don't know that I have seen him?"—pressing the hand, ever so gently and compassionately, that rested on his arm.

"Yes, I know it. I heard from Gerald this morning."

"Oh! I did not know. Lucia, dear child, I must be candid, I did not know that you and Gerald still kept up any correspondence."

Lucia was silent.

"In the present state of things between Sir John and Gerald, I must say, Lucia, that this surprises me."

"Did papa tell you to say this, Robert? Don't say it, please, unless he did." She dropped her hold of his arm, and looked up full at him as he spoke.

"Your father did not tell me to speak to you, Lucia. It is my own interest in you and in Gerald that makes me do so; however, I will say nothing unless you wish to hear it."

"I don't wish to hear anything against Gerald, Robert; that's all. I don't like you to tell tales of him now, any more than I used, years ago, when you were boys."

"And when you were—what, Lucia?—a wise little old lady of ten or eleven, but just the same, as Gerald says, just the same dear little model of good sense and propriety that you are now at twenty-one."

If he thought to pique her into anger, he was wholly unsuccessful. Gerald's opinion of her seemed to Lady Durant's daughter rather a compliment than otherwise.

"But I shall not be twenty-one till December the 16th. Gerald's birthday is in the same month, you know, ten days later."

"Ah, yes, and he will be twenty-six. That is the time at which the marriage was to have taken place, if it had taken place at all, was it not?"

"Of course, Robert. Why do you ask?"

"I wanted to see if one of you, at least, bore any remembrance of the old engagement in mind."

"Do you mean to tell me that Gerald does not?"

Dennison was silent.

"Do you mean to say that Gerald pretends to forget the old engagement, as you call it?"

But now Miss Durant's voice did tremble a little. Pride was the strongest feeling by far that she possessed; and Robert Dennison had at last succeeded in awakening it.

"I mean this, Lucia," he answered in a soothing voice, "that Gerald's whole way of living shows him not to be a marrying man. Would any one, any man of common sense, who intended to be married in six months' time, rest quietly under such an imputation as lies on poor Gerald now?"

"I don't believe the imputation. I don't believe a word about Gerald and Maggie Hall."

"And your trust in him does you honor, Lucia, infinite honor! I did not question your good faith, remember, for a moment" (the girl's hand returned to his arm again), "but his. Has Gerald ever come forward and honestly sought to establish his innocence to your father and to you? If he has not, I repeat that he has not acted as any man with speedy intention of marriage in his heart must act."

In the morning Robert Dennison had first formed the idea of some day utilizing Gerald Durant's generosity to himself; had formed it; then put it away from his mind with a feeling of self-abasement at having thought so vile a thing. And now, seven or eight hours later—so quickly do a man's steps acquire impetus upon the downward road, he was putting it into practice with scarce a qualm. Miss Durant's heart swelled bitterly as she listened to him. She knew, only too well, that Gerald had not openly come forward as he might have done; that there had been evident evasions on his part whenever Lady Durant had pressed him for proofs of his innocence; that he had acted, in short, not as a man would act in a case upon which the vital happiness of his life was at stake.

"I don't suppose Gerald is what is called in love with me, Robert," and she turned her pale face far away in the moonlight; "not in love as people are in novels and poetry, and all that. He knows we are to be married, and that every one looks upon it as settled, and so he just hasn't taken any trouble, I suppose, to set himself formally right with papa. I don't like it, mind," she added, "and I don't think Gerald has acted quite as he ought to have done, for my sake, but that's all the anger, all the malice, I shall ever feel against him. I *know* Gerald has had no part at all in the disappearance of Maggie Hall."

"Ah! If I ever have a wife, Lucia, may she be possessed of a heart and of a faith like yours. Gerald's tardiness in asserting his innocence is, you think, no presumptive proof even of his guilt."

"Please don't argue with me, Robert, or say anything legal. I know Gerald has had nothing to do with Maggie Hall's disappearance."

"May I ask why?"

"Because—Robert, I don't know that mamma would like me to talk about this to you."

"I am very sure she would, Lucia. I am very sure Lady Durant would judge my motives aright in having brought this subject forward."

"Very well, then, if you make me speak, I must. Gerald never once thought of Maggie in the way of admiration, because you—yes, you, Robert—were so in love with her yourself."

The unexpectedness of the blow made Robert Dennison literally stagger. Was it possible—this was his first thought—that Gerald or that Maggie had betrayed him after all?

"It is not a very flattering reason as far as I am concerned," went on Lucia, in her childish way; "but then Gerald never has pretended ever not to flirt because he was engaged, and if that had been all I might have believed this story as other people have done. But Gerald would never have tried to rival you, never! I don't know why, but I feel it's a thing he would not have done."

"And may I ask if Lady Durant shares this idea of yours, my little wise Lucia?" asked Dennison, with a very sorry attempt at a laugh, as he spoke.

"Mamma? Oh, no! At least, I should think not. But then mamma never speaks of anything of the kind. The wise idea is mine, and mine alone, Robert; but I am not a bit less sure that I am right for all that."

Dennison breathed freer again. The speech, after all, had been only one of those terrible guesses at truth which Lucia's stupid, unimaginative mind seemed to have the mysterious knack of making; a guess unfounded upon reason, and which the next idea that gained ingress into her small brain would dispossess.

"I wish it were as you think, my dear little cousin; but, glad as I should be to clear Gerald, I really must disclaim the honor you assign to me. I never even admired this Susan—no, Mary—Maggie Hall."

"Susan—Mary—Maggie! Why, Robert, you *lived* down at Heathcotes! You were always running after Maggie at one time. You had not a word to say but about Maggie's figure and Maggie's eyes; and now you pretend you don't even remember her name!"

The dark blood rose up on Dennison's face.

"I did not know you listened to this sort of scandal, Lucia. I should have thought you, of all girls, were beyond the village *on dits* and the gossip of the servants' hall," he exclaimed angrily.

"I never heard anything from the servants, or in the village either. All that I heard was from you, and from poor Maggie herself."

Now Robert Dennison knew well that Lucia, as a little girl, had been familiar with Maggie Hall—Lady Durant, who would let her associate with none of the children of their rich manufacturing neighbors, having encouraged the child to be friendly, in a certain aristocratic, affable little way, with all the tenants' children on her father's land. As Miss Durant, of Durant, grew to be a woman, her intimacy with the pretty dairy-maid had of course gradually subsided into a few kind words on one side, a humble curtsy and deferential answer on the other, when they chanced to meet. Still, much of the old feeling of companionship had doubtless survived the days of outward familiarity; and Dennison trembled to think what confidence respecting himself might not, in some moment of unwonted condescension on Lucia's part, have been exchanged.

"Maggie was a vain, foolish girl," he remarked, coldly. "Women of that class are always thinking every man above them in rank must be in love with them."

"Maggie did not," answered Lucia. "And as to vanity, I wonder she was

so little vain, considering how you all admired her. Why, I remember—let me see, it must be about a year ago—a few weeks before she went away, there were you and Mr. Luttrell and Sir George Chester all wild about Maggie's good looks at once! It's absurd for you to deny it, Robert, or to say that you were not for ever running down on some excuse or other to Heathcotes—all of you."

"All of us; yes, Lucia. All of us—Luttrell, Chester, Gerald and myself—but chiefly Gerald!"

"No, Robert; no, no, no," said Lucia, more firmly than he had ever known her to say anything in her life. "Gerald least of all. Gerald, in the way of attention or admiration, never."

"I can only repeat, Lucia, that, when I marry, I hope my wife will be possessed of a simple, trusting heart like yours. The subject is not one I can discuss more freely with you," added Robert Dennison, loftily, "and so we will leave it where it is." He most heartily wished at that moment that he had never gone near it at all. "I spoke to you in entire good faith, and with no thought but of your happiness, Lucia," he added reproachfully, "and you certainly have turned the tables upon me in a way I had no right to expect."

"I have said what I think true, Robert, and I shall keep to it. Maggie Hall never thought of Gerald, never cared for him, except as she might have cared for papa or for any of us, and she did care for you. Why, I used to watch her face as she sat in the gallery at church, and, when you only walked up the aisle, she would turn white and red by turns; and once when I met her in the park, not a week before she left, and I happened to mention you, she looked as if she could have fallen to the ground with confusion. Nothing on earth will change me; Gerald knows no more about Maggie Hall's disappearance than I do."

Just at this moment, Lady Durant's tall figure appeared in the moonlight a few paces from where they stood; and, in another minute, much to her cousin's relief, Lucia was reminded of the falling dew and of her delicate throat, and sent off, like a little girl of six, to the house. Robert Dennison was in no mood to recommence the Maggie Hall controversy with another member of the family; but, on their way back to the house, he did vaguely attempt to sound Lady Durant on electioneering matters, and on Sir John's intentions respecting the candidate he meant to support in the coming struggle.

"I know no more about it all than you do, dear Robert," was Lady Durant's answer. "Your uncle is far, very far, from strong at present, and it would not surprise me if, after all, he should take no part whatever in the election. Politics have never been his vocation, as you know; and, in spite of all the talk there has been about making Gerald stand, I have very much doubt, when it comes to the point, if your uncle or Gerald either will muster courage enough to go through the trouble of canvassing."

"Trouble!" repeated Dennison, bitterly. "Imagine any man thinking of trouble when the interests of all his future life are at stake. Indifferent as Gerald is, you surely do not hold so low an estimate of him as that."

"Well," answered Lady Durant, evasively; "my own opinion is that Gerald is a great deal too young, a great deal too unsettled in his beliefs, to think of public life at present. In another five years, when he has come to your age, and I hope to your steadiness, Robert, there may be some reason in talking of all this; but I really don't see how a boy who cannot yet legislate for him-

self, is to do any good to his country by attempting to legislate for others. Come in, Robert!" (they had reached the drawing-room window now), "unless you wish to smoke your cigar, and hear Lucia sing. I want you to tell me what you think of her voice, and what songs there are in this new opera you spoke of at dinner that would be likely to suit her."

Robert Dennison spent another hour in friendly chat with Lady Durant; listened patiently to Lucia's songs; gave grave opinions as to the disorders of Sesame, the parrot; drew a pretty little design for a new Sunday School out of his own head; and wrote down with infinite attention the different commissions in china and wool-work that he was to execute for his dear aunt before his next visit to the Court.

And still, in spite of all these amenities, and even of Lady Durant—a very rare event—tendering a cold cheek for him to kiss at parting, when Mr. Dennison was on his road back to London next morning, it did not seem to him as though his journey into Staffordshire had been a thoroughly successful one.

IN ABSENCE.

WATCH her kindly, stars:
 From the sweet protecting skies
 Follow her with tender eyes,
 Look so lovingly that she
 Cannot choose but think of me:
 Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night:
 On her eyes, o'erwearied, press
 The tired lids with light caress;
 Let that shadowy hand of thine
 Ever in her dreams seem mine:
 Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn:
 Let the notes of early birds
 Seem like love's melodious words;
 Every pleasant sound, my dear,
 When she stirs from sleep should hear,
 Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds:
 Softly, that she may not miss
 Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
 On her lips, her eyes, her face,
 Till I come to take your place,
 Kiss and kiss her, winds!

THE DISAPPOINTED SISTER.

THE last veto of the President, while it has disappointed the hopes of some aspiring politicians, has made the name of Colorado familiar to many who are unacquainted with the position and character of that distant Territory, and who can, at best, only place it in that vague and ever-receding region known as the "Far West." History finds few recorders in a country where all are seeking with absorbing interest for sudden fortunes such as have fallen to the lot of some, and the chronicles we have undertaken to examine are full of contradictions; but the facts here gathered are, in the main, correct, if not closely accurate.

Colorado occupies almost the exact centre of the Territory that lies west of the Mississippi River. It covers the mountains which, in the maps of fifteen years ago, divided Utah from Indian Territory. Astronomically, it lies between latitudes 37° and 41° north, and longitudes 102° and 109° west from Greenwich. North of it is the new Territory of Wyoming, which, in former times, was the southeast corner of Oregon, but that first of Territories has now shrunk to much smaller limits. Montana, which lies north of Wyoming, is, and has been from time immemorial, the home and hunting grounds of the Blackfeet Indians; Wyoming of the Crows; Idaho of the Snakes; and Washington of the Flathead tribe. The most interesting account of these aborigines with which we are acquainted is in Washington Irving's "Astoria." The character of the Indians as there described is no longer to be found; for a half century has sufficed to strip them of the virtues belonging to a purely savage state, and the adventurer into their country now finds their natural ferocity supplemented by the brutality of the worst classes of white men. Civilization they have never learned, but whatever of barbarism has been transmitted by the white races, during centuries of intercourse, they have readily assimilated. Whatever the geographers could call by no other name, was, in the old maps, called "Indian Territory," and we all remember the immense patch of green, blue-red, or yellow, that was dignified by this title. The Indian Territory of the present day lies just north of Texas, and reaches a little beyond the northern border of Arkansas. This is the country of the Cherokees, as Kansas is of the Osages, and Nebraska of the once fierce Pawnee Indians. Texas, which is now by far the most extensive of the sisterhood of States, was, and is the home of the Comanches. All these are told of, and many of their traditions, habits and traits graphically described in that best told of all hunting tales, Irving's "Tour on the Prairies."

The settled part of Colorado is six hundred and fifty miles from the western border of Missouri. Three hundred and sixty miles beyond is Great Salt Lake, and the city named from it, founded by the Mormons. It was in this immense distance that their leaders placed their chief security. Gold discoveries were unknown then, and population was creeping west from New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, into Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. They

calculated that if any success at all attended their "mission," they would have firm standing ground long before lazy civilization could cover the immense Territories that then lay between the Mississippi and the Atlantic States. A century or two would very likely elapse during which they would lay the foundations broad and firm for a new Empire which should divide the Continent with the Union. Then the chances of war would be all in favor of their enterprise, for a thousand miles of supposed desert and a range of snow-capped mountains were between them and their enemy. That such calculations were not unfounded is proved by the fate of our troops in the late Utah war. The difficulties of carrying on operations at the distance of a thousand miles from the verge of settlements were immense. All this is changed now. Utah is surrounded by a cordon of settlements, connected by stage roads running through well-known country. These are within striking distance of Utah, and afford means for advance and retreat, and all the necessities of warfare. Nevada on one side and Colorado on the other, stand surety for the fate of Mormonism. There is no need of a war. We are accustomed to "pressures" in this country; pressures on the President, on Congress, and on every kind of human action. When the neighboring Territories shall be better settled, and the shoulder of society be advanced to Utah, polygamy will not be able to stand against the pressure. Not the law, but the people have put down free lovers and their doctrines, and the people will demolish the structure of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young in spite of all the pains they have expended on it.

There are two origins assigned to the name of Colorado. One of these appropriately derives the title from the mines. In South America, the ores which are found below the influence of drainage, are known as "nigras," while those which lie above are "colorados." The nigras are compounds of sulphur and some metal, usually iron, copper or lead, or all together. The color is dull and like brass or bronze. These ores usually lie in quartz, and during the centuries that have passed since the deposits were formed, the atmospheric influences have gradually penetrated the vein, changing the character of the ore. The sulphur is burned out, and chlorine, bromine and iodine take its place, forming those beautiful minerals which make the cabinet of every collector brilliant as the plumes of a Bird of Paradise. In New Mexico, the name "colorados" is given to the out-crop of the vein, which is always reddish from the iron present, and there the "gambusinos," or prospectors, keep a keen watch for these indications of wealth. Thus the term which in Chili is applied to a variety of ore, in New Mexico becomes the appellation of surface markings, and still further north swells to the name of a State, which has already now an important position, and is destined to be very much in the thoughts of Americans. According to another account, the Territory was named after the Colorado River, which flows through a part of the Territory, this river being called "Colorado," or "muddy," from its color.

The route to the gold fields of the West, after crossing the Mississippi, leads through Kansas or Nebraska, both famous for their "border-ruffian" sufferings. Omaha, Nebraska, is the point on the Missouri River from which the Central Pacific Railroad is pushing its way as fast as a thousand men can advance it. This follows the South Fork of the River Platte. At present there is a stage road along this line running through to San Francisco. South of this another stream, the Smoky Hill River, points the way and affords the means for making a more direct communication. Topeka, Kansas, is the

starting point of this route, which is so much shorter than the other that it is proposed to change the course of the Central Pacific line to this place. There is already railroad communication to Topeka, and for several miles beyond Omaha. After leaving the rails, the traveller can embark on one of Mr. Holladay's daily stages and have the privilege of riding the next six hundred and fifty miles, night and day for six days, or, if he has companions, can purchase a "team" and wagon and pursue his way at a slower pace, twenty-five or thirty miles a day. This is a pleasant way of making the journey. The country is perfectly level, or "rolling" as it is called in the significant Western dialect, and of scenery he will find little. But *sights* will be in plenty, and quite wonderful in their first experience. On the Smoky Hill route, innumerable herds of buffalo will be met. This road has been opened only a short time, and the travel has not had time to frighten away the bison. Other scenes, too, are new and strange. The wants of the distant settlers of Colorado are supplied by means of long trains of freighting wagons, each with its white cap of canvas and straggling team of oxen. The wagons are filled up to the very sheeting with merchandise, and hold two or three tons. The "team" is composed of from five to eight or even twelve yoke of cattle. These trains are the exact counterpart of those caravans of the Oriental desert, which have been historical since Joseph was sold by his jealous brethren.

These sights, with others on the road, make a journey over the plains in a private wagon or on horseback a pleasant undertaking. To these is added the consciousness that the traveller has his distinctive appellation, and fills his place in the great panorama. All who travel in this way are called "pilgrims," while the travellers by stage are "nothing but" passengers. Nevertheless, the stage is most used. Six days now usually suffice to set down the shaken and worn passenger in Denver, while the pilgrim is three weeks, and may be a month, in gaining the same haven. The freight trains make but ten or twelve miles a day, and each night the animals are corralled. A corral is made by arranging the wagons in the form of an ellipse, making a close enclosure with only one small exit. In this ready cover the cattle are safe from Indians and wild beasts, both enemies of all who have anything that can be taken in plunder. The life of the teamster is that mixture of half military, half savage experience known as "frontier" life. He is compelled to be constantly on the watch, and may have to fight his way, a contingency he is always prepared for. For the settlement of differences of opinion with his fellow teamster, he has the natural defences known to every schoolboy. Against the Indian, he wields with equal skill the more deadly rifle, and expresses his perfect willingness to allow any Indian to "take his hair"—that can get it.

The plains over which the pilgrim journeys are laid down on all the older maps as the "Great American Desert." They are in truth the continuation of those great prairies whose fertility has built up Chicago and all those other Western cities whose rapidity of growth has been a new world-wonder. The prairies have the advantage, over the plains, of receiving a much greater share of the moisture which is borne on Atlantic winds. This moisture is so greedily absorbed by the prairies that their brothers, the plains, have to go dry in consequence. The qualities of soil are alike in both. It is remarkable for being in a finely disintegrated condition, singularly free from stones. Underneath are soft rocks, covered with angular broken fragments, and over this a

clayey or sandy loam; above all is the surface mould, very fertile on the prairies, less so on the plains. But these are not, by any means, a desert. A rich grass covers them, so sweet that buffalo as numerous "as the sands of the sea" found ample sustenance upon them before white men came with the rifle to waste away the finest hunting the world affords. Trees there are none—a peculiarity also of the prairies—which is attributed to the finely pulverulent condition of the soil. It has been proposed for some years to attempt to cover these great areas with trees; but what Nature cannot accomplish, man will find difficult to do. Even in heavily wooded regions of the West, the small prairies that lie between the hills are unwooded, and this fact is enough to throw doubt upon our ability to cover the millions of square miles of the plains with trees. It is worth noting that the rocks below the surface—the book in which is written the history of the world for more ages before the appearance of man than he has seen since his birth—yield no fossil trunks nor marks to show the existence of tree-growth in that region in any former time.

The plains, so-called, begin in British America, and end at the Gulf of Mexico. They form a belt of land six hundred miles broad, on which rain rarely falls. A gentle inclination just suffices to give a current to the rivers, nearly all of which are of immense length. They begin in the mountains, from the melting of the snows; flow through the level country, receiving shorter tributaries; and finally add their volume to the Mississippi. For farming, artificial irrigation has to be resorted to; but stock raising promises to become the chief business, for the herds feed themselves on the sweet grass. But, though thus a barren to the farmer, the prospector and miner find the plains ready fashioned in almost the exact shape they would wish them. The land is so level that made roads are unnecessary, and a wagoner can strike across the country anywhere. The routes are determined entirely by the presence of water, and always follow the streams. This levelness is a great help to the builders of the Pacific Railroad or roads. They find their "bed" already levelled for them, and road-making is progressing with extreme rapidity. The great want, as may be imagined from the absence of trees, is fuel. The trains use buffalo "chips," just as the Eastern caravans use the similar product of the camel. But this will not do for locomotives, and a careful search by scientific men is now making for coal and sites for artesian wells.

Denver, the first town in Colorado, is not reached by the unhappy stage passenger until he is thoroughly battered. Six days and nights of continuous travelling, cooped up in a perhaps over-crowded stage, or perched on the swaying roof amid luggage of all kinds, is an experience that few look forward to with eagerness or back upon with satisfaction. And yet the first twenty-four hours are the most miserable of the journey. Once accustomed to the exercise, the traveller can endure it for almost any length of time, like the stiff old horse in Pickwick which was got into the thills with great labor, but once there and braced up "short," was good for a long time. Denver was settled in 1858, the site being picked out by a party of eight men, of whom it is reported that not one received the value of the land, later comers managing to get it from them. This is a common story in Colorado, where a large number of men employ themselves in taking advantage of other men's honest shrewdness.

Denver lies twelve miles from the foot of the mountains, and is the "City

of the Plain" of Colorado. It is the farming and commercial town, while up on the mountains, five to ten thousand feet above it and forty miles away, are the mining towns. Central City is the chief of these, and Black Hawk, Golden City, Golden Gate, Eureka and Nevada are the names of some of the lesser places. Most of these lie so close about Central City that they might advantageously be united under one government. The word "city" is used in its Western signification, and means any collection of houses. A lode that is worked steadily gives rise at once to a *city* composed of the miners' huts. But the term is not entirely absurd. These little settlements will before long, probably, be pecuniarily as productive and important as towns of far larger extent, but which have no fabulous wealth to build them up.

The mines of Colorado are at once a great glory and a great bugbear. They were discovered in the year 1857 or 1858, but at first only the rich sands of a few "gulches," or river ravines, were worked. Afterward the lodes, or veins, were found and worked with such surprising results that the customary interest in mines, especially of gold, at once rose to wild excitement. Prospecting became extremely vigorous. Companies were formed, and very costly mills sent out. For a time the paying results were very good. But soon the character of the mines began to change. The miners had found the ore near the surface to be quite friable, easily worked, and yielding very well by the ordinary California processes. But as they went deeper a new ore came to view, containing a great deal of sulphur. This they did not know how to handle, and the yield of the mills decreased in just the proportion that this sulphur ore was passed through them. Yet the ores were just as rich as at the surface, and by assay would yield most tantalizing "buttons" of gold and silver. But the miners did not know how to work their new ore, mills ceased to pay, companies failed, and directors decided that Colorado was a failure. For years the hopes of mine-owners drooped, and are yet far from being as buoyant as at first. But gradually the story of the supposed failure drew the attention of educated men, and experiments began to be made which have already led to great improvements in the methods of working the ores. Meanwhile processes which were in use in Europe were introduced, and worked with varying success, but not with advantage enough to restore the reputation of the Territory. The experiments now in progress promise to add to these foreign methods improvements that will make them all that was hoped from them; but the question is still undecided, and Colorado stocks are "cold" in the market.

But the traveller in pursuit of health or pleasure is indifferent to mines except for their interest as places to visit. Not many pleasure-seekers endure the fatigues of travelling so many hundred miles by stage or wagon. But for freshness and novelty—the first requisites of sight-seeing—the trip to Colorado is all that can be desired. Scenery, too, is found there not to be seen in any other of our mountain chains. Some of the highest peaks of our continent lie near the mines. Long Peak and Pike's Peak are on either side of the way in entering the Territory, and are in sight for sixty miles. The latter gave name to the region at the time of the first gold discoveries, and the once famous "Pike's Peak" is now the Colorado which we are discussing. The mountains are snow-capped; the very valleys are five thousand feet above the sea—nearly the height of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. From the tops of the higher peaks magnificent views can be had. A hill six or seven hundred feet high at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, gives a view that

has made the place famous. But prospecting parties in Colorado constantly ascend peaks from which the "hills upon hills" of fifty or a hundred miles around can be seen. These mountains are of a different structure from those we are familiar with in the East. They show signs of igneous origin. Trap-dikes occur and veins of enduring quartz, which, with basaltic bluffs, such as Fingal's Cave lies in, give a boldness and sharpness of outline to which Eastern mountain-climbers are unaccustomed. Bierstadt's last picture, "A Storm in the Rocky Mountains," is taken from one of Nature's pictures about sixty miles from Denver.

The climate of Colorado is far from severe. The thermometer falls very low, but its fall no longer carries with it the long-continued storms that make Mount Washington so inhospitable in Winter. Colorado is so dry that the changes of temperature are little felt. From the extreme quietude of the air, a day may be even balmy while the thermometer marks fifty degrees below zero. Storms are sudden when they come, and among the mountain passes hurricanes are not infrequent in Winter. Yet the climate is remarkably agreeable to persons troubled with lung complaints. Minnesota, the present Mecca of pilgrims of this kind, bids fair to be only a half-way-house to the more beneficent mountains of Colorado.

The Territory is an inviting field to the mineralogist and geologist. It is a peculiarity of the ores and minerals that crystalline forms are wonderfully numerous and perfect. Volcanic and igneous minerals are found there which our collectors now obtain from Europe. Minerals once rare in cabinets are found in profusion. One mine has received the name "Opal," from the numerous specimens of that gem found in it. The botany of Colorado is simply that of all high mountain chains, and in this fact lies the great hindrance to the development of the mines. Scrub pines and hemlocks in scanty numbers do not afford the fuel necessary to keep great mills in active continuous operation. Wood is so rare that the heavy and expensive kinds, such as mahogany, sell for ten or fifteen cents a pound. The traveller must rest contented if a seat made out of an old barrel is tendered him as the utmost that hospitality can offer. But though trees are few, flowers make the plains beautiful, and the rare pleasure of gathering snow with one hand while the other plucks a brilliant flower, may be enjoyed in Colorado.

Perhaps the best way to see the country is to form a prospecting party, and make an expedition into some of the many mountain regions for the discovery of gold and silver lodes. Experienced prospectors can be engaged at six to ten dollars a day. They guide the party, instruct the ambitious explorer in the mysteries of their craft, and for this, beside their pay, receive their share of all lodes or veins found. The expenses of such a trip are divided among the party, the prospector bearing his part with the rest. The novice must not be too sanguine of making his fortune at one stroke, for that is rare even among a community of fifty thousand persons whose chief occupation is this very pursuit. The lode when found may be almost inaccessible, or far from wood or water, and even if these conditions are favorable and a good lode is "struck," it still remains a question whether there is any process that will make the ore yield its wealth. But for the health or pleasure seeker, for the artist, mineralogist or inveterate roamer, no more novel, instructive and pleasurable excitement can be found than prospecting among the mountains of Colorado.

JOHN A. CHURCH.

A DAY OF DAYS.

MR. HERBERT MOORE, a gentleman of some note in the scientific world, and a childless widower, finding himself at last unable to reconcile his sedentary habits with the management of a household, had invited his only sister to come and superintend his domestic affairs. Miss Adela Moore had assented the more willingly to his proposal, as by her mother's death she had recently been left without a formal protector. She was twenty-five years of age, and was a very active member of what she and her friends called society. She was almost equally at home in the very best company of three great cities, and she had encountered most of the adventures which await a young girl on the threshold of life. She had become rather hastily and imprudently engaged, but she had eventually succeeded in disengaging herself. She had spent a Summer in Europe, and she had made a voyage to Cuba with a dear friend in the last stage of consumption, who had died at the hotel in Havana. Although by no means beautiful in person she was yet thoroughly pleasing, rejoicing in what young ladies are fond of calling an *air*. That is, she was tall and slender, with a long neck, a low forehead and a handsome nose. Even after six years of "society," too, she still had excellent manners. She was, moreover, mistress of a very pretty little fortune, and was accounted clever without detriment to her amiability, and amiable without detriment to her wit. These facts, as the reader will allow, might have ensured her the very best prospects; but he has seen that she had found herself willing to forfeit her prospects and bury herself in the country. It seemed to her that she had seen enough of the world and of human nature, and that a couple of years of seclusion might not be unprofitable. She had begun to suspect that for a girl of her age she was unduly old and wise—and, what is more, to suspect that others suspected as much. A great observer of life and manners, so far as her opportunities went, she conceived that it behooved her to organize the results of her observation into principles of conduct and of belief. She was becoming—so she argued—too impersonal, too critical, too intelligent, too contemplative, too just. A woman had no business to be so just. The society of nature, of the great expansive skies and the primeval woods, would prove severely unpropitious to her excessive intellectual growth. She would spend her time in the fields and live in her feelings, her simple sense, and the perusal of profitable books from Herbert's library.

She found her brother very prettily housed at about a mile's distance from the nearest town, and at about six miles' distance from another town, the seat of a small college, before which he delivered a weekly lecture. She had seen so little of him of late years that his acquaintance was almost to make; but it was very soon made. Herbert Moore was one of the simplest and least aggressive of men, and one of the most patient and delicate of students. He had a vague notion that Adela was a young woman of extravagant pleasures, and that, somehow, on her arrival, his house would be overrun with the train

of her attendant revellers. It was not until after they had been six months together that he discovered that his sister was a model of diligence and temperance. By the time six months more had passed, Adela had bought back a delightful sense of youth and *naïveté*. She learned, under her brother's tuition, to walk—nay, to climb, for there were great hills in the neighborhood—to ride and to botanize. At the end of a year, in the month of August, she received a visit from an old friend, a girl of her own age, who had been spending July at a watering-place, and who was about to be married. Adela had begun to fear that she had lapsed into an almost irreclaimable rusticity, and had suffered a permanent diminution of the social facility for which she had formerly been distinguished; but a week spent in *tête-à-tête* with her friend convinced her not only that she had not forgotten much that she had feared, but also that she had not forgotten much that she had hoped. For this, and other reasons, her friend's departure left her slightly depressed. She felt lonely and even a little elderly. She had lost another illusion. Laura B., for whom a year ago she had entertained a serious regard, now impressed her as a very flimsy little person, who talked about her lover with almost indecent flippancy.

Meanwhile, September was slowly running its course. One morning Mr. Moore took a hasty breakfast and started to catch the train for S., whither a scientific conference called him, which might, he said, release him that afternoon in time for dinner at home, and might on the other hand detain him until the evening. It was almost the first time during Adela's rustication that she had been left alone for several hours. Her brother's quiet presence was inappreciable enough; yet now that he was at a distance she nevertheless felt a singular sense of freedom; a sort of return of those days of early childhood, when, through some domestic catastrophe, she had for an infinite morning been left to her own devices. What should she do? she asked herself, half laughing. It was a fair day for work: but it was a still better one for play. Should she drive into town and pay a long-standing debt of morning calls? Should she go into the kitchen and try her hand at a pudding for dinner? She felt a delicious longing to do something illicit, to play with fire, to discover some Bluebeard's closet. But poor Herbert was no Bluebeard. If she were to burn down his house he would exact no amends. Adela went out to the veranda, and, sitting down on the steps, gazed across the country. It was apparently the last day of Summer. The sky was faintly blue; the woody hills were putting on the morbid colors of Autumn; the great pine grove behind the house seemed to have caught and imprisoned the protesting breezes. Looking down the road toward the village, it occurred to Adela that she might have a visit, and so kindly was her mood that she felt herself competent to a chat with one of her rustic neighbors. As the sun rose higher, she went in and established herself with a piece of embroidery in a deep, bow window in the second story, which, betwixt its muslin curtains and its external frame-work of vines, commanded most insidiously the principal approach to the house. While she drew her threads, she surveyed the road with a deepening conviction that she was destined to have a caller. The air was warm, yet not hot; the dust had been laid during the night by a gentle rain. It had been from the first a source of complaint among Adela's new friends that her courtesies were so thoroughly indiscriminating. Not only had she lent herself to no friendships, but she had committed herself to no preferences. Nevertheless, it was with a by no means impartial fancy that she sat thus expectant at her casement. She had very soon made up her mind that, to answer the

exactions of the hour, her visitor should perforce be of the other sex, and as, thanks to the somewhat uncompromising indifference which, during her residence, she had exhibited to the *jeunesse dorée* of the county, her roll-call, in this her hour of need, was limited to a single name, so her thoughts were now centered upon the bearer of that name, Mr. Madison Perkins, the Unitarian minister. If, instead of being Miss Moore's story, this were Mr. Perkins's, it might easily be condensed into the one pregnant fact that he was very far gone in love for our heroine. Although of a different faith from his, she had been so well pleased with one of his sermons, to which she had allowed herself to lend a tolerant ear, that, meeting him some time afterward, she had received him with what she considered a rather knotty doctrinal question; whereupon, gracefully waiving the question, he had asked permission to call upon her and talk over her "difficulties." This short interview had enshrined her in the young minister's heart; and the half-dozen occasions on which he had subsequently contrived to see her had each contributed an additional taper to her shrine. It is but fair to add, however, that, although a captive, Mr. Perkins was as yet no captor. He was simply an honorable young man, who happened at this moment to be the most sympathetic companion within reach. Adela, at twenty-five years of age, had both a past and a future. Mr. Perkins reëchoed the one, and foreshadowed the other.

So, at last, when, as the morning waned toward noon, Adela descried in the distance a man's figure treading the grassy margin of the road, and swinging his stick as he came, she smiled to herself with some complacency. But even while she smiled she became conscious of a most foolish acceleration of the process of her heart. She rose, and resenting her gratuitous emotion, stood for a moment half resolved to have herself denied. As she did so, she glanced along the road again. Her friend had drawn nearer, and, as the distance lessened, lo! it seemed to her that he was not her friend. Before many moments her doubts were removed. The gentleman was a stranger. In front of the house three roads diverged from a great spreading elm. The stranger came along the opposite side of the highway, and when he reached the elm stopped and looked about him as if to verify a direction. Then he deliberately crossed over. Adela had time to see, unseen, that he was a shapely young man, with a bearded chin and a straw hat. After the due interval, Becky, the maid, came up with a card somewhat rudely superscribed in pencil:

THOMAS LUDLOW,
New York.

Turning it over in her fingers, Adela saw that the reverse of a card had been used, abstracted from the basket on her own drawing-room table. The printed name on the other side was dashed out; it ran: *Mr. Madison Perkins.*

"He asked me to give you this, ma'am," said Becky. "He helped himself to it out of the tray."

"Did he ask for me by name?"

"No, ma'am, he asked for Mr. Moore. When I told him Mr. Moore was away, he asked for some of the family. I told him you were all the family, ma'am."

"Very well," said Adela, "I will go down." But, begging her pardon, we will precede her by a few steps.

Tom Ludlow, as his friends called him, was a young man of twenty-eight, concerning whom you might have heard the most various opinions; for as far

as he was known (which, indeed, was not very far), he was at once one of the best liked and one of the best hated of men. Born in one of the lower *strata* of New York society, he was still slightly incrustated, if we may so express it, with his native soil. A certain crudity of manners and of aspect proved him to be one of the great majority of the ungloried. On this basis, however, he was a sufficiently good-looking fellow: a middle-sized, agile figure; a head so well shaped as to be handsome; a pair of inquisitive, responsive eyes, and a large, manly mouth, constituting his heritage of beauty. Turned upon the world at an early age, he had, in the pursuit of a subsistence, tried his head at everything in succession, and had generally found it to be quite as hard as the opposing substance; and his figure may have been thought to reflect this sweet assurance in a look of somewhat aggressive satisfaction with things in general, himself included. He was a man of strong faculties and a strong will, but it is doubtful whether his feelings were stronger than he. He was liked for his directness, his good humor, his general soundness and serviceableness; he was disliked for the same qualities under different names; that is, for his impudence, his offensive optimisms, and his inhuman avidity for facts. When his friends insisted upon his noble disinterestedness, his enemies were wont to reply it was all very well to ignore, to nullify oneself in the pursuit of science, but that to suppress the rest of mankind coincidentally betrayed an excess of zeal. Fortunately for Ludlow, on the whole, he was no great listener; and even if he had been, a certain plebeian thick-skinnedness would have been the guaranty of his equanimity; although it must be added that, if, like a genuine democrat, he was very insensitive, like a genuine democrat, too, he was amazingly proud. His tastes, which had always been for the natural sciences, had recently led him to paleontology, that branch of them cultivated by Herbert Moore; and it was upon business connected with this pursuit that, after a short correspondence, he had now come to see him.

As Adela went in to him, he came out with a bow from the window, whence he had been contemplating the lawn. She acknowledged his greeting.

"Miss Moore, I believe," said Ludlow.

"Miss Moore," said Adela.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but as I had come from a distance to see Mr. Moore on business, I thought I might venture either to ask at headquarters how he may most easily be reached, or even to charge you with a message." These words were accompanied with a smile before which it was Adela's destiny to succumb—if this is not too forcible a term for the movement of feeling with which she answered them.

"Pray make no apologies," she said. "We hardly recognize such a thing as intrusion in the country. Won't you sit down? My brother went away only this morning, and I expect him back this afternoon."

"This afternoon? indeed. In that case I believe I'll wait. It was very stupid of me not to have dropped a word beforehand. But I have been in the city all Summer long, and I shall not be sorry to screw a little vacation out of this business. I'm prodigiously fond of the country, and I very seldom get a glimpse of it."

"It's possible," said Adela, "that my brother may not come home until the evening. He was uncertain. You might go to him at S."

Ludlow reflected a moment, with his eyes on his hostess. "If he does return in the afternoon, at what hour will he arrive?"

"At three."

"And my own train leaves at four. Allow him a quarter of an hour to come from town and myself a quarter of an hour to get there (if he would give me his vehicle, back), I should have half an hour to see him. We couldn't do much talk, but I could ask him the essential questions. I wish chiefly to ask him for some letters. It seems a pity to take two superfluous—that is, possibly superfluous—railway journeys of an hour apiece, for I should probably come back with him. Don't you think so?" he asked, very frankly.

"You know best," said Adela. "I'm not particularly fond of the journey to S., even when it's absolutely necessary."

"Yes; and then this is such a lovely day for a good long ramble in the fields. That's a thing I haven't done since I don't know when. I'll stay." And he placed his hat on the floor beside him.

"I'm afraid, now that I think of it," said Adela, "that there is no train until so late an hour that you would have very little time left on your arrival to talk with my brother before the hour at which he himself might have determined to start for home. It's true that you might induce him to remain till the evening."

"Dear me! I shouldn't like to do that. It might be very inconvenient for him. Besides I shouldn't have time. And then I always like to see a man in his own home—or in my own home; a man, that is, whom I have any regard for—and I have a very great regard for your brother, Miss Moore. When men meet at a half-way house, neither feels at his ease. And then this is such an uncommonly pretty place of yours," pursued Ludlow, looking about him.

"Yes, it's a very pretty place," said Adela.

Ludlow got up and walked to the window. "I want to look at your view," said he. "A lovely view it is. You're a happy woman, Miss Moore, to live before such a prospect."

"Yes, if pretty scenery can make one happy, I ought to be happy." And Adela was glad to regain her feet and stand on the other side of the table, before the window.

"Don't you think it can?" asked Ludlow, turning around. "I don't know, though, perhaps it can't. Ugly sights can't make you unhappy, necessarily. I've been working for a year in one of the narrowest, darkest, dirtiest, and busiest streets in New York, with rusty bricks and muddy gutters for scenery. But I think I can hardly set up to be miserable. I wish I could. It might be a claim on your favor." As he said these words, he stood leaning against the window-shutter, without the curtain, with folded arms. The morning light covered his face, and, mingled with that of his broad laugh, showed Adela that it was a very pleasant face.

"Whatever else he may be," she said to herself as she stood within the shade of the other curtain, playing with the paper-knife which she had plucked from the table. "I think he is honest. I am afraid he isn't a gentleman—but he is not a simpleton." She met his eye frankly for a moment. "What do you want of my favor?" she asked, with an abruptness of which she was acutely conscious. "Does he wish to make friends," she pursued, "or does he merely wish to pay me a vulgar compliment? There is bad taste, perhaps, in either case, but especially in the latter." Meanwhile her visitor had already answered her.

"What do I want of your favor? Why, I want to make the most of it." And Ludlow blushed at his own audacity.

Adela, however, kept her color. "I'm afraid it will need all your pulling and stretching," she said, with a little laugh.

"All right. I'm great at pulling and stretching," said Ludlow, with a deepening of his great masculine blush, and a broad laugh to match it.

Adela glanced toward the clock on the mantle. She was curious to measure the duration of her acquaintance with this breezy invader of her privacy, with whom she so suddenly found herself bandying florid personalities. She had known him some eight minutes.

Ludlow observed her movement. "I'm interrupting you and detaining you from your own affairs," he said; and he moved toward his hat. "I suppose I must bid you good morning." And he picked it up.

Adela stood at the table and watched him cross the room. To express a very delicate feeling in terms comparatively broad, she was loth to have him go. She divined, too, that he was loth to go. The knowledge of this feeling on his part, however, affected her composure but slightly. The truth is—we say it with all respect—Adela was an old hand. She was modest, honest and wise; but, as we have said, she had a past—a past of which importunate swains in the guise of morning-callers had been no inconsiderable part; and a great dexterity in what may be called outflanking these gentlemen, was one of her registered accomplishments. Her liveliest emotion at present, therefore, was less one of annoyance at her companion than of surprise at her own gracious impulses, which were yet undeniable. "Am I dreaming?" she asked herself. She looked out of the window, and then back at Ludlow, who stood grasping his hat and stick, contemplating her face. Should she bid him remain? "He is honest," she repeated; "why should not I be honest for once?" "I'm sorry you are in a hurry," she said aloud.

"I am in no hurry," he answered.

Adela turned her face to the window again, and toward the opposite hills. There was a moment's pause.

"I thought *you* were in a hurry," said Ludlow.

Adela gave him her eyes. "My brother would be very glad to have you remain as long as you like. He would expect me to offer you what little hospitality is in my power."

"Pray, offer it then."

"That's easily done. This is the parlor, and there, beyond the hall, is my brother's study. Perhaps you would like to look at his books and his collections. I know nothing about them, and I should be a very poor guide. But you are welcome to go in and use your discretion in examining what may interest you."

"This, I take it, would be but another way of bidding you good-morning."

"For the present, yes."

"But I hesitate to take such liberties with your brother's treasures as you prescribe."

"Prescribe, sir? I prescribe nothing."

"But if I decline to penetrate into Mr. Moore's *sanctum*, what alternative remains?"

"Really—you must make your own alternative."

"I think you mentioned the parlor. Suppose I choose that."

"Just as you please. Here are some books, and, if you like, I will bring you some magazines. Can I serve you in any other way? Are you tired by your walk? Would you like a glass of wine?"

"Tired by my walk?—not exactly. You are very kind, but I feel no immediate desire for a glass of wine. I think you needn't trouble yourself about the magazines, either. I am not exactly in the mood to read. And Ludlow pulled out his watch and compared it with the clock. "I'm afraid your clock is fast."

"Yes;" said Adela, "very likely."

"Some ten minutes. Well, I suppose I had better be walking;" and, coming toward Adela, he extended his hand.

She gave him hers. "It's a day of days for a long, slow ramble," she said.

Ludlow's only rejoinder was his hand-shake. He moved slowly toward the door, half accompanied by Adela. "Poor fellow!" she said to herself. The lattice summer-door admitted into the entry a cool, dusky light, in which Adela looked pale. Ludlow divided its wings with his stick, and disclosed a landscape, long, deep and bright, framed by the pillars of the veranda. He stopped on the threshold, swinging his stick. "I hope I shan't lose my way," he said.

"I hope not. My brother will not forgive me if you do."

Ludlow's brows were slightly contracted by a frown, but he contrived to smile with his lips. "When shall I come back?" he asked abruptly.

Adela found but a low tone—almost a whisper—at her command, to answer. "Whenever you please," she said.

The young man turned about, with his back to the bright doorway, and looked into Adela's face, which was now covered with light. "Miss Moore," said he, "it's very much against my will that I leave you at all."

Adela stood debating within herself. What if her companion should stay? It would, under the circumstances, be an adventure; but was an adventure necessarily unadvisable? It lay wholly with herself to decide. She was her own mistress, and she had hitherto been a just mistress. Might she not for once be a generous one? The reader will observe in Adela's meditation the recurrence of this saving clause "for once." It rests upon the simple fact that she had begun the day in a romantic mood. She was prepared to be interested; and now that an interesting phenomenon had presented itself, that it stood before her in vivid human—nay, manly—shape, instinct with reciprocity, was she to close her hand to the liberality of fate? To do so would be to court mischance; for it would involve, moreover, a petty insult to human nature. Was not the man before her fairly redolent of honesty, and was that not enough? He was not what Adela had been used to call a gentleman. To this conviction she had made a swallow's flight; but from this assurance she would start. "I have seen" (she thus concluded) "all the gentlemen can show me; let us try something new."

"I see no reason why you should run away so fast, Mr. Ludlow," she said, aloud.

"I think," cried Ludlow, "it would be the greatest piece of folly I ever committed."

"I think it would be a pity," said Adela, with a smile.

"And you invite me into your parlor again? I come as your visitor, you know. I was your brother's before. It's a simple enough matter. We are old friends. We have a broad, common ground in your brother. Isn't that about it?"

"You may adopt whatever theory you please. To my mind, it is, indeed, a very simple matter."

"Oh, but I wouldn't have it too simple," said Ludlow, with a mighty smile.

"Have it as you please."

Ludlow leaned back against the doorway. "Your kindness is too much for me, Miss Moore," said he. "I am passive; I am in your hands; do with me what you please. I can't help contrasting my fate with what it might have been but for you. A quarter of an hour ago I was ignorant of your existence; you weren't in my programme. I had no idea your brother had a sister. When your servant spoke of 'Miss Moore,' upon my word I expected something rather elderly—something venerable—some rigid old lady, who would say, 'exactly,' and 'very well, sir,' and leave me to spend the rest of the morning tilting back in a chair on the hotel piazza. It shows what fools we are to attempt to forecast the future.

"We must not let our imagination run away with us in any direction," said Adela.

"Imagination? I don't believe I have any. No, madam," and Ludlow straightened himself up, "I live in the present. I write my programme from hour to hour—or, at any rate, I will in the future."

"I think you are very wise," said Adela. "Suppose you write a programme for the present hour. What shall we do? It seems to me a pity to spend so lovely a morning in-doors. I fancy this is the last day of Summer. We ought to celebrate it. How would you like a walk?" Adela had decided that, to reconcile her favors with the proper maintenance of her dignity, her only course was to play the perfect hostess. This decision made, very naturally and gracefully she played her part. It was the one possible part. And yet it did not preclude those delicate sensations with which her novel episode seemed charged: it simply legitimated them. A romantic adventure on so classical a basis would assuredly hurt no one.

"I should like a walk very much," said Ludlow; "a walk with a halt at the end of it."

"Well, if you will consent to a short halt at the beginning of it," said Adela, "I will be with you in a very few minutes." When she returned, in her little hat and shawl, she found her friend seated on the veranda steps. He arose and gave her a card.

"I have been requested, in your absence, to hand you this," he said.

Adela read with some punctation the name of Mr. Madison Perkins.

"Has he been here?" she asked. "Why didn't he come in?"

"I told him you were not at home. If it wasn't true then, it was going to be true so soon that the interval was hardly worth taking account of. He addressed himself to me, as I seemed from my position to be quite at home here; but I confess he looked at me as if he doubted my word. He hesitated as to whether he should confide his name to me, or whether he should confide it in that shape to the entry table. I think he wished to show me that he suspected my veracity, for he was making rather grimly for the table when I, fearing that once inside the house he might encounter the living truth, informed him in the most good-humored tone possible that I would take charge of his little tribute.

"I think, Mr. Ludlow, that you are a strangely unscrupulous man. How did you know that Mr. Perkins's business was not urgent?"

"I didn't know it. But I knew it could be no more urgent than mine. Depend upon it, Miss Moore, you have no case against me. I only pretend

to be a man; to have admitted that charming young gentleman would have been heroic."

Adela was familiar with a sequestered spot, in the very heart of the fields, as it seemed to her, to which she now proposed to conduct her friend. The point was to select a goal—neither too distant nor too near, and to adopt a pace neither too rapid nor too slow. But, although Adela's happy valley was a good two miles away, and they had measured the interval with the very *minimum* of speed, yet most sudden seemed their arrival at the stile over which Adela was used to strike into the meadows. Once on the road, she felt a precipitate conviction that there could be no evil in an adventure so essentially wholesome as that to which she had lent herself, and that there could be no guile in a spirit so deeply sensitive to the sacred influences of Nature, and to the melancholy aspect of incipient Autumn as that of her companion. A man with an unaffected relish for small children is a man to inspire young women with a generous confidence; and so, in a lesser degree, a man with a genuine feeling for the simple beauties of a common New England landscape may not unreasonably be accepted by the daughters of the scene as a person worthy of their esteem. Adela was a great observer of the clouds, the trees and the streams, the sounds and colors, the echoes and reflections native to her adopted home; and she experienced an honest joy at the sight of Ludlow's keen appreciation of these modest facts. His enjoyment of them, deep as it was, however, had to struggle against that sensuous depression natural to a man who has spent the Summer in a close and fetid laboratory in the heart of a great city, and against a sensation of a less material order—the feeling that Adela was a delightful girl. Still, naturally a great talker, he celebrated his impressions in a generous flow of good-humored eloquence. Adela resolved within herself that he was decidedly a companion for the open air. He was a man to make use, even to abuse, of the wide horizon and the high ceiling of Nature. The freedom of his gestures, the sonority of his voice, the keenness of his vision, the general vivacity of his manners, seemed to necessitate and to justify a universal absence of barriers. They crossed the stile, and waded through the long grass of several successive meadows, until the ground began to rise, and stony surfaces to crop through the turf, when, after a short ascent, they reached a broad plateau, covered with boulders and shrubs, which lost itself on one side in a short, steep cliff, whence fields and marshes stretched down to the opposite river; and on the other, in scattered clumps of pine and maple, which gradually thickened and multiplied, until the horizon in that quarter was blue with a long line of woods. Here was both sun and shade—the unobstructed sky, or the whispering dome of a circle of pines. Adela led the way to a sunny seat among the rocks, which commanded the course of the river, and where a cluster of trees would lend an admonitory undertone to their conversation.

Before long, however, its muffled eloquence became rather importunate, and Adela remarked upon the essential melancholy of the phenomenon.

"It has always seemed to me," rejoined Ludlow, "that the wind in the pines expresses tolerably well man's sense of a coming change, simply as a change."

"Perhaps it does," said Adela. "The pines are forever rustling, and men are forever changing."

"Yes, but they can only be said to express it when there is some one there to hear them; and more especially some one in whose life a change is, to his

own knowledge, going to take place. Then they are quite prophetic. Don't you know Longfellow says so?"

"Yes, I know Longfellow says so. But you seem to speak from your own feeling."

"I do."

"Is there a change pending in your life?"

"Yes, rather an important one."

"I believe that's what men say when they are going to be married," said Adela.

"I'm going to be divorced, rather. I'm going to Europe."

"Indeed! soon?"

"To-morrow," said Ludlow, after an instant's pause.

"Oh!" said Adela. "How I envy you!"

Ludlow, who sat looking over the cliff and tossing stones down into the plain, observed a certain inequality in the tone of his companion's two exclamations. The first was nature, the second art. He turned his eyes upon her, but she had turned hers away upon the distance. Then, for a moment, he retreated within himself and thought. He rapidly surveyed his position. Here was he, Tom Ludlow, a hard-headed son of toil, without fortune, without credit, without antecedents, whose lot was cast exclusively with vulgar males, and who had never had a mother, a sister nor a well-bred sweetheart to pitch his voice for the feminine tympanum; who had seldom come nearer an indubitable young lady than, in a favoring crowd, to receive a mechanical "thank you" (as if he were a policeman), for some ingeniously provoked service; here he found himself up to his neck in a sudden pastoral with the most ladyish young woman in the land. That it was in him to enjoy the society of such a woman (provided, of course, she were not a fool), he very well knew; but he had not yet suspected that it was possible for him (in the midst of more serious cares) to obtain it. Was he now to infer that this final gift was his—the gift of pleasing women who were worth the pleasing? The inference was at least logical. He had made a good impression. Why else should a modest and discerning girl have so speedily granted him her favor? It was with a little thrill of satisfaction that Ludlow reflected upon the directness of his course. "It all comes back," he said to himself, "to my old theory, that a process can't be too simple. I used no arts. In such an enterprise I shouldn't have known where to begin. It was my ignorance of the regulation method that served me. Women like a gentleman, of course; but they like a man better." It was the little touch of nature he had discerned in Adela's tone that had set him thinking; but as compared with the frankness of his own attitude it betrayed after all no undue emotion. Ludlow had accepted the fact of his adaptability to the idle mood of a cultivated woman in a thoroughly rational spirit, and he was not now tempted to exaggerate its bearings. He was not the man to be intoxicated by success—this or any other. "If Miss Moore," he pursued, "is so wise—or so foolish—as to like me half an hour for what I am, she is welcome. Assuredly," he added, as he gazed at her intelligent profile, "she will not like me for what I am not." It needs a woman, however, far more intelligent than (thank heaven!) most women are—more intelligent, certainly, than Adela was—to guard her happiness against a strong man's consistent assumption of her intelligence; and doubtless it was from a sense of this general truth, as Ludlow still gazed, he felt an emotion of manly tenderness. "I wouldn't offend her for the world,"

he thought. Just then, Adela, conscious of his gaze, looked about; and before he knew it, Ludlow had repeated aloud, "Miss Moore, I wouldn't offend you for the world."

Adela glanced at him for a moment with a little flush that subsided into a smile. "To what dreadful injury is that the prelude?" she asked.

"It's the prelude to nothing. It refers to the past—to any possible displeasure I may have caused you."

"Your scruples are unnecessary, Mr. Ludlow. If you had given me offence, I should not have left you to apologize for it. I should not have left the matter to occur to you as you sat dreaming charitably in the sun."

"What would you have done?"

"Done? nothing. You don't imagine I would have rebuked you—or snubbed you—or answered you back, I take it. I would have left undone—what, I can't tell you. Ask yourself what I have done. I'm sure I hardly know myself," said Adela, with some intensity. "At all events, here I am sitting with you in the fields, as if you were a friend of years. Why do you speak of offence?" And Adela (an uncommon accident with her) lost command of her voice, which trembled ever so slightly. "What an odd thought! why should you offend me? Do I invite it?" Her color had deepened again, and her eyes had brightened. She had forgotten herself, and before speaking had not, as was her wont, sought counsel of that staunch conservative, her taste. She had spoken from a full heart—a heart which had been filling rapidly since the outset of their walk with a feeling almost passionate in its quality, and which that little blast of prose which had brought her Ludlow's announcement of his departure, had caused to overflow. The reader may give this feeling such a name as he pleases. We will content ourselves with saying that Adela had played with fire so effectually that she had been scorched. The slight vehemence of the speech just quoted had covered her sensation of pain.

"You pull one up rather short, Miss Moore," said Ludlow. "A man says the best he can."

Adela made no reply. For a moment she hung her head. Was she to cry out because she was hurt? Was she to introduce her injured soul as an impertinent third into the company? No! here our reserved and contemplative heroine is herself again. Her part was still to be the perfect young lady. For our own part, we can imagine no figure more bewitching than that of the perfect young lady under these circumstances; and if Adela had been the most accomplished coquette in the world she could not have assumed a more becoming expression than the air of languid equanimity which now covered her features. But having paid this generous homage to propriety, she felt free to suffer. Raising her eyes from the ground, she abruptly addressed her companion with this injunction:

"Mr. Ludlow," said she, "tell me something about yourself."

Ludlow burst into a laugh. "What shall I tell you?"

"Everything."

"Everything? Excuse me, I'm not such a fool. But do you know that's a delicious request you make? I suppose I ought to blush and hesitate; but I never yet blushed or hesitated in the right place."

"Very good. There is one fact. Continue. Begin at the beginning."

"Well, let me see. My name you know. I'm twenty-eight years old."

"That's the end," said Adela.

“But you don't want the history of my babyhood, I take it. I imagine that I was a very big, noisy and ugly baby: what's called a 'splendid infant.' My parents were poor, and, of course, honest. They belonged to a very different set—or 'sphere,' I suppose you call it—from any you probably know. They were working people. My father was a chemist in a small way, and I fancy my mother was not above using her hands to turn a penny. But although I don't remember her, I am sure she was a good, sound woman; I feel her occasionally in my own sinews. I myself have been at work all my life, and a very good worker I am, let me tell you. I'm not patient, as I imagine your brother to be—although I have more patience than you might suppose—but I'm plucky. If you think I'm over-egotistical, remember 'twas you began it. I don't know whether I'm clever, and I don't much care; that word is used only by unpractical people. But I'm clear-headed, and inquisitive, and enthusiastic. That's as far as I can describe myself. I don't know anything about my character. I simply suspect I'm a pretty good fellow. I don't know whether I'm grave or gay, lively or severe. I don't know whether I'm high-tempered or low-tempered. I don't believe I'm 'high-toned.' I fancy I'm good-natured enough, inasmuch as I'm not nervous. I should not be at all surprised to discover I was prodigiously conceited; but I'm afraid the discovery wouldn't cut me down, much. I'm desperately hard to snub, I know. Oh, you would think me a great brute if you knew me. I should hesitate to say whether I am of a loving turn. I know I'm desperately tired of a number of persons who are very fond of me; I'm afraid I'm ungrateful. Of course as a man speaking to a woman, there's nothing for it but to say I'm selfish; but I hate to talk about such windy abstractions. In the way of positive facts: I'm not educated. I know no Greek and very little Latin. But I can honestly say that first and last I have read a great many books—and, thank God, I have a memory! And I have some tastes, too. I'm very fond of music. I have a good old voice of my own: *that* I can't help knowing; and I'm not one to be bullied about pictures. Is that enough? I'm conscious of an utter inability to say anything to the point. To put myself in a nutshell, I suppose I'm simply a working man; I have his virtues and I have his defects. I'm a very common fellow.”

“Do you call yourself a very common fellow because you really believe yourself to be one, or because you are weakly tempted to disfigure your rather flattering catalogue with a great final blot?”

“I'm sure I don't know. You show more subtlety in that one question than I have shown in my whole string of affirmations. You women are strong on asking witty questions. Seriously, I believe I *am* a common fellow. I wouldn't make the admission to every one though. But to you, Miss Moore, who sit there under your parasol as impartial as the Muse of History, to you I own the truth. I'm no man of genius. There is something I miss; some final distinction I lack; you may call it what you please. Perhaps it's humility. Perhaps you can find it in Ruskin, somewhere. Perhaps it's patience—perhaps it's imagination. I'm vulgar, Miss Moore. I'm the vulgar son of vulgar people. I use the word, of course, in it's strictest sense. So much I grant you at the outset, and then I walk ahead.”

“Have you any sisters?”

“Not a sister; and no brothers, nor cousins, nor uncles, nor aunts.”

“And you sail for Europe to-morrow?”

“To-morrow, at ten o'clock.”

"To be away how long?"

"As long as I possibly can. Five years if possible."

"What do you expect to do in those five years?"

"Study."

"Nothing but study?"

"It will all come back to that, I fancy. I hope to enjoy myself reasonably, and to look at the world as I go. But I must not waste time; I'm growing old."

"Where are you going?"

"To Berlin. I wanted to get letters from your brother."

"Have you money? Are you well off?"

"Well off? Not I, no. I'm poor. I travel on a little money that has just come to me from an unexpected quarter; an old debt owing my father. It will take me to Germany and keep me for six months. After that I shall work my way."

"Are you happy? Are you contented?"

"Just now I'm pretty comfortable, thank you."

"But will you be so when you get to Berlin?"

"I don't promise to be contented; but I'm pretty sure to be happy."

"Well!" said Adela, "I sincerely hope you may be."

"Amen!" said Ludlow.

Of what more was said at this moment, no record may be given. The reader has been put into possession of the key of our friends' conversation; it is only needful to say that substantially upon this key, it was prolonged for half an hour more. As the minutes elapsed, Adela found herself drifting further and further away from her anchorage. When at last she compelled herself to consult her watch, and remind her companion that there remained but just time enough for them to reach home, in anticipation of her brother's arrival, she knew that she was rapidly floating seaward. As she descended the hill at her companion's side, she felt herself suddenly thrilled by an acute temptation. Her first instinct was to close her eyes upon it, in the trust that when she opened them again it would have vanished; but she found that it was not to be so uncompromisingly dismissed. It importuned her so effectually, that before she had walked a mile homeward, she had succumbed to it, or had at least given it the pledge of that quickening of the heart which accompanies a bold resolution. This little sacrifice allowed her no breath for idle words, and she accordingly advanced with a bent and listening head. Ludlow marched along, with no apparent diminution of his habitual buoyancy of mien, talking as fast and as loud as at the outset. He adventured a prophecy that Mr. Moore would not have returned, and charged Adela with a humorous message of regrets. Adela had begun by wondering whether the approach of their separation had wrought within him any sentimental depression at all commensurate with her own, with that which sealed her lips and weighed upon her heart; and now she was debating as to whether his express declaration that he felt "awfully blue" ought necessarily to remove her doubts. Ludlow followed up this declaration with a very pretty review of the morning, and a sober valedictory which, whether intensely felt or not, struck Adela as at least nobly bare of flimsy compliments. He might be a common fellow—but he was certainly a very uncommon one. When they reached the garden gate, it was with a fluttering heart that Adela scanned the premises for some accidental sign of her brother's presence. She felt that

there would be an especial fitness in his not having returned. She led the way in. The hall table was bare of his hat and overcoat. The only object it displayed was Mr. Perkins's card, which Adela had deposited there on her exit. All that was represented by that little white ticket seemed a thousand miles away. Finally, Mr. Moore's absence from his study was conclusive against his return.

As Adela went back thence into the drawing-room, she simply shook her head at Ludlow, who was standing before the fire-place; and as she did so, she caught her reflection in the mantel-glass. "Verily," she said to herself, "I have travelled far." She had pretty well unlearned the repose of the Veres of Vere. But she was to break with it still more completely. It was with a singular hardihood that she prepared to redeem the little pledge which had been extorted from her on her way home. She felt that there was no trial to which her generosity might now be called which she would not hail with enthusiasm. Unfortunately, her generosity was not likely to be challenged; although she nevertheless had the satisfaction of assuring herself at this moment that, like the mercy of the Lord, it was infinite. Should she satisfy herself of her friend's? or should she leave it delightfully uncertain? These had been the terms of what has been called her temptation, at the foot of the hill. But inasmuch as Adela was by no means strictly engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, and as the notion of a grain of suffering was by no means repugnant to her, she had resolved to obtain possession of the one essential fact of her case, even though she should be at heavy costs to maintain it.

"Well, I have very little time," said Ludlow; "I must get my dinner and pay my bill and drive to the train." And he put out his hand.

Adela gave him her own, and looked him full in the eyes. "You are in a great hurry," said she.

"It's not I who am in a hurry. It's my confounded destiny. It's the train and the steamer."

"If you really wished to stay you wouldn't be bullied by the train and the steamer."

"Very true—very true. But *do* I really wish to stay?"

"That's the question. That's what I want to know."

"You ask difficult questions, Miss Moore."

"I mean they shall be difficult."

"Then, of course, you are prepared to answer difficult ones."

"I don't know that that's of course, but I am."

"Well, then, do you wish me to stay? All I have to do is to throw down my hat, sit down and fold my arms for twenty minutes. I lose my train and my ship. I stay in America, instead of going to Europe."

"I have thought of all that."

"I don't mean to say it's a great deal. There are pleasures and pleasures."

"Yes, and especially the former. It is a great deal."

"And you invite me to accept it?"

"No; I ought not to say that. What I ask of you is whether, if I should so invite you, you would say 'yes.'"

"That makes the matter very easy for you, Miss Moore. What attractions do you hold out?"

"I hold out nothing whatever, sir."

"I suppose that means a great deal."

"It means what it seems to mean."

"Well, you are certainly a most interesting woman, Miss Moore—a charming woman."

"Why don't you call me 'fascinating' at once, and bid me good morning?"

"I don't know but that I shall have to come to that. But I will give you no answer that leaves you at an advantage. Ask me to stay—command me to stay, if that suits you better—and I will see how it sounds. Come, you must not trifle with a man." He still held Adela's hand, and they had been looking frankly into each other's eyes. He paused, waiting for an answer.

"Good-by, Mr. Ludlow," said Adela. "God bless you!" And she was about to withdraw her hand; but he held it.

"Are we friends?" said he.

Adela gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "Friends of three hours."

Ludlow looked at her with some sternness. "Our parting could at best hardly have been sweet," said he; "but why should you make it bitter, Miss Moore?"

"If it's bitter, why should you try to change it?"

"Because I don't like bitter things."

Ludlow had caught a glimpse of the truth—that truth of which the reader has had a glimpse—and he stood there at once thrilled and annoyed. He had both a heart and a conscience. "It's not my fault," he cried to the latter; but he was unable to add, in all consistency, that it was his misfortune. It would be very heroic, very poetic, very chivalric, to lose his steamer, and he felt that he could do so for sufficient cause—at the suggestion of a fact. But the motive here was less than a fact—an idea; less than an idea—a fancy. "It's a very pretty little romance as it is," he said to himself. "Why spoil it? She is an admirable girl: to have learned that is enough for me." He raised her hand to his lips, pressed them to it, dropped it, reached the door and bounded out of the garden gate.

The day was ended.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

WITHIN the last few years a new form of chemical analysis has arisen, which ascertains substances by observations upon the color and properties which they impart to flames during combustion. It has been long known that the combustion of certain bodies gave certain colors to flames; strontia, for example, affording the beautiful crimson so well known in pyrotechny. But no sure method existed of using the facts of combustion for chemical investigations, until the invention of the spectroscope. Spectrum analysis enables us to detect the minutest trace of the constituents of substances burnt. It has already discovered several unsuspected new metals; has given us the power of analyzing bodies whose composition we had not the means of ascertaining, and has proved to us that many of the elements of the earth are present in the inaccessible sun, and even in those more remote stars whose distance the most refined researches of astronomy can not determine.

The spectroscope is merely a prism to which light can be admitted through a slit 1-32d of an inch wide, with apparatus for examining microscopically the spectrum or decomposed ray beyond the prism. When this is done, the spectrum is found to be crossed by an infinite number of lines perpendicular to its length, as is shown in the upper part of Fig. 2. These lines are called, from the name of the distinguished optician who discovered them, Fraunhofer's lines.

When the light coming from a white hot mass of metal is examined by the spectroscope, its spectrum is found to be perfectly continuous and unbroken by any Fraunhofer lines. This fact was demonstrated by my father, Prof. J. W. Draper, in 1847. What is the cause of the lines in the solar light, and in what does that luminary differ from the incandescent mass?

In order to fathom this question, we must investigate for a few moments the case of artificial lights, such as ordinary flames, and those in which there are purposely introduced various elementary or compound bodies. The construction of the spectroscope must also be described.

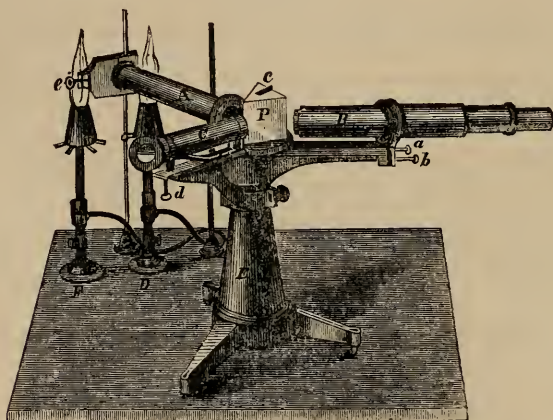
The spectroscope is sometimes a very complicated instrument, but, for ordinary analysis, quite a simple form may be used. The one represented in Fig. 1 is commonly found in laboratories. It consists of a prism, P, supported on a stand, F. Two telescopes of low magnifying power, A and B, are attached by suitable supports. One of these, B, is furnished with an eye-piece like any common spy-glass, but the eye-piece of the other, A, is removed, and in its place is put a vertical slit, *e*. Opposite this slit the flame to be examined is placed. The light coming through the slit from the flame falls upon the object glass of the first telescope, and its rays are rendered parallel; it then passes through the prism, is refracted and decomposed, and enters the second telescope, whence it falls upon the eye. Any flame may be put opposite the slit, and its peculiarities examined, or, by the aid of a reflector, the sunlight may be cast on part of the slit so that we can see a solar spectrum

alongside of the flame spectrum. Or we may have the spectra of the two flames, D and E, at once, and compare them. The third telescope, C, carries a scale.

The use of a spectroscope merely involves placing the substance to be examined in a spirit or gas flame, and then looking through the telescope to examine the spectrum. The number, position and color of the transverse lines are always the same from the same substance. A person soon becomes experienced enough to state in a moment what bodies are present.

If, for example, a piece of soda be suspended in the flame, at once a double yellow line makes its appearance, as shown in Fig. 2 by the double line near the right-hand end of the third spectrum from the top. The wood-cut shows also the lines characteristic of the elementary bodies, potassium, lithium, rubidium, cæsium, strontium, calcium, barium, thallium. The spectrum at the top is that of the sun, and is inserted for the sake of comparison. By noticing where the lines in the lower spectra fall, and collating them with the solar spectrum,

FIGURE 1.



their color may be ascertained from this cut. Those at the right-hand end are red, those at the left violet, those in the intermediate parts of the intermediate colors.

Understanding, then, that various elementary bodies when volatilized in a flame, and examined by a spectroscope, give spectra distinguished by bright colored lines, soda by yellow, strontia by red, etc., the reader is ready to grasp the next idea in the investigation.

If the light coming from such a source as a mass of white hot iron, which is free from all Fraunhofer lines, be passed through a flame where soda is volatilizing before it is analyzed by the prism, instead of seeing the bright yellow lines characteristic of the soda, we shall find in their place two dark lines. In other words, the soda flame has interfered with the continuity of the spectrum of the white hot body, and produced therein two Fraunhofer lines. If a number of substances are burning in the flame at once we shall get in the spectrum an increased number of lines. A flame refuses to permit the passage of rays of the same kind as it emits. White light passing through a soda flame has the yellow rays sifted out of it.

It is obvious at once from such considerations that we can ascertain the

constitution of the sun, both as regards his physical character and chemical composition. From the fact that the lines in his spectrum are dark, we infer that he has an intensely hot solid or fluid nucleus, emitting light, and surrounded by an atmosphere of flame in which there are many volatilized bodies. If he were solely an ignited gas or flame, the lines of his spectrum would be bright instead of dark.

As regards chemical composition, it is only necessary to ascertain what elementary substances can produce lines corresponding to those in the solar spectrum. We can then at once be sure that those bodies exist in that luminary. The presence of iron, sodium, and a variety of other materials familiar to us here, has thus been proved.

The reader will at once perceive what an important bearing these facts have on the construction and unity of the solar system. We have shown that on two members of it, the sun and the earth, the same substances are found, and may, therefore, infer that all the rest are similarly composed, for no other two at first sight seem more unlike. The sun and all his attending planets, with their satellites, are composed of the selfsame elements.

In this place, it is interesting to refer to a theory by which such facts may be accounted for, and the reason of the similarity shown. The nebular hypothesis assumes that our solar system was at one time a gaseous mass, extending beyond the orbit of the furthest planet, Neptune. Its composition was necessarily uniform throughout, for the tendency of gases to diffuse into one another, or intermingle, would have free play. In this nebula the temperature was very high, for the elementary bodies were in a vaporous state in it, just as they are at present in the sun. But as soon as the mass commenced to lose its heat, there were established currents and a general movement of rotation, and on the exterior a shell, or rather equatorial band of condensed materials, began to form. The cooling and consequent contraction still continuing, the band was left behind, but it sooner or later broke in one or more places, and aggregated into one or more globular masses, which continued their rotation as planets.

The same thing occurring several times in succession, and rings of molten matter being left behind by the contracting gaseous mass as it lost its heat, eventually all the planets as we now see them were formed, and the remainder of the nebula is the sun, still preserving the form partly of ignited gas, and partly, probably, of a liquid or solid. It is, however, even now radiating its heat away and cooling, though slowly. After, perhaps, giving off a few more planets, whose orbits will not exceed in diameter his present size, the sun, according to the hypothesis, will be no longer visibly hot, and life on the planets will come to an end.

This celebrated hypothesis has been very freely discussed, and has received much adverse criticism. Many strong objections have been urged against it, but the spectroscope confirms it. The reader will not be able to appreciate the full value of this support, until the constitution of the nebulae visible in the heavens has been spoken of. It will therefore be reserved for that place.

But let us not confine ourselves in these observations to our own solar system. Let us see whether this little instrument, which is scarcely anything more than a small triangular piece of glass, will not enable us to establish a relationship with more distant bodies than the sun and planets—with other solar systems far away in the abysses of space.

To the naked eye, there appear scattered over the sky at night a multitude

of stars of various colors. Even in our best telescopes they are only glittering points, and no glimpse of their chemical constitution could be presented before the spectroscope was applied to investigate them. We were satisfied that they shone by their own light, that they were suns, that they presented many analogies to our solar system, and also many dissimilarities.

How strange a sunlight, for instance, there must be in a world lighted by a pair of differently colored suns, for such must be the case if planets revolve around some of the binary stars. At one season of the year, a blue sunrise followed by a yellow one, then a day of the intermingled lights, a yellow evening and dark night. At another season, the reverse order of illumination; while, at intermediate times, there may be continuous day, first of one color, then of the other; a yellow day inciting the growth of plants, a blue one delighting the photographers. Can we establish a connection with such worlds?

The stars, both single and double, when examined by the spectroscope, are observed to contain substances well known to us. One of them, Arcturus, closely resembles our sun, as has been shown by Rutherford. At once we perceive a fellowship between them and our own earth, and are led to the noble idea that Nature constructs everywhere out of the same materials. Bodies so distant that the astronomer fails to give us an idea of their remoteness, are brought, as it were, into our grasp, and are analyzed with certainty. We recognize the same elements in them, that compose the soil we tread, the water we drink, the air we breathe.

And what are these materials? Chemists enumerate to us sixty-eight elementary bodies; that is, substances not composed of anything else, and that cannot be further decomposed. Such are the gases: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, etc.; the liquids: mercury, bromine, etc.; the solids: sulphur, iron, gold, etc. One is fifteen times lighter than the air, another twenty-one times as heavy as water. Truly, Nature has variety enough to choose from, for out of sixty-eight elements how many combinations may not be made? But this very variety creates at once a suspicion that the ultimate elementary bodies are not in fact so numerous.

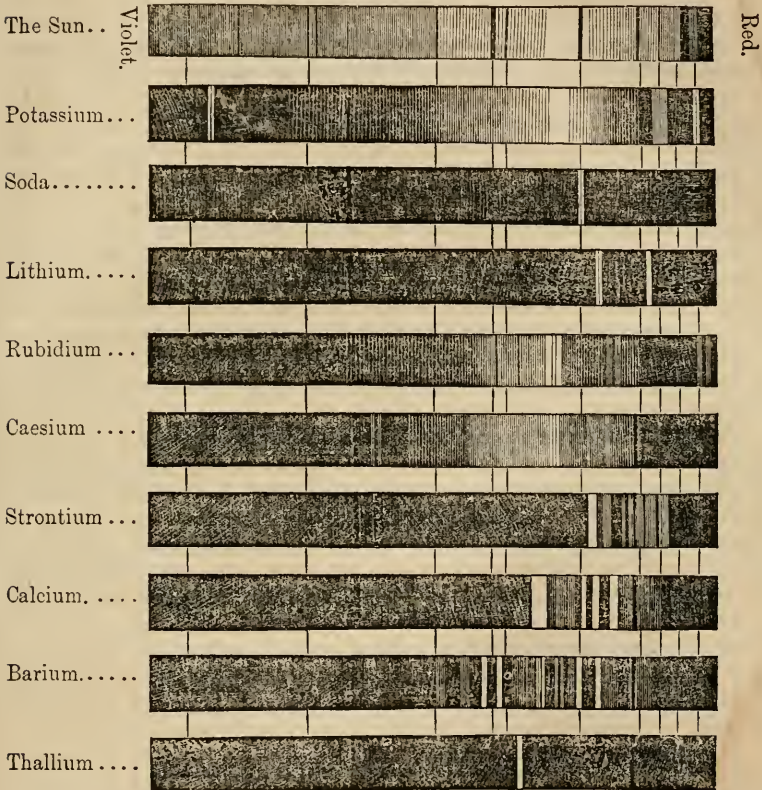
Among the reasons for doubting the multiplicity of elementary bodies, it may be stated: 1st, That many of them are so nearly identical that it requires a good chemist to distinguish one from another. 2d, That in our own times a number of elements have been stricken from the list, having been found to be compound bodies. 3d, That by quite trivial means one elementary substance may be made to assume a form having properties totally distinct from those it originally possessed. 4th, That we can form from two or more elements bodies which have the attributes of elements, a case in point being cyanogen. 5th, That the infinite variety of organic substances, such as the various tissues of the bodies of animals and plants, diverse as they are, are all formed principally from four elementary bodies. A multitude more of such arguments might be advanced; but the general conclusion which they indicate can be summed up in a line. All the sixty-eight elements may be compounds of perhaps only two or three elements—may even be modifications of a single type of matter. But any further consideration of this part of the subject would lead us into an examination of the nature of matter, and its atomic constitution, and with that we have not room to deal.

But we will penetrate yet a step further into space. The stars, it has been stated, are exceedingly remote. Let us examine bodies so distant that the stars are near neighbors compared with them. Clusters, resolvable nebulae,

true nebulae, shall carry us as far from the earth into space as the eye can see.

To the naked eye, or in a telescope of low magnifying power, there are visible in the sky certain patches of diffused light, differing in appearance from the glittering stars. Some, when examined with a higher power, are seen to be resolved into an aggregation of stars; some, by the use of the highest

FIGURE 2.



attainable magnifying power, on the finest nights, are with difficulty resolved, while some resist every attempt. It is with the last that we are more particularly concerned.

The great reflecting telescope of Lord Ross is well known. It is six feet in aperture and fifty-four feet in focal length. By its aid, nebulae that had up to his time been unresolved, were separated into stars, and from this circumstance the argument was advanced that all nebulae would yield to a sufficient increase of power, and be demonstrated to consist of stars, which, while in reality separated by immense distances, yet seem so closely packed together that their light is blended into one mass.

We have spoken of solar systems; there are, according to these statements, also stellar systems, where, instead of a sun and planets, there are groups of suns. Our sun belongs to such a group or resolvable nebula, the stars that we see individualized, and those of the milky way, being his companions. Seen

at a great enough distance, our nebula, or stellar system, would present a flattened or Lima-bean-like shape, somewhat elliptical from one point of view, and like a narrow band from another. Is this group arrangement the only form in which luminous matter is found in the universe?

Here, again, the power of means apparently trivial, but rightly applied, is shown. Once more the prism of glass solves a question which hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in telescopes could not have settled. On applying the spectroscope to the investigation of the irresolvable nebulae, Huggins finds that some of them present the spectra characteristic of an ignited gas, that is, of a flame. The Fraunhofer lines in that case are, as we have said, bright instead of dark, as in the solar spectrum, and the evidence is of a very tangible and unmistakable kind.

There are, then, in space, masses of ignited gaseous matter of prodigious extent, shining by their own light, containing no star, and resembling the nebula which the nebular hypothesis declares to have been the original state of our solar system.

Now we can appreciate the assistance which the spectroscope has lent in establishing that noble conception of Herschel and Laplace. It has demonstrated the unity of the solar system by establishing the existence throughout it of the same elements; it has shown the same unity in the materials of the universe, and lastly it fortifies us in the belief that that theoretical conception is in process of realization before our eyes; that we may see worlds in the act of formation.

The spectroscope has also a bearing on a great geological hypothesis, the former heated state of our globe. Geologists assert, from the presence in high latitudes of the fossil remains of tropical plants, that the earth was once in a molten condition; that it cooled gradually, and at one time reached such a temperature that the internal heat sufficed to maintain a warm climate on every part. The polar regions were not then dependent on the sun for their supply of heat, but needed that luminary only for light. Vegetation was somewhat like that of a hot-house in the North in Winter, with plenty of heat, but lacking light for part of the year.

By this hypothesis, a great variety of facts, such as the formation of some mountain ranges, may be satisfactorily explained. For example, when the heated mass of the earth was cooling it was also shrinking, but as soon as an inflexible crust had formed over the liquid ball, that exterior could no longer gradually diminish in circumference, but was forced to pucker into ridges, just as we see in the case of an apple drying up. The apple assumes a wizened appearance, so did the earth. The wrinkles are mountain chains.

The spectroscopic confirmation of these ideas, though indirect, follows necessarily from the support which that instrument lends to the nebular hypothesis. If the earth was once an ignited gas, it is certain that it also presented subsequently a molten form. And its geometrical shape, that of an oblate spheroid, the figure naturally assumed by a rotating liquid mass, is an important link in the chain of evidence.

Another reflection naturally suggests itself to any one thinking about these matters. We know that heat was the force concerned in keeping the materials of our solar system in the gaseous state, for by its aid we can again bring most of them into that form. The escape of heat was the cause of the solidification of the present crust of the earth. Where has all that immense amount of heat gone to?

It escaped altogether as radiant heat, moving in straight lines. Is it lost in the abysses of the universe, or is it somewhere collected together to melt worn-out worlds into nebulae again, and cause them to run again the course they have before pursued? Can we discover the scheme by which perishing systems are replaced by new ones, and the grand East Indian idea of a multiplicity of worlds in an infinity of time realized? How, when the light of our sun has faded out, shall our solar system be revived, and resupplied with the force it has lost? These are questions that remain to be solved. We are satisfied that matter and force are eternal, but what their laws of distribution and operation in space and time are, the intellect of man has yet to discover.

And if there has been a gradual formation of planets within our solar system, beginning at its confines, one after another losing its internal heat and becoming dependent on the sun for warmth, does not another thought occur to us? Has not life followed the inward march of heat? Is it not possible that there was a time when plants and animals, such as we have here, were able to exist on the exterior planets, favored by their genial heat? The last traces may not yet have disappeared from them. And may not the types of low forms of organized things, that inhabited this earth in early geological times, have passed inward toward the sun, where surrounding physical conditions favor them in a manner that has ceased here? Are there on Venus the radiata, mollusca, etc., belonging to our planet ages ago? Do types of life exist in the more distant planets, of some grade higher than our own? We see on the earth the migrating animals that cannot stand the vicissitudes of Summer and Winter, follow the sun southward in the Winter, and driven before him northward in the Summer. Is there in the solar system a similar obedience to heat and its effects, and an ever inward flowing tide of life?

HENRY DRAPER.

THE ART OF DINING.

III.

WE shall now give the readers of THE GALAXY a whole dinner—on paper; a Barmecide feast—with the recipes for the dishes. There is no intention of making THE GALAXY a cook-book. This bill of fare and directions will merely show how some of the principles which we have stated may be put in practice. The recipes below are new ones, and are specimens of a class hitherto unknown. They are recipes for French cookery, adapted to American circumstances. Many European condiments, flavors and ingredients are not to be had, or are unaccustomed in America. Pains have been taken to accommodate all these recipes to the requirements of American housekeeping, and they have all been proved by actual experiment.

POTAGE.

Bisque of lobster.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

Fresh butter; Spring radishes.

RELEVÉ.

Shad au gratin.

ENTRÉES.

Fricandeau à l'oseille; chicken sauté.

RÔTI.

Teal duck.

SALAD.

Lettuce.

ENTREMETS.

Spinach au jus; omelet au sucre; cake; madeleines.

DESSERT.

Cranberries in marmalade; fruit.

Bisque of lobster.—Place a good lobster, alive, in a fish kettle, cover it with cold water, cover the kettle and set it on a quick fire. It will take about twenty minutes to cook a lobster weighing from three to four pounds. Then take from the fire, break the lobster in two and place it in a cullender to let the water drop. When cold, split the tail in two, lengthwise, take the flesh out of the shell, remove the black vein that is on the back, take out the meat of the two large claws, and keep the flesh of the claws and tail, together with the coral piece, for the following day's breakfast.

Put all the rest—shell, claws, stomach, etc.—in a mortar, and pound well. Then put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, set it on the fire, and when the butter is melted, put what is in the mortar in, stir with a wooden spoon for about ten minutes, then add one pint of warm broth, stir another ten minutes and strain. Put the liquor back on the fire with about four ounces of toasted bread, boil five minutes and mash through a cullender. Put the

liquor back again on the fire, add one quart of broth, boil gently ten minutes and turn into the soup dish (in which you have toast or croutons) and serve.

Shad, au gratin.—The shad after being cleaned but not split on the back (as is too often the case, to the shame of the fishmongers who begin by spoiling the fish under the pretence of cleaning it), is placed in a bake-pan, having butter, chopped parsley, mushroom, salt and pepper, both under and above the fish. For a fish weighing three pounds, add one gill of broth and half as much of white wine, dust the fish with bread crumbs and set in a pretty quick oven.

Fifteen minutes afterward examine it. When done, the fish is dished, a little broth is put in the pan, which is placed on a sharp fire, stir with a spoon or fork so as to detach the bread, etc., that may stick to the pan, then pour this over the fish and serve.

The gravy must be reduced to two or three tablespoonfuls only.

Fricandeau, à l'oseille.—Procure a piece of veal cut from the leg, and about one inch and a half in thickness; the small, round bone in the middle may be either left or removed. Lard it well with salt pork; put into a bake-pan one ounce of salt pork to two pounds of veal, two or three slices of onion, as many of carrot, as many sprigs of parsley, and half a bay leaf; lay the veal over the whole; add just broth enough to cover the bottom of the pan, and a little salt; set in the oven, and baste now and then. If the juice is absorbed and there is not enough to baste, add a little more broth. Bear in mind that veal must always be overdone. When done, it may be served in three different ways: First, with the gravy only; second, on a *purée* of sorrel (*oseille*); third, on tomato sauce.

Purée d'oseille (purée of sorrel).—Throw the sorrel, when cleaned and washed, into boiling water; at the first boiling, and as soon as tender, turn into a cullender; press it to extract the water, and then chop it. Put it in a sauce-pan on the fire, with a piece of butter, and stir for five minutes; add a little broth; stir another five minutes, spread it around a dish, place the veal in the middle, pour the gravy all over it, and serve.

Chicken sauté.—To be good *sauté*, the chicken must be young and tender. When cleaned, singed, etc., cut it in about fourteen or fifteen pieces; put a piece of butter about the size of an egg in a frying-pan, and when melted, put the chicken in, and stir occasionally till it turns of a golden hue; then add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir for one minute; also salt, pepper, mushrooms and chopped parsley, one gill of broth, or, if convenient, half a gill of broth and the same of white wine; boil five or six minutes, and serve.

Roast Duck.—When cleaned, singed and trussed, place inside of the duck two or three bay leaves and as many sage leaves; then envelop it in buttered paper, and roast it; baste with the juice. It takes from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes to roast with a good fire. It is served with the gravy.

Salad.—Lettuce, and especially Cos or Roman lettuce, must be handled very gingerly, in order not to wilt the leaves while cleaning and washing. When the head of the lettuce, especially of Roman lettuce, is hard, it is not necessary to wash it at all, as when the outer leaves are taken off, the rest is perfectly clean. Never use the knife, but break the leaves; put them in the salad dish; spread all over the dish, according to taste and fancy, the blossoms and petals (not the leaves) of any or all of the following plants: burnett, wild chicory, rose (any kind), pink, sage, lady's slipper, marsh mallow, nasturtium, periwinkle. Thus decorated, the salad is put on the table at the setting of it, and

made when the time of eating it comes. Of these decorative flowers, the handiest are the rose and pink at this season, and in Summer, most of the others can be had easily. The salad is made while the *rôti* is carved; the petals are not removed, and, of course, are eaten with the lettuce. Salad is made with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. The proportions are: two tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar for four or five persons, salt and pepper to taste. It is gently moved round in the dish, so as to impregnate every leaf with the seasonings. It is served immediately after the *rôti*.

Spinach, au jus.—Prepared exactly as the *purée* of sorrel above.

Omelet au sucre.—Break four eggs in a bowl; beat them with a fork for half a minute; add a tablespoonful of sugar: beat another half minute. Put a teaspoonful of butter in a frying-pan over a quick fire, and when melted turn the eggs in; stir with a fork and see that it does not burn. When becoming hard, or rather when the underpart is cooked, but the top rather liquid yet, slide it over the dish, and when about half of it is on the dish, turn the pan upside down so as to fold the omelet over into the form of a semi-circle; then dust it with sugar; have a red-hot poker or other piece of iron, with which just touch the omelet in spots, so as to make an ornamental design, burning each place slightly, and serve. The whole process must be completed in about three minutes. The quicker, the better the omelet.

Madeleines.—Put half a pound of pulverized sugar and as much of butter, in a bowl, and mix them well together with a wooden spoon; then stir in six eggs, one at a time, in order to mix better; also, half a pound of flour, salt, and a few drops of essence, or grated lemon rind, to flavor it. Grease small moulds with melted butter; fill them about one-third with the mixture; put in a moderately heated oven and bake. Madeleines are served upside down and cold.

Cranberries in marmalade.—Put in a tin saucepan one pint of water, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the rind of half a lemon, and set on the fire; boil down the sirup until, by dipping a teaspoon into it, it adheres to the spoon. Then throw in one pint of cranberries; boil about twelve minutes; take off, cool, and serve. Any fruit to be had at the time of year may be served at the same time with this marmalade.

Lobster Salad, for Breakfast or Lunch.—Cut the meat in small dice and put it on a dish; cover it with a mayonnaise sauce, and then decorate with lettuce, parsley, slices of hard-boiled eggs and of pickled beets, and capers, arranged as decorations.

Mayonnaise Sauce.—This must be made in a cool place, with fresh eggs and good sweet oil. Put two yolks of eggs in a bowl and beat them two minutes with a wooden spoon; then pour over them, little by little, with the left hand, and while beating with the right, some oil. After having beaten for a few minutes and added two or three tablespoonfuls of oil, if the eggs are fresh it will begin to thicken; then add about half a tablespoonful of good, white cider vinegar, or wine vinegar if it can be procured. Then go on pouring oil and stirring till you have poured about six good tablespoonfuls of it, when add salt, pepper and mustard to taste, and the mayonnaise is made. If chopped parsley is desired, it is better to mix it with the lobster. If a little more vinegar be desired also, it must be mixed with the lobster and parsley. To make this sauce sharper, when finished, chop one shallot, a few stalks of chives, and a small onion, very fine, and mix them with the sauce. It is then called a tartar sauce.

We will take the liberty to advise the readers of *THE GALAXY* not to eat lobster at supper, as it is too heavy; also, if they ever eat lobster in what are called "eating-houses," to satisfy themselves first that the lobster was alive when placed in the fish kettle. We know of only two ways, however, to ascertain this fact, and we do not include inquiry of the manager. The first is tasting, but this requires some practice; the other is a proof in the negative, by finding that the fish makes you sick. This is the surest test, but not the most agreeable or advisable.

Some readers of *THE GALAXY*, unfamiliar with the mysteries of the *cuisine*, will, naturally enough, ask, why not say how long it takes to cook a fish, meat, vegetables, etc.

We answer: Ovens and fires vary in heat and quickness. Fish, as well as meat, vegetables, etc., if of the best quality, will cook in less time than if of inferior quality. Some like meat underdone, others overdone. The best and only direction to be given on this subject is to explain how to know when an article is done. A piece of beef may take twice as long in doing as another piece of the same weight.

For fish there is one simple and easy way of telling when it is done; it is when the flesh comes off the bones easily, which is ascertained by means of a fork or knife, as we stated in our last article.

To boil a fish weighing five pounds usually requires six or seven minutes.

We beg the readers of *THE GALAXY* to remember this, as it need not be repeated. We may also here observe, that unintelligible words or names are to be explained in subsequent numbers.

We add some miscellaneous observations on animal food:

Our animal food may be classified under the three heads of butchers' meat, poultry, and game. Butcher's meat comprises beef, which is the most nutritious of all meats; next mutton, then lamb, veal and pork. In poultry, we have chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, guinea hens, etc. Game includes wild fowl of all kinds, the smaller birds and the lesser quadrupeds, such as hare, squirrels and the like, and in general all the fruit of the sportsman's skill. Game answers very well for a change and to make variety, but it is too stimulating and exciting for daily use. Ox beef is superior to cow beef or bull beef.

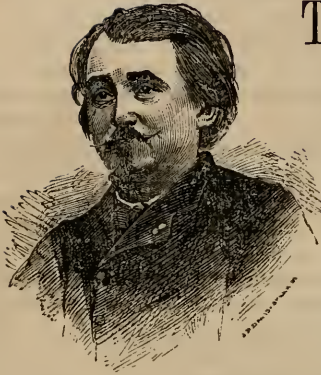
Mutton is good when the meat is rather black and the fat white. When the fat breaks easily it is young and tender. The wether is superior to the ewe for butchering. When you select veal, see that the meat and even the bones are not glueish and soft. As for pork, it is more difficult to determine its quality. Though the meat ought to be firm, it must be soft to the touch; if it is rough and hard it is not good.

Veal is best when from six to eight weeks old. Veal, like pork, must always be overdone.

A chicken is good when the flesh is white and the fat of a pale, yellow hue. It is young when the lower part of the legs is soft and smooth. It is the same with turkeys, and the shorter the neck and broader the breast the better the turkey. To select ducks and geese, hold them by the under bill, and if it breaks the fowl is very young; if it bends only, it is not quite as young, but it is good. Game or wild birds are selected in the same way.

PIERRE BLOT.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.



THE popular idol of the day, in the world of art, is Paul Gustave Doré, the most versatile, the most prolific, but at the same time one of the most unequal artists of modern France. He is all the rage in Paris. The Emperor and Empress have granted him the favor of an Imperial audience, and have graciously condescended to compliment him on the excellence of his works. His *carte de visite* is in such request that his photographer cannot supply the demand; and an order sent from this country for a dozen or two copies remained for weeks unfilled. Better still, the publishers vie with each other for the privilege

of giving his works to the public. He is able to name his own terms, and finds that no publisher considers them too high.

This is surely very pleasant. No human-hearted man but rejoices at the sight of talent and industry rewarded, and no one can deny that Doré has earned his celebrity and good fortune by an industrious and most sincere application of extraordinary talents. His industry is no less a marvel than his genius. Still a young man (he is not yet thirty-four), his drawings of all kinds number over forty thousand, and his pencil acquires greater facility every year in the magic art of transferring to wood or paper the imaginative creations of his fertile brain. Théophile Gautier, with an excess of enthusiasm pardonable in a French critic, styles him a "portent, a miracle of nature, a gigantic genius, served by an unparalleled physique." He revels in work. His enthusiastic joy in art supplies the want of repose. When engaged on some important task that absorbs his mind, he will ply his pencil for days and nights together, with scarcely an interval of rest; and when the work is finished will emerge from his studio with not a trace of weariness on his brow, fresh, affable and gay, his presence always solicited and always welcome.

Doré lives in Paris. He is unmarried, and his mother keeps house for him in quiet, modest apartments, fitted up with true artistic taste. His studio is said to be a perfect museum of costumes, specimens of armor, weapons, and other objects of artist necessity or pleasure. Every Sunday he receives his friends at an entertainment, from which all ladies, except his mother, who presides, are rigidly excluded. The only reason I have heard for this ungallant treatment of the sex, among whom the artist finds his warmest admirers, is that Doré is a confirmed old bachelor, and does not wish to have his peace of mind disturbed.

Like Turner, Doré is accused of being mercenary, and of making art a business instead of a profession. He is certainly sharp at a bargain, and exacts a high price for his work. But for his high price he gives good work, and no publisher ever loses by him.

The disadvantage of a popularity like Doré's is that it stands in the way of a true estimate of his genius. He is almost sure to be either overrated or underrated. Doré has not escaped this fate. Dazzled by his versatility, his brilliancy, and his originality in certain walks of his art, one class of critics, whose only *forte* is admiration, have already raised him to the highest rank among creative geniuses, and claim for him a seat by the side of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Shakespeare, Dante and Homer, as an acknowledged master in the world of imagination. On the other hand, a class of critics, whose only art is to praise the dead at the expense of the living, pronounce him a charlatan and a trickster in art, with no more claim to a permanent place among the great masters than a sensation novel writer has to rank with Shakespeare. It is, perhaps, true that the popular judgment is more often wrong than right in matters of art, and that the popular poet or artist of to-day is seldom the poet or artist for "all time." But, in the case of Doré, popular judgment happens to coincide with very critical opinion. The judgment of Théophile Gautier, already quoted, is but an echo of the praises showered upon Doré in the most cultivated and fastidious art-circles of Paris. It is doubtless extravagant, but nevertheless it is nearer the truth than the judgment of his detractors.

The extraordinary facility of Doré's pencil has been misinterpreted, as indicating a want of profundity. This is certainly erroneous. The men whose genius has shed most lustre upon art have always been rapid workers. It is not to his discredit that Doré never labors over his drawings. His most elaborate compositions are thrown off with marvellous rapidity; not slowly put together by rule, but conceived at once. The mental picture being transferred to the pages with the quickness of thought and the fidelity of the photograph. It is said that he never alters a line once drawn. His work is well done at first, and to alter would be to mar it. But for this extraordinary facility and perfection in his art, he would be unable to execute the enormous tasks that have given him his popularity.

An analysis of all the great works with which Doré has associated his name would transcend the purpose of this article, which is only to place American readers in possession of such facts as will enable them to form a tolerably correct estimate of Doré as an artist. He has tried many styles, and has failed in none, while in some his success has been wonderful. The versatility of his genius is without parallel in modern times. The Wandering Jew, the Contes de Perrault, Don Quixote, Rabelais, Balzac's, Contes Drolatiques, Baron Munchausen, Dante's Inferno, and the Bible, have been illustrated by him with such even excellence that critics are unable to decide which work exhibits the greatest amount of talent. All have to be taken into account, in forming an estimate of his genius. That he is greatest in the grotesque and horrible, is probably true. Some of his illustrations to the Bible and to the Fairy Tales exhibit a delicate eye for beauty, and a tenderness and occasional pathos, that form a wonderful contrast to some of his designs for the Wandering Jew and the Inferno; but the variety of these, and the constant occurrence of illustrations that make the blood run cold with horror, or excite unsympathetic laughter, or command mere admiration at the amount of power developed,

show the ruling tendency of his genius. He delights in horrors. Dante's Hell has more attraction for him than the Garden of Eden. Suffering never seems to move his pity. Even the sad story of Paolo and Francesca fails to awaken in him any tenderness: he depicts the unhappy lovers sweeping by Dante and his guide, on the current of a hot and blasting wind, with none of that deep pity that made the poet turn away and fall to the ground like a corse. To appreciate the utter heartlessness of the picture, one has only to compare it with Ary Scheffer's treatment of the same subject. The same absence of sympathy and pathos is observable in the illustrations to Don Quixote. The grotesquely comic parts, such as the battle with the windmill, the tossing of Sancho in the blanket, the battle with the wine skins, and others, are conceived and wrought out with truly wonderful power. But Doré never allows us to pity the unfortunate though chivalric Don. Our laughter never becomes respectful or sympathetic. Were the work of Cervantes lost, and the illustrations only preserved, they would give a very incomplete idea of the character of Don Quixote and his Squire.

Doré's deficient perception of pure beauty leads him into perpetual dalliance with the strange, the grotesque and the revolting. His drawings rarely seem to be inspired by love. His humor is grim and unsympathetic. Nothing can be more striking than his landscapes, and nothing more unnatural. He takes delight in gloom, in vastness, in powerful contrasts of light and shade. In the Wandering Jew, in the Inferno, and in Don Quixote, we may find many evidences of his power in portraying the gloom of desert valleys, the horror of dark forests, haunted by unimaginable shapes, the weariness and desolation of naked mountain peaks, while only here and there do we find breathing space in the sweet peace and pure sunshine of some pastoral scene, with a pleasant grove on one side, a sparkling brook, gentle hills in the distance, and meadows fitted for a fairy dance. He is often wrong in perspective, and his figure-drawing is generally hasty, sketchy, and not infrequently incorrect—of which deficiencies, however, his later drawings show fewer examples than are to be found in the Wandering Jew and other of his earlier works.

Doré is said to have no eye for color. The same was said of Turner in his youth; and Doré may yet acquire that mastery over color which in after life distinguished the great English artist. But he possesses a rarer gift—the power of expressing vast degrees of space with black and white, and of producing, with these simple materials, the impression of color. He is ambitious of becoming a great colorist; but the only specimen of his art in this country, "The Mountebanks," is thought to give little promise of future excellence in this respect.

Doré's life has been that of an industrious artist, and possesses no materials for romance. His early desire to devote himself to art was not opposed by his parents. At the age of twelve, he left his native city of Strasbourg for Paris, where he worked for a time on a comic paper, the *Journal pour Rire*. He first obtained recognition as an artist of more than ordinary merit by his illustrations to the Wandering Jew. From that time his progress was rapid; each succeeding work was received with increasing favor by the public; and when his latest, and, in some respects, his greatest work, was published, the enthusiasm of his admirers was literally unbounded. Everybody in France turned Bible-reader, in order to understand the great artist. It is said, I do not know with how much truth, that Doré himself had never read the book before he engaged to furnish a certain number of illustrations for a

grand folio edition. He is said to have turned over the leaves of a borrowed copy one day, hastily indicating a subject here and there on the margin. On setting to work, he used these hasty memoranda without troubling himself much about the context. Yet the Bible illustrations are undoubtedly his greatest achievement in art, presenting fewer defects, and excellences of a higher order, than any of his former works. An analysis of some of the most striking illustrations will give the reader who has not had the good fortune to see the book some idea of its character.

The first illustration, "God creating Light," exhibits at once the audacity and the limitations of his genius. In this picture, the Creator is represented as a venerable and majestic person, standing on a magnificent platform of dark, rolling cloud. Far beneath him swings the void and gloomy world, its black and uninhabitable surface crossed by bands of partially illuminated mist. A grand and solemn burst of light in the extreme distance proclaims the birthday of the sun, whose piercing arrows penetrate and scatter the shadows and blackness of chaos. The merit of this picture lies in the grand effect of cloud-illumination, which is rendered with remarkable delicacy and beauty. But this is all, and its defects are radical. There is nothing, either in position or gesture, to connect the figure of the Creator with the burst of light in the distance—nothing except the words of the text, to indicate that he has just uttered the sublime decree, "Let there be light!" So far as it was intended to be the expression of an idea, the picture is an utter failure.

The "Creation of Eve," and the "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," are beautiful compositions, but present no striking or original features, and we turn to the "Sacrifice of Abel and Cain." In this picture the artist concentrates the light on the figure of Cain, for the purpose of bringing into full relief all the evil and ferocity of his nature. His sullen, downcast eye is fixed on the smoke of his rejected sacrifice, as it creeps along the ground. A little further on, wholly in shadow, Abel kneels in adoration before his altar, from which, spirit-like, flame and smoke ascend to heaven. A conventional artist would have reversed the distribution of light and shade.

Still more striking is the succeeding picture. Human blood has been shed for the first time; the first human soul that left the earth has returned, solitary, to its Creator. The murderer still lives, but still uncured. In a rugged, narrow ravine, shut in by rocks that assume fantastic shapes of horror from the imagination, lies the first human victim of violence, extended at full length on the sand that for the first time drinks human blood. The murderer, leaning against a boldly projecting rock, stares with fixed gaze upon the work of his frenzied wrath. In one hand he still clutches the instrument of his crime. Stolid as the rock against which he leans, he seems to be unconscious of the approaching storm; of the thunder-cloud on whose dark page the lightning, in characters of fire, writes his eternal doom.

Still turning on, we come to another series of pictures, forming the conclusion of the first act in the great tragedy of human history. The race of Cain has multiplied, and has filled the earth with violence and wrong, so that God has repented him of the work of his hands. The ark has been built; the family of Noah, with the beasts and the fowls have been shut in; the fountains of the great deep have been broken up, and the windows of heaven opened; and the waters have increased upon the earth, until its whole surface, with the exception of a few mountain summits, is submerged. This is the moment selected by Doré for his first illustration of the Deluge.

If the reader will call to mind a few of the commonplace illustrations of this awful catastrophe, he will be better able to appreciate the force and originality of Doré's rendering. Take, for example, one of the most ambitious attempts of modern times, that of Carl Schorn, in the New Pinakothek, at Munich. We see a rocky peak, crowded with human beings, some of whom hug their idols to their breasts, others offer treasure to those in places that seem more secure, while others threaten the advancing waves with the curses of their gods. There is nothing of this commonplace melo-dramatic display in Doré's picture. He represents the inundation of the world, the death of a whole race. The spectator—if a spectator can be imagined—sees a confused mass of naked human beings, thousands and thousands in number, wildly struggling up the rocky side of a mountain, the strong treading under foot the weak, in the frenzied rush for safety from the wrath of the pursuing waters. They carry no idols, they have long ago thrown them away; they offer no treasure for assistance. This is no time for threatening heaven, nor even for prayer. Intermingled with the crowds are all kinds of beasts—monsters of the antediluvian world, hippopotami, elephants, serpents, wolves, bears and lions, jostling and treading down their human fellow-mortals in the awful struggle for life. The conception and the execution of this picture are truly grand. It is the world in conflict with fate. Close study reveals, in the minute figures that crowd the mountain side, an astonishing variety of individual action, which strengthens rather than weakens the unity of the composition. Every one of these minute figures obeys the same dread panic; and all the minor details of the picture are wrought out with admirable skill and feeling. The sense of unspeakable horror that pervades the scene is heightened by a skilful contrast. Far away in the distance, on a smooth stretch of water, floats the ark, peaceful, unendangered, and beyond reach.

Another scene. The waters have risen up and covered the earth, until one solitary, barren peak of rock alone remains unsubmerged. The wild storm has passed away; vast, black, waveless, unvexed by winds, untormented by torrents, the avenging and remorseless deep creeps slowly up to devour its last victims, satiated with death and now secure of these. On the top of this narrow peak huddles a group of little children, the youngest of whom stretches down its tiny hand to assist its mother. The father, grasping his wife with one hand, clings with the other to the rock. Hope and strength have failed, and he can climb no further. A tigress with her whelps, rendered inoffensive by the supreme peril, shares the rock with her children, but takes no notice of them. Holding one of her young in her mouth, she casts a melancholy, yearning look over the interminable waste of waters.

In the third of this grand series, we are shown the subsidence of the flood. The ark is resting on the summit of Mount Ararat. From behind its enormous bulk stream forth the rays of the rising sun—it is the dawn of the new era. The waters have retreated into the ancient abysses; white vapors ascend from the humid ground, like the smoke of thankful sacrifice. The rocky sides of Mount Ararat are strewn with the carcasses of human beings and animals, lying in inextricable confusion, as they were left by the receding torrents, while above them flutters the white dove, returning to the ark with the olive twig in her mouth.

It is a relief to turn from the epical sublimity and tragic horror of these illustrations to the sweet pastoral beauty that is found in "The Meeting of Eleazar and Rebecca at the Well" and "Isaac receiving Rebecca." The first

overflows with grace, charming sentiment, and Eastern feeling; the second is a marvel of beautiful conception and execution. The bride, seated on a dromedary, richly and fantastically caparisoned, has approached the abode of her husband. She prepares to descend; a slave presents the palm of his hand as a step for the delicate foot of the young girl. The patriarch approaches to receive her, his hand resting on the shoulder of a slave. But what words can describe the luminous atmosphere, the strange and picturesque caravan, the delicately moulded clouds, the transparent shadows, the beauty, a variety of the figure grouping? The picture seems like the realization of a wonderful dream—a vision out of the sleep of ages gone.

To describe these pictures one by one would require not merely an article, but a volume almost as large as the Bible whose leaves we are turning; and we must pass reluctantly over compositions on which we would gladly dwell at length.

Doré is fond of placing minute figures on an extended landscape, so as to give the impression of immense space. "The Cedars of Lebanon conveyed to the Temple," is an admirable specimen of this style of treatment. In this picture the horizon is placed near the top of the page. In the distance grow the majestic cedars, about whose giant boles the wood-cutters swarm like pigmies. Nearer are seen the enormous trunks, stripped of branches, laid on rude, massive trucks, and dragged off by teams of horses and oxen, urged on and assisted by crowds of drivers and workmen. Every nook and corner of the picture is full of bustling life. Not a particle of space is vacant or wasted. Yet all this variety and fullness is obtained without the slightest loss of unity of effect.

Doré's love of the grotesque and of queer humor occasionally breaks through his enforced decorum, as in his wonderful realization of Ezekiel's vision of the "Valley of Dry Bones." It is a ghastly composition. We can almost hear the multitude of bones dash and rattle as they fly together. And it is humorous, too. There is seen a bewildered skeleton fumbling round for a missing arm, which a brother skeleton, who was doubtless a practical joker in the flesh, hides away from him. One unfortunate creature has let his skull slip through his bony fingers, and clutches blindly after it as it falls. Another, who has picked himself entirely up, and put his bones together in complete order, sits grinning horribly a ghastly smile, and poking fun at his less expert companions. In the distance, the rehabilitated skeletons disappear, in long and dim procession, through the dusk of gathering night.

In general, Doré has restrained, in these illustrations, his inordinate passion for the grotesque and horrible, and his morbid tendency to gloominess; but these traits are seen in their full power in such subjects as "The Fate of Jezebel's Remains," "The Death of Achan," "The Punishment of the Sons of Korah," and a few others. It is surprising that he should have made so little of Job; and he has done less with the Prophets than his admirers expected of him.

The illustrations to the New Testament show a great falling off in power and interest. Doré's genius is not Christian; it is essentially fantastic and profane. He cannot draw an apostle, or a saint, and his Christ is an utter failure. Doré was not himself in the New Testament. In the words of Théophile Gautier, Doré excels in the reproduction of all climes, countries, architectures, costumes and manners, of which vague traditions alone survive. The Bible, with its profound perspective of antiquity, stretching beyond the crea-

tion of man, presents grand incentives to this intuitive faculty; and Doré, incited by the sublimity of the Biblical stories and imaginations, has, in this work, surpassed all former efforts in this direction. Whether his treatment of sacred subjects partakes sufficiently of a religious sentiment, is a question which admits of a wide difference of opinion; but of the genius of the artist, of his inexhaustible invention and imagination, there can be no question at all.

The engraving of these illustrations is admirable. Nothing equal to it has been done in any other work. It seems destined indeed to create an era in the art. When the first volume was received in this city, among the earliest to examine it were some of the most scientific engravers of the American Bank-note Company, who expressed their astonishment at the excellence of the execution, and the simple methods by which grand and beautiful effects were produced. Several artist clubs have been formed for the purchase of the book, for reference and critical study. It is not to be expected, nor would it be desirable, that the planting of this seed should result in a large crop of Dorés, but the influence of his style in the art of wood-engraving in this country will undoubtedly be extensive and beneficial.

STILLMAN S. CONANT.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A MOTHER'S holy arms caressed
A babe that laughed upon her breast.

Then thus to Heaven she cried in prayer,
"Now even as his face is fair,

"O Lord! keep Thou his soul within
As free from any spot of sin."

From Heaven the Lord an answer made,
"Behold! I grant as thou hast prayed."

Within her door the darkness crept,
And babe and mother sweetly slept.

The belfry rang the midnight-bell;
The watchman answered, All is well.

Awaking at the cradle-side,
The mother knew the babe had died.

With grief to set a woman wild,
She caught and clasped the marble child—

Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone!

"O God!" she cried, in her despair,
"Why hast thou mocked a mother's prayer?"

Then answered He, "As I have willed,
Thy prayer, O woman! is fulfilled:

"If on the earth thy child remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain:

"At thy behest, I reach my hand
To lift him to the Heavenly land!"

The mother heard, and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead,

And cried, "O God! I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!"

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and moaned the livelong night;

But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

THEODORE TILTON.

ROMAN WOMEN OF FASHION.

IN all ages woman is rather what man makes her, than what poets dream or painters imagine. The attraction of the sexes does not become more or less, like political or religious creeds, according to the time when wider room is made for their action in the world. Men and women exist for each other; and women in the days of the Roman emperors, as to-day, used all their faculties and all their ingenuity simply to please men. We beg literary women not to take offence at our statement, for it will bear a dispassionate examination. The girls of Boston or New York are not more beautiful or fresh than were the girls of Pompeii; but are they not just as eager to look beautiful?

We have yet to learn the a b c of Nature, and we believe that she is far wiser than any of the philosophers, moralists, priests or theologians of our pious nineteenth century. She knows what she is about, and guards well the secret of her enchantments. And she teaches women to be women, as she teaches girls how to be those frail, delicate, untouched buds of loveliness, which, like the succeeding Springs of the earth, year after year, make fresh under our eyes the Virginity of Beauty.

So, in gently pushing open the door of the dressing-room of any wealthy, fashionable Pompeian woman, we shall neither feel nor show more surprise at what we see there than if we were the privileged intruder allowed to look at, touch and fumble the nameless knickknacks and fancy articles that fill the dressing-room of our modern belles; since to-day, as centuries ago, Fashion, with all its implements, is but the accredited accomplice of Nature, and serves her best when most successfully it lends its aid to complete in a woman's face or figure what Nature capriciously left imperfect.

Our social forms being different from those of the days of Pompeii, the position of woman in society is also different, and necessarily gives her much more influence. We have literary women; they only had, here and there, reading women, like the daughter of Ovid, for instance, whose sweetness of character was not marred by any angularity or harsh, pedantic tone or spirit. Our literary women, by some unexplained conjunction of personal needs or losses, are too often too indifferent to the graces of womanhood, and free from all the sweet necessities of the woman-nature, to be agreeable. To please does not seem to be the uppermost ambition of their nature—to be loved and admired the end of their best efforts. They have entered as competitors with men in the world of letters, and insist upon sharing the publicity and the reputation of men. But those women who are satisfied in simply being what women can naturally be, and who, without fretful scorn for what they cannot attain, or helpless vanity in what they feebly imitate, accept their mere womanliness as containing the infinite possibilities of their influence, will take interest in finding out with us the points of resemblance between themselves and their sisters of dead centuries.

The women of Pompeii lived a life exclusively devoted to pleasure. Every demand of soul and spirit, every requirement of the intellect, seems to have been sacrificed to achieving a perfect blossoming of the senses. From what we are allowed to witness with our eyes, in the paintings and mosaics lately discovered, and, from what we must infer, not an inch of time was given to the soul and its imperious needs, and no room made for it to expand in; but the physical life, the revelry of the flesh, the absolute intoxication of voluptuousness, tyrannized over every moment and appropriated every hour of a woman's life.

We must remember how different is our domestic economy from that of those days. We are not told that any of the problems of that vexed "Bridget question" disturbed the placid ease of the mistresses of houses. Servants then were slaves, and, as such, unquestioning, willing, competent ministers to the luxurious habits of wealthy women. Those servants were skilful waiting-maids, filling around their mistress the double office of confidantes and servants. And, so admirably adjusted were the separate elements of that system of home-service, that not one of the servants interfered with the work of the other, or mistook her special duty, but rather, by her own punctilious routine and exactitude, helped to render each returning day a day of untroubled ease, and every hour an hour of new delight, to the queen-woman, who thought of nothing else but how to please her favorite admirer.

Then, as now, women used adroit secrecy in making their persons objects of special study and critical examination. Every line, or mark, or wrinkle, was attentively tracked with a jealous eye, and most skilfully concealed. Rouges, powder, paint, washes and ointments—all that art ever devised and combined to repair the destroying touch of time—was used, as it is used now. Indeed, our Lubins and our Rimmels, with their world-renowned delicious perfumes and essences, fail to furnish us with such profusion of lucent oils and aromatic washes as formed then the requisites for the toilets of women of fashion.

The utmost value being set on a smooth, milky-white, satin-like skin, it became the chief endeavor of every woman to preserve her complexion. To this end, bathing was constantly resorted to. What nobody ever omits doing before leaving the bed-room—the washing of face and hands—was to the Pompeian woman not merely a half hour's or an hour's work, but was the chief occupation of her morning. She bathed luxuriously in warm, scented baths of asses' milk. She bathed till her whole body was as smoothly soft-skinned as the petal of a flower, and her hands, her arms, her bosom and her limbs were made supple with excess of languid repose. One cannot help seeing anew the Venus Aphrodité coming out of the magic foam, when reading about those fair women, so fair and so woman-like!

It seems that the absence of activity and labor in the daily life of women, chiefly, perhaps, the absence of family responsibilities and of family dignity, made abundant room for the protracted performance of a daily toilet, which, instead of an hour or so every morning, occupied half the day. For, on awakening, the lady of fashion called her slaves to her bed-side and had herself more effectually aroused by various manipulations and applications, at which our implacable individual independence would simply revolt. First, the lady must have her face carefully washed, before any man's eye is allowed to glance at her. Sleep alone has not so unharmonized and disturbed the color and destroyed the roundness of those cheeks, or made those eyelids hang so heavily over eyes not yet brilliant. The paste of bread and milk, which was

so carefully spread all over the face last night, has to be removed in such a way that not the slightest redness or irritation of the skin shall remain. When that is effected, the teeth are replaced—for they had artificial teeth in those days—the eyebrows are artistically pencilled, and the lips, and cheeks, if necessary, stained with the bloom of youth.

Roman ladies understood as well as our women, that the charm of art is to remain unseen and unsuspected. Therefore, none but their own personal attendants were allowed near them during the elaborate process of the toilet. Yet, men would find out; men would know; men even would see, what was intended to be so well concealed. All the Roman poets become, by turns, satirists and censors when writing about their women, and, for page after page, they write about nothing else. The charm holds them, entrances them. Turn to Lucian, or Ovid, or Martial, or Juvenal and see what they say; how they admonish and mock; how they criticise and rail, and in an instant forget all except to admire more than ever! Does not this simply warn us that fashionable beauty is not to be familiarly handled, taken apart piece by piece, examined and classified like some poor chance-plant by the high-road? A woman's beauty is enough for man, and he need not inquire whence it comes or where it goes. Man is here protected against disenchantment and disgust by a non-familiarity with what he most would admire.

Another trait of resemblance between the whims of fashion in past centuries and fashion in our own times is the value attached to whatever was foreign. Greek customs had for the Romans the same fascination which French taste and French style have for us. A Roman woman of fashion refused to use any cosmetic that did not have a Greek name attached to it. The utmost ambition of the belle of Pompeii was to look like a Greek woman, to walk like a Greek woman, to lisp like a Greek woman, and like a Greek woman to enchant men with the seductiveness of her sensuous beauty.

Among the most remarkable of the articles of luxury which more recent excavations have given to the world, are the *écryns* or jewel-boxes, used by wealthy women to keep their adornments. Some of these boxes are two feet high, telling at once that a fortune was treasured within their chiselled circumference. The jewels do not materially differ from modern ones, save in workmanship and design. Bracelets, rings, ear-rings, gold and pearl ornaments for the head, buckles for the belt, and clasps to fasten the flowing draperies over the shoulder; these, and the most marvellous of combs, necklaces, toothpicks and even crochet-needles, formed part of the valuables which the Roman woman of fashion considered as her own special property, and upon which her thoughts so fondly dwelt when she asked herself: "How shall I look?"

We feel that she looked beautiful, when we remember what were some of the ornaments she wore, and how profusely she introduced the glitter of gold in her full-dress costume. The Roman ladies were excessively fond of jewels. Pearls and precious stones had for them the same charm which they have for us. When *en grande toilette*, the lady of Pompeii covered her whole person with jewelry. Her luxuriant hair, her neck, her shoulders, her bosom, her ankles and arms and hands flashed with the imprisoned fires of the opal, glittered with gold, or were encircled with the pale, soft light of the pearl. It seems that in this particular fashion of wearing jewels, the "purple women" of Pompeii took the lead. Dignified matrons at once adopted the extravagant taste, and the fashionable painters soon decked their divinities with the new insignia.

A nude Venus, recently discovered upon the walls of Pompeii, wears a gold band around her head, two bracelets on each wrist, a long gold chain dropping in her bosom, and rings on every finger; thus giving us another picture of the rage that prevailed at the time when, perhaps, she was painted from some fair living girl or woman.

If we closely compare some particular fashion of those remote days with the fashion of our own time, we shall be surprised to notice the slightness of the difference in taste. Take, for instance, the mode of arranging the hair. But before all, take the hair itself. Yes, take it, touch it, handle it, look at it long, till you make sure of its color. It is the very color we admire so much to-day—red hair; blonde hair and blonde women were then as much admired, and as much sought after, as the choicest blonde blossoms of our drawing-rooms of to-day. So great was the preference given to blonde and yellow and red hair, that all sorts of toilet artifices were resorted to, to obtain from drugs and ointments the one color which painters and poets still delight to picture in their softest dreams of fair women. We beg pardon of all the magnificent Junos whose black tresses match the night. Had they lived in that carnival of luxury they would, no doubt, have done what some of them try to do now. They would have used dyes.

The Pompeian women obtained from the East an unguent with which they saturated their hair, and then sat for hours in the sun until the foreign substance was dried in, and the hair was transformed. Sometimes the process took days to be perfected, and then if the lady had so large a circle of acquaintances that she could secure no privacy in her city house, she betook herself to the country, and remained there till her hair was made more silken and more rich with golden hue.

The mode of dressing the hair varied as it varies with us, fashion being more of an arbitress than taste in that important detail of woman's costume. "Rats" and cushions were skilfully adjusted by the slave *coiffeuse* to the head of her mistress, and we find some traces of the waterfall. Curls seem to have been the favorite style of dressing the hair for a time—curls thrown back of the head and flowing on the neck, such as we call Grecian curls. Wearing the hair in a large knot on the summit of the head, or in short ringlets around the forehead, was also a favorite mode with the exquisites of those days of exquisite elegance. But what adorned most the head of the Pompeian belle were the jewelled combs and the jewelled pins which they used to fasten their hair. Some of those are marvellously beautiful—not in color only, but in poetical design. One of those pins found in Herculaneum, and about seven or eight inches long, is surmounted by a Venus chiselled in gold; she is twisting her hair, and looks at herself in a mirror held by Cupid. Another is ornamented with a small figure of Psyche kissing Love. Another is still more beautiful, being the workmanship of some Greek jeweller. It represents the Goddess of Plenty caressing a dolphin, while her head is surmounted by two horns, symbols of consecration to the Goddess Isis. These jewelled pins are, perhaps, the most interesting feature of a woman's *parure*. They seem to have been selected with such dainty care as best harmonized with the occasion in which they were worn; showing at once that the symbols they represented were not overlooked, nor their poetical meaning unremembered.

We moderns cannot admire those pins without wonder at the perfect taste which the pagan artists used in forming the least trifle. Would it be possible to use with more effect or with more grace so small a space as the head of a

pin for the hair? Could any more graceful idea be expressed than that of the God of Love rendering to his mother the same service that slaves and infatuated lovers render to their mistresses?

Our aigrettes, our diamond constellations, and our koh-i-noors are very beautiful, but among all our modern designs for jewels and *parures*, none awaken in our mind associations of ideas so exquisite as those suggested by the taste of those graceful pagans.

Young girls in Pompeii wore nets, and exercised the charming capriciousness of their fickle taste in choice of color, texture and style. Some of them were made of gold thread studded with pearls and other precious stones.

When looking into the profuse luxury of that vanished life of centuries ago, we must acknowledge the superiority in inventive fancy and elegant taste of those pagan men and women. For even the most insignificant trifles that seemed to decorate their houses or adorn their persons, reveal in the graceful variety of their forms a richness of fancy that shames our modern refinement into silence. What are the crystal arrows, the crystal drops, the inlaid combs or filagree butterflies that our women wear, compared with the elegance of the ornaments which made the Pompeian women so beautiful, and so glad in their beauty? And how can we wonder at that, when we think that the State disdained not to give laws in regard to the dress of women, so as to make it a part of its magnificent pride? Many a Christian government has legislated religion and established and adjusted divine mysteries by law; but in Rome the Senate ordered that the slave-women hair-dressers should remain such a time as apprentices, so as to become skilful in their art. Ovid does not fail to tell us a good deal about it, nor about the importance some of those hair-dressers acquired when, after months of labor, they became expert in making the cushion named *tutulus*, which the ladies wore on the summit of their head, and around which centered all the whims of the reigning fashion.

After Rome had become the magnetic centre of civilization, where all the nations gathered who pretended to refinement or luxury, the mode of wearing the hair at once changed, and those women who had before ignored foreign fashions adopted all the extremes of Greek extravagance. Then it was that they began to mingle strings of pearls in their hair, like the Eastern women. Whenever women entered a temple consecrated to Egyptian divinities, they wore a profusion of lotus flowers or wheat in their hair, as emblematic of the fecundity of nature. And, as in these wild days of fashionable paganism, Italy became enveloped in the sensuous worship of Isis, the fashion soon prevailed for women of rank and position to adopt every novel arrangement of the hair that was imported from abroad.

The conquest of the Germanic tribes brought in the most fantastic modes and influenced much the feminine taste of Rome, and it was under that influence that gold-dust was generally used as hair-powder by fashionable women.

Nothing is more natural than that women of fashion should create a fashion by their simple preference or taste, just as is done in our days. And just as naturally, as soon as that fashion has lost, by general prevalence, the distinction which is its greatest charm, another newer one is tried, discussed and adopted. Natural flowers were a favorite ornament for the hair. The Roman belles wore wreaths of flowers—always fragrant flowers—at their evening entertainments. They also wore chaplets of flowers around the neck and bosom, so as to inhale the delicious odor which, when yielded by the head-

wreath, must be lost to the wearer. A singular fastidiousness forbade all women to appear in public by daylight with flowers upon them. They might not even carry bouquets under legal penalty. Was it because they might have been considered as victims? Those flower-wreaths and chaplets were woven with exquisite art, and always intended to be symbolical when sent, half withered and yet fragrant, to some bashful favorite. Fresh flowers would not have been welcomed by the jealous suitor, who loved to imagine that he found something of her whom he adored in the fast-drooping and finger-crumpled petals which had mingled with her beauty. It was also the custom to complete a message of love and to fix a rendezvous by forwarding either apples or figs bitten into. To-day, in the East, ladies still wear chaplets of orange-blossoms around their olive-skinned shoulders, and fall asleep caressed by the faint, languid odor.

But, with that same passion for beauty in dress which now, as then, lies at the very heart of a woman's nature, nothing could be more unlike our modern female costume than that of the Roman women. Their ideal was naturalness, and hence genuine beauty of form. They did not wear corsets, nor had they the remotest idea of barrelling up their busts with whalebones or steel. Next to the skin they wore a garment of finest cambric, very much like the modern chemise. Then a straight band or scarf, called *strophium*, which served to support the bosom with that grace we so admire in antique paintings. The makers of that part of a woman's wardrobe were as much patronized by Pompeian belles as our French corset makers are to-day patronized by women of elegance. Over that band was worn a sort of jacket with long sleeves, and made of the finest white wool. When at home, the tunic covered the whole, and the length of that ample, flowing drapery measured somewhat the virtue of the wearer, for it seems that the "purple women" of those days preferred to wear their tunics very short, to show their legs laden with bracelets, while the Roman matrons lengthened the vesture by a flounce embroidered with gold. The tunic was fastened around the waist by a belt artistically hidden under some folds of the tucked up drapery. For the promenade, women of fashion wore a mantle, the beauty of which was best displayed by the style in which it exposed the right breast, and was thrown over the left shoulder. Those mantles were invariably white, and so fine in texture that the incorrigible Petronius speaks of them as of "woven wind." Fashionable Roman women also wore white kid boots. The "purple women" generally wore sandals, so as to let their feet be seen—those finely shaped, large Roman feet, which our modern taste would admire more had they been smaller.

Extreme care was bestowed upon the nails of feet and hands. There was one special slave invested with the responsibility of keeping the nails of her mistress properly pared, cleaned and tinted. Women never wore gloves, yet they delicately cherished their hands and fingers. They kept them beautiful, not by idleness alone, but by a variety of cosmetics intended to render the skin soft, smooth, and flower-like. And, as the customs of those days made the fingers of women speak eloquently in adroit gesticulation, the beauty of the hand could not be overlooked. Horace makes fun of some original wag independent enough to cut his own nails, and dispense with the services of barber or slave.

In looking at some of the jewels of Pompeii, one is surprised to find how very fond were the ladies of the snake form, and how they preferred having rings and bracelets representing serpents. Gold serpents were among the

amulets, more or less decent, that hung from necklaces, and were used to conjure away distressing influences. Even living snakes were petted by Roman belles, who carried them around their arms, and, for coolness' sake, even let them lie curling on their bosoms. For coolness' sake also, did they carry smooth rock-crystal balls in their hands, while the slave fanned their heated faces and necks. After the fashion of carrying those crystal balls had become so universal that the Alps failed to yield a sufficient quantity of crystal, yellow amber was substituted. Juvenal tells us that the amber ball was never so much prized, and never so delicious to hold, as when it issued fragrant-warm from the hand of a fair girl.

Fans and parasols had their place among the appurtenances of a woman's toilet, and were considered objects of luxury by their magnificence and delicate workmanship. The fans were mostly made of very thin pieces of precious wood or ivory, covered all over with the minutest down of the rarest of birds.

Well, we have looked long enough to be made sad, into the fascinations and follies of the poor heathen women who were smothered in the ashes of Pompeii so many ages ago. Their volcanic tomb has preserved all these silent witnesses, to show how the passions, the ambitions, the vanities, of women are ever the same, and how even the trinkets with which they bedeck themselves express the same notions of beauty, and use the same materials, and almost the same forms. Only the lovely persons for whom such extravagant expenses were incurred, such infinite delicacies bestowed, such untiring thought devoted—only those lovely women themselves died so soon, passed away so utterly.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IX.

TOO PRUDENT BY HALF.

FLORENCE BURTON thought herself the happiest girl in the world. There was nothing wanting to the perfection of her bliss. She could perceive, though she never allowed her mind to dwell upon the fact, that her lover was superior in many respects to the men whom her sisters had married. He was better educated, better looking, in fact more fully a gentleman at all points than either Scarness or any of the others. She liked her sisters' husbands very well, and in former days, before Harry Clavinging had come to Stratton, she had never taught herself to think that she, if she married, would want anything different from that which Providence had given to them. She had never thrown up her head, or even thrown up her nose, and told herself that she would demand something better than that. But not the less was she alive to the knowledge that something better had come in her way, and that that something better was now her own. She was very proud of her lover, and, no doubt, in some gently feminine way showed that she was so as she made her way about among her friends at Stratton. Any idea that she herself was better educated, better looking, or more clever than her elder sisters, and that, therefore, she was deserving of a higher order of husband, had never entered her mind. The Burtons in London—Theodore Burton and his wife—who knew her well, and who, of all the family, were best able to appreciate her worth, had long been of opinion that she deserved some specially favored lot in life. The question with them would be, whether Harry Clavinging was good enough for her.

Everybody at Stratton knew that she was engaged, and when they wished her joy she made no coy denials. Her sisters had all been engaged in the same way, and their marriages had gone off in regular sequence to their engagements. There had never been any secret with them about their affairs. On this matter the practice is very various among different people. There are families who think it almost indelicate to talk about marriage as a thing actually in prospect for any of their own community. An ordinary acquaintance would be considered to be impertinent in even hinting at such a thing, although the thing were an established fact. The engaged young ladies only whisper the news through the very depths of their pink note-paper, and are supposed to blush as they communicate the tidings by their pens, even in the retirement of their own rooms. But there are other families in which there is no vestige of such mystery, in which an engaged couple are spoken of together as openly as though they were already bound in some sort of public partnership. In these families the young ladies talk openly of their lovers,

and generally prefer that subject of conversation to any other. Such a family—so little mysterious—so open in their arrangements, was that of the Burtons at Stratton. The reserve in the reserved families is usually atoned for by the magnificence of the bridal arrangements, when the marriage is at last solemnized; whereas, among the other set—the people who have no reserve—the marriage, when it comes, is customarily an affair of much less outward ceremony. They are married without blast of trumpet, with very little profit to the confectioner, and do their honeymoon, if they do it at all, with prosaic simplicity.

Florence had made up her mind that she would be in no hurry about it. Harry was in a hurry; but that was a matter of course. He was a quick-blooded, impatient, restless being. She was slower, and more given to consideration. It would be better that they should wait, even if it were for five or six years. She had no fear of poverty for herself. She had lived always in a house in which money was much regarded, and among people who were of inexpensive habits. But such had not been his lot, and it was her duty to think of the mode of life which might suit him. He would not be happy as a poor man—without comforts around him, which would simply be comforts to him though they would be luxuries to her. When her mother told her, shaking her head rather sorrowfully as she heard Florence talk, that she did not like long engagements, Florence would shake hers too, in playful derision, and tell her mother not to be so suspicious. "It is not you that are going to marry him, mamma."

"No, my dear; I know that. But long engagements never are good. And I can't think why young people should want so many things, now, that they used to do without very well when I was married. When I went into house-keeping, we only had one girl of fifteen to do everything; and we hadn't a nursemaid regular till Theodore was born; and there were three before him."

Florence could not say how many maid-servants Harry might wish to have under similar circumstances, but she was very confident that he would want much more attendance than her father and mother had done, or even than some of her brothers and sisters. Her father, when he first married, would not have objected, on returning home, to find his wife in the kitchen, looking after the progress of the dinner; nor even would her brother Theodore have been made unhappy by such a circumstance. But Harry, she knew, would not like it; and therefore Harry must wait. "It will do him good, mamma," said Florence. "You can't think that I mean to find fault with him; but I know that he is young in his ways. He is one of those men who should not marry till they are twenty-eight, or thereabouts."

"You mean that he is unsteady?"

"No; not unsteady. I don't think him a bit unsteady; but he will be happier single for a year or two. He hasn't settled down to like his tea and toast when he is tired of his work, as a married man should do. Do you know that I am not sure that a little flirtation would not be very good for him?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"It should be very moderate, you know."

"But then, suppose it wasn't moderate. I don't like to see engaged young men going on in that way. I suppose I'm very old fashioned; but I think when a young man is engaged, he ought to remember it and to show it. It ought to make him a little serious, and he shouldn't be going about like a butterfly, that may do just as it pleases in the sunshine."

During the three months which Harry remained in town before the Easter holidays he wrote more than once to Florence, pressing her to name an early day for their marriage. These letters were written, I think, after certain evenings spent under favorable circumstances in Onslow Crescent, when he was full of the merits of domestic comfort, and perhaps also owed some of their inspiration to the fact that Lady Ongar had left London without seeing him. He had called repeatedly in Bolton Street, having been specially pressed to do so by Lady Ongar, but he had only once found her at home, and then a third person had been present. This third person had been a lady who was not introduced to him, but he had learned from her speech that she was a foreigner. On that occasion Lady Ongar had made herself gracious and pleasant, but nothing had passed which interested him, and, most unreasonably, he had felt himself to be provoked. When next he went to Bolton Street he found that Lady Ongar had left London. She had gone down to Ongar Park, and, as far as the woman at the house knew, intended to remain there till after Easter. Harry had some undefined idea that she should not have taken such a step without telling him. Had she not declared to him that he was her only friend? When a friend is going out of town, leaving an only friend behind, that friend ought to tell her only friend what she is going to do, otherwise such a declaration of only-friendship means nothing. Such was Harry Clavering's reasoning, and having so reasoned, he declared to himself that it did mean nothing, and was very pressing to Florence Burton to name an early day. He had been with Cecilia, he told her—he had learned to call Mrs. Burton Cecilia in his letters—and she quite agreed with him that their income would be enough. He was to have two hundred a year from his father, having brought himself to abandon that high-toned resolve which he had made some time since, that he would never draw any part of his income from the parental coffers. His father had again offered it, and he had accepted it. Old Mr. Burton was to add a hundred, and Harry was of opinion that they could do very well. Cecilia thought the same, he said, and therefore Florence surely would not refuse. But Florence received, direct from Onslow Crescent, Cecilia's own version of her thoughts, and did refuse. It may be surmised that she would have refused even without assistance from Cecilia, for she was a young lady not of a fickle or changing disposition. So she wrote to Harry with much care, and as her letter had some influence on the story to be told, the reader shall read it—if the reader so pleases.

STRATTON, March, 186--.

DEAR HARRY:—I received your letter this morning, and answer it at once, because I know you will be impatient for an answer. You are impatient about things—are you not? But it was a kind, sweet, dear, generous letter, and I need not tell you now that I love the writer of it with all my heart. I am so glad you like Cecilia. I think she is the perfection of a woman. And Theodore is every bit as good as Cecilia, though I know you don't think so, because you don't say so. I am always happy when I am in Onslow Crescent. I should have been there this Spring, only that a certain person, who chooses to think that his claims on me are stronger than those of any other person, wishes me to go elsewhere. Mamma wishes me to go to London also for a week, but I don't want to be away from the old house too much before the final parting comes at last.

And now about the final parting; for I may as well rush at it at once. I need hardly tell you that no care for father or mother shall make me put off my marriage. Of course I owe everything to you now; and as they have approved it, I have no right to think of them in opposition to you. And you must not suppose that they ask me to stay. On the contrary, mamma is always telling me that early marriages are best. She has

sent all the birds out of the nest but one; and is impatient to see that one fly away, that she may be sure that there is no lame one in the brood. You must not therefore think that it is mamma; nor is it papa, as regards himself—though papa agrees with me in thinking that we ought to wait a little.

Dear Harry, you must not be angry, but I am sure that we ought to wait. We are, both of us, young, and why should we be in a hurry? I know what you will say, and of course I love you the more because you love me so well; but I fancy that I can be quite happy if I can see you two or three times in the year, and hear from you constantly. It is so good of you to write such nice letters, and the longer they are the better I like them. Whatever you put in them, I like them to be full. I know I can't write nice letters myself, and it makes me unhappy. Unless I have got something special to say, I am dumb.

But now I have something special to say. In spite of all that you tell me about Cecilia, I do not think it would do for us to venture upon marrying yet. I know that you are willing to sacrifice everything, but I ought not on that account to accept a sacrifice. I could not bear to see you poor and uncomfortable; and we should be very poor in London now-a-days with such an income as we should have. If we were going to live here at Stratton, perhaps we might manage; but I feel sure that it would be imprudent in London. You ought not to be angry with me for saying this, for I am quite as anxious to be with you as you can possibly be to be with me; only, I can bear to look forward, and have a pleasure in feeling that all my happiness is to come. I know I am right in this. Do write me one little line to say that you are not angry with your little girl.

I shall be quite ready for you by the 29th. I got such a dear little note from Fanny the other day. She says that you never write to them, and she supposes that I have the advantage of all your energy in that way. I have told her that I do get a good deal. My brother writes to me very seldom, I know; and I get twenty letters from Cecilia for one scrap that Theodore ever sends me. Perhaps some of these days I shall be the chief correspondent with the rectory. Fanny told me all about the dresses, and I have my own quite ready. I've been bridesmaid to four of my own sisters, so I ought to know what I'm about. I'll never be bridesmaid to anybody again, after Fanny; but whom on earth shall I have for myself? I think we must wait till Cissy and Sophy are ready. Cissy wrote me word that you were a darling man. I don't know how much of that came directly from Cissy, or how much from Cecilia.

God bless you, dear, dearest Harry. Let me have one letter before you come to fetch me, and acknowledge that I am right, even if you say that I am disagreeable. Of course I like to think that you want to have me; but, you see, one has to pay the penalty of being civilized. Ever and always your own affectionate

FLORENCE BURTON.

Harry Clavering was very angry when he got this letter. The primary cause of his anger was the fact that Florence should pretend to know what was better for him than he knew himself. If he was willing to encounter life in London on less than four hundred a year, surely she might be contented to try the same experiment. He did not for a moment suspect that she feared for herself, but he was indignant with her because of her fear for him. What right had she to accuse him of wanting to be comfortable? Had he not for her sake consented to be very uncomfortable at that old house at Stratton? Was he not willing to give up his fellowship, and the society of Lady Ongar, and everything else, for her sake? Had he not shown himself to be such a lover as there is not one in a hundred? And yet she wrote and told him that it wouldn't do for him to be poor and uncomfortable? After all that he had done in the world, after all that he had gone through, it would be odd if, at this time of day, he did not know what was good for himself! It was in that way that he regarded Florence's pertinacity.

He was rather unhappy at this period. It seemed to him that he was some-

what slighted on both sides—or, if I may say so, less thought of on both sides than he deserved. Had Lady Ongar remained in town, as she ought to have done, he would have solaced himself, and at the same time have revenged himself upon Florence, by devoting some of his spare hours to that lady. It was Lady Ongar's sudden departure that had made him feel that he ought to rush at once into marriage. Now he had no consolation, except that of complaining to Mrs. Burton, and going frequently to the theatre. To Mrs. Burton he did complain a great deal, pulling her worsteds and threads about the while, sitting in idleness while she was working, just as Theodore Burton had predicted that he would do.

"I won't have you so idle, Harry," Mrs. Burton said to him one day. "You know you ought to be at your office now." It must be admitted, on behalf of Harry Clavering, that they who liked him, especially women, were able to become intimate with him very easily. He had comfortable, homely ways about him, and did not habitually give himself airs. He had become quite domesticated at the Burtons' house during the ten weeks that he had been in London, and knew his way to Onslow Crescent almost too well. It may, perhaps, be surmised correctly that he would not have gone there so frequently if Mrs. Theodore Burton had been an ugly woman.

"It's all her fault," said he, continuing to snip a piece of worsted with a pair of scissors as he spoke. "She's too prudent by half."

"Poor Florence!"

"You can't but know that I should work three times as much if she had given me a different answer. It stands to reason any man would work under such circumstances as that. Not that I am idle, I believe. I do as much as any other man about the place."

"I won't have my worsted destroyed all the same. Theodore says that Florence is right."

"Of course he does; of course he'll say I'm wrong. I won't ask her again—that's all."

"Oh, Harry! don't say that. You know you'll ask her. You would to-morrow, if she were here."

"You don't know me, Cecilia, or you would not say so. When I have made up my mind to a thing, I am generally firm about it. She said something about two years, and I will not say a word to alter that decision. If it be altered, it shall be altered by her."

In the meantime he punished Florence by sending her no special answer to her letter. He wrote to her as usual; but he made no reference to his last proposal, nor to her refusal. She had asked him to tell her that he was not angry, but he would tell her nothing of the kind. He told her when and where and how he would meet her, and convey her from Stratton to Clavering; gave her some account of a play he had seen; described a little dinner-party in Onslow Crescent; and told her a funny story about Mr. Walliker and the office at the Adelphi. But he said no word, even in rebuke, as to her decision about their marriage. He intended that this should be felt to be severe, and took pleasure in the pain that he would be giving. Florence, when she received her letter, knew that he was sore, and understood thoroughly the working of his mind. "I will comfort him when we are together," she said to herself. "I will make him reasonable when I see him." It was not the way in which he expected that his anger would be received.

One day on his return home he found a card on his table which surprised

him very much. It contained a name but no address, but over the name there was a pencil memorandum, stating that the owner of the card would call again on his return to London after Easter. The name on the card was that of Count Pateroff. He remembered the name well as soon as he saw it, though he had never thought of it since the solitary occasion on which it had been mentioned to him. Count Pateroff was the man who had been Lord Ongar's friend, and respecting whom Lord Ongar had brought a false charge against his wife. Why should Count Pateroff call on him? Why was he in England? Whence had he learned the address in Bloomsbury Square? To that last question he had no difficulty in finding an answer. Of course he must have heard it from Lady Ongar. Count Pateroff had now left London! Had he gone to Ongar Park? Harry Clavering's mind was instantly filled with suspicion, and he became jealous in spite of Florence Burton. Could it be that Lady Ongar, not yet four months a widow, was receiving at her house in the country this man with whose name her own had been so fatally joined? If so, what could he think of such behavior? He was very angry. He knew that he was angry, but he did not at all know that he was jealous. Was he not, by her own declaration to him, her only friend; and as such could he entertain such a suspicion without anger? "Her friend!" he said to himself. "Not if she has any dealings whatever with that man after what she has told me of him!" He remembered at last that perhaps the count might not be at Ongar Park; but he must, at any rate, have had some dealing with Lady Ongar, or he would not have known the address in Bloomsbury Square. "Count Pateroff!" he said, repeating the name, "I shouldn't wonder if I have to quarrel with that man." During the whole of that night he was thinking of Lady Ongar. As regarded himself, he knew that he had nothing to offer to Lady Ongar but a brotherly friendship; but, nevertheless, it was an injury to him that she should be acquainted intimately with any unmarried man but himself.

On the next day he was to go to Stratton, and in the morning a letter was brought to him by the postman; a letter, or rather a very short note. Guildford was the postmark, and he knew at once that it was from Lady Ongar.

DEAR MR. CLAVERING (the note said)—

I was so sorry to leave London without seeing you; I shall be back by the end of April, and am keeping on the same rooms. Come to me, if you can, on the evening of the 30th, after dinner. He at last bade Hermy to write and ask me to go to Clavering for the Easter week. Such a note! I'll show it you when we meet. Of course I declined.

But I write on purpose to tell you that I have begged Count Pateroff to see you. I have not seen him, but I have had to write to him about things that happened in Florence. He has come to England chiefly with reference to the affairs of Lord Ongar. I want you to hear his story. As far as I have known him he is a truth-telling man, though I do not know that I am able to say much more in his favor.

Eyer yours, J. O.

When he had read this he was quite an altered man. See Count Pateroff! Of course he would see him. What task could be more fitting for a friend than this, of seeing such a man under such circumstances. Before he left London he wrote a note for Count Pateroff, to be given to the count by the people at the lodgings should he call during Harry's absence from London. In this he explained that he would be at Clavering for a fortnight, but

expressed himself ready to come up to London at a day's notice should Count Pateroff be necessitated again to leave London before the day named.

As he went about his business that day, and as he journeyed down to Stratton, he entertained much kinder ideas about Lady Ongar than he had previously done since seeing Count Pateroff's card.

CHAPTER X.

FLORENCE BURTON AT THE RECTORY.



HARRY CLAVERING went down to Stratton, slept one night at old Mr. Burton's house, and drove Florence over to Clavering—twenty miles across the country, on the following day. This journey together had been looked forward to with great delight by both of them, and Florence, in spite of the snubbing which she had received from her lover because of her prudence, was very happy as she seated herself alongside of him in the vehicle which had been sent over from the rectory, and which he called a trap. Not a word had as yet been said between them as to that snubbing, nor was Harry minded that anything should be said. He meant to carry on his revenge by being dumb on that subject. But such was not Florence's intention. She desired not only to have her own way in this matter, but de-

sired also that he should assent to her arrangements.

It was a charming day for such a journey. It was cold, but not cold enough to make them uncomfortable. There was a wind, but not wind enough to torment them. Once there came on a little shower, which just sufficed to give Harry an opportunity of wrapping his companion very closely, but he had hardly completed the ceremony before the necessity for it was over. They both agreed that this mode of travelling was infinitely preferable to a journey by railroad, and I myself should be of the same opinion if one could always make one's journeys under the same circumstances. And it must be understood that Harry, though no doubt he was still taking his revenge on Florence by abstaining from all allusion to her letter, was not disposed to make himself otherwise disagreeable. He played his part of lover very well, and Florence was supremely happy.

"Harry," she said, when the journey was more than half completed, "you never told me what you thought of my letter."

"Which letter?" But he knew very well which was the letter in question.

"My prudent letter—written in answer to yours that was very imprudent."

"I thought there was nothing more to be said about it."

"Come, Harry, don't let there be any subject between us that we don't care to think about and discuss. I know what you meant by not answering me. You meant to punish me, did you not, for having an opinion different from yours? Is not that true, Harry?"

"Punish you, no; I did not want to punish you. It was I that was punished, I think."

"But you know I was right. Was I not right?"

"I think you were wrong, but I don't want to say anything more about it now."

"Ah, but, Harry, I want you to talk about it. Is it not everything to me—everything in this world—that you and I should agree about this? I have nothing else to think of but you. I have nothing to hope for but that I may live to be your wife. My only care in the world is my care for you! Come, Harry, don't be glum with me."

"I am not glum."

"Speak a nice word to me. Tell me that you believe me when I say that it is not of myself I am thinking, but of you."

"Why can't you let me think for myself in this?"

"Because you have got to think for me."

"And I think you'd do very well on the income we've got. If you'll consent to marry, this Summer, I won't be glum, as you call it, a moment longer."

"No, Harry; I must not do that. I should be false to my duty to you if I did."

"Then it's no use saying anything more about it."

"Look here, Harry, if an engagement for two years is tedious to you——"

"Of course it is tedious. Is not waiting for anything always tedious? There's nothing I hate so much as waiting."

"But listen to me," said she, gravely. "If it is too tedious, if it is more than you think you can bear without being unhappy, I will release you from your engagement."

"Florence!"

"Hear me to the end. It will make no change in me; and then if you like to come to me again at the end of the two years, you may be sure of the way in which I shall receive you."

"And what good would that do?"

"Simply this good, that you would not be bound in a manner that makes you unhappy. If you did not intend that when you asked me to be your wife—— Oh, Harry, all I want is to make you happy. That is all that I care for, all that I think about?"

Harry swore to her with ten thousand oaths that he would not release her from any part of her engagement with him, that he would give her no loophole of escape from him, that he intended to hold her so firmly that if she divided herself from him, she should be accounted among women a paragon of falseness. He was ready, he said, to marry her to-morrow. That was his wish, his idea of what would be best for both of them; and after that, if not to-morrow, then on the next day, and so on till the day should come on which she should consent to become his wife. He went on also to say that he should continue to torment her on the subject about once a week till he had induced

her to give way ; and then he quoted a Latin line to show that a constant dropping of water will hollow a stone. This was somewhat at variance with a declaration he had made to Mrs. Burton, of Onslow Crescent, to the effect that he would never speak to Florence again upon the subject ; but then men do occasionally change their minds, and Harry Clavering was a man who often changed his.

Florence, as he made the declaration above described, thought that he played his part of lover very well, and drew herself a little closer to him as she thanked him for his warmth. " Dear Harry, you are so good and so kind, and I do love you so truly ! " In this way the journey was made very pleasantly, and when Florence was driven up to the rectory door she was quite contented with her coachman.

Harry Clavering, who is the hero of our story, will not, I fear have hitherto presented himself to the reader as having much of the heroic nature in his character. It will, perhaps, be complained of him that he is fickle, vain, easily led, and almost as easily led to evil as to good. But it should be remembered that hitherto he has been rather hardly dealt with in these pages, and that his faults and weaknesses have been exposed almost unfairly. That he had such faults, and was subject to such weaknesses, may be believed of him ; but there may be a question whether as much evil would not be known of most men, let them be heroes or not be heroes, if their characters were, so to say, turned inside out before our eyes.

Harry Clavering, fellow of his college, six feet high, with handsome face and person, and with plenty to say for himself on all subjects, was esteemed highly and regarded much by those who knew him, in spite of those little foibles which marred his character ; and I must beg the reader to take the world's opinion about him, and not to estimate him too meanly thus early in this history of his adventures.

If this tale should ever be read by any lady who, in the course of her career, has entered a house under circumstances similar to those which had brought Florence Burton to Clavering rectory, she will understand how anxious must have been that young lady when she encountered the whole Clavering family in the hall. She had been blown about by the wind, and her cloaks and shawls were heavy on her, and her hat was a little out of shape—from some fault on the part of Harry, as I believe—and she felt herself to be a dowdy as she appeared among them. What would they think of her, and what would they think of Harry in that he had chosen such an one to be his wife ? Mrs. Clavering had kissed her before she had seen that lady's face ; and Mary and Fanny had kissed her before she knew which was which ; and then a stout, clerical gentleman kissed her who, no doubt, was Mr. Clavering, senior. After that, another clerical gentleman, very much younger and very much slighter, shook hands with her. He might have kissed her, too, had he been so minded, for Florence was too confused to be capable of making any exact reckoning in the matter. He might have done so—that is, as far as Florence was concerned. It may be a question whether Mary Clavering would not have objected ; for this clerical gentleman was the Rev. Edward Fielding, who was to become her husband in three days' time.

" Now, Florence," said Fanny, " come up stairs into mamma's room and have some tea, and we'll look at you. Harry, you needn't come. You've had her to yourself for a long time, and can have her again in the evening."

Florence, in this way, was taken up stairs and found herself seated by a fire,

while three pairs of hands were taking from her her shawls and hat and cloak, almost before she knew where she was.

"It is so odd to have you here," said Fanny. "We have only one brother, so, of course, we shall make very much of you. Isn't she nice, mamma?"

"I'm sure she is; very nice. But I shouldn't have told her so before her face, if you hadn't asked the question."

"That's nonsense, mamma. You musn't believe mamma when she pretends to be grand and sententious. It's only put on as a sort of company air, but we don't mean to make company of you."

"Pray don't," said Florence.

"I'm so glad you are come just at this time," said Mary. "I think so much of having Harry's future wife at my wedding. I wish we were both going to be married the same day."

"But we are not going to be married for ever so long. Two years hence has been the shortest time named."

"Don't be sure of that, Florence," said Fanny. "We have all of us received a special commission from Harry to talk you out of that heresy; have we not, mamma?"

"I think you had better not tease Florence about that immediately on her arrival. It's hardly fair." Then, when they had drunk their tea, Florence was taken away to her own room, and before she was allowed to go down stairs she was intimate with both the girls, and had so far overcome her awe of Harry's mother as to be able to answer her without confusion.

"Well, sir, what do you think of her?" said Harry to his father, as soon as they were alone.

"I have not had time to think much of her yet. She seems to be very pretty. She isn't so tall as I thought she would be."

"No; she's not tall," said Harry, in a voice of disappointment.

"I've no doubt we shall like her very much. What money is she to have?"

"A hundred a year while her father lives."

"That's not much."

"Much or little, it made no difference with me. I should never have thought of marrying a girl for her money. It's a kind of thing that I hate. I almost wish she was to have nothing."

"I shouldn't refuse it if I were you."

"Of course, I shant refuse it; but what I mean is that I never thought about it when I asked her to have me; and I shouldn't have been a bit more likely to ask her if she had ten times as much."

"A fortune with one's wife isn't a bad thing for a poor man, Harry."

"But a poor man must be poor in more senses than one when he looks about to get a fortune in that way."

"I suppose you won't marry just yet," said the father. "Including everything, you would not have five hundred a year, and that would be very close work in London."

"It's not quite decided yet, sir. As far as I am myself concerned, I think that people are a great deal too prudent about money, I believe I could live as a married man on a hundred a year, if I had no more; and as for London, I don't see why London should be more expensive than any other place. You can get exactly what you want in London, and make your halfpence go farther there than anywhere else."

"And your sovereigns go quicker," said the rector.

"All that is wanted," said Harry, "is the will to live on your income, and a little firmness in carrying out your plans."

The rector of Clavering, as he heard all this wisdom fall from his son's lips, looked at Harry's expensive clothes, at the ring on his finger, at the gold chain on his waistcoat, at the studs in his shirt, and smiled gently. He was by no means so clever a man as his son, but he knew something more of the world, and though not much given to general reading, he had read his son's character. "A great deal of firmness and of fortitude also is wanted for that kind of life," he said. "There are men who can go through it without suffering, but I would not advise any young man to commence it in a hurry. If I were you I should wait a year or two. Come, let's have a walk; that is, if you can tear yourself away from your lady-love for an hour. If there is not Saul coming up the avenue! Take your hat, Harry, and we'll get out the other way. He only wants to see the girls about the school, but if he catches us he'll keep us for an hour." Then Harry asked after Mr. Saul's love-affairs. "I've not heard one single word about it since you went away," said the rector. "It seems to have passed off like a dream. He and Fanny go on the same as ever, and I suppose he knows that he made a fool of himself." But in this matter the rector of Clavering was mistaken. Mr. Saul did not by any means think that he made a fool of himself.

"He has never spoken a word to me since," said Fanny to her brother that evening; "that is, not a word as to what occurred then. Of course it was very embarrassing at first, though I don't think he minded it much. He came after a day or two just the same as ever, and he almost made me think that he had forgotten it."

"And he wasn't confused?"

"Not at all. He never is. The only difference is that I think he scolds me more than he used to do."

"Scold you!"

"Oh dear, yes; he always scolded me if he thought there was anything wrong, especially about giving the children holidays. But he does it now more than ever."

"How do you bear it?"

"In a half-and-half sort of a way. I laugh at him, and then do as I'm bid. He makes everybody do what he bids them at Clavering—except papa, sometimes. But he scolds him, too. I heard him the other day in the library."

"And did my father take it from him?"

"He did, in a sort of a way. I don't think papa likes him; but then he knows, and we all know, that he is so good. He never spares himself in anything. He has nothing but his curacy, and what he gives away is wonderful."

"I hope he won't take to scolding me," said Harry, proudly.

"As you don't concern yourself about the parish, I should say that you're safe. I suppose he thinks mamma does everything right, for he never scolds her."

"There is no talk of his going away."

"None at all. I think we should all be sorry, because he does so much good."

Florence reigned supreme in the estimation of the rectory family all the evening of her arrival and till after breakfast the next morning, but then the bride elect was restored to her natural preëminence. This, however, lasted

only for two days, after which the bride was taken away. The wedding was very nice, and pretty, and comfortable; and the people of Clavering were much better satisfied with it than they had been with that other marriage which has been mentioned as having been celebrated in Clavering Church. The rectory family was generally popular, and everybody wished well to the daughter who was being given away. When they were gone there was a breakfast at the rectory, and speeches were made with much volubility. On such an occasion the rector was a great man, and Harry also shone in conspicuous rivalry with his father. But Mr. Saul's spirit was not so well tuned to the occasion as that of the rector or his son, and when he got upon his legs, and mournfully expressed a hope that his friend Mr. Fielding might be enabled to bear the trials of this life with fortitude, it was felt by them all that the speaking had better be brought to an end.

"You shouldn't laugh at him, Harry," Fanny said to her brother afterward, almost seriously. "One man can do one thing and one another. You can make a speech better than he can, but I don't think you could preach so good a sermon."

"I declare I think you're getting fond of him, after all," said Harry. Upon hearing this Fanny turned away with a look of great offence. "No one but a brother," said she, "would say such a thing as that to me, because I don't like to hear the poor man ridiculed without cause." That evening, when they were alone, Fanny told Florence the whole story about Mr. Saul. "I tell you, you know, because you're like one of ourselves now. It has never been mentioned to any one out of the family."

Florence declared that the story would be sacred with her.

"I'm sure of that, dear, and therefore I like you to know it. Of course such a thing was quite out of the question. The poor fellow has no means at all—literally, none. And then independently of that——"

"I don't think I should ever bring myself to think of that as the first thing," said Florence.

"No, nor would I. If I really were attached to a man, I think I would tell him so, and agree to wait, either with hope or without it."

"Just so, Fanny."

"But there was nothing of that kind; and, indeed, he's the sort of man that no girl would think of being in love with—isn't he? You see he will hardly take the trouble to dress himself decently."

"I have only seen him at a wedding, you know."

"And for him he was quite bright. But you will see plenty of him if you will go to the schools with me. And indeed he comes here a great deal, quite as much as he did before that happened. He is so good, Florence!"

"Poor man!"

"I can't in the least make out from his manner whether he has given up thinking about it. I suppose he has. Indeed, of course he has, because he must know that it would be of no sort of use. But he is one of those men of whom you can never say whether they are happy or not; and you never can be quite sure what may be in his mind."

"He is not bound to the place at all—not like your father?"

"Oh, no," said Fanny, thinking perhaps that Mr. Saul might find himself to be bound to the place, though not exactly with bonds similar to those which kept her father there.

"If he found himself to be unhappy, he could go," said Florence.

"Oh, yes; he could go if he were unhappy," said Fanny. "That is, he could go if he pleased."

Lady Clavering had come to the wedding; but no one else had been present from the great house. Sir Hugh, indeed, was not at home; but, as the rector truly observed, he might have been at home if he had so pleased. "But he is a man," said the father to the son, "who always does a rude thing if it be in his power. For myself, I care nothing for him, as he knows. But he thinks that Mary would have liked to have seen him as the head of the family, and therefore he does not come. He has greater skill in making himself odious than any man I ever knew. As for her, they say he's leading her a terrible life. And he's becoming so stingy about money, too!"

"I hear that Archie is very heavy on him."

"I don't believe that he would allow any man to be heavy on him, as you call it. Archie has means of his own, and I suppose has not run through them yet. If Hugh has advanced him money, you may be sure that he has security. As for Archie, he will come to an end very soon, if what I hear is true. They tell me he is always at Newmarket, and he always loses."

But though Sir Hugh was thus uncourteous to the rector and to the rector's daughter, he was so far prepared to be civil to his cousin Harry, that he allowed his wife to ask all the rectory family to dine up at the house, in honor of Harry's sweetheart. Florence Burton was specially invited, with Lady Clavering's sweetest smile. Florence, of course, referred the matter to her hostess, but it was decided that they should all accept the invitation. It was given, personally, after the breakfast, and it is not always easy to decline invitations so given. It may, I think, be doubted whether any man or woman has a right to give an invitation in this way, and whether all invitations so given should not be null and void, from the fact of the unfair advantage that has been taken. The man who fires at a sitting bird is known to be no sportsman. Now, the dinner-giver who catches his guest in an unguarded moment, and bags him when he has had no chance to rise upon his wing, does fire at a sitting bird. In this instance, however, Lady Clavering's little speeches were made only to Mrs. Clavering and to Florence. She said nothing personally to the rector, and he therefore might have escaped. But his wife talked him over.

"I think you should go for Harry's sake," said Mrs. Clavering.

"I don't see what good it will do Harry."

"It will show that you approve of the match."

"I don't approve or disapprove of it. He's his own master."

"But you approve, you know, as you countenance it; and there cannot possibly be a sweeter girl than Florence Burton. We all like her, and I'm sure you seem to take to her thoroughly."

"Take to her; yes, I take to her very well. She's ladylike, and though she's no beauty, she looks pretty, and is spirited. And I daresay she's clever."

"And so good."

"If she's good, that's better than all. Only I don't see what they're to live on."

"But as she is here, you will go with us to the great house?"

Mrs. Clavering never asked her husband anything in vain, and the rector agreed to go. He apologized for this afterward to his son, by explaining that he did it as a duty. "It will serve for six months," he said. "If I did

not go there about once in six months, there would be supposed to be a family quarrel, and that would be bad for the parish."

Harry was to remain only a week at Clavering, and the dinner was to take place the evening before he went away. On that morning he walked all round the park with Florence—as he had before often walked with Julia—and took that occasion of giving her a full history of the Clavering family. "We none of us like my cousin Hugh," he said. "But she is at least harmless, and she means to be good-natured. She is very unlike her sister, Lady Ongar."

"So I should suppose, from what you have told me."

"Altogether an inferior being."

"And she has only one child."

"Only one—a boy now two years old. They say he's anything but strong."

"And Sir Hugh has one brother."

"Yes; Archie Clavering. I think Archie is a worse fellow even than Hugh. He makes more attempts to be agreeable, but there is something in his eye which I always distrust. And then he is a man who does no good in the world to anybody."

"He's not married?"

"No; he's not married, and I don't suppose he ever will marry. It's on the cards, Florence, that the future baronet may be——." Then she frowned on him, walked on quickly, and changed the conversation.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

By J. THOMAS DARRAGH (late C. C. S.).

I SEE that an old chum of mine is publishing bits of confidential Confederate History in Harper's Magazine. It would seem to be time, then, for the pivots to be disclosed, on which some of the wheelwork of the last six years has been moving. The science of history, as I understand it, depends on the timely disclosure of such pivots, which are apt to be kept out of view, while things are moving.

I was in the Civil Service at Richmond. Why I was there, or what I did, is nobody's affair. And I do not in this feuilleton propose to tell how it happened, that I was in New York in October, 1864, on confidential business. Enough that I was there, and that it was honest business. That business done, as far as it could be with the resources entrusted to me, I prepared to return home. And thereby hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there what these presents should be—for I had no boys nor brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want, which overtopped all others. They could make coffee out of beans; pins they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in "the old concern." But we had no hoop-skirts—skeletons, we used to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The *Bat*, the *Greyhound*, the *Deer*, the *Flora*, the *J. C. Cobb*, the *Varuna*, and the *Fore-and-Aft* all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the *Bat* and the *Deer* and the *Flora* were seized by the blockaders, the *J. C. Cobb* sunk at sea, the *Fore-and-Aft* and the *Greyhound* were set fire to by their own crews, and the *Varuna* (our *Varuna*), was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of a home-manufactured article. But no one ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put to an end, when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick, and destroyed the dams on Yellow Branch. The consequence was, that people's crinoline collapsed faster than the Confederacy did, of which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York—not a "duplex elliptic," for none were then made—but a "Belmonte," of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought, for her more common wear, a good "Belle-Fontaine." For Sarah and Susy each, I got two "Dumb-Belles." For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife's, who lived with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Hare-bell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mamma Chloe, and Mamma Jane. For them I got substantial cages, without names. With

these, tied in the shapes of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry-goods above, and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the Autumn closed.

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning, I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enraptured. Words cannot tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed these fairy-like structures, yet unbroken and unended.

Perennial Summer reigned that Autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day—and the next. It would have reigned till now if the Belmontes and the other things would last as long as the advertisements declare; and, what is more, the Confederacy would have reigned till now, President Davis and General Lee! but for that great misery, which all families understand, which culminated in our great misfortune.

I was up in the cedar closet one day, looking for an old parade cap of mine, which I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at the Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell, with a small wooden hat-box in my hand, full on the floor. The corner of the hat-box struck me just below the second frontal sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber; I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough indeed to hear my voice, and to know that I knew her. It was some time before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to the office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do you suppose you are?"

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time, five in the afternoon, I groaned in the lowest depths. For, in my breast pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see lying on the window seat, were the duplicate dispatches to Mr. Mason, for which, late the night before, I had got the Secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the Navy Department's special messenger. I had taken them to ensure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock. Heavens and earth, and here it was five o'clock! The man must be half way to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lafarge, my clerk. Lafarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan River, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, had smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that dispatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the offing in the *Sea Maid*.

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon, in the *Ino*. I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands, in Washington. Well, all I know is, that if the duplicate had got through, the Confederate government would have had in March a chance at eighty-three thousand two hundred and eleven muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet, up stairs.

"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been, it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up in your own cedar closet, and step about in the dark, and see what brings up round your ankles. Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to sit up, and as soon as I could talk and plan with her, she brought down seven of these old things, antiquated Belmontes and Simplex Elliptics, and horrors without a name, and she made a pile of them in the bed-room, and asked me in the most penitent way what she should do with them.

"You can't burn them," said she; "fire won't touch them. If you bury them in the garden, they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants, they say, 'thank-e, missus,' and throw them in the back passage. If you give them to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say 'thank-e.' Susy sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and, so—and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up these wretched things, and laid them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know what a good thing I made out of the bottle corks."

In fact, she had sold our bottle corks for four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars of the first issue. We afterward bought two umbrellas and a corkscrew with the money.

Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to drive I hove the whole shapeless heap into the river, without saying mass for them.

But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of troubles. As I look back on that Winter, and on the Spring of 1865 (I do not mean the steel spring), it seems to me only the beginning. I got out on crutches at last—I had the office transferred to my house so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there nights, and communicate with me when I could not go out—but mornings I hobbled up to the Department, and sat with the Chief, and took his orders. Ah, me! shall I soon forget that crisp Winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office. One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran by, and we knew that they felt well; and though I would not ask Old Wick, as we had nicknamed the Chief, what was in the wind, I knew the time had come, and that the lion meant to break the net this time. I made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the Major's ambulance, I remember; and hopped in, to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in that quiet uproar which shows that something bad has happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water.

"Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead, sah!"

And there he really was—dear, handsome, bright George Schaff—the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground floor, where they had brought him in. He was not dead—and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near it then. "The deep cut in his head" was the worst I then had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round, he said it was

not hopeless; but we were all turned out of the room, and with one thing and another he got the boy out of the swoon, and somehow it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it were better it had been, if it could only have been broken the right way and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise. There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early had, that morning, pushed out every man he had, that could stand; and they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don't know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight's party were to fire at Wilson's wharf, as soon as somebody on our left centre advanced in force on the enemy's line above Turkey Island stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the War Department, and I forget whether he was to advance *en barbette* or by *échelon* of infantry. But he was to advance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me, Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their supplies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at an oblique angle from their centre, and would not that have been the end of them?

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was, that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order for this man whose name I forget (the same who was afterward killed the day before High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green streets. You know how much time he saved—they waited all day for that order. George told me afterward that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bed-room window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, his horse—that white Messenger colt old Williams bred—went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet head-foremost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women, and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1864, never came off at all.

I walked out in the lot, after McGregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as Old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' bandy holes. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind legs in one of those infernal hoop-wires that Chloe had thrown out in the piece when I gave her her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal scraps of rusty steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. I felt too badly to go into a passion. But before the women went to bed—they were all in the sitting-room together—I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for awhile, in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were infernal things, and that the house and premises must be made rid of them. The aunts laughed—though I was so serious—and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And then it came out that the aunts had sold their old hoops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great

mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale—I am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the rags they got were new instead of old—it was a real Aladdin bargain. The new rags had blue backs, and were numbered, some as high as fifty dollars. The rag man had been in a hurry, and had not known what made the things so heavy. I frowned at the swindle, but they said all was fair with a pedlar—and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought it was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah looked demure, and asked what in the world I would have them do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told them to tie up all they had in as small a parcel as they could, and bring them to me.

Accordingly, the next day, I found a handsome brown paper parcel, not so very large, considering, and strangely square, considering, which the minxes had put together and left on my office table. They had had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the left-hand corner, in Susie's boldest and most contorted hand, was written, "secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next time I went down to the Tredegar, but that I happened to dine one evening with young Norton of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing he told us.

We were talking about the disappointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me, in confidence, what I have written down probably for the first time now. But we were speaking, in a general way, of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully, and then said: "Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack, the day the Yankee gunboats skittled down the river so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best-beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly. "If you say that, I'll break your head for you. Seriously, men," continued he, "that was a most extraordinary thing. You know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Callender himself knew no more than I. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew, when, skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead, and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little Mosquito, or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down and got us out of the scrape. Walter did it right well; if he had had a Monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engine-room. What in thunder were they at there? All they knew was they could get no water into her boiler.

"Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off they worked all right on those supply pumps. May I be hanged if they had not sucked in, somehow, a long string of yarn, and cloth, and, if you will believe me, the wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French folly of a sham Empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have such a chance again!"

Some of the men thought Norton lied. But I never was with him when he did not tell the truth. I did not mention, however, what I had thrown into the water the last time I had gone over to Manchester. And I changed my mind about Sarah's "secret-service" parcel. It remained on my table.

That was the last dinner our old club had at the Spotswood, I believe. The Spring came on, and the plot thickened. We did our work in the office as well as we could—I can speak for mine, and if other people—but no matter for that! The 3d of April came, and the fire, and the right wing of Grant's army. I remember I was glad then that I had moved the office down to the house, for we were out of the way there. Everybody had run away from the Department; and so, when the powers that be took possession, my little sub-bureau was unmolested for some days. I improved those days as well as I could—burning carefully what was to be burned, and hiding carefully what was to be hidden. One thing that happened then belongs to this story. As I was at work on the private bureau—it was really a bureau, as it happened, one I had made Aunt Eunice give up when I broke my leg—I came, to my horror, on a neat parcel of coast-survey maps of Georgia, Alabama and Florida. Now I was perfectly sure that on that fatal Sunday of the flight I had sent Lafarge for these, that the President might use them, if necessary, in his escape. When I found them, I hopped out and called for Julia, and asked her if she did not remember his coming for them. "Certainly," she said, "it was the first I knew of the danger. Lafarge came, asked for the key of the office, told Mr. all was up, walked in, and in a moment was gone."

And here, on the file of April 3d, was Lafarge's line to me:

"I got the secret-service parcel myself, and have put it in the President's own hands. I marked it 'Gulf coast,' as you bade me."

What could Lafarge have given to the President? Not the soundings of Hatteras Bar. Not the working-drawings of the first Monitor. I had all these under my hand. Could it be—"Julia, what did we do with that stuff of Sarah's that she marked *secret service*?"

As I live, we had sent the girls' old hoops to the President in his flight.

And when the next day we read how Pritchard had arrested him, we thought if he had only had the right parcel, he would have found the way to Florida.

That is really the end of this memoir. But I should not have written it, but for something that happened just now, on the piazza. You must know, some of us wrecks are up here at the Berkeley baths. My uncle has a place near here. Here came to-day, John Sisson, whom I have not seen since Memminger ran and took the clerks with him. Here we had before, both the Richards brothers, the great paper men, you know, who started the Edgerly Works in Prince George's County, just after the war began. After dinner, Sisson and they met on the piazza. Queerly enough, they had never seen each other before, though they had used reams of Richards's paper in correspondence with each other, and the Treasury had used tons of it in the printing of bonds and bank-bills. Of course we all fell to talking of old times—old they seem now, though it is not a year ago. "Richards," said Sisson, at last, "what became of that last order of ours for water-lined, pure linen government-callendered paper of *sureté*? We never got it, and I never knew why."

"Did you think Kilpatrick got it?" said Richards, rather gruffly.

"None of your chaff, Richards. Just tell where the paper went, for in the top of that lot of paper, as it proved, the bottom dropped out of the Treasury

tub. On that paper was to have been printed our new issue of ten per cent., convertible, you know, and secured on that up-country cotton, which Kirby Smith had above the Big Raft. I had the printers ready for near a month waiting for that paper. The plates were ready—very handsome. I'll show you a proof when we go up stairs. Wholly new they were, made by some Frenchman we got, who had worked for the Bank of France. I was so anxious to have the thing well done, that I waited three weeks for that paper, and, by Jove, I waited just too long. We never got one of the bonds off, and that was why we had no money in March."

Richards threw his cigar away. I will not say he swore between his teeth, but he twirled his chair round, brought it down on all fours, put his elbows on his knees and his chin in both hands.

"Mr. Sisson," said he, "if the Confederacy had lived, I would have died before I ever told what became of that order of yours. But now I have no secrets, I believe, and I care for nothing. I do not know now, how it happened. We knew it was an extra nice job. And we had it on an elegant little new French Fourdrinier, which cost us more than we shall ever pay. The pretty thing ran like oil the day before. That day, I thought all the devils were in it. The more power we put on the more the rollers screamed; and the less we put on, the more sulkily the jade stopped. I tried it myself every way; back current, I tried—forward current—high feed, low feed; I tried it on old stock, I tried it on new; and, Mr. Sisson, I would have made better paper in a coffee-mill! We drained off every drop of water. We washed the tubs free from size. Then my brother, there, worked all night with the machinists, taking down the frame and the rollers. You would not believe it, sir, but that little bit of wire—" and he took out of his pocket a piece of this hateful steel, which poor I knew so well by this time—"that little bit of wire had passed in from some hoop-skirt—past the pickers—past the screens—through all the troughs—up and down through what we call the lacerators, and had got itself wrought in, where, if you know a Fourdrinier machine, you may have noticed a brass ring riveted to the cross-bar, and there this cursed little knife—for you see it was a knife, by that time—had been cutting to pieces the endless wire web every time the machine was started. You lost your bonds, Mr. Sisson, because some Yankee woman cheated one of my rag-men."

On that story I came up-stairs. Poor Aunt Eunice! She was the reason I got no salary on the 1st of April. I thought I would warn other women by writing down the story.

That fatal present of mine, in those harmless hour-glass parcels, was the ruin of the Confederate navy, army, ordnance and treasury: and it led to the capture of the poor President too.

But, Heaven be praised, no one shall say that my office did not do its duty!

DAY AND NIGHT.

I STOOD on sunset's vague frontier,
Between the bright and dusky sphere,—
The Day that toils and sings and sparkles,
The Night that soothes and stings and darkles.

And either airy spirit vast
Alternate spells upon me cast :
One in his robes of color burning,
One draped in sad, mysterious yearning.

From border-lands of golden cloud
Day smiled on me with visage proud,
Cheeks ruddy-brown, lips bright with pleasure,
And sunbeams in his eyes of azure.

Night looked on me with downcast lid
Beneath the veil her brows that hid,
A troubled thought her face oppressing,
And yet her aspect breathed of blessing!

Day said to me: "My realm is fair :
No secret dims my crystal air.
I wake the Earth's exultant forces,
Lift seas, move rivers in their courses."

Night said: "From out the urn I bear,
The founts of Life their waste repair.
I feed the streams with dew incessant ;
I round to spheres the waning crescent."

Day said: "I laugh through my domain ;
I stir the cells of heart and brain.
I live in joyous, clear pulsations,
I reap the harvests of the nations !"

Night said: "The empty hearts of Day
Within my cloister learn to pray.
I give the truths that prop endeavor ;
I build the faiths that stand forever !"

Day said: "But all delights above,
I lead the lover to his love.
I paint the blushes, light the glances,
And weave the web of dear romances."

Night said: "I hide the timid cheek,
And make the bashful bold to speak:
I shade the lips for trembling kisses,
And smooth the couch of nuptial blisses."

Day said: "My deeds are brave and bold:
I fight my fight, and heap my gold.
My sons must work where all can witness,
And those I crown who prove their fitness."

Night said: "The pure, aspiring mind
Alone with me can solace find:
I look beyond external scheming,
And read the dreams that all are dreaming."

Day said: "I sit beneath the sun
And rend disguises, every one:
I make the knave and coward tremble,
The brazen front of Guilt dissemble."

"I know, alas!" then Night replied,
"The sinful secrets I must hide;
The smothered sounds of license, swelling
From vaults beneath my holy dwelling.

"Yet, from my freedom, purer seems
Yon Day, that shuts my gate of dreams;
And Evil works, in witless passion,
What God to Good shall later fashion!"

O rival Spirits! lovely each
In rest and movement, sense and speech;
Bound both in one, yet ever distant;
Alike, yet wholly inconsistent:

Within your hands the riddle lies
Which kills the fool and wounds the wise:
I bow to both, from both receiving
The freedom and the joy of living!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

NEBULÆ.

— THE President and the members of his Cabinet made speeches of more or less importance, a few evenings ago, upon being serenaded. As to the speeches we have nothing to say here; but there could not be a fitter occasion or a better place for the remark, that this serenading of men, which has come into fashion of late years, is very foolish, vulgar business. Think for a moment what a serenade is, or we should, perhaps, rather say, what for centuries it was. It was, in old Randle Cotgrave's words, "evening music played or sung at the door or under the window of a lovely or beloved object." Now we ask, is Andy Johnson a lovely or a beloved object? is Mr. Stanton, or Mr. McCulloch? Of course, we mean in the sense intended by Cotgrave, who, however, spoke for all the world; for we would not even hint that these eminent gentlemen are not lovely in their lives, or that by their families and near friends they are not much and very deservedly beloved. But would Mr. Seward, with all his admiration of the President's course, speak of Mr. Johnson as lovely? or would General Grant, with all his respect for the head of the War Department, speak of Mr. Stanton as a beloved object? Would they tenderly seek their dwellings in the cool of the evening to play or sing at their doors or under their windows? A serenade given to a fair woman by an admirer is a most charming and graceful compliment, when it is neither too long nor too loud, and its charm and grace consist chiefly in its fitness. The sentiment which a lovely woman awakens in the breast of a man who admires, and, perhaps, loves her, finds natural expression in music—music that gently disturbs the silence of the night, and rouses her with sweet sounds from her slumbers to remind her that her admirer thinks of her while she is sleeping. Were it not for this beauty of fitness in the serenade, it would be a foolish piece of business under any circumstances; this fitness makes it becoming in one party, welcome to another, and justifiable by all—due consideration being shown to the slumbers of the neighborhood. But think of men serenading a man! of one bearded creature or more playing or singing in the evening at the door or under the window of another bearded creature! A hundred or two prosaic he-creatures of a political turn of mind, accompanied by the rabblement in such case made and provided, take a brass band powerful enough to blow the dome off the Capitol with multitudinous metallic throats, and with this fitting instrument for their barbarous and monstrous travestie, they throng round the house of another he-creature, and after they have made such a din for fifteen or twenty minutes that the neighborhood within a quarter of a mile is roused or kept awake, they begin to scream out the name of the lovely and beloved object. Does he shrink? does he coyly peep from his curtained lattice? or does he, emboldened by the emotions awakened in his bosom, open the lattice almost imperceptibly and slowly drop a rosebud, or (oh joy!) his glove? No, he instantly appears as large as life, and twice as

natural. He is welcomed with cheers—nine cheers and a tiger of the most ferocious description; and thereupon the serenade ends in what it was begun for—that pest of American life—a speech. Now if people of certain political inclinations wish, as they naturally and most reasonably may wish, to hear from some prominent person an expression of his views upon the political situation of the hour, why can they not ask him to meet them at the place, and in the manner most convenient to them and to him, and address them upon the subject? This can be done with little or no expense, and without the management, the resolutions, and the endless strings of vice-presidents and secretaries that pertain to a political meeting. It is done in England, and the most eminent men in the kingdom thus address people who wish to know their position upon the political questions of the day; and the end is accomplished in the most convenient, decorous and fitting way. Or if a certain number of men want another to make a speech, let them go to him, and say, Come out now and speak with us. But there could be no way contrived more coarse, vulgar and ridiculous than this method of a body of people bombarding the man's house with music, not as the expression of any sentiment, but merely to make a kind of noise that will compel him to come out and acknowledge the so-called compliment—music which he cannot enjoy, even if it were enjoyable, because he knows that as soon as it stops he must make his speech. Just think of it—a rabble of men and boys, a great noisy brass band, three times three and a tiger, a he-creature to receive the compliment, and finally a speech, beginning, "Fellow Citizens"—and to call this a serenade—which is properly the most romantic mode of expressing a devotion and an admiration that hardly will take form in words; in which, strictly speaking, but two persons should be concerned, although the coöperation of not more than half a dozen is permissible. For every additional person present takes away some of the characteristic charm from which a serenade derives its name—that it is a compliment paid secretly and in the shadow and silence of the evening.

—IN writing, the first necessity, after that of having something to say, is to say exactly what you mean. This is the whole art and mystery of good writing; and the reason why there are so few good writers in comparison to the great number of people who are sufficiently well-educated to write, is simply that there are so few who have anything to write that is worth reading, or who are able to express their thoughts clearly. Clearness and perfect precision are especially necessary in the language of laws, and in the resolutions of important public bodies. Perhaps that is the reason that the following resolution was offered and adopted in the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York:

Resolved, That a joint committee of three members of each Board be appointed to confer with the Commissioner of the Sinking Fund, and tender to the United States Commissioners any portion of the Park south of a line drawn from the northerly corner of Beckman street and Park Row, with the right to build vaults, upon such terms as they may deem desirable, taking into consideration the advantages to be derived from the city from the erection of said edifice at that point."

This resolution, in effect, tenders to the United States Commissioners some public land of great value—of such great value that the shifting of a boundary line a foot one way or the other will make a difference of tens of thousands of dollars in the purchase money. It is, therefore, interesting to know that the City Fathers have tendered any portion of the Park south of a line drawn

from a certain corner—but drawn which way and to what point? South-westerly to the corner of Barclay street, or northerly, to the corner of Chambers street? The difference would only involve a matter of two or three millions of dollars and the closing of four streets. And will any small boy in the first class in parsing tell us what it is that is to be done “upon such terms as they may deem desirable,” and who is to do it. Is it the Committee that is to tender the somewhat uncertainly described portion of the Park upon such terms as they may deem desirable? or is it the Commissioners who are to build these vaults upon such terms as *they* may deem desirable? And, then, why must the Commissioners build their vaults, taking into consideration the advantages to be derived from the city from the erection of said edifice at that point? And what is said edifice? We have heard nothing of it before in this resolution. Possibly the learned Alderman who brought in this resolution, and the other learned Aldermen who adopted it, meant the new Post Office, concerning which certain United States Commissioners are in New York; and possibly the learned Aldermen meant that, taking into consideration the advantages to the city from the erection of that proposed edifice at the point in question, the tender should be made upon such terms as the Committee deem desirable. But if they meant this, they should have said it in a resolution giving authority in such matter. And if the learned Aldermen did not know how to say it themselves, they should have got some of the common people—the Yankees—to say it for them. But let us to the manner born not boast too much, or at all. In the same paper that contains this resolution there is reported a new plan of reconstruction by Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, consisting of a proposed Act of Congress, of which the following paragraph is one section:

“The State Governments now existing *de facto*, though illegally formed in the midst of martial law, and though in many instances the constitutions were adopted under duress and submitted to the ratification of the people, and, therefore, are not to be treated as free republics, yet they are hereby acknowledged as valid governments for municipal purposes until the same shall be duly altered, and then legislative and executive officers shall be treated as such.”

This reminds us of an advertisement of a country house which appeared a few days ago, in which it was said that the house “contained five bed-rooms, dining-room, library and drawing-room, comprising about seven acres of land well stocked with shade and fruit trees.”

Will Mr. Stevens be kind enough to inform us how State Governments can be formed in the midst of martial law? or how any Government or other entity can be formed in the midst of any law? Will he tell us if he means that because the Governments were “submitted to the ratification of the people,” *therefore* they are not to be treated as free republics? And will he also let us know whether it is the State Governments or the Constitutions that are not republics? and explain how it is that a Constitution can be a republic? We candidly confess that without his clue we cannot find our way through this labyrinth of words. But Mr. Stevens rises to his climax at the close, in which he is rhetorically correct. He proposes that the Governments, or the Constitutions, or the Republics—we can’t tell, for he does not say exactly which—are to be “acknowledged as valid Governments until the same shall be duly altered;” and that after this has taken place, “legislative and executive officers shall be treated as such.” As such? As what? As “duly altered?” Certainly; for, as Sairy Gamp remarks, “Some people may be

Roosians, and some people may be Proosians; they are born so, and they has their choice; but them that is otherwise thinks different." Such a performance as this is no novelty in the proceedings of Congress, this session at least. We do not know that Mr. Stevens aims at more than that command of thought and language which is necessary to intelligibility; but Mr. Sumner, judging by his orations, has literary ambition, and endeavors to display an unusual acquaintance with the best writers of our literature; yet, he has brought in at least one bill or amendment upon his very important reconstruction question, so loosely thought, so shiftlessly worded, that any clear-headed lawyer could "drive a coach and six through it."

An examination of the proceedings in Congress, even in the Globe's reports, will show any careful reader that the most important bills, and joint resolutions, and proposed amendments to the Constitution are often written in such a slovenly style that their exact meaning—in some cases even their purport—can only be guessed at from a knowledge of what was the object of those who brought them before the House. And this, of course, will make trouble and confusion hereafter. The convention of wise, practical statesmen who framed our Constitution were very particular upon this point of clear expression. After each paragraph of each section had been considered as to its purpose in committee and in open convention, and re-committed, and then debated day after day upon its terms, and, after long consideration and much alteration, adopted in substance, it then was finally sent to the Committee on Style, in which its language and its construction were carefully scrutinized, and, if necessary, changed. After this it was again read and considered in full convention, and if acceptable in its last form, adopted. This care was not at all superfluous. To it we owe a Constitution, as to the exact meaning of every clause of which there is probably less doubt and less opportunity for cavil than as to that of any instrument in the world of equal length, not to say of similar character. Let no one condemn this criticism as that of a pedant or a pedagogue whose first thought about a passage in Shakespeare is, "Will it parse?" In a statute which should close with the words "he shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead," it would be of some moment to determine exactly the antecedent of "he;" and it would be unfortunate if the law were so drawn, as in Congress or the Common Council it easily might be, that "he" referred not to the culprit but to the judge before whom he was tried.

—We publish with pleasure the following letter from the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, }
No. 826 Broadway, corner of Twelfth Street.

To the Editor of *The Galaxy* :

My attention has been called to an article in your really elegant magazine, *THE GALAXY*, in which you are pleased to say, that this Society is the least needed of all reforms.

You will pardon me for saying that I think the article alluded to was written without due reflection. Is no reform needed in the carrying of cattle by railroads thousands of miles, without allowing them rest, or food, or water for *four and five* days at a time?

Were the fearful cruelties inflicted on calves and sheep on their way to the stables—which this Society has corrected—not worthy of reform? Are the demoralizing dog-fights, cock-fights, and the heart-rending beatings, overloadings, and maimings of that noblest servant of man—the horse—inflicted by so-called men, having the instincts of wild beasts, not subjects of reform? I will not suffer myself to believe you think so.

If this Society were characterized by any political proclivities; if it attempted to exercise any sectarian influence; or trespassed, however feebly, on any natural or legal

rights—then your opposition would be legitimate and just ; but no such charge can be imputed to it. It is, as its title announces, an auxiliary in the merciful enforcement of the laws against cruelty to the unresisting brute creation ; and its founders can never acquire aught else from their association with it, than the moral reward of doing a good action. Again, you lead us to infer that you are unfriendly to commissions, in the face of the well-working of the Croton, Police, Fire and Health Boards ; and you say that our work could be reached by simple ordinance ! Why have these barbarities never before been reached ?

Finally, gentlemen, I regret that the infancy of your handsome offspring should have been disfigured by a gratuitous blemish—serving no other purpose than to deprive, perchance, the poor toiling horse of a portion of that sympathy, which he can so hardly afford to lose.

I beg you to do yourselves the justice to correct this impression in your ensuing number, and believe me

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY BERGH, President.

Mr. Bergh has quite misapprehended the purport—and, we think, the plain purport—of the article to which he refers. We are very far from intending any kind of “opposition” to the society over which we are sure that he worthily presides. As to the cattle, the beeves and calves, sheep and lambs, and the unnecessary and injurious suffering that they undergo at the hands of butchers and drovers, Mr. Bergh’s sensibilities, official though they are, cannot be more tender, more easily wounded than those of our humble and private self. All that we ventured upon this point was a suggestion that a State law or a city ordinance properly administered would be sufficient to abate the evil without a special society and a formidable array of vice-presidents and secretaries. But if indeed this be insufficient, let us by all means have the society from which we may at least hope for the statistics of cruelty and a literature of brutality. Let the society prosper, and let there be a building, for its deliberations and its archives, erected by contributions, in the nature of sin offerings, from wealthy, conscience-stricken, and repentant butchers. Equally has Mr. Bergh—and if so intelligent a gentleman as he, perhaps some others of our readers—misunderstood us about the working of commissions. Commissions, composed of men of character and entirely removed from political influence, have been the salvation of New York City, in so far as it has been saved. A far be the day when the Croton Aqueduct, the Park, the Police, the Fire Department and the Health Board are placed again in the power of those who rule in the City Hall ! Could there be added to these two others—one of piers and wharves, and the other of highways and public conveyances, which latter should have control, of course, of all public conveyances in the metropolis, including the street railways, with these commissions, filled with absolute political impartiality—New York would be well cared for.

— We see that our hint that the animals that travel in our city railway cars need the care of a protective society quite as much as the other animals that drag the cars, has led to a discussion of the subject, in connection with the suggestion by Mr. Bergh’s society, that the horses are overworked, and that at certain difficult grades, at least, the two panting beasts should have the help of a third. What, indeed, is the overwork of two horses compared with the discomfort and the injury to health suffered by the crowd, in whose sufferings those of the horses really have their origin ? What matter is it that two horses pant and stagger, when the reason why they do so is,

that men, women and children are so closely packed together that they breathe foul air, strain their already overtaxed bodies, crush each others' toes, and pass from half an hour to an hour in extreme discomfort, because greedy Directors will not give the public the accommodation that, under the circumstances, the public has a right to demand. Cruelty to beasts? Stop it, of course; if not in one way, then in another. But what is cruelty to beasts compared with cruelty to human beings? What we need is a People's Protective Association—a society with men of character and standing at its head, the business of which shall be to find means of protecting the public against all the iniquities, the impositions, extortions and nuisances which we suffer at the hands of selfish corporations and individuals, who seek only their own profit at whatever cost to others. Such an association, managed economically, but working through paid agents, might investigate all our multitudinous causes of complaint against such people as have just been mentioned, discover remedies for them in laws that either exist or that could be passed, and could meet the lobby influence at Albany and the City Hall, as it must needs be met to be overcome; and when the laws are passed, see that they are enforced. It is *the business* of gas companies, railway companies, and the like, and of certain trading classes, to manipulate the public authorities for their profit. How unreasonable it is for us—the public—to expect to cope with these people, except we make it *the business* of some person, our paid agent, and responsible to us, to meet the agents of the companies and the traders on their own ground, and fight them, and expose them. A People's Protective Association, a vote in which should be secured, by a small yearly contribution—two or three dollars—would be sustained by the great mass of our citizens, and, if energetically and intelligently managed, would soon become the terror of all monopolists, extortioners and impostors.

—WELL, the Opera House, or as it was absurdly called, the Academy of Music, has gone the way of all theatres; for it seems to be the fate of all of them to be burned sooner or later. We are sorry for those who have lost by the fire, and there are a few, a very few pleasant associations in the public mind with the old house; but as a house we do not mourn its loss. It could be converted into a very fine ball-room, but it certainly was the most inelegant, inconvenient, hard-to-hear-in, hard-to-sit-in, hard-to-see-in, un-pretty-woman-to-advantage-displaying opera house that ever was built. We do hope that the stockholders of the new house will impress it upon their architect that he is to use the old house as Dromio of Ephesus said he must use the fat cook-maid who claimed him as a husband, and that was, after setting her on fire, to run away from her by her own light. Let him take the old house as a dreadful example of what the new house is *not* to be. Of course it must have a stage, and an orchestra, and boxes, and parquet, but so Caliban and Miranda both had eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears and throat. It was the arrangement, and shape, and color of those features, common to both, that made a certain difference that Ferdinand noticed between them. First of all, the new house should be made so that the stage can be seen from every seat—from every one. If there is a part of the house from which the stage cannot be seen, that is exactly where no seat should be placed, no seat sold. It should be built so that singers can make themselves heard without bawling and shrieking on tiptoe, like ambitious and belligerent cocks challenging each other from neighboring barn yards. The seats, and, above all, the private boxes, should be so arranged that approach to them will be easy, and that one

does not feel in them as we did in those of the old house, as if strong effort was necessary to keep from falling over the front of the boxes. What joy is there for us in the opera if Gloriana, radiant in her box, is inaccessible? What pleasure to Gloriana herself if she sits in momentary fear lest she should plunge headlong into the parquet, her skirts fluttering and swaying hardly less than they do in the Avenue on a benignly breezy day? The decoration of the house should be in rich, quiet color, slightly relieved with gilt, without which it would be heavy and sombre. But let us have done with white walls and ash-colored panels, and salmon-colored mouldings, and all the faded, milk-and-water style of decoration. The interior of a full opera house produces a fine effect only when the people are set off, as pictures are, by the background on which they appear. Here be difficult requisitions to reconcile, it is true; but they can be reconciled, and to do so is the business, and tests the skill and taste of the architect. In form, in convenience, in elegance and general attractiveness, the old opera house in Astor Place (now the Mercantile Library), was one of the most charming places of public amusement in the world—so, at least, those said who had seen it, and nearly all the rest. Those who remember that building—and it is only ten or twelve years since the Italian birds were singing there—speak of it always with an almost tender^s recollection, and seem to love to dwell upon the hours they passed within it. No such memories will cling around the great barn which has just gone off in flame and smoke. The site is the best that could be found, not on Broadway but close to it, and within easy reach of so many lines of conveyance from the city and all the country round. Messrs. Stockholders, let us have something better next time.

—THE word “Bohemian,” as descriptive of a certain class of society, is coming into use among us, and, like many such words, arbitrarily applied in Europe and then adopted here, it is very much misused by some people, as may have been noticed by two or three conspicuous examples recently. The notion taken up in some quarters that Bohemian means a poor man of letters, journalist, painter, actor or person of such like profession, is quite erroneous. A man may be any one of these and as poor as Job, when Job was poor, and yet be as far as possible from the condition of Bohemianism. And he may, by one of these professions, gain not only distinction, but a large income, and yet be a thorough Bohemian. Gypsies are known in France and England as Bohemians. They have no regular business, are quick-witted, migratory, and not particularly trustworthy; hence a person who, to artistic or literary occupations, adds an unsettled and not very reputable life, is, according to the new use of the term, a Bohemian, entirely irrespective of his rank in his profession or his income. Wordsworth, a poet, and a poet only, by profession, so poor that he told friends who came to visit him that if they wished to have anything better than milk porridge for breakfast they must pay him for it, was all his life as far as the Archbishop of Canterbury from being a Bohemian. But, dear, vain, weak-willed Oliver Goldsmith, who will be read and admired long after Wordsworth is forgotten, revealed, in his wanderings over the Continent, flute in hand, paying his way with music, and in his sending instantly for a bottle of wine when Dr. Johnson sent him a guinea to relieve his distress, a strong tendency, at least, toward Bohemianism; and the Countess of Blessington and Count D’Orsay, the one a sort of amateur authoress, and the other a sort of amateur painter, living lives that excluded the woman, and even the man in some measure, from the society of the reputable matronage

of England, were signal examples of Bohemianism in high places and in rich adornment. A family, a well-ordered household, a settled home, however humble, a decorous and steady life—with these Bohemianism is radically incompatible. In brief, to explain one new phrase by another, both of continental origin, Bohemians are the *demi-monde* of the literary and artistic world.

—IN the old farce “High Life below Stairs,” in which, the reader will remember, the servants of people of quality are represented as giving and going to a party, and assuming the names, and, to the best of their ability, the manners and airs of their masters and mistresses, *Lady Bab’s* maid comes in and is addressed by her mistress’s title. She is late, of course, as it became *Lady Bab*, a woman of rank and fashion, and a belle, to be. She condescends, however, to apologize for her tardy appearance, by saying that she had been absorbed in her “favorite author, Shikspur.” The inquiry being made, “Who wrote Shikspur,” the reply is, “Ben Jonson,” to the entire satisfaction of all present. The obvious side of this joke is of course easily seen; but now-a-days a good many who laugh at it fail to see that it cuts up as well as down. For at the time when it was written, the middle of the last century, there is no doubt that a large proportion of the *Lady Babs* of London high life would have been puzzled to say, if not who wrote Shikspur and Ben Jonson, at least, what Shakespeare and Ben Jonson did write. And, after all, perhaps, they were just as charming girls, just as loving, faithful wives, and just as affectionate, devoted mothers, without that knowledge as with it. How little a special acquaintance with literature, or a special accomplishment has to do with fitting people for their social and family duties or giving a charm to intercourse and a zest to life, only those can tell who have had some experience of life, and have observed it thoughtfully. But what led us to think of *Lady Bab* and her Shikspur is a recent instance of the same sort of error in real life. The letters of James Ewing, once Provost of Glasgow and an LL. D., have been recently published. In one of them from Rome, he says: “The Church of San Onofrio is chiefly known as the burial place of the great poet Tasso, where I marked the simple, but sufficient epitaph, *Torquati Tassi ossa*—the bones of Torquatus Tassus. Nothing more is necessary for the author of *Dante*, which everybody in Italy reads who can read it.” Pretty well that for a Doctor of Laws. After all, there seems to be no such thing as caricature.

—PHOTOGRAPHY, although its services are invaluable as an aid to the arts of design, does not, even in the hands of the most tasteful and skilful manipulators, fully supply the place of the portrait painter. There is something in the human face which the most sensitive material substance cannot seize, and which the most delicate mechanical contrivance cannot convey to and fix upon the expectant surface. The highest and subtlest expressions of man’s nature, which are the most characteristic of the individuals to whom they pertain, are only to be conveyed to the general eyes through a human medium. Yet we confess that among our debts to photography is the diminution year after year of the number of those Portraits of a Gentleman and of a Lady which used to glare upon us from the walls of the Academy of Design. The decrease has gone steadily on, until the proportion of portraits is now not at all too large. Portrait painting is a very high and most interesting department of the painter’s art; and it would be a sad and irreparable loss to art and to his-

tory were it to become entirely disused.' But there are portraits and portraits; and the ability of the photographer to supply that demand for mementoes of people who had neither beauty, brains, nor culture, which ten or fifteen years ago kept hundreds of young men dabbing canvass who might better have been engineers, farmers, or mechanics, has left portraiture almost entirely in the hands of those painters who can produce works that have intrinsic value as pictures. For the same reason, also, portraits which, like the papers in some pocketbooks that are lost, are of no value to any one but the owner, are more rarely painted, and the subjects that offer themselves are now oftener than heretofore of some personal or social distinction.

Among the portraits in the Academy's exhibition this year we notice that of Abraham Lincoln as the best of the many that we have seen of this good, patriotic man. It softens, though it does not smooth, the harsh lines of his rugged face, by diffusing over it the expression of that pure benevolence which was the most characteristic trait of his nature. No photograph could bring up, as this painting does, the full memory of what Abraham Lincoln was, and we congratulate the Union League Club in having such a memorial of him. In color it is sweet and rich, like all Mr. Huntington's best works; and the accessories are well chosen and harmonious. The dome of the Capitol seen through the window was an almost obvious incident proper to such a picture, but the addition to the almost equally obvious Constitution of the United States of the Holy Bible (New Testament) is a happy expression of the spirit of the man and of his administration.

Among the portraits in the Academy is one, of which the owner's name is not given, and the subject of which is probably not at all distinguished, and which yet will always have a value for its own beauty, and as a memorial of the civil war—we mean Mr. Gray's cabinet portrait, No. 255, of a Colonel of Cavalry, Fourth Missouri. It is a very young colonel, almost boyish, except for the full, handsome moustache, which even the waxing of its ends could not quite spoil. But boyish colonels, and very young generals were characteristic traits of our war. Mr. Gray has made a charming picture of his colonel, if, indeed, it be a portrait; for, altogether, the thing is so picturesque, the fellow is so handsome, so jaunty, and so the very model of an officer of light-horse, that we more than half suspect the accomplished Vice-President N. A., of making this portrait all up out of his own head, as the children say; or, at least, of taking only a hint from reality, for a charming ideal. Mr. Elliott is in full force this year; and long may it be ere his hand loses its marvellous power over his palette. High as Mr. Elliott's reputation is, we believe that he is not fully appreciated; by which we mean that those who own his portraits do not generally know their great value as works of art, entirely irrespective of the resemblance which gives them their family value. Mr. Elliott's heads are surpassed as paintings, by those of no living painter known to us. For vitality, for character, for richness and strength of color, they are almost incomparable. And they bear upon them that impress of mastery which so satisfies the soul, and brings even the most critical down to the consciousness, delightful to all but little minds, that here is something before which fastidiousness is out of place, and admiration is the only proper attitude. And yet, we heard one bright-eyed, saucy woman, as clever, too, as she was saucy, say, "I wouldn't have Elliott paint my portrait. All his women have red noses." Now, whether this lady was conscious of a secret devotion to a certain form of consolation and support, that might end in a nose

which might demand Mr. Elliott's most heroic style of coloring, and she, therefore, after the manner of her sex, took out her revenge in advance by vilifying her possible painter, or whether there be any truth in her allegation we shall not undertake to say; but the fact is that the robustness of Mr. Elliott's style does appear to better advantage in the treatment of the man animal than of the woman. On the latter ground Mr. Stone and Mr. Baker can meet him and hold their own; more than hold their own we may be sure, in the estimation of the white-browed creatures whom they put upon canvasses that will make the young Manhattanese half a century hence think what lucky men the grandfathers were who could find such material for grandmothers. Of Mr. Elliott's portraits this year, No. —, representing a boy just in from school, is a prize to its owner. Rarely have the best aspects of boyhood been so happily presented as in this portrait. Perhaps to its full appreciation not only an eye for form and color is necessary, but the parental sentiment. Perhaps only mothers and fathers will linger before this beautiful canvass, some making proud comparisons, some perhaps admiring, with a sad, gnawing pain at heart; but all with interest, all sympathizing with the father and the mother who have such a boy and such a portrait of him. To turn back to Mr. Huntington, why is it that Mr. Bryant's face is so difficult of treatment in any style of portraiture? We have seen, we believe, every portrait of him that ever has been painted, every photograph that has been taken, and yet we never found one that entirely satisfied us or other people; except, perhaps, the grand imperial photograph taken by Mr. Brady, which comes as near being a fine work of art as is possible to a photograph. Mr. Huntington's portrait, No. 235, is fine, perhaps the best that has been painted; but although our most thoughtful and most finished poet's features are easily represented, his characteristic expression has never been transferred to canvass.

— In our present unaccustomed early day of heavy taxes, after the European model—*regis ad exemplar*—we naturally make mistakes, as a man might stagger and stumble at first trying to carry a heavy load. The legislation which has led to the present anomalous condition of the book trade, is apparently one of these mistakes. The enterprising and powerful firms of Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia; Appleton & Co. and Leypoldt & Holt, of New York; Roberts Brothers, of Boston; the English firms of A. Strahan and T. Nelson & Sons, which maintain branches in New York, and some other firms, to some extent have, during the year 1866 alone, placed in our American book market at least forty or fifty thousand volumes of books, wholly manufactured in England or Germany, but having the American imprint placed upon their title pages, imported thus ready made, and sold as American publications. As a matter of business, there is, of course, no objection to this proceeding, but the fact that our books can be made more economically three thousand miles off than in our own workshops is a curious one in itself, and demonstrates a defect in our tax laws.

THE FANCY BALL.

AS Morning you'd have me rise
On that shining world of art :
You forget, I have too much dark in my eyes—
And too much dark in my heart.

“ Then go as the Night—in June ;
Pass, dreamily, through the crowd,
With jewels to match the stars and the moon,
And shadowy robes like cloud.

“ Or as Spring, with a spray in your hair
Of blossoms as yet unblown ;
It will suit you well, for our youth should wear
The bloom in the bud alone.

“ Or drift from the outer gloom
With the cold white silence of Snow : ”
I should melt myself with the warm, close room—
Or my own life's burning ! No.

“ Then ”——hush : if I go at all—
It will make them stare and shrink,
It will look so strange at a Fancy Ball—
I will go as Myself, I think !

SARAH M. B. PIATT.



WAS NOT THE PRICE IN HER HAND?

THE GALAXY.

JULY 1, 1868.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR HUGH AND HIS BROTHER ARCHIE.

THERE was a numerous gathering of Claverings in the drawing-room of the great house when the family from the rectory arrived, comprising three generations; for the nurse was in the room holding the heir in her arms. Mrs. Clavering and Fanny of course inspected the child at once, as they were bound to do, while Lady Clavering welcomed Florence Burton. Archie spoke a word or two to his uncle, and Sir Hugh vouchsafed to give one finger to his cousin Harry by way of shaking hands with him. Then there came a feeble squeak from the infant, and there was a cloud at once upon Sir Hugh's brow. "Hermione," he said, "I wish you wouldn't have the child in here. It's not the place for him. He's always cross. I've said a dozen times I wouldn't have him down here just before dinner." Then a sign was made to the nurse, and she walked off with her burden. It was a poor, rickety, unalluring bairn, but it was all that Lady Clavering had, and she would fain have been allowed to show it to her relatives, as other mothers are allowed to do.

"Hugh," said his wife, "shall I introduce you to Miss Burton?"

Then Sir Hugh came forward and shook hands with his new guest, with some sort of apology for his remissness, while Harry stood by, glowering at him, with offence in his eye. "My father is right," he had said to himself when his cousin failed to notice Florence on her first entrance into the room; "he is impertinent as well as disagreeable. I don't care for quarrels in the parish, and so I shall let him know."

"Upon my word she's a doosed good-looking little thing," said Archie, coming up to him, after having also shaken hands with her; "doosed good-looking, I call her."

"I'm glad you think so," said Harry, dryly.

"Let's see; where was it you picked her up? I did hear, but I forget."

"I picked her up, as you call it, at Stratton, where her father lives."

"Oh, yes; I know. He's the fellow that coached you in your new business, isn't he? By-the-by, Harry, I think you've made a mess of it in changing

your line. I'd have stuck to my governor's shop if I'd been you. You'd got through all the d—d fag of it, and there's the living that has always belonged to a Clavering."

"What would your brother have said if I had asked him to give it to me?"

"He wouldn't have given it of course. Nobody does give anything to anybody now-a-days. Livings are a sort of thing that people buy. But you'd have got it under favorable circumstances."

"The fact is, Archie, I'm not very fond of the church, as a profession."

"I should have thought it easy work. Look at your father. He keeps a curate and doesn't take any trouble himself. Upon my word, if I'd known as much then as I do now, I'd have had a shy for it myself. Hugh couldn't have refused it to me."

"But Hugh can't give it while his uncle holds it."

"That would have been against me to be sure, and your governor's life is pretty nearly as good as mine. I shouldn't have liked waiting; so I suppose it's as well as it is."

There may perhaps have been other reasons why Archie Clavering's regrets that he did not take holy orders were needless. He had never succeeded in learning anything that any master had ever attempted to teach him, although he had shown considerable aptitude in picking up acquirements for which no regular masters are appointed. He knew the fathers and mothers—sires and dams I ought perhaps to say—and grandfathers and grandmothers, and so back for some generations, of all the horses of note living in his day. He knew also the circumstances of all races—what horses would run at them, and at what ages, what were the stakes, the periods of running, and the special interests of each affair. But not, on that account, should it be thought that the turf had been profitable to him. That it might become profitable at some future time, was possible; but Captain Archibald Clavering had not yet reached the profitable stage in the career of a betting man, though perhaps he was beginning to qualify himself for it. He was not bad-looking, though his face was unprepossessing to a judge of character. He was slight and well made, about five feet nine in height, with light brown hair, which had already left the top of his head bald, with slight whiskers, and a well-formed moustache. But the peculiarity of his face was in his eyes. His eyebrows were light-colored and very slight, and this was made more apparent by the skin above the eyes, which was loose and hung down over the outside corners of them, giving him a look of cunning which was disagreeable. He seemed always to be speculating, counting up the odds, and calculating whether anything could be done with the events then present before him. And he was always ready to make a bet, being ever provided with a book for that purpose. He would take the odds that the sun did not rise on the morrow, and would either win the bet or wrangle in the losing of it. He would wrangle, but would do so noiselessly, never on such occasions damaging his cause by a loud voice. He was now about thirty-three years of age, and was two years younger than the baronet. Sir Hugh was not a gambler like his brother, but I do not know that he was therefore a more estimable man. He was greedy and anxious to increase his store, never willing to lose that which he possessed, fond of pleasure, but very careful of himself in the enjoyment of it, handsome, every inch an English gentleman in appearance, and therefore popular with men and women of his own class who were not near enough to him to know him well, given to but few words, proud of his name, and

rank, and place, well versed in the business of the world, a match for most men in money matters, not ignorant, though he rarely opened a book, selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings of all those with whom he came in contact. Such were Sir Hugh Clavering and his brother the captain.

Sir Hugh took Florence in to dinner, and when the soup had been eaten made an attempt to talk to her. "How long have you been here, Miss Burton?"

"Nearly a week," said Florence.

"Ah; you came to the wedding; I was sorry I couldn't be here. It went off very well, I suppose?"

"Very well indeed, I think."

"They're tiresome things in general—weddings. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, dear, no—except that some person one loves is always being taken away."

"You'll be the next person to be taken away yourself, I suppose?"

"I must be the next person at home, because I am the last that is left. All my sisters are married."

"And how many are there?"

"There are five married."

"Good heavens—five!"

"And they are all married to men in the same profession as Harry."

"Quite a family affair," said Sir Hugh. Harry, who was sitting on the other side of Florence, heard this, and would have preferred that Florence should have said nothing about her sisters. "Why, Harry," said the baronet, "if you will go into partnership with your father-in-law and all your brothers-in-law you could stand against the world."

"You might add my four brothers," said Florence, who saw no shame in the fact that they were all engaged in the same business.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, and after that he did not say much more to Florence.

The rector had taken Lady Clavering in to dinner, and they two did manage to carry on between them some conversation respecting the parish affairs. Lady Clavering was not active among the poor—nor was the rector himself, and perhaps neither of them knew how little the other did; but they could talk Clavering talk, and the parson was willing to take for granted his neighbor's good will to make herself agreeable. But Mrs. Clavering, who sat between Sir Hugh and Archie, had a very bad time of it. Sir Hugh spoke to her once during the dinner, saying that he hoped she was satisfied with her daughter's marriage; but even this he said in a tone that seemed to imply that any such satisfaction must rest on very poor grounds. "Thoroughly satisfied," said Mrs. Clavering, drawing herself up and looking very unlike the usual Mrs. Clavering of the rectory. After that there was no further conversation between her and Sir Hugh. "The worst of him to me is always this," she said that evening to her husband, "that he puts me so much out of conceit with myself. If I were with him long I should begin to find myself the most disagreeable woman in England!" "Then pray don't be with him long," said the rector.

But Archie made conversation throughout dinner, and added greatly to Mrs. Clavering's troubles by doing so. There was nothing in common between them, but still Archie went on laboriously with his work. It was a duty which he recognized, and at which he would work hard. When he had

used up Mary's marriage, a subject which he economized carefully, so that he brought it down to the roast saddle of mutton, he began upon Harry's match. When was it to be? Where were they to live? Was there any money? What manner of people were the Burtons? Perhaps he might get over it? This he whispered very lowly, and it was the question next in sequence to that about the money. When, in answer to this, Mrs. Clavering with considerable energy declared that anything of that kind would be a misfortune of which there seemed to be no chance whatever, he recovered himself as he thought very skilfully. "Oh, yes; of course; that's just what I meant; a doosed nice girl I think her; a doosed nice girl, all round." Archie's questions were very laborious to his fellow-laborer in the conversation, because he never allowed one of them to pass without an answer. He always recognized the fact that he was working hard on behalf of society, and, as he used to say himself, that he had no idea of pulling all the coach up the hill by his own shoulders. Whenever, therefore, he had made his effort he waited for his companion's, looking closely into her face, cunningly driving her on, so that she also should pull her share of the coach. Before dinner was over Mrs. Clavering found the hill to be very steep, and the coach to be very heavy. "I'll bet you seven to one," said he—and this was his parting speech as Mrs. Clavering rose up at Lady Clavering's nod—"I'll bet you seven to one, that the whole box and dice of them are married before me—or at any rate as soon; and I don't mean to remain single much longer, I can tell you." The "box and dice of them" was supposed to comprise Harry, Florence, Fanny and Lady Ongar, of all of whom mention had been made, and that saving clause—"at any rate as soon"—was cunningly put in, as it had occurred to Archie that he perhaps might be married on the same day as one of those other persons. But Mrs. Clavering was not compelled either to accept or reject the bet, as she was already moving before the terms had been fully explained to her.

Lady Clavering as she went out of the room stopped a moment behind Harry's chair and whispered a word to him. "I want to speak to you before you go to-night." Then she passed on.

"What's that Hermione was saying?" asked Sir Hugh, when he had shut the door.

"She only told me that she wanted to speak to me."

"She has always got some cursed secret," said Sir Hugh. "If there is anything I hate, it's a secret." Now this was hardly fair, for Sir Hugh was a man very secret in his own affairs, never telling his wife anything about them. He kept two banker's accounts, so that no banker's clerk might know how he stood as regarded ready money, and hardly treated even his lawyer with confidence.

He did not move from his own chair, so that, after dinner, his uncle was not next to him. The places left by the ladies were not closed up, and the table was very uncomfortable.

"I see they're going to have another week after this with the Pytchley," said Sir Hugh to his brother.

"I suppose they will—or ten days. Things ain't very early this year."

"I think I shall go down. It's never any use trying to hunt here after the middle of March."

"You're rather short of foxes, are you not?" said the rector, making an attempt to join the conversation.

"Upon my word I don't know anything about it," said Sir Hugh.

"There are foxes at Clavering," said Archie, recommencing his duty. "The hounds will be here on Saturday, and I'll bet three to one I find a fox before twelve o'clock, or, say, half-past twelve—that is, if they'll draw punctually and let me do as I like with the pack. I'll bet a guinea we find, and a guinea we run, and a guinea we kill; that is, you know, if they'll really look for a fox."

The rector had been willing to fall into a little hunting talk for the sake of society, but he was not prepared to go the length that Archie proposed to take him, and therefore the subject dropped.

"At any rate I shan't stay here after to-morrow," said Sir Hugh, still addressing himself to his brother. "Pass the wine, will you, Harry; that is, if your father is drinking any."

"No more wine for me," said the rector, almost angrily.

"Liberty Hall," said Sir Hugh; "everybody does as they like about that. I mean to have another bottle of claret. Archie, ring the bell, will you?" Captain Clavering, though he was further from the bell than his elder brother, got up and did as he was bid. The claret came, and was drunk almost in silence. The rector, though he had a high opinion of the cellar of the great house, would take none of the new bottle, because he was angry. Harry filled his glass, and attempted to say something. Sir Hugh answered him by a monosyllable, and Archie offered to bet him two to one that he was wrong.

"I'll go into the drawing-room," said the rector, getting up.

"All right," said Sir Hugh; "you'll find coffee there, I daresay. Has your father given up wine?" he asked, as soon as the door was closed.

"Not that I know of," said Harry.

"He used to take as good a whack as any man I know. The bishop hasn't put his embargo on that as well as the hunting, I hope?" To this Harry made no answer.

"He's in the blues, I think," said Archie. "Is there anything the matter with him, Harry?"

"Nothing as far as I know."

"If I were left at Clavering all the year, with nothing to do, as he is, I think I should drink a good deal of wine," said Sir Hugh. "I don't know what it is—something in the air, I suppose—but everybody always seems to me to be dreadfully dull here. You ain't taking any wine either. Don't stop here out of ceremony, you know, if you want to go after Miss Burton." Harry took him at his word, and went after Miss Burton, leaving the brothers together over their claret.

The two brothers remained drinking their wine, but they drank it in an uncomfortable fashion, not saying much to each other for the first ten minutes after the other Claverings were gone. Archie was in some degree afraid of his brother, and never offered to make any bets with him. Hugh had once put a stop to this altogether. "Archie," he had said, "pray understand that there is no money to be made out of me, at any rate not by you. If you lost money to me, you wouldn't think it necessary to pay; and I certainly shall lose none to you." The habit of proposing to bet had become with Archie so much a matter of course, that he did not generally intend any real speculation by his offers; but with his brother he had dropped even the habit. And he seldom began any conversation with Hugh unless he had some point to gain—an advance of money to ask, or some favor to beg in the way of shooting, or the loan

of a horse. On such occasions he would commence the negotiation with his usual diplomacy, not knowing any other mode of expressing his wishes; but he was aware that his brother would always detect his manœuvres, and expose them before he had got through his first preface: and, therefore, as I have said, he was afraid of Hugh.

"I don't know what's come to my uncle of late," said Hugh, after a while. "I think I shall have to drop them at the rectory altogether."

"He never had much to say for himself."

"But he has a mode of expressing himself without speaking, which I do not choose to put up with at my table. The fact is they are going to the mischief at the rectory. His eldest girl has just married a curate."

"Fielding has got a living."

"It's something very small then, and I suppose Fanny will marry that prig they have here. My uncle himself never does any of his own work, and now Harry is going to make a fool of himself. I used to think he would fall on his legs."

"He is a clever fellow."

"Then why is he such a fool as to marry such a girl as this, without money, good looks, or breeding? It's well for you he is such a fool, or else you wouldn't have a chance."

"I don't see that at all," said Archie.

"Julia always had a sneaking fondness for Harry, and if he had waited would have taken him now. She was very near making a fool of herself with him once, before Lord Ongar turned up."

To this Archie said nothing, but he changed color, and it may almost be said of him that he blushed. Why he was affected in so singular a manner by his brother's words will be best explained by a statement of what took place in the back drawing-room a little later in the evening.

When Harry reached the drawing-room he went up to Lady Clavering, but she said nothing to him then of especial notice. She was talking to Mrs. Clavering while the rector was reading—or pretending to read—a review, and the two girls were chattering together in another part of the room. Then they had coffee, and after a while the two other men came in from their wine. Lady Clavering did not move at once, but she took the first opportunity of doing so, when Sir Hugh came up to Mrs. Clavering and spoke a word to her. A few minutes after that, Harry found himself closeted with Lady Clavering, in a little room detached from the others, though the doors between the two were open.

"Do you know," said Lady Clavering, "that Sir Hugh has asked Julia to come here?" Harry paused a moment, and then acknowledged that he did know it.

"I hope you did not advise her to refuse."

"I advise her! Oh dear, no. She did not ask me anything about it."

"But she has refused. Don't you think she has been very wrong?"

"It is hard to say," said Harry. "You know I thought it very cruel that Hugh did not receive her immediately on her return. If I had been he, I should have gone to Paris to meet her."

"It's no good talking of that now, Harry. Hugh is hard, and we all know that. Who feels it most do you think; Julia or I? But as he has come round, what can she gain by standing off? Will it not be the best thing for her to come here?"

"I don't know that she has much to gain by it."

"Harry, do you know that we have a plan?" "Who is we?" Harry asked; but she went on without noticing his question. "I tell you, because I believe you can help us more than any one, if you will. Only for your engagement with Miss Burton I should not mention it to you; and, but for that, the plan would, I daresay, be of no use."

"What is the plan?" said Harry, very gravely. A vague idea of what the plan might be had come across Harry's mind during Lady Clavering's last speech.

"Would it not be a good thing if Julia and Archie were to be married?" She asked the question in a quick, hesitating voice, looking at first eagerly up into his face, and then turning away her eyes, as though she were afraid of the answer she might read there. "Of course I know that you were fond of her, but all that can be nothing now."

"No," said Harry, "that can be nothing now."

"Then why shouldn't Archie have her? It would make us all so much more comfortable together. I told Archie that I should speak to you, because I know that you have more weight with her than any of us; but Hugh doesn't know that I mean it."

"Does Sir Hugh know of the—the plan?"

"It was he who proposed it. Archie will be very badly off when he has settled with Hugh about all their money dealings. Of course Julia's money would be left in her own hands; there would be no intention to interfere with that. But the position would be so good for him; and it would, you know, put him on his legs."

"Yes," said Harry, "it would put him on his legs, I dare say."

"And why shouldn't it be so? She can't live alone by herself always. Of course she never could have really loved Lord Ongar."

"Never, I should think," said Harry.

"And Archie is good-natured, and good-tempered, and—and—and—good-looking. Don't you think so? I think it would just do for her. She'd have her own way, for he's not a bit like Hugh, you know. He's not so clever as Hugh, but he is much more good-natured. Don't you think it would be a good arrangement, Harry?" Then again she looked up into his face anxiously.

Nothing in the whole matter surprised him more than her eagerness in advocating the proposal. Why should she desire that her sister should be sacrificed in this way? But in so thinking of it he forgot her own position, and the need that there was to her for some friend to be near to her—for some comfort and assistance. She had spoken truly in saying that the plan had originated with her husband; but since it had been suggested to her, she had not ceased to think of it, and to wish for it.

"Well, Harry, what do you say?" she asked.

"I don't see that I have anything to say."

"But I know you can help us. When I was with her the last time she declared that you were the only one of us she ever wished to see again. She meant to include me then especially, but of course she was not thinking of Archie. I know you can help us if you will."

"Am I to ask her to marry him?"

"Not exactly that; I don't think that would do any good. But you might persuade her to come here. I think she would come if you advised her; and then, after a bit you might say a good word for Archie."

"Upon my word I could not."

"Why not, Harry?"

"Because I know he would not make her happy. What good would such a marriage do her?"

"Think of her position. No one will visit her unless she is first received here, or at any rate unless she comes to us in town. And then it would be up-hill work. Do you know Lord Ongar had absolutely determined at one time to—to get a divorce?"

"And do you believe that she was guilty?"

"I don't say that. No; why should I believe anything against my own sister when nothing is proved, but that makes no difference, if the world believes it. They say now that if he had lived three months longer she never would have got the money."

"Then they say lies. Who is it says so? A parcel of old women who delight in having some one to run down and backbite. It is all false, Lady Clavering."

"But what does it signify, Harry? There she is, and you know how people are talking. Of course it would be best for her to marry again; and if she would take Archie—Sir Hugh's brother, my brother-in-law, nothing further would be said. She might go anywhere then. As her sister, I feel sure that it is the best thing she could do."

Harry's brow became clouded, and there was a look of anger on his face as he answered her.

"Lady Clavering," he said, "your sister will never marry my cousin Archie. I look upon the thing as impossible."

"Perhaps it is, Harry, that you—you yourself would not wish it."

"Why should I wish it?"

"He is your own cousin."

"Cousin indeed! Why should I wish it, or why should I not wish it? They are neither of them anything to me."

"She ought not to be anything to you."

"And she is nothing. She may marry Archie if she pleases, for me. I shall not set her against him. But, Lady Clavering, you might as well tell him to get one of the stars. I don't think you can know your sister when you suppose such a match to be possible."

"Hermione!" shouted Sir Hugh—and the shout was uttered in a voice that always caused Lady Clavering to tremble.

"I am coming," she said, rising from her chair. "Don't set yourself against it, Harry," and then, without waiting to hear him further, she obeyed her husband's summons. "What the mischief keeps you in there?" he said. It seemed that things had not been going on well in the larger room. The rector had stuck to his review, taking no notice of Sir Hugh when he entered. "You seem to be very fond of your book, all of a sudden," Sir Hugh had said, after standing silent on the rug for a few minutes.

"Yes, I am," said the rector—"just at present."

"It's quite new with you, then," said Sir Hugh, "or else you're very much belied."

"Hugh," said Mr. Clavering, rising slowly from his chair, "I don't often come into my father's house, but when I do, I wish to be treated with respect. You are the only person in this parish that ever omits to do so."

"Bosh!" said Sir Hugh.

The two girls sat cowering in their seats, and poor Florence must have begun to entertain an uncomfortable idea of her future connections. Archie made a frantic attempt to raise some conversation with Mrs. Clavering about the weather. Mrs. Clavering, paying no attention to Archie whatever, looked at her husband with beseeching eyes. "Henry," she said, "do not allow yourself to be angry; pray do not. What is the use?"

"None on earth," he said, returning to his book. "No use on earth; and worse than none in showing it."

Then it was that Sir Hugh had made a diversion by calling to his wife. "I wish you'd stay with us, and not go off alone with one person in particular, in that way." Lady Clavering looked round and immediately saw that things were unpleasant. "Archie," she said, "will you ring for tea?" And Archie did ring. The tea was brought, and a cup was taken all round, almost in silence.

Harry in the meantime remained by himself, thinking of what he had heard from Lady Clavering. Archie Clavering marry Lady Ongar—marry his Julia! It was impossible. He could not bring himself even to think of such an arrangement with equanimity. He was almost frantic with anger as he thought of this proposition to restore Lady Ongar to the position in the world's repute which she had a right to claim by such a marriage as that. "She would indeed be disgraced then," said Harry to himself. But he knew that it was impossible. He could see what would be the nature of Julia's countenance if Archie should ever get near enough to her to make his proposal! Archie indeed! There was no one for whom, at that moment, he entertained so thorough a contempt as he did for his cousin, Archie Clavering.

Let us hope that he was no dog in the manger; that the feelings which he now entertained for poor Archie would not have been roused against any other possible suitor who might have been named as a fitting husband for Lady Ongar. Lady Ongar could be nothing to him!

But I fear that he was a dog in the manger, and that any marriage contemplated for Lady Ongar, either by herself or by others for her, would have been distasteful to him—unnaturally distasteful. He knew that Lady Ongar could be nothing to him; and yet, as he came out of the small room into the larger room, there was something sore about his heart, and the soreness was occasioned by the thought that any second marriage should be thought possible for Lady Ongar. Florence smiled on him as he went up to her, but I doubt whether she would have smiled had she known all his heart.

Soon after that Mrs. Clavering rose to return home, having swallowed a peace-offering in the shape of a cup of tea. But though the tea had quieted the storm then on the waters, there was no true peace in the rector's breast. He shook hands cordially with Lady Clavering, without animosity with Archie, and then held out three fingers to the baronet. The baronet held out one finger. Each nodded at the other, and so they parted. Harry, who knew nothing of what had happened, and who was still thinking of Lady Ongar, busied himself with Florence, and they were soon out of the house, walking down the broad road from the front door.

"I will never enter that house again, when I know that Hugh Clavering is in it," said the rector.

"Don't make rash assertions, Henry," said his wife.

"I hope it is not rash, but I make that assertion," he said. "I will never

again enter that house as my nephew's guest. I have borne a great deal for the sake of peace, but there are things which a man cannot bear."

Then, as they walked home, the two girls explained to Harry what had occurred in the larger room, while he was talking to Lady Clavering in the smaller one. But he said nothing to them of the subject of that conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY ONGAR TAKES POSSESSION.

I do not know that there is in England a more complete gentleman's residence than Ongar Park, nor could there be one in better repair, or more fit for immediate habitation than was that house when it came into the hands of the young widow. The park was not large, containing about sixty or seventy acres. But there was a home-farm attached to the place, which also now belonged to Lady Ongar for her life, and which gave to the park itself an appearance of extent which it would otherwise have wanted. The house, regarded as a nobleman's mansion, was moderate in size, but it was ample for the requirements of any ordinarily wealthy family. The dining-room, library, drawing-rooms, and breakfast-room, were all large and well-arranged. The hall was handsome and spacious, and the bed-rooms were sufficiently numerous to make an auctioneer's mouth water. But the great charm of Ongar Park lay in the grounds immediately round the house, which sloped down from the terrace before the windows to a fast-running stream which was almost hidden—but was not hidden—by the shrubs on its bank. Though the domain itself was small, the shrubberies and walks were extensive. It was a place costly to maintain in its present perfect condition, but when that was said against it, all was said against it which its bitterest enemies could allege.

But Lady Ongar, with her large jointure, and with no external expenses whatever, could afford this delight without imprudence. Everything in and about the place was her own, and she might live there happily, even in the face of the world's frowns, if she could teach herself to find happiness in rural luxuries. On her immediate return to England, her lawyer had told her that he found there would be opposition to her claim, and that an attempt would be made to keep the house out of her hands. Lord Ongar's people would, he said, bribe her to submit to this by immediate acquiescence as to her income. But she had declared that she would not submit—that she would have house and income and all; and she had been successful. "Why should I surrender what is my own?" she said, looking the lawyer full in the face. The lawyer had not dared to tell her that her opponents—Lord Ongar's heirs—had calculated on her anxiety to avoid exposure; but she knew that that was meant. "I have nothing to fear from them," she said, "and mean to claim what is my own by my settlement." There had, in truth, been no ground for disputing her right, and the place was given up before she had been three months in England. She at once went down and took possession, and there she was, alone, when her sister was communicating to Harry Clavering her plan about Captain Archie.

She had never seen the place till she reached it on this occasion; nor had she ever seen, nor would she now probably ever see, Lord Ongar's larger house,

Courton Castle. She had gone abroad with him immediately on their marriage, and now she had returned a widow to take possession of his house. There she was, in possession of it all. The furniture in the rooms, the books in the cases, the gilded clocks and grand mirrors about the house, all the implements of wealthy care about the gardens, the corn in the granaries and the ricks in the hay-yard, the horses in the stable, and the cows lowing in the fields—they were all hers. She had performed her part of the bargain, and now the price was paid to her into her hands. When she arrived she did not know what was the extent of her riches in this world's goods; nor, in truth, had she at once the courage to ask questions on the subject. She saw cows, and was told of horses; and words came to her gradually of sheep and oxen, of poultry, pigs, and growing calves. It was as though a new world had opened itself before her eyes, full of interest; and as though all that world were her own. She looked at it, and knew that it was the price of her bargain. Upon the whole, she had been very lucky. She had, indeed, passed through a sharp agony—an agony sharp almost to death; but the agony had been short, and the price was in her hand.

A close carriage had met her at the station, and taken her with her maid to the house. She had so arranged that she had reached the station after dark, and even then had felt that the eyes of many were upon her as she went out to her carriage, with her face covered by a veil. She was all alone, and there would be no one at the house to whom she could speak; but the knowledge that the carriage was her own perhaps consoled her. The housekeeper who received her was a stout, elderly, comfortable body, to whom she could perhaps say a few words beyond those which might be spoken to an ordinary servant; but she fancied at once that the housekeeper was cold to her, and solemn in her demeanor.

“I hope you have good fires, Mrs. Button.”

“Yes, my lady.”

“I think I will have some tea; I don't want anything else to-night.”

“Very well, my lady.”

Mrs. Button, maintaining a solemn countenance, would not go beyond this; and yet Mrs. Button looked like a woman who could have enjoyed a gossip, had the lady been a lady to her mind. Perhaps Mrs. Button did not like serving a lady as to whom such sad stories were told. Lady Ongar, as she thought of this, drew herself up unconsciously, and sent Mrs. Button away from her.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, Lady Ongar went out. She was determined that she would work hard; that she would understand the farm; that she would know the laborers; that she would assist the poor; that she would have a school; and, above all, that she would make all the privileges of ownership her own. Was not the price in her hand, and would she not use it? She felt that it was very good that something of the price had come to her thus in the shape of land, and beeves, and wide, heavy outside garniture. From them she would pluck an interest which mere money could not have given her. She was out early, therefore, that she might look round upon the things that were her own.

And there came upon her a feeling that she would not empty this sweet cup at one draught, that she would dally somewhat with the rich banquet that was spread for her. She had many griefs to overcome, much sorrow to conquer, perhaps a long period of desolation to assuage, and she would not be

prodigal of her resources. As she looked around her while she walked, almost furtively, lest some gardener as he spied her might guess her thoughts and tell how my lady was revelling in her pride of possession—it appeared to her that those novelties in which she was to find her new interest were without end. There was not a tree there, not a shrub, not a turn in the walks, which should not become her friend. She did not go far from the house, not even down to the water. She was husbanding her resources. But yet she lost herself amidst the paths, and tried to find a joy in feeling that she had done so. It was all her own. It was the price of what she had done: and the price was even now being paid into her hand—paid with current coin and of full weight.

As she sat down alone to her breakfast, she declared to herself that this should be enough for her—that it should satisfy her. She had made her bargain with her eyes open, and would not now ask for things which had not been stipulated in the contract. She was alone, and all the world was turning its back on her. The relatives of her late husband would, as a matter of course, be her enemies. Them she had never seen, and that they should speak evil of her seemed to be only natural. But her own relatives were removed from her by a gulf nearly equally wide. Of Brabazon cousins she had none nearer than the third or fourth degree of cousinship, and of them she had never taken heed, and expected no heed from them. Her set of friends would naturally have been the same as her sister's, and would have been made up of those she had known when she was one of Sir Hugh's family. But from Sir Hugh she was divided now as widely as from the Ongar people, and, for any purposes of society, from her sister also. Sir Hugh had allowed his wife to invite her to Clavering, but to this she would not submit after Sir Hugh's treatment to her on her return. Though she had suffered much, her spirit was unbroken. Sir Hugh was, in truth, responsible for her reception in England. Had he come forward like a brother, all might have been well. But it was too late now for Sir Hugh Clavering to remedy the evil he had done, and he should be made to understand that Lady Ongar would not become a suppliant to him for mercy. She was striving to think how "rich she was in horses, how rich in broided garments, and in gold," as she sat solitary over her breakfast; but her mind would run off to other things, cumbering itself with unnecessary miseries and useless indignation. Had she not her price in her hand?

Would she see the steward that morning? No, not that morning. Things outside could go on for a while in their course as heretofore. She feared to seem to take possession with pride, and then there was that conviction that it would be well to husband her resources. So she sent for Mrs. Button, and asked Mr. Button to walk through the rooms with her. Mrs. Button came, but again declined to accept her lady's condescension. Every spot about the house, every room, closet and wardrobe, she was ready to open with zeal; the furniture she was prepared to describe, if Lady Ongar would listen to her; but every word was spoken in a solemn voice, very far removed from gossiping. Only once was Mrs. Button moved to betray any emotion. "That, my lady, was my lord's mother's room, after my lord died—my lord's father that was; may God bless her." Then Lady Ongar reflected that from her husband she had never heard a word either of his father or his mother. She wished that she could seat herself with that woman in some small upstairs room, and then ask question after question about the family. But she

did not dare to make the attempt. She could not bring herself to explain to Mrs. Button that she had never known anything of the belongings of her own husband.

When she had seen the upper part of the house, Mrs. Button offered to convoy her through the kitchens and servants' apartments, but she declined this for the present. She had done enough for the day. So she dismissed Mrs. Button, and took herself to the library. How often had she heard that books afforded the surest consolation to the desolate. She would take to reading; not on this special day, but as the resource for many days and months, and years to come. But this idea had faded and become faint, before she had left the gloomy, damp-feeling, chill room, in which some former Lord Ongar had stored the musty volumes which he had thought fit to purchase. The library gave her no ease, so she went out again among the lawns and shrubs. For some time to come her best resources must be those which she could find outside the house.

Peering about, she made her way behind the stables, which were attached to the house, to a farm-yard gate, through which the way led to the headquarters of the live stock. She did not go through, but she looked over the gate, telling herself that those barns and sheds, that wealth of straw-yard, those sleeping pigs and idle, dreaming calves, were all her own. As she did so, her eye fell upon an old laborer, who was sitting close to her, on a felled tree, under the shelter of a paling, eating his dinner. A little girl, some six years old, who had brought him his meal tied up in a handkerchief, was crouching near his feet. They had both seen her before she had seen them, and when she noticed them, were staring at her with all their eyes. She and they were on the same side of the farmyard paling, and so she could reach them and speak to them without difficulty. There was, apparently, no other person near enough to listen, and it occurred to her that she might at any rate make a friend of this old man. His name, he said, was Enoch Gubby, and the girl was his grandchild. Her name was Patty Gubby. Then Patty got up and had her head patted by her ladyship and received sixpence. They neither of them, however, knew who her ladyship was, and, as far as Lady Ongar could ascertain without a question too direct to be asked, had never heard of her. Enoch Gubby said he worked for Mr. Giles, the steward—that was for my lord, and as he was old and stiff with rheumatism he only got eight shillings a week. He had a daughter, the mother of Patty, who worked in the fields, and got six shillings a week. Everything about the poor Gubbys seemed to be very wretched and miserable. Sometimes he could hardly drag himself about, he was so bad with the rheumatics. Then she thought that she would make one person happy, and told him that his wages should be raised to ten shillings a week. No matter whether he earned it or not, or what Mr. Giles might say, he should have ten shillings a week.

So Enoch Gubby got his weekly ten shillings, though Lady Ongar hardly realized the pleasure that she had expected from the transaction. She sent that afternoon for Mr. Giles, the steward, and told him what she had done. Mr. Giles did not at all approve, and spoke his disapproval very plainly, though he garnished his rebuke with a great many "my lady's." The old man was a hanger-on about the place, and for years had received eight shillings a week, which he had not half earned. "Now he will have ten, that is all," said Lady Ongar. Mr. Giles acknowledged that if her ladyship pleased, Enoch Gubby must have the ten shillings, but declared that the business

could not be carried on in that way. Everybody about the place would expect an addition, and those people who did earn what they received, would think themselves cruelly used in being worse treated than Enoch Gubby, who, according to Mr. Giles, was by no means the most worthy old man in the parish. And as for his daughter—oh! Mr. Giles could not trust himself to talk about the daughter to her ladyship. Before he left her, Lady Ongar was convinced that she had made a mistake. Not even from charity will pleasure come, if charity be taken up simply to appease remorse.

The price was in her hand. For a fortnight the idea clung to her, that gradually she would realize the joys of possession; but there was no moment in which she could tell herself that the joy was hers. She was now mistress of the geography of the place. There was no more losing herself amidst the shrubberies, no thought of economizing her resources. Of Mr. Giles and his doings she still knew very little, but the desire of knowing much had faded. The ownership of the haystacks had become a thing tame to her, and the great cart-horses, as to every one of which she had intended to feel an interest, were matters of indifference to her. She observed that since her arrival a new name in new paint—her own name—was attached to the carts, and that the letters were big and glaring. She wished that this had not been done, or, at any rate, that the letters had been smaller. Then she began to think that it might be well for her to let the farm to a tenant; not that she might thus get more money, but because she felt that the farm would be a trouble. The apples had indeed quickly turned to ashes between her teeth!

On the first Sunday that she was at Ongar Park she went to the parish church. She had resolved strongly that she would do this, and she did it; but when the moment for starting came, her courage almost failed her. The church was but a few yards from her own gate, and she walked there without any attendant. She had, however, sent word to the sexton to say that she would be there, and the old man was ready to show her into the family pew. She wore a thick veil, and was dressed, of course, in all the deep ceremonious woe of widowhood. As she walked up the centre of the church she thought of her dress, and told herself that all there would know how it had been between her and her husband. She was pretending to mourn for the man to whom she had sold herself; for the man who through happy chance had died so quickly, leaving her with the price in her hand! All of course knew that, and all thought that they knew, moreover, that she had been foully false to her bargain, and had not earned the price! That, also, she told herself. But she went through it, and walked out of the church among the village crowd with her head on high.

Three days afterward, she wrote to the clergyman, asking him to call on her. She had come, she said, to live in the parish, and hoped to be able, with his assistance, to be of some use among the people. She would hardly know how to act without some counsel from him. The schools might be all that was excellent, but if there was anything required she hoped he would tell her. On the following morning the clergyman called, and, with many thanks for her generosity, listened to her plans, and accepted her subsidies. But he was a married man, and he said nothing of his wife, nor during the next week did his wife come to call on her. She was to be left desolate by all, because men had told lies of her!

She had the price in her hands, but she felt herself tempted to do as Judas did—to go out and hang herself.

AN AMERICAN COLONY IN FRANCE.

ON the seventh day of April, 1864, the American colonists set out from Paris to find some sylvan solitude. We were seven in number, representing seven States. We had found each other at Trappe's, in the Palais Royale; met again at the Prado and the Mabille; sought quarters in the same Rue de Neuf Martyrs, and finally made it a duty to meet in the Garden of the Tuileries on every band day.

Long sojourn in Paris makes even a young man listless and *blasé*, and it was myself and Mr. Peach who devised a suburban colony to stimulate the curiosity of our associates. We two had, together, already explored Paris, from centre to barrier. It was our wish to push our enterprise into all the neighboring villages, that we might know how far the truckmen, the grape-growers, and the rustics of the great metropolis differed from those who dwelt in the environs of New York, or carried butter to Boston market.

It is not to the great bulk of a city that one must look for its most refined and scholarly associations, but to its surrounding hamlets, where silence and shadow make leisure thoughtful, and nature's intimate inspirations await upon retirement. What Cambridge is to Boston, Ecouen and Passy and Joinville-le-Pont are to Paris—the retreats of its scholars and artists. These I was anxious to visit, and a hundred other towns and hamlets beside, birth-places of choice spirits, or nooks where excellent architecture, or antique habits and customs, or revered graves, gave rewards to pilgrimage. Peach and I had mapped out a route, comprehending every stream, wood, ruin and settlement within a radius of thirty miles from Paris; and it was our purpose, when this had been conscientiously passed over, to extend the walk to all the neighboring provinces, and, if possible, accomplish an exhaustive circuit of the empire. It would have been madness to broach this project to our associates, animated by no such geographical enthusiasm, and utterly averse to blistering their feet for adventure's sake, so we shrewdly dwelt upon the cheapness and the novelty of a joint hermitage in some oddly hospitable village, where the girls were coy and the old men inquisitive, the poultry plentiful and the cheese fresh, the rivers filled with fish and the wine home-made, the priest garrulous and idle, and the *gens d'armes* willing to lend their horses. Not these hopes before alone, but the fears behind added argument to our deception. Paris was filled with bankrupt Americans whose society was dearly bought, and the rate of exchange was daily increasing, so that the money we got from home lost half its quantity between the continents. Retrenchment was imperative; a shaking off of old habits no less essential; the duty of curiosity and activity acknowledged by all. Therefore, as I have said, on a mild April morning we seven, with tourist's sacks strapped across our shoulders, passed over the bridge of Neuilly, and climbed to the top of Courbevoie Hill.

From this spot two of those glorious inland panoramas, in which France is

richer than the world beside, stretched to the front and to the rear. Before us lay the winding valley of the Seine, specked with villages, edged with hills of bare and venerable gypsum, and closed at its furthest vista with the terrace and chateau of Saint Germain. A hundred peaked church towers held aloft the Gallie Cock, that older bird of empire than the French Eagle; a hundred willowy islets shaded a hundred anchored mills; the whitened roads were deserted of teams, notwithstanding the bewildering populousness, as if man's friend, the horse, had been banished from France; and on broken glimpses of the Seine, the double-stern-wheeled steamers puffed and screamed, giving back the whistle of the engines on the margin. Close beside us stood a figure, with his back to Saint Germain, gazing with concentrated thought upon the city of his grave and glory—Bonaparte! One week before, this bronze colossal figure had been removed from the column in the Place Vendôme, to give place to a newer statue in more classical drapery, and it was planted now upon the mound of Courbevoie, so that it could look through the Arc de Triomphe, straight into the portal of the Tuileries. Turning in sympathy with those searching eyes of brass, set like destiny beneath their frowning brows, one beheld the mighty concave of the city, dome-tipped, climbing in aspiring perspective by a ladder of sculptured bridges to the throne of Notre Dame. Out of that deep crater rose the murmur of the most perfect civilization—the blended tinkle of bells, the smoke of industry too fond of art and beauty, to stain the clearness of a sky as bright and variegated as its own reflection. And when we walked away, still on the lovely hill of Courbevoie, the man of bronze, in his *redingote gris* and three-cornered hat, with his square head bent anxiously forward, peered into the city that is but the crystallization of his fame.

As we passed over the cubical blocks of the white high-road, I remarked to young Kites, of Virginia, that it was, perhaps, just here, that Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre walked together to meditate.

“Where could they have played billiards?” said young Kites, to whom a cue was of more consequence than a sceptre.

At Nanterre, a chalky, stony, sun-baked hamlet, they show the healing wells of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, a beautiful and loving virgin in tradition; and under the ridge of hills, farther on, is a spot appealing to every wifely and motherly sympathy, the town of Rueil, where Josephine lies buried. It is an ancient church that holds her poor, proud, crushed heart, and it is very cool and quiet within; for though, all the while, peasants and strangers come to look upon her kneeling statue, they walk softly and reverently. In the same choir is the statue of her giddy daughter, Hortense, the mother of the living monarch. He comes from power on the one side and pity on the other. It is a quicker retribution than history can often show, so to see the grandson of the wife whom the Conqueror flung away, more imperial now than all the cousins of that purchased princess whose child knew no greater kingdom than a garden, and whose only subjects were his jailors. The next Sunday, Louis Napoleon and his wife were to attend service in this church, and the fat beadle was busily arranging the draperies and paintings. Doubtless when the Emperor should come, and muse upon the sorrows of his mother in the pauses of the organ, he would not fail to think of him who built this village church, and carried beneath his priestly gown the thunderbolts of war—Richelieu, whose country home was here in Rueil. Haunted by such names, this village is still of no greater superficialities or significance than Manhattan-

ville, on the Bloomingdale road, or Darby, near Philadelphia. Nor is the chateau of Malmaison, where the Empress died, greater or more elaborate than any of a score of mansions on Staten Island and Washington Heights; yet there is around it a more reverend and subdued atmosphere, a freedom from that newness of material on which the ivy will not grow, and which is the foe to quaintness, contentedness, and simplicity. Here we are all iconoclasts, which is better than being all idolaters. Just as I was saying this to myself, at Malmaison gate, Mr. Bushrod, of Ohio, poked his head over the gate-post, and said to the old soldier who stood guard within:

"Monsieur, what does this place rent for now?"

"It has just been bought by the Emperor."

"Has it water, gas, and all the modern improvements?"

"Bah! M'embate!"

So we came down to the river slope, and there is a loud, indignant cry from all the five voices, that Peach and I, confounded sight-seers! have talked about everything but dinner. On the greenest of tiny islands, stands the hospitable sign of

ERNEST DUROCHER, PECHEUR ET TRAITEUR.

In three minutes we sit around a great pine table, in a room papered with endless repetitions of a Zouave lunging at nothing; the village on the bank, in plain sight through the window, is Bougival, freshly hallowed to us all by the exquisite narrative of Dumas, *Fils*, "The Lady of the Camelias." I grow indignant that I ever saw this play in America, and still more with the author that he ever dramatized it at all.

In the original narrative, it is a most delicate and touching story; in the play it is all cough and tableau, and only just escapes being positively revolting. It was yonder at Bougival, that Marguerite Gautier, when she had sold her horses, retired with Armand. There is a cottage by the slope that is the picture of that where she grew to hope, and felt her last despair. The silver poplars on its lawn are tall and straight like her; there are birds in the horse-chestnuts, singing to the blossoms; and the flowing river is full of skiffs, going easily, dangerously, downward, or poled against the tide with pain and difficulty. It is very white, and quiet, and pure; but I see one thing which breaks the fond illusion! it is a little child, playing in the paths with a shuttlecock. This is not the home of Camille!

I will tell just in this place, how to order a dinner at a country inn in France. There are seven of us, as you perceive. Therefore we say to the *Aubergiste*, whose mouth waters at the sight of Englishmen:

"Monsieur, it will be impossible for you to marry your daughter upon the profits of this repast. We are not Englishmen, though we speak their language for recreation. We are Americans—a very wise people across the water, who are now killing a million of men a day, entirely for freedom and glory, as you can see by the morning's *Moniteur*."

The *Aubergiste* bows, much wondering.

"Therefore give us an omelet, for four; beefsteak, for three; three *litres* of wine; *friture* for three; maccaroni for two; and bread, as is your custom, *ad libitum*."

The *Aubergiste* bows no longer, perceiving us to be mere commonplace people, and we therefore get an abundance of the best in the house for seven persons, by paying at the regular rates for a dinner for three and a half. For

common wine ordered by the *litre*, one pays no more than sixteen *sous*, while ordered in bottles, the same wine, in two equal parts, is charged for at two francs each.

As we go on to Marly, we see the huge machine of the poor, swindled mechanic, who gave water to the fountains of Versailles, and soon we stand in Saint Germain, at the grave of the last exiled Stuart, whose refuge here has made Saint Germain an English resort, and therefore spoiled it. Here, as elsewhere, the restless genius of the Emperor is restoring and embellishing the dingy and sombre chateau, but the glory of the landscape, beheld from its famed terrace, it is not in the power of monarchs either to beautify or impair.

Our second day's tramp was by the Forest of Saint Germain to the great cattle market of Poissy, where I stood with Peach at the tomb of Philippe le Bel, discussing old chronicles, and to Marly, where we scoured the grounds of Alexandre Dumas. His home is called *Monte Cristo*, in memory of the success of his great novel. It cost him 250,000 francs, which is equivalent to at least \$100,000 in specie in the United States now. Each window has a key-stone medallion, of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, and other illustrious authors, and there are niches with casts from the sculptures of Jean Goujon. Within are apartments furnished after the fashion of various historical eras. In the grounds in the rear is an island, set amid cascades, whereon M. Dumas long maintained his library and study, surrounded by a thousand rare and suggestive matters. Near by, in the Forest of Marly, where a degenerate king made the hours libidinous, Bayard, the dramatic author, has a superb mansion, called the *Desert de Retz*.

The fifth day found us thirty miles from Paris, at the ruined castle seat of Simon and Jean de Montfort, but though we stopped at a score of inns, and trode all the valley of the Yvette, the people of this region were stolid and unsociable. Even at Chevreuse, where we found a veritable castle at our service, the *gens d'arme* of the town, alarmed at the coming of so many and so irreverent foreigners, counselled the hostess to beware of us. We traversed the valley of the Orge with like enthusiasm, but finding, like Noah's raven, no rest for the soles of our feet, and continuing along the Marne, we swept around to the north and last environ of Paris, crossing the splendid old city of Senlis on the way. It was the annual *fête* day here, and we slept beneath and upon the dining-tables at the inn, Peach and myself, as delinquent managers, subjected to all manner of satire and complaint. We were mistaken for acrobats who had come to the Fair to swallow broadswords and eat living serpents; and seeing two of us playfully try a pugilistic bout, the Picardy people concluded that we were the real Boxers Anglais, and were incensed that we shook hands so readily. At last a council of war was decided upon, and Mr. Kites said:

"As there don't appear to be any billiard tables in the whole region, let's go back to Paris!"

"I am tired," said Captain Guerriere, "of walking the roads all day and brick floors every night. Good as the board may be in the suburbs, I prefer a soft plank."

"The girls in the rural districts," said Mr. Bolus, "persist in wearing wooden shoes, and tie their heads up in a brown handkerchief. No landscape is complete without more colors in it. Where a woman walks like a horse, and there is not a ball at least one night in the week, my æsthetic soul recoils. The wine's scur, moreover!"

"My objection," added Mr. Bushrod, "is on the score of internal improvements. To see a man ploughing with a wheel and two shares, and an old horse, distresses me. Mechanism in France is confined to Paris. I wonder how they butcher hogs." (Mr. Bushrod is a Cincinnatiian.) "The trouble that preys upon my mind," concluded Mr. Caucus, of Tennessee, "is this; how are we to get the news in this remote district? Where's Grant? Have they captured the Alabama? I want to see the inside of John Munroe's reading room once more, and your hermit schemes shall all be forgiven!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Peach, with excellent diplomacy, "give us the remainder of this week, and if we find no place upon which we shall agree, we will disband or return."

In truth, the following night found us in more interesting regions. We slept at St. Sauveur on the border of the Forest of Compiègne, a village in which every man, woman and child is a brush maker. There may be five hundred of them, and they supply half the empire with scrubbing, dusting, floor, hair and shoe brushes. More provincial people nowhere abide. I talked to one of them who believed Napoleon III. to be the actual exile of St. Helena, come back to make bread cheap and glory commonplace. Here, also, I realized the truth of Hugo's sketch of Jean Valjean, who made a village rich (in the French sense) by inventing an improved glass bead. At St. Sauveur, by an improved fashion of binding bristles, one of the workmen gave his neighbors the monopoly of the trade.

In the morning we entered one of the straight, deep defiles of this ancient and wonderful forest. When I would think of any vastness achieved by nature and artifice combined, I recall the long, canopied continuity of shade, through which we made this day's journey. Here is a solid forest, fifty miles in circumference, patrolled and guarded and "worked" by eight hundred men, producing every year seven hundred thousand francs worth of wood and three hundred thousand in game. It is traversed by three hundred and sixty roads, meeting at two hundred and ninety *carrefours*, all arranged in such superb geometry that from each *carrefour* you can see down straight lines of verdure in from eight to twenty-four directions, and from horizon to horizon. Twenty-seven brooks wind through this wonderful forest; sixteen lakes glass it; nine villages are pent in its perpetual shadow; fourteen hurting lodges stand by its waysides, where all the night the baying of hounds startles the lonely traveller; two ranges of not inconsiderable mountains curtained with foliage, shut in most of its area; the ruins of eleven castles and abbeys are buried in its fastnesses or crown its steeps; a real Roman road, with Roman villages disintombed beside it, passes through its largest diameter; and where its mighty oaks and elms and beeches and maples darken and murmur now, there have their ancestors held this realm for all the Christian era. It is this that makes the Forest of Compiègne remarkable in France; but to us the crowning wonder was the patient labor and embellishment which had softened such wild nature to its own conceit. Over every roadway the huge trees have been taught to arch in perfect aisles, so that the whole seemed some Druidical cathedral, where every open *carrefour* was a lantern, and whose choirs were the million birds that trilled all day, while at night the cuckoo shouted her stentorian note and the owl laughed like a maniac unchained. Still, in these miles of lofty arbor, the wild boar makes his home unchallenged, save once a year when the Emperor and his gamekeepers come up to Compiègne with horn and rifle, and the woods are filled with galloping courtiers. We walked among the hares and rab-

bits, and heard the whirr of pheasants, and now and then a fox stared down the long carpet of grass, amazed at the distinctness of the distance; but it is at bodily peril that you discharge a pistol, or stone a wren, or light a fire, or pluck a twig, in this Imperial domain. The laws are written at every *carrefour*, where also index boards relieve you from the dread of wandering astray and purposeless; and while this vast shadow-land is clean and thrifty as a lady's lawn, yet you will roam for hours and hours, and see no human face nor hear the reverberations of an axe.

We call our Western hemisphere a land of boundless forests; but I have never found in it a roof of shade like this of Compiègne. Industry has reduced our woodland to "scrub;" the "wilderness" of Virginia is chiefly brush-land, swamp and barren, and even in Michigan, the lumberman's State, it is rare to see a square mile of stalwart, towering tree boles. The forest of Compiègne is only sixty miles from Paris, and it is not so large as that of Fontainebleau, but for quality the aboriginal Indians might have been proud of it.

In the middle of this deep forest, at the little village of St. Jean au Bois, we found this sign set up against an inn:

.....
 : THE DOCTOR LARREY,
 : A FAMOUS AMERICAN DENTIST,
 : Now making a tour of the
 : DEPARTMENT OF THE SEINE AND OISE,
 : will be here
 : ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY NEXT,
 : and at
 : PIERREFOND FOR THE WEEK SUCCEEDING.
 : M. Gardette, the Priest, and M. Bouille, the Aubergiste,
 : are his references.
 :

The American dentists are the best—which proves that the American teeth are the worst.

As our little party, solemnized by our insignificance amid this vegetable sea, came now and then to one and another wonder, we felt a presentiment that we were to find a home in exile, not far away. At Champlieu we found a Roman theatre, in perfect restoration, guarded by an old veteran, who talked of Leipsic and Waterloo; and near Fontenoy a score of laborers were working with pick and shovel in a Roman village, to find material for Louis Napoleon's Life of Cæsar. For this book there must have been, at one time or another, ten thousand men employed. I saw about a regiment of them digging up the palace of the Cæsars in Rome, and from Marseilles to Calais they have unearthed every old coin, pot, and spear-head. At Pierrefond we saw the most original and beautiful restoration in France—the feudal castle of that name, battered down by Richelieu's order, but the designs for which being happily preserved, it has been rebuilt with all the massive elaborateness of its model, complete in buttress, battlement, postern, portcullis, donjon, chapel and moat, so that if gunpowder could be abolished to-day, Pierrefond would be less pregnable than Fort Richmond or Drury's Bluff. Of this revived castle is to be made a mediæval arsenal, bristling with armor, and lances, and axes; and as we colonizers gazed upon it in the sunset, sharply cut, machicolated—graceful yet severe—we looked into each other's eyes, and Bushrod said:

"Lewey Napoleon is a terrible rascal, but this here takes me down!"

"It's odd," cried Peach, "that the people can't think of such things for themselves. It is their money that does them eventually, and a man can always do his own job cheapest. One material thing like this holds the common eye forever, and tyrants know it; while republics must expect allegiance to mere abstractions."

We made our home at the town of Compiègne, the seat of the Imperial chateau, between the forest and the river Oise, and touched by both of them. Here Mr. Kites could play billiards at twenty places; Mr. Bushrod inspect boat-building and steam navigation; Mr. Bolus hear music in the chateau gardens, and see abundance of ladies; Captain Guerriere row a boat and talk to salt watermen; and Mr. Caucus get the Paris papers and Galignani at the principal *café* every forenoon punctually. We took the whole of the third floor over a central *café*, looking out upon the *Grande Place*, or Square, and the *Cloche*, or Town Hall, was almost opposite, where three large figures strode out of the tower every quarter of an hour, and solemnly dropped their hammers. Our fellow-lodgers were all French officers attached to the garrison, and our chambermaids and bootblacks were French soldiers, who got a salary of five francs a month from each of us. We paid eighty francs a month for our meals at the best hotel, consuming a bottle of wine a day apiece, and guaranteed six courses at dinner. But Peach, whose means were inversely proportioned to his pluck and adroitness, found an excellent *table d'hôte* which cost him but forty-five francs.

As we had come to Compiègne out of the Court season, we were made very much of by everybody, and as we often walked about town in mass, we came to be known as the very rich Americans, who had absolutely nothing to do. In a short time we were on speaking terms with every third man in town; the stately beadle of St. Jacques really threw a good day to us on Sundays, when he wore his gorgeous livery and twirled his golden baton; all the priests hob-nobbed with us, and one of them, seeing Peach greatly interested in a carved altar at St. Nicholas, seriously set to work to convert him. At the *cafés*, Mr. Kites's cue was irresistible, by which Mr. Kites lost much money and gained much applause. I overheard Mr. Caucus explaining the origin of the American war, one day, to a squad of polite gentlemen, among them the schoolmaster. He stated with minuteness the ethnology of the two sections, and the positions of the strategic points.

"Pardon!" said the schoolmaster, at the end, "do you belong to North America or South America?"

Captain Guerriere made one trip up the Aisne to Soissons, in a little cockleshell steamboat, and came back filled with the idea of starting a Great Franco-American Internal Navigation Company, to run up all the French rivers. He talked over this scheme to every flat-boat captain on the Oise, and used to go out alone in a row-boat meditating it. He pulled so lusty an oar that the prowess of our country got great fame thereabout. As for Mr. Bushrod, he had a number of mechanical conceptions, and really milked a cow on the market square with a machine, before a shouting and convulsed peasantry. He lives in a little world of screws, axles and inclined planes, and whenever we were bored with him, we got Captain Guerriere to tie some scores of his countless knots, to disentangle and imitate which Bushrod spent patient hours. It was Mr. Bolus who attracted most attention, and gave us the pleasantest diversion. He never went into a tradesman's shop but he entertained all the

girls. He pulled the chin of his *blanchisseuse*, whispered to the *dame de comptoir* at the *café*, gallanted with married folks, and made old ladies chuckle; he was a thorough Frenchman, adroit with his *bon-mots* as supple on his legs, and he went to all the balls in the country round, dancing till daylight. He had us invited to pic-nics at the *beaux monts*, to religious *fêtes* in obscure villages, to cheese-meetings and house warmings and marriages. Indeed, the town decided that these Americans were so very distinct from Englishmen in every social and sentimental respect, that we were cheated very little, and welcomed everywhere. Peach and I did some pretty earnest work, moreover, and mastered the history of the city. There were but twelve thousand souls resident in it, but it had a historical reminiscence for every man. By the aid of Lambert de Ballyhier, conscientious antiquarian, we made every dumb wall speak. Here were wide convents used for no better purpose than storing pork and flour, groined cloisters for horse-stalls, and ruined abbeys in the midst of the town, eaten by ivy. Standing by the river side, haunted by pigeons, is the very tower whose drawbridge, raised by treachery, gave the Maid of Arc to Burgundy and Britain. She said her last prayer in liberty here in the Church of Saint Jacques, and on the bare heights across the Oise the besieging armies pitched their tents. In this chateau lived the son of Charlemagne, whose father gave him the world, but whose feeble hands could not retain it. Beyond the village at Choisy, lay the body of the wife of Pepin, and at Villers-Cotterets, not far away, Dumas was born. The forest whose black edges made night perpetual on our east, had been the seat of desperate robbers, hedged in castle holds, whose memory lived in every peasant's fears. Here by Compiègne, Bonaparte received Marie Louise, pouring the perjury of love into her ear, and once in twelve months the dissolute and varnished Court of the present adventurer congregates here to hear lewd plays and to coquette in the forests. There is a museum in the old Hotel de Ville filled with the relics of this region, and every Sunday the military band gives practice in the chateau gardens.

Ensnconced in the deep forest, with our pipes and books, we might lie all day approached by none, save perhaps a strolling wood-cutter, or a woman beating her panniered donkey, but now and then there was the rumble of battle in our hearts, as we thought of the thunderous artillery at home. Still, the strong call of the cuckoo drove away all this, and the herds of deer came upon us unaware, and gazed, and burst into the covert. The violets soon began to weave devices in the moss, and buttercups came, as at home, to look for tardy Summer; then there were strawberries on the knolls, and so, pace by pace, the warm weather fell upon Compiègne, and brought upon us the noisy and imperious Court. It was my purpose, in the beginning, to describe an Imperial hunting day; but this would pass patience now. When the Court came up, we Americans were of no more consequence. Kites found the best billiard tables perpetually engaged, and was no longer the best shot. Bolus's tidiest girls would scarcely look at him. Caucus found no squad concerned enough to listen to his politics. Bushrod's mechanical powers proved impotent to detain anybody. Captain Guerriere had no place on the Oise big enough for a quiet pull, and Peach had his *abonement* raised one half at the Hotel des Fleurs. For myself, the woods were no longer lonely. Paris was now preferable to Compiègne.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

PHARAOH'S HORSES.

SHE covered her eyes; she dared not open them, for she fancied she would see the imps whose orgies she seemed to be hearing. She was alone in that great hall, save him who played the organ, and who might have been that bronze Beethoven, infused with a diabolic life. She crouched in a far, dark corner. The organist imagined himself alone with the furies he had invoked, and she thought herself suffering the curses of the wicked. He was the Mephistopheles who forced her to a horrible Walpurgis. Still, she would not have fled away; even the dreadful shuddering that possessed her was a fascination. The sound-waves of that unearthly carousal heaved around her; it was like the upthrown sea—a magnetic seething, into which she longed, but did not dare, to plunge.

A clash of fiendish cries—a silence of unutterable relief—a soft yet strong voice as of an angel singing—her soul saw a shining face as of the angel Michael. Voice after voice joined that silvery solo, and swelled it to a pæan chorus. Was it a symphony of heaven, or only the ineffable harmony of the divine Beethoven?

The girl rose from her seat, her hands clasped beneath her shawl, her face transfigured. Insensibly she stepped from the shadows into the mellow daylight that fell from above. Step by step she advanced as the triumph swelled and rose. She paused in front of the organ; leaning on the dais, she looked upward—past the music-souled St. Cecilia, who would have smiled on such a face—up into that infinity from whence came the light that glorified the hall. Unconsciously, she expected to see resplendent ranks of winged chanters.

With a strange, demoniac freak, the organist suddenly silenced that seraphic chorus with a wail of furious despair that swept over a wide waste of desolation; it sighed and died in the distance, and left a sense of chilling winds.

The man rose and came along the platform with the slow, absorbed step of one who has forgotten outward things. The listener leaned there, the cloud from the last strain still on her face. He came close without seeing her, and she turned her eyes toward him. She had not seen him before, for the bronze statue had hidden him from her sight. She made a slight movement of surprise, and he took a sudden step backward and looked at her.

"Miss Myrle!" he exclaimed, his face losing its preoccupied appearance, and flashing into instantaneous illumination.

Though her astonishment equalled his, it was not so apparent. She raised herself from her leaning position, and bowed in response to his exclamation.

"And you have been here all the time?" he said.

"All the time; is it very strange?" was the reply.

"But I did not know you were here; that is very strange; I would not have believed it possible."

He took a few rapid steps up and down the stage.

"It was not to be expected," she said, "for you translated yourself into a

different world, and, though you did not recognize your companion, you took me with you."

"Ah!" with an eye-gleam of exultation.

Miss Myrle drew her shawl around her with an almost imperceptible movement of repulsion, and said:

"It was a fearful world—a world of maledictions."

"But you were there; why did you go?" he asked.

"Because the music was irresistible. I could have surrendered myself to it, were it to conduct me to deeper depths. Why did you crush that song of seraphs with that last direful agony? It has left a sense of deadening pain—a feeling that evil will always overwhelm and succeed. It makes me dread the world. I cannot easily recover."

"Why did I do it?" he exclaimed. "It was not I; it was the spirit that overmasters me; it was my life. Miss Myrle, look at me and you know why it was done."

Miss Myrle knew that face without looking again; she needed not to raise her eyes to see its cloudy splendor—its eyes of electrical gloom, its indescribable look as if a dark fatality hung above it, as though its soul's glimpses of simple purity and happiness were only rays that rarely blessed.

Instead of replying to his last remark, Miss Myrle, after a moment's silence, said:

"I shall not soon forget my surprise when I knew it was you who had been playing. I did not know you were a musician, Mr. Levante. I learned that some one was to practice here this afternoon, and, by a piece of strategic coaxing with one of the managers, I gained admission. There are so many irritating outside influences at a public concert; besides, I shall not be here to-morrow night, and I wanted a farewell symphony."

She spoke with admirable indifference, considering that Levante stood above her, watching with eager eyes every expression of that usually facile face—listening to detect and appropriate every tone of her voice.

"A farewell? Then you are going away? Is it only a little pleasure trip, Miss Myrle?" he asked.

"I am going South," she replied. She felt impelled to look at him as she spoke. She wondered at the ashen paleness that overspread his face, and the anxiety that appeared in his manner. He recommenced his walk across the stage, saying, as he reached the farther end,

"You have heard from Nevil, then?"

It seemed as though a cloud might have passed between the girl and the sunlight in which she stood, but it only touched her face—her voice was clear.

"I have not heard," she said.

Levante turned toward her; she saw no more that strange pallidity; the relief in his expression puzzled and repelled her. She withdrew a step as he advanced.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but why do you go? You surely are not going to the hospitals. You are wealthy; send as many substitutes as you please, if you deem it your duty."

He spoke rapidly and earnestly. Miss Myrle interrupted him with a slight accent of scorn in her voice.

"Your interest is flattering; but I am not going to the hospitals. I am not in the least qualified for a nurse."

She paused, waiting his further interrogatories. He did not speak, he only looked them.

"I am going to teach the negroes," she replied.

"Ah!" Contempt and regret flamed from his eyes to his mouth. In a moment regret predominated, and he said,

"You are not fit for such a life of self-abnegation; you have not the face of a missionary. Miss Myrle, do not go."

But Miss Myrle had not yet forgiven the contempt. She gathered her shawl about her, slightly extended her hand, and said,

"Mr. Levante, your expostulations are useless; you see that I have really decided. Good-by, till we meet again."

The gentleman ignored the hand, and she let it drop by her side. He was looking at her with infinite disappointment in his gaze. She wished to turn abruptly away, for that glance irritated and roused her.

She began to descend the steps; his voice stayed her feet. Had she been less absorbed, more tender-hearted, at that moment, that tone would have called the moisture to her eyes. He stood at a little distance from her, his face turned toward her as we turn our faces toward a departing happiness.

"And you leave me thus!"

The supplication and despair in that voice haunted and depressed Miss Myrle for months after. Though he had never spoken of love, she could not but be conscious of that passion which had controlled him so long and so completely. Distressed by those words and that expression, she stood irresolute. At last she said, with that distant kindness which a woman knows so well how to assume,

"It is my duty to go, and yours to forget that I go."

The imperious nature of Levante would not, without a struggle, receive the sheathed point of that dagger to his hopes. But how could he rebel against the quiet words of that girl who seemed to hold his soul in her hand?

There remained nothing for him unless it were some shadowy hope. In the present there was nothing but the dreariness of exile.

Miss Myrle was walking down the aisle. She seemed going from him forever, and with his love unuttered. All the fierce emotion, the fiery tenderness of the man's nature found expression in the word that almost unconsciously left his lips—

"Theodora!"

She was at the door, she turned and looked back with a smile he could not see was forced.

"Good-by," she said, and was gone.

She walked rapidly, almost furiously; when she reached home she entered her room and sat down by a table, leaning her face in her hands. There seemed but one thought in her mind. "He has called me Theodora—he whom I do not love calls me by the name I last heard from the lips of my love."

In what dark morass of the far South slept the form of that lost love? What requiem was chanted over him by bloom and fragrance? What song-birds wheeled above that lonely grave? Or were the days cursing him with a prisoner's life?

Hearts had failed, and eyes had wept since the day Major Nevil sailed away to fight that blast whose breath has so long poisoned the magnolia. Was he, too, killed by the fangs he had hoped to extract? Never since he touched Southern land, had word or rumor been heard from him.

The months of the second year were going on. Notwithstanding the continual disappointments, every mail brought to two women in Boston a fevered ex-

pectancy, a flickering shooting up of the flame that was to die out again, for no word came, and the lonely mother sighed more wearily every time, and Theodora Myrle's intrepid young heart felt the dull dreadfulness of hope which is never satisfied.

The round of social duties and pleasures was insupportable. With her wealth, her influence, she considered what active good she could do in some different sphere than that of the city life of her home. Her friends had not been entirely selected from her "set"—from the clique to which she ostensibly belonged; among them were three who had been for several years teachers in the public schools of the city. Energetic, educated, well read, possessing that restless seeking for something better or different which is so common among New England girls, fervently interested for the education of the blacks, they were more than ready to accompany Miss Myrle.

A Southern sunset burned along the horizon as the girls were rowed across from Hilton Head to St. Helena Island. Theodora's soul was filled with that fascinating sadness which melted from sky and sea.

As the brilliant hues of water and heavens softened, the negro boatmen sang a monotonous, wild chant in time to their oars. The strange music transported the listeners to the shores of some barbaric, tropic land, where they floated under skies always vivid, by a land always blossoming.

The landing was the shock that awakened them, but not so thoroughly but their imagination explored many a dark alley of pine and palmetto as they drove over the lonesome roads to the house of the superintendent.

Now began a life so strange and utterly different from that Theodora had led in Boston, that her home existence seemed like a dream, or, dimmer still, like the faint remembrance of a long-ago preëxistence. She was happier than she had been before for a year. In the little brick church where she kept her school she learned her first real lesson of endurance—endurance through occupation. The air that came through the open windows blew softly over her face—she looked up to greet the scent of the acacia which grew rankly outside the building. Her eyes lingered, and wandered to the live-oaks which surrounded the house. The gray moss pendants swayed gracefully in the breeze; to Theodora they did not seem funereal—only fitting festooning for the homes of the dryads.

She was at liberty to inhale the perfume, and to gaze listlessly and long, for her pupils had just been dismissed, and had gone whooping through the grove. She waited for another—one who could not come until after the hour of dismissal for the school.

A cheery whistle sounded from among the trees. Theodora looked down the path, and in a few moments the lithe, active form of a boy of eighteen came up, his bright eyes flashing in and out among the draped boles of the trees. As he drew near, he looked up at the window by which Theodora sat—his face lighted up brightly, and he lifted his visorless cap with as graceful a courtesy as was ever offered to Theodora Myrle.

A moment after, he stood in the door, cap and books in hand. The face thus nearer revealed was a bright, handsome quadroon one, with curly chestnut hair, and eyes of such softness as might have belonged to a woman. His voice, when he spoke, was free from negro accent, for since childhood he had taken pride in cultivating a correctness of speech, and had managed to learn to read, but had been severely punished when the fact was discovered. About

a year after that occurrence, the arrival of our troops had driven his master from the island. Harry knew too much to obey his master's commands to accompany him, and so Colonel Devins lost his valuable valet, and Harry found himself.

They went to work at the books. When the lesson was over, Harry still stood hesitatingly at the door, while Theodora put on hat and shawl. The quadroom was a favorite with her, and instead of being annoyed by his lingering, she said, with that smile of kindness which few could resist—

“You want to ask me something—what is it?”

She stood by the desk holding her thin, soft shawl about her, looking so proud, so true, so womanly, that the poor boy who stood there in his coarse clothes felt, with a flash of pain through his æsthetic soul, how beautiful and noble she was; he revered her as the brightest realization of his vague dreams of beauty and goodness.

“If you please, Miss Myrle”—he hesitated, then went on eagerly—“the sun will not set for some time yet; it is a good time for you to visit the glen at the creek which I told you about, and which you said you would like to see.”

“Yes, I remember; I will go.”

She followed Harry through the winding path among the live-oaks.

“It's not a wild place,” he said, “but it's pretty. A company of United States soldiers encamped there a good while ago. Massachusetts men they were. I overheard one of the officers talking with Colonel Devins—he used to be my master, you know. Devins got awful mad, and swore he'd cut off the officer's ears. You should have seen the soldier's eyes flash, but he was quiet enough. Devins would no more have dared to touch him! A great bully my old master was, but his son was brave enough, a regular tiger—but he run away somewhere, nobody knew where. He never was the same, after his visit to the North before the war.”

Harry chatted on, swinging his books, bending away branches of trees, and glancing back for the word and smile that was sure to come from his companion.

“I wish you had brought your sketch book, Miss Myrle,” he said, swinging back the boughs of a huge pine, and ushering her into a scene of quiet, attractive beauty.

A smooth bank sloped gradually to a noisy brook that rustled over a stony bottom; a few stiff palmettos rose on the brow of the little eminence opposite. Theodora wondered over this little gem set in the woods. She noticed the spots where camp fires had been, marked by the greener growth of verdure over the ashes of the fires.

Listlessly stirring with the point of her parasol a pile of pine leaves, Theodora brought to light a small india-rubber thing, somewhat in the shape of a portfolio. It was water-proof, and closely fastened. She picked it up, saying—

“Some soldier has forgotten his treasure here. It's a pardonable curiosity to discover its contents.”

She sat down by the stream, Harry standing near, not expecting any very interesting discoveries.

She could not open it, and asked Harry for a pocket knife. Some strange tremor seized her hands—some uncalled-for throbbing shook her frame. The article had evidently been made a safe repository for letters or manuscript, but it now held only a sketch on bristol-board. A sketch of exquisite skill and

beauty, but still, evidently rapidly executed. Three horses' heads, a copy of that popular picture, "Pharaoh's Horses," seemed breathing on the board; their nostrils quivered with their fierce breath, their eyes dilated, their manes flowed back with the breeze from the Red Sea.

Harry, standing at a short distance, was admiring the picture, and longing to get it into his hands. Suddenly he thought that Miss Myrle was very quiet in her examination. He glanced at her face, then turned away with a perception that the intensity of her feeling, of whatever nature it was, was not for him to see.

Theodora held in her hand the first token she had received since his departure, of the existence of Major Nevil. The picture had been drawn by her and given to him in that happy time at home—that time she dared not think of now. In a corner of the picture were the letters T. M., which she had written the day she gave it to him—the day before he had enlisted.

She sat still, holding the picture, though she no longer saw it. She had not reasoned that, since she found the picture here, it was probable that Nevil himself had been here. More than that—Nevil was with her; never since his departure had she felt his presence so entirely. He was not dead. He would not die. Life and love were yet for them both.

She turned the sketch. On the back was written in Nevil's hand a date, and lower down another date, probably the time of his encampment here, and the words—

"Still no word from Theo.—but I cannot doubt love, and faith, and honor."

Theodora's face fell on the card. Divine tears came to her eyes, a profound strength to her heart.

She had forgotten Harry, and Harry was sufficiently wise not to recall himself to her.

At last, she rose and came to him. He wondered at the pale transparency of her face, the lucent glow of her eyes.

"We will go home now," she said, and as they walked through the twilight of the trees, she continued—

"The portfolio I found belonged to a friend of mine. Do you know the rank or name of the officers who stopped here?"

"I only know that the officer in command was a major—I never heard his name."

"And do you know where they went from here?"

"No"—then with a sudden flash of recollection—"I remember hearing then that that body of men were captured by the Rebels, but there's a great many stories told like that."

It was little consolation.

The two walked faster, till through the gathering dusk the house was close by. Harry made his adieux.

Scarcely had he gone before Theodora reached the gate; with her hand on the latch, she was somewhat startled by a hasty step, and, looking back, she saw a man approaching.

She quickly stepped within the gate, and was walking up the path, when his voice arrested her.

"I beg you not to let me alarm you, Miss Myrle."

She stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, as a thrill of repulsion shot through her, "Mr. Levante!"

Levante entered the yard and came up to her, his black eyes and dark face aglow with pleasure.

She could not refuse to touch the hand he extended, and yet the contact gave her a distressful shudder, for which she could not account.

She withdrew her hand immediately, and he said :

"I called here an hour ago, and they said you were out—I was just coming to make a second attempt."

There was an agitation in his manner which the sudden and strong excitement this girl's presence caused, might easily produce.

"Will you come in, Mr. Levante?"

The tone was frigid, but the man felt himself again within the circle of the fascination which controlled him. To hear her voice, to be again with her, was too dear a pleasure to forego. He followed her in.

But he could not warm that marble into life. Theodora's preoccupied coldness, which her politeness could not entirely hide, made Levante's dark face pallid with the vehemence of his stifled feelings. He staid but a short time, and left her, vividly conscious that she did not invite a second visit.

So strongly did the incident of her finding the picture affect her, that Theodora scarcely thought to be surprised at the presence of Levante. But she was destined fully to realize his coming.

Walking to her school the next morning, Harry joined her on the way to his work. In the live-oak path they met Levante, who did not notice her companion, save by a cursory glance, and who contented himself with a low, bareheaded bow, as he passed her.

Harry looked after him in surprise, then uttered the low-breathed exclamation :

"How in the world came *he* back!"

Theodora turned in large-eyed wonder to the boy.

"You know him!" she said.

"It is not easy to forget him. I have the marks of his riding whip on my shoulders now. You know his name, of course. He knew you."

"Mr. Levante, we called him at the North."

Theodora had taken hold of the other side of the pail Harry was carrying, and the two stood looking at each other under the wreathed trees. The pale, questioning face of the white girl turned eagerly toward the lowering face of the colored boy.

Harry saw how vitally interested she was. Could it be love? He averted his eyes, and said—

"He is the son of my old master—his name is Levante Devins."

Theodora turned away. There recurred to her Harry's words—"that the young master had never been the same since his first visit North."

A painful color suffused her face and throbbed in her veins; like a flashing intuition, she realized for the first time her power over the man. He had made his journeys to Boston for her—he had returned to his ruined home for her. He was to haunt and darken her life. Unreasonably she felt all her sorrow come from him, and her spirit rose rebellious. No true love would ever thus torture its object.

Something more terrible and tangible still, suddenly revealed itself to her, and sent that swift crimson back from her cheeks.

"Was Levante here when those soldiers were encamped here?"

Harry reflected. "Yes, he was here then. A while after, he went away again, and I haven't seen him since, until now."

Harry doffed his cap, and left Theodora at her school.

Did her scholars notice that shining pallor, that look of fiery introversion that possessed her face that day? They only knew Miss Myrle was very pale and abstracted. She did not return immediately to the house. The long shadows fell across the room, darkening the figure at the desk. Solitary she sat—her eyes fixed in unseeing steadfastness upon the gathering gloom. She could not escape the belief, the certainty, that had taken possession of her. Some fateful finger pointed to one man as holding the key to her happiness, and him she did not like—while she felt something of a strange, eerie power of passion exerted over her. She could not so strongly attract him, without feeling some unusual sensation toward him.

A long, shrill call of some twilight bird pierced through that unconsciousness. She rose, and, gathering her shawl about her, stepped out into the warm dusk. She did not turn her steps homeward, but into a path that led in the opposite direction. In a few minutes she emerged from the trees upon a ragged and unkempt lawn. Would she ever in all her after years forget that night? Low along the horizon, across the lawn, were inky, sullen clouds, rising slowly up the starry amethyst. Above their edge gleamed the bright crescent of a young moon, like the shining gem above the forehead of some swarthy monster of Islam. A low, nightmare whisper of wind sobbed over the grass and in the trees, its breath heavy with damp perfume, and filled with the murmur of countless insects.

In front of Theodora, up that quarter of a mile of lawn, among thick foliage of trees, stood a square, verandahed mansion, half the shutters gone, a blackened ruin where the stables had been, over all the cloud of desertion and ruin. Theodora paused a moment and took off her hat, panting with the warmth and with her thoughts. She would not enter that house save calmly as any regnant queen. There was only a burning crimson on her mouth, as she proceeded slowly up to the house; every other sign of color had left her face. Controlled by the most powerful effort she had ever known, she knocked with untrembling hand at the heavy outer door. A mulatto woman ushered her into a room facing the darkening west. She lit a candle, and then went to call the young master.

Theodora stood by the window, her face turned toward the door. She saw the surprise of Levante instantly give place to the passionate glow which mastered all other emotions. He advanced and placed a chair for her, with only a respectful bow. Theodora made a step toward the chair, and rested her hand upon it. He stood before her, his gaze absorbing every charm of that *personale*, indefinitely knowing how every fold of shawl and drapery added to the intoxication of her presence. Those eyes, large, and filled with an opalescent fire, were fixed upon his face.

The red lips of the girl opened, and her voice, strangely metallic and passionless, said:

“Mr. Levante, I came to ask what you have done with John Nevil.”

It was not a start that moved the frame of Levante; it was a strong, inward shudder. He made an almost imperceptible backward movement, exclaiming in the intensity of his unguarded surprise:

“How came you to ask me?”

Theodora had been convinced before; his look and tone only added certainty to certainty.

“Because you know,” she said.

A lurid cloud darkened down over his face. He felt that she was sure in

her own mind. He discarded all questionings as to how she knew. He felt it impossible that she could have had any tangible evidence.

At that moment he was only conscious that all he cared for in the world—the only being who held him willingly this side eternity—was standing there asking at his hands the freedom of the man she loved. He looked at that face of cold, searching splendor—cold, bright, strong and persistent as steel. He could well think how such a face might soften and melt into the unspeakable glory of love and womanhood. But he should never see it! Unblenching as had been his course of evil, he had never thought of Theodora Myrle without a vague stirring of something more worthy of manhood than he had ever allowed to live.

"Will you tell me where he is? Have you killed him?" she asked, after a silence that seemed alive and palpitating.

"I have not killed him, and I know where he is."

He saw how quickly heaved her breath; a wild sense of the demoniac power he held came over him.

"How dearly do you hold him? What would you give for his ransom?"

"My life, my hopes."

Her voice was a little shaken in its thrilling earnestness.

"And what is your life unless it is passed with me?" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Give your life to me, and I will give freedom to Nevil."

His voice seemed to throb through the air to her; his eyes blazed, his lip quivered. Theodora appeared to recede from him as she replied, though she did not move—

"I would not give my love—I hold it too high. I know his soul too well to barter thus, even for his freedom. I could not give him to a worse doom than such a liberty."

"You believe in him!" said Levante.

"We believe in honor and nobleness," she said, "but I will not talk to you thus. You cannot understand."

"Oh, I can understand!" he cried, suddenly pressing his hand to his heart, his voice and manner having an entreating, passionate pathos, that moved the woman's soul.

"Can I see your face, and hear your voice, and not understand? You are all that is good, all that is beautiful to me, and yet I love you selfishly."

Theodora stood silent; she had no words. She knew there was a struggle in his soul between the power he held and the impulse of generosity, or rather justice, he felt.

"Do you know how bad I have been?" he asked, at last.

She waited in silence, and he continued—

"I have felt remorse, but not the repentance that leads to atonement. Blindly I have hoped and believed that his absence would at last obliterate the intensity of your remembrance. Do not look at me with those unbelieving, beautiful eyes; you have never yet known the heart of a wicked man. The first letters he sent you were lost in the wrecking of the steamer. You knew that, and you tried to wait with patience for the letters that should come after; but they did not come, for I took them. I watched him until he was captured, and it was I who led the wild raid in which he was taken. But that is all my fighting for the Confederate cause. Miss Myrle, curse me—call down all the maledictions which must rise to your lips."

But Theodora only said,

"Tell me where he is."

A swift sheet of rain dashed against the window, flying through the open sash, and sending a spray on the dress of the girl. A wild rush of wind careered round the house and made its walls shake, but I think neither of the two who stood there was conscious of that sudden tumult of elements.

A glow of unwonted resolve illumined Levante's face.

"I will take you to him," he said.

A faint doubt of the continuance of that resolve shadowed Theodora's joy—a faint hesitation as to whether it were entirely safe to go with him. Not that she doubted his present resolution, but his power to keep it. But she felt that all depended on instant action.

"Let us go now!" she cried.

Even while she spoke, thunder crashed across the heavens—a serpent of lightning sped along the western sky. Levante stepped forward and dropped the window. Then he wheeled up an easy chair, and motioned Theodora to sit down.

"Much as you dislike to stay, you must not leave the house now," he said. "I know these tempests—they do not last."

He left her alone—alone with thoughts whose burning impetuosity she had restrained, but which now rushed upon her with resistless force.

The proud, strong girl yielded to that seething tide of emotions. Her head bent to her hands, and tears trickled over her fingers. All the outward coldness and hauteur melted away from her eyes and mouth. When she looked up, it was with that prideful, tender face, which had first penetrated to the heart of John Nevil.

In the heavens the clouds had parted; the sheen of stars glittered down on the loosened hair of Theodora. Had the dawn of a new glory commenced?

Half an hour later Levante returned. His guest was standing in the window, watching the sweeping of those vast clouds, catching a glimpse of the departing moon. Was that radiant, happy woman, the Theodora Myrle he had known? He denied his eyes the pain and pleasure of looking at her.

"The heavens shall smile upon our journey. It is not far—let us go," he said.

For that instant she trusted him entirely. She held out her hand, a smile of soft lustre breaking over her face.

"For forgiveness and peace!" she said.

As Levante bent over that hand and murmured "Amen," he thought that his great temptation was overcome. There was a bright shining of stars, and a low sighing of wind as they walked down the lawn. In the woody path up which she had come alone, the water now splashed against her face, her hair dripped with the cool drops.

Levante strode on silently by her side. In a few minutes they had left the wood and were walking over the smooth slope which ended in the lonesome, sandy shore. No trees here to interrupt the star-beam. The rays fell straight upon the shining sands, and on the only object on the little stretch of beach—a small, trim boat, lying above high-water mark.

Just swinging on the edge of beach and water, Levante held the boat still with one hand, while he extended the other to his companion. One tremor of doubt shuddered through her as she placed her hand in his and stepped from the land. She glanced at his face. It was pale and still, outlined with his remorse and his repentance. Levante fixed the slight mast, pushed the

boat away from the sand until the prow looked seaward, and with the mainsheet in his hand, came and sat down at the helm. Very softly they glided out of the still waters of that tiny bay to where the waves rolled with a long, gentle swell, and where the breeze came fresher and filled out the single sail of the boat. As the boat careened over with the wind, Levante long leaned back with averted face. At last his glance went to Theodora, who sat quietly, her hand on the boat's side, her gaze wandering over the warm sea. How did that face fire his soul! How enchanting to him the negligent drooping of her hair, the straight brows, the large eyes, now filled with such dreams as maddened him.

But he would take her to Major Nevil; he would carry her straight to the Rebel outposts up the Edisto, where his friends were encamped, and so to Charleston, and he would in good faith exert that oft-proved influence of his, and release the prisoner and give him to Theodora.

After long silence he uttered one sentence—explanatory and brief.

"We are to go around that next point into Edisto, and then by land to Charleston."

The silent girl started, but answered not, save by an acquiescent nod. Still she gazed away over the sea, and still the pale helmsman fed his soul upon her moonlit loveliness. A red spot burned on either cheek of the man. He had not well counted on this solitary sail with Theodora. He felt the wild desire to set his boat's rudder toward the glowing seas of the far South, to float on and on, until they neared a land he knew, whose meridional bloom and beauty should be perennial. And all for him and his love!

Theodora felt that glance upon her, and her face gained a brighter color, her heart a swifter beat of suspense and fear, but she did not change her position.

They were now steering toward the mainland—a long gloom of barren shore and dark-hued trees.

Suddenly, some quarter of a mile out and ahead, they both saw the dark hulk of some sort of vessel, and swinging at her head the red light of her lantern. An electrical light sprang to the eyes of Levante; he recognized that schooner. A quick turn of his rudder, and his boat had changed her course. And his face had changed to a daring recklessness, that made every pulse in Theodora's frame bound with indignation and terror.

"Mr. Levante," she said, "where are you going?"

His gaze swept like flame over her face.

"I have tried, and am faithless. You see I am not to be trusted," he said, hurriedly. "I know that vessel. It is some gift of the devil that it is here now. The captain is a friend of mine, and he is bound to Cuba, where I have an estate. I thought he started this morning."

Levante bent forward, and laid his burning hand on the fingers of Theodora.

"We will go," he said. "I swear you shall be happy, or I will kill myself at your feet."

Theodora did not stir, she did not even withdraw her hand. She looked at Levante, and said coldly—

"I will not go, Mr. Levante."

Had there been one more grain of nobleness in him, he would have moved her to the depths of emotion. As it was, the excitableness of her nature answered strongly to his touch, but the deeps, the basis of her temperament

upheld her against him, in a firmness that seemed ice. Though her veins seemed on fire, she felt not one answering thrill to his volcanic passion.

He clasped the hand closer. "Theodora," he whispered, "we will go. Neither heaven nor hell can part us now."

His clasp hurt her physically; the ring she wore pierced her flesh. What a strange, momentary relief was that cutting of her finger! She only sat in silence, she would not repeat her words. Inwardly she felt a sudden great gift of strength. Only a few moments more and they would reach the vessel. She expected no aid, but she never would go; she only knew that.

The boat ranged up to the schooner's side, where a rope-ladder of three steps hung from her low bulwark to the water. Flinging loose the sail, Levante stepped lightly forward, and picking up a rope, sprang noiselessly up and disappeared in the darkness. A slender, blade-sharp skiff, driven with swift, soundless, easy oar-strokes, shot up from the dimness astern close alongside the rocking sailboat, and Harry said, softly,

"Is it all right, Miss Myrle?"

And even as he spoke, and instantly as Levante sprang in upon the schooner's deck, there was a call of "Surrender!" and a noise of struggling. Then men looked over the bulwark:

"Hallo, the boat!" called out a gruff voice. Theodora was simply mazed. Harry answered with the readiness of one who apprehends the case—

"It's only a lady, sir." Then to her, "It's a Union ship."

They were promptly ordered on board, and all three taken into the captain's cabin. The officer, a keen-faced man in naval uniform, bade them sit, ordered their conductor to "have that lookout man put in irons," and then, turning to Levante, said,

"What is all this, if you please, sir?"

Levante sat silent, his mouth grim, his eyes lowered, his arms folded. Harry seemed about to speak, but a look from Theodora stilled him. Then she thought to speak herself, but what should she say? The commander repeated his question with peremptory emphasis. At last, Levante answered, dogged and unwilling:

"I am Levante Devins, of St. Helena. I was on my way to the Edisto and Charleston with this lady. I was going to bring off your Massachusetts Major Nevil. He's in private hands there now, and under Gillmore's fire. He can stay there now!"

"Levante Devins, are you?" said the seaman. "A man I'm glad to see, and on Nevil's account, too. Bring off Major Nevil, hey? He can stay now, can he? Well, your information seems to have been pretty good. But who is this lady, and who is this young man?"

Levante looked for the first time at Harry, with a sullen surprise, and said, with deep wrath in his tones,

"How came *you* here?"

Harry's intelligent eyes met calmly the fierce gaze of Levante.

"I came along in case Miss Myrle should need me," he said, with meaning.

"But you said," resumed the commander, "that you were going up the Edisto and to Charleston. What did you board this vessel for?"

Levante was silent again. The truth would have been too shameful to tell, and he thought of no good lie.

"You don't tell a straight story, sir," said the officer angrily. "But I can straighten it, perhaps."

He rose, passed through a side door, and in a moment returned, followed by an erect, pallid man with blonde hair.

Theodora arose, with the look of one that sees the spirits of the beloved dead. One word she uttered—"John!" and, disregarding as she who walks in sleep, she stretched forth her two hands and stepped forward.

"Theodora!" he said, and their hands clasped, and they absorbed deep, silent, ineffable happiness from each other's eyes. The naval officer gazed for a moment in surprise. His face flushed, his eyes grew moist with a manly pleasure at seeing the good office he had unwittingly done. Then he said, half aside, to Levante and Harry:

"Come on deck!"

They left those two in the cabin. We leave them there, while Nevil explains his escape—he had only reached the schooner the evening before—and Theodora Myrle explains her escapade.

Levante now said that he had thought this a blockade-running schooner, and boarded her in search of information.

"Well, sir," said the captain, "if Major Nevil desires it, and under all the circumstances, I think I may let you go. Otherwise I should not."

Levante bowed. "As you choose, sir."

He was in fact soon dismissed, and turning his boat's prow southward again, he floated away alone over the smooth water into the shimmering darkness of the Summer night.

Did he float all night? Who shall ever tell? The quadroon boy was also dismissed, and apparently pulled straight for the shore. But next day there arose a great storm, and the next day after that, Harry reported that he had found the body of Levante Devins, some miles down the coast, washed ashore. Who shall know whether it was the avenging hand of the abused quadroon, or the tempests of God, that ended his stormy life? And who save the tender Father shall judge that fiery tempted soul?

MARIA LOUISA POOL.

ELEMENTS OF THE ART OF POETRY.

I. PROLEGOMENA.

ART is the application of scientific laws to the construction of some work, and neither of the fine arts, not even Poetry, can be classed as an exception to this general statement. The poet may construct admirably, without recognition of the rules under which his art moves and has its being, but they nevertheless exist, and there is no reason why he should not consider them. We cannot doubt that poetical minds of the first order, with the logical faculty superadded to their intuitions, have, even in the most unscientific ages, discovered and respected these laws, after a very brief creative experience. But the analysis of our modern period declares that the elements of no existing process, however subtle, are able to escape the domain of methodization. It not only lays its assured hand upon the invisible, electric forces of the material world, but upon the phenomena of the mind and soul of man. It justly claims, moreover, that what it has hitherto not succeeded in reducing to logical propositions, will yet be thus formulized in the progress of discovery and with the arrival of a competent investigation.

They are in error, therefore, who say: "We feel what poetry is, but it can never be defined, nor can the sensations which it inspires. We may only write about it, and around it, as all past thinkers have been compelled to do." Though poetry may not have been defined, it is none the less definable. A modern writer, in essaying a consideration of its elements, is not extending his own insight beyond that of great predecessors who have confessedly failed. He avails himself of the additional strength and discoveries of the maturer period into which he is born. A child, who knows that the earth moves around the sun, has exceeded the knowledge of Archimedes, and his information is placed neither to the discredit of the philosopher nor to the honor of himself.

In this paper we make no attempt at any radical or comprehensive discourse of the nature and principles of the poetic art. Such a work, indeed, remains to be constructed by worthier hands; it should be thorough, analytical, and establishing true judicial methods by which to estimate the utterances of the poets. Our own purpose is merely, and within the pages of a magazine article, to refer to a few of the accepted canons of poetry, in such order as they occur to us, and to make suggestions toward a philosophical regard of its elements.

Coleridge said that Poetry is the proper antithesis to Science. This does not conflict with our statement, that there is a science of poetry, which must commence with its definition. It is essential to a complete definition that it should distinguish the thing defined from every other object, and embody the essence of the thing itself. Coleridge added that the object of poetry, in distinction from that of science—which is the communication of truth—is that of the communication of pleasure. He then perceived that he had made the

old mistake of telling the truth, but not the whole truth, since his definition, thus far, includes novels and other species of pleasurable composition which we do not call poems. This compelled him to add the Aristotelian element of Enthusiasm, as displayed in the excitement of the poet communicating itself to the listener or reader. But his proposition was no more complete than before; no, not even when he adjoined, and eloquently commented upon Milton's declaration, that poetry is "simple, sensuous, passionate;" certainly the finest thing ever said about the requirements of the art, but not a definition of the art itself.

Aristotle's assertion—"Poetry is the language of enthusiasm"—instantly suggests the questions: What, then, is Eloquence? And does poetical or eloquent language of itself constitute a poem? Plato, in the Republic, estimates all poetry as either narrative or imitative, and excludes poets, as a dangerous set of fellows; from his model city—their stories and imitations injuriously exalting the passions and distracting the judgment of the people at large. But in Ion, and elsewhere, he repels the idea of art in connection with poetry, and makes the latter the product of a divine madness, in which the bard becomes the passive mouthpiece of the gods.

In some such manner, from Plato and Aristotle down to the innumerable philosophers and poets of our own time, many a writer has added his portion to the thought amassed concerning this ethereal entity. Why have its veritable spirit and proportions as yet eluded us? Is it not partly because every one has observed them by a subjective method, commingling them with the impression most agreeable to himself, and not faithfully seeking out that description which must be accepted by all mankind? Each has defined poetry after the method of the candid polemic—"Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy." The question is not what poetry may be to Coleridge, or Goethe, or Hazlitt, or Hunt, or to any greater or lesser comprehension, but what is it in itself? Can we not reduce it to exact terms? For our own part, we are fully impressed with the power of man's highest corporal faculty, speech, to express in words the nature of any influence to which his being is fairly subjected. The late Mr. Poe, though often superficial in his researches, was a believer in this adequacy, and made an effort after the philosophical manner when conceiving his formula—"Poetry is the rhythmical creation of Beauty." His error lay in the subsequent explanation of his terms, by which he limited Beauty almost to the department of the Sensuous, and somewhat restricted the poet to mechanical processes and effects.

II. WHAT IS POETRY?

The main hindrance to a concise definition of poetry is, therefore, metaphysical, and has reference to the arbitrary signification of words. At the commencement of a treatise upon this or any other art, the writer has not only to state his proposition, but to expound the technical meanings of its component parts. These meanings once accepted and familiarized, the definition becomes a basis for the subsequent evolution of the theme. Thus the famous sentence of Fourier—*Les attractions sont proportionnelles aux destinées*—is of itself a Pythian outgiving, but, when the theory which it involves is once understood, it serves an important use through tomes of socialistic philosophy.

We were required to bring together in a single phrase words that should

denote our own conception of the quality of poetry, we should, after what thought we have been able to give the subject, and in default of more satisfactory future rendering, make the following reply :

POETRY IS RHYTHMICAL, IMAGINATIVE LANGUAGE INTERPRETING NATURE.

1. *Nature*.—The word is here used, in its widest and profoundest sense, to include every aspect and principle of the universe, physical and spiritual, with their correlative attributes of beauty, goodness and truth. It embraces all material forms and forces, all created beings; finally, and the result of all, the passions, intuitions, aspirations, whose presence is the existence, and whose action is the history, of the mind and soul of man. In the most imaginative of philosophical poems, there is a passage which nearly expresses what we desire to comprehend in our use of this generic term :

“—something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

2. *Interpreting*.—This term is a portion of our formula with which we are vaguely dissatisfied, and is used because, in a derived meaning, it more nearly serves the purpose than any other word in our language. The phrase *illumination of nature* conveys our idea, and would be adopted were it not that the adjective “rhythmical,” has to do with sound and time, and the noun “illumination,” with light. After all, this may present no valid resistance to their conjunction. They have inter-significations, based upon the consension of the fine arts. As heat, motion, and chemical affinity, all resolve themselves into *force*, under the tests of modern dynamical science, so there may be said to be a gamut of colors and a spectrum of sounds.

The poet, we say, interprets Nature by illuminating her. He develops his theme by exposing it to the flood-light of his own imagination, and infusing this lustre within its minutest parts, thus making them luminous to others, and giving our common vision power to interpenetrate them; or, as it were, endowing us with his own second-sight. Nature, through his offices, undergoes a transfiguration of the mount; for, he is not, in the vulgar sense, an imitator, or reproducer of her external forms. It is his mission to reveal to us, in fortunate moments, the divine glories of her eternal soul.

Pre-Raphaelitism has accomplished, and will periodically accomplish, an honorable mission, in leading back to the study of natural objects those whom conventionalism has taught to receive these objects at second hand. Exact reproduction of visible forms is the duty of the neophyte, who must base upon his perfect mastery of such forms his imaginative, riper work. Further than this, it cannot go. Reproduction is not an end, but a means. There is an inner mystery behind every outward truth, and unto its revelation the mere copyist can never attain.

We perceive, also, that the poet, while interpreting nature's external forms, so glorifies and readjusts them, that we catch for ourselves the beauty of her higher or future combinations. He thus becomes a prophet,

“For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.”

Through his imagination we feel that we walk upon the borders of the infinite and have glimpses of other existences and far-off, serener worlds.

3. *Imaginative*.—This adjective is demanded by the preceding note, and axiomatically belongs to any definition of our art. When rhythmical language ceases to be more or less imaginative, it ceases to be poetry. There is no escape from this law. Imagination must appear in the form, melody or spirit of the poet's verse, or in them all combined; and the light shed upon the theme is in exact ratio with the expenditure of imaginative power.

4. *Rhythmical Language*.—Form is the object of art. Until the poet's imagination has informed itself in rhythmical words, no *poetry* has been created. A picture of the mind is not a painting, nor an unheard melody a song. We have to do with the visible results of composition. Poetry must be in words—spoken or inscribed, though Ben Jonson said of language, that "the writing is but an accident." Moreover, these words must be in rhythm, possessed of certain measured, tuneful, or harmonious quantities and sounds. Why we are so exquisitely impressed by "concord of sweet sounds," and by effects of cadence and time, is not our present object of investigation. The fact exists. Elevated prose, then, is not poetry, however poetical or charged with imaginative sentiment. A looseness of expression is common with regard to this point, and, until poets insist upon the technical distinctions of their art, there will be no general appreciation of its essential forms.

5. *Corollary*.—Under this definition of poetry, a poet is the Maker, and his art is the Making of Rhythmical, Imaginative Language Interpreting Nature.

III. FALSE METHODS IN ART.

The foregoing section is presented with diffidence, as the reader will easily understand, but under the present title we write with no such feeling, proposing to briefly regard a few of the most prevalent violations of well-established canons of the poetic art.

The indispensable birthright of the poet is spontaneity. But of two persons, equally endowed by nature, the one who most thoroughly comprehends the laws of his art, mastering them, and not mastered by them, will produce the finest poems. In painting, sculpture and music, from the mechanical dexterity obviously required, we perceive and insist upon the similar fact. In rhythmical composition, owing to the universal faculty of speech, a certain excellence of expression is more readily gained; and yet, poetry, in the attainment of a high and truly noble standard, summons every other art to its aid, and is the most difficult of them all.

While it is true that beauty of conception will elevate the expression of the poet, often causing him to succeed "by the first intention," yet the master-artist has always that self-poise which graces the touch both inspired and *skilled*. For want of craftsmanship many born poets are painfully irregular and faulty in their compositions. The poet must combine the offices of maker and critic, deciding on the quality of the productions which he sets before the world. The Great Artist not only made the universe, but "saw that it was good."

We have space to select a few only of the heresies, into which those whose art-sense is untrained, are most frequently seen to fall. Some of them concern the temper of the poet, and lie too deep for correction; they are radical errors, for which the critics must utterly condemn a poetic aspirant. Others pertain to the method of expression, but their importance cannot be overlooked.

1. *Absence of Theme.*—The want of any genuine theme or inspired purpose is only pardonable in youthful poets—who instinctively try their wings, like new-fledged birds, for the purpose of gaining strength, and with no place to which their flight may be directed. But practiced composers make verses when they have really nothing to say; first, because they have the poetical temperament without any commensurate imaginative power; second, and in consequence, having a random sense of pleasing verbal and metrical effects, they toy with them for their own sake, and offer them as substitutes for that of which they should only be the expression.

A. *Poetical Material.*—Many offer the *materia poetica* for poetry itself. Those “properties,” which have been symbols and exponents from time immemorial, are used inordinately and without purpose. The sun, moon, stars, flowers, gems, colors and other emblems of beautiful thoughts, cannot be set forth as poetry, nor are they often legitimate objects of imaginative treatment.

B. *Diction.*—A larger class, having the accomplishment of poetical diction, mistake language which is æsthetically correct for poetry, of which it is the veriest husk and outward form. This catch of manner only becomes admirable when words are put together for the sole purpose of musical effect, either by intent, or as the spontaneous outburst of a melodious nature, in the rapid composition of lyrical song.

C. *Rhetoric.*—Earnestness of purpose will not, by itself, elevate rythmical language to our standard. Zeal is often a symptom of essentially prosaic temperaments, whose possessors mistake eloquence for poetry, and merely succeed in being rhetorical. The quality of the art evades their reach, and is even beyond their vision. There are no missions more dissimilar than those of the orator and the poet.

D. *Sentiment.*—Poetical feeling is common to all mankind, or there would be no appreciation and encouragement of art. But a vague diffusion of sentiment throughout a composition will not requite us for the absence of unity, rhythm and creative design.

2. *Lowness of Theme.*—The poet is ever cognizant of the awe and mystery of common things. He sees that,

“There is in nature nothing mean or base,
But only as our baseness makes it so.”

Yet a chosen and repeated lowness of theme will degrade the tone of his productions. The unattractive or distorted phases of nature should not be the objects of his too frequent contemplation. Her manifestations, in a certain sense, obey the law, that value varies with scarcity. Those of a low order being most frequently met with, require less imagination for their treatment than those of a loftier and less observed quality. It requires the highest technical skill to atone for the pain inflicted by the presentation of a loathsome subject. Hence the golden rule of Aristocracy in Art.

3. *Want of General Effect.*—Maintenance of synthesis in poetical construction is the surest indication of a true artistic purpose. The poet, like other artists, must contemplate his work as a whole, and invariably, when a question arises between the retention of a favorite passage and the preservation of the general effect, sacrifice the former to the latter. Tone, harmony and connected total expression, are the tests of constructive power. Inferior minds set the part above the whole, and dally with fine phrases and conceits—in themselves attractive, but above or below the key of the poem, and harmful to its central design. The Spasmodic School is justly accused of

turning aside from the direct path to gather baubles, and indulging in quotable lines and striking images, at the expense of conscientious art.

4. *Neglect of Details.*—A less common and minor heresy lies in the opposite extreme. Poets of a severely masculine cast, somewhat harsh in mental structure and not apt in fancy and word effects, make their compositions too crude and bald by fixing all their purpose upon synthetical effect and neglecting due ornamentation as they move along. While the true path is in a straight and ever-ascending line, our progress should be lightened by certain graces and attractions on the way. The master-artist, while always intent upon his general design, is never slovenly, nor regardless of the finest detail. His work invites the tests of far and near regard. This also, is the recurring method of nature; the tree is perfect—but mark the finish of every leaf!

5. *Affectation.*—Quaint language, unwonted metres, and other unique forms, though often effective and desirable, cannot of themselves sustain the character of poetic work. That metre must be chosen which most aptly serves the poet's intention. When his genius is of a grotesque or scintillant order, he may do well to invest it with an original rhythm. More frequently the best measure exists, and is wonted to his own and the listener's ear. Let him be assured that no artifice can hide poverty of conception. Artificial garments never make up for the want of natural grace; they deceive not man nor woman. It is sham and trickery that dare not assume a garb adjusted to its true proportions. In lyrical efforts, unstudied melody will embody itself in the most fitting verse; and such a measure, however new to us, never irks us with a sense of quaintness, but commands our attentive respect.

6. *Servility.*—On the other hand, an elegant observance of the metrical fashions of the day is not the endeavor of the poet. Yet there is no other guise in which charlatantry makes so presentable an appearance. The trained critic is often deceived by it. He is always on his guard against innovation—*that* seems to challenge analysis—but allegiance to the mode is never aggressive, and effectively passes for true art. To fairly understand this, consider the minor poetry of our own time. What shallow sentiment and elegant nothings flatter our ears and eyes, enshrined in elaborate repetitions of the style of Tennyson and Browning! Take these same utterances and arrange them in the old-fashioned, and, therefore displeasing, methods of Byron, Moore, or Scott, and how hackneyed and unprofitable they would appear! This test of translation is like holding a drawing before a mirror, and much of the attractive poetry of the period would not bear it, even were the composers to apply it for themselves.

7. *Didacticism.*—The conflict of a prevailing didactic manner with the true poetic spirit is at last most thoroughly understood. To all its faults the sentiment of our late school has added this great excellence, that it is wholly hostile to moralization in verse. The critics perceive that the mission of art is not to teach in homilies, but through the ministrations of the beautiful: to follow the process of nature, setting forth good and lovely images for our affection, and the sinful and loathsome for our avoidance and disgust.

As the poet draws attention to his lesson he ceases to be imaginative. The peerless leaders of early English song rarely fell into this heresy; it had nothing in common with the freshness of their time. Dryden prepared its way in the studious, imitative period following the Restoration; and Pope, yielding himself up to the artificial French influences, stunted his genius (of which "Heloise to Abelard" and "The Universal Prayer" preserve for us

a record), in the moral couplets, aptly called "An Essay on Man," but which his disciples hailed as the prelude of a new and worthier literary era. The modern return to nature has changed all that. It is recognized that only preëminent genius and high philosophy will sustain a poet in the character of a direct teacher. We accept the didacticism of Wordsworth, because it concerns the profoundest subjects of our research—those human and cosmical mysteries of which any explanation is imaginative and requires the insight of a seer. But in their ordinary moments, even the teachings of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Bryant become prosaic, and especially of the first-named it may be asserted that his renown would be greater if he had written less.

8. *Undue Subjectivity*.—Absorption in *self* exaggerates to the poet the significance of his own endowments and career, and is sure to have a narrowing influence upon his creations. No element is so readily transferred to poetry as the self-conceit of the maker's brain. It incapacitates him for seeing clearly, and interpreting, other existences than his own. His work thus exhibits a *want of health*, and, as there are many sickly and receptive spirits in the world, it will, if strong in certain respects, inoculate an entire period with its own disease. The genius of Byron, for example, was lessened by this trait, but sowed it broadcast among imitators, who, of course, failed of his merits and readily acquired his faults.

There is no morbid self-consciousness about the productions of the great masters. Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe are many-sided, reflecting every natural phase. You see the objects of their contemplation, but not themselves. If their healthful humility kept such men in renown, how can the personality of lesser artists avoid giving offence?

—“The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful, ever.”

And a contemporary thinker has finely said: "Every great writer may be at once known by his guiding the mind far from himself, to the beauty which is not of his creation, and the knowledge which is past his finding out."

9. *Undue Objectivity*.—Neither must the poet forget that he is a man of like emotions and experiences with those about him: and amid all the harmonies of natural things he must seek for and discover

“The still, sad music of humanity.”

To set forth nature in a cold, material, and unsympathetic form, is to fail of elevating the souls of those whom he addresses. He must provide "that neither thought nor imagery shall be simply objective, but that the *passio vera* of humanity shall animate both." Only passion can arouse passion; flame kindles flame. Hence those are partially in error who would escape the morbid introspection of the romance school, by a return to the severe and frozen objectivity of the antique. Though the poet sings most serenely when forgetful of himself, let him not withdraw his own nature so completely that his hearers cannot discover him if they would.

Subjectivity has also a noble quality, when the personal sympathies and aspirations with which the poet floods his art are of holy and inspiring cast. Such was the generous individuality of Shelley and of Mrs. Browning, and in the self-regard of Milton nations have united with reverence and love.

Subjectivity of style is not to be shunned, for it is the birth mark of the specific genius of a true artist. Thus it is impossible to mistake a line of Shakespeare, Milton or Wordsworth, all assured and healthful poets. This of itself, however, does not distinguish a subjective writer from those of the opposite disposition. From want of clear understanding of this point, we have heard people call Tennyson subjective; though few poets, who have accomplished so much, have displayed themselves so little in their verse. His melody, thought and method of observation, are peculiarly his own, and this fact has given rise to the misappellation.

IV. PROVINCE OF THE POET.

In our remarks upon the limitations of the poet, we have restricted him to no school of art, and have had no special theory to subserve. It would seem, indeed, as if any confining methods except those which essentially belong to different types of genius, must be wholly harmful in their influence. The poet is endowed with boundless freedom, and adopts or changes all modes at will. Those who would restrict him to Lyrical Song, for example—and who deny the claims of a poem which cannot be read at a single sitting—conform their theory to their own weakness, which is incapable of enduring prolonged or renewed elevation of soul. No: the poet is limited to no rhythm, dialect, locality, incident, or school. He is an universal eclectic, though never an indolent and doubting chooser. At different periods of growth he will incline to diverse forms of art, but at maturity will emerge upon that high table-land, where we respect each form of expression for its special office, and conspicuous or unobtrusive creations for the degree of excellence to which either attains.

In requiring the poet's fidelity to the canons of Art—some of them measurably opposed to others—we shall not be accused of paradox by those who carefully regard our meaning. We still assert that he must be sure of purpose, must teach by example, must be lofty in aspiration and theme, must value his art for what it can express, must honor its smallest detail, and, finally, as to his disposition, must be alike humble and proud, and

“—— still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.”

Depicting nature as he sees her, he must infuse her manifestations with his own spirit, and draw all men to study her through their sympathy with his individuality. This is the high and catholic standard—not one that can be maintained, but one toward which all, who, indeed derive their light from heaven, will perpetually strive.

It only remains to acknowledge that the poet, with all the restrictions imposed by the canons of art, is none the less a rule unto himself. The old fable of “Pegasus in Harness,” has more applications than one. Genius is a talisman which will carry its possessor through the dangers of inexperience and pride; it enables him to violate and rise superior to all laws, through the higher law of his own sacred inheritance.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ENGLISH PARTIES.

THE recent debates in the English House of Commons, while they sufficiently show that the art of oratory is not in a decline, also develop certain political phases which have long been dormant. It was a common remark in England, during the administration of the late Lord Palmerston, that the only difference between the English parties was in their names. There was a pretty general acquiescence in the measures proposed by that shrewd politician and diplomatist; so general, that party tactics had become rusty, and exciting elections were fast becoming obsolete. Lord Palmerston seemed the personification of the English character, interest and ambition—hence the reason why he was irresistible. No one made the attempt to rival him. But that distinctions and prejudice of party had not wholly died out, was clear, almost before the remains of the venerable minister had been laid in the Abbey; and it is doubtful if party spirit was ever more thoroughly active than it is at this moment in England.

A brief retrospect will show what the present position of the Russell Cabinet is, and will serve to make more comprehensible the attitude of the various party divisions. The present Parliament was elected last Summer, not on the issue of reform, but on the question whether the Palmerston Cabinet should remain in office. Many of the Whig, or Liberal candidates, were elected simply on a pledge of allegiance to Palmerston. The result of the election throughout the United Kingdom was, that a majority of about sixty was returned to the House of Commons in the Liberal interest. That is, had Lord Palmerston lived till the opening of Parliament, he could have carried his measures by an average majority of sixty. His death, however, completely changed the aspect of affairs. Nobody had pledged allegiance to Earl Russell, or to a cabinet constructed by him. Earl Russell had never been popular, nor was he recognized as the inheritor of Palmerston's policy. His reputation was that of a crafty, unreliable, supercilious politician; and those members of Parliament who had become independent of pledges by the death of the late Premier, have not at any time been cordially disposed toward his successor. A very significant illustration of this fact is found in the recent division of the House on the Franchise Bill. The Russell Cabinet began the session with Palmerston's majority of sixty; in the division referred to, they barely escaped a most humiliating defeat by a majority of five. In three months, therefore, they have declined from the possession of a clear, to that of a very feeble, preponderance. The ostensible evidence of this decline was afforded by the defection of some thirty-three Liberals on an evasory motion by Lord Grosvenor, who voted with the Conservatives. The cause, if we consider English politics in a comprehensive view, is easily discovered.

Lord Palmerston was well known to be averse from any further admissions to the franchise. While he called himself a Whig, he was in this particular, at least, as good a Tory as the staunchest Tories could devise. Therefore, he

was supported by a large number of aristocrats, who liked the popular and fashionable name of "Liberal," and who, under him, saw plainly that the name carried with it no practical concession to the lower classes. The present Prime Minister, however, in conjunction with his brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, had no sooner succeeded to the Treasury than he announced his intention to introduce a practical measure of reform, which should admit the working men of England to a larger share of the franchise. This frightened the aristocratic wing of the Liberals, who, on the first occasion, as we have seen, went over to the Conservatives.

There is this difference to be noted between the English Liberals and the Conservatives: that while the Liberals are made up of a mixture of several different sets of opinions, the Conservatives are a unit. Among the Liberals are the old Peelites or very moderate Liberals, the old aristocratic Whig family party, the radical reformers, and the Palmerstonians. The Conservatives are the inheritors of the doctrines promulgated by William Pitt and George Canning, and stand firmly for Church, State, Lords, prescription, the landed interest, and no more approaches toward democracy. Lord Russell then has been in this difficulty; if he introduced a real reform, he would frighten off the anti-reform Palmerstonians, the aristocratic Whigs, and perhaps some of the Peelites; if he did not introduce such a reform, he would lose the support of Gladstone, Goschen, Gibson, Villiers and their followers, as well as the extreme wing of radicals, with John Bright at their head. He has chosen the first alternative. The decidedly aristocratic element of the Liberals has gone away from him; the sincere reformers, the radicals, the party who can claim, as Gladstone says, that "time is on their side," continue cordially to sustain him.

The recent crisis then has done the service of more accurately defining the position of parties, and of putting the real sentiments of antagonistic thinkers more boldly in contrast. No matter what protestations the seceders from the ministers may make that they are favorable to reform, the line is now distinctly drawn between Reformers and Anti-Reformers, between aristocracy and progression, between those who cling to the institutions of the past and those who would amply provide for the necessities of the future.

It will be apparent to every one that the distinction is more or less one of *class*. Earl Grosvenor, the member who led off the seceding Liberals, in himself personates the idea which impelled them to abandon a ground which they had never occupied with sincerity. He is the oldest son and heir of the Marquess of Westminster, the head of one of the most ancient, richest and proudest noble families in England. The Grosvenors have been traditionally a Whig family, and of late years have been set down as a Liberal family. But the moment it is proposed to concede anything to the lower classes—to admit plebeians, however intelligent, to the suffrage—this haughty scion of Westminster takes the alarm; he sees approaching ruin to his hereditary dignity and power; he looks forward with terror to the day when the lower class shall preponderate in the House of Commons, and knows full well that when that day comes, the House of Westminster, with its compeers, is irrevocably doomed. Every admission to the suffrage brings England nearer to that goal; for every such admission increases the number of voices in favor of still further extending the franchise. It is with the aristocracy a desperate and a losing game.

It is astonishing how rapid has been the progress of the party of reform within the last four score years. From Grey's first bill of reform, which was defeated in 1793 by a vote of two hundred and thirty-two to forty-one, to

that which under the same leader, was passed by the Commons, forced through the Lords and approved by the King in 1832, the increase of the reforms was slow, but uniform. Since 1832 the increase has been accelerated so much that to-day the fate of the ministers of the Crown lies in the hands of John Bright—an avowed republican, an advocate of the abolition of the House of Peers, of the separation of Church from State, and of universal suffrage—and his followers. The most mature and deep-thinking minds of the generation, outside the higher class (and in some cases even in the higher class) are ranged on the side of immediate and progressive reform. John Stuart Mill, the most eminent logician of the age; Gladstone, the most brilliant orator; the Westminster Review, the ablest of British periodicals: Earl Russell, the most experienced legislator, are found among its devoted advocates. There is much promise for the cause, too, in the enlightened position which certain powerful noblemen, who see and yield to the spirit of the age, have taken on this question. At a recent Reform meeting in the city of Liverpool, three Cabinet ministers addressed the assemblage—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen and the Duke of Argyll. Of these three, the Duke of Argyll made by far the most radical speech, committing himself without reserve to the principle and the policy of reform, and urging the immediate adoption of a broader system of suffrage. If we consider who the Duke of Argyll is, we may well be struck with his spirit and magnanimity. He is the descendant of one of the oldest and haughtiest families of Scotland. He is the head of one of the most numerous of the Scottish clans. There are not a dozen men in Great Britain whose revenue is larger than his revenue. He possesses, therefore, exalted rank, great family prestige, immense wealth, and influence derived from these, and from his own personal merit added to these, almost superior to that of any other British subject. It is surprising to find such a man standing boldly forth in the face of the world, and not only declaring himself the friend of the working man, but also lending his considerable power to the elevation of the lower class to a participation in the legislation of the nation. The position of another scion of the aristocracy on this question, is equally notable and unequivocal. The Marquess of Hartington, now the War Minister, although a young man, the son of the Duke of Devonshire, a nobleman who is almost the rival of royalty in power and territorial domain—the Marquess of Hartington made a speech on the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons, in which the right of suffrage was frankly maintained, and which placed him squarely in the ranks of the progressive party.

While, however, the Reform party includes so much strength, intellectual and material, the power of Conservative ideas in England can neither be despised nor overlooked. England is a land of tradition, of venerable memories. Its Constitution is the result of many centuries' labor. It has been the custom of English statesmen to boast, that no polity in the world combines in such perfection the benefits of freedom with the benefits of strength. The National Church, the hereditary Chamber of Parliament, royalty, are institutions which a long experiment has proved to be not incompatible with, at least not fatal to, the national development. Shall we, say the Conservatives, advance from this secure footing, upon ground which is uncertain? Shall we risk the existence of the Constitution, which has hitherto carried us forward with so much honor to such a height of prosperity and power? We are certain that we now have a system capable of ensuring liberty, of maintaining our international rank, and of enforcing good government. Shall we depart from it

to put in practice the uncertain theories of democracy? John Bright desires to abolish the Church and the nobility—is England prepared thus to clear away the time-honored obstacles which stand between democracy and the accession of that principle to absolute power? We are content, says Lord Derby, to admit all to the suffrage who can be admitted with safety; but it is vain to talk about the rights of man, when man becomes subject to social conditions. Those who entertain these ideas are not only numerous, but many of them are also intelligent, keen thinkers, profound students of political science, sincere and patriotic in conviction; men whose public career and whose private characters alike are pure and beyond the reach of calumny. On the one side, then, we have a Reform party led by some of the first minds of the age, and by such enthusiasts as Bright: this party having as allies all the lower classes, many of the middle classes in the towns, and all those elements which, for one reason and another, seek primarily the national advancement. Of these, there are none more important than the commercial and manufacturing elements—elements which become more considerable every day. The progressive party forced Sir Robert Peel to abolish the Corn laws: it also achieved that momentous triumph for English commerce, the Cobden treaty with France. Both these steps were in the interest of the commercial class, in antagonism with the agricultural class. The same principles, too, which have thus given such advantages to trade and to manufacture, naturally seek to give to the merchant and the operative the right of suffrage.

Now the Conservative, traditional party (I use party in a general, not a technical sense—for Tory and Whig have ceased to represent two distinct ideas, and party lines, strictly speaking, are not so drawn as to make the really rival interests, which divide England, clear), the party which best reflects the aristocratic and hierarchical elements of the Constitution; the party which aims to preserve, and which resists improvement where improvement implies eradication—this party is the natural stronghold of the agricultural interest. If any one will turn to the list of the House of Commons, he will find that the members for the counties are almost all Conservatives, while those for the towns, and particularly the sea-board and manufacturing towns, are Liberals. The reason is, that the members for the counties are elected by the landed gentry and their employés, and those for the towns by the trading population. The strength of the aristocracy is clearly in the rural districts; it is also so with the Church. When Mr. Disraeli, the Conservative leader, introduced his measure of reform in 1859 (a measure which the Conservatives were forced to introduce, owing to the pressure of popular opinion), he proposed to reduce the franchise in the *counties* to £10 householders, thus throwing the counties to a much greater extent into the hands of the Conservatives; while a concession by no means proportionate was made to trading and manufacturing towns. It is significant that Mr. Gladstone, in the recent bill, put the county franchise at £14, or £4 higher than Disraeli had done—very evidently to keep as clear of Tory preponderance as possible; and yet some Liberals were inclined to oppose this bill, because even £14 would give the Tories too great an advantage in the county constituencies. I adduce these facts merely to show that it is generally recognized in England, that the Tories derive their strength from the country, the Liberals from the large towns and manufacturing boroughs.

The political history of England for the past few years, while it demonstrates a rapid growth of the idea of progressive suffrage, and the tendency of

popular sentiment toward granting greater political influence to the lower classes, also indicates that there is still strong vitality in traditional and conservative ideas. Every inch in the path of reform has to be stoutly fought for—nothing escapes the lynx eyes of the guardians of the ancient order of things. Yet it is not difficult to see that the power of conservatism is slowly waning. Its advocates find it hard to retain their theories, and at the same time to keep so far in unison with the spirit of the age as to make them formidable. Twice in fifteen years the Earl of Derby, the personification of enlightened Conservatism, has attempted to govern England: each time, so little in sympathy with him was the popular branch of Parliament, he was obliged to retire from power within a year after he had assumed it. Even though the Liberals on one side are but a coalition of factions, and by no means a harmonious coalition either, and although the Conservatives are a solid, compact phalanx on the other, the latter find it quite impossible to overreach the former, either by political manœuvring, or by a square contest in elections. The most striking proof of the decline of the Conservatives was afforded by the fact that Lord Derby was fain to introduce a Reform Bill as soon as he became Prime Minister—an act which must have sorely tried him.

A few years ago it would have been death to the Liberal party to hold any manner of converse with John Bright; it would have been fatal to any minister had it been whispered that they took counsel with this apostle of democracy. But a very few years has wrought a great change. In 1859, it imperilled a cabinet even so strong as that composed of Palmerston, Russell, Newcastle, Argyll, Gladstone, Herbert and Lewis, to offer a seat within it to Richard Cobden. To-day a Liberal Cabinet boldly announces to the House of Commons that they have consulted with John Bright on the subject of reform; he is, with Mr. Gladstone, no longer simply "the member for Birmingham;" he has become "my honorable friend;" and, in spite of a long and loud howl from the Tory benches and the Tory press, this cabinet, in "conspiracy" with Bright, goes on to achieve a victory—a narrow one, indeed—but yet a victory. A very distinguished Tory member of Parliament said, in the course of the recent debate, that many who sat on the Liberal side detested the Franchise Bill, but would, nevertheless, vote for it. If this is true, it tells with fatal force against the speaker's own party. If the reform principle has already grown so strong that members of Parliament aristocratically and conservatively inclined, feel constrained, against their will and to save themselves, to vote for it, there can be no stronger proof that reform will soon be completely victorious.

The leading spirit in English politics—he toward whom, more than any other, all eyes are turned—is undoubtedly William E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Gifted with a rare eloquence, a complete master of the science of finance, an accomplished classical scholar, a remarkable logician, there is no Englishman who possesses to so eminent a degree such various talents, or who can boast of so great a power over the popular mind. Mr. Gladstone began his political career as a Tory. During the thirty years of his public life his principles have undergone a radical change. His transition from the most unreasonable conservatism to the broadest liberalism has been gradual and natural. The secret of his political success is best summed up in this: that he has kept steadily in the current of popular growth and opinion. He has observed the course of the current with a shrewd eye, and has always steered himself so as not to be drifted into silent bays, beyond which the cur-

rent has been sweeping, but so as to run his bark on its foremost wave. Thus we find him, the most conspicuous and talented of British statesmen, in the very van of the movement toward reform. It is not a little significant that such a man should have made up his mind that the time for a decisive step has come. He proposes to himself to be not only the Moses, but also the Joshua, of his countrymen; he will not be content with leading them to the border; he will conduct them into the heart of the promised land. Under his leadership—for he is now virtually the leader, and soon will be actually so—the Reform party must rapidly become more and more distinctly defined, and the line which separates the progressive from the preservative spirit more and more clearly drawn.

The conflict will be an open and a bitter one; and no American, at least, would be inclined to dissent from Mr. Gladstone, when, at the close of the recent memorable debate, he nobly said: "The great social forces which move on in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side, and the banner which we now carry, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms; perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and to a not distant victory."

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH.

THE indomitable explorative enterprise of the New England mind, Church has carried into landscape art, the infinite possibilities whereof as accessory to and illustrative of natural science, were long ago foreseen by Humboldt, into whose views the young American painter entered with ardor and intelligence. It seems to us a most pleasing coincidence that, when Church sojourned in the vicinity of Quito, in order to study tropical landscape, he lodged beneath the roof and shared the hospitality of the same family with whom Humboldt found a home fifty years before, while making his scientific researches in the same region. His name is cherished by the household with traditional love and honor, and his portrait, as a youth, and in the costume of a Prussian officer, is preserved in the chamber he occupied. Half a century later, the artist who was to do for South America in art what the *savant* had done in science, like him came wearied at night, to repose in the same apartment, cheered by the effigy of the illustrious philosopher who, then and there, unknown to fame, had toiled to make the remote wonders of nature known to all the civilized world. Church brought home a copy of this portrait, which offers a singular contrast to those of later dates with which we are familiar in this country.

Enterprise is, indeed, a prominent characteristic of Church; he has had the bravery to seek and the patience to delineate subjects heretofore scarcely recognized by art, one of whose benign missions it is to extend the enjoyment which time and space limit, and bring into mutual and congenial acquaintance the most widely separated glories of the universe. "It is but a very small portion of the earth's surface," says Leslie, "that has been cultivated, so to speak, by the landscape painter, because, indeed, all art has been confined within a narrow geographical limit. The few transcripts that have been brought to Europe from distant lands, are from the hands of amateurs or inferior painters, who have been unable to express the truth of atmosphere, the greatest difficulty as it is the most important of all the requisites of landscape art, for without it we can never transport ourselves to the climes represented." Precisely herein has been the signal triumph of such American artists as Church and Bierstadt; both have explored distant regions for characteristic and fresh themes; and both have succeeded in giving the true expression of local atmosphere, so that the sky that overhangs and the aërial environment that surrounds the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, truthfully fill the imagination through the vision. It was by a gradual transition that Church advanced from the faithful rendition of details, to a comprehensive realism in general effect, as a comparison of his early with his recent pictures demonstrates; but from the first, an attempt to transcend the most common and familiar, and to represent the most impressive phases and phenomena, is apparent; then it was justly said by one of his critics, he painted "with almost crude emphasis." The sky was the field of his earliest triumphs; some of its most remarkable

and least delineated phases in the western hemisphere, he boldly and truly transferred to canvass. Few artists have so profoundly and habitually studied sunshine and atmosphere. It has long been his daily custom to ascend a hill near his country home, to observe the sunset; and in his landscapes "the earth is always painted with reference to the skies," which is one reason of their truth to nature. A want of softness, or rather too great emphasis, in his conceptions, was deemed his great fault; but this is mainly owing to his choice of subjects; as an orator seeks a theme fitted to give ample scope to rhetoric, an artist of scientific eloquence naturally inclines to the phenomenal and the characteristic, not so much from the love of effect, as from an instinctive interest in such scenes and objects in nature as are exceptional and impressive. Thus, before he explored tropical scenery, or ice-haunted waters, he found in the magnificent clouds of America, in her autumn-tinted forests and her peerless cataracts, the most congenial and inspiring subjects. His taste in reading suggests a scientific bias; he has long been attracted by the electrical laws of the atmosphere, and has improved every opportunity to study the Aurora Borealis; having achieved so much in the way of representing light from the pure depths of the zenith to the brilliant radiance of the horizon, we may anticipate for him new and remarkable triumphs in the more evanescent phenomena dependent on electric causes. Ruskin, when he first saw Church's Niagara, pointed out an effect of light upon water which he declared he had often seen in nature, especially among the Swiss waterfalls, but never before on canvas; and so perfect is the optical illusion of the iris in the same marvellous picture that the circumspect author of the *Modern Painters* went to the window and examined the glass, evidently attributing the prismatic bow to the refraction of the sun. It seems logical to refer such novel triumphs to the patient and exclusive study of nature. The proof of the scientific interest of such landscapes as have established Church's popularity, may be found in the vivid and authentic illustrations they afford of descriptive physical geography. No one conversant with the features of climate, vegetation and distribution of land and water that characterize the portions of North and South America, as represented by this artist, can fail to recognize them all in his delineations. It is not that they merely give us a vague impression, but a positive embodiment of these traits. The minute peculiarities of sky, atmosphere, trees, rocks, rivers and herbage are pictured with the fidelity of a naturalist. Arctic voyagers have borne testimony to the exactness of certain phases of ice-formations in the bergs depicted by Church; the descriptions of tropical scenery by Humboldt find their pictorial counterpart in the Heart of the Andes, Cotopaxi and Chimborazo; and his views of the Hudson, the coast of Maine, and other scenes in our Eastern and Middle States, directly appeal to the observers thereof, under the various aspects of the season and hour of the day chosen.

Among the less elaborate but equally characteristic works of this artist, is a fantastic but genuine sky-study, widely circulated at the outbreak of the civil war, in the form of a colored lithograph, and entitled "Our Banner in the Sky," whereby, through an ingenious yet natural sun-emblazoned cloud-study, the folds of our national banner, with stars shining in the firmament, are delineated with effective truth, while the leafless trunk of a tree indicates the staff. A more recent picture represents the Island of Mount Desert, off the coast of Maine, with the peculiar yeasty waves and lurid glow incident to a dry autumnal storm in northern latitudes. It is one of those November or

late October mornings; the sun glows red through a murky sky. It has been objected that it should not be blue above, to give the color imparted to the water; but strange and exceptional are the freaks of the elements under conditions like those represented; and if two incompatible effects have been combined in this instance, there can be no doubt of the transcendent ability wherewith the waves and coast are portrayed. "Here," says a critic, who suggests the very defect complained of, "is magnificent force in the sea; we give ourselves up to enthusiasm for it, regarded as pure power; when it dies its final death in mad froth and vapor, tossed quite to the top of the beetling barrier crags on the right foreground, we feel ourselves in an audacious actual presence, whose passion moves us almost like a living fact of surf. We value the light effects separately, and the fine recklessness of color by itself, among the best instances of Church's power."

Time was when a landscape was painted by a kind of mathematical formula; rules of composition, far more than observation of fact, formed the basis of the work; one side must be higher than the other, here must be light, there shade; and academic precedent fairly usurped the most unconventional branch of art. To what an absurd and destructive point this system may be carried, we have a memorable instance in the factitious success of David and his school. And it was long deemed essential to an American student that he should go abroad and learn tricks of light, and how to manage color for effect. But here is a painter who has never been in Europe, and who, having acquired the requisite dexterity in the use of the pencil, went confidently to nature herself, using his eyes and his intelligence, and striving to reproduce what he saw, knew and felt. Unhampered by pedantic didaction, acquiring his own style, patiently working from careful observation, he produced landscapes, or rather pictures, of special objects of the greatest beauty and interest—like Niagara, Icebergs, and a Volcano, so true, impressive and natural as to charm with love and wonder veteran adherents of routine, and win the ardent praise of the most scientific and artistic lovers of nature.

While thus initiating a high executive standard, few have contributed more toward making landscape art popular than Church. He has inspired two writers to elaborate descriptive essays on the subjects to which his pencil has been devoted—one a clerical enthusiast as to the mission of art, and the other one of the earliest and noblest martyrs to the cause of American nationality. Dr. Brown, the author of "Spare Hours," is one of his most discriminating eulogists; and the crowds that daily thronged his exhibition rooms at home and abroad, have never been exceeded where the subject represented was merely a landscape. His success therein has given rise to much useful and eloquent criticism, and his example has stimulated to adventurous effort and renewed patience the whole fraternity of landscape painters. Nor is this all. The popularity of his pictures has given birth to some of the best triumphs of the burin, and yielded the most desirable subjects for chromo-lithography. In illustration whereof, it is only requisite to mention the admirable reproduction of "Niagara," and the "Icebergs," by the latter process, and the peerless engraving of the "Heart of the Andes," "Cotopaxi," and "Chimborazo."

Frederic Edwin Church was born in Hartford, Connecticut, May, 1826. He early manifested a talent for pictorial art, and after some initiatory studies, became a pupil of Cole, and resided with him at Catskill, N. Y. Less inspired by the sentiment than apt in the skill required for the effective represent-

ation of nature, his obligations to his early teacher seem to be incidental rather than absolute. From the first there was a marked individuality in his style, and a remarkable independence in his method; yet, however little affinity existed between the two, it is impossible that an artist could live with Cole without deriving from his pure and earnest love of beauty, and reverent observation, invaluable suggestions. Cole was one of the first landscape painters in America who united to the right feeling for nature a patient and calm devotion to the practical requirements of art. There was a scope and a significance in his mature efforts previously unattained, at least in the same degree, among us; and his example gave a new impulse to the pursuit, and a higher standard to popular taste. A more genial and instructive home than that his society and domestic life afforded, can scarcely be imagined for a young artist; and the scenes amid which they dwelt, the conversations of so noble and true a man, and the mutual study of nature, must have auspiciously promoted the artistic development of Church.

Amid the beautiful scenery of the Catskills were Church's earliest studies of nature pursued, and near them he has fixed his Summer home. Here he observed, under singularly favorable auspices, the permanent traits of indigenous vegetation, the characteristic phases of atmosphere, and the evanescent phenomena of skies, trees, and herbage, the forms of mountains, the rising and setting sun, the tints and tones of woodland and water, foliage and rocks—all the essential features of nature in her wild and primeval haunts, he there faithfully studied, and thus laid the foundation of that breadth and authenticity of executive skill whereby he subsequently represented, with such marvellous truth, her less familiar traits from the exuberant fertility of tropical to the sublime monotony of northern regions. As Church became known as a landscape painter, the critical estimate of his merits accorded him "accuracy of drawing, and great mechanical dexterity, combined with a vivid appreciation of the beauties of nature." One of the earliest works thus characterized was a view of the famous East Rock, near New Haven; this was followed by a series of American landscapes, which added to his reputation; especially those which were remarkable for impressive skies—"The lifting of the Storm Cloud," "Evening after a Storm," and several sunset scenes. His progress in color was gradual, but sure, and with each new experiment, his scope enlarged, and his mastery was confirmed; and he determined to seek new and comparatively unfamiliar subjects, and extend the domain of his observation. In 1853 he embarked for South America, and made careful studies of the most picturesque aspects of that remarkable country. The vivid color and elaborate execution which distinguished his picture of the Great Mountain Chains of New Granada excited so much interest, and won such high encomiums, that he was induced to renew his sojourn; and in 1857 made another visit—bringing home a large number of studies and sketches, which afforded him the materials for the celebrated landscapes whereby he became so widely known as an original and gifted artist. On his return from his second expedition to South America, Church painted his large view of Niagara Falls; it is an oblong, seven feet by three, and represents the Horseshoe Fall, as seen from the Canadian shore, near Table Rock. This was immediately recognized as the first satisfactory delineation by art of one of the greatest natural wonders of the western world; and this is in itself extraordinary praise, for the difficulties in the way of such a work are obvious, while perhaps no subject could be found more promptly to challenge public

estimation, familiar as it is to countless observers. The success of the artist in representing the Rapids is marvellous; "in the rush of water and the fine atmospheric effects," said a foreign critic, "it realized the idea of sound, as well as of motion." Indeed, this work forms an era in the history of native landscape art, from the revelation it proved to Europeans. The great cataract has been profoundly studied by Church; his first sketches evinced the closest observation and the happiest reproduction of evanescent phases, as well as normal traits; and the complete possession of the grand theme by his mind was memorably evidenced years after the execution of his famous picture, by a view of the main fall dashed off in seven hours from memory, and exhibited with the title of "Under Niagara;" sketched originally from the deck of the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*; it seems to move, a solid, vast, mass of water, in altitude sublime, rushing with luminous vapor and so full of power as to give the sensation of a continuous roar as well as a sublime rush. The curling mist, the far-off emerald gleam, the softness and density of the huge column, and the quiet, azure skies above, unite to give the effect of profound reality—an effect realized by the artist in a few hours, but the product of a long and vigilant observation, nurtured by the distinct image, resumed by fancy, and confirmed artistic data gathered on the spot years before.

Church's travels to South America were not without fatigues and hazards. On one of these occasions, after twenty days passed on board a small brig, and suffering much from heat and sea-sickness, he disembarked at the mouth of the Magdalena River, which he timidly ascended in a canoe. Traversing the woods on mules, the artist and his companion endured all the privations, and enjoyed all the wonders of a tropical journey. They were tormented by insects, and passed hours in making their way through the dense undergrowth. One dark night an accident separated them. The bridle-paths were dangerous without a guide; not a sign of human dwellings was visible; the hootings of owls and the howlings of beasts increased the horrors of darkness. Wearied with penetrating the interminable brushwood, now up to his knees in a morass, and now entangled amid the vine-covered trees, the intrepid limner climbed a tree and long shouted in vain. The mules had slipped away, his companion was ill, and, worn out with fatigue, he found temporary repose on an ant-hill. After many disappointments, he succeeded at length in finding the track of his guides, and resuming his journey under more favorable auspices.

These and other trials were soon forgotten, when the splendors of an exuberant and radiant vegetation burst upon his sight, and he was enabled at leisure to explore scenes of alternate wildness and luxury, full of novel effects and suggestive traits for the pencil. As he became accustomed to the country and familiar with its resources, they opened more and more vistas of promise to his eye and mind. Through books of travel we know the productions of this teeming region; its fruit so abundant and delicious, the gorgeous plumage of its birds, and the brilliant tints of its insects; and the late researches of Agassiz, under the liberal facilities by given the intelligent Emperor of Brazil, will soon make its scientific phases attractively and authentically familiar; but of those general features which give it picturesque distinction few have derived from reading other than a vague notion. In the result of Church's studies we have, as it were, an epitome and typical portrait of the entire country, or rather each landscape represents a region with all its local peculiarities. In the Heart of the Andes, philosophically as well as

poetically so called, the characteristics of their fertile belt are as it were condensed; it is at once descriptive and dramatic; the deep azure of the sky, the far away and soaring snowy peaks, the central plain with its hamlet and water courses, the lapsing valley full of luxuriant vegetation, fern palms, mimosas in rich festoons, a scarlet paroquet, a gorgeous insect, a church with red tiled roof, the wayside cross, flowers, foliage, a volcanic range, magnificent trees, exquisite ferns, pure light, veritable clouds, all the tints of tropical atmosphere, and all the traits of tropical vegetation, combine in harmonious and comprehensive, as well as exquisitely true effect and detail, to "conform the show of things to the desires of the mind," and to place before it the spectacle of a phase of nature which to northern vision is full of enchantment.

An English critic, in descanting upon the interest and the merits of this remarkable work, had the candor to acknowledge that as a product and a process of art it transcends the formulas of academic tuition, and vindicates allegiance to nature's teachings as the legitimate inspiration of landscape art: "marvellous as are the skilful composition and comprehensive knowledge displayed, Mr. Church never studied, in the most conventional sense of the word; he has never visited the great galleries of art out of America, but he has done better: he has devoted several years to the study at first hand of the noble coast and mountain scenery of his native land." An elevated valley six thousand feet above the sea, an hour or two before sunset, is portrayed in this representative scenic view of South America: the admirable distances are a signal triumph of aerial perspective; from the foreground to the nearest tree, then to the central plain, and then along the green declivities to the hoary summits reared in the far sky-depths, the eye takes in the prospect as in nature. Originally a bird lightly defined was poised above the forest glade, which will account for the allusion, no longer pertinent, in the following inadequate attempt to describe in words the "Heart of the Andes:"

The tropic life of nature here o'erflows,
 And fills with radiant hues the earth and air;
 Above, the monsoon's breath transformed to snows,
 Crowns dizzy peaks; volcanic ridges bare
 Impend o'er vales exuberant with green,
 That fringe the sultry level; far below
 The vine-clasped trees with billowy sweep are seen,
 And over all what depths of azure glow!
 Here the fern palms their slender arms uplift;
 There crimson wings are poised and blossoms gay;
 Slow through the ambient realm pale vapors drift,
 While bright cascades o'er grassy ledges play:
 What patient magic in the hand of art,
 That to untravelled eyes reveals the Andes' heart!

A more absolute contrast in subject and experience can hardly be imagined, than that between the Heart of the Andes and the Icebergs. From the mysterious volcanic heats of the earth we are transferred at a glance to her deadliest cold—from tropical to arctic phenomena. Popular interest in the latter had become wide and earnest from the curiosity awakened by the voyages of Parry and Belcher; the deep sympathy excited by the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the admiration felt for the intrepid career of our own Kane.

Those glittering monsters of the deep, swept from northern seas into the western Atlantic, had ever been the terror of Summer voyagers amid the fogs off

Newfoundland ; but the heroism and the martyrdom, the scientific knowledge and the wonderful adventure associated herewith by the record of Arctic expeditions, had created a new and romantic interest, and made the iceberg a sublime symbol of daring achievement, and a solemn memorial of human sorrow and faith. But, wonderful as these vast crystal masses are in themselves, and attractive as they have become through the most wonderful chapter in the history of modern enterprise, few are the artists who would venture to make one the exclusive subject of a picture ; in nature it requires all the accessories of space ; all the effect of light, with sea, snow and the firmament around and above, to relieve the blankness and isolation of icebergs, by picturesque agencies ; but transferred in solitary abstraction to the canvas, only a masterly execution could redeem a subject like this from monotonous singularity. Convinced that color and form in this as in every other natural object, made it a fit, however difficult, theme for delineation, Church determined to study its phases, note its traits and represent it with careful and elaborate art. The vivid descriptions of Arctic voyagers, the admirably illustrated journal of Dr. Kane, and the conversation of some of his intelligent companions, enlarged and defined the project in the artist's mind. Of that mysterious, solitary, blank life in the polar seas, with all its marvellous details of silence and whiteness, bears, walruses, eider ducks, Esquimaux dogs, fleas and foxes, bivouacs in snow fields, and journeys over frozen plains, and interminable night, wherein and whereby human courage and patience attained an almost spiritual energy, and human resources are tested to the utmost—of this extraordinary and exceptional life the iceberg seems the monument ; its spectral pinnacles glittering in the moonlight, its vast proportions frowning in the darkness, its capricious architecture mocking the fancy of the exile with shapes of familiar glory and endeared habitations.

Church and his friend, equipped for an exploration along the coast of Labrador, started early in the Summer to seek and study this "architecture of the sea ;" they found hospitality among the fishermen and missionaries, and having chartered a small vessel, went forth in pursuit of icebergs—of all objects in nature the most difficult to study ; but by dint of patience the assiduous artist observed a great variety of them ; noted their shapes and colors, watched them at dawn and sunset, and, beating about the rough sea, caught with ready pencil and retained in his memory the most picturesque attributes of these evanescent wonders of the deep. The curious details of this exploration, full of amusing incident on the one hand and of trials to patience and comfort on the other, and at the same time fruitful of sublime and novel impressions of beauty, have been "set in a note-book," and elaborately described by the artist's companion, who seems to have carried to the scene all a poet's enthusiasm and an art-lover's sympathy. Whoever would know the perils and the pleasures of a "chase after icebergs" for purposes artistic, should read this chronicle of a Summer voyage ; it is a unique illustration of the dauntless and genial enterprise of American artist-life.

The book* and the picture, which were the fruit of the expedition, reveal to us a marvellous idea of the various significance and interest belonging to icebergs. In substance resembling alabaster, rock-crystal, emerald, topaz, amethysts, and every gem of earth ; in form including every shape hallowed by art or dear to fancy ; cathedral, obelisk, shrine, domes, pilasters, arches, crags and cliffs ; here like a Mississippi bluff, there a fragment of the Colossæum ;

* "After Icebergs, with a Painter," by Rev. Louis L. Noble.

now Windsor Castle, and again a Titanic vase; their peaks battlements of porcelain or pearl; their transitions as rapid as wind and light. What a series of pictures is afforded by the mere recital of daily experience, when a vigilant eye followed and explored the frozen and floating Alps, caverns, pyramids or mosques of ice! An average form, and a combination of tints were chosen by the artist in executing a portrait of the icebergs; and its authenticity in detail has been attested by several experienced observers.

It is Church's habit to devote the Summer to observation and reflection; then he gathers the materials and thinks over the plan and scope of his pictures, seeking, at the same time, by life in the open air, and wholesome physical exercise and recreation, to invigorate his health, which is not robust, and lay up a stock of strength as well as ideas for work during the Winter. That season he passes in the city, resolutely shut up several hours daily in his studio, concentrating his mind upon some long-contemplated task, to which his time and thoughts are given with a rare and exclusive devotion, which, in a few months, makes the sun-burnt and active sojourner in the country resemble a pale student, so exhaustive and absorbing are his labors when once fairly engaged upon a mature conception. Although rapid in execution, he is slow in working out the artistic problem to be solved, in his own mind; cannot brook interruption for any trivial object, and eschews all dalliance with pastime until his pencil is laid aside for the day.

A domestic affliction rendering a change of scene desirable, Church, last Spring, embarked for Jamaica, and passed many weeks of the Summer among the mountains of that picturesque island. The studies which he brought home indicate his usual skill, industry and tact in selection: there are admirable effects of sunset, storm and mist, caught in all their evanescent but characteristic phases; mountain shapes, gorges, plateaus, lines of coast and outlines of hills; beside these general features, there are minute and elaborate studies of vegetation—the palms, ferns, canebrakes, flowers, grasses and lizards; in a word, all the materials of a tropical insular landscape with every local trait carefully noted. No one can examine such studies without recognizing the scientific method of the artist—the authenticity of his transcripts from nature; and it is when comparing these materials with their combined result in a grand scenic composition, that we realize that the fame and the faculty of Church are the legitimate fruits of rare and individual endowments conscientiously exercised.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

THERE are no longer "as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"—nor as many of them. The supply, like that of mineral coal, is in some places visibly diminishing, though both have been thought inexhaustible. If all the fish eggs were to hatch, and all the fishlets to grow up and have families in their turn, a very few years would solidify the sea into one slippery, un-navigable mass of fishes. One sturgeon has contained 7,000,000 eggs; a cod-fish, 3,400,000; a flounder, 1,250,000; a sole, 1,000,000; a mackerel, 500,000; a herring, 35,000; a smelt, 36,000; a salmon, 30,000. But Mr. Bertram,* who gives these figures, adds statements which show sufficiently that there is a distinct and sometimes a rapid decrease in the fish supplies, and how it happens. The English salmon fishery, formerly extensive, no longer exists. Those of Ireland and Scotland are steadily declining. In the Scotch rivers, living men remember salmon of fifty and sixty pounds weight, and those of thirty and thirty-five pounds were common. But such are now scarcely seen at all, and their average weight is sixteen pounds or less. The extinction or decrease of salmon and shad in our own rivers is equally well known. Salmon are no longer found at all in the Connecticut, the Merrimack, the Thames, the Hudson, and the Delaware, and the shad are growing scarcer too. Even in the rivers of Maine, where forty years ago it was easy to catch two hundred good salmon a day for three months of the year, the fish are almost totally extinct. They are getting fished out of the more distant rivers of the British Provinces too, and before long the supply from those will fail. In the waters of Oregon and thence northward there is still abundance, and the sea-captain is doubtless still living who used to tell how he bought a ton of salmon for an old jack-knife.

The sea fisheries are, many of them, showing a similar decrease. Thus, in the herring fisheries of Scotland, the average extent of nets spread from each boat increased between 1818 and 1865, from 4,500 square yards to 16,800 square yards; while the average catch per boat decreased in the same period, from 125½ crans (of forty-five gallons each) to eighty-two crans. There is a similar decline in other fisheries. The machinery of fishing is extended and developed, but prices rise and supplies diminish. There is one vast ocean field whose harvest shows as yet no signs of failure—the Grand Bank of Newfoundland and the deep water and shore fisheries adjoining. The Grand Bank alone is six hundred miles long and two hundred broad; that is, more than a quarter larger than New York and Pennsylvania together. It is no wonder, if their home fisheries are, as Mr. Bertram's book shows, verging toward exhaustion, that the English are trying to interpret treaties in new ways so as to se-

* *The Harvest of the Sea.* A contribution to the Natural and Economical History of the British Food Fishes. By James G. Bertram. With fifty illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1866. Svo. pp. xv, 519. (Edinburgh print.)

cure as much as possible of this great field to their own exclusive use. The shrewd activity of American fishermen makes them unpleasant business rivals, and the arrogant old pretence of being the ruler of the seas, and the oppressive habit of enforcing the despotic Norman game laws at home, combine with commercial jealousy and the ever-pressing food question, to make Mr. Bull quadruply exclusive and grasping over his codfish.

Mr. Bertram's interesting book, from which many facts have been drawn for the present paper, oddly observes at the beginning, that fish, "as a general rule, live in the water." He quickly adds that in Ceylon and India there are species which can exist in mud, and others that are said to exist in trees. In corroboration of this latter statement, there is to be seen in some story-book or other a comical picture of a flying-fish's nest in a tree, with dogs pointing—sea dogs, of course—and jolly marine sportsmen blazing away at a flock of hapless bird-fishes in the air. The trustworthy Mr. Barnum had some months ago, in one of his aquaria, a slender, supple, gray fish, slow in movement, and about eight inches long, called *Lepidosiren annectens*, brought from the Gaboon River, and which lives through the dry season in a kind of mud cocoon. There was also above, on the top of the aquarium, a lump of dirt, within which one of these fluviatile and fishy sleeping beauties was said to be then and there slumbering. But none could say whether the fish was really there, save those perspicacious philosophers who can see into a mill-stone.

It is with the aquatic fish, however, that the present discussion deals. Statistics do not satisfactorily tell the great fish story of the world—the totals of the fish trade—nor does history satisfactorily trace its rise and progress. But it is of immense value and importance, and of ancient date. It is on record that the inhabitants of Arabia caught fish B. C. 1800, or over 3,600 years ago, in the days of Jacob and Esau. The Israelites in the desert three centuries later grumbled over the recollection of the nice fish which they used to have in plenty in Egypt. Fishermen by profession were chosen to be Christ's Apostles. A herring fishery in English seas is recorded A. D. 709, about the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, and a couple of centuries later the cod fishery was put under legal regulations. In the busiest days of the Dutch fisheries, 3,000 boats fished on the coast of Holland, 1,600 busses took herring in the English waters, and 800 vessels made long voyages for cod and whales. In 1603 the Dutch sold herring worth \$24,000,000, beside what were used in the country; and in 1818 they had in all 12,000 herring boats, employing in all 200,000 men. Nova Scotia employs 3,258 fishing vessels; Newfoundland more than 10,000; the United States about 3,000. The annual Newfoundland catch of cod weighs 1,400,000 tons. A hint may be got of the extent of this interest by summing up the following round numbers, being only the annual dollar values of a few of the larger fishing interests:

French, all, per year.....	\$3,200,000
British, all, per year.....	22,500,000
Dutch (herring), per year.....	1,600,000
Norwegian (cod), per year.....	1,500,000
Caspian, all, per year.....	2,500,000
United States, all, per year.....	48,400,000
Total.....	\$79,700,000

The monstrous fertility of fish might seem to render their decrease in number quite out of the question. But then, infant mortality among them is, numerically considered, something awful. It is reckoned that hardly five per

cent. of the eggs laid by any herring even get so far as to hatch; while the only time for catching these luckless fish is their spawning time, and anybody may remember how large a proportion of them are found in the market with their roe within them. It is further computed that ninety per cent. of all that are hatched are destroyed within six months, which allows not more than one half-grown fish to every two hundred eggs, and leaves out subsequent destructions. Out of the 30,000 eggs of one salmon not more than *five* are said to become mature fish. In the French sardine fishery of the coast of Brittany—sardines, by the way, are made of sprats or other small fish of the right size, and are not a separate kind of fish—thirty thousand barrels of cod roe, costing \$400,000, are used every year for ground bait. One whiting, weighing three-fourths of a pound, was caught, with 300 salmon eggs in him, being only his breakfast; and whiting are numerous and hungry. Parr, the young of salmon, have been extensively netted in Scotland by the ignorant people, and used as food, as swill, and as manure. Cod, by no means a scarce fish, eat herrings by three or four hundred a year, per cod. It has been calculated that the gannets, only one variety of sea-bird, around St. Kilda, only one little island, pick up and eat 214,000,000 herrings every Summer.

Fish culture has not been applied to any of the commercial fish, such as cod, herrings, and the like, but almost entirely, in modern times at least, to a few of the more delicate and costly table fish; the salmon, the trout, the *ombre chevalier* of the Lake of Geneva, and the like. It is comparatively a cheap and easy art, and while within twenty years introduced as a new branch of industry in Europe, it has long been practised elsewhere. It has been an established pursuit in China, from ancient times. It was very luxuriously conducted by those magnificent human swine, the great Roman epicures. Lucullus, for instance, never had on hand less than \$175,000 worth of live fish in his feeding ponds. It is also recorded that some of these guttling old villains actually murdered slaves to fatten their fish with. The monks of the middle ages used to raise fish in ponds—or rather protect their natural increase there—with a view to Fridays and the like, and so did many gentle and noble families. At Comacchio, on the Adriatic, at the mouth of the Po, there has been an immense eel-cultivating establishment, probably for nearly six hundred years. At this place, which is a whole town and territory of eelers, an expanse of useless swamp, about a hundred and forty miles in circumference, has been dyked, canalled, boxed, sluiced, pooled and basketed up, until salt water from the sea or fresh from the river can be let in or out at pleasure by about a hundred mouths. The road is opened to the millions of young eels on February 21st, and they come squirming up from the sea, looking like a long stream of wisps of coarse, whitish thread, and, as is reported, never mistaking the date. Once in, they are kept in, nourished and fattened, and left to rove at pleasure, and from August to December the marketable ones are fished out and sold.

Fish culture consists in fecundating fish eggs, hatching them, and protecting the young as long as is necessary. Its primary fact is, that the eggs may be fertilized by artificial aid. This fact has been repeatedly discovered. A German, one Jacobi, found it out a century ago and more, and practised it well and wrote well about it. Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, in Scotland, about 1833–35, discovered the same, in the experiments he made to prove that parrs are young salmon. But the last and quite recent and most efficient establishment of fish culture as a real industrial pursuit, has taken place in France,

and is due to Joseph Remy, a French peasant, a fisherman by occupation, of the district of La Bresse in the Vosges. This shrewd, poor man began by wondering at the growing scarcity of fish, when their eggs are so immensely numerous. He settled that the difficulty was simply the excessive percentage of eggs that did not hatch, of young fish destroyed, and adult fish destroyed too young; and selecting a colleague, one Gehin, they began on a small scale, and within a few years stocked two small ponds with artificial trout (so to speak) so fully as to yield 1,200 eatable fish per annum; put 50,000 trout into the Mosclotte River; and, at the request of some local authorities of that neighborhood, stocked several other streams.

The celebrated naturalist Milne-Edwards, about 1850, after an investigation made by Government request, reported strongly in favor of Remy and Gehin's plan, and another eminent *savant*, Professor Coste, of the College of France, in 1852 reported officially to the French Minister of Agriculture a scheme for stocking all the French streams with fish, which report led to the establishment of the public institution at Huningue, near Basle, for distributing fish eggs. This institution, down to the Winter of 1863-4, had distributed more than a hundred and ten million fish eggs. forty-one million of them eggs of salmon or trout, and four-fifths or more of them being used in France. There are other establishments for a similar purpose, and the rivers, ponds and canals of France are steadily increasing in value as sources of food and of wealth; the whole fresh water fisheries of France being computed to be worth \$4,000,000 a year.

Similar systematic measures are pursued on the French coast for growing oysters and muscles. The French oyster beds, about fifteen years ago, had become about exhausted by the destructiveness of dredging. The same Professor Coste who had reported on river fish culture, was sent on a voyage to investigate the state of French sea-fisheries, and on his travels came to Lake Fusaro, in Italy. This is the ancient Avernus. Near it is the Lucrine Lake, where an ancient Roman, Sergius Orata, used to cultivate oysters in the days of Lucullus. Now, Avernus, instead of being employed as an entrance to Tartarus, has in modern times been put to the agreeable use of an oyster farm. The piscatory Professor found a system pursued here which he recommended at home, and it was at once put in operation at St. Brieuc, in 1859. But at the Ile de Rhé the learned Professor had been anticipated in the business, and not by another professor, nor by a fisherman either, but by a stonemason, named Beef, who had begun some quiet experiments in 1858, and was rapidly imitated by his neighbors when they saw that he made money. The oyster is a hermaphrodite, and each, therefore, produces its eggs independently. At the proper time, the adult oysters are laid down on the breeding banks, and stones, old shells, or fascines are laid down below them or floated above them to receive the spawn or "spat." This sinks or floats, and adheres to whatever it touches, and the young oysters at once go to work and grow. That is the whole story; and in the fourth year of the business at the Ile de Rhé, Government had allotted 3,263 portions of coast or "fore-shore" to be used in the business, over 75,000,000 oysters were planted, and the yearly revenue from the business was more than \$225,000. More recently, the oysters at the Ile de Rhé were estimated to number 378,000,000; and on the whole French coast there are 7,000 of these oyster farms. Similar methods, and with similar success, are employed at St. Brieuc and other French oyster grounds. Muscles are grown nearly in the same way, and with a good profit.

The French oyster farmers have one department which is unknown elsewhere; that of greening the oysters. This consists of fattening them in special reservoirs or *claires*, in quiet sea water and with much attention. Here they grow fat and green, apparently from feeding on some marine vegetation; and the continental epicures think no other oyster worth looking at. Most Americans would as lief eat blue veal as green oysters. But the French eat nice, fat snails, and the Italians eat vipers. There is no use in discussing tastes.

The English oyster business has not this green department. The British oyster is indeed fattened in dealers' cellars, with oat-meal, just as is sometimes done in this country with Indian meal. But the process dilutes the oyster and destroys the flavor. Oystering on the English coast is not carried on as systematically or scientifically as in France, though the Whitstable Free Dredgers' Company, and concerns occupying the vicinity, are extensive, well organized and prosperous concerns. The oyster farms here cover a space of twenty-seven square miles; the business employs 3,000 people, and the sales sometimes reach a million dollars a year. But this area, large as it is, need not astonish us, for, Mr. Bertram says, "there is an oyster bed in Long Island Sound which is 115 miles long." There are those in New York City who would pay Mr. Bertram to point out this "fundum," which, unless it curls round so as to economize space, would thus seem to occupy five miles more than the whole length of the Sound. But the worthy gentleman's views are somewhat obscure on American subjects, as he says in another place that oysters are plentiful *all over* America, as if no part of it was above salt water tides; and in still another that our oyster supply is on the whole decidedly failing.

The principal British experiments in fish culture proper have been those at Stormontfield on the Tay, which have been in operation for about twelve years, and, aided by stringent protective laws, have thus far increased the number of salmon in that river by one tenth. Other attempts have been made on the Dee in Scotland, in Galway, and elsewhere, with considerable success.

In the United States some efforts have been made to cultivate trout, and there are a few feeble legal provisions about shad. But food is too plentiful in this country to permit any real importance to the question of fish culture, while game laws and restrictions upon hunting and fishing are peculiarly foreign to our national character; and, lastly, our manufacturing interests are extensive, lively and influential. The Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers are good instances of the natural tendency of the river-fish question in the United States. The salmon left them long ago; and the shad, already pretty well hunted down, have within a few years begun to disappear, especially from their upper waters, being shut off by dams and poisoned by the chemicals and filth emptied into the rivers in the development of the saw-mill and factory interests. Vermont and New Hampshire remonstrated with the States on the seaboard, and Massachusetts, very properly, appointed a commission to investigate and report. This has been done, but the substance of the report seems to be, that water-ways or passes could be opened to allow the fish to go and come at spawning time, but that the question of chemicals and filth is more difficult. Indeed, it does not appear whether the abominable and poisonous stuff flung into the Merrimack would not keep the fish out of it without any dams. And besides, although the Connecticut has water enough to supply

proper fish-ways, the Merrimack could not do it without danger of stopping all the Lowell mills one day in a week. And it is not likely that the spindle will recede before the shad.

This is an age of World's Exhibitions, and, of course, there must be a proper amount of exhibitions of fishing and fish cultivating apparatus and productions. A "Fish Raising and Water Culture Exposition" is announced, to be held at Archana, in France, during the coming July, to which, it has been suggested, some of our fishing smacks might be sent. If the terms of the announcement would include these, a whaleboat should also go, a bomb-lance for whaling, and one or two specimens of that curious but not very useful Yankee invention, the "sockdologer fish-hook." An exhibition of the apparatus and products of European marine fisheries was held at Amsterdam, in 1861, and another at Bergen, in Norway, in August, 1865. Norway, Sweden and England were the chief exhibitors at Bergen; France, in spite of her four or five hundred fishing vessels, 16,000 boats, and 56,000 fishermen, being represented by only four or five exhibitors. The French Government, however, which is always attentive to industrial improvements, sent a commission of two naval captains and eight outfitters or masters of fishing vessels, to examine and report on this exhibition, which they did in a document of considerable interest, printed in the *Révue Maritime et Coloniale*, for December following. The exhibition was held in a large building, recently erected for a picture gallery. In the basement were placed heavy articles, such as steam machinery for extracting cod-liver oil, the larger sorts of fishing apparatus, models of portable ice-houses, fish oils, specimens of cod, herring, etc. On the first floor were smaller articles, and the whole second floor was occupied with the English part of the exhibition. There was a collection of prepared specimens of fish, dry or in spirits of wine, which included many very curious ones from the Arctic waters. There were various specimens of salt; pyro-ligneous acid, exhibited as likely to be used instead of the smoking process; barrels of many patterns; cases for transporting fresh fish; models, plans and designs of fishing vessels and boats, a collection of the craft themselves being also on view in the harbor; fishing lines, sailcloth, nets, sleds for fishing on the ice, with ice-pick, basket and other outfit; a model of a reservoir for live fish; hooks, sinkers, floats, set-lines and apparatus, dredges, traps (for seals), machinery for tarring, oiling or tanning nets to preserve them, apparatus for hatching salmon eggs, model houses for fishermen, fishing clothes, sea-stores, etc., etc. The report shows that the Norwegian fishing interest is large, well conducted and prosperous, and that the French Government feels a lively interest in the whole subject of sea and river fisheries; and the exhibition sets an example which might be followed in this country with advantage.

The craft used, the fish taken, the apparatus employed, upon our immense seaboard and in our immense range of river and lake fisheries, would furnish a singularly varied and interesting array, to the naturalist as well as to the merchant and the politician. The New Bedford whaler, the mackerel schooner, the smack, the Block Island boat, the oyster and fishing boats of various patterns, the broad-sterned seine boats, and other salt-water craft, would contrast curiously with the light bateaux and birch canoes of the Northern rivers and lakes, the heavy dug-outs of the Fair Haven oystermen, and the clumsier log canoes of the Southwest. Along with the established commercial fish—cod, herring, mackerel, halibut, salmon, sturgeon, and the rest—might be seen the rarer delicacies, more peculiar forms, and specific local types of our country.

The delicious white-fish of the Northern lakes would be present, and his oily and ill-flavored namesake, whose decaying millions taint the air and fertilize the corn and potatoes so effectively along the southern coast of New England; the mighty muscalonge and the heavy lake trout, the brook trout, the pike, and bass, and rock-fish, and sheep's-head, from our Northern rivers; the black-fish, weak-fish, and other market sea fish of the North; and the cruel gar-fish from the Mississippi, the mullet, and grouper, and snapper, and other luxurious fish from the Gulf and Southern coast, should all be seen; all the varieties of shell-fish should be shown; a white shark, a devil-fish, and an alligator should be present, by way of collateral or contrasted illustration, and—with mystic respect be it spoken—some suggestions should be conveyed to the minds of the spectators, of the story, at least, of the great sea-serpent. None are more industrious, intelligent and successful than the Americans in reaping the sea, and no nation could furnish forth so great, varied and profoundly interesting a collection of the products, apparatus, and victims of the ocean harvest.

F. B. PERKINS.

EVENING BOAT SONG.

THE shadows creep across the deep
 And up the silent river,
 While softly through the central blue
 Faint rays of starlight quiver.
 So fades life's light, so falls its night,
 And mantles all in sadness,
 Till stars of love shine out above
 And fill the soul with gladness.

The homeward main we slowly gain
 With every oar-stroke's cadence,
 And leave a shore all peopled o'er
 With fairy men and maidens.
 'Tis thus we glide on Time's dark tide,
 To labor's solemn measure,
 Death's shore to find, and leave behind
 The flowery isles of pleasure.

EDWIN ROSSITER JOHNSON.

TORMENTING THE ALPHABET.

"Goot 'orts!"

—SIR HUGH EVANS.



THE puzzle of all English literature is, in effect, to give twenty-six letters an arrangement by which they will present some new impression to the mind. The more brilliant that arrangement, the more successful the writer. By a mathematical calculation we may discover that the variety of arrangement of which they are capable is practically infinite. The writers of the English dictionary alone have been able to find forty thousand words constructed from them, without much effort; the language is said to contain a hundred thousand; and these words are expected to be the vehicle of a great deal of original and profitable matter for a considerable time to come. It has been stated, I am aware, that we are approaching the time when original forms of expression will be exhausted and no new combinations of words possible.

All our rhymes have been used a dozen times over. Prof. Masson, at a recent club dinner in Edinburgh, said, "there are at this time two hundred thousand writers of acceptable verses in Great Britain alone, and the time may come when a stranger will be pointed out in the street as the man who has not written a book." I am told by a literary friend that, until more words are coined, the language is capable of only nine puns that have not been printed. There would be a sad pleasure in plucking these nine last roses of Summer. But notwithstanding these ominous hints, there will yet be new ideas, and new words for them.

Our alphabet, as it now stands, has become a string of singularly ambiguous signs, and affords an unequalled opportunity for tormentors, just as a man who cannot express himself clearly can be plagued with sophistical questions. The confusion of English sounds and letters was well illustrated by him who

spelled coffee without one correct letter, viz., "kauphy." And, moreover, it is to be observed that his spelling is nearer the original than the one in use, for a pamphlet was printed in Oxford in 1659, on "The nature of the drink *Kauhi* or Coffee." It is amusing to observe in how many ways some words may be spelled. Mr. Hargrave Jennings notices the many different orthographies claimed for the name of Shakspeare. The signature in the British Museum, he says, is probably the real and correct one. Every man is supposed to know best how to spell his own name, and Shakspeare's spelling is "Shakspeare." He gives a collection of the forms of orthography that have been employed, thus :

Chacspcr,	Shakespere,	Schakspeyr,
Saxpere,	Shakespear,	Shakuspeare,
Saxspere,	Shakespeere,	Shaxeper,
Schackspere,	Shakesper,	Shaxkespere,
Schakespeare,	Shakspear,	Shaxkspere,
Schakespiere,	Shakespeyre,	Shakyspere,
Schakespere,	Shakispere,	Shakysper,
Schakspare,	Shakspeare,	Shaxper,
Shackspcare,	Shakespeare,	Shaxpere,
Shaekspere,	Shakspere,	Shaxspere,
Shackspire,	Schakspere,	Shaxsper,
Shagspere,	Schaksper,	Shaxpeare.

A Frenchman has denied that any of these forms is correct, for he claims that the original must have been Jacques Pierre, corrupted into Shakspeare by the poet's ignorant ancestors.

As an example of the vagueness of our pronunciation, imagine the perplexity of a Frenchman just learning English, and wishing to speak of Gough, the lecturer. Is the name Go as in though, or Gupp as in hiccough, or Goo as in through, or Gok as in hough, or Gau as in sought, or Guff as in tough, or Gow as in bough, or Goff as in cough; or rather, is the G soft and the name either Jo, or Jupp, or Joo, or Jok, or Jaw, or Juff, or Jow, or Joff?

Yet these irregularities have given opportunity for many of those curious devices and humorous conceits in language which have occupied even the greatest minds in moments of recreation. The artistically bad orthography of many of our funny writers is made possible by the inconsistencies of our alphabet. But some instances of natural funny bad spelling are, perhaps, equal to any artificial ones. It should be mentioned here that many of the instances cited in this paper, of cacography, and of other methods of tormenting the English alphabet, have been in print before. They are, however, selected as the best illustrations in point, and as not too stale to go upon the present record. Here is a letter that was sent to an undertaker by an afflicted widower :

"SUR—My waif is ded, and Wants to be berried to morro. At Wunor klok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the side of my too Uther waifs—Let it be deep."

Here is one sent to a doctor :

"CER—Yole oblige me uf yole kum un ce me I hev a Bad kowd am Hill in my Bow Hills an hev lost my Happy Tight."

The following letter, received by a schoolmaster, was liable to be misunderstood :

"SUR—As you are a man of noledge I intend to inter my son in your skull."

The following bill was sent to a gentleman :

nosafada.....	1 50
ntacinonimomagin.....	50
	<hr/>
	2 00

Padc, Josef Jaxn

The items of that bill are not apothecaries' articles, as might be supposed ; but merely, "A horse half a day and a taking of him home again."

A jewel almost as bright in this coronet of bad English was the German grocer's weighty announcement, which my readers may translate for themselves :

B O S I D E V E L E
N O
D R O S C H D T .

Many eccentric devices of literature depend on the peculiar arrangement of letters. Some of these have fine-sounding names, and are recognized as proper recreations of the learned.

The Palindrome, which is a line that reads alike backward or forward, is difficult to construct in English, but is common in Greek and Latin. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam I'm Adam." Another is in the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he thought he could have sacked London, replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba"—the best palindrome, probably, in the language. The following lacks completeness in two points: "Lewd did I live & evil did I dwel." A good Latin example is the lawyer's motto: "*Si Nummi immunis.*" The following sentence is not only a palindrome, but extraordinary in other respects: "*Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.*" This spells the same backward and forward; all the first letters of the words spell the first word; the second letters of the words spell the second word, and so on through the third, fourth and fifth. The last letters spell the last word; the next to the last of each word spell the next word, and so on to the beginning.

The Anagram has occupied a pretentious place in literature. The wits and wiseacres of the olden times looked into the names of men and places for satires and for omens. Several astronomers have used anagrams to secure the credit of discoveries which they did not wish to reveal.

Louis XIII. retained in his service an anagrammatist named Thomas Billon, with a pension of twelve hundred livres. Calvin calls himself by the anagrammatic name of Alcuinus, in the title of his Institutes printed at Strasburg. Alcuinus was the great restorer of learning in the time of Charlemagne, and substituting u for v (the letters in those days being equivalent), the name is an anagram from Calvinus. It was deemed almost a prophecy of fate when it was found that the name of Louis de Boucherat could be transposed to, "*est la bouche du Roi*" (is the mouthpiece of the King); that of Francis de Veloyes to "*De façon suis royal*" (of regal strain); and John Charles Stuart, the full name of James I., to "claims Arthur's seat." The fascinating Marie Touchet procured a liberal pension for the writer who deduced from her name, "*Je charme tout*" (I charm all). Queen Elizabeth once received an anonymous letter containing the following anagram: "Elizabeth, Regina Anglorum"—"*Gloria regni salvi manebit*" (The glory of the kingdom shall remain intact). Dr. Burney found the happy anagram, "*Honor est a Nilo*" (his honor is from the Nile), in "Horatio Nelson." "Napoleon Bonaparte" was transposed to read, "*Bona rapta, Leno, pone,*" (rascal, yield up your stolen possessions). "Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington," came from the epigrammatic cru-

cible, "Let the well-foiled Gaul secure thy renown," from "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte" has been drawn the warning, "An open plot! Arouse Albion!" and "Florence Nightingale" furnishes the pretty words, "Flit on, cheering angel!" One of the oldest and ablest of the New York editors, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, D. D., finds in his name the good Christian sentiment, "I have a just lot."

A number of ingenious Latin anagrams have been made from "United States."

In te Deus stat—God stands in thee.

Inde tute stas—Hence thou standest safely.

Desiste, nutat—Hands off! It shakes! (The Union. Appropriate in 1861.)

Dentatus iste—He has teeth. (*i. e.*, Uncle Sam has.)

Siste nudat te—Stop! He strips thee!

Et ista desunt—Those things are also wanting. (The Indian bonds.)

A te desistunt—They keep off from thee. (Foreign nations.)

The anagrammatic answer to the question—"Is pity love?" is, "positively."

Other permutations are given thus: Astronomers—"moon starers," searching whether there are "no more stars;" Lawyers—"sly ware;" Telegraphs—"great helps;" Punishment—"nine thumps;" Old England—"golden land;" Matrimony—"try, *mon ami*," or, "into my arm;" Paradise Lost—"reap sad toils;" Paradise Regained—"dead respite again;" French Revolution—"violence ran forth;" Revolution—"to love ruin;" Penitentiary—"nay, I repent it;" Parishioners—"I hire parsons;" Presbyterian—"best in prayer;" Impatient—"Tim, in a pet;" Midshipman—"mind his map;" Melodrama—"made moral;" Surgeon—"go, nurse;" Catalogue—"got a clue." There is a word which, by changing the position of a single letter, becomes its own opposite; united—untied. It is stated that a man once sent to a girl whom he loved, named Magdalen, three dozen anagrams on her name as a token of affection. A lady now-a-days would prefer almost any sort of trash, even a poem on her eyebrows, to a gift of anagrams.

Chronograms were used to describe dates in numeral letters by elevating them in the midst of sentences. The following was the motto on a medal struck by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632:

ChristVs DVX, ergo trIVMphVs.

A chronogrammatist elevating certain letters in a line of Horace, compels him to give the year of our Lord:

"—feriaM siDere VertIce"—MDVI.

Authors have occasionally amused themselves by constructing Lipograms, or writings in which a certain letter is entirely excluded. We are told of a Latin prose work of Fulgentius in twenty-three chapters, according to the order of the Latin alphabet, in the first of which *a* was omitted, in the second *b*, and so on to the last letter. The criticism of Jami, the Persian author, on a poem of this kind in which the letter *Aliff* did not occur, was: "It would be better if all the letters were left out." Yet, perhaps, this kind of literature might be rendered useful for persons who, on account of some impediment of speech, are unable to pronounce certain sounds.

Punch announces a new volume, entitled "Lispings from Low Latitudes," edited by Lady Dufferin. The first poem begins:

"Tho' thplendid the Thummer thun th'yines,
Thwect thunth'yine thecmth tholemn to thee,
When the Thouth through the thtorm-th'yaken pineth,
Thwcepth a thong to the thoil of the free."

Suppose a lover to whom *s* was so terrible desired to serenade his lady; with what a relieved and grateful soul would he seize upon the following beautiful song, in which the obnoxious letter has no place :

“ Oh ! come to-night ; for naught can charm
 The weary time when thou’rt away.
 Oh ! come ; the gentle moon hath thrown
 O’er hower and hall her quivering ray.
 The heather-bell hath mildly flung,
 From off her fairy leaf, the bright
 And diamond dew-drop that had hung
 Upon that leaf—a gem of light.
 Then come, love, come !

“ To-night the liquid wave hath not—
 Illumined by the moonlit beam
 Playing upon the lake beneath,
 Like frolic in an Autumn dream—
 The liquid wave hath not, to-night,
 In all her moonlit pride, a fair
 Gift like to them that on thy lip
 Do breathe and laugh, and home it there.
 Then come, love, come !

“ To-night ! to-night ! my gentle one,
 The flower-bearing Amra tree
 Doth long, with fragrant moan, to meet
 The love-lip of the honey-bee.
 But not the Amra tree can long
 To greet the bee, at evening light,
 With half the deep, fond love I long
 To meet my Nama here to-night.
 Then come, love, come !”

The following poem on “ Incontrovertible Facts,” contains no vowel but *o* :

“ No monk too good to rob, or eog or plot.
 No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.
 From Donjon tops no Oronooko rolls.
 Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto’s bowls.
 Troops of old tosspots oft to sot consort.
 Box tops odd schoolboys oft do flog for sport.
 No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons,
 Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons !
 Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.
 On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow.
 To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food.
 On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.
 Long storm-tost sloops forlorn work on to port.
 Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort,
 Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,
 Nor common frog conceals long protocols.”

The following stanza contains the whole alphabet, and may be used as an exercise in teaching young children their letters :

“ God gives the grazing ox his meat,
 And quickly hears the sheep’s low cry,
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should joy to lift his praises high.”

The Acrostic is now mostly confined to love-letters, in which the ardent if

not verdant swain manages to introduce the name of his lady down the outside wall of his verse. To render it perfectly intelligible, the following lines are sometimes added in conclusion :

" If the foregoing's read with care,
It names the fairest of the fair."

Yet the acrostic must be of ancient origin, for a copy of Greek verses is given in the life of Constantine by Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, who died A. D. 340, which he states are by the Erythraean Sibyl, and which are an acrostic reading, " Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior."

Such ingenious tricks as concealing and yet retaining enduringly the name of the author of a poem by an acrostic, or beginning each chapter with successive letters of the alphabet or with some acrostic, have been occasional in literature. Boccaccio has a poem of fifty cantos, which is an acrostic; and Lord North in the Court of James I. wrote a set of sonnets, each beginning with a successive letter of the alphabet. Sir John Davies wrote twenty-six short poems, each of which is an acrostic on the words, " Elizabeth Regina." Desmond Ryan recently wrote in the London Musical World this acrostic on Adelina Patti

" Art and Genius burn within her,
Dearest fondling of the Graces!
Ev'ry charm is centred in her—
Like a Poet's page her face is!
In her voice the lark is thrilling—
Now to weep the heart is willing—
And now with joy and light 'tis filling!

Praised, admired, two worlds all hail her—
Artless, pure, no tongues assail her!
Treasured friends can never fail her!
Tell me, sooth, whose praise all that is?
I say, ADELINA PATTI'S!"

The acrostic may be written at the end of the poem, or to read from the second letter or word instead of the first, or the like. A short time ago the Ohio Statesman printed an acrostic, introducing it as a " patriotic effusion," which pronounced the editor " a great jackass, and a vile old rat to boot."

Edgar A. Poe, who had a remarkable talent for whatever in literature required constructive dexterity, made several curious crypto-anagrams, whose key word consisted of the first letter of the first line, the second of the second, and so on.

Letter puzzles are sometimes very entertaining. But the simplest sort of riddle in the world to answer is that which commences after this fashion :

" I'm found in the sun, but not in the moon,"

and which has some letter for an answer. It is no excuse for it that Byron has written an excellent one on the letter H. Some letter puzzles are, however, made quite curious by a diagrammatic arrangement. Such a one is :

C C
S I

The answer is, " The season is backward " (The C's on " is " backward).

Fifty set down, it matters much which way,
And naught unto it add without delay,
Add five unto the naught at the right hand,

That all within one perfect line may stand,
 Then each in four equal parts divide,
 And place the first fourth by the side.
 The sum thus worked, if rightly done,
 Will prove what tempts men risks to run.

The solution is as follows :

Fifty.....L.
 Naught.....O.
 Five.....V.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of each.....E.

There is a puzzle which involves a Shakspearian quotation, written thus :

K I N D .

The solution is, "A little more than 'kin' and less than 'kind.'"

A placard bearing the following dialogue was once in Rome found pasted on a statue of the Pope: Query. What ails the Pope? Answer. Tumore (tumor). Q. What's the cause of it? A. Strike out the initial T—umore (moisture). Q. What will be the consequences of it? A. Strike out the initial U—More (he dies). Q. When is it going to happen? A. Strike out the initial M—Ore (within a few hours). Q. And who'll take his place? A. Strike out the initial O—Re (the King). Q. Which king? A. Strike out the initial R—E (Emmanuele).

Alliteration, though it may properly be considered in this article, is really as much an effect by sound as by the similarity of letters. The throwing together of words that commence alike may give us curious specimens of literature; but when this art is used to accomplish the harmony of verses and sentences, it becomes one of the most effective graces of language. The best known specimen of alliteration is "The Siege of Belgrade," commencing,

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed."

There have been other attempts of the same kind, among which are Mr. Newell's "Age Bluntly Considered," commencing:

"As age advances, ails and aches attend,
 Backs builded broadest burdensomely bend."

And another entitled "Prince Charles Protected by Flora McDonald." Alliteration has been employed from the earliest times, both in poetry and prose. It has indeed been made to take the place of rhyme, and, as has been said, is thus "freely used in old German, Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry. To this day it lingers in Icelandic song. When used instead of rhyme, it was required that, in a couplet of two short lines, three words should begin with the same letter—two in the first line, or hemistich, and one in the second—as in this Anglo-Saxon couplet, by Caedmon:

Firum folden
 Frae almightyg."

It is also noticed by another writer how, "in Icelandic and Gothic poetry this alliteration was reduced to a regular system, which soon passed into our literature, and became the rhythm of the 'Vision of Piers Ploughman.'" The following two lines, or, rather, pair of couplets, will illustrate the position of the alliterative consonants in this measure:

"In habit as harmot—unholy of werkes
 Went wide in the world—wonders to heare."

Three such letters were allowed in every couplet; but it was necessary to

separate them, and this was generally effected by placing two in the first member of the distich, and the other in a prominent part of the second. Thus the attention was arrested, and the structure of the verse was indicated by the dominant letter, which ruled like the key-note of a chant.

It is elsewhere stated that there were one hundred and thirty-six kinds of Icelandic verse formed on the alliterative principle. Even in nations widely separated from the Gothic, such as the Tamuls and others in the south of India, the essential distinction of verse is alliteration, as also in ancient Irish poetry. It has a charm for versifiers in all languages the literature of which is yet undeveloped. Thus, the rather inharmonious line of Ennius:

“O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tiranne tulisti.”

These conceits were much in vogue in the middle ages, in dead as well as in living languages. Here are two lines from an absurd performance in which every word begins with P, entitled, “Pugna Porcorum per Publum Porcium Poetam :”

“Propterea properans Proconsul, poplite prono
Præcipitem Plebem, pro Patrum pace proposcit.”

The following is an example from Francis Quarles, who flourished in the earlier part of the seventeenth century :

“We travel by sea and soil ; we pray, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole.”

Spenser, Dryden, and Gray have used the art elegantly. Here are some specimens from the latter :

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.”
“Weave the warp and weave the woof.”
“Hauberk crash and helmet ring.”
“To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.”

Pope gives the idea of labor in the following line, by the very difficulty in pronouncing the same recurring sound :

“Up the high hill he heaves the hugo round stone.”

In the first line of the following couplet from Pope, a straining after alliteration hurts the sense ; but the second line is good :

“Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green.”

By the alliteration in the following he connects three similar ideas, and shows the contrast of two dissimilar ones :

“Puffs, powders, patches, *bibles*, *billet-doux*.”

The following sentence from Sir Thomas Browne illustrates how deftly similar sounds may be interwoven into prose to add to its harmony : “Even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer.” Curran describes a politician as “one who, buoyant by putrefaction, rises as he rots.” The sentence is made terrible by the antithesis and alliteration of the four last words. Many poets have cared more for mechanical arrangement and systematic distortion than for melody, and have made their lines monotonous with clumsy sequences of letters. Shakspeare ridicules these in “Love's Labor Lost,” where he makes Master Holofernes say :

“I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.
The preyful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket.”

A writer classes alliteration under two divisions—the vulgar, and the subtle. He gives as an instance of the vulgar, a quotation from "Tannhauser,"

"Creeps through a throbbing light that grows and glows
From glare to greater glare, until it gluts
And gulfs him in,"

and as an example of the subtle, the following quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," in which the sounds of d and n and l are most pleasantly interlinked, especially in the first couplet :

"Dip down upon the Northern shore,
Oh, sweet new year, delaying long ;
Thou dost expectant Nature wrong
Delaying long ; delay no more."

Alliteration is used by some universal instinct, and is to be found wherever language is found. There is much of it in poetry. Proverbs and phrases are full of it. Advertisers, always delicately sensitive to popular instincts, and blood-and-thunder novelists and dramatists, almost equally so, are constantly using it in newspapers and on book covers and board fences. And if we are to believe that Coleridge wrote the greater part of "Kubla Khan" in a dream, then it may be produced along with rhyme and versification even in dreams, for the opening of that poem owes much of its beauty to its assonance and alliteration :

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

GEORGE WAKEMAN.



ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"MY LIFE IS WEARY."

READER, have you ever known what it was to be brought to bay with fortune, when you were living alone in a common London lodging? It is a condition of human wretchedness the like of which cannot, I think, exist in the country. A new-ploughed field, a leafless forest, a snow-spread common, every dreariest country sight, could never surely equal the dreariness of this great sea of human faces, the solitude of these Babel-tongued streets, the utter homelessness of these rooms with their dingy furniture, their airless atmosphere, their inhuman landlady. Had that last interview of Robert Dennison and his wife taken place anywhere else in the world, Maggie might possibly have rallied after it. She was a girl, with all a girl's fresh spring of life in her heart still; and who shall say that a sight of blue sky, a waft of garden flowers, a word from a hearty country tongue, might not just then have been her salvation? But she got none of these, and she went straight to despair, as I shall show you.

"If you betray me, I swear I will never touch your hand, never look upon your face save as a stranger again."

The words rang in her tender heart, as the burthen of an unhallowed song will ring through and torture some pure soul in the delirium of brain-fever. The mask was off at last, and she saw her life bared before her; her life, not as she wanted it to be, but as it was. Her occupation was gone. She would never, or not for years, which at her age is the same as never, live with Robert openly before men as his wife. In Winter evenings she would not share his fireside; in Winter nights her head would rest on a lonely pillow; in long Summer days like this she would have to drag through the hours without husband, or home, or work (the last, although she did not know it, the direst privation to her). She had no high ambition. She had married Robert for love; not because he was a gentleman. A nice little cottage with a garden, the household to look after, Robert to love, children some day to nurse and work for; these, with perhaps the natural adjuncts of a very bright dress and bonnet for Sunday, had been the limits of her wildest dreams. They were over now. Robert was not going to live with her. Robert, of his own free will, had proposed that she should go away from England; had threatened that if she betrayed him, he would never look upon her face again. Her life, her hope, her desire had died by a solitary cruel blow; as yours and as mine have done perhaps, ere now, reader! and no kindly accident befell her, as in your case and in mine it may have done, to save her body from following the death of the soul.

She sat in the place where he had left her all the evening, the evening during which he was eating his excellent dinner, drinking his excellent wine, at the Court, blankly staring at the pattern of the paper on the opposite wall, and at one wretched daub of a picture that hung there, and seemed in some sort to force itself as a human companion upon her. This picture was a portrait in oils of a fair, full-blown woman of middle age, dressed in black satin, with a grand lace-collar, a brooch, watch-chain, and rings upon the fat fingers, that were crossed blandly in front of her ample waist—an aunt or mother of the landlady's probably. Was she happy? Maggie wondered vaguely. Had this woman had a husband who loved her and let her live under his roof? Had children kissed her face, children's arms clung around her neck? With a sickening jealousy she felt sure, somehow, that these things had been so. Content was written on all that smooth face and corpulent figure. The woman had possessed what made her life good, or she would never, at forty-five, have had the heart to dress out in her best, and sit down and smirk and fold her hands before a portrait painter.

"Fancy me, five-and-twenty years on, wanting my faded face to be put in a picture!" the girl thought. "And now that I am twenty, there's no one that wants it—no one that wouldn't be glad over me the day I was put into my coffin and hid away. And I am handsomer than ever that woman could have been when she was young!" And then she got up, for the first time since her husband had left, and went and examined herself in the two feet of looking-glass that hung over the fire-place.

It was a glass that, like others of its kind, lengthened and flattened the features, and gave a sickly green hue to the skin; but when she had looked in it, in the white dress and with the flower in her breast, before Robert came, Maggie had thought, in spite of all defects, what a pretty girl she was. She made no allowances for the glass now. She saw a pale, hard-lined face, without beauty, without grace, without youth. This face was hers; and the thought that she was not even handsome any longer, gave a sharp finishing blow to her heart—the sharpest blow, perhaps, that, in her present state, she could have received.

Late in the evening the lodging-servant brought in her tea as usual. She was a slipshod, gaunt-eyed child of sixteen, with a brain confused by constant bells and scoldings, and limbs prematurely exhausted by excessive work; a poor, stealing, falsehood-telling little London slavey, but attached to Maggie because she was lenient as to cold meat, and had given her a faded Paris bonnet or two, and an old smart parasol.

"Law, Miss, how dull you must be, sitting alone here! If I'd a' known the gentleman were gone I'd a' brought the tea-things up before. Wouldn't you like a slice of 'am with your tea now, Miss? I can run over the way in a minute and get a plate for you. Fourpence-halfpenny the quarter of a pound."

The offer was not a disinterested one. Maggie, in her attempts to get away from the loathsome lodging cooking, had had plates of cut ham before; on each of which occasions the half-starved girl, knowing that the second-floor never "troubled" about her cut meat, had had what to her was a saturnalia of animal food on her way down to the kitchen. But the hoarse voice that spoke, the eyes that looked at her from that dirty face, were human, and a choking sensation rose in Maggie's throat. Here was one person at least on the earth—this poor forlorn lodging-house drudge—who would not stand by

hard-eyed, as every one else in London, in the world, would, and see her misery!

"I'm not hungry, Mary, thank you. I made a pretty good dinner. Just bring my bedroom candle up at once and"—she hesitated strangely as she said this—"you can eat the cold lamb for your own supper, if you like. I shan't want it any more."

When she was alone she drank a cup of tea, and then tried to put some bread between her lips. She could no more have swallowed it than have swallowed a stone; it seemed hard and tasteless, quite unlike any food she had ever eaten in her life, and something in this new sensation frightened her. Was she going to be ill, alone, here? to be ill and to die, perhaps, without seeing Robert again; without letting the people "down home" know that she never had been a wicked girl, or disgraced them while she lived!

She went across to her window, seated herself, and looked wearily from behind the blind at such life as at this time of an August evening was to be seen in Cecil Street. If she could only tire herself she would sleep, she thought; and, after she had slept, things might look different. And so she stayed on and on, until the city clocks chimed midnight, and till the aching heaviness of her eyes and brain made her hope that forgetfulness indeed was at hand.

But it was not. When she had undressed herself—for the first time in her life not folding her clothes neat and trim, but leaving them lying on the floor, just as they fell from her—when she had undressed herself and laid her head down on her pillow, instead of sleep her sorrow came back to her with redoubled strength. This fact of no longer caring for herself made her realize how utterly she was uncared for by Robert. Till to-night she had always liked the labor of brushing her hair; did not he admire it?—telling her that its silky smoothness, its glossy black, were lovelier than all the red-dyed, frizzled locks of fashionable ladies; had liked to hang up her dress and speculate as to whether she could wear it one more day to "look fresh" or not; had sat often half an hour or more trying this little bit of finery or that before the glass, and feeling a zest and pleasure in her good looks as she noted the effect of each. All this was over. He had ceased to love her. What good was her youth or her beauty? What interest had she in her hair or dress, in anything, for the matter of that? A girl without a girl's vanities; a wife without a wife's honor. This was to be her future lot. No use glozing it over. She was not to live with Robert. Unless she forfeited the last possibility of his love, she was never to tell the people down home that she was not living a life of shame. And then the burthen of all her misery, Robert Dennison's last cruel threat, ran again and again through her heart.

One, two, three o'clock struck; and still her eyes had not closed. She was unused to sleeplessness, and, like the bitter taste of the bread, it frightened her. Could she do nothing to get sleep—one blessed hour of sleep—ten minutes—any sleep to stand between her and yesterday? In the cupboard of her sitting room, she remembered there was a little bottle of laudanum that the landlady had once persuaded her to send for when she had face-ache. Perhaps if she drank some of it it might send her off, or make her forget herself, or ease her heart in some way. She got up, struck a light, and went and fetched the bottle from the adjoining room. "Laudanum—Poison," was all the information the label conveyed. People who buy laudanum generally understand the quantity of it that will suit their purpose. At all events the law of England does not require chemists to give them any more special information than that of "Poison." Maggie held the bottle up to the candle and wondered what was

the quantity she ought to take. She had a profound instinctive horror, like all country people, against medicine, and was resolved not to take an overdose. The rector's wife down home used to take a table-spoonful of some mixture of this color for palpitation, she remembered; but she wouldn't take as much as a table-spoonful herself. She would try a tea-spoonful first, and if she didn't feel better, take more in half an hour. And so she measured out a tea-spoonful, she who had never had opium in any shape, never taken a narcotic or a stimulant stronger than elder wine, and put it to her lips.

Had she swallowed it, the story of Mr. Dennison's future life might have been a very different one: but the bitter vapid flavor of the laudanum made her leave more than a third in the spoon. She took in reality between thirty and forty drops perhaps; a powerful dose for her with her overwrought brain and exhausted frame; then put out the light, laid her head down tight upon her pillow, and resolved to force herself to sleep.

And the mockery of sleep did, for a time, overcome her. When she had been still about a quarter of an hour, a sort of stupor, for the first time that night, stole over her brain; a delicious feeling of relaxation accompanied by ever so faint a sense of numbness, made her tightly-clasped hands fall asunder from her breast; and she began to think, with an indescribable ecstatic joy, of the fresh green fields and shady lanes of Heathcotes. This lasted—who shall say how long? she could not have told herself, when next morning she looked back upon the night, whether it was for a moment or for an hour; then, suddenly, a loud rumbling noise, some heavily-laden wagon going down the Strand already, though day was not yet breaking, brought her back with a start of consciousness to where she was, a semi-consciousness more horrible by far than all the hours before, when she had lain wide awake, and thinking with clear vision of her trouble. Bodily pain of the acutest form was added to her suffering now. Her mouth was parched and poison-tainted; an iron hand seemed to clench her head; every limb felt tortured by its position, and yet unable to move from it. It was a waking nightmare; for awake she was: the light from the street-lamps, mixing already with some grayish on-coming of morning, fell upon the furniture around the room, and she saw it all distinctly. She was here in Cecil Street, and Robert had been cruel to her—the eternal burden here still! and her life was spoilt, and she was not to have home or peace or honor for weary years. Not one sharp point blunted of her actual grief! And then again, close following upon this, and horribly mingling with Cecil Street and the dingy furniture of her rooms, she saw the fields at Heathcotes, no longer green and fresh; but parched, desert, stony. And she toiled through these fields long, seeking her herd in vain, and when at length she came upon them, they took fright and rushed away from her a space, and then turned and looked at her. And Daisy, and Star, and Flower, the dainty gentle beasts she had tended as if they had been her sisters, were gentle no longer. They had hard ferocious eyes; they had human faces; they changed into a crowd of men and women, a noisome crowd on a London pavement, and she was among them, fainting, and alone, and crying for Robert! And Robert did not come. The hoarse din from the now-awakening streets, not the voice that should have soothed her, broke in on her dream again; and then with a start she sprang from her pillow, and found that day—God! another fresh, happy, Summer day—was shining in upon her face.

The very thought of sleep had become too hideous for her to attempt to court it again. She got up, and with stiffened, aching limbs, tottered across

the room to the window, opened it, and looked out. Five o'clock struck at this minute—the hour at which, Summer and Winter, she had left her bed at Heathcotes; and suddenly all the scene upon which her little chamber window looked, rose up with vivid distinctness upon her memory. She saw it as it must be looking now on this fair August morning. The sycamore that brushed her pane, and shaded half the trim-kept flower-garden in front of the farm-house; the laurel hedge and wicket-gate that bounded the garden from the road; the village green and the horse-pond; the town-tree and the foot-worn space where the children played beneath its shade, in fancy she could see it all; could hear the cawing of the rooks in the distant woods of the Court; the hearty voices of the harvesters as they started, their sickles slung across their shoulders, to their work. Her fancy showed her this: what did her senses show her in the flesh? Houses black with smoke, with gas, with all the nameless exhalations of London, barring the sky away not thirty feet from her window. In the street beneath, the following human beings: A youngish-looking man, his face half deadly pale, half fever-flushed, walking with slouching steps, and with no great-coat to hide his embroidered wine-stained linen, the remnant of a dandy's bouquet in his button-hole; his well-cut but disordered evening clothes; a man about whom it was safe to assert that his night had been spent in losing money—perchance higher things than money—and who was now carrying away with him the time-honored fruit of such pleasure. Two wan-faced girls, with holes in their boots and mock roses in their hats, the elder of whom looked about seventeen. A man or woman, a human being at least, huddled in rags drunk or asleep on the doorstep of an opposite house. Finally, and approaching the last-named object, doubtless to move it on from unconsciousness back to despair—a policeman.

The morning, of course, had broken upon thousands of pure and happy lives in London on that second day of August. These were the lives on which Maggie chanced to see it dawn: the servants of sin; the waif and stray of the street; the mechanical wooden-faced representative of the law. Of each of the two first classes she had only such acquaintance as an honest-nurtured country girl could have; but scanty as was her real knowledge of life, one thing about these people was as distinctly patent to her at that moment as it was ever to the statesman or philanthropist who makes such subjects his study—their misery. Was the man in his evening dress a sensualist, a gambler, reaping only the rightful harvest he himself had sowed? Maggie neither knew nor reckoned. She had one look of his bloodless face as he went along, and it was miserable. Were those young girls—the age of Miss Lucia's eldest Sunday scholars at home—to be accounted sinners, or sinned against? She never thought about it. They were hollow-eyed and hoarse-voiced; for she heard a sorry word from one of them as they passed: they were miserable. And the human animal crouched in rags that the policeman was already attempting, not too gently, to dislodge from its brutal sleep? Miserable, miserable. Where was Providence? Where was God's mercy? Had he forgotten all these people? Was she to know for certain that he had not forgotten her? Down home there was the little church still, and the minister's pitying voice to call back to rest all those who labored and were heavy laden; down home there were Miss Lucia and Lady Durant to speak to on Sundays, and Sir John himself to be the friend of every one who hungered, or who sinned. But home was shut against her: lost for ever, unless she regained it at the

horrible price of losing Robert. And salvation out of Heathcotes, happiness without Robert, seemed alike impossible to her—nay, the very idea of alien consolation never even crossed her mind. All her nature was love. Common sense, hope, religion itself, had gone down in the crash that love had newly sustained.

During the day that followed, food passed Maggie's lips twice. A mouthful of bread loathingly swallowed for breakfast; another smaller quantity with a cup of tea in the afternoon. She was no longer frightened at its bitter taste now. She had grown apathetic to the wan image, with lustreless eyes and bloodless cheeks, that looked at her from the glass as she moved about the room. If she was going to be ill did it matter much? She would see Robert once first; of that she was resolved; then lay her head down on the first stone she came to, and die. Death couldn't be very much worse than her sleep had been after she took the "stuff" last night. She hadn't been a bad girl; she was not much afraid of death. Only—only she must see Robert, kiss his lips again, and make him swear to tell them down in Staffordshire that she had been his wife, and had not brought disgrace on them while she lived.

At about six o'clock she went to her bedroom, packed up all her clothes and trinkets, carefully labelling her boxes "Miss Neville," the name she went under, and sent for the landlady and paid her her bill. She was going to leave England—this was the story she always told when she left her different lodgings—but was to spend a couple of days with a friend in another part of London first. Her boxes should be sent for, either to-night or to-morrow morning.

This done she put on her shabby walking-things; said good-by to the servant, pressing her dirty hand lightly as she deposited in it a parting gift, and then left the house and walked slowly away toward the Temple.

Her white forlorn face met with scanty notice in the streets; an occasional rude stare or jostle, perhaps, amid the crowd of men hurrying westward from the city; but nothing so marked as to frighten her until she had nearly neared Temple Bar, when the following incident befell her; an incident almost laughable to write or read about, but that was fraught with intensest agony to her, coming at the time it did.

In her hurry of going out she had taken small notice of how she dressed; had put on her shawl awry perhaps; or folded it so as to trail on the dusty pavement as she walked. Something, at all events, there was in her appearance—the dingy velvet hat in August, possibly—which attracted the notice of a small errand-boy of about eleven, who, an empty basket over his shoulder, was loitering at an eating-house window whistling the last street tune vehemently as she went by. Her eye chanced to meet his; and in a second he had twisted his features into a grimace, diabolically expressive of amusement and contempt: the genuine gamin's weapon of aggression all over the world. The blood rushed into Maggie's face, and her tormentor with delight saw that he had got hold of a bit of amusement. The girl had "risen," an accident that not once in a thousand times occurs to these urchins among a London crowd. What followed I hate to write of. He pursued, or more truly preceded, her by about two steps; looking back into her face; and ever and anon giving whoops or unearthly whistles, in that sort of ventriloquistic tone which long warfare with the police teaches to the whole gamin race. He asked slang questions about the poor black velvet hat, he put her through the whole *peine forte et dure* with which his education had acquainted him.

In happier days Maggie would have been as callous as any woman living to the child's persecution—if indeed it amounted to persecution; he was but indulging his instinct for sport, as anglers or huntsmen do, unmindful of his victim's pain. She was no carefully-nurtured lady, but a robust country peasant girl, accustomed to keep a dozen rough farm-servants as much in their place as she liked; but in her present state of bodily and mental abandonment, this child's conduct seemed like the last indignity that fortune could offer her. She had sunk so low that children mocked at her as she walked abroad in the streets! Writhing under his jokes and grimaces, ever hoping that she had lost her tormentor in the crowd, and ever seeing his mocking face again just ahead of her, again she went on until she passed Temple Bar. Then, suddenly, the thought struck her that she must be close to where Robert lived. What would he think of her arriving on foot and with soiled dress; perhaps with this dreadful companion jibing at her even at his door. With an abrupt impulse she turned and spoke to him:

"Where is the Temple, please? I'm quite a stranger here."

Her voice was hoarse and weak, and the words came falteringly from her dry lips.

"The Temple? why this be the Temple, in here to the right." With the first word his victim spoke the gamin had become human. He looked at the woman with a sort of pity. A human creature who could walk along the Strand and ask the way to the Temple was something removed from his experiences altogether. She wasn't drunk, he saw, nor an idiot; the two phases of humanity most exquisitely ludicrous to a street-boy's perceptions; perhaps, in spite of her shabby hat, she was a lady too grand to know her way, and ready and able to present half-pence to persons who should point it out.

This last wild imagination was confirmed on the spot by the woman drawing out a purse from her pocket. She took a shilling from its scanty contents, and held it to him. "Get me a cab, child," she said faintly. "I can go no further."

"It isn't thirty yards," said the boy, "nor twenty neither. I'll show you the way—just where you see the Bobby a-standing."

He gazed at her in a sort of rapture. It was the first time in his life he had possessed a shilling of his own; and the vague fear struck him that if a cabman even were called upon the scene his unlawful gains might be wrested from him.

"It ain't worth while to call a cab, it's only as fur as that there Bobby," he repeated. "You come alonger me, and I'll show you the way, Miss."

The voice even of this child, who had hunted her down in her misery, had power to touch Maggie yet. It was a good sign that he spoke civilly to her, she thought. Could Robert spurn her when even this little outcast of the street behaved humanely to her at last?—forgetting, poor heart, that the humanity had been purchased by a shilling!

The foolish thought gave her failing limbs strength to totter on anew. The child, hiding his shilling cunningly in his brown hand, guided her past the "Bobby" to her destination, and in another five minutes Maggie stood, her breath coming in sobs, the cold dews standing thick around her whitened lips at the door of her husband's chambers.

CHAPTER XI.

ADRIFF IN LONDON.

THERE were few things Robert Dennison undertook which he did not do well, but, perhaps, the giving of small dinner-parties was the one thing in life he did best. No man better understood than he how to introduce his wines at exactly the proper moment; no man better understood—the ulterior object of the evening being loo—how to promote conviviality among his guests, and yet keep his own brain cool and collected, as a host's should be. His little dinner on the 2nd of August, his last party this season, promised to be an unusually successful one. Gerald Durant's place was to be filled up by another guileless guardsman, young Sholto McIvor (a blue-eyed boy, to whose somewhat vacuous face Mr. Dennison had taken one of his sudden kindly fancies), and the other three guests were all of them young men, and of the cheerful, open disposition he best liked in his companions.

"I don't care a bit about whether I win or lose," he was accustomed to say, with charming frankness, when play was discussed. "In fact, I care very little really about cards, as cards; but when three or four men dine together, a game of loo serves to pass away the evening, and what I do like is to have fellows who will play pleasantly; one ill-tempered man spoils the enjoyment of the party."

So on the present occasion there was not one ill-tempered man invited. All were delightfully fresh in the belief that to take "miss," when first in hand, is a winning system of playing loo; also that Robert Dennison was one of the best-hearted, most genial fellows living. And, in very good temper, Mr. Dennison had seen to the arrangement of the table and the wines; and now, just at the moment when his wife rang at the bell, was finishing dressing in the adjoining room; whistling low to himself an air from *Fidelio*, but incorrectly—an ear for music was the one gift Robert Dennison did not possess—as he gave the last finishing touch to his incomparable whiskers, before putting on his coat.

Maggie was announced to him vaguely, by his boy, as "a young person;" and expecting to see the lad from the confectioner's with the ice, or the girl from Covent Garden with the peaches for dessert, Mr. Dennison, after a minute or two, walked good-humoredly into the dining-room, admiring the newly-shaped nails of his white hands, as he walked, and whistling, still out of tune, that air from *Fidelio*.

Maggie had turned with her face away from the bright evening light, and for one moment after he entered he saw only the gilded outline of a woman's figure standing with her back to the window, and did not recognize her. She was about the height of the girl who brought his fruit and flowers from Covent Garden.

"Half an hour late, again," he cried, in his kindly, condescending way; "half an hour late, again. I suppose I must excuse you this time, but——Maggie!"

She had lifted her veil, and with a sudden movement was at his side.

"Don't be angry, Robert! please don't be angry—I shan't do it again, but I wearied so to see you!" And she caught his hand, his cool, newly-washed hand, smelling of almond soap, and set off by stud and ring, and faultless linen, and held it tight between her own poor shabbily-gloved ones, then lifted

it to her lips. "Don't be angry with me, Robert, now don't! It is for the last time."

Robert Dennison's face grew dark with passion.

A man not at all a villain might well be enraged at such a visit, when any moment might bring three or four open-eyed bachelor friends into his chambers. But he kept his presence of mind, and instead of speaking at once, thought. What would be the quickest way of getting rid of her? To take care that no such visit should ever, by possibility, occur again would be to-morrow's work. In the first moment that he recognized her he decided about that. His task now was to get rid of her: noiselessly, good-humoredly, quickly; above all, quickly.

"I don't want to be angry with you, Maggie, but really you ought not to have come here. Some men are coming to dine with me, and if you were to be seen, you know, it—"

"It wouldn't matter much," she interrupted him, in a voice curiously unlike her own, and with a short, bitter laugh. "They don't know you are married, and you could easily explain my being here. They'd none of them be much struck by my beauty, for certain! The worse they could do would be to joke you a bit for your want of taste. Look at me, Robert," turning her face suddenly round to the light. "I'm not looking handsome to-day, am I?"

Her pure, marble skin was saffron-hued; her bloodshot eyes had lost their brilliancy and their color; a strange drawn look about the mouth had oldened her by ten years from what she was when Dennison had seen her last.

"You are looking very ill, Maggie—awfully ill! This kind of thing won't do at all. You are fretting yourself to death, child, about nothing. Now, just let me send for a cab at once, and do you go home, like a good girl, and to-morrow—"

He moved his hand out toward the bell, but she caught tight hold of it again. "If you send for a cab for me I won't go in it. Where am I to go to? What do you mean by 'home?' I've paid off the lodgings and left them. You may send for my things to-morrow, if you like; and there is nowhere for me to stop but here. Robert, will you let me stop here? It's my rightful place, you know."

Then Robert Dennison scrutinized his wife's face and way of speaking more closely, and a new suspicion overcame him—a horrible, a gross suspicion; but remember, his mind was gross, unimaginative, unsympathetic, ever putting the coarsest, most commonplace interpretation on the action of every man or woman with whom he had to deal. That sallow skin, this thick utterance, those lustreless eyes, these trembling hands! How could he have been so blind as not to see the true state of the case at once? It was not a matter for argument or gentle treatment at all. This miserable girl had sought the usual refuge women of her birth do seek under their vulgar troubles; this girl whom he had been madly in love with, his wife, whom in another five minutes three or four of his friends would find in such a state as this in his chambers.

"You will get into a cab in one minute's time, and you will go to your lodgings. Tell the people you have changed your mind, and must stop there another night, and to-morrow, to-morrow early, I shall see you." And with no very gentle force he took her hand from his, and rung the bell.

Maggie stood passive while he ordered the boy to get a cab, "a four-

wheeled cab immediately for this lady." Then, when they were alone, she came close to him again, and put her arm up round his neck. "I'm glad I've been here, dear," she whispered, unconscious of the repulsion of his face, "I'm glad I've seen you looking like this." She passed her hand half-frightened, half-admiring, over the silk facings of his dress-coat. "You were dressed so the first evening I ever began to think of you, Robert; the evening that you walked down to the farm with the other gentlemen after dinner. You were the handsomest of them all; and you joked me and asked me if I'd got a sweetheart; and then, when the rest were gone—do you mind?—you stopped and talked to me over the laurel hedge; and when you went away you asked me to walk next night by the plantation, and I went. Ah, I'm glad I've seen you, dear! It has made me soft again. Robert, I have always loved you. Mind that when I am gone."

He shifted uncomfortably from her clasp. The pure wax arm around his neck, the satin head upon his breast, her words, her gentleness, recalled to him Maggie in the days of his short-lived passion for her, and shamed him out of his base suspicion of a minute ago. But his eyes fell at this very moment upon the time-piece, and he saw that it wanted five minutes only to eight o'clock, and at eight o'clock his friends he knew would be in the room.

"I don't know what you mean by 'gone,' Maggie. You are no more likely to die than I am; and as to leaving in any other way, you told me pretty plainly yesterday your intentions about that."

"And I'm of the same mind still, Robert. Are you? Are you determined still you will not have me to live with you?"

"My dear girl, what is the use of discussing all this now? We settled everything yesterday, very amicably indeed, as it seemed to me."

"I see. I won't keep you any longer. I'll go away quietly at once for fear your friends should come. How comfortable you live here, Robert!" for the first time looking about her and examining all the luxury of that bachelor room, its pictures, its velvet hangings, its divans, the perfect dinner equipage upon the table. "It all looks so nice after—well, that don't matter now—I shan't go back there any more. Is this your bedroom in here? Let me see it. I won't be a moment. I'd like to see every room you live in before I go."

Robert Dennison hesitated. Then it occurred to him that he had best humor her awhile, if only to keep her in her present temper, and he pushed open the door of his bedroom for his wife to enter. The chambers were small, in accordance with Mr. Dennison's present modest means, and there was no room that he could use as a dressing-room; so all his toilet appliances were, per force, in his bedchamber. They were costly in the extreme, and neatly arranged, although he had just finished dressing, as if they came from a valet's hands. Maggie walked up to the table and examined them curiously.

"I remember this little bottle, Robert; you bought it for me in Paris. These ivory-handled brushes, and this, and this," and she pointed out one or two little trinkets, "you had upon our wedding tour. All the rest are new. I mean I never saw them before. You have everything so nice—and lace, too, real lace, on your toilet-cover. Robert, I'm glad I've seen how you live. I know now you could never have been happy in the poor way that would have been enough for me. I don't wonder so much that you didn't care to come and see me in the lodgings. I know now how ugly and dingy everything must have seemed to you. That dreadful room, with its bare floor, and the dark, dull paper." And indeed she shuddered at the thought of that mean garret in which her last miserable night had been passed.

"I am a poor man, Maggie," said Robert, sullenly; for he began to think that kindness was not the way to make her hurry her visit, "and I can keep you no better than I have done. The things you are so bitter about are things I had before my marriage. God knows there has not been much money for spending on useless trumpery since."

"No, of course there has not," she answered, quickly; "and I don't want any of them. I want nothing any more. Robert, dear, won't you say good-by to me kindly?"

"Of course I will; there, there, that will do. Now, be sensible, Maggie, and go back to your lodgings; they are not at all bad lodgings in their way, and I'll come to-morrow if I can, and—"

"You'll not find me there, Robert. I am going away. I am telling you no untruth."

"How do you mean going away? I don't know what you mean, child."

Mr. Dennison's lips trembled nervously. In that moment a glimmering, a horrible suspicion of the truth flashed across him, and his heart leaped. She had threatened him before in her fits of passion to make away with herself. How, if the threat he had so often sneered at had meaning in it after all. He did not dwell upon the thought. In the dark days to come he strove to say to himself that he had never really for one moment entertained it. But his heart leaped. This he knew right well. This haunted him—haunts his pillow still. His heart leaped. And he spoke no one tender word, gave no one kindly look of returning love, when a word or look of his might have brought Maggie back in a moment from the shadow of the dark valley to hope and to life!

"What I mean? No, Robert, you needn't know; you will know soon enough, perhaps. At all events, I shan't trouble you any more. After I have gone away you'll think of me kindly, dear, won't you? And if ever a day should come when you can say a word for me to them at home, you'll tell them I was an honest girl always, Robert? Promise me that!"

"Of course, of course, Maggie. Everything will be set right some day. I told you so yesterday;" and he took his watch out uneasily, and held open the door for her to go out.

She stood silent for a moment, a bright flush rising up over her white face; then she walked quickly across the room, laid her head down on Mr. Dennison's fine lawn-covered pillow, and kissed it. "Robert"—she had come to him again, and was looking straight into his eyes—"I'd have been a good wife to you. If ever you are free and marry a lady born, she'll not love you better than I did. If—if"—she was uttering her last hope, and it almost choked her in the utterance—"I don't ask you; but, Robert, if you would let me live with you, I think I could learn to be a lady yet."

At this moment the time-piece in the next room struck eight.

"Will you go, or will you not?" exclaimed Mr. Dennison, with savage emphasis. "I want you to leave the place quickly. Don't oblige me to make the servant a witness of this lovely scene."

She shrank away instantly from him like a beaten child; never touched his hand, never sought his lips again, but walked across the sitting-room and out upon the stairs, and away from the house, without so much as turning back her head. Some dim hope, some human longing, at least, for life, had haunted her heart to the last. When she laid her head upon the pillow—that was its place by right—a flood of tears had been ready to flow forth and heal

the over-wrought brain. A kiss from Robert's lips then, and she had cast herself at his feet, ready to be his slave for evermore, but instead of the kiss had come words crueller than a blow—and she had obeyed them! And life was over; she knew it now. She had not another hope, not the shadow of a hope, left. Life was over.

The cabman held open the door of his cab as he watched her come out; but she passed on without even seeing him—on out of the Temple into Fleet Street again. The world had got quieter, it seemed to her, during the half-hour she had been with Robert. The light had faded somewhat; the crowd upon the pavement grown less dense. It would be easier to die now than when the world seemed so marvellously full of life—the sunshine gilding every human face that met her in the crowd! easier still in another hour or two, when the light should have died away altogether, and the streets be more at rest, and the river flowing on dark and silent as she had so often watched it of a night from that bay-window of her lonely lodging in Cecil Street.

She walked on, without feeling very tired now, and at last found herself standing among two or three hungry-looking wretches before the window of a pastry-cook's shop. There were some little three-cornered tarts upon a plate on the counter, and she thought she could eat one, and went in and bought it; but the woman who gave her change stared at her, or Maggie thought so, and she felt too ashamed to sit down, and went out again.

"You have left the tart," called out the woman; but she went on out of the shop without turning. The smell of food had made her deadly sick, and she did not care to meet the woman's eyes again. If she could have a glass of water, she thought, she could drink it: but she had not courage to go into another shop. People looked at her suspiciously, she began to feel. The last policeman she met turned his head after her, she was sure, when she had passed. She must get away into a quiet street; some street, if she could find it, near the river; or upon a bridge—London Bridge, surely, could not be very far away—and crouch into a corner where no one would see her, and wait. Wait for night and peace and rest, eternal rest, and forgetfulness of Robert.

She went on and on along Fleet Street, on up Ludgate Hill, and past St. Paul's; then, directed by a little girl of whom she took courage to ask the shortest way to the river, through a labyrinth of the small streets or lanes intersecting that part of the city between Thames Street and the water—lanes made up of warehouses and granaries, with a narrow track of road just wide enough for one wagon to pass, and with weird-looking galleries or gangways stretching across overhead. London, in these regions, is wonderfully quiet at eight o'clock of a Summer evening. Sometimes a whole lane, or block of warehouses and offices, would be closed, with scarce a single passer-by to break the silence; and at last, in a certain narrow passage, more deserted even than the rest, the loneliness seemed so profound that Maggie took courage to creep inside a portico before an office and sit down. The river was quite close here; she could hear the occasional dull plash of the tide; could see the masts of the barges and funnels of the river-steamers passing up and down; and she turned her head from the sight and bent it down on her lap. She wanted, she hungered to die; and yet the sound of the river, the sight of the vessels, made her afraid. To die, in theory, had been easy enough; but these brought before her the actual physical terrors of death. She took

off her gloves, and held her bare hands before her face with a sort of feeling of comfort from their warm touch. She turned her head, as I have said, from the river. She felt that life—any life, life without Robert even—was sweet. If, at that moment, she could be back in her lodgings, she thought, how good it would be to see the servant-girl's face, and to have her supper, and go to her bed and sleep. The close, dull rooms, the noisome food, the ceaseless din from the streets without, were unutterably better than what she had before her now. They were life.

And if at this hour Maggie had sunk insensible, and a policeman had borne her to the nearest station-house, and the commonest bodily attention had been shown her, probably by next morning all the darker dream of suicide would have passed away for ever. Instead of that good fortune, I will tell you what befell her. A young girl threw up a ground-floor window, not many yards from where she sat, and then put herself at a piano, just where Maggie could catch a glimpse of her figure, and sang. It was not a region in which you would, ordinarily, expect to hear operatic airs; but here, as in all dull, airless city thoroughfares, some human beings were obliged to spend their lives, both Winter and Summer. This girl was the daughter of some poor clerk, or warehouse keeper, perhaps; whose one vanity had been in the child's boarding-school education, whose one extravagance was the child's piano. At all events, she sang, and sang prettily; with a tuneful, touching voice, and modest grace; and the melody she chose was the one dear to the school-girl heart in every country of Europe—"Robert, c'est toi que j'aime."

That song, so trite to the ear of civilization, was like a key-note to the one golden period of Maggie's life. In Paris, Mr. Dennison had taken her, a three days' bride, to the opera; and Patti's voice had embodied for the English girl's ignorant heart all her yearning, voiceless passion for her own Robert. She never heard the song before or since, but its melody had once sunk deep into her remembrance; and after the first few bars she knew it now. "Robert, c'est toi que j'aime." Her husband had told her the meaning of the words, with tenderest looks, with furtive hand-pressure then, and here—a forlorn out-cast in the London streets—they came back to her.

"Robert, Robert!" She waited until the girl had sung the first verse of her song; then started up as if some living thing had stung her, and hurried on her road again.

Weak though she was, she had strength to get away quick from the exquisite pain that tune had the power to inflict upon her, and, in a minute or two, found herself by the waterside. She made her way down a long line of wharf, ever and anon stopping and looking, with fascination rather than with horror, down into the river beneath; then suddenly raising her head she saw that she was close beneath the dark, massive arches of a bridge—London Bridge she thought it must be, for Robert had taken her once to see the city, and she remembered that London Bridge lay in the position this did from St. Paul's. It was now between nine and ten o'clock, and such wayfarers as darkness brings forth down by the river, were congregating thickly upon the pavement. But Maggie heeded none of them. Women stared at her, but she felt no shame; men spoke to her, and their words never reached her ears. She was insensible of the foul, tobacco-laden, spirit-charged atmosphere through which she had to struggle on. "Robert, Robert!" this was all she heard; this echo of the dead past was all from which she wanted to get away. She kept in the direction she had chosen as steadily as her fast-flag-

ging strength would allow; in a few more minutes had nearly climbed the steps that lead from the waterside up to the bridge, and then felt that a fresher, colder, purer air, was blowing upon her face.

The pavement on both sides of London Bridge was thronged with foot-passengers. One forlorn wretch like herself would never here, she felt, arrest the attention of any one: and so, after walking along a few paces irresolutely, she crept into the shadow of one of the recesses, and covering down there, her head leaning against the wall, set herself to wait. Wait until she knew not what! until the crowd had lessened, or the lamps paled, or the last brightness of evening had died out of the sky! She suffered less now that she was quiet than she had done all day. Her head felt light and wandering, but not as it had done after she took the laudanum the night before. Now past things came back to her unmixed with any consciousness of the present. The house at Heathcotes, the plantation where she had first met "Mr. Robert," her place in the village choir, where he could see her from the squire's pew: then her three weeks of Paris, and carriages and theatres: lastly, Robert's bachelor rooms, with the beautiful dinner-service, and the lace upon the toilet-table, and the fine lawn-covered pillow, and the perfumed cold hand that she had kissed! All came back to her, and painlessly. Misery, after a certain point, becomes its own anæsthetic. The recollections of life, the prospects of death, were no longer more poignant to Maggie than they would be to a man under the influence of chloroform. Robert wanted her no longer; and she had come here to die; and it was good to rest in this dark corner, where no one could stare at her and guess her secret. . . .

This was about as much human emotion as it was now left to her to feel.

TO A POËT.

ON HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

“WHOM the gods love die young,” we have been told,
 And wise of some the saying seems to be,
 Of others foolish; as it is of thee,
 Who proven hast whom the gods love live old.
 For have not forty seasons o'er thee rolled,
 The worst propitious—setting like a sea
 Toward the haven of prosperity,
 Now full in sight, so fair the wind doth hold?
 Hast thou not Fame, the poet's chief desire;
 A wife whom thou dost love, who loves thee well;
 A child in whom your differing natures blend;
 And friends, troops of them, who respect, admire?
 (How deeply *one*, it suits not now to tell.)
 Such lives are long, and have a perfect end.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE ART OF DINING.

IV

BROTH is to good cooking what wheat is to bread. Dishes (with some exceptions) prepared without broth are to those prepared with it, what rye or corn bread is to wheat bread. Broth, and especially *consommé*, are to old age what milk is to the infant. Broth is called *bouillon* in France, and *stock* in England. The word *pot-au-feu* means, the meat, vegetables, seasonings, spices and the "pot" or soup-kettle itself, i. e., everything made use of in making broth. The popular meaning of the term in France is, the soup and the beef and vegetables served as *relevés*; and with the working classes, the only thing (with bread, wine and fruit) composing the family dinner. The French army is fed on this *pot-au-feu* three hundred and sixty days in the year.

It is a great mistake to believe that bones or veal make good broth; by boiling or simmering bones or veal, you obtain a gelatinous liquid, but not a rich broth with a pleasant flavor. When properly made, broth is clear. If milky, it has been made with bones, veal or very inferior beef.

Broth for Potages.—Take three pounds of good, lean, fresh beef, from any part except the shin. There must not be more than two ounces of bone to a pound of meat; and the less bone the better. Place the meat in a soup-kettle or iron saucepan lined with tin, with three quarts of cold water and salt, and set it on a good fire. After about thirty minutes, the scum or albumen of the meat will gather on the surface, and the water will commence boiling. Now place the kettle on a more moderate fire, add one gill of cold water and begin to skim off the scum, which will take only a few minutes. Then add one middle-sized carrot, half as much turnip, one middle-sized leek, a stalk of celery, one of parsley, a bay leaf, one onion with two cloves stuck into it, and two cloves of garlic. Keep the kettle between simmering and boiling heat for about five hours. Dish the meat with carrot, turnip and leek around it, and serve it as a *relevé*. Strain the broth and it is ready for use.

If the broth is required to be richer, use more beef and less water, but follow the same process; if weaker, use more water and less beef, but still follow the same process.

Broth for Sauces and Gravies.—Place in a soup kettle or saucepan, fresh bones of beef, mutton, lamb, veal and poultry; of either or of all; also, bones of the same meats from roasted pieces; also, trimmings of the same, if very fresh, with one quart of cold water to every pound of bones or meat; skim it like the preceding, add the same vegetables and seasonings, and simmer for at least six hours. Then skim off very carefully all the fat on the surface, pass the remainder through a strainer or a sieve, and it is ready for use. This broth is certainly very inferior to the preceding one, but it is excellent for sauces and gravies, and is very cheaply made. It may be used for potages

also; but, as we have said above, it is very gelatinous, and cannot be compared with the highly nutritious beef broth.

Broth that is not to be used immediately, must be cooled quickly after being strained, as the quicker it is cooled the longer it keeps. As soon as cold, put it in a stone jar or crockery vessel, and place it in a cool, dry and dark place. It will keep three or four days in Winter, but only one day in Summer. If the weather is stormy, it will not keep even for twelve hours; it turns sour very quickly.

I do not put parsnips or thyme in broth, the taste of these two vegetables being too strong. They really neutralize the fine aroma of broth. Even in this nineteenth century, there are some pretty good cooks who put thyme and parsnip in broth, but they do it by routine. Routine is in everything the greatest enemy of progress. Ancient cookery used to put in the *pot* (old name for soup-kettle) a burnt onion to give an amber color to the broth. This has exactly the same effect as thyme and parsnip, giving a bad taste, and neutralizing the flavor given to the broth by the osmazome of the meat. When broth of an amber color is desired, add to it a few drops of burnt sugar; the receipt for making which will be found below.

Consommé.—There are two ways of making *consommé*; one is to make broth as above, with the exception that five pounds of lean beef, instead of three, are used with three quarts of water, and simmered from seven to eight hours, instead of five; the vegetables and seasonings being the same. The other way is to roast, until they are only one-third done, one, two or three fowls, not under two years old; then place them in a soup kettle with three pounds of lean beef; wet with three quarts of cold water; skim off as above directed; add the same vegetables and seasonings as for broth for potages. After having simmered the whole for three hours, the fowl or fowls must be taken out of the kettle, and the rest is to be simmered for about three hours longer. The meat, vegetables and seasonings are then taken from the kettle or saucepan; the liquor is strained; and that liquor is the best *consommé* that can be made.

The reason for directing to use one, two, or three fowls is, that the more fowls are used, the better and richer the broth. The fowls after having been thus used may be prepared in salad, and make a very excellent dish.

Burnt Sugar.—Take an old tin ladle and place it over a very sharp fire, with two ounces of loaf sugar and two tablespoonfuls of water in it; stir with a stick or skewer till it is thoroughly black and half burnt. Then add, little by little, about one gill of water; stir a little; add again about the same quantity of water; give one boil, strain, and it is made.

Strawberries.—This delicious fruit is just now plentiful and good. A strawberry short-cake is excellent, no doubt; but there is a better way to eat strawberries. After having rinsed the berries in cold water, in order to free them from the sand that is very frequently found in them, place them gently in a vessel; add to them sugar and claret wine, and eat them with a teaspoon.

Radishes.—The readers of THE GALAXY will allow us to tell them how to eat crisp, rosy and tender radishes. Radishes are, for many persons, a very indigestible vegetable, but nature, who has provided for everything, has placed in the centre leaves of radishes a substance that acts on the radish as gastric juice acts on food. Therefore, radishes ought to be served with their centre leaves, and ought to be eaten with them. The long, carrot-shaped radishes are very inferior to the turnip-rooted ones.

I may here add a few casual observations, as they occur to me.

Beef.—The meat of the best beef is of fine fibre, and of a clear, red color, with yellowish-white fat. Cow beef is paler than ox beef, and the fat is white. Bull beef is not fit to eat, and now that New York has a Health Board, I hope it will rid the city of bull beef as well as still-born veal.

In an observation previously made, that veal and pork might be safely eaten, I did not mean that meat from diseased animals ought to be recommended or partaken of—I only speak of the actual result. It is well known that we can eat meat from diseased animals without being injured by it. This constantly happens. A man can swallow all the poison contained in the fangs of a rattlesnake, without danger; he may feel a little uneasy on account of not being used to it, but that is all. In 1792 and 1793, the French army operating in the north of France, under General Dumouriez, was fed for eight months on diseased beef, without being affected by it, though it is true that the men were most of the time in the field.

Trichina.—The trichina in pork was only discovered in 1835, by the great anatomist, Owen, though doubtless it existed before. Recent reports and investigations on the subject in Europe have caused quite a panic in the pork markets on both sides of the ocean, and pork is at present comparatively out of favor. Yet there is no reason for being afraid of good American pork, particularly if it is very thoroughly cooked. The prejudice against it is very ancient, and had some actual basis in fact; for the founders both of the Mohammedan and Jewish faiths recognize the unwholesomeness of pork by prohibiting its use.

Boiling Meat.—Meat cooked for the table may be either baked, broiled, roasted, *sauté*, or fried. Boiling is to be named with these methods, chiefly to disapprove it. To boil meat, always spoils it, and often destroys it. The only pieces that are not spoiled by boiling, are a leg of mutton, a ham, an old turkey, and a piece of corned beef. And even those should be wrapped up, as tightly as possible, in a towel, to keep them from being destroyed.

The fact that boiling is an established method of cooking meat, is no proof that it is a good method. Routine is opposed to progress. It proves nothing to say, "Oh, my grandmother always boiled her meat, and I do the same." "Aunt Mary never used butter for her buckwheat cakes, and neither do I." My grandmother never travelled in rail-cars or steamboats, and never came to America; but that is no reason why I should not. Our ancestors were naked savages; but that is no reason why we should be.

It cannot be said that boiling meat comes from the ancients; for the Greeks did not know what it was. The Romans, who learned the art of cookery from the Greeks, did not know it either. It must come from the Britons; but they did not boil meat as it is done to-day. They boiled whole quarters of lamb or mutton, very tightly wrapped up in coarse cloth, for a short time; but they broiled or roasted it before they thought it fit for eating.

PIERRE BLOT.

NEBULÆ.

—THE following account is given in a London paper of the instalment of the Rev. W. H. Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, as Master of Trinity College, one of the oldest and most important societies of that University: "At twelve the college gates were closely barred. At a quarter past, the Master Elect, in full academical costume, walked up the street to the Great Gate, and smote on the smaller door. The porter opened it, inquired who he was, received the patent, and then barred the door, leaving him waiting outside. The patent was then taken to the Combination Room, where the Vice-Master and Fellows were assembled, and inspected by them. This done, they proceeded in a body to the gate, the great door was unbarred, and the Master Elect was admitted and formally welcomed." There is not a little more of the same sort about the reading of the patent, the leading of the new Master (or, as we should call him here, not so well, President) to his stall, the opening of the chapel doors, the singing of *Te Deum*, and the cheers of the students; but this is enough. What a curious and striking example this, of the way in which our British cousins cling to dead customs and ceremonies that have lost their significance! Here are twenty or thirty grave doctors of law and men of letters, with their much graver janitors and porters, playing at making a Master of Trinity, just as if they were children. They might as well have put themselves in a row, holding on to the skirts of each other's gowns, and called out,

"Open your gates as high as the sky
And let king George and his men pass by."

There would at least have been some fun in that; but in this, only a sheepish consciousness that they were engaged in a very ridiculous and childish ceremony, which had generations ago been voided of all the significance it ever possessed, and which was only perpetuated because they lacked the little moral courage and confidence in their own position necessary to do it away. Centuries ago, when even the mastership of a college was seized by fraud or force, it was necessary to bar the gates and keep out any person who pretended to enter as master, until his patent had been properly examined and found correct and sufficient; but that time has long, long gone by. Nevertheless the old custom is kept up, even amid the ridicule of those who take part in the ceremony, simply as one of those external barriers of state and form by which old abuses and wornout uses are protected against the advancing enlightenment of the people. For, if a new master may walk into Trinity, and send his patent to be examined at his convenience, even although all England knows that he has been properly elected, and that his patent is "all right," why may not a king or a queen go through the insignificant life of a British sovereign without being crowned and fenced off from common people, and common sense, by etiquette? Why may not the throne—a very good

thing once in its way—be done away with, and if the throne, then the nobility and gentry, the aristocracy? That is the rub. That is the sole reason of this veneration for the past, as it is called in England; it is a veneration for the present—the present possessions and privileges which belong to a large, educated class, and which rest only upon old foundations which have long ago had all the strength eaten out of them, but which, if they should fall, would involve all these privileges in their ruin. Hence it is that they are bolstered by sentiment and buttressed by etiquette, and that that portion of the English race which still remains in the old home, who are no less practical and common-sensible than their Yankee cousins, unite in keeping up old customs that are mere shams, like this at Trinity College.

—THE London Examiner has recently published, under the heading *Diplomatia Latia*, an important letter from the Pope to Louis Napoleon. Every letter from the tenant of the Holy See to the ruler of France is important, and therefore we give the concluding paragraph, which is the most interesting:

“Sed redire ad nostros oves. Volo interea precari te linquere tuos milites paulum amplius in hæc urbe. Sunt tam amabiles! Et, ut potes bene supponere, idea dandi sursum meam mollem Apostolicam sellam hic, ad meum tempus vitæ, est confusè displicens. Dicam tibi quid; sub hanc parvam conditionem, quanquam odi peregrinans, et expecto esse terribiliter æger, ibo ad Massiliam coronare te. Illic! Non possumus—confunde id, volo dicere non possum—dicere pulchrius quam illud. Da et cape. Vive et permittite vivere. Habeo nullas novitates, exceptis quibusdam particularibus tumultûs fidelium in Barlettâ, qui ut exemplar fidei naturaliter calefecit meum paternum vetus cor, et spero titillabit tuum in quodam gradu. Traxerunt deorsum ministrorum domos sicut hilaritas, et flagellaverunt unum aut duo hæreticos; vix satis quidem. Et nunc, vetus sodalis, ad Deum. Plus potestatis tuo cubito. Sperans replicationem ad tuam matutinissimam convenientiam, maneo semper tuus affectionatus vetus Pater P. P.—Amor mea carissimæ filiæ Imperatrici. Si unquam fuit Sancta in erinolinâ, illa est.”

Upon a learned young lady ætat. 13 being set to translate this for the benefit of an unlearned circle, to their amazement she construed it as follows:

Sed, but, *redire*, to return, *ad nostros oves*, to our muttons. *Volo*, I wish, *interea*, in the meantime, *precari te*, to pray thee, *linquere tuos milites*, to leave your soldiers, *paulum amplius*, a little longer, *in hæc urbe*, in this city. *Sunt tam amabiles*, they are such loves! *Et*, and, *ut potes bene supponere*, as you may well suppose, *idea dandi sursum*, the idea of giving up, *meam mollem*, my soft, *Apostolicam sellam hic*, Apostolic chair here, *ad meum tempus vitæ*, at my time of life, *est confusè displicens*, is confoundedly unpleasant, I mean quite awful. *Dicam tibi quid*, I will tell you something; *sub hanc parvam conditionem*, on this little condition, *quanquam odi peregrinans*, although I hate travelling, *et expecto esse terribiliter æger*, and expect to be terribly bored, *ibo ad Massiliam*, I will go to Marseilles *coronare te*, to crown you. *Illic*, there now! *Non possumus*, we are not able—*confunde*, confound, *id*, it, *volo dicere*, I wish to say, *non possum*, I cannot—*dicere pulchrius*, say anything handsomer, *quam illud*, than that. *Da*, give, *et cape*, and take. *Vive*, live, *et permittite vivere*, and let live. *Habeo nullas novitates*, I have not a scrap of news, or possibly no *nouveautés*, *exceptis quibusdam particularibus tumultûs fidelium*, except a certain rumpus among the faithful, *in Barlettâ*, in Barletta, *qui*, which, *ut exemplar fidei*, as an exhibition of piety, *naturaliter calefecit*, naturally warmed, *meum paternum vetus cor*, my paternal old heart, *et*, and, *spero*, I hope, *titillabit tuum*, will tickle yours, *in quodam gradu*, in a certain degree. *Traxerunt deorsum*, they pulled down, *domos*, the houses, *ministrorum*,

trorum, of some ministers, *sicut hilaritas*, like fun, *et flagellaverunt*, and they spanked, *unum aut duo hæreticos*, one or two heretics; *vix satis quidem*, hardly enough indeed. *Et nunc*, and now, *vetus sodalis*, old fellow, *ad Deum*, adieu. *Plus potestatis*, more power, *tuo cubito*, to your elbow. *Sperans replicationem*, hoping for a reply, *ad tuam matutinissimam convenientiam*, at your earliest convenience, *maneo*, I remain, *semper*, always, *tuus affectionatus vetus Pater*, your affectionate old Father, *P. P.*, Pius Pontifex.—*Amor mea*, my love, *carissimæ filix*, to my dearest daughter, *Imperatrici*, the Empress. *Si unquam*, if ever, *fuit Sancta*, there was a Saint, *in crinolinâ*, in crinoline, *illa est*, it is she."

— THE Quarantine arrangements of New York have been very fully discussed in the newspapers lately, and it would be superfluous for us to say here that those arrangements, or rather disarrangements, are as unworthy as possible of the chief city of one of the two foremost commercial nations of the world. But there is one aspect of this question which is of interest in relation to the structure and working of our Government, and which has not received the attention it deserves. A few years ago, the people living on Staten Island chose to regard themselves as aggrieved by the presence of the Quarantine on that Island, although it had been established there, by law, of course, for fifty years, and they, knowing of its presence, had chosen to take up their residence in its vicinity. They burned the buildings to the ground, the staid, respectable, cultivated people encouraging and defending the actual incendiaries; and, although the county of Richmond had a big bill to pay for this bonfire, which had not entered into the calculations of those who lit it or of their backers, yet still they were enabled to procure the passage of bills through the State Legislature which practically forbid the establishment of Quarantine hospitals either on Staten Island or Long Island—that is, in fact they were able absolutely to exclude Quarantine from the boundaries of the State of New York at the only point at which it could be efficient, and at the most important port in this regard for the whole country. If Quarantine for the City of New York shall not be on either Staten Island or Long Island, which includes Coney Island and all other small islands close to its shores, where shall it, where can it, be established? At Sandy Hook, reply the objectors. Certainly, Sandy Hook is an unexceptionably good location for a Quarantine; so good, in fact, as to position, form, healthfulness, accessibility to inward-bound ships, inaccessibility from the mainland, and the ease with which its inhabitants could be isolated from the surrounding country, that it seems as if it had been placed by Providence at the entrance of New York Harbor for use as a Quarantine station. Certainly Divine interposition has been invoked and assumed in regard to matters of infinitely less importance than the protection of New York, and through New York this whole country, against the entrance of an epidemic disease. Sandy Hook, too, is in the possession of the National Government. But here comes the rub; here we have an example at once the most characteristic and most flagrant of the still imperfect adjustment of relations between our local and central Governments. Sandy Hook is in the possession of the latter, but the right of eminent domain—a right which is full as high, and mighty, and supreme, as from the sound of its name it would seem to be—is in the State of New Jersey. But Quarantine for the port of New York is established by authority of the laws of the State of New York, and these laws cannot be carried to New Jersey soil. And thus it is that, although the United States Government is in possession of Sandy Hook, and

although that Government, and none other, can stop or permit to pass any vessel going in or out of the port of New York, it cannot use the best place that can be found to protect the great commercial mart of the country, and consequently the country itself, against the introduction of one of the most dreadful plagues that has ever scourged mankind. The absurdity of the case would seem self-evident; and the possession of control over commerce and navigation—even inland navigation, for there can't a steamboat go from New York to Albany, or to Yonkers, or an engineer be taken on board a steamboat, without license from the United States Government—coupled with the lack of any control whatever over one of the most important subjects pertaining to commercial intercourse, Quarantine, is one of the most striking anomalies connected with our duplex political system. The trouble, which is a grievous one, might be fully remedied by simply letting the regulation of Quarantine go with that of commerce and navigation, where it naturally belongs. There is no need whatever of diminishing State rights or disregarding the peculiar fitness of local officers for the control of local affairs. Neither is it necessary to adopt one set of rules for the whole country, and have the same system for the chilly coasts of Maine and the steaming ports upon the Gulf. Let men of each locality be appointed to administer the Quarantine laws in that locality, and let the system be adapted to the place; but let the authority and the supreme general control of the matter be in *the* Government; and then we may be sure that all the difficulties now in our way would vanish, and symmetry and coherence be given to our system of commercial police.

—THE refusal of Mr. Roberts or O'Roberts—we don't exactly know his name—the Fenian, to give bail, although bondsmen stand ready for him, reminds us of an incident in the history of the burgher guard of Hamburg. This guard is a very old establishment, and is something like the old National Guard of France—every citizen of a certain position is obliged to serve in it. The discipline among the burghers was not of the strictest, and one of them, being on guard, bethought himself of something that needed attention at home, and laying down his musket, off he started, and after accomplishing his object returned to his post. Just then his commanding officer came up, and having the delinquency of the sentinel thus thrust upon him, he could not avoid reporting it. The culprit was arraigned, and of course had to plead guilty, when the judge informed him, after a brief cogitation of the matter, that, according to the law of the case, his life was forfeited as that of a sentinel who had deserted his post; but that as it was a time of profound peace, and as he was known to be an excellent citizen, the punishment would be commuted for a fine of four thousand marks. The money-loving burgher stood aghast. Four thousand marks! To him, this condonation sounded like the tender mercies of the wicked. He reflected a moment, and took his resolution. Addressing the court solemnly, he said: "No. Let the law take its course. Let not the hand of justice be staid for so insignificant a person as I am. I refuse the condonation. I demand to be executed." The judge would as soon have thought of eating him as shooting him, and the result of his self-sacrifice was, that he neither suffered death nor paid the fine.

—THERE has recently been some printed discussion about the relative ability of English and American magazine writers, and unlimited opinions have been given on each side. But the decision of the question cannot be an unconditional verdict either way. It must be a decree in equity, apportioning the subject matter between the parties who are concerned in the dispute.

Belles-lettres literature, both prose and poetry, is of duplicate essence. The substance of it is of the essence of it, and the form of it is of the essence of it too. A good thought ill stated is a good salad ill mixed. Nobody relishes the result, and very few will see or admit that any of the materials were good for anything to begin with.

Now, of two nations, that one where there is the more elaborate civilization, the more leisure, the greater accumulation of wealth, the greater number of people who can live without drudgery, must necessarily have the greater proportion of writers who are cultivated as to the form of writing; who use a finished and accurate and scholarly and symmetrical style; who can cite from the fruits of wide reading and long thought, and can gather from the stores of vast libraries and great picture galleries and centuries of architecture. In such a nation, again, the division of labor is carried far in mechanics and literature alike. It will assuredly have those who can make more perfect pin-heads and book-covers—and who can do nothing else. It will assuredly have the most accomplished professional literary class. Accordingly, English book writers and magazine writers and newspaper writers, as a class, are more skilful in writing—in the formal or mechanical part of literature.

Any one reasonably well acquainted with American literary matters, and who has observed the traits of the editorials and essays of the Saturday Review, for instance, and its English cotemporaries, particularly if he has also seen how the numerous English and Irish writers on the New York newspapers do their work, will appreciate the force of this distinction, and of the following distinction, too, which strongly illustrates the same contrast. It is this: English writing, as distinguished from American writing, frequently runs into a style which is style only, and where there is no substance whatever, or merely fancies, antitheses, quirks and sophistications. Many "brilliant" articles of this school, say absolutely nothing, or else say what is not true. A writer might succeed capitally on the London newspapers by saying nothing at all, if he could say it brilliantly and in lengths to order. Indeed, he might succeed in New York, too, for that matter, but not so well. America is too practical at present. "Fine writing" is a term which has actually contracted a satirical significance. It now means composition well executed, but which does not say much. Words, in America, are more valued as they have more force—as they come nearer being things. Mr. Carlyle would say not. But Mr. Carlyle's judgments on America are without knowledge to begin with, and are ill-humored beside. And, on words in particular, no judgment is valuable from a man who, like a Chinese gardener, lives by the very distortion and torment of the unhappy materials on which he wreaks his wry profession.

But on the other hand, American writers have greatly the advantage in substance. This is as necessary as the English advantage in form. An old country, with cast-iron social ranks, concentrated wealth, immovable doctrines of church, State and society, naturally pushes a writer's mind away from substance—that is, originality and freedom of thought—and since mind must be active, pushes it toward the permitted industry of improvement in form. But in a new country, where wealth is scarce, crude and transitory, where there is no social rank, where work for a living is almost indispensable to respectability, where most people must know more than one business, where every man may unreprieved earn the greatest sect or party he can, as well as the largest estate, and may go into any society whatever of which he shows

himself worthy—in such a country it is obvious that there will be too little opportunity for the acquirement of an accomplished style, but that there is an immense pressure, which may almost be called an incessant sting, toward original and improved investigations and thoughts and practices of all kinds, and significant and sincere discussion of them.

A glorious instance of the perfect result of a cultured European style impregnated by the vivid energies of American subject-matter, is the wonderful book of Alexis de Tocqueville, on Democracy in America; a work as single and unapproached for splendor of truthful vision, and calm, unerring justness of apprehension and reasoning, as Shakespeare among dramatists, or Euclid among mathematicians. A partition of the merits of that book would leave America no discreditable share of them. While the French noblemen saw clearly the things he spoke of, and understood them truly, and felt them deeply, and stated them strongly and lucidly, yet the American people had unconsciously done them first. Far more probable such a writer without the people, than such a people without the writer.

Equally interesting as a specimen of what American thought may do when European opportunity for culture is added, is the labor of the historian, William H. Prescott. There are many men in America who could have written as much and as well as he if like him they could have spent a whole youth in general culture, five or ten years in special culture and choice of subject, a little fortune in a special library, a good salary for the ablest assistance, and could then have made the chosen accomplishment and pleasure of their lives the business of their lives. For this, Mr. Prescott's merits are not less. The example simply shows in what way the usual American opportunities are less.

We need not hurry after characteristics which thus far in history have indicated rather the completion of the best of a nation's life than its full and vigorous growth. We need not covet the superiorities of European civilization. They are formal, not essential. The souls of the literary future have come westward along with the Star of Empire. They will fitly embody themselves in due season. As long as we may believe ourselves encompassed by a bevy of such angels, we need not envy a Sennacherib's army of well-made dead corpses.

THE GALAXY.

JULY 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"YOU HAVE REJECTED ME."

THE Morteville public ball was advertised in the Morteville Courant du Jour for nine o'clock. It was an understood thing, however, that no person of fashion appeared in the rooms until half-past nine at the earliest, and Mrs. Lovell, ever a slave to conventionality, determined, too, not to look as if they wanted to get all they could for their money, had ordered the carriage—a crazy fiacre, bespoken a fortnight beforehand, so scarce were even crazy fiacres in Morteville—to be at their door at twenty-five minutes precisely before ten. Ten minutes going to the Etablissement would bring it to the quarter; they would then have five minutes to attend to their dresses in the cloak-room; and at ten minutes before ten would enter the ball-room. They could not be wrong, for the Sous-prefet's carriage was ordered at exactly the same hour, and the Maire's also.

But long before seven o'clock Archie Lovell was in her bedroom, not actually dressing—the putting on of her frock and wreath could scarcely by possibility be made to last out two hours—but lingering over all the fresh delicious details of this, her first ball toilet. Taking up her shoes (Mrs. Lovell, by dint of heaven knows what household parsimony, had managed to purchase them for her), and making sure for the twentieth time that the rosettes were firmly sowed on; gazing at her gloves—she was afraid to do more than gaze at them, they were so delicate and white; hovering round the diaphanous cloud of white drapery that lay upon her little bed; occasionally trying on her wreath with cautious fingers, and wondering whether it would look well a hair's-breadth higher or lower on her forehead; and finally leaning over and smelling a magnificent bouquet of white flowers that had been left for her by "un monsieur, mais un petit monsieur très très comme il faut," as Jeanneton said in the course of the afternoon.

Most English girls have had the edge of enjoyment taken off their first real ball, by all the children's parties, and half grown-up parties to which they have gone since they were babies. But no such premature dissipation had

blunted Archie Lovell's keen instinct for pleasure. Dancing had come to her, as she told Mr. Durant, by nature. All foreign servant-girls can dance; and from the time she could walk alone she had danced, after a fashion of her own, with her *bonnes*; also with the peasants, or with her father's artist-friends, at the out-of-door fêtes in Italy which it was Mr. Lovell's special pleasure to attend. Inside a ball-room she had never been. She had never worn white gloves and shoes; had never had on a low dress; never seen an artificial flower closer than on the altar of the Catholic churches till now. And as she stood and gazed at them all—all this paraphernalia of the order of womanhood with which she was about to be invested! with the same sort of reverence that a maiden knight of old might have felt while he watched his armor on the night before the *accolade*. When she looked down at the short linen dress and shabby shoes she had on, she almost pitied herself. How had she been happy so long while jasmine wreaths and white grenadines, satin shoes and snowy kid gloves, were worn by other girls and not by her? Would it be possible—the thought chilled her—to put on the linen dress and shabby shoes to-morrow morning, and go on with the old daily dull routine as usual? A strange sense of the mystery, the inequality of life, smote her as it had never done before. The white shoes and gloves would be dirty to-morrow, the dress soiled, the flowers withered, and Mr. Durant gone. On this first night of August she was to taste the fulness of earthly enjoyment; to be dressed in a white dress six yards and a half in circumference; to go to a ball; to dance twenty-one dances, most of them with Mr. Durant; not to return perhaps till day-break; and then, afterward, for the rest of her existence—

"Archie, child, you will never enjoy the ball if you think of it so much beforehand," broke in her stepmother's voice at this point of her reverie. "Balls are doubtful pleasures at the best, and even if you move in the highest society—and it's likely, indeed—you won't leave your seat twice. More than an hour you have been here, and now I find you looking at your dress still."

"But if I am not to enjoy the ball, Bettina, how lucky I can enjoy looking forward to it!" answered Archie, with unconscious philosophy. "If I don't leave my place once, nothing can take away the pleasure I have had in my imaginary successes. Now you, who are hopeless beforehand, and mean to be bored, according to your own account, when you get there, have not a single moment of compensation throughout the whole affair."

"Except when it is over," murmured Bettina, meekly. "At my age, and in my position, gayety can never be anything to me but a cross, selfishly speaking. When I was your age, Archie, and in the very highest county society, perhaps I used to look forward to a ball as eagerly as you do, but now—*Jeanneton, folle fille, que fais-tu avec ma robe?*" she interrupted herself abruptly, as *Jeanneton*, bearing away her mistress's best dress from the kitchen, where it had been hanging by the fire, passed before Archie's door. "*Prenez garde de ces grosses pieds de votre!*"—Mrs. Lovell's French was still imperfect—"and tenez the chandelle droit. Archie, tell that idiotic woman in French to mind the grease. I wouldn't have a spot on my mauve moiré for all I'm worth."

This mauve moiré was the dress Miss Curtis had worn on the day she led Mr. Lovell to the altar. At that date it was termed violet; but when the word mauve came into fashion Mrs. Lovell called it mauve: and almost made Archie, who was simple then, believe on the strength of the change, that it was a new dress. To bring it down to an approximate fashionable length,

velvet of a suitable color had been added from time to time round the skirt; but for the bodice alteration was impossible, dresses having been cut at the time of Miss Curtis's wedding with considerably tighter *corsages* and sleeves than a modern riding-habit. On all great festivities Mrs. Lovell wore the mauve moiré, hanging it for a day beforehand by the fire, with faith in this process taking out creases and making it equal to new. She wore, in addition, on the present occasion a white lace shawl and a pair of black satin shoes, all descended from the wedding; a garnet necklace and earrings, and lappets of real *point d'Alençon* on her head. Archie had often been accorded glances at these treasures one by one, and with solemn mystery, by her stepmother. She had never so much as imagined the possibility of their being brought out before the eyes of men all at once; and when, after a lengthened absence, the two women met, dressed, in the little salon, her admiration for Bettina knew no bounds.

"In our different styles we shall be the two best-dressed women in the room, Bettina, depend upon it!" she cried, with all a child's belief in everything and every one belonging to herself. "Your dress is perfect, now, perfect—and I don't mind saying so! Papa," appealingly to Mr. Lovell, who had come in, and was literally feasting his eyes on her—on his child, I mean, not his wife, "isn't Bettina looking nice? Isn't the effect of the white lace over the mauve really beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" echoed Mr. Lovell, absently, and never taking his eyes from the girl's face, "beautiful! and so like. I never knew how like till now. You see it, Bettina?" after a moment's pause. "Nay, nay—how should you? Your gown looks very well, my dear"—he had not called her "my dear" three times since their marriage—"and you have dressed the child admirably. I wish little Taroni were here to make a sketch of her."

"Indeed, I think little Taroni made quite sketches enough of me," cried Archie, petulantly, and dancing away to take another look at herself in the glass. "For once, papa, don't think of me as a model. To-night I am neither peasant, nymph, contadina, nor any other atelier lay-figure, but a human being; and, which is more, a young lady. I can hardly believe it of myself though, yet."

But although she disclaimed her father's compliment, Miss Lovell might in good truth have stood for a model at that moment—a model of Diana, of Hebe, of any impersonation in whose beauty, youth, health and freshness are supreme. Her evening dress revealed a neck and arms not dazzlingly white, but of a fresh wax-like texture, and exceedingly shapely; a neck and arms with no Juno-like proportions, for plumpness and dimples are not exactly what the mind connects with the imperial goddess, but girlish and graceful. Her hair, unbound, fell in silken plenty over her shoulders and far beneath her slender waist. A little round jasmine wreath was set coquettishly on one side of her head, and admirably suited her mignonne, sparkling face. No necklace round her throat; no bracelets on her arms. The white dress—the little wreath—the natural flowers in her hand—were her sole adornments. She looked like what she was—a child playing for the first time at being grown up, and a certain something, not unfeminine, but unconventional, in her brusque way of jumping about in her fashionable skirts, heightened the suspicion that to be iron-clad and trained was a discipline to which time as yet had not accustomed her.

"Enjoy yourself, child," said Mr. Lovell, as at twenty minutes to ten he put

her and Bettina into the carriage. "Show me your silk shoes quite worn out to-morrow morning." And then he stood, and by the dim light from the solitary lamp of Rue d'Artois, watched the fiacre that bore her from his sight. Watched with the first vague jealousy of Archie he had ever known; the jealousy every father living, however generous, however manly, must, I think, have felt at times for the child who is a child no more; the jealousy which makes the last chapters of Jean Valjean's life so touching a poem. Archie was his little one no longer. He thought of the old Dresden days, when he used to walk with her in his arms about the market in the early Summer mornings. He thought of the broken patois of her baby voice, of the determined clasp of her baby hands; and with a choking feeling at his breast went back to his study—to write something about Archie, or about the feelings of some other father at first seeing his girl a woman? No. If Frederick Lovell had ever described any of the common things he himself felt or did, he might have been a poet. He went to pile up scores of inflated images about flord sunsets over meridian plains—the like of which he had never experienced, and which, consequently, could never interest any other mortal being to read of.

Meanwhile, Archie and Mrs. Lovell arrived safely at the Etablissement, and after an interval—a breathless interval to Archie—of disrobing, made their way to the dancing-room. Was the Maire there? the Sous-prefet? Mr. Durant himself? For a good many minutes Archie knew and saw nothing. A mist gathered before her eyes; her limbs felt heavy; in spite of all her efforts, she knew that her lips trembled as she walked along.

"Don't be shy, child. No one is looking at us or thinking of us," Bettina whispered to reassure her, and Archie answered, quite sincerely, that she was never less shy in her life. All she felt was delight, "and—and anxiety for a partner, Bettina," she added. "I shall never get over the shame if I sit out the first dance."

She was for walking up and down the room, and so giving any male acquaintance who might be there a chance of coming up and inviting her to dance; but Mrs. Lovell, better versed in propriety, insisted upon sitting down at once. All the seats in the best position of the room were already filled, and so they had to take their places not far from the door, and somewhat hidden from general view by one of the pillars of the colonnade that ran round the room. Archie could have cried as she sat down. Once planted in this odious place, probably none of the young men would think of asking her to dance at all. The band struck up a waltz, and she watched men asking other girls to dance, and then, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, off they floated in delicious melodious whirl that made her heart positively ache as she sat there, excluded from its mazes. Just at that moment little Monsieur Gounod, one of the partners upon whom she had depended, appeared through the doorway, resplendent; his boots shining like looking-glass, his fierce moustache waxed and twisted up nearly to his eyes, and turned-down collar to show his throat, and a gorgeous expanse of open-work shirt, with pink silk gleaming underneath: very nice, indeed, Archie thought Monsieur Gounod looked. And, instead of coming up to her, he went off straight to Madame the Maire—horrid little time-serving, fawning man—and Madame, in spite of her forty years and her stalwart waist, smiled, and bowed, and attitudinized her assent, and then these two went off, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, like the rest; and Archie Lovell remained sitting still.

Would she have a better chance by standing up? When the interminable waltz was ended, and people were beginning to engage their partners for the next dance, a quadrille, Archie made this suggestion to Bettina, who, a great deal happier than her stepdaughter, was just then counting, with intense interest, the number of gores in Madame the Sous-prefet's skirt. "Stand up?" yes, certainly; there would be no impropriety in standing up for a minute or two. As to talking of a "better chance," it was absurd even to expect to dance yet. Not until all the ladies of consequence had danced, ought Archie to dream of a partner. And then Bettina fell, with vital eagerness, again to the measurement of Madame the Sous-prefet. If, as she believed, there were ten gores in her dress, it could have been made with fourteen yards; and that arch-traitress Annette, the work-girl, had declared that, to her own certain knowledge, Madame the Sous-prefet always had sixteen yards in every dress she wore. Women like Mrs. Lovell, I verily believe, enjoy a ball-room most. To young women it is an arena; they are the actors, the matadors and the picadors in the fight. The vicissitudes of success and defeat have all to be borne by them—and with smiling faces! The women who neither hope nor fear for themselves, are the calm spectators; and they derive edification—unintelligible to women under thirty, and to men of all ages, as the raptures of Spaniards at a bull-fight are to the people of other countries—from every minute detail of the conflict before their eyes. Ten gores in the skirt? Yes, Annette must be an impostor; for she said no dress could be made with an even number. And the front width just touching the ground; not ridiculously short, half way up to the knees, as Annette declared was the last Paris fashion! When Madame waltzed again, she would be able to see if the dress was lined—another point on which she had the gravest suspicions as regarded Annette. And all this time Archie's heart was beating so loud she thought it must be heard, and her cheeks were flushing, and her poor little teeth were set hard, to keep her mouth from trembling at the thought that another dance would begin and find her without a partner.

However, standing up brought about better fortune after all. Just as the sets were forming, and as Bettina whispered that it was undignified to keep any longer on her feet, up came young Willy Montacute—the third string of Archie's bow—and asked her to dance. Young Montacute was very young indeed, and very shy, and very plain to look upon—never mind, he was a partner, and Archie went away with him joyously. She was the more delighted to have secured him when, a minute later, there resounded that peculiar ostentatious rustling of silk, which only the movements of very underbred English persons seem capable of creating, and the great Mrs. O'Rourke, with old Maloney and suite, bridled and languished into the room. For worlds Miss Lovell would not have been found sitting out, partnerless, by her enemies; and she felt quite grateful to Willy Montacute for having asked her, and smiled at him, and chattered to him, and danced pretty little steps of her own to the quadrille-music; and only now and then looked eagerly to the door, whenever any new face appeared there, in the hope that it might be Mr. Durant himself come at last to dance with her!

When the quadrille was over, her partner asked her if she would take any refreshment. She was a great deal too much excited to require bodily sustenance, and was desperately afraid of touching anything that could take the freshness from her gloves before Mr. Durant had seen them. However, any risk would be better, she thought, than going back to her place by Bettina;

so she said "yes," and went with Master Montacute to the refreshment or ante-room, where they pretended to flirt, as they regaled themselves on two glasses of sugar-and-water. Then they came back to the ball-room, and Willy Montacute inquired if he should take her to her place. "I'd like to ask you to dance this galop with me," he remarked, as Archie rather faintly assented, "only I dance so vilely, I don't like to try with any one but my sisters."

"Oh, I dare say we should get on very well," said the girl, readily. "I'm not much of a dancer myself—I mean not much of a ball-room dancer—but I used to waltz a great deal, out of doors, with different people in Italy, and I generally managed to get on pretty well with all of them."

Thus encouraged, young Master Montacute put his arm round her waist, and after one or two false starts, they got off. The youth had underrated his own powers; he was by no means the worst style of bad dancer—having good wind, a tall figure, and just address enough to tread on the feet of other people, not of his partner. What he really wanted were nerve, firmness and pluck; and, conscious of these deficiencies, he went at a pace, when once off, that defied honest competition. If he slackened, he felt he might break down; if he stopped, that he might not make so good a start again.

"You are not tired? You don't want to stop?" he gasped, occasionally, as they fled along; and Archie, too breathless to speak, told him each time, by a nod or shake of her head, that the pace pleased her. Not till the music ceased, did they stop; and by this time Miss Lovell's cheeks were like damask roses, and her blue eyes were full of light, and her long hair was all tossed about—some of it clinging, indeed, around young Montacute's arm—and her jasmine wreath, which had fallen off in the course of one of their false starts, was hanging over her arm.

"Just like a Bacchante," Mrs. Maloney who was standing near, pronounced her to be; hiding away her own modest old eyes behind her fan the while, for fear of contamination.

The rooms were now filling fast; and as Archie Lovell walked along, her singular beauty began to attract universal attention. She knew it, and, with delicious flutter, said to her heart that she would not have to sit out many more dances that night; and she was right.

Just as young Montacute was leading her back to the corner where Bettina sat, a gentleman came up, his opera-hat under his arm, and with a profound bow, asked Miss Lovell, in excellent English, to allow him to put down his name upon her card. He was a young Russian prince at present staying in Morteville (and coveted as a partner by every woman in the room), and Archie's face flushed up with delight.

"I shall be very glad, indeed, to dance with you, but I have no card. There have only been two dances yet, and I danced both with the same partner."

Willy Montacute volunteered at once, proud even of this vicarious relation with aristocracy, to get her a card; and while he was gone Miss Lovell stood and chatted with great unconcern to the young Russian. If she had gone through half a dozen London seasons, she could not have looked and felt more entirely at her ease than she did at this moment; the boldness of a child taking, in her, the place of acquired and conventional courage. Shaking her hair back across her shoulders, with her face upturned, her head, as her trick was, a little on one side, she stood quietly talking to the prince, as if she had been used to talk to princes all her life; isolated, as it chanced, for the mo-

ment, from any other group; with no fan to flutter—women's usual stay on such emergencies—and her bouquet calmly held, and never raised, as an embarrassed woman must have raised it, for one instant to her face.

As she stood thus, Gerald Durant entered the ball-room. He had expected to see Miss Lovell looking pretty—in a somewhat school-girl style of prettiness; ill-dressed probably, as women in the provinces invariably are, and dancing violently with some young member of the Morteville bourgeoisie. He saw her vision, with bright falling hair, with radiant eyes; dressed in as faultless taste as though Elise had been her milliner; and with the handsomest and best-born man in the room at her side. How well pleased she looked at this miserable little foreign nobleman's attentions! How she showed her white teeth, and shook back her tawny locks, and turned her head aside, or shot glances at him from her blue eyes, just as she had done the day before at Mr. Durant himself! When young Montacute brought the card, the Prince took it from Archie's hand and wrote his name down for several dances—and as he asked for each, Miss Lovell smiled and gave a pleased nod of her head. If Gerald had only played at being in love with her before, he felt strongly that it would be play no longer now. They had met on equal ground at length. Archie was a woman to be won, not a child to be played with; and there was a rival worthy of the effort to be distanced. The fairest woman living would scarcely have been worthy the trouble of winning to Mr. Durant without that.

He moved away among the crowd, so that Archie did not see him; and when she had returned to Mrs. Lovell, he stood close beside her chair before she knew that he was in the room.

"Miss Wilson, I suppose there is no use in my asking you to dance?"

Archie, in the seventh heaven of delight, was just showing Bettina her card with the Prince's hieroglyph written no less than four times upon it. "I don't know how to pronounce his name, Bettina! There are two z's, you see, and a double f, and a capital C, and no vowels to speak of; however that doesn't matter—he is a prince. I don't care what else happens now. . . . Yes, Bettina, my wreath fell off, and you may keep it," throwing it down in her stepmother's lap. "I was without a wreath when *he* asked me to dance, and I am content!" She was just in the middle of her triumph, and of this somewhat heartless speech, when Gerald's soft caressing voice—so unlike the Prince's little piping falsetto—interrupted her.

"Mr. Durant, I never knew you were here! I shall be delighted." And she jumped up, not doubting for a moment that he meant to ask her for the next dance, and took his arm.

"I hardly thought I had a chance," he remarked, as he led her away through the crowd. "When I came in and saw you giving all those dances to that Russian fellow, I never expected that I should get a single waltz. Confess you had forgotten me, and the dances we were to have had, until I came up and asked you."

"Indeed I had not," answered Miss Lovell, feeling guiltily at the same time, how nearly he had guessed the truth; "I had been wondering—oh, wondering whether you would ever come all the evening! I mean ever since I have been here."

"You have danced every time, of course?"

"Yes." How thankful she felt he had not seen her whirling with Willy Montacute! With her hand on Gerald Durant's arm, and with the Prince's

name written four times over on her card, how miserable seemed her little triumph with poor Willy!—how resolved she was to ignore him for the remainder of the night, and of her life! “I have danced, but I did not enjoy the dances much,” she added, demurely.

“They were not with the Russian, then?”

“No. His are all to come.”

“I see. Miss Wilson, you have the rare virtue of sincerity.”

They had now reached the inner or dancing space of the room, and Archie, a great deal more keen for waltzing than for sentimental flirtation, quitted Mr. Durant’s arm at once, and gathered her muslin skirts a little together with her right hand. She had come to the ball to dance twenty-one dances, and had no idea of losing unnecessary time.

“Shall we really go through it?” suggested Gerald, who had the natural prejudices of a bored guardsman of five-and-twenty against round dances. “I see a room looking delightfully cool and empty away to the right. I mean, don’t you think by-and-by we shall find it less crowded for dancing?” he added, in answer to the blank surprise of Archie’s face.

“By-and-by? Yes, I dare say we shall; but why lose a waltz now? Surely in London you dance in greater crowds than this?”

The disappointment of her look and tone was unmistakable. Mr. Durant saw that any man who aspired to Miss Lovell’s favor must make up his mind to dance himself thereinto; and he heroically resolved to waltz, as he had said to Dennison, like a student, for the remainder of the night.

“I’m so fond of dancing, and it’s such a treat to me,” she pleaded, as she rested her little hand upon his arm. “You must remember this is the first ball I have ever been at in my life, and you are my second partner. It’s very different for you who have been having nothing but balls and pleasure all your life.”

She need not have apologized. Before they had gone half round the room, Gerald felt that he was enjoying this waltz as he had not enjoyed any dance for years. The floor was first-rate, the room not over-crowded, and his partner—perfection! He had danced in his time with excellent dancers of all nations and of all classes; but this little girl suited him better than all. There was something contagious in her own irrepressible enjoyment; in the nerve, the buoyancy with which she moved. In London drawing-rooms and at Mabile, at the Tuileries and the Staffordshire county balls, the same feeling of non-amusement had been ever wont to oppress him. Young women might be beautiful, or excellent dancers, or sought in vain by other people; Gerald had invariably had the same feeling while he danced with them—that a quiet flirtation in some dim-lighted conservatory would be better. But Archie’s was the very poetry of waltzing; her flowing hair, her happy parted lips, her grace, her *abandon*, divided her from every other woman with whom he had danced in all his life before. In a waltz, as in everything else, the girl’s most potent charm for Gerald Durant was in this—her individuality. He had known women in classes hitherto, and each class, in turn, had bored him. In Archie, for the first time, he saw a girl who could divert him for any number of hours with her merry tongue; who would let him smoke as he talked to her in the moonlight; who would dance as she was dancing now, answering with a merry smile every little bit of nonsense he whispered, and still who was as removed as Lucia herself from the very detestation of his heart—fastness. No grisette could be more amusing than this child; no

countess more refined. And then her heart was as pure as her face! Gerald Durant held no more exalted opinions of human nature than most men hold, to whom a plentiful supply of money and a commission in the guards have been given at nineteen; but this virtue may be put to his credit—he believed in women whenever he met with one worthy of belief. And Archie's charm for him—the charm that was the key-stone to the rest, and without which she would not have been Archie, but one of a class—was her innocence. Smoking beside her in the moonlight, or here with his arm around her waist in a crowded ball-room, it was the same. There was always something cold in those blue eyes; some girlish mocking ring in the little laugh; some lingering bloom of childhood on the red lips that held him, as it were, very far away from her. Charm without a name! Charm that if Rachel or Breidenbach could only distil, and label "Dew of the Morning," or "Maiden Blush," and sell at five guineas a packet, would fill their shops with fashionable ladies, I imagine, from morning till night.

When the waltz was over, Archie had the honor of dancing a quadrille with the Prince, and very insipid she found him after Gerald. No well-bred Russian or Frenchman is ever anything but insipid to an unmarried girl. Still, he was a prince, and Miss Lovell, for vanity's sake, enjoyed this quadrille exceedingly. Were not Mrs. O'Rourke, and the Maloney, and poor Miss Marks, partnerless, looking on with wide-open eyes? Was not little Monsieur Gounod, from his distant bourgeois set, trying hard to attract her attention? Was not Bettina standing on tiptoe, and nodding encouragement to her from afar? Was not Gerald Durant—here lay the gist of the whole triumph—standing near in a doorway, speaking to no one and watching her intently? When the dance was over, and she had walked round the rooms on the Prince's arm, then stood in a conspicuous position eating an ice, while he waited deferentially upon her and held her bouquet, Archie wondered in her heart whether life *could* ever bring back any happiness so intense as this? Every one who passed glancing at her with admiration—Monsieur the Prince humbly holding her flowers—Mr. Durant still watching her from the doorway—Mr. Durant's name written, too many times to count, upon her card! Could happiness like this be repeated often, and was—sudden as light flashed this thought upon her—was the feeling she had toward Mr. Durant, or the Prince, anything resembling love? If so, love was a very charming thing. If this fairy-scene of light and flowers; these attentive, handsome partners, in their primrose gloves and silk-faced coats; if this new, intoxicating sense of her own beauty were all, indeed, the inauguration of the great romance of life, how much better that romance was than she had imagined! Ivanhoe at the feet of Rowena, Clive Newcome claiming Ethel at last, were situations that had hitherto touched her deeply. But how pale and prosaic were they compared with this! She was certain Rowena never felt to Ivanhoe as she did to Mr. Durant—no, the Prince—Mr. Durant—which in the world was it? Ethel Newcome's love was very well in its way, but Ethel Newcome went through dull, long years, away from Clive, and gave up the world, and took to school-teaching and district-visiting—while she—she would never give up the world or take to anything but balls, and pleasure, and beautiful dresses. She would marry one of her slaves, the Prince probably—and have a white silk and diamonds, and a pink silk and pearls, and she would give three balls a week, and go out to three, and let poor Mr. Durant be the first on her list of partners sometimes, and—

"Mademoiselle, will you accord me a dance?" said little Monsieur Gounod, obsequiously, at her elbow, just as the Prince was putting down her plate. "Mademoiselle has been so surrounded, I could not approach her sooner."

Dancing with Monsieur Gounod was rather a descent from being a princess, and entertaining in silks and diamonds three times a week; but remembering that there might be future Morteville balls without princes, and without Mr. Durant, Archie graciously gave him a dance very low down on her card (she smiled at the notion of Monsieur Adolphe Gounod's petitioning her for dances, and her condescending to give him one); and then Monsieur the Prince handed her back, through the discomfited, neglected host of O'Rourke and Maloney, to Bettina's side.

That enchanting evening waned at last; alike for Archie as for the plainest, most unnoticed woman there, or for poor Bettina—every gore in every dress in the room exhausted—asleep in her chair. Miss Lovell had danced her four dances with the Prince, and knew now that she would never marry him; also that his well-cut coat, and perfect gloves, and high-bred manner, were his greatest charms. And she had danced with other young and well-looking partners, and knew that she cared for none of them as she did for Mr. Durant. How much was it that she cared for him? She asked herself this quite late in the evening, as they stood together, her hand resting on his arm, and a sudden, odd, choked feeling in her throat was her answer. She liked him for certain, more than she had ever liked any man, save one; and that was years ago—a child's liking merely. Liked him, as in this wandering, vagabond life of theirs, it was scarcely possible she would like any one again. With a sudden revulsion of feeling she felt that she hated all foreigners, princes included; hated artists; hated the men her lot would and must lie among. What she should like would be an English home among English people; the world that was Gerald's world; the country that was his country. Was this love, or approaching love? She knew not. But Gerald knew there was a softer look than he had ever seen in her blue eyes; a tremble in her voice whenever she spoke of the coming day—nay the day that had already come and must divide them.

"Let us leave off dancing now," he whispered to her. "We will return and have the last dance of all together; but let us rest a little now. There are people walking outside on the terrace; and the moon makes it as light as day. Let us go too."

They went out together on the broad gravel promenade, a plateau that divides the Etablissement at Morteville from the shore, and walked at once to the end furthest from the ball-room. It was high tide; and the calm glassy sea broke in monotonous cadence on the sands. In the extreme west the yellow waning moon lay close to the horizon; the sky was white with stars above their heads.

"What a glorious sky!" cried Archie; and, all involuntarily, her hand rested heavier on his arm. "Mr. Durant, when you are in London, I wonder whether you will look back, and think of to-night?"

From any woman but Archie the speech would have been a leading one; and Gerald forgot that it was Archie who spoke, and in a second had carried her little gloved hand to his lips. "I shall never forget to-night, Miss Wilson—never while I live. As to my return to England," he added, tenderly, "there is no occasion for me to go there at all, unless you bid me do so."

She caught her hand away from him; her heart beat violently; a scorching blush rose into her face. A minute ago she liked Gerald so that she could have cried to say good-by to him; now she very nearly hated him. What right had he to kiss her hand—her hand that no man's lips but her father's had ever touched! What right had he to bend his head down so close to her? "I—I don't know what you mean, Mr. Durant. How can it depend upon me whether you go or stay?" And as she spoke she took off her glove—the glove Gerald had kissed—and laid it down upon the little stone wall that formed the boundary of the terrace.

At this moment she might have been an excuse for any folly, any madness—with the moonlight turning her mass of waving hair to bronze, and whitening into snow the soft outline of her girlish throat and arms. A wild desire came upon Gerald to snatch her to his breast, then and there to give up Lucia, and content himself, beggared, for the rest of his life with being the master and ruler of that face and of those blue eyes that were gleaming at him with so very little of subjection in their expression now."

"I have offended you," he exclaimed, quickly. "Miss Wilson, tell me at least that I have not offended you hopelessly?"

"Offended! No, Mr. Durant; that is not the word." But she kept well away from him as she answered. "You have only surprised me. If it had been that Russian Prince or Monsieur Gounod, I should have cared less. All foreigners make ridiculous speeches, I believe, and kiss ladies' hands, and perform such antics. But you—an Englishman! No; I did not expect it."

"Antics? A man carried away by an impulse too strong for him kisses a hand—a gloved hand!—like yours; and you call his impulse an antic?"

"I do," with a burst of sudden passion, "unless—unless, of course, he cares about her!" her voice changing as Gerald had once before heard it change, when it approached the subject of love.

"And if he did care for her?"

Ah! I know nothing about that. I mean—I mean——" and then she turned her face quite away from him, and was silent.

Gerald was at her side in a moment. "Archie," he cried, "I do care for you! I would give my life for you! Will you accept it?"

He stood for a minute, not trying even to take her hand again. Then Archie turned. Mr. Durant could see her face full in the moonlight, and he knew that it looked less like a child's face than it had ever looked before. Her eyes were downcast; a little nervous tremble was about her lips.

"Mr. Durant, how am I to take this?" she asked.

A dozen Belgravian mothers in conclave could not have decided upon a better question than this, which Archie's untutored instinct taught her.

"To—to take it!" repeated Gerald, but not without hesitation. "Miss Wilson—Archie—can there be any way but one in which to interpret my admiration—my devotion?"

Admiration, devotion, fine words, but they fell with a blank sound on Archie Lovell's ear. She was very young, she was thoroughly unhackneyed; but every warm affection, every strong, honest, natural feeling lay dormant in that childish heart. Gerald's kiss shocked her by its abruptness, and for a moment she had felt outraged, frightened; then, when he pleaded with her, when he said tenderly, "I do care for you; I would give my life for you," her heart seemed all at once to stir with a violent pulsation, and she had stood irresolute (that was when he watched her lips tremble), simply waiting with a

sort of fear for his next words, and for whatever new emotion should master her.

"How am I to take this?" she asked mechanically, as she waited thus; and then Mr. Durant broke forth about admiration and devotion, and for him Archie Lovell's heart never beat as it had beat in that one loud stroke again. By a hair's breadth only had she escaped loving him. But she had escaped it. The first false ring of his voice, the first stereotyped words of flattery, had saved her; and she was unconscious, both now and hereafter, what danger this was she had run.

"I interpret your admiration and devotion thus, Mr. Durant. Here, in Morteville, an uncivilized sort of girl, called Archie Wilson, has made your time pass pleasantly to you. I know very well I have done that; and when you get back to England you will think of her—well, kindly always, I hope; but with about as much pain as Archie will think of you. *Voilà!* Let us be friends. You wanted to see how much my head was really turned by all it has had put in it to-night. Have you a cigar? You may smoke it if you have." And with a little spring she perched herself on the wall, in the careless attitude in which Gerald had seen her on the day of their first meeting.

"And your glove, Miss Wilson? Is it to remain here? You don't want to touch it again, I suppose."

"I don't want to put it on," said Archie, carelessly. "I can dance the last waltz very well without it, can't I?"

"Oh, quite well," said Gerald, bitterly; "or, if you choose, the dance can be given up. Anything rather than that you should be reminded of my folly." And he took up the glove (warm still, and bearing the print of her little hand) and tossed it into the next wave that broke upon the sand. He, Gerald Durant, the courteous, the *débonnaire*, had actually lost his temper, for almost the only time in his life, with a woman.

The first thought that crossed Archie's mind was regret for the glove. Bettina had given four francs the pair for them, saying that if you got the best they would wear for two balls at least, and clean afterward. She had meant to be cold, dignified, when she took the glove off and laid it down, to purify it as it were from Mr. Durant's kiss; but she had never meant ultimately to abandon a piece of property worth two francs. This was how the ball she had enjoyed so intensely was to end! She and Gerald were fast becoming enemies. She could hear the notes of the last waltz already, and instead of dancing it, they were quarrelling here; and then, as a pleasant finish to it all, she would have to drive home and be scolded by Bettina for having lost her glove.

"And so you don't even care to dance with me again?" she said, after a minute, and turning her face to Gerald. She was too proud directly to allude to the loss of her glove. "So much for your devotion, Mr. Durant; it has not lasted long."

"You have rejected me, Miss Wilson."

"I rejected your fine speeches, not you. You know it."

He did; he knew that they had only been fine speeches; that he had meant to flirt desperately with poor little Archie; not to marry her; and that her delicate woman's instinct, not any worldly knowledge whatever, had made her value his declaration at its exact worth. Could he be angry with her long? Was she not, in truth, too good to be trifled with? Should he mar the remembrance of their brief acquaintance by parting from her in bit-

terness? And did not the tears that glistened in the poor child's eyes even now tell him that at her heart, and in her simple way, she cared for him still?

"In spite of your cruelty to me, I shall always feel the same toward you, Miss Wilson. You may be very sure of that."

"And we will dance the last dance together, then, after all?"

"Of course we will, if you will only forgive me first. I shall be too utterly miserable, Archie, unless you forgive me!"

She not only forgave him, but held her hand to him in token of forgiveness; and then they returned slowly along the terrace to the ball-room. Just as they got to the entrance-door, Miss Lovell drew back, and hesitated. "It looks strange, does it not, to dance with only one glove on? How would it be, do you think, to take off the other, too? Better, eh?"

"Yes, certainly better," said Gerald, "and as it will be quite useless to you, you may make it a present to me. I shall like to have something that was worn by you to-night."

She took off her glove, touched in her inmost heart by his wish to possess it, and gave it him without a word. Gerald folded it reverently, put it in his breast-pocket (he has that little faded glove still: the only love relic kept from his youth) and then they went into the ball-room. It was almost cleared now, the band was playing the "Faust Waltzes" deliciously—the bright moonlight, streaming in through the open doors and windows, made the lamps pale as though it had been broad day.

"It was too good to last," said Gerald, as the last notes died away, and while Archie's hand still rested on his shoulder. "For the first time in my life, I have found a ball too short."

"And I, too," said Archie, "I think I should have liked that waltz to last for ever—except for Bettina."

On their way home, Bettina made inquiries as to her satin shoes.

"In ribbons," answered Archie, laconically, and holding up a tiny ragged foot for her stepmother's inspection. "So much for Monsieur Joubert and his fifteen francs."

"And your gloves?"

"Lost."

"Archie—lost!"

"One of them fell in the sea, and one of my partners has the other. Oh, Bettina, don't scold," she cried, as Mrs. Lovell was about to exclaim. "Better one ball like this, and my shoes in rags, and my gloves gone, than fifty stupid ones, and all my clothes in correct order. It was a heavenly ball, Bettina."

"It has been a very expensive one," said Mrs. Lovell, reckoning up on her fingers; "fifteen francs the shoes; four the gloves; three the carriage—twenty-two francs, not counting the dress and wreath, which, of course, will come in again. It's no good talking of expense, certainly, now that the folly has been committed; but there's one thing, Archie, I must say to you to-night, sleepy though I am."

"What is it?" cried the girl, turning hot and then cold in a minute, and not knowing which of her own shortcomings was to be brought to light.

"Well, Archie, it isn't perhaps a moral delinquency; but after reposing confidence for eighteen months in a young woman, to find out that she is an impostor is not pleasant. Annette has told me a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end. Fourteen yards of silk would make as handsome a dress as any in that room—and the Sous-prefet's wife had ten gores in her skirt. I said so from the first."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE PIER.

WHEN Archie woke the next morning it seemed to her that she had aged by twenty years since yesterday. She had been a child then—she was a woman now; had worn a ball-dress and white satin shoes; and danced with a prince, and with Mr. Durant, and had had Monsieur Gounod, and a dozen other little Frenchmen, at her feet. Was she better for the change? For the first five minutes of waking, certainly not. There was a heavy weight above her eyes, and her mouth felt parched, and a listless, weary sensation in all her frame, for the first time in her life, made her disinclined to move. She lay quiet for a few minutes, thinking over every detail of the ball—wondering a little, too, whether she was so very much happier for having gone to it, then suddenly recollected that she must get up and dress at once if she wished to be in time to see her father, who was going off with Bettina to Amiens by the eleven o'clock train. And half an hour later, fresh from her cold bath, and with her wet hair hanging over her shoulders, and her linen frock and sailor's hat on, Archie, running from room to room, singing and laughing, and calling to Jeanneton for a "tartine" to eat by way of breakfast on her road to the station, was Archie again.

The Lovell's visit to Amiens had been planned for some weeks past. Mr. Lovell, wanting to attend a sale of *bric-à-brac* that was to take place on this and the following day, and poor Bettina, for very economy's sake, determining to attend him. To prevent his bidding hundreds of francs for things that looked to her like rubbish was beyond her power; indeed, experience had taught her recently that these were the solitary transactions in life wherein Mr. Lovell did not fail, several of his later purchases of the kind having fetched double and treble their cost afterward in Paris. But she could keep him straight in his domestic expenses. Without her he would go to the dearest hotel in the place (this morning's post had unfortunately brought him a quarter's remittance), ask any horrible Jew, or artist, or creature who took his fancy at the sale, back to dinner, and regale him with as much chablis or champagne as he chose to swallow. With her, he would be conducted to the mildly hospitable and rigidly dull roof of a certain Madame Bonnechose, wife of the Protestant pastor of Amiens, to whom Mrs. Lovell had once shown attention at Morteville. And poor Mr. Lovell, as biddable and sweet-tempered as a child in anything that merely involved his own personal discomfort, had meekly succumbed to the arrangement.

"But I wish you were coming too, Archie," he said to his daughter, as she was standing on the platform waiting to see the train bear them out of the Morteville station. "Mr. and Mrs. Bonnechose are admirable people, Bettina says, but I should enjoy their society much more if you were with me. Take care of yourself without us, little one."

"And look after Jeanneton," cried Bettina, putting her head out of the window after the train had moved. "Mind about the keys—and be sure to lock up everything by eight, and, Archie, if she wants to go out—" But here her voice was lost in a prolonged and deafening shriek from the engine, and Archie could only nod and look ferociously determined, and otherwise express by pantomime, her determination to keep jealous watch and ward over Jeanneton till Bettina's return.

She strolled back to the Rue d'Artois, thinking how slowly the time would pass till two o'clock, when she had promised—no, when she had told—Mr. Durant she might possibly be walking on the pier just at the time the steamer he was going by should start. For she had confided to him all about the old people's Amiens expedition, and Gerald, instead of crossing to Folkestone by the mail, had at once decided on waiting for an excursion-boat that was to go direct from Morteville to London that afternoon. When she got into the house, the first thing she saw was Jeanneton clearing away the breakfast things, and crying in a showy theatrical manner, as French servants do cry when they intend that you should notice their grief. Miss Lovell laughed aloud at once. Jeanneton's sorrows were well known to the household; they all arose from the ill-conduct of a certain Pierre, real or fabulous, with whom this young woman asserted herself to be sentimentally in love.

"What have you the matter with you now, Jeanneton? What new perfidy has Pierre been committing?"

"Ah, mademoiselle," wiping her eyes unceremoniously on the breakfast-cloth, "it's very well for mademoiselle to laugh. Mademoiselle has her balls, and her toilets, and her pleasures for herself, while a poor girl like me—and it would have made no difference to madame; and to-day is his fête, and only two leagues from Morteville, and the tante is as active as a sparrow, and clean, but of a cleanness!"

Which, being interpreted, signified that Jeanneton had wanted four-and-twenty hours of leave to attend her lover's fête in her native village; that she had an aunt, active as a sparrow, willing to come and take her place in the kitchen, and that Bettina had thrown cold water on the whole scheme. As she wept and argued, and grew eloquent about "Pierre," Archie really began to believe in his existence, and to think that Bettina had been cruel. What harm would there be in letting the girl go? "If you would be sure to be back before papa and madame, Jeanneton, I don't see why you mightn't go. There's food enough in the larder for me till to-morrow, I suppose."

"Ah, and if there is not the tante would go to market," Jeanneton broke forth; "the tante would get mademoiselle a delicious chicken, the tante—"

"Shall do nothing at all for me, Jeanneton, you may be sure," interrupted Archie, imperatively. "You may go if you choose, but I'll have no horrible old tantes, chattering till I'm wild, and breaking every cup and saucer we possess. And whatever you do, make up your mind about it quickly," she added. "I'm going for a walk myself at two o'clock, and if you choose to go I can take the door-key in my pocket."

Jeanneton made a feeble show of regret at leaving her young mistress all night alone; then consoled herself with the remembrance that the porter's wife was close at hand, and could be called whenever mademoiselle wished; and finally, half an hour later walked off out of the house, in the very highest spirits, and in her holiday clothes. The pretty Morteville cap jauntily set on her smooth jet hair, a pair of silver rings, nearly as large as fine ladies wear them now in London, in her ears, a crucifix on her throat, and her prayer-book neatly folded in a check handkerchief in her hand. Not that she was going to attend the offices, but because a prayer-book was her insignia of full dress, without which she would have been no more complete than a young lady, even on days when there is neither rain nor sun, without her white parasol.

It was a quarter to one now; the excursion-steamer was advertised to leave the Morteville Roads at two; and Miss Lovell thought that, if she walked

slowly, she would not be much too early if she got ready at once. How should she dress? She did not like to put on her very best things to walk about alone in. Her enemies would say that dancing with a prince had turned her head outright, if she put on her best black silk merely to walk down to the pier. Still, she would like Gerald to see her looking her best—her very best—before he returned to England and to Lucia! She looked over her wardrobe with a melancholy sense of its deficiencies, such as she had never felt before. The black silk—that was too good; a gingham or two, very much washed, and very short in the skirt; and one checked muslin, hopelessly dirty and tumbled: this was all. Her two white piqués the best frocks she possessed, she had worn, with reckless extravagance, during the past happy, prodigal week, and they were both at the wash. And Gerald had said he always liked best to see her in white. As she remembered this, a sudden bold inspiration came across Miss Lovell's brain. She would wear the muslin skirt that had served as a slip to her ball-dress the night before. The audacity of the project almost daunted her at first. Bettina had declared that slip to be fine enough for a dress; that it would wear clean for four more balls at least; and here was she going to put it on—clear Swiss muslin by daylight—and drag it through the dust and defilement of the Morteville streets. Dire necessities demand stringent measures. Archie vacillated and trembled before she could bring herself to commit the desperate act; once even took down the dirty checked muslin and half put it over her head; then the thought of how she would look in that other skirt—fresh, white, long—a regular grown-up woman's dress—overcame her again. Should Mr. Durant take away a last impression of Archie the tawny-haired child, the little model—the gipsy; or of Archie as he had danced with her at the ball—a young lady in fair white muslin, “dressed like other people?”

The magic of those four fatal words (which annually, statisticians tell us, are the ruin of thousands of people in all ranks) was too potent for Archie to withstand. She succumbed to the strongest temptation her life as yet had known; put on the white skirt; a high white jacket to match; a little white scarf on her shoulders; her sailor's hat, with a blue veil, the color of her eyes, twisted round it; and a pair of lemon-colored gloves which Bettina had cleaned up a day or two before, vainly hoping they might be fresh enough to wear at the ball. When she was dressed she ran into the salon, and stood up on a chair to see herself in the great glass. What a pretty girl she was! How well white muslin suited her clear dark skin by daylight! How she hoped every Englishwoman in the place would meet her on the way to the pier! Would anything improve her appearance still? Yes, certainly; Bettina's best French gray parasol (a gift from dear Madame Bonnechose, who had it from her mamma in Paris, and thought it too worldly for her own use); and a flower, to make a spot of color, in her waist belt. The first dereliction from the narrow path seemed to have made any further enormity perfectly easy to Archie. She walked off to Bettina's room, coolly abstracted the parasol from its silver-paper wrappings; then out into the garden, where she picked the last bright-red *Geant des Batailles* that remained; the standard rose-trees being the special property of the old Countess D'Eu on the second floor, and ever regarded, till this hour, with fear and trembling, by all the other inmates of the house. Then, having collected her spoils, she went back to the salon, perched herself on a chair to arrange the rose, and to pronounce herself a pretty girl again; and two minutes later started forth, putting the door-key of the apartment in her pocket, for her walk.

The Maloney was watching her, cat-like, from behind her curtain, and Archie looked up and nodded at the wizened face with her sweetest smile; and a little further down the street she met Mrs. O'Rourke, suffering visibly from the heat, and nodded to her likewise with perfectly good temper (with that muslin dress on she could have forgiven all her enemies at once); and coming near the pier, she saw the Prince, and tried to throw down her eyelids demurely—as she had watched the great Paris ladies do—when he saluted her; and then, twenty yards further, Gerald Durant met her. He had been waiting for her for an hour, he said; and his eyes told Miss Lovell pretty plainly what he thought of her looks, now that she had come.

They walked to the end of the pier, and Archie felt very melancholy at the sight of the excursion-boat, which, with steam up, was moored at some distance out in the Roads.

"You will start soon, Mr. Durant. The people are already beginning to go off in boats."

Gerald took out his watch. "I shall go in a quarter of an hour—that is, if the vessel starts at the time advertised. I see my servant has taken the luggage off already. He is determined that I shall not change my mind this time, Miss Wilson."

"There is not much temptation to make you change it," cried Archie, trying to speak gaily. "The heat and dust, and crowds of excursionists and porters, are not likely to give you a favorable last impression of Morteville." For they were trying to talk polite common-places, as people who like each other invariably do on the eve of separation.

"And you will have to walk back alone through it all," said Gerald. "Miss Wilson, let me see you back, at least to the other end of the pier. I shall have quite time enough to do that."

"No, thank you; I prefer being here. I like seeing the people go off in the boats, and—and I mean to stop and see the very last of the steamer," added Archie, with sudden sincerity.

At that moment a boat pulled round under the pier head, across which they were leaning, and the boatman stood up, his scarlet cap in his hand, and asked Gerald, in such English as the Morteville boatmen use, if he was going to the steamer. It was a clean, trim little boat, unlike most of the luggage-boats used for carrying passengers to the steamers; and Archie looked down at it with wistful eyes.

"What a nice boat, Mr. Durant! You had better engage it at once to take you on board."

"There is plenty of time still, unless you wish to get rid of me," Gerald answered, his eyes fixed upon her face.

"But you could row about a little first. I am sure it would be a great deal pleasanter than waiting here in the sun."

In after days, Gerald often soothed his conscience with the recollection of this remark of Archie's. But for it—but for the childish whim that prompted it—he had never brought deeper pain than that of saying "Good-by" to him into her life. He would no more have thought of asking her to accompany him to the steamer, than of asking her to accompany him to England. But all through Gerald Durant's life, as through the lives of all weak men, there seemed to run a mysterious chain of accident that bound him, whether he willed or no, to the commission of every sort of foolish and unfortunate action. A fresh link in the chain had been supplied by Archie's last words;

and in a minute Gerald turned the new temptation to the very best account, as he always did.

"It really would be much pleasanter. The sea is like glass, and I dare say the air is cool outside the harbor. You never go out in a small boat like this, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, I do, very often," said the girl, promptly. "I row about often with papa; row with my hands, you understand; perhaps that is what makes them so brown."

"But you would not care to go now? You would not go without your papa? You would be afraid?"

"Afraid! What of? Being drowned?"

"Oh no, Miss Wilson, of—of—" Gerald's eyes fell; he did not like to say, "of what people might think of you if you went."

"Of hurting my dress, do you mean? Good gracious, no! I should enjoy it of all things, and if you didn't mind I should like just to run up into the steamer for a moment. I never was in a steamer but once, from Livorno to Civit  Vecchia, and that's so long ago I scarcely recollect it now."

In another minute the boat was hailed, and Miss Lovell, in high glee, ran down the slippery, weed-grown steps at the end of the pier, took the boatman's sun-burnt hand, jumped into the boat, Mr. Durant following; and then—then she found herself out alone with him on the transparent glassy sea, with Morteville, like a place in a dream, lying behind her!

WITH A VOLUME OF OLD SONNETS.

HAD we been living in the antique days,
 With him whose young but cunning fingers penned
 These sugared sonnets to his strange-sweet friend,
 I dare be sworn we would have won the bays.
 Why not? We could have twined in amorous phrase
 Sonnets like these, where love and friendship blend.
 (Or were they writ for some more private end?)
 And this, we see, remembered is with praise.
 Yes, there's a luck in most things, and in none
 More than in being born at the right time,
 It boots not what the labor to be done,
 Or feats of arms, or arts, or building rhyme.
 Not that the heavens the little can make great,
 But many a man has lived an age too late!

R. H. STODDARD.

ABOUT THE LITERARY SPIRIT.

HOW far the sense of conventional propriety is destructive to the vitality and the charm of the literature of a people, is not often considered by the eminently proper gentlemen who sit in editorial chairs and shape the minds of publishers. And yet the most attractive literature to-day, as in all times, has the zest of forbidden things, and outrages the prejudices of highly respectable persons. The wittiest man of letters since Voltaire was the most indifferent to decorum.

When the current literature has become conventional, and does not rise above the average public sentiment, it is not the work of the best genius or the most vital men of the time, and it is meagre and ineffective. To-day, in this country, men of letters are under the rule of conventionality. One book resembles another, or fails to reach positive or definite conclusions through deference to a dominant sentiment. American writers are dainty, respectable, weak, or outrageous and aggressive, but without any artistic charm. Those most honored, conduct us always to the same smooth, flowery bank; to the same happy valley of goodness and repression, where idlers can spend every day sinless, because every day lifeless, and where they make little posies of all the little blooms that so properly, and in their season, adorn the sod. They know nothing of the terrible wilds and solitudes of thought, of the fire-scorched realms of passion. They do not venture in darkness, search unknown seas, or expose themselves to "blasts from hell or airs from heaven." They pick flowers, they make nosegays, they offer dainty repasts for delicate readers. They seem to think that life is a one-sided picture, to be looked at always from one place and in one light. Hence we have Monotony, with Weariness holding his interminable train, and we are exasperated by the decent debility of a literature without variety and without strength. Utter stagnation would follow, but for English and French writers, whose works are accessible to our people.

We want *abandon* and caprice to characterize the writers that wish to please us; we want audacity and moral strength to characterize those that wish to move us. The creative instinct is wilful, and it does not think even of propriety. It is regnant, and it cares only to fecund another mind with its own irresistible vigor. The daring to express life; the artistic sense of the beautiful to protect us from the defilements of reality, and keep us from ignoble subjects; the independence which comes from moral strength—these are what contributors to the current magazines and papers lack.

American writers do not seem to have the æsthetic sense, and the idea of literature vitalized by anything but knowledge has no place in their philosophy. The absence of any great moving personality, and the subordination of the art of the writer to the desire of communicating knowledge or illustrating science, is most significant. Our writers think they must preach or instruct, and they enact the rôle of the pedagogue or of the exhorter.

The greatest literature, or rather the epochs which produced the noblest literature, did not concede so much to knowledge, or the mere knowing faculty as we do. The highest literature does not depend on knowledge; it depends on the quality of the mind, the temperament, and the fulness and depth of a writer's nature. But in this country, at this stage of our development, we are so unartistic, so unæsthetic, so mechanical, and we employ our mind so much with external facts, and the idea of education or knowledge is so much in the ascendant, that, like students and school-teachers, we cannot appreciate, and we have not the instinct to feel, the conditions necessary to the development of the literary spirit.

Great writers do not aim to instruct us; they strive to move us. We are inert, we are indifferent to the beauty of familiar things, everything is commonplace and matter-of-fact to us; but great writers come to brighten the dull face of an old truth and refresh us with the beauty that custom has made stale to us.

We must understand literature to be something more than a record of the acquired knowledge of men; we must understand literature as a great moving influence, as a means not merely to give pleasure, but to express the emotions that make men to differ from each other, and also the emotions that fuse them into the unity of a glowing and molten life. Men may write a book to show their condition or their science, but such works, properly speaking, no more come under the title of literary art than a reporter's account of a trial, or a battle, comes under the title of æsthetics. Books which are designed to communicate knowledge take a place in literature as literature, only when they have the spirit and the form so attractive that they may be said to have a value independent of the facts which they make known.

The literary spirit, like the artistic spirit, differs essentially from the scientific, the mechanical, the commercial and the moral spirit. We have men of business who write; we have men of science who write; but few of these men possess the literary spirit. In this country the literary spirit is subordinated to the scientific, or mercantile, or moral spirit, and it is deprived of its full, free play, without which it is a graceless, sickly, poor thing. The literary spirit is flexible; the scientific spirit is not flexible. A writer with the literary spirit lends his whole faculty of expression to every mood and caprice, to every thought and fancy of his mind, and from its very facility arises its charm. But the mercantile spirit, and the moral spirit, and the scientific spirit are fixed, unpliant; and when a writer is animated by either he uses words as a drill-sergeant uses men; he employs thoughts as a mill-owner employs "hands." But the literary spirit loves words, and, like Keats, has a passion for fine phrases; it toys with words, it welcomes moods, it entertains ideas; it understands language to be related to the vital spirit of literature as the body is related to the soul; and to enjoy that body, to see it in action admirable, in form perfect, in texture exquisite, in color delightful, is the joy and purpose of its life.

The literary form is not a garment to be thrown on a subject; it is a growth determined by the subject, and it adapts itself to every variation, to every dimple, to every elevation, to every fluctuation of the life of the subject. Yet how many think of it as of a coat which may be borrowed, or as of second-hand clothes which may be bought! And how much of our current literature is loose in its form, or common, and not entitled to be spoken of as literary art.

The genius of American life is not friendly to the literary spirit, and there-

fore the slow growth of that spirit. To-day our men of average culture exact a conventional correctness, and they forbid a free use of language. They stupidly depreciate Victor Hugo; they talk like grammarians over the poetry of Robert Browning; they are offended by the nomenclature of Carlyle, and obtuse to the force and felicity of that of our own Henry James. They praise J. Stuart Mill because he is a friend of representative government and writes a dry, colorless style; they praise Herbert Spencer, because he is direct and interesting, and makes each of his readers think that they have solved the riddle of the universe, and that they know more than they did before they were introduced to "first principles."

The writer who has anything to meet the grasp of the American accumulative faculty will be admired and praised; the writer who depends on the American's power of assimilation will address a more limited public; for, according to the nature of things, we can acquire more than we can assimilate, and we can assimilate only that which is adapted to our system. The best of the literature in which the æsthetic spirit is dominant cannot be assimilated by so crude a literary and artistic nature as that of the American people; it is foreign to our taste, and we reject it. The American mind is not mellow enough to receive the impression of beautiful things; it is determined, active, grasping; it displays the energy of will, and it appropriates as the Romans appropriated, but as yet, like them, it is impotent to create beautiful things. In war and in business, that is to say, in action and in organization, it is irresistible and great; in letters it is monotonous, reflective, enslaved.

The word of to-day, therefore, among our writers, should be *emancipation*—emancipation of the literary spirit. Our men of letters should nourish themselves on all the succulent and opulent things of life. Let us destroy this slavery of the faculties of the literary mind; let us make room for its fullest and most impulsive life. Must it always address us from the pulpit or the desk? and is it not time that its multiform life should have a multiform expression? Conventionality, like a gaunt old maid stalking through reviews and magazines, should be kept on a low diet and silenced, or starved out of our literature; and hilarious life, and the *abandon* of a nature that can always recover its equilibrium, should blow its breezy note and give its grace to our current publications. Not otherwise shall we get rid of giant Monotony.

The truth is, Monotony is of such ancient parentage, and has always been in such respectable company, that he is treated with more indulgence than any other enemy of the literary spirit. He is firmly placed in the most ancient religious creeds of the world, in the laws and in the state papers of every people. He often sits in the place of gravity on the bench of the judge, and is mistaken for the dignity of state, or the cares of office. He is the unblinking despot of modern life, and drives people into despair and to suicide. Men of letters, frantic to escape him, have lost themselves in the wild disorders of exaggeration and extravagance. Richter in Germany, Victor Hugo in France, and Carlyle in England, have escaped him. Heine escaped him with the help of Caprice, but the others had to enlist the more giant-like figure of Extravagance. The only two creative minds in this country that escaped him were those of Hawthorne and Poe. Of critical or analytical writers, Emerson, Lowell and Holmes are the foremost that have avoided him, and these writers have not been studious to please, but they have labored to arouse, if not to startle, the American public.

But for the sinners of the world we should suffer from giant Monotony.

And Monotony first secures a place near us by the gentle and inoffensive ministrations of his sister, Conventionality. Monotony is always ready to lay his heavy hand on the flowers of fancy to blight them, on the children of imagination to destroy them. He is always prosaic, sometimes he is rhetorical, but he is never eloquent nor enthusiastic. He tires us so much and often that we welcome the sinners of the world; and those that breach the walls of decorum we hail as heroes.

To push our examination far enough to discover how much the literary spirit is indebted to, and dependent on, sinners, might confuse the ethical spirit too much for the serenity of an æsthetical subject; and would force us to shape an entirely novel defence for the way of transgressors; one certainly that has not been presented by the advocates that have won the gratitude of great criminals.

We need sinners, we cannot do without them; and they have always been treated with indulgence by men of genius. The most powerful writers are most indebted to them, and we may say, to writers only is the way of transgressors easy. Hawthorne tried to make a saint interesting, and the poor, pale Hilda of the Romance of Monte Beni, is less than Miriam, the suffering, persecuted sinner. And is not Charlotte Brontë's volcanic Rochester a better type of manhood than the icy and stainless St. John of the most vital and agitating story called *Jane Eyre*?

Men of letters, painters and poets, cannot exercise their talents without sinners. What is Thackeray without Becky Sharp, or Dickens without Pecksniff and a dozen individualities with their idiosyncrasies of manners and of wickedness? And the masters of Italian painting! And the Greek drama with its terrible situations, its shocking, fate-impelled, crime-stained men and women! And can you separate Goethe's literary form from his subjects—the good-natured weakness of Wilhelm Meister, the frailty, gayety, and untroubled conscience of Philina, the mockery of Mephistopheles?

The truth is, good people and saints are not very interesting; and artists, literary and pictorial, have devoted their best talents to sinners. The so-called good people of the world have not been much valued by those who entertain us and move us. The lives of saints fill but a small place in literature. It is the thoughts and actions of sinners that make the history, poetry and biography that delight us. Virtue lends itself best to the art of the sculptor. The purity of marble and the fixedness of bronze embody the great, the excellent, and the heroic. The simplicity of great actions and of virtue are not seductive but impressive, and the statuary best apprehends it. But when we go to the more flexible and varied art of the man of letters and of the painter, we discover license, and the questionable charm of forbidden things. All the great men of letters of the world may be cited in proof of our remark; all the great figure painters likewise. But when we enter the pantheon of the sculptor we behold virtue, simplicity, perfection, and harmony, and we are addressed by that which is unknown to the common and vulgar. Sinners belong to life, and to that art which is the next thing to life; and letters and painting are closer to reality than is the art of the sculptor. We have, therefore, a literature and an art expressive of the sin and folly of the world.

But to-day, in this country, we are under the rule of conventionality, and we are threatened with the weariness of monotony by our writers. The strong and virile talents do not go to letters. If an American poet dares to think more

of art than of the moral teaching of a tract he is rebuked by some delicate soul; and "Anonyma," treated with "a kind of Addisonian humor almost, and an air of fie, fie! oh, for shame" feeling by the London Times, with the heartlessness of the prince of *persifleurs* by W. H. H., in the Round Table, and with the frankness of an artist by E. C. Stedman; is consigned to flames and fury by the censors that have the care of virtue. Do they forget the daring utterance of Emerson, the philosopher—"There are moments when we rise above virtue?"

Whoever has studied what is called the physiology of literature cannot fail to see that the illegitimate children are the most vigorous, and therefore engage the attention of the world. The masculine writers of the richest epochs of English literature were not so hesitating and squeamish as the gentlemen who write for the polite classes in this country. We tolerate sickly sinners and morbid lives, and we think we are better because we do not suffer our men of letters to tell us the truth about our own social life.

In Heine, for example, we have the truest expression of the literary spirit, that spirit which, unfettered, audacious, mobile like a flame, wanton like the wind over flowers in June, rapid as an arrow, demands perfect liberty as the only condition of fullness of life. How far from Heine is our best and most ardent man of letters!

We have politicians that affront the average sentiment of the public; we have clergymen that outrage orthodox minds; we have poets that shock public taste; we have moralists that appal moral people; but we have not men of letters with the literary spirit that dare make literature the expression of an abundant and varied life. If they have reacted against formality and hypocrisy like Walt Whitman, like him, also, they are devoid of the literary spirit; if they have the literary spirit they strike their roots too deep into the past, like Hawthorne, and they leave untouched the social facts about them.

To examine this subject thoroughly might force us to conclusions somewhat unpleasant to writers well known, and we might detract from works that have been useful to a public avid for knowledge or caring only to be amused. But is it not time that we understand literature to be something more than the work of a school teacher, or the trifling of an amiable essayist? There is in the soul a passion for liberty, and we honor that mind most which dares most. Let every note of the scale be touched with a firm or a light hand, but assure us that every note is touched. At the best, the means of expression are inadequate, and even the unfettered and unhesitating masters feel that the domain of art does not cover the whole of human sensation. As George Sand, the most perfect type of the artistic spirit in modern literature, writes: "Enthusiasm, reverie, passion, sorrow, have no sufficient expression, whatever be the art, whoever is the artist. . . . Do all I can, I am unfortunate enough to find nothing in words and in sounds of what there is in the sunshine or in the murmuring of the breeze."

This feeling that the means of expression are limited makes yet more disastrous the fear to use with a free hand the means that are at our command.

We long for some creative, revolutionary genius, to emancipate American men of letters; for American men of letters dread expansiveness of feeling in style; they are servile in taste, they are timid in the handling of vital social facts, and our serious writers have not originated any new literary form. The best they have yet done is to give a perfect example of the traits

and qualities most admired by scholars. Do they forget that a literature which takes its note from academies or schools; that is to say, from the average culture of a time, cannot attain the first rank. The masters who have enriched, and developed the resources of their language, preceded the organization of academies, the rules of the grammarians, and the makers of dictionaries.

We must go back to a simpler idea of letters, and we must not think so much of conformity as newspaper readers exact, and as our reverence for majorities induces us to respect. In letters, conformity and the rule of the majority are destructive to the best that literature is meant to give us. In literature we look for the advancement of the individual, and we want the sweetness and the flavor, or the force and the passion, of the personal life. We want Poe's intense love of the beautiful, and his morbid sense of the terrible in little things; we want Emerson's thought; we want Hawthorne's constant and peculiar preoccupation with the idea of sin and the idea of concealment. What do we care for the common or general sentiment of men about these things? It is the relation of the individual to what is common to all men which we want literature to reveal; and the moment we cannot touch the personal life, and be assured that it is more than that of the impersonal life, we are in the formless world of abstractions, and we are not interested.

The man of letters who has no positive personality, but writes from the average sentiment and thoughts of the public is monotonous and hopelessly committed to commonplace sensation and trite thoughts, like Tupper and the Country Parson.

We shall escape this dreadful monotony and the low level of conformity only by a true love and respect for the literary spirit. We should dread less to have our taste outraged than to be left dozing, indolent and "in the old strain of our intellectual habits." To-day, the literary man who would face and report the myriad life of this most complicated age, must be flexible, and daring, and he should dread but one thing, that is a groove. If he can avoid the groove, into which, sooner or later, every son of an industrial and mechanical age unconsciously easily runs, he shall be *the* man of letters of his time, and shall report every phase of its life; he shall search every depth; he shall rise to every height; he shall indulge in reverie, and feel emotion, like George Sand; he shall play with the paradox in morals and the antithesis in letters, and the terrible and grand in art, like Victor Hugo; he shall fulminate against the mechanical and the weak like Carlyle; he shall wanton, and weep, and laugh, like Heine, for these are the writers in whom the literary or artistic spirit is dominant; who aim to express life, who are most modern, who are flexible, varied, individual, independent, despisers of majorities; and, above all others, they honor the truly spoken word, and have never thought to conform to the rules and precepts of locally accredited teachers of the conventionally proper and becoming in letters and in life.

EUGENE BENSON.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

THE proclivity for hero worship cannot be made a reproach to the American people, not because it is not true of them, but because it is inherent in human nature. Probably the disposition arises from something other than a perversion of reverence to God. Indeed, hero worship is itself perverted by that class who impiously affect a privity with the awful counsels of heaven. It is, perhaps, a mode of pride, in which we assimilate toward an exalted fellowship by admiring the object, and redouble the gratification by magnifying him. In so high-minded a people, we might expect, upon this theory, an inordinate hero worship in our country. And so, indeed, it is. But no one could ever become a popular idol here without oratory—his own or that of his adherents. To make speeches, therefore, is the American road to honors. If a young man is conscious of talents which justify exalted aspirations, he has no resource but to turn to making speeches. But he must have themes and occasions. Where is he to get them?

It was the sovereignty once imputed to rulers, but now recognized in the people, that gave government its preëminent dignity. But the popular notion of its sovereign supremacy, with the corresponding habit of attaching undue importance to it, survive their cause, and demand of an orator that he shall discuss state business. Now, how is he to do it if no urgent, vital and important issue has been evolved for determination, by the normal operation of the governmental establishment in connection with events? He must give up his hopes of honors from the people or else cheat them out of them. He therefore exaggerates some inconsiderable issue, or more likely, and still more mischievously, he lays down some dogma far in advance of events, extols it as a cardinal principle, and exercises his ingenuity and his eloquence in showing the alarming imminence of some disastrous infringement of it. This an individual of tolerable scrupulosity might consent to do. But there is seldom occasion for aspirants to contrive and execute these impostures for themselves. The air is thick with them, ready made, by nobody in particular, but by all, somewhat unconsciously. That class of our citizens who take interest in politics (who are, after all, a minority, and not the better one, at that,) are, consequently, always preoccupied with these groundless and morbid anxieties. Their general mind, of which each is a spectator, is like the screen, which to the outside observer presents the shadow of some hideous and gigantic creature, while to the operators of the magic lantern the terrific apparition dwindles to a petty insect, ingeniously disposed for the purposes of the illusion.

We should thus expect to find the powerful and aspiring spirits of the land seeking state dignities through such discussions and antagonisms as should give occasion for the employment and display of their talents, and that, as the ordinary course of events would furnish nothing to justify popular atten-

tion, the most important business of politicians would be the invention of artificial public exigencies and the prosecution of partizan subterfuges. Let the reader consider. Are these corollaries rash? Is it not so? And yet, in such an atmosphere—reeking with the very brimstone of duplicity—is it not astonishing that in our public characters the moral constitution of men should still survive?

Thaddeus Stevens is the ablest parliamentary politician of our day. The fertility of some minds may be in ideas, but that of his is in expedients. Some may be profound in what they think, but Thaddeus Stevens is powerful in what he does. Some may be original, but he is efficient. The basis of this extraordinary public character is in the unequalled verity of his habitual apprehension of the "political world." He takes it, in whole or in part, at all times, at just what it is. He is the most comprehensive master of that sort of moral meteorology in which the mutations and incidents of political affairs serve as the phenomena. The "political world" and the general world, more or less confounded by others, are to him as exclusive of each other as are truth and falsehood. The system of relations which is called "political life," is a system of subterfuges. But it is a system, nevertheless, with the moral necessity of consistency. The system is but a complex falsehood, but to be consistent with it, is to be true to it. Whether a man, endowed with matchless and indomitable fidelity as an original law of his character, should or should not employ the principle in operating, consistently with its structure, a moral machine of falsehood, is a question. But those who believe that the debasing bondage of American politics can be broken only by detaching the system from moral truth must confess the value of that isolation of politics from morals which is necessitated by enforcing the integrity of its own system. "To hell with your conscience!" said Stevens, with contempt, to a politician who was willing to constrain his virgin moral sense to the brothel of political intrigue, and yet afraid to proceed in the undertaking after effecting the abduction. The great partizan had left his at home. Save in this place, all the world was its field. It was to be conserved. The burst of contemptuous exasperation, so coarsely expressed, might have been rendered thus: "My friend, the first business of a conscience is to make one faithful. In the natural world, you must be faithful to truth, because that is the law of the organism. In the political world, you are, of course, still to be faithful; but here you are to be faithful to falsehood, because falsehood is the law of the organism. If you cannot be faithful to an organism of falsehood, you are yourself false in coming into it. Politics is an imposture, and you and I know it. You insult my conscience by pretending not to know it."

In personal appearance, few men have ever worn, in the body, a more perfect symbol of the soul, than does the Leader of the House. Tall, with a slight bend in his figure, his presence conveys the notion of a dignity of stature in indefinite reserve. His limbs are long and slow, but seldom in repose. His large hand, with a look of its own, is ever undergoing some slow change of ungraceful but earnest motion, as if it, too, could think, and collate, and remember. His abundant and dark hair, heaped up in curly profusion, is as changeless as a wooden wig, giving extraordinary effect to the mobility of his features and his uncommonly high head. His nose is remarkably long, containing three distinct variations of profile which, when marked in so protracted an organ, look like attempts to shorten itself. His chin is broad and bold, his brows strikingly advancing and cavernous, and his mouth wide,

deeply marked and grim. His eye is a feature that must be seen to be conceived of; it can thrill to the subtlest fibrils the soul that looks into it, yet it does not gleam; it can dominate, awe and confound, yet it cannot be said to have fire; it can be seen across the vast hall from the galleries of the opposite side, when animated in debate, yet it is not large; in conference, it is cold; in courtesy, it is averted; if suspicious, its scrutiny demolishes duplicity; under excitement, it darkens; in scorn, it seems to shoot Minié-balls—to rive, to blast, to poison, to consume. His complexion is a uniform, melancholy sallow. His customary attitude, as he sits in the House, is one expressive of occupation, even when not specifically engaged; his spine, up to his loins, is erect; from thence to his head, it bends regularly forward, his arms being extended somewhat awkwardly, on the sides of his chair or his desk, while his knees protrude in opposite directions, and his look is downcast and sad. His appearance rarely gives token of attention to what is passing, though the constant pottering motion of his prone hands, and the expression of his attitude, contravene all idea of abstraction, and, indeed, the common marks of reflection. The universal type of firmness in the expression of a countenance, is resolvable into *competent effort*. But of all human beings, he alone seems never to strengthen himself by a specific draft on his resources. His loins are never girded up. When he rises to speak, the preparatory interval is without the usual appearance of collecting and marshalling the thoughts, which the great with reason, and the small with affectation, seldom omit.

In his exordium, the *art* of his oratory is displayed. With the simplicity of a plain man, in a loud, desultory, but not declamatory voice, he engages attention by a half soliloquy, in which, with a sort of grandfatherly grumbling about some trivial matter in ludicrous contrast with public business, he sharpens every hearer's sense of the grotesque, awakening in all, that indescribable mixture of freedom with deference, which we feel toward one who seems to combine in one expression or manner, a confiding openness with a quaint indifference or arrogance. His speech, at this stage, is monotonous, and sometimes incoherent, and always with a tone of muffled good-will, and a total absence of all trace of scorn. The hue of this drollery is of the most harmless and contagious kind, making himself, rather than others, the object of the general titter, and its tact is perfected by his seeming to aim ineffectively elsewhere. During this time, he is looking about his immediate place, as if hunting mislaid notes or a dropped handkerchief, with the dull solicitude of dotage. The House, meantime, are cracking furtive jokes at his expense, while here and there, a page, with cautious but significant mimicry, is "taking off Old Thad," an impertinence which the boldest of the brats would not dare indulge toward any other member. Every face wears a smile, everybody is in good humor with the odd and interesting character on the floor, and especially with himself; and the House, careless of the public and of the stern strife of party debate, giggles like a pic-nic.

Then, rising erect, the Leader lifts his long right arm with a wide sweep, the elbow in advance of the hand; contracts his beetling brows, throws up and back his towering head, and with a sudden, straight thrust of his long, yellow finger, followed by the whole outstretch of his arm, he sends forth, in a thundering tone, the iron bolt of his argument. It stuns the ablest intellects and startles the coolest tempers in earshot. The succeeding postulates are but repetitions of this, driving each other forth in a quick succession that breaks down all adverse analysis. With endless diversity of association—

with the ludicrous, with the cowardly, with the faithless, with the disgusting—he shoots the same arrow, winged and barbed at every flight with new analogies to impel and new words to wound. “*One thing is everything if it is stronger than any other thing,*” said he, sententiously, to a young expositor of *De Jure Belli* in support of confiscation. He cannot be said to debate. With him it is but assault. The ratiocination of the philosopher, starting on the plane of the political horizon, would, as was formerly the case when kings were sovereign, run into senseless and chimerical dogmatism, or would now, in the intelligence of the age, immediately destroy its own foundations and resolve all “politics” into fraud. Our statesmen, nevertheless, affect the instrumentalities of rational logic, and frequently support their empty propositions by an imposing structure of intellectual combinations that serve, in proportion to their logical consistency, to betray their own minds into the same obscurity of moral distinctions to which the partizan is obliged to bring the people; as the elder Booth would play Richard with such perfection that he would be deceived by his own simulation into attempting a real tragedy on the boards of the play-house. But Thaddeus Stevens is not a demonstrator. He is not what is customarily called a thinker. He is, preëminently, an agent. Not that in this boldest and coarsest of the great managers of our Congress, there is not the meeting with its opposite, of a mysticism so subtle as to be the fittest extreme to exemplify the proverb. But it is the mysticism of instinct, that unconscious but unerring philosophy which goes by the name of shrewdness. He in whom it is but a rudiment and a curiosity may cast it into speech, body it forth as a system, and expound it in a book. But he in whom it is the plane of the mind, over which walk his thoughts and on which are built his experiences, is as incapable of analyzing or as unwilling to explore it as the planter of a cornfield is to undermine his soil with the curious investigations of geology. The “political world” is not a geography for surveying, but a machine for working; not a spectacle to be contemplated, but an apparatus to be operated. It has its principles, its laws, its dependence of parts, all beginning and ending in the machine itself. To work it, it must be treated as *sui generis*, and abstracted from the general world. To effect the latter, is the only purely intellectual labor involved in the management. He that never forgets the peculiar laws of the constitution of partizanship, while in the midst of its excitements, will predicate his action upon *them*, regardless of persons. This is difficult to do; but it has been done. By no man has it ever been better done than by Thaddeus Stevens. What are the peculiar endowments requisite for such an astonishing mastery over the unwilling minds of other powerful men?

1. A will of inherent and uncommon might. Mr. Clay had such a will. Added to it, he had a power of persuasion and personal attraction which it has become settled by the world was unequalled by any political leader of ancient or modern history. But these were not all. He was gifted with love more miraculous than wisdom, or strength, or eloquence. The chivalrous adversary who openly defied him, secretly longed to reciprocate affection with him. The friend who adhered to him was intolerant of any question of following him. More than half the House were classed with those who would rather do wrong than estrange themselves from Henry Clay. But never had that marvellous man the power in the House of Representatives which is daily wielded by the most unpopular man on the floor.

Said a New England member of the House, of much longer Congressional

experience than Mr. Stevens, "My dear sir, we have talked over this amendment, and all say they can't go it." "Tell them," coolly answered the despotic leader, "that they *must* go it." "Well, for my part, I *won't* go it," was the refractory response. "*You shall!*" was the rejoinder, with the cold audacity of a Roman conspirator, coupled with the mysterious reticence of a Hebrew prophet. The former challenged and the latter subdued the pride of the insubordinate confreere.

2. A perfect indifference to praise or blame, i. e., applause or censure, as such. The effect of this quality is to give to favor or rebuke, from one who has it, all the moral weight of perfect disinterestedness. Who believes he could flatter Thaddeus Stevens? Or who supposes that he could be made to blush with mortification? We have described his person and mien. What could better express the sentiment of perfect independence? There is not the smallest exhibition of anxiety lest he be taken below his estimate. Proud, aggressive men put on a look like that of Mr. Benton. "Sir," they seem to say, "thus lofty I hold myself. Degrade me if you dare!" Proud, but sensitive men, as, for example, Mr. Calhoun, aim to hit the delicate demarcation between the respect and the forbearance of others, as if saying, "I beg you, generously give me deference, since, if withheld, I must demand it." But here is one too proud to consider such a question. He seems to say, "I am just what I am, and do not care whether you know it or not," or rather, more accurately, he seems to say, as he certainly does think, nothing at all about it. When, therefore, some tribute of praise has just been paid him, and there follows a favor from him, nobody in the House supposes the latter to have depended on the former, or where such a relation does exist, nobody questions a moment that the reciprocity, on the part of Mr. Stevens, is simulated for the sake of the cause.

But this indifference serves a still more important end. What would be disgusting churlishness from another becomes in him but a privileged bluntness. Men who confess the universal obligation to be inoffensive, are obliged, in politics, to multiply subterfuges in order to reconcile courtesy with reticence. No person who has ever seen much of this singular man would dream of holding him to a sensibility for the good opinion of others. In vulgar phrase he is "counted out" in that regard; and where there is no distinction of persons, there is no offence to individuals. He never has occasion to lie. His motives, in their quality, are open as noonday, and are trusted by friend and foe alike with something of the reliance which we have upon a natural principle. But his motives, in their concrete relations to the circumstances of the occasion, are as secret as silence and darkness; as we may know that the motive of our physician is to cure us, though he may conceal from us his therapeutic agents.

The grim intolerance with which Mr. Stevens upholds a principle, reckless of all incidental consequences to public measures or men, is undoubtedly a mere phase of that stern "integrity" elsewhere dwelt upon, for it is certain that it has no analogue in his merely personal relations. A signal example is familiar among Washington gossips. When Beall, the chief conspirator for the burning of the Northern cities, was about to be executed, extraordinary efforts were made to induce some clemency. But it was the prevalent opinion, that unless a swift example was made, only more offenders would have to perish, to say nothing of the question of justice. At almost the last hour it was suggested that a respite could be procured if Thaddeus Stevens could be

got to ask it. No person in the United States would have been popularly believed to be more inaccessible to such an appeal for such a culprit. The attempt was devolved upon an aged friend of Mr. Stevens, widely differing from him in politics. Mr. Stevens without hesitation declared his readiness to sign any paper, however strongly drawn, by a friend whom he designated, well-known for the fervor of his feelings, and the eloquence of his appeals. The letter was drawn with extraordinary warmth, Mr. Stevens signed it with great feeling, and it was carried to Mr. Lincoln. Yet, strange to say, the moving tenderness of the sternest of men left unshaken the resolve of the most amiable of men. Beall was executed forthwith.

3. Principle.—Call it the principle of expediency, the principle of consistency, or moral principle,—the quality we are getting at is an *integrity of action in furtherance of an end*. It is ridiculous to speak of a good-hearted, impulsive, irregular, but inoffensive man, as a man of “integrity.” He may be a man of truth, a man of generosity, a man of purity, but if he acts according of the preponderance of impressions, his “integrity” depends on that of external circumstances, and consequently is any thing good but integrity. The term “principle,” “rule,” or “system” may be substituted, and the proposition is the same. On the other hand,

“ Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds.”

There may be integrity or principle in the actions of bad men just as likely as in those of good men. The affectation of society has for generations rendered these simple distinctions obscure, by dropping the prefix “good,” or an equivalent qualification, to the word “principle” or “integrity,” and other kindred words. In truth, *integrity* is the mere uniformity or continuity of character in action, and is as destitute of ethical quality as memory or constructive genius, and is as distinctly a separate trait of personal constitution. And as such, the same trait usually goes under the name of steadfastness, trueness, fidelity—qualities eminently requisite in spies, detectives and other practitioners of professional treachery. The incentive of Paul in “fighting the good fight,” and that of a vile detective in faithfully compassing the betrayal of a confiding offender, differ with all the shocking contrast which suggests the comparison. But the mere quality of fidelity was identical in both.

This quality attains an ascendancy in the object of our rude analysis never surpassed by any man. It seems so natural to him to conform to a principle that we may hazard the strong expression that nothing which he says or does, considerable enough to be consciously voluntary, is without relation to a principle. Of all the words, and deeds, and looks, and motions, in public, of this powerful man, not one is lost. The casual emanations from the mind and will of other men are like the seed of the thistle that floats hither and thither on the idle breeze, or lodges on adventitious objects, with here and there one that reaches the ground and takes root. But from him, every outgo, be it never so small, is lodged, like the tags of the burdock, on the body of something passing that is sure to plant it in due season where it is intended to grow. If we consider the extraordinary resources of his energy, and super-add this consideration of strange economy of them, we may conceive the weight of an effort made in earnest by him.

But there is a mightier result. The consistency of a man of principle becomes a landmark for others. The principle may be theirs, or opposite to theirs. It may be a good one or a bad one. But whatever it is, if a man is

known to be faithful to it, others, intrinsically less stable, necessarily reckon their course by his. He becomes an equator, whereby they calculate even the deflections of their own. From the nature of things, animadversion and opposition vastly augment this moral influence, because they are a continual assertion of it. "They know where to find him,"—i. e., in given circumstances—because they know his principle. But the circumstances must be given, i. e., safely assumed, otherwise they are swallowed up.

"I care nothing about who votes in Washington City," said Mr. Stevens colloquially, over on the Democratic side of the House, when the bill granting suffrage to the negroes of the District of Columbia had been reported from the Committee, and was earnestly desired by the Radicals to pass, for ulterior effect, while Conservative Republicans were exceedingly averse to acting upon it, and the Democrats were thus in a situation to easily stave off a vote on it indefinitely—"I care nothing about who votes in Washington City, but I am determined to force these skulks on our side to a test of principle. So, whatever becomes of this bill, you may have all party advantages and I shall know who's who on our side, eh?"

The Democrats, assuming that the bill was sure to be defeated if voted on forthwith, when half the Republicans were known to be opposed to it, and eager for the unhopèd-for triumph, promptly agreed to unite with the Radical leader and force a vote on the spot. Any other member on the Radical side would have been suspected at once had he offered such a proposition. But they knew his stern devotion to principle. The Democrats supported him in the preliminary motions for bringing on a vote. In vain the Conservative Republicans, between two fires of such extraordinary coöperation, protested, upbraided and appealed. The Democrats were unyielding and the great Radical unsparing. After the defeat of a motion to postpone, a Democrat, in high glee, stepping out of the door, met a citizen of the District, who was ignorant of the proceedings, and rubbing his hands, announced, to the great joy of the latter, who had been long in a state of exasperation on the subject, the certain defeat of the bill, explaining the manner in which Mr. Stevens, with characteristic integrity, had been entirely willing to sacrifice the measure in order to enforce the principle. The citizen hurried to his neighbors to communicate the good news, and the member returned to his seat. Mr. Stevens moved the previous question, and was seconded by the requisite majority. He then rose for his customary appeal on such occasions. This time, like the circumstances, his beginning was out of his usual course. A vague apprehension had begun to take hold of the Democrats. Anxious and hurried colloquies disturbed order. The Radicals, themselves hitherto not clearly in the secret, disclosed exultation. Everybody was in a fog. Mr. Stevens multiplied the doubts and misled the solutions by equivocal and desultory, but irritating language, until a Babel of confusion surrounded him. The distraction was silenced, but intensified, by the restoration of order. He saw the Conservative Republicans now wholly disconcerted, and had nothing to do but to anticipate with scathing and bitter irony the recreancy which he knew they would no longer dare to practice. The roll was called, the vote was announced—the bill had passed!

Thus, three great qualities stand out in special prominence in the character of the master spirit of the American Congress—*will, independence and principle*. The most essential of all conditions to such a mastery as his, to wit: the fixed habit of viewing politics as a system of subterfuges, in which there is no moral, legal or politico-scientific principle, and of adapting all means accordingly—is the natural outgrowth of these three to a great extent. But

it is probable that, after all, it is the product of an invincible and incorruptible moral sense, more than of all other elements of the personal constitution or all the influences of experience. In his private life, i. e., in his relations to the general world, the writer has never heard, from the most bitter or unscrupulous of Mr. Stevens's personal enemies, the slightest aspersion upon his justice, his good faith, his charity or his affections. Outside of politics, he is probably an honest man. As he has never been denounced but as a politician, we trust enough has been suggested to the thoughtful reader to have brought him to tolerate the opinion, that the most innocent partizan gambler is he who is most consistently and most disinterestedly a partizan gambler. A public character—in this country, at least—is not a man, but a sort of officer—an agent for operating an artificial machinery. It may be a bad business, and if so, the machine is bad, and ought to be abolished. But all the agents who work it might abandon it, and that would not abolish it. It is the people's own darling humbug, and they will, as long as they continue to keep it, evolve from their own number, from time to time, men to run it. But these agents are also, with an inevitable personality, *men*. It is in their natural and not in their official character, so to designate it, that judgment should be most stern, because of the greater sanctity and the immensely greater variety of personal obligation. "Evil, be thou my good," said the archangel fallen. A more comprehensive embodiment could not be effected in words of the *principle* of the "political world." A politician who pretends, in the atmosphere of his trade, to exercise the principles of moral honesty, is corrupted. He may do less dishonest things in politics than Thaddeus Stevens. But as he does not recognize the essentially false character of the political machine, he is incapable of a discrimination which would make it shocking to carry into general life the vile duplicity of partizan gaming. The conscience, therefore, is disobeyed in the one, for certain purposes, but is tainted, deteriorated, polluted in the other, for all purposes. It is not he, therefore, who consenting to mingle with political intrigue, pretends to no purer practices in common life, that will cast the first stone at Thaddeus Stevens. He differs capitally from other partizan managers, in that he acts from no selfish motive, taking this in its ordinary sense. Contemning all applause, defying all censure, incapable of meekness, or of that sense of being belittled which comes of being stripped of external adjuncts, this man has no ambition. On the other hand, his love of power is the master passion of his soul. But no position in the gift of his State or of the United States could give him the power which he now holds in the House of Representatives. In the Senate he would be hampered by the paucity of numbers and by the absence of the stern laws of the previous question. In the Executive office he would be chained hand and foot by constitutional obligation and moral responsibility. But on the floor of the Popular Branch is the post for this grim, consistent, imperious leader—or rather *driver*. His success is a startling proof of the stuff that politics is made of, and if Thaddeus Stevens would go one step further, and destroy the machine altogether, by publicly confessing its utter destitution of truth, he would but act out fully the natural quality of his spirit, and he would entitle himself to the gratitude of a people whose most baleful delusion is a belief in politics. We hope, ere Mr. Stevens reaches the age for retiring finally from the national play-house, that he will adopt this humble suggestion, viz.: to come before the audience and make a clean breast of it. If he should do so he would be not only what he is, the greatest, but also the last, of the politicians.

J. W. BINCLEY.

MY COURTSHIP.



AM growing to be an old woman. At least, to look at the family record, and see the date of my birth, forty-five years ago, forces me to acknowledge the fact to myself.

And yet, ceasing to think about it, and simply feeling, it is impossible to realize that I am any older than in "the days when I went gipsying, a long time ago." Thank God, I cannot say with Lord Byron, "my heart is as gray as my head." The sunshine of an unfailing love has kept my heart and life warm through all these years; the tender dew of ceaseless kindness has made each day fresh with bloom and blossom. The chill of age has never touched me; I believe I am too happy to grow old. Perhaps this is the reason that my place among the young

people of the present generation is just as secure as it was among my own early cotemporaries; perhaps this is why strangers always comment upon the contrast which the color in my cheeks and the light in my eyes afford to the silvery sheen which has crept over the waves of hair which were once so dark.

And all my happiness comes from my courtship.

My husband is General Raleigh C.; he wears stars upon his shoulders, and is a hero, not only in my eyes, but in those of many others. Twenty years ago this was not the case; and yet, he is to me now no more and no less than he was then. Since the awful roar of cannon has ceased to reverberate over the land, and the whole people no longer chant with Moses and Miriam, "The Lord is a man of war," he has come back to me to rest; and but for reception committees and lion-hunting ladies, I think his peace and happiness would be complete.

A handsome, merry girl was one evening in company gayly teasing him for particulars of some gallant action she had heard his staff officers describe, and was getting no possible satisfaction.

"Was that the most trying situation in which you were ever placed, General C.?" she asked at last.

He hesitated for a moment.

"No," he replied, with an amused reservation in his tone that excited their curiosity instantly, "I have passed through much greater ordeals. I can remember one occasion in my life when I was literally scared out of my senses, and showed the white feather most famously."

They looked at him in rather blank silence, until the young lady inquired, "When was it?"

"Ask Hortense, there; she can tell you much better than I," he answered, laughing.

I confess that I too had glanced at him in some astonishment; but when I caught his eye as he referred to me, I saw instantly what he meant, and I am afraid I flushed up in a way hardly suitable in a woman of my age.

"It is all nonsense; don't believe him," I cried out.

"And yet I defy you to deny it," returned Raleigh, whom my indignant earnestness amused intensely, and who had no idea of giving up the way of escape he had gained from the incense which was fairly choking him.

"It is nonsense," was all I could again protest, for what he had stated was so absurdly true that I had nothing else to say.

"Tell us about it, do tell us about it, Mrs. C., won't you?" was the genteel clamor around me from twenty voices.

"No, indeed," I answered decisively, "at least not now."

And seeing there was something behind what had been said, they had the good-breeding to let the subject drop. A little while after, Raleigh said he thought we had better go; and I, glad to get away so unexpectedly early, acquiesced readily.

The more I afterward thought about that little scene, the more it rankled.

"I'll try to write it all out," I thought at last, "and the next time he says such a thing before any one whose opinion I value, I shall be prepared to carry his position by storm." And this is the way in which I came to be telling you how my courtship began.

Raleigh C. was not related to me, but we were brought up more familiarly than many persons who are connected by close ties of blood. The original cause of this had been, that, if I may so express it, we were all in the army. His father and mine had fought and camped together fifty years ago. To be sure, papa resigned rather early in life, just before he married and came to live at the beautiful old country-seat which had belonged for generations to my mother's family, and at which all my youth was passed. But that *esprit de corps*, that species of free-masonry, which so closely binds together the Regular Army, rather increased than diminished with years and his altered position. We were reared with strictly military principles, and taught to regard any being who could write U. S. A. after his name as truly a man and a brother. To stand by such faithfully, to aid and abet them against all outsiders, was, we were instructed, the first claim upon our honor. Thus, by position, as well as by personal friendship, papa considered himself hereditarily responsible for Raleigh C., and certainly the son of his old comrade had as assured and honored a place at his fireside as his own offspring. Raleigh's father had fallen in a skirmish with the Indians soon after his son's birth, and his mother had died of grief and agitation at the shock; so it was quite natural that the boy early learned to look upon our house more in the light of

home than any other spot on earth. There were but two of us children, Jim and myself; and even at that age Jim followed Raleigh about like a big dog, regarding him as the incarnation of all that was brave and splendid.

When the boys were old enough they both entered West Point. That they should go there if possible had always been regarded as such a fixed sequence to our antecedents, that no one dreamed of questioning it. I now saw much less of them than in our childish days. Jim had taken up a mania for travelling, and what time he might have spent at home was used in this way. As he insisted upon Raleigh's going with him, they both drifted from their familiar places in our lives and habits. In course of time they passed their examination, were brevetted second lieutenants and sent off to a frontier post. I have always secretly wondered how Jim ever learned enough to get through, but I suppose it was owing to Raleigh's efforts, and his own special aptitude at mathematics; for I remember that in the days when we studied the multiplication table together, I regarded him with an arithmetical reverence, only equalled by the historical and etymological contempt in which I held him. They were at home for a little while before they left this part of the country; but the house was so filled with company, all was such gay confusion, and my duties as hostess so engrossing, that the visit made but a slight impression upon me. I had neither time nor opportunity to blend the man I now met with the boy I had known so familiarly. We still called each other "Raleigh" and "Hortense," but this was almost the only evidence of our childish intimacy.

The five ensuing years I spent as most young women pass this period of their existence. Our neighborhood was an old, wealthy and thickly settled one; a collection of family residences whose occupants had known each other for generations back. They were not very brilliant, perhaps, but they were cultivated quite up to the ordinary standard; and even the stupid ones were ladies and gentlemen. We invited each other to evening parties, we went on pic-nics, we made up riding expeditions to all possible points, we danced and flirted, we married and gave in marriage. One Winter, papa, who liked very well to occasionally go out into the gay world, carried me to Washington for several months, and two other seasons we spent in New York. I think I may say, without much vanity, that I had my own share of admiration both at home and abroad. I was papa's daughter, and joint heir with Jim to my stately home and the rest of my mother's estate; and either circumstance would have gained me attention. Besides, I must confess, I think I was good-looking in those days. At least, Jim is certainly a magnificent looking man, and I have always been thought strikingly like him; although he glories in his six feet and over, and I am rather below medium height. For pure-blooded Americans we both had a curiously Spanish effect. Jim's great blazing black eyes were glorious; and I think mine must have had some beauty, for Raleigh sometimes tells me that even now they are handsomer than those of any other woman he has ever seen. But I suppose he is hardly a fair judge. I only know that men called me handsome as well as haughty, and I think they were correct in both statements.

I was willing enough to meet them upon a pleasant social footing; I liked to receive their admiration in a rather high and mighty way and give back entertainment and amusement. But the moment their homage grew at all serious, the instant they attempted to draw a step nearer, I would none of them on any terms.

The truth was I was watching and waiting for my hero to appear, whose slave and queen I was equally to become, as soon as I beheld him; and for ordinary mortals to even aspire to his place, was an insult and an impertinence to him, which I resented with all my heart. I think now, my ideal man was the incarnation of an archangel and a steam-engine combined; of some highest ethereal essence conjoined to lowest material force. But such as he was I worshipped him in spirit, and waited for his revealing.

A year or two before, I had taken the Carlyle-Emerson fever which was then passing as an epidemic over the land. Like most excitable young people, I not only had it very severely, but insisted upon giving it to every one around me. I could talk of nothing but "earnestness," "energy," "force" and "will." I set up Napoleon, Cromwell and the Czars of Russia in my spiritual pantheon, and what surplus admiration I had I bestowed upon Attila, King of the Huns.

Then, with that charming, logical consistency which distinguishes progressive young men and women who are given to airing their ideas rather prematurely, I would preach the gospel of labor, of what I was pleased to term "the constructive" against "the destructive;" would advocate peace societies, and almost bring my father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave by oracularly pronouncing war "a barbarism"—a professional soldier, "a mere manslaughtering machine"—"that to deliberately prepare a man to skilfully kill his fellow beings was the very worst use to which you could put human minds and bodies"—and many other final decisions, all having just sufficient truth to make them unutterably aggravating to an old gentleman, who did not possess this generation's gift of tongues or dexterity at verbal defence. I took to writing German exercises, and of course immediately attempted the "Titan." I admired "reticence," affecting it intermittently with bursts of talk; in fact made myself a perfect nuisance, sometimes by silence and sometimes by sound; and all with a faith and sincerity which were worthy of a better cause.

As these pursuits and sentiments flourished best in the quietude of my own home, I had of late preferred remaining there to visiting any of the gay cities in Winter, or the springs in Summer; and it was there the Summer of 1845 found me.

One morning I heard papa calling my name in rather an excited voice, just outside my door. I went out and found him standing with an open letter in his hand. Even at a distance I could recognize Jim's scrawling, headlong penmanship.

"They are coming home; they have both gotten furloughs," was his delighted exclamation.

"Ah, indeed," I replied, with interest; but with a composed demonstration of it which I am afraid disappointed papa, who had evidently counted upon much sympathetic excitement.

I was pleased, of course, to hear of their return; but the currents of our lives had been parted too long for me to be very vitally concerned in their movements, or to grow nervous over them, as papa had done. He went down stairs, saying he thought he would go and examine the riding horses, as "the boys" would want them to be in order when they came; and I went quietly back to my usual occupations.

About a month after, another letter was received, dated "New York," in which Jim stated that "as soon as they had rubbed off the backwoods a little"

(which I interpreted to mean buy new clothes) they would be with us, and fixed a day near the end of the week when they would probably arrive.

The day came, and they with it.

I had arranged everything with a degree of splendor which satisfied even papa's idea of what was appropriate for their reception, and was dressing for dinner when I heard them drive up. I was nearly ready, and was fastening yellow jessamine in my black hair with, I flattered myself, considerable artistic effect, when Jim came dashing into my room in just his old impetuous way, and hugged and kissed me twenty times; making himself extremely agreeable by declaring that I had grown handsomer than ever. I told him I hoped he was as sincere in saying so as I was in returning the compliment.

I waited until they had taken the dust off, and were all in the parlor, before I descended.

As I came through the door, Raleigh, who sat near it, rose and put out his hand. I took it, and looked quietly at him with some curiosity.

"I am very glad to see you, Raleigh," I said calmly, perhaps rather coolly, "but I scarcely think I should have known you."

"I should have known you anywhere," he replied; and then I took away my hand, and we went out to dinner.

Perhaps I had better describe him as he impressed me in that first moment of meeting, as I looked at him with indifferent, impartial eyes.

I saw a rather small, slight man, without an extra ounce of flesh, with what there was of him all bone and sinew, with high delicate features, blue-gray eyes, pale, wavy, goldish-brown hair, and, what was unusual at that day even in the army, a flowing moustache and long-pointed beard. Perhaps it was this latter peculiarity which used to make Jim say that he looked like one of Van Dyke's pictures which had accidentally stepped out of its frame. For myself, I think my first impression was a faint recollection of the young English cavaliers who had gone down before my favorite Cromwell, and whom I had always professed to hold in supreme contempt.

The effect of such a physique, and of a manner so simple and undemonstrative that in my own mind I instantly and sternly denominated it "lazy," upon a young person who spent her leisure hours in declaring that life was real, life was earnest, and urging other people to act, act in the living present, may easily be imagined. The evening was certainly extremely pleasant; but when I came to think him over before I went to sleep, I settled it to my own satisfaction that Raleigh was "very well in his own way," but that evidently his thoughts were not as my thoughts, nor his ways as my ways.

The whole neighborhood had shared our anxiety for the coming of our officers. The very day after their arrival the young men of the surrounding country seats came riding over to welcome them and invite them to all sorts of festivities.

Then began a succession of gayeties. We went over our whole programme of amusements, only with tenfold frequency and brilliancy. Jim and Raleigh were fêted and caressed like small heroes, and were quite young enough to enjoy their position extremely. I told them they had carried away half the ladies' hearts in the neighborhood, and used to inquire every night for a fresh list of their conquests.

In spite of Raleigh's "laziness" he was the life of all our parties. He always seemed in the highest spirits, ready at any moment to dance, ride, walk, or flirt—anything the occasion might suggest. He kept us laughing from

morning until night with fun and nonsense, and what at least served the purpose of wit. He never made sarcastic criticisms, and yet his comments upon people were at once so droll and so true that even papa surrendered and laughed at his own favorites. In this way he often made our ride home after a party the most amusing portion of the evening.

But the pleasantest times were the mornings at home. Papa always held his "ancient solitary reign" in the library; but I had a little snugger of my own which opened off on one of the porches, and which was the plainest and cheeriest room in the house. Here I used to read and write, and settle my housekeeping affairs; and here Jim and Raleigh liked to come and lie on the cool linen lounges and smoke and talk. To tease each other in every conceivable way seemed the aim of their lives, and even I came in for my share. I occasionally attempted a German exercise, as I had been in the habit of writing them at this hour; and that was the signal for a regular game to commence between the two. Whatever I dared take my hand from, whether inkstand, paper, or book, disappeared instantly, and if, after much entreaty, I succeeded in regaining it, it was only to find myself equally incompetent to proceed from the loss of some other article. If, at last, I secured everything, they would start a mysterious conversation upon some point about which they knew I was curious, to which I could not help listening, let me try as I would. Raleigh defended this conduct upon two grounds—first, that the exercises prevented me from entertaining my guests properly; and, second, that I invariably inked my fingers to a very unbecoming extent. I thought it all extremely foolish, but they seemed to think it extremely funny, and, to be sure, we all laughed enough over it.

Sometimes I gave them dancing lessons, and attempted to take a slight "backwoodsness" out of their waltzing. Jim would whistle while Raleigh and I went round the room, and then they would change places. As I interspersed the exercises with critical remarks of extreme candor, their improvement was marked and rapid.

We found these morning hours so delightful that often when Jim caught sight of a carriage approaching he would insist upon burdening his own conscience and that of the servant by making the man declare that we were not at home.

The days passed so swiftly and merrily that I quite forgot to think about my ideal man, though when the subject of heroes came up, I still asserted my old theory strongly.

I had come down one morning to give them an early breakfast before they started to join a party of young gentlemen upon some exclusively masculine expedition. I found Jim standing by himself in the dining-room, waiting for my appearance and that of the coffee.

"Where is Raleigh?" I asked.

"He is not going."

"Why, is he sick?" I inquired.

"No," Jim answered, "he said he would rather stay where he was, as he preferred sleeping to riding."

I raised my eyebrows slightly, and made some remark about "weak men."

My loyal-hearted brother fired up instantly.

"I don't know what you mean by applying such a term to Raleigh," he retorted, energetically. "I wish you had seen him knock down a man twice his own size. He is as strong as any of us," the generous young giant pro-

tested, "only he has not the inconvenience of carrying his strength around with him all the time; it comes to him in concentrated bursts just when he needs it."

"But what I mean is, that he has no strength of will," I explained, changing the ground of attack.

Jim looked at me for a minute.

"You had better tell that to the men he has been commanding, and see what they say to it. Why, Hortense, he comes nearer being a hero than any man I have ever known."

"Oh, Jim!" I exclaimed, in a positively shocked tone.

"Well, it will come out one of these days, and then you will be forced to acknowledge it."

"But he is small," I ventured to expostulate, "and then, Jim," I added, driven to produce my real reason, "he has such wavy, light hair."

Poor Jim gazed at me for a moment or two in a sort of aggravated despair.

"Hortense," he broke out at last, "I really thought you had some sense. So no man can ever be a hero unless he looks as though he were made of cast-iron. I suppose, though, women never recognize a real man when they see him."

I have since come to think that there is an unfortunate degree of general truth in this statement.

"But with you," he went on, "it is all the effect of that confounded German, and Carlyle and company. Upon my word," he exclaimed, "if I ever find myself getting fond of a girl, I shall instantly ask her one question—'have you ever read Sartor Resartus?' and if she says 'yes,' I shall leave her on the spot."

I may here state that Jim has displayed an unusual practical consistency with his own principles; for his wife is the prettiest, merriest little "goose" that ever caught a man's heart by the brightness of her eyes, and held it by the brightness of her disposition; and not very long ago she confided to me, that for years she was undetermined in her mind whether Sartor Resartus was an eminent foreigner, or the dreadful botanical name of some familiar plant.

Knowing my brother's disgust at my hobbies, I seldom rode them in his presence, but sometimes the temptation was too great.

We all went one evening to sit with papa in the library. A volume of Goethe happened to be lying on the table. It was enough. For a full half hour I harangued steadily upon my old watchwords. Papa was reading, and was too accustomed to the infliction to care. Raleigh listened in his courteous way; and, having a perfect sense of humor, was highly entertained by my heroics. Poor Jim endured it meekly for a long while, but all at once his patience gave way.

"Oh, d—— 'earnestness!'" that martyr suddenly exclaimed.

Papa laid down his book in stately horror. To swear before a woman was in his eyes the unpardonable sin.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am sure," said Jim, blushing up to the roots of his hair, "and Hortense won't mind it," he added; and he gave me a little pat on the cheek as he got up and went out of the room.

I said "oh, no," but I did mind it very much; and as my face was uncomfortably flushed, I did not care to look up, but sat drawing little profiles upon the cover of a magazine.

Papa took up his book again, and Raleigh silently turned over the leaves of the Goethe for some time.

"Suppose you let me read to you, Hortense," he said presently, as some of the striking sentences caught his eye; "it won't disturb your father more than talking."

"No," I answered slowly, but rather sorely, "I would not have you bore yourself to that extent. I know, of course, that you feel just as Jim does, though you are decidedly more courteous about it."

Raleigh laughed quietly.

"You will not think that when I show you what a place I have given one of the precepts of your prophet."

He took out of his breast-pocket a minute volume, and, opening it, handed it to me. It was a tiny New Testament, and across its final fly-leaf were written the words—"Do the duty which lies next you."

I looked up readily enough now, in quite as much surprise as pleasure; for Raleigh always seemed so entirely gay and careless, so thoroughly what is termed "a man of the world," that I had never thought of him in connection with a religious idea.

"I have never seen any other saying worthy to be added to that book, but I think that single sentence covers the whole ground of practical religion," he went on, speaking as simply and naturally as he would have done upon any other subject.

I did not know then, that not only upon that frail leaf, but across his whole life and nature, he had inscribed that great precept; but I think my real comprehension of him dated from that moment.

When Jim came back an hour after, he found us in the pleasantest humor possible; and upon Raleigh's suggestion, papa and all of us played a game of whist, as a sort of general pipe of peace.

The happy days glided away so unconsciously, that it was with an absolute shock we woke up to the fact that their furloughs had run out and they must go. It seemed impossible that it should be so, and yet so it was.

Even their last day came.

I would not think how dismal it would be after their departure; but, still, I was generally low-spirited and uncomfortable. I went into my little sitting room; and, finding no one there, sat down to a German exercise to fill up the time.

Presently Raleigh came in.

I expected a skirmish to begin. But he simply took a seat by the table and commenced playing with the paper-cutter. Even when I had finished, and held up my inky fingers in defiance, he laughed slightly, but did not take up the challenge.

"Where is Jim?" I asked.

"In the parlor. Young Davenport is there. Of course he came to see you, though he had not the courage to ask for you."

"Young Davenport" was a good-natured, handsome country gentleman, somewhat of Jim's style, who was popularly supposed to have long worshipped me from afar.

"Then I shall not trouble myself to go in," I replied indifferently, "Jim can take care of him very well."

"Hortense," said Raleigh, suddenly, after a moment's pause, "have you any idea of ever marrying that man?"

"Marrying him!" I echoed in astonishment, and in some scorn, "why, what put such a possibility into your mind?"

"Only that I think he loves you very deeply."

"Oh, no," I answered rather carelessly. "He likes me very well, I suppose; but if he had cared as much as you seem to think, he would certainly have told me so long before this."

"There is just where you are mistaken," he exclaimed quickly, with a sort of nervous energy which surprised me. "When a person really loves another, they are always, in a certain sense, afraid of them. It must be easy enough to address a woman when you are quite cool, and haven't a very great respect for her; but when you are ready to bow down soul and body before her, it is a very different affair."

"The man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with that tongue he cannot win a woman,"

I quoted rather contemptuously.

"That depends entirely upon who the woman is," he answered, with the same unwonted seriousness and earnestness of manner. "I don't believe any true lover ever held such a sentiment. I have always thought Randolph's words were the fittest expression of his real feeling:

'I touch her as my beads—with devout care,
And go unto my courtship as my prayer.'

When a man truly loves a woman, he gives her all that is highest in his nature; his reverence for her is such that his religion and his love blend in one, his courtship and his prayer seem the same."

He hesitated a moment, and I thought was going on to say more; but Jim came in just then, and Raleigh got up and went to the window, and stood looking out for a little while.

In the afternoon we went out to take the last of our many rides together. We were coming along the road toward home, when Raleigh's horse, which was very wild, shied violently. He turned him deliberately, and rode him straight at the object which had frightened him.

"Is that the way you treat yourself, as well as your horse?" I called to him as he rejoined us. "If you are afraid of anything, do you strengthen your courage by advancing right upon it?"

He looked round at me rather oddly.

"It is the way in which I ought to treat myself," he answered, and did not speak again until we reached home. But as we never talked unless we cared to, I scarcely noticed his silence.

After tea, Raleigh told Jim that he ought at least to go over to the adjoining country seat and say "good-by" to one of the ladies with whom he had been flirting so desperately; and that young person obeyed, nothing loath.

We saw him off, and then went back into the parlor, and both sat down by one of the windows. We were rather quiet, for neither felt much like talking. I was growing forlorn already at the prospect which lay before me after their departure, and wondering when Raleigh would come back. For I felt sure he would do so; even then I had a sort of consciousness that he belonged to me, though that I equally belonged to him was a perception at which I had not yet arrived.

As for Raleigh, he confessed to me long after, that he sat there vainly striving to govern his own nerves as he had done those of his horse in the afternoon, and to put them through an equal ordeal. He had determined to tell me then and there that he loved me, and yet it seemed utterly impossible to do so. He was thinking, as men invariably do in such cases, how much

easier it would be for him to speak under any other possible circumstances ; if we had been out under the trees instead of in the parlor, or if he had been sitting beside, instead of before me.

A slight breeze presently sprang up and came freshly through the window.

"It is rather cool," I suggested, stirring a little as I felt it.

Raleigh rose, and leaning over me, drew a shawl, which had been hanging over the back of my chair, around my shoulders.

"Thank you," I said, "you are very kind."

"I touch her as my beads—with devout care,
And go unto my courtship as my prayer."

He scarcely more than whispered the words, but I heard and understood them perfectly.

The shock of my thorough comprehension was such that I involuntarily recoiled ; with the intense sensitiveness of a proud woman whose nerves had never been hardened through long practice in such scenes, I shrank back and looked up at him with a face in which agitation was much more strongly marked than any tenderer sentiment.

Had he known women better, this would have stimulated rather than daunted him.

If he had had the courage to press his suit warmly and bravely, I think my unconscious love for him would have awakened then and answered to his call ; if he had manfully claimed my love as his right through the power of his own, I believe I should then have recognized the truth and acknowledged it.

But (as he afterward always declared) he turned coward utterly and completely. For the first and last time in his life all his strength and courage deserted him just when he needed them most. He turned suddenly and walked hurriedly out of the room.

The next morning he bade us a quiet but, as far as I was concerned, rather nervous farewell ; and he and Jim rode away.

The weeks that followed their departure seemed each one interminable. The house felt inexpressibly large and lonely, and I wandered about it as though I were lost. The sunshine seemed to have deserted my pleasant little room, and its blank dreariness oppressed me so that I permanently emigrated to papa in the library. Everything and every one bored me, and added to my weariness of mind and body. The companionship of my old acquaintances and neighbors, which I used to find pleasant enough, now only accentuated my feeling of solitude. Both my appetite and my power of sleeping failed ; and when papa asked me what the matter was, I said I was sick, as indeed I was. Papa said my eyes had grown so large they made him nervous, and insisted that I should see a physician. When the doctor came he pronounced me suffering from a low intermittent fever, caught probably from riding too much in the night air late in the season. Consequently for a month or two I took various medicines of complicated names and natures ; but as these, in the doctor's words, "failed to produce quite the desired effect," he advised papa to try change of air and scene. My good-natured father proposed straightway that we should go to Washington to spend the Winter, and I agreed readily.

We often heard from Jim, and through him, of Raleigh. They were stationed at one of the Southern frontier posts ; and, if Jim was to be believed, regretted their "exile," as he called it, quite as much as I did their absence. Knowing that he was a miserable correspondent, I should have been surprised

at the frequency and regularity of my brother's letters, if I had not suspected who kept him up to the mark. I wrote long, full answers, which, after we came to Washington and began to lead a varied and rather exciting life, I hope entertained him.

I grew much stronger and brighter, and enjoyed myself not a little.

But my pleasure was nothing to papa's. The Mexican war was then just looming in the distance, and its pros and cons were the only subjects of discussion. Papa threw himself into it with his whole soul. He grew more intensely military than ever; he sketched out campaigns of such brilliancy of plan and marvellous ease of execution ("with proper officers, sir, with proper officers") that as you listened you could not help having a delightful feeling that the whole Mexican people might be swept off into the Pacific Ocean with one wave of the Star-Spangled Banner; and that it was rather good in us not to proceed to thus annihilate them immediately. I cannot say that the Secretary of War has ever struck me as a very enviable being; but while papa remained at the capital that functionary had my sincere sympathy. He was for such instant and overwhelming action that I told him his only prototype was Moloch; and to see me get up in the middle of the floor and deliver, "My sentence is for open war," etc., in the character of my respected parent was the never-failing amusement of himself and his friends.

Thinking of Jim and Raleigh, I confess I was mean-spirited enough to vote for peace at any price. Papa made invidious comparisons between myself and the Roman matrons and other equally disagreeable characters in history; but I told him that, as I would rather resemble any other known beings, his sarcasm was entirely wasted upon me.

At last war came, and with it victories over which I was as patriotically jubilant as he; but when Jim sent word that he and Raleigh had orders to join General Taylor immediately, my previous frame of mind came back very forcibly.

Jim wrote as often as he could, but communication was necessarily irregular, and I was always sure between each letter that they had both been assassinated or shot in battle through the head or heart. Then we saw their names mentioned in the public papers for gallant conduct and special bravery; and neither papa nor I could eat for days after from the nervous excitement of our pride and pleasure.

They were part of the army which was withdrawn to go with General Scott to Vera Cruz; and there Jim fell ill, and Raleigh nursed him, as Jim said, "like a woman." Then came Cerro Gordo, where Raleigh won fame and promotion, and a slight flesh wound beside.

"Of course he behaved like the hero I always told you he was," Jim wrote, "but it's what he does for us all every day that I wish you could see, Hor-tense; how he treats our poor sick fellows, how he always laughs and keeps the well ones' spirits and courage up through these broiling, sickening marches, no matter how worn out he is himself."

For some time after this we heard nothing and imagined everything. Then a letter arrived telling us that Raleigh had been lying for weeks at death's door, with fever; and that he was now but slowly advancing through a weary convalescence, though he insisted upon accompanying his regiment.

"But through it all," Jim said, "even when he and all of us thought he was dying, he was just as brave, and unselfish, and cheerful as he always is—and there's no saying any more than that."

To this day I could never bring myself to speak to Jim about this letter ; but I have always had a conviction that he cried over it when he wrote it, as I did when I read it.

I suppose all Americans rejoiced when peace was proclaimed ; but I used to think none of them could be so happy as I when the war was over, and we were daily expecting Raleigh and Jim home.

At last a joyful evening came when papa and I stood on the piazza and watched them drive up and get out of the carriage. No one spoke, because no one could trust themselves to do so. I think we were all glad that the twilight had begun to gather. Papa took Jim in his arms and deliberately hugged him, and then Jim did the same to me. Raleigh only held my hand for a moment, but it was enough ; the meaning of that close clasp was not to be mistaken.

By the time we assembled around the tea-table, Jim and papa had found their voices ; and the former told us about their journey back, and charmed his father with particulars of his brother officers. As they sat in the bright light of the candles I could see that although both were bronzed by the sun, and Jim had also mounted a famous moustache, they wore very much their old familiar appearance.

After tea we went into the parlor, and I sat down on one end of the sofa near the window, while Raleigh occupied the other extremity. Jim walked up and down the floor, talking volubly ; and his delighted parent put his hand on his shoulder and accompanied him in his promenade. But presently papa took him off to the library, I strongly suspected, for the purpose of giving him another hug, which he was rather ashamed to do in apparently cold blood and in public.

Left by ourselves, I began to talk nervously ; but as Raleigh made no effort to carry on the conversation, it died out. We were almost upon the spot where we had had our last evening interview, and each knew that the other was vividly remembering that occasion. The stillness grew physically oppressive. I felt what must be coming, and though it was such happiness to know it, a desperate desire possessed me to put it off. Instead of sitting back in rather a stately attitude, if I had followed my almost irresistible impulse, I should have put my head upon the pillow and had a good cry.

Presently Raleigh's voice, low and unsteady, stirred the silence, speaking the thought and memory which was in both our minds.

“ I touch her as my beads—with devout care,
And go unto my courtship as my prayer.”

In another moment he was close at my side and had taken the hand next him.

“ Hortense, darling, my prayer and my courtship are one now, as they have always been—but what is their answer to be ? ”

I could bear it no longer. I put my face down on my hands and cried my very heart out. But Raleigh understood me, for his arms were close about me, and he was trying to kiss away the tears which were happier than smiles.

ANNE M. CRANE.

MY PALACES.

THEY rose in beauty on the plains
Through which my childhood danced in glee,
When roses wreathed my idle chains,
And holy angels talked with me.

They rose sublime on mountain heights
Whereto my ardent youth aspired,
Through silver days and golden nights—
Ere yet my heart grew dull and tired.

Their stately towers were all aflame
With rosy hues of morning light—
For hope and love and power and fame
Burned on their peaks and made them bright.

Now, brown and level fields expand
Around me, as I hold my way
Through barren hills on either hand,
And under skies of sober gray.

No radiant towers in distance rise
On soaring mountains strong and glad,
No gorgeous banners flaunt the skies—
But all the scene is calm and sad.

Yet, here and there, along the plain
A flower lights up the fading grass,
And whispering wind and rustling rain
Make gentle music as I pass.

And now and then a happy face,
And now and then a happy thought,
Give to the scene a solemn grace,
The sweeter that it comes unsought.

And, looking past all earthly ill,
I know there comes an hour of rest—
In a dark palace, lowly, still,
Where every man 's a welcome guest.

WILLIAM WINTER.

WORK AND REST.

THERE is a certain impressive sublimity in the opening scene in the old Greek tragedy of Prometheus. That demi-god, having impiously snatched fire from heaven to kindle life in the bosom of the clay man he had made, is depicted as being chained to his rock, and though his spirit is unbroken, the ejaculations of pity from the surrounding chorus mingle with the rude remarks of the ignoble creatures that are riveting the chains and that understand neither the person they torture nor the import of the work they do. The sublimity of the scene and its sadness likewise, apart from its furnishing an early and ante-Christian spectacle of a noble nature doomed to perpetual immolation for love toward humanity, lies in the lesson it teaches of the subjection of immaterial to material forces. For this we all grieve continually—that muscle outstands brain, that iron and rock are stronger than flesh and blood, that the insensible powers of material nature against which it is our work to beat all our lives, finally outwear us, and because they neither suffer nor enjoy, overcome us who do. The occasions are very rare that “make the infant’s sinews strong as steel.” The strength in resisting, which the Romans called *robur*, finally overcomes that of attacking, which they called *vis*, and moderns popularize into “vim.” It is doubtful whether Hannibal really did accomplish much upon the rocks of the Alps with his fires and vinegar; but whatever he did, the rocks remained—and in fragments, *they* cared nothing, still remaining as obstinate facts—while the fire and the vinegar spent themselves long ago and vanished.

In the tragedy, Strength and Force are represented as dragging Prometheus to the rock and holding him there. Probably the idea of showing the final domination of brute material force over human, was not designed in the play; but two things were designed—even if we throw out the idea of sacrifice—and those were, to show the vitality of Prometheus, which required such enormous strength for its subjugation, and to project in a blaze of perpetual light the utter failure of mere animal force in contest with intellectual. For, to us plainly, and inferentially to the Greeks, to whom the tragedy was orally published, the victory really lay with Prometheus; he was never so much Prometheus as then. Though bound, his chains fell off and his torturers fell out of sight, to the spectators, and with them all the shame and defeat rested upon the Olympian tyrant, whom they respected less than the heedless vulture itself.

But the tragedy would have been more human-like, although less dignified, if Weakness instead of Strength and Force had been seen holding Prometheus to the rock. Or, to paraphrase it for application to our daily life, Work drags us all to our rock of suffering, and Weakness is the chain that holds us there; the more complete that weakness is, the stronger it is, and the stronger it holds upon us. Our own feebleness nets the path of our lives with limitations, as if we walked to the scaffold between lines of halberdiers. Push as we will

toward the *summum bonum* of our lives, whatever that may be, it is forbidden to jump a single day; each single day presents itself with its own demand upon our strength, and, since we do continually get in arrears, the account lengthens, until, as the expressive phrase goes, we pay the debt of Nature, giving up ourselves to satisfy the hungry past days, and the sponge is drawn once for all over the whole account. See what a proportion daily exactions bear to the sum total of life. Taking life at its longest—from twenty to seventy—we have to deduct one-third for the single item of sleep, and if we take but six hours *per diem* for eating, the *corpus curare*, and for recreation, there are left but a fraction over one thousand solid weeks, or twenty years and two months, as the maximum of working time that the longest and healthiest life permits. And since not one of us had such a happy conjunction of the planets at his birth that he is without some flaw in mind or body, or both, this sum total is mercilessly drawn upon by disease, by innumerable delays, by corrosives of practical life, by weariness of nature which sleep fails to restore, even if we are not proved to be among the wicked by not living out half our days.

It is quite true that pursuit is enchanting, that anticipation is sweeter than possession. Said one philosopher, "If I could catch Truth, I would open my hand and let it go, that I might again pursue it." And yet this is quite reconcilable with what appears to be the fact; that the one universal weariness of humanity is weariness of weariness; the one aim of work, to work out of work; the one desire, the realization of rest. There have been men who read Euclid at breakfast, as we dip into the morning paper, and amused themselves with the Philosophy of the Unconditioned for recreation when they were tired; and there was an old minister, in former times, who used to sweeten his mouth with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep; yet even with them the *intima vis* that supplied their will may have unconsciously been a longing for rest. We hurry across the desert all the faster as our fatigue increases; but it is to reach the water we seem to see in the distant oasis. The Indian's hunting-ground in the future was to yield him rest upon his horse, and squaws were to wait upon him. Mahomet promised eternal rest after a life of battle, and trains of houris to anticipate every wish. And rest is the central idea of the heaven of revelation; yet very few of us are satisfied even with feeling certain of that. Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, where they lead an eternal round of shopping, and never wear the same dress twice. "How can you be so idle?" said a man to another who lived upon his money. "But what are you working for," was the retort, "except to secure the very idleness I now enjoy?" Upon just one thing are mankind agreed; that in the mass nobody works any more than he is obliged to, and that in the individual case each man will do as little as he can rub along with. Vice is only laziness, and law-breaking an attempt to dodge the law of labor. The most unwelcome fact that meets each man, is the necessity of work; and whether he spends his life in trying to walk around this fact, or makes one headlong rush to walk over it, he equally wants to get rid of it in either case. Socialistic communities are only an attempt to evolve something from nothing, and to overcome the invincible fact that, not even for the noblest intellects, the most shrinking and sensitive souls, or the most incapable bodies, will the earth give over her sterility without labor.

The most remarkable thing about work, however, is its involuntariness. A few rare cases have been known of men who could check the beating of their

own hearts and simulate death ; but, by rule, a man's internal vital machinery is shut away from his curious or restless meddling, and, unless he breaks it down, he can only remotely affect it—he cannot govern it. The law of inertia is as much mental as physical ; at times, all the wheels of being are slow, resisting the impulses of will, and at other times, the brain grows dizzy with their rapid whirl. An exceedingly picturesque passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" illustrates this :

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image, jarring through the over-tried organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest! that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday!"

It is plausible, at least, to suggest that all this may perhaps have a bearing upon the fact that immortality has been denied only by modern and cultivated races; never by barbarous ones. The Germany which Tacitus describes had a firmer faith in a future state than the Rome for which Cicero wrote. And for the reason that, with a barbarous people, the brain is chiefly cerebellum, never working on its own line, independent of the body, of which it is servant rather than master; never drags the body into work or is dragged by it into the valley of wrestling fatigue; has never its own ills or satisfactions; is never ambitious, and knows not its own powers; is not conscious of itself as a distinct entity; walks, enjoys, suffers, rests, breathes, with the body, without discord; and because its being is thus parallel with the body's, and existence itself, under few and not complex conditions, is joy, never dreams of the possibility of an end. The reverse of this is true only among refined peoples. When the brain is master, compelling all things to its own service, but in turn smitten in revenge by the macerated body; when its line of life and bent of work diverge from the body's and that becomes an impediment; when neither regards the other's needs and both are at cross purposes, then doubt is born and problems spring up, and sleep cannot restore, and decay outruns rest. Islamism had not so rigid a fatalism as an overworked brain unconsciously takes in. Lay upon men the habit of work which reverses even rest and brings up its wrong side, fatigue, and they seem to be moving in a ceaseless round, obediently to an inner necessity; they readily come to counting themselves self-moving machines. The secret impulse is not external, it is within; precisely as if they had indeed been wound up and set running for a term of years. And it is when this is most felt and pursuit has changed from pleasure into a staggering chase, that this passage, every word of which is vital, becomes real:

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness unto God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call."

Or it may be because the round is ceaseless and dizzy, and the pursuit seemingly without an object; because existence seems the term of labor and unconsciousness the only rest, that some take belief in that rest. France may have been infidel from other reasons; but when the Girondists watched together through their last night, might it not have been their lesson of life that made nearly all of them except Vergniaud declare death an eternal sleep? May it not be that, sick of the unreasoning fury of the Revolution, which sought to overthrow everything and had nothing ready to replace that it destroyed, they thought there must be an end of toil, which could only be unconsciousness, and so looked at the edge of the waiting knife as the edge over which they were to take a last plunge and know nothing more?

The century is at fault in being in a great hurry, as if it were impatient at being the last one in a decade. The same impatience is the much talked of characteristic fault of the American people. We positively will not accept gracefully the limitations of material things. We want to turn resistance into motion, and make vessels go by the inertia of water; to turn yielding into resistance and so fly; to make fire of water; to get at the inmost substance of matter. We enter upon a fierce warfare with the material universe, attacking it with our bare fingers. Where England carries a railroad track around a mountain, Americans drive over it or through it; and we deal in like manner with the limitations in our own weakness. The most restless people in the world, our restlessness is not a whit like that of the Jews, who are typified by Salathiel; it is not the working out of a curse, but is dissatisfaction with what exists, and seeking after a result. We are as lazy as anybody; only our climate, our country, and our position in events will not suffer us to idle. There is work to be done. The oldest country on the globe has to be cleared up and restored to a habitable condition. We do not work chiefly for the love of work, but because the nation has its work to do, and the individual his. Each man's stint is to get rich and retire to enjoy riches; before he is thirty, because he wants all the rest of life for ease; by work, because his seeking finds no shorter cut; by hard and furious work, because he hates work and will gain rest all the sooner. He tramples on weariness, because he is weary of it; dashes at work, that his impetus may drive him over it; rushes through fire and water, that he may leave them behind. As a people, we fight our weakness, as a child kicks the door, instead of gracefully accepting it. Our stomachs we abuse, because they shame our pride by hourly rebuking it and because so much of our labor is wasted in satisfying their importunity; and in the city we have established public whipping-places, called restaurants, to which we go, at least once a day, to have our stomachs flogged into submissiveness. To get at the sum total of what we shall accomplish—the unknown x of our lives—we take the product of our activity and our years, thus: $ay=x$, forgetting that the element of fatigue must be considered and that the equation rightfully reads thus: $(a-f)y=x$. This we hate and fume at, refusing to recognize our weakness, because it adds so much to the burden of our work. As a people, we ignore rest and have no leisure. Instead of blessing the inventor of sleep, we would sooner bless him who should remove the necessity for it and thus add a third to our lives. Failing that, we are horses which the spur drives, not the oats waiting in the crib. We all bend forward. Our sleep is a grudge, a sop to nature. Our life is all stimulus. Our atmosphere is oxygen.

We have a pleasant saying that the devil gets the hindmost. Unhappily,

however, he quite as likely gets the foremost. In a crowd, some will be trampled down, and all will be bruised. The faculty of contemplation seems almost gone, and in its stead we must see through everything in just three glances, one each for its length, breadth, and thickness. The life of the patriarchs, sitting at the doors of their tents, and growing old as the trees grew, living long because living slowly; the life of the ruder nations, who reckoned time by eclipses and had no impatience with their days; the old Rome, which could inspire such an anachronistic romance as the "Marble Faun;" races that, in tropical climes, do nothing but use the food by which prodigal Nature anticipates their wants; simple people who, nowadays, live and die in one village, or are born within sound of Niagara but pass away without seeing the fall; or such a one as Thoreau, finding all his world in running brooks and tangled wilds—how very remote these all seem from our whirling life, our implacable days! Life, we know, is a race, and we crown the victors, knowing that many have dropped by the way; but if it is *væ victis*, is it not *væ victoribus* too? Consider. Many fell and were trampled out of sight in the beginning; look rather at those who come out foremost. Through what shadows have they passed, that they come out such wan faces? They have perished by the wayside. Ease in work fell soon after the start; enthusiasm slipped to one side; concord of brain and body gave way next; calmness and leisure escaped and there was no time to stop and regain them; grace was bruised and hardened into stony shape; the sense of beauty grew a coarse mockery; self-control fell off and blind work snatched its place; hope slipped them at the last. Where are they who entered the lists, and what are these that come out? They reach the shore in name and ghost only; their selves have sunk just in sight of it. O Dolorosus, who complain of having time but no leisure; of no relief in changing physicians; of dyspepsia, of joylessness, of finding everything stale, flat, and unprofitable, do you recognize yourself? Your own nature is all the physician you want. Will you use life, or shall life use you? At thirty, you may find yourself a rich man, but will you certainly find yourself then at all? You will have won music, and painting, and nightingale's tongues by the million; but you take the risk of having closed your senses. Your work fairly over, for the rest you promise yourself you will have only the same man that the hour of release from work finds you; there is no fountain of youth except in Spain, where you are too utilitarian to seek it. The elasticity you possess is your most dangerous gift. It will lead you on until it only remains to you; then if it snaps—which is its treacherous nature—where are you, Dolorosus? You had better have been the hindmost, for your victory is your vanquishing, your success your utter defeat.

JULIUS WILCOX.

BADEN - BADEN .

SOME years ago there came here a sharp, saucy little French youth of good connections, and with good letters. He railed and rambled all over the land, saw the war and the seat of government, and the modern Athens and our own uppertendom of Gotham ; and about all he wrote largely and freely, for a well-known review in his own country. And when he came among uppertendom he was seized with a sudden desire to play Jenkins or *Sewer* correspondent, and incontinently did so, and let himself down very much from his position as a French gentleman—for there are French gentlemen, though the English deny it. Yet, it must be owned that he was a clever little scamp, and made good hits now and then. Thus, in describing his visit to Saratoga, after sketching in a dozen trenchant lines the absurdities and discomforts of the place, he concludes, "It is the most frightful jumble you can conceive, and the Americans call this, going into the country for pleasure."

In fact, civilized life affords nothing in the way of *soi-disant* recreation so purely and utterly detestable as a fashionable American watering-place. I don't know anything that approaches it in disagreeableness except, perhaps, an *unfashionable* American watering-place.

Thinking over which, and reflecting with some mortification that those benighted Europeans, as our stump orators call them, know how to make a watering-place and keep it much better than we, I shall endeavor to show you a real Summer resort, as it is and ought to be. Would only that my pen were more adequate to the subject, for in attempting to describe Baden-Baden, I feel as a third-rate artist might, if suddenly called on to paint the portrait of the most beautiful woman in New York.

An English magazine writer, giving his first impressions of *the* Baden, * said he only wondered how any one able to live there could live anywhere else. The Englishman was about right.

First of all, imagine a low valley embosomed in hills. This is the foundation idea of Baden, from which arises much of its beauty and glory and comfort. The hills on the west side, including that on which the town itself (as distinguished from the villa and watering-place part of Baden) is built, shut out the eastern and fashionable quarter from all view of the road that runs to Oos (long O if you please), and the Rhine valley. You may be at a considerable height above the Lichtenthal Allée and still see no outlet. Sometimes it breaks upon you unexpectedly in the course of your mountain trips. Thus in going from Neuweier to Sandbach, a promenade which few mere tourists or casual visitors think of making, you wind for some miles along the side of a hill shut in by pine woods and precipices, when all at once there opens a big gap in the rocks (your further path descends steeply through it) and all the Rhine valley clear over to France lies spread out far below you. It is a

* Baden meaning simply baths, there are many other places of the name in Germany and Switzerland. Hence the reduplication, to show that this is the Baden of Badens.

great spot for a landscapist; a man with a Bierstadty turn of mind in a small way might make much of that gap. But that style of man is not common in Baden. Pet portrait painters like Winterhalter you may find, and English *quasi* amateurs hawking their wares about under patronage of great names in the snobbish manner of second-rate British artists, and natives, clever enough if they would stick to their work, but ruined by their Bohemianism.*

The first effect of Baden's position in an æsthetic point of view is, that the evergreen-clad hills and the rich valley mutually set off each other, affording a perpetual contrast of cultivated fertility and wild nature. In a thoroughly mountainous country—say Switzerland—you are apt to become surfeited with mountains, and your eye loses the power of appreciating vertical dimensions. In a stony and sterile region (like Berkshire County, Massachusetts, for instance) however beautiful the forms of the landscape, its coldness gives you a painful impression after a time, like the manners of a very puritanically brought-up damsel. Baden resembles a woman in whom nature and art are so charmingly tempered that each sets off the other. The French indeed, who, like some other clever people, are always ready to criticize in proportion to their ignorance, insist that the nature of Baden is not natural enough; it is "combed and curled," "comic opera," and so forth. All which is the product of vague conceptions and superficial examination. You can find as wild nature as you want within a few hours of Baden. Peterhans, for example, the mountain which seems to close the outlet on the east, in a straight line beyond Lichtenthal—the road to the Murg Valley turns off to the left over the Eberstein Castle hill—it is wild enough there, and cool enough, too, in the heat of Summer. O Peterhans, I have some pleasant memories of thee! That day especially when the representative of a great French historic name, very popular here, fortified himself too carefully against the unexpected chill by generous potations of iced liquor, and was so overcome by the cold within and cold without that the ladies of our party wrapped him in shawls, set him on a donkey, and so sent him down the mountain:

"Jolly as Horatius Flaccus,
Great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short and well-nigh fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

Sydney Smith's description applied to him almost literally.

But we must not be wildly rushing off to Peterhans. Let us look about the place itself a little, and as we are coming back to it, we will just remark that of all the hills in the immediate neighborhood of Baden, the round Mercur, with its round tower on the top, is the most conspicuous object. It is your guide to Baden for miles in different directions, as King's College Chapel is to Cambridge. One talks of *the* Mercur, but there are two hills, the other a nameless one alongside toward the east (at least I never heard any name for it during a nine years' residence); and these "sistering hills," rising with their graceful undulations like the twin breasts of a beautiful maiden, are constantly meeting you in your rambles and expeditions through all manner of gaps and vistas. One pleasant feature about most of the hills near Baden is that you are certain to "become beer"† on the top of them, and a very pleasant certainty it is after a long upward walk.

* Winterhalter is a Badener by birth, but though he has a house there, must be considered a Frenchman by adoption.

† *Bekommen* is the popular German word answering to our *get*. A writer in Chambers

Well, then, suppose yourself at Baden. As you look out of your comfortable hotel (where you are waited upon without fuss or trouble, and are not obliged to wear patent leathers because you can't get ordinary shoes cleaned by the Fenians who misrepresent servants), the first thing that strikes you is the possibility of a pleasant stroll in *any* direction. Everywhere clean, commodious, handsome walks; everywhere shade—shade, the one thing wanted above all others in America, and the one thing you can never get. Scorched by the sun and ankle-deep in dust if they venture out, American pleasure-seekers are driven to promenade up and down under a vast portico, like beasts in a menagerie, criticizing one another's dress. (Fenianism being the fashion, I trust that sentence may pass. Was it Lord Castlereagh or Sir Boyle Roche who said that ministers were standing with their hands in their breeches-pockets like crocodiles?) Here at Baden, on the contrary, your impulse is to be out of doors all day. When you are tired of walking about, you can sit down comfortably in front of the long range of "conversation" buildings and eat ices or imbibe sherry-cobblers to the music of a first-rate military band.* When you come to know a little more of the region's capabilities you will probably breakfast out, and thus enjoy a lovely walk before breakfast in addition. Up that magnificent winding avenue of oaks it is just one mile and a quarter to Lichtenthal. If instead of Lichtenthal *avenue* you take Lichtenthal *street*, on the other side of the Oos, 'tis but half the distance, but no one thinks of going by the street; it would be like going "down town" by the Bowery instead of Broadway. Then you arrive at the Bären hotel and garden; *Hotel de l' Ours*, *Hotel à l' Ours*, as you see it on the different entrances, as if mine host wanted to decline a noun for the benefit of his countrymen who might be studying French. And then, sitting in an arbor right over the little Oos, you lanquet on delicious trout that have been taken out of the very stream at your feet, and coffee and cream worthy of accompanying the trout, or Markgraefler, if you wish to try the wine of the country, which goes very well with fish; crayfish likewise and a special dish (name forgotten), which is a sort of cross between milk-toast and herb-soup; and altogether you make such a repast that after it you "envy no kaiser his gold," as the Deutsch ditty says, especially after lighting your Partaga, which you may get good and *cheap* of my friend Herr Burgomeister Gaus.

But one may be surfeited with strolling even in Baden. Where can we drive? Where can we not drive rather? There is all the regular guide-book business, the old castle and Ebersteinburg beyond it, and Eberstein Castle in the other direction, and Rothenfels, and the Favorite, and Yburg, and the miniature cascade of Geroldsau; and there are a good many places not in the regular routine, such as Seelach, and Neuweier, and Ottenau, and Gagenau, not to speak of longer trips like going along the Murg Valley to Forbach, thence over the mountains to Heerenweise, then through the romantic Buehler Thal, and so home on the high road by Buehl, and Sinzheim, and Oos. This is about forty miles—too long a drive for one day unless with your own horses. But of excursions within ten miles of Baden you may easily count a dozen, all beautiful, and it is to be remarked as not the least of their merits

says (and I can perfectly believe it to have happened) that a German waiter told some English who were inquiring the way to a certain locality on the Rhine, "When you go to Andernach you become good donkeys."

* Perhaps you will enjoy a national melody along with your national drink. Koenemann, the leader, has set "Camptown Races" as a polka.

that you are never obliged to go and return by the same road. On some of these promenades all the resources of art have been exhausted (as, for instance, in the road winding up the mountain side to Eberstein Castle), while nature has never been unnecessarily interfered with. With us the general rule is, first to destroy nature as much as possible by cutting down trees, and then to do nothing, or next to nothing, toward helping her deficiencies by art.

And after all your drives you have not half exhausted the resources of the vicinity. There are many places where even a trotting wagon cannot penetrate comfortably, but through which a horse will carry you on his back pleasantly. Mounted, you may scramble among the hills in all directions, and make unexpected acquaintance with many queer little villages. Nine Summers I rode about Baden, and up to the last year kept finding new ones. Odd conglomerations of houses they are, that seem to have dropped down accidentally along the narrow and tortuous mountain paths that serve them for streets. Those in the valleys are more level, of course, but in other respects as irregular. It is a peculiarity of the country, which almost carries you back to the Middle Ages, that you never see an isolated house; the peasants are collected in villages, and these hamlets are never in exposed situations, but lurk, as it were, in some mountain defile or corner of a wood.

Another peculiarity is the disposition of their names in groups, with a certain ending according to the locality. Thus, on the east and north they nearly all terminate in *au*, as Ottenau, Geroldsau; to the west and northwest in *heim*, as Ifezheim; to the southwest in *ung*, as Kartung, Schiftung. *Au* means *meadow*; the *s* frequently preceding it is only one sign of the German genitive. *Heim* is *home*. *Ung* answers to the participial noun termination *ing*, as in *building*; but what its force is in these names I am not philologist enough to tell. What I *could* tell you pretty accurately about these funny little places is, which of them are the best to "become beer" at. That is a piece of information which a resident picks up pretty soon. In the early days of my Baden householdship, I was called suddenly to America, leaving a lad nine years old as my male representative. On my return, some months later, we started for an equitation, and when it came to be beer time, the youngster piloted me to the proper village and the proper inn thereof, rode his pony nearly into the window and called for "zwei schopp" with all the *aplomb* of a full-grown native.

If you are not content with strolling and driving and riding, but must have *real* walking, which, after all, is the best way to explore a country, you can get plenty of that by so many pleasant routes that it is not worth while attempting to enumerate them.

And now a word as to the climate. The valley is so warm, partly from its sheltered position and partly from the hot springs in it, that snow seldom lies there, even when all the surrounding hills are covered. The town itself stands on a hill, as has been remarked (one of the most picturesque views of it is from Seelach, at a corresponding elevation, beyond Lichtenenthal, whence you see Baden facing you across a mile of low land), but the springs keep it also pretty warm. Yet one rarely finds the Summer heat unpleasant, and this is in no small measure owing to the wise precautions that have been taken to provide and preserve shade.

So much for the place; and now what is to be said about the people? How about the society and etiquette? It is a theory of these benighted Europeans that they go to a watering-place not to dress and cut a dash, not even to

dance; but to be comfortable and *unfashionable*, and refresh themselves after a town season, whether it has been one of business or pleasure. Accordingly, everybody that is respectable takes it easy. A prince of the blood-royal visits you in his sack-coat and wide-awake hat. Great ladies are not above riding on donkeys, and going about in *drosks*, which, being interpreted, means hacks. If they indulge in any luxury, it is a profusion of plain white clothing. When I first knew Baden, it was positively dangerous to appear full-dressed in public. If *Madame* went to a subscription ball in her diamonds, and *decolletée*, you might be asked by the M. C. if she was your *épouse légitime*. In fact, the balls were what we should call *hops*; gentlemen "assisted" at them in cutaways and colored trousers, and ladies went in ordinary morning dress, only taking off their bonnets to dance. At least this *was* the rule. I fear the railroads and the French penny-a-liners have changed it for the worse, and that many diamonds have found their way into M. Benazet's balls, and some persons attached to them who are not exactly legitimate spouses. (Which suggests a hint to tourists. Be very careful about making hotel acquaintances. If you are a large party, you can do very well at the *table d'hôte*; if only a couple, you had better dine in private, or make up your mind to fight shy of your neighbors. There is a very elegant and well-behaved pair alongside you; they are set down in the *Badeblatt* and the hotel books as the Marquis and Marquise de Quelquechose. He is what he professes to be—a real live Marquis—not a counter-jumper or a card-sharper; she *may* be a *Marquise*—there are some fallen ladies in Lorette-dom—but she is *not* the Marquise de Quelquechose.)

One of these Frenchmen (it is only Frenchmen and *very* Gallicized Americans that have impudence enough for such things) was nicely caught once. The Grand Duchess, who had known him before, and supposed him to be recently married when she saw his name "mit frau" in the *Badeblatt*, invited Mr. le Comte and *his wife* to dinner. Our Gaul's *aplomb* was not quite equal to that; he feigned illness, executed a rapid change of base, and Baden saw no more of him and his extempore countess that season.

It is said that July is the month of crowned heads at Baden; August the month of musicians; September that of sportsmen. This reminds me that some mention should be made of the special amusements of Baden as distinct from those recreations which are open every day to all. There are plenty of concerts and theatrical exhibitions, many, indeed most of them, gratuitous. There is—I seem to hear a shrill exclamation of horror from young lady voices—*not* a great deal of dancing, probably not more than five balls in a fortnight. My dear Miss Flora, I know that you have been accustomed to dance at least five hours a day at Newport. But if you were at Baden it is just possible you might find so many other pleasant things to do as to forget the necessity of your twice-a-daily polka.

To a sportsman, Baden is a small paradise. The trout-fishing is mostly preserved, but you may easily get access to it. You may shoot ten months in the year; roebuck all Summer, partridges, hares—I was going to say "and other birds"—all the Autumn and Winter till February. Of course this is chiefly men's amusement. Ladies sometimes come to the Autumn *bathues*, but the serious sport begins when the fashionable season is over, except the roebuck-hunting, which lasts all Summer, as just stated, and affords great fun to the select few who keep it up. It is not unworthily illustrated in Courbet's magnificent picture, *La Curée*. Better still was the *Chasse-a-courre*, the

boar and deer-hunting on horseback, which has now been superseded by the races—good enough in their way, too, but they last three days, while the hunting lasted nearly as many months. The English laugh at Continental hunting; it would be as reasonable for the swell who pilots his 2:40 flyer on the road to ridicule the other swell who tools his phaeton and high-steppers in the Park.

You may ride through Sandweier wood, or over the fields to the Rhine, on any well-bitted, sure-footed horse, worth from two to three hundred dollars—your women and boys with you—and if there are no five-barred gates or bulfinches, or terrific bursts of speed, nothing more exciting than a scramble among trees, a ditch or two, a slide down a bank, and a small river to ford, you have on the other hand a pleasant drive to the meet at the pleasantest season of the year, a jolly *al fresco* breakfast, a long gallop through beautiful country, and a keen appreciation of your lager afterward. Alas! *Troja fuit, fuit Ilium*. “Rallye-Bade” and its French branch the Livry hunt that used to meet in the famed forest of Bondy, are things of the past! Bondy itself is disforested (its thieves have gone to the Tuileries); Sandweier may soon be, perhaps. *Sic transit*.

Talking of thieves, says the reader, you haven't said a word yet about the gaming tables at Baden; I thought they were the principal feature of the place. Reader mine, I have not mentioned the tables because I saw little of them; probably not an hour during nine years. It is as possible for a man to live in Baden without gambling himself, or seeing others gamble, as it is for him to live in Gotham without stealing or going into business. *Probatum est* both ways. And if you expect me to let off some highly moral reflections on the sin and stupidity of gambling, I shan't do it; I should as soon think of elaborating an essay to prove that fire will burn or that iced water taken to excess without something to qualify it, is very bad for digestion. Or, if you expect me to fulminate an anathema at the Grand Duke for allowing the practice on his premises, I shan't do that either; on the contrary, I think there is much to be said in palliation of the Grand Duke. The “tiger” exists very largely (I presume you are aware of the fact) at Newport and Saratoga, and elsewhere; and because he is supposed not to exist, he is simply an unmitigated nuisance, and does nothing but mischief. At Baden they have avowed the tiger and caught him and set him to work, made him give concerts and help to lay out those beautiful walks and roads; honest people get something out of him.

And here I take leave of the queen of watering places, only lamenting my inability to do her anything like justice. As there are some women whom no pencil can properly portray, so there are some places which no pen can adequately describe. Florence is one of them—and Baden is another.

CARL BENSON

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISITOR CALLS AT ONGAR PARK.



It will be remembered that Harry Clavering, on returning one evening to his lodgings in Bloomsbury Square, had been much astonished at finding there the card of Count Pateroff, a man of whom he had only heard, up to that moment, as the friend of the late Lord Ongar. At first he had been very angry with Lady Ongar, thinking that she and this count were in some league together, some league of which he would greatly disapprove; but his anger had given place to a new interest when he learned direct from herself that she had not seen the count, and that she was simply anxious that he, as her friend, should have an interview with the man. He had then become very eager in the matter, offering to subject himself to any amount of inconvenience so that he might effect that which Lady Ongar asked of him. He

was not, however, called upon to endure any special trouble or expense, as he heard nothing more from Count Pateroff till he had been back in London for two or three weeks.

Lady Ongar's statement to him had been quite true. It had been even more than true; for when she had written she had not even heard directly from the count. She had learned by letter from another person that Count Pateroff was in London, and had then communicated the fact to her friend. This other person was a sister of the count's, who was now living in London; one Madame Gordeloup—Sophie Gordeloup—a lady whom Harry had found sitting in Lady Ongar's room when last he had seen her in Bolton Street. He had not then heard her name; nor was he aware then, or for some time subsequently, that Count Pateroff had any relative in London.

Lady Ongar had been a fortnight in the country before she received Madame Gordeloup's letter. In that letter the sister had declared herself to be most anxious that her brother should see Lady Ongar. The letter had been in French, and had been very eloquent—more eloquent in its cause than any letter with the same object could have been if written by an Englishwoman in English; and the eloquence was less offensive than it might, under all concurrent circumstances, have been had it reached Lady Ongar in English. The reader must not, however, suppose that the letter contained a word that was intended to support a lover's suit. It was very far indeed from that, and spoke of the count simply as a friend; but its eloquence went to show that nothing that had passed should be construed by Lady Ongar as offering any bar to a fair friendship. What the world said!—Bah! Did not she know—she, Sophie—and did not her friend know—her friend Julie—that the world was a great liar? Was it not even now telling wicked venomous lies about her friend Julie? Why mind what the world said, seeing that the world could not be brought to speak one word of truth? The world indeed! Bah!

But Lady Ongar, though she was not as yet more than half as old as Madame Gordeloup, knew what she was about almost as well as that lady knew what Sophie Gordeloup was doing. Lady Ongar had known the count's sister in France and Italy, having seen much of her in one of those sudden intimacies to which English people are subject when abroad; and she had been glad to see Madame Gordeloup in London—much more glad than she would have been had she been received there on her return by a crowd of loving native friends. But not on that account was she prepared to shape her conduct in accordance with her friend Sophie's advice, and especially not so when that advice had reference to Sophie's brother. She had, therefore, said very little in return to the lady's eloquence, answering the letter on that matter very vaguely; but, having a purpose of her own, had begged that Count Pateroff might be asked to call upon Harry Clavering. Count Pateroff did not feel himself to care very much about Harry Clavering, but wishing to do as he was bidden, did leave his card in Bloomsbury Square.

And why was Lady Ongar anxious that the young man who was her friend should see the man who had been her husband's friend, and whose name had been mixed with her own in so grievous a manner? She had called Harry her friend, and it might be that she desired to give this friend every possible means of testing the truth of that story which she herself had told. The reader, perhaps, will hardly have believed in Lady Ongar's friendship; will, perhaps, have believed neither the friendship nor the story. If so, the reader will have done her wrong, and will not have read her character aright. The woman was not heartless because she had once, in one great epoch of her life, betrayed her own heart; nor was she altogether false because she had once lied; nor altogether vile, because she had once taught herself that, for such an one as her, riches were a necessity. It might be that the punishment of her sin could meet with no remission in this world, but not on that account should it be presumed that there was no place for repentance left to her.

As she walked alone through the shrubberies at Ongar Park she thought much of those other paths at Clavering, and of the walks in which she had not been alone; and she thought of that interview in the garden when she had explained to Harry—as she had then thought so successfully—that they two, each being poor, were not fit to love and marry each other. She had brooded over all that, too, during the long hours of her sad journey home to

England. She was thinking of it still when she had met him, and had been so cold to him on the platform of the railway station, when she had sent him away angry because she had seemed to slight him. She had thought of it as she had sat in her London room, telling him the terrible tale of her married life, while her eyes were fixed on his and her head was resting on her hands. Even then, at that moment, she was asking herself whether he believed her story, or whether, within his breast, he was saying that she was vile and false. She knew that she had been false to him, and that he must have despised her when, with her easy philosophy, she had made the best of her own mercenary perfidy. He had called her a jilt to her face, and she had been able to receive the accusation with a smile. Would he now call her something worse, and in a louder voice, within his own bosom? And if she could convince him that to that accusation she was not fairly subject, might the old thing come back again? Would he walk with her again, and look into her eyes as though he only wanted her commands to show himself ready to be her slave? She was a widow, and had seen many things, but even now she had not reached her six-and-twentieth year.

The apples at her rich country-seat had quickly become ashes between her teeth, but something of the juice of the fruit might yet reach her palate if he would come and sit with her at the table. As she complained to herself of the coldness of the world, she thought that she would not care how cold might be all the world if there might be but one whom she could love, and who would love her. And him she had loved. To him, in old days—in days which now seemed to her to be very old—she had made confession of her love. Old as were those days, it could not be but he should still remember them. She had loved him, and him only. To none other had she ever pretended love. From none other had love been offered to her. Between her and that wretched being to whom she had sold herself, who had been half dead before she had seen him, there had been no pretence of love. But Harry Clavering she had loved. Harry Clavering was a man, with all those qualities which she valued, and also with those foibles which saved him from being too perfect for so slight a creature as herself. Harry had been offended to the quick, and had called her a jilt; but yet it might be possible that he would return to her.

It should not be supposed that since her return to England she had had one settled, definite object before her eyes with regard to this renewal of her love. There had been times in which she had thought that she would go on with the life which she had prepared for herself, and that she would make herself contented, if not happy, with the price which had been paid to her. And there were other times, in which her spirits sank low within her, and she told herself that no contentment was longer possible to her. She looked at herself in the glass, and found herself to be old and haggard. Harry, she said, was the last man in the world to sell himself for wealth, when there was no love remaining. Harry would never do as she had done with herself! Not for all the wealth that woman ever inherited—so she told herself—would he link himself to one who had made herself vile and tainted among women! In this, I think, she did him no more than justice, though it may be that in some other matters she rated his character too highly. Of Florence Burton she had as yet heard nothing, though had she heard of her, it may well be that she would not on that account have desisted. Such being her thoughts and her hopes, she had written to Harry, begging him to see this man who had followed her—she knew not why—from Italy; and had told the sister simply

that she could not do as she was asked, because she was away from London, alone in a country house.

And quite alone she was sitting one morning, counting up her misery, feeling that the apples were, in truth, ashes, when a servant came to her, telling her that there was a gentleman in the hall desirous of seeing her. The man had the visitor's card in his hand, but before she could read the name, the blood had mounted into her face as she told herself that it was Harry Clavering. There was joy for a moment at her heart; but she must not show it—not as yet. She had been but four months a widow, and he should not have come to her in the country. She must see him and in some way make him understand this—but she would be very gentle with him. Then her eye fell upon the card, and she saw, with grievous disappointment, that it bore the name of Count Pateroff. No; she was not going to be caught in that way. Let the result be what it might, she would not let Sophie Gordeloup, or Sophie's brother, get the better of her by such a ruse as that! "Tell the gentleman, with my compliments," she said, as she handed back the card, "that I regret it greatly, but I can see no one now." Then the servant went away, and she sat wondering whether the count would be able to make his way into her presence. She felt rather than knew that she had some reason to fear him. All that had been told of him and of her had been false. No accusation brought against her had contained one spark of truth. But there had been things between Lord Ongar and this man which she would not care to have told openly in England. And though, in his conduct to her, he had been customarily courteous, and on one occasion had been generous, still she feared him. She would much rather that he should have remained in Italy. And though, when all alone in Bolton Street, she had in her desolation welcomed his sister Sophie, she would have preferred that Sophie should not have come to her, claiming to renew their friendship. But with the count she would hold no communion now, even though he should find his way into the room.

A few minutes passed before the servant returned, and then he brought a note with him. As the door opened Lady Ongar rose, ready to leave the room by another passage; but she took the note and read it. It was as follows: "I cannot understand why you should refuse to see me, and I feel aggrieved. My present purpose is to say a few words to you on private matters connected with papers that belonged to Lord Ongar. I still hope that you will admit me.—P." Having read these words while standing, she made an effort to think what might be the best course for her to follow. As for Lord Ongar's papers, she did not believe in the plea. Lord Ongar could have had no papers interesting to her in such a manner as to make her desirous of seeing this man or of hearing of them in private. Lord Ongar, though she had nursed him to the hour of his death, earning her price, had been her bitterest enemy; and though there had been something about this count that she had respected, she had known him to be a man of intrigue and afraid of no falsehoods in his intrigues—a dangerous man, who might perhaps now and again do a generous thing, but one who would expect payment for his generosity. Besides, had he not been named openly as her lover? She wrote to him, therefore, as follows: "Lady Ongar presents her compliments to Count Pateroff, and finds it to be out of her power to see him at present." This answer the visitor took and walked away from the front door without showing any disgust to the servant, either by his demeanor or in his countenance. On that evening she received from him a long letter, written at the neighbor-

ing inn, expostulating with her as to her conduct toward him, and saying in the last line, that it was "impossible now that they should be strangers to each other." "Impossible that we should be strangers," she said almost out aloud. "Why impossible? I know no such impossibility." After that she carefully burned both the letter and the note.

She remained at Ongar Park something over six weeks, and then, about the beginning of May, she went back to London. No one had been to see her, except Mr. Sturm, the clergyman of the parish; and he, though something almost approaching to an intimacy had sprung up between them, had never yet spoken to her of his wife. She was not quite sure whether her rank might not deter him—whether under such circumstances as those now in question, the ordinary social rules were not ordinarily broken—whether a countess should not call on a clergyman's wife first, although the countess might be the stranger; but she did not dare to do as she would have done, had no blight attached itself to her name. She gave, therefore, no hint; she said no word of Mrs. Sturm, though her heart was longing for a kind word from some woman's mouth. But she allowed herself to feel no anger against the husband, and went through her parish work, thanking him for his assistance.

Of Mr. Giles she had seen very little, and since her misfortune with Enoch Gubby, she had made no further attempt to interfere with the wages of the persons employed. Into the houses of some of the poor she had made her way, but she fancied that they were not glad to see her. They might, perhaps, have all heard of her reputation, and Gubby's daughter may have congratulated herself that there was another in the parish as bad as herself, or perhaps, happily, worse. The owner of all the wealth around strove to make Mrs. Button become a messenger of charity between herself and some of the poor; but Mrs. Button altogether declined the employment, although, as her mistress had ascertained, she herself performed her own little missions of charity with zeal. Before the fortnight was over, Lady Ongar was sick of her house and her park, utterly disregarding of her horses and oxen, and unmindful even of the pleasant stream which in these Spring days rippled softly at the bottom of her gardens.

She had undertaken to be back in London early in May, by appointment with her lawyer, and had unfortunately communicated the fact to Madame Gordeloup. Four or five days before she was due in Bolton Street, her mindful Sophie, with unerring memory, wrote to her, declaring her readiness to do all and anything that the most diligent friendship could prompt. Should she meet her dear Julie at the station in London? Should she bring any special carriage? Should she order any special dinner in Bolton Street? She herself would of course come to Bolton Street, if not allowed to be present at the station. It was still chilly in the evenings, and she would have fires lit. Might she suggest a roast fowl and some bread sauce, and perhaps a sweetbread—and just one glass of champagne? And might she share the banquet? There was not a word in the note about the too obtrusive brother, either as to the offence committed by him, or the offence felt by him.

The little Franco-Polish woman was there in Bolton Street, of course—for Lady Ongar had not dared to refuse her. A little, dry, bright woman she was, with quick eyes, and thin lips, and small nose, and mean forehead, and scanty hair drawn back quite tightly from her face and head; very dry, but still almost pretty with her quickness and her brightness. She was fifty, was

Sophie Gordeloup, but she had so managed her years that she was as active on her limbs as most women are at twenty-five. And the chicken and the bread sauce, and the sweetbread, and the champagne were there, all very good of their kind; for Sophie Gordeloup liked such things to be good, and knew how to indulge her own appetite, and to coax that of another person.

Some little satisfaction Lady Ongar received from the fact that she was not alone; but the satisfaction was not satisfactory. When Sophie had left her at ten o'clock, running off by herself to her lodgings in Mount Street, Lady Ongar, after but one moment's thought, sat down and wrote a note to Harry Clavering.

"DEAR HARRY—I am back in town. Pray come and see me to-morrow evening.

Yours ever,
J. O."

CHAPTER XIV.

COUNT PATEROFF.

AFTER an interval of some weeks, during which Harry had been down at Clavering and had returned again to his work at the Adelphi, Count Pateroff called again in Bloomsbury Square; but Harry was at Mr. Beilby's office. Harry at once returned the count's visit at the address given in Mount Street. Madame was at home, said the servant-girl, from which Harry was led to suppose that the count was a married man; but Harry felt that he had no right to intrude upon madame, so he simply left his card. Wishing, however, really to have this interview, and having been lately elected at a club of which he was rather proud, he wrote to the count asking him to dine with him at the Beaufort. He explained that there was a stranger's room—which Pateroff knew very well, having often dined at the Beaufort—and said something as to a private little dinner for two, thereby apologizing for proposing to the count to dine without other guests. Pateroff accepted the invitation, and Harry, never having done such a thing before, ordered his dinner with much nervousness.

The count was punctual, and the two men introduced themselves. Harry had expected to see a handsome foreigner, with black hair, polished whiskers, and probably a hook nose—forty years of age or thereabouts, but so got up as to look not much more than thirty. But his guest was by no means a man of that stamp. Excepting that the count's age was altogether uncertain, no correctness of guess on that matter being possible by means of his appearance, Harry's preconceived notion was wrong in every point. He was a fair man, with a broad fair face, and very light blue eyes; his forehead was low, but broad; he wore no whiskers, but bore on his lip a heavy moustache which was not gray, but perfectly white—white it was with years, of course, but yet it gave no sign of age to his face. He was well made, active, and somewhat broad in the shoulders, though rather below the middle height. But for a certain ease of manner which he possessed, accompanied by something of restlessness in his eye, any one would have taken him for an Englishman. And his speech hardly betrayed that he was not English. Harry, knowing that he was a foreigner, noticed now and again some little acquired distinctness of speech which is hardly natural to a native; but otherwise there was nothing in his tongue to betray him.

"I am sorry that you should have had so much trouble," he said, shaking

hands with Harry. Clavering declared that he had incurred no trouble, and declared also that he would be only too happy to have taken any trouble in obeying a behest from his friend Lady Ongar. Had he been a Pole as was the count, he would not have forgotten to add that he would have been equally willing to exert himself with the view of making the count's acquaintance; but being simply a young Englishman, he was much too awkward for any such courtesy as that. The count observed the omission, smiled, and bowed. Then he spoke of the weather, and said that London was a magnificent city. Oh, yes, he knew London well; had known it these twenty years; had been for fifteen years a member of the Travellers'; he liked everything English, except hunting. English hunting he had found to be dull work. But he liked shooting for an hour or two. He could not rival, he said, the intense energy of an Englishman, who would work all day with his gun harder than ploughmen with their ploughs. Englishmen sported, he said, as though more than their bread—as though their honor, their wives, their souls, depended on it. It was very fine! He often wished that he was an Englishman. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

Harry was very anxious to commence a conversation about Lady Ongar, but he did not know how at first to introduce her name. Count Pateroff had come to him at Lady Ongar's request, and therefore, as he thought, the count should have been the first to mention her. But the count seemed to be enjoying his dinner without any thought either of Lady Ongar or of her late husband. At this time he had been down to Ongar Park, on that mission which had been, as we know, futile; but he said no word of that to Harry. He seemed to enjoy his dinner thoroughly, and made himself very agreeable. When the wine was discussed he told Harry that a certain vintage of Moselle was very famous at the Beaufort. Harry ordered the wine of course, and was delighted to give his guest the best of everything; but he was a little annoyed at finding that the stranger knew his club better than he knew it himself. Slowly the count ate his dinner, enjoying every morsel that he took with that thoughtful, conscious pleasure which young men never attain in eating and drinking, and which men as they grow older so often forget to acquire. But the count never forgot any of his own capacities for pleasure, and in all things made the most of his own resources. To be rich is not to have one or ten thousand a year, but to be able to get out of that one or ten thousand all that every pound, and every shilling, and every penny will give you. After this fashion the count was a rich man.

"You don't sit after dinner here, I suppose," said the count, when he had completed an elaborate washing of his mouth and moustache. "I like this club because we who are strangers have so charming a room for our smoking. It is the best club in London for men who do not belong to it."

It occurred to Harry that in the smoking-room there could be no privacy. Three or four men had already spoken to the count, showing that he was well known, giving notice, as it were, that Pateroff would become a public man when once he was placed in a public circle. To have given a dinner to the count, and to have spoken no word to him about Lady Ongar, would be by no means satisfactory to Harry's feelings, though, as it appeared, it might be sufficiently satisfactory to the guest. Harry therefore suggested one bottle of claret. The count agreed, expressing an opinion that the 51 Lafitte was unexceptional. The 51 Lafitte was ordered, and Harry, as he filled his glass, considered the way in which his subject should be introduced.

"You knew Lord Ongar, I think, abroad?"

"Lord Ongar—abroad! Oh, yes, very well; and for many years here in London; and at Vienna; and very early in life at St. Petersburg. I know Lord Ongar first in Russia, when he was attached to the embassy as Frederic Courton. His father, Lord Courton, was then alive, as was also his grandfather. He was a nice, good-looking lad then."

"As regards his being nice, he seems to have changed a good deal before he died." This the count noticed by simply shrugging his shoulders and smiling as he sipped his wine. "By all that I can hear, he became a horrid brute when he married," said Harry, energetically.

"He was not pleasant when he was ill at Florence," said the count.

"She must have had a terrible time with him," said Harry.

The count put up his hands, again shrugged his shoulders, and then shook his head. "She knew he was no longer an Adonis when he married her."

"An Adonis! No; she did not expect an Adonis; but she thought he would have something of the honor and feelings of a man."

"She found it uncomfortable, no doubt. He did too much of this, you know," said the count, raising his glass to his lips; "and he didn't do it with 51 Lafitte. That was Ongar's fault. All the world knew it for the last ten years. No one knew it better than Hugh Clavering."

"But—" said Harry, and then he stopped. He hardly knew what it was that he wished to learn from the man, though he certainly did wish to learn something. He had thought that the count would himself have talked about Lady Ongar and those Florentine days, but this he did not seem disposed to do. "Shall we have our cigars now?" said Count Pateroff.

"One moment, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, certainly. There is no hurry."

"You will take no more wine?"

"No more wine. I take my wine at dinner, as you saw."

"I want to ask you one special question—about Lady Ongar."

"I will say anything in her favor that you please. I am always ready to say anything in the favor of any lady, and, if needs be, to swear it. But anything against any lady nobody ever heard me say."

Harry was sharp enough to perceive that any assertion made under such a stipulation was worse than nothing. It was as when a man, in denying the truth of a statement, does so with an assurance that on that subject he should consider himself justified in telling any number of lies. "I did not write the book—but you have no right to ask the question; and I should say that I had not, even if I had." Pateroff was speaking of Lady Ongar in this way, and Harry hated him for doing so.

"I don't want you to say any good of her," said he, "or any evil."

"I certainly shall say no evil of her."

"But I think you know that she has been most cruelly treated."

"Well, there is about seven—thousand—pounds a year, I think! Seven—thousand—a year! Not francs, but pounds! We poor foreigners lose ourselves in amazement when we hear about your English fortunes. Seven thousand pounds a year for a lady all alone, and a beautiful house! A house so beautiful, they tell me!"

"What has that to do with it?" said Harry; whereupon the count again shrugged his shoulders. "What has that to do with it? Because the man was rich he was not justified in ill-treating his wife. Did he not bring false

accusations against her, in order that he might rob her after his death of all that of which you think so much? Did he not bear false witness against her, to his own dishonor?"

"She has got the money, I think—and the beautiful house."

"But her name has been covered with lies."

"What can I do? Why do you ask me? I know nothing. Look here, Mr. Clavering, if you want to make any inquiry you had better go to my sister. I don't see what good it will do, but she will talk to you by the hour together, if you wish it. Let us smoke."

"Your sister?"

"Yes, my sister. Madame Gordeloup is her name. Has not Lady Ongar mentioned my sister? They are inseparables. My sister lives in Mount Street."

"With you?"

"No, not with me; I do not live in Mount Street. I have my address sometimes at her house."

"Madame Gordeloup?"

"Yes, Madame Gordeloup. She is Lady Ongar's friend. She will talk to you."

"Will you introduce me, Count Pateroff?"

"Oh, no; it is not necessary. You can go to Mount Street, and she will be delighted. There is the card. And now we will smoke."

Harry felt that he could not, with good-breeding, detain the count any longer, and, therefore, rising from his chair, led the way into the smoking-room. When there, the man of the world separated himself from his young friend, of whose enthusiasm he had perhaps had enough, and was soon engaged in conversation with sundry other men of his own standing. Harry soon perceived that his guest had no further need of his countenance, and went home to Bloomsbury Square by no means satisfied with his new acquaintance.

On the next day he dined in Onslow Crescent with the Burtons, and when there he said nothing about Lady Ongar or Count Pateroff. He was not aware that he had any special reason for being silent on the subject, but he made up his mind that the Burtons were people so far removed in their sphere of life from Lady Ongar, that the subject would not be suitable in Onslow Crescent. It was his lot in life to be concerned with people of the two classes. He did not at all mean to say—even to himself—that he liked the Ongar class better; but still, as such was his lot, he must take it as it came, and entertain both subjects of interest, without any commingling of them one with another. Of Lady Ongar and his early love he had spoken to Florence at some length, but he did not find it necessary in his letters to tell her anything of Count Pateroff and his dinner at the Beaufort. Nor did he mention the dinner to his dear friend Cecilia. On this occasion he made himself very happy in Onslow Crescent, playing with the children, chatting with his friend, and enduring, with a good grace, Theodore Burton's sarcasm, when that ever-studious gentleman told him that he was only fit to go about tied to a woman's apron-string.

IN THE RANKS AT CEDAR CREEK.

ON the night of October 18, 1864, the army of Sheridan lay encamped near Belle Grove, three miles northerly from Strasburg. The campaign seemed virtually ended; we who lived beyond the atmosphere of head-quarters supposed there was no longer an enemy of respectable strength in the Shenandoah Valley. In the first days of the previous August a series of adroit strategic movements had commenced between Early and Sheridan, whose armies alternately faced each other within striking distance, and marched back and forth between Harper's Ferry and Front Royal, often on parallel lines, as the chieftains manœuvred for an advantage of position. Not until the middle of September did the first general shock of arms occur; and then there was a brief and sanguinary battle of five hours near Winchester, resulting in the utter rout of Early's army, and its precipitate flight up the Valley. At Fisher's Hill the remnants of it were gathered in hand, and a feeble resistance offered; but the Union army, in the full flush of its proud success, easily drove them before it, dispersing them beyond Staunton. The bulk of our forces paused a week at Harrisonburg, for recuperation; and then, with the main object of the campaign, the breaking of the Rebel power in the Valley, supposed to be accomplished, and in order to secure a shorter line of supply, Sheridan fell back leisurely to this position at Belle Grove. There was some faint show of annoyance by the enemy—an irruption of Rosser's cavalry, which was easily checked, with additional captures of artillery and material—and there had been a small demonstration on the right of the present position; but these were regarded as the puerile efforts of an enemy who was no longer formidable. There was known to be a force of several thousands lying beyond Fisher's Hill, and the customary pickets were advanced from our front; but nobody dreamed of attack. Such, at least, was the opinion of the rank and file who had pursued the routed enemy for eighty miles, beating him in two engagements, and capturing prisoners, cannon and stores, till it seemed as if the utmost practicable limit of victory had been gained. The northern press had heralded the splendid results of the campaign, and the Rebel journals duly bemoaned them; and well assured that there could not, in the nature of things, be more fighting at present, we enjoyed the bracing atmosphere of the Virginia Autumn in the quiet of encampment, while Sheridan took advantage of the lull to make a flying visit to Washington.

There never was an army more deceived in its fancied security; there never were leaders more utterly astonished by the developments of the next twelve hours than were those in command of the subdivisions of this army; in short, there was not, during the whole course of the Rebellion, a movement so original in its conception, so audacious in its execution, or so threatening in its results, as that by which the Rebel army crept tiger-like upon our left flank on the early morning of October 19th. This was a stroke of strategy undertaken

in the teeth of the most perilous chances. It was worthy of Napoleon, in the daring hazards of his first Italian campaigns; and certain it is that, had the success finally crowned it which the morning promised, the name of Jubal Early would have been second to that of none of Lee's able lieutenants.

The army of Sheridan consisted of three corps of infantry, each embracing an artillery brigade, and a very effective cavalry corps, under the leadership of Generals Torbert, Custer and Merritt. The line of its position was an oblique one, perhaps three miles in length, crossing the Valley Turnpike at an acute angle, and running in a general direction southwesterly from the left. On the extreme right was the cavalry; next, the Sixth corps, Major-General Wright, who was in temporary command of the army during Sheridan's absence. The Nineteenth Corps, Brevet Major-General Emory, was in the centre; its right resting on Long Meadow Run, a stream which finds a confluence with Cedar Creek a mile below, and its left on the turnpike; and stretching from the pike toward the Shenandoah, on the extreme left, was the Eighth Corps, Major-General Crook. The ground covered by this encampment was exceedingly rolling, descending from left to right, and even hilly in places. Straggling timber covered occasional spots, while dense woods stretched from the pike westerly, three miles to the rear. Far over to the left, and obliquely in front of the Eighth Corps, was the Massanutten range of mountains, shouldering out abruptly from the Blue Ridge; three miles to the front was the town of Strasburg, and beyond it Fisher's Hill, extending across the valley, from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain. Upon the table-land above, near Woodstock, was Early's army. At the base of the Massanutten, winding closely around its wood-covered side, the North Fork of the Shenandoah flowed northerly toward its junction with the main stream.

Such were the principal features of the country. The shattered forces of Early had been reorganized, the stragglers driven in, and a reënförment of several thousands hurried up from Richmond. His available force on the morning of the attack numbered nearly twenty thousand, or almost the strength of the Union army. It was organized in five divisions, under Generals Kershaw, Wharton, Ramseur, Pegram and Gordon. Breckinridge was believed to be present, as second in command.

Had an attack been anticipated, it could scarcely have been looked for upon the left; the idea would have been scouted as absurd. The pickets of the Eighth Corps kept a jealous outlook upon its flank, which had the natural support of the river; and a descent of Rebels from the clouds would have appeared quite as practicable as from the base of the Massanutten. And yet, this was precisely the plan that the Rebel chief had devised. The greater portion of his army was to ford the river near Strasburg, creep around the bold face of the mountain, recross the Shenandoah, and attack vigorously from the left and rear of the Eighth Corps. A smaller body, probably two divisions, was to move down the pike directly to the front with the artillery, and await the success of the flank attack. This plan was accomplished exactly as projected, with its tedious details and painful labors. A prisoner after the battle narrated the story of that memorable night march, with the simplicity of perfect truth. It began at six o'clock in the evening. The Rebel generals had learned from our safeguards that Sheridan was absent from his command, and believed that the Sixth Corps had returned to the lines around Petersburg; but this movement was, nevertheless, regarded by the rank and file as foolhardy. The strictest orders for absolute silence were

given; not a word was to be uttered by the men, and the officers gave their commands at low breath. The river, breast deep, was forded, the soldiers holding their arms and cartridge-boxes above their heads; and thence the silent host labored painfully along the sinuous paths over the mountain-side, through the darkness, often in single file, and almost as noiseless as a phantom army. As the Union pickets were neared, after re-crossing the river, still greater precautions were observed, the men detaching their canteens from their sides, to prevent the noise of their rattling against the bayonet-sheaths. In several places, the attention of our pickets was arrested by a low, muffled sound like the tramp of many feet; but there was no response to the challenge, and they concluded that their imaginations had deceived them. It was here that Early ran his gravest hazard; to have been detected and sharply assailed while yet his movement was in progress, and in a place where he could not have formed a regiment in line, would have been utter ruin to his army. At one point the whole attacking force passed within stone's throw of a picket post; and there is a story, which needs authentication, that a mounted Rebel officer in a blue overcoat caused the withdrawal of a great part of the line, by his own orders. By three o'clock, in the foggy obscurity of early morning, three divisions of the Rebel army were formed in order of battle a quarter of a mile in rear of General Crook's left, and opposite the little hamlet of Middletown, on the pike. They stood to arms in perfect silence, waiting for the first glimmering of the dawn, while their officers moved along their front, whispering the final orders.

And all this, be it observed, without an inkling of the truth—with not a suspicion of impending danger—among all the long lines of tents over which the stars and stripes floated. There were dress-parades in the camps on the evening of the 18th, and after dark the officers gathered sociably about the fires, as was their wont, smoking their pipes and pleasantly chatting; while before tattoo the hum of voices in talk and laughter rose from the shelter tents, with here and there the sound of music and singing, as some jovial group of soldiers gathered about a fiddler. It was the same at headquarters, brigade, division, corps and army; generals and staffs were equally ignorant of the gathering storm; and the sleep which came after tattoo that night was one of dreamful tranquillity.

I was at this time a captain in one of the regiments of the Nineteenth Corps; the gallant organization which, under Banks, had seen both victory and disaster in Louisiana, which had passed triumphantly through the fiery ordeal of Port Hudson, and stubbornly through the stern, fruitless conflicts of the Red River, and which had borne its full share in the bloody glories of Sheridan's battle of Winchester. Sleeping with my lieutenant in our blankets in one of the little canvas kennels called shelter-tents, near Long Meadow Run, I was aroused by a tremendous outburst of musketry from the far-away left, pealing upon the silence of the camps in a single volley. The soldier is a creature of habit quite as much as of reflection, and what he does in the moment of danger is often the impulse of instinct. To hastily throw on our clothing, buckle on sword-belts, rush out and order "Fall in, F!" was the work of an instant. In less than four minutes the regiment was in line, under arms, while the clamor and stir in every camp, right and left, showed that the alarm was general. Daylight was long coming that morning; instead of the blue-gray haze which this hour should have brought us, an autumnal fog had settled down during the night, and hung like a pall over the country. If there

had been light—if we could have met and contended with this sudden peril in the broad glow of the sun—the first results of the morning might have been less disastrous. As it was, we could not see the left company of the regiment from the right; and I think those of us who had read Longfellow, must have discovered in that hour the full meaning of the line:

“The prayer of Ajax was for light.”

Upon every face, from that of the Colonel down to the drummer, there was a note of interrogation—“What does it mean?” One or two ventured to suggest that the Rebels had broken in upon us; but the idea was even then treated as absurd. For fifteen minutes longer there was no further alarm; and then the arms were stacked, and the men fell to cooking their breakfast. Some apprehended that we might be ordered out to support the pickets against a cavalry attack; and this was the worst that was feared.

The volley which startled the Nineteenth Corps from its slumbers was the signal for the Rebel onset. Delivering one crashing fire into the slumbering camps of the Eighth Corps, their line rushed forward at double-quick. The surprise at this point was complete. Some seized their arms and fought with clubbed muskets till they were shot or bayoneted by the foe; but the greater part of Crook's command was scattered like chaff by the simple weight of those irresistible columns, or gathered up from their tents as prisoners. There was no time to offer organized resistance; it was like a sudden swoop of the tempest upon the plain, ravaging everything before it. The Rebels advanced no skirmishers; they swept over the Eighth in bloody billows of wrath, killing and consuming, and bore down in close column of regimental divisions upon the Nineteenth.

Unfortunately, as it happened, the position of the Nineteenth was exceedingly unfavorable to defence against an attack from the left. A line of earth-works ran at right angles with the pike, half a mile toward Strasburg, and into these works our Second Division had already moved; but the enemy's advance was almost parallel to them, and actually inside of our front line! The ground was completely intersected with hills and valleys, hardly admitting of the union of a single brigade to face the exposed flank. Not yet realizing the whole import of that stunning volley, we waited in silent expectancy of *something*. A sharp, dropping fire of musketry succeeded, followed by another volley—a terrific discharge of a whole brigade—and then a cheer from the direction of the Eighth Corps, such as none but Rebel throats could utter.

“They've flanked us, boys, and we shall have to fight them right here in our camps!” coolly remarked the Colonel. There was an energetic stripping off of shelter-tents and blankets from their sticks, and a strapping of knapsacks and slinging of canteens, for by this time the whole truth became known to us all. The first stragglers of the Eighth Corps were rushing wildly through our camp, and the scattering bullets began to fall among us. The time of our trial was at hand.

Brigadier-General McMillan, then in temporary command of our First Division, now appeared, and ordered the troops to take position facing the left. My own regiment and one from Massachusetts moved about the length of our own line, filing to the left, to a slight elevation, and there fronted and prepared for the fight. We who commanded companies walked up and down their front, exhorting the men to stand firm to the fiery shock that was approaching. There is, at such times, a dead weight of suspense at a soldier's

heart, which is perhaps harder to bear than the fury of battle itself. The men who were now beneath my eye were veterans, tried in half-a-dozen engagements; but I noticed that their hands clutched their muskets nervously, and their teeth were set hard together, as they tried to peer through that impenetrable curtain of fog. The humming of bullets grew more and more frequent; quartermaster's and commissary's wagons were hurrying away, many of them, in the ignorance of their drivers, directly toward the pike, to be captured. Staff officers of the corps and division were dashing hither and thither, vainly striving to effect a union of the disunited regiments against the solid front of the enemy. There was a continuance of dropping shots, with occasionally a sharp volley; and an incessant stream of fugitives, with arms thrown away, rushed down past us from the pike, their faces expressing the wildest terror. All the *morale* and cohesion of military organization had left them; our officers waved their swords and commanded them to halt, but to no purpose. The fog gradually lifted, revealing the hurried preparation for the work that was closing upon us. The hills on the right were peopled with a mass of blue-coated troops, and toward the left, beyond the stone mansion which had been Sheridan's headquarters, a line of our soldiers stretched out of sight into the fog. Two or three guns were in position, sending their shells screeching across the pike. But above all the clamor and roar of our fire, rose the tremendous volleys and the terrific yells of the Rebels as they bore down upon us, nearer and nearer, until their bullets showered into our ranks, and the victims fell thickly about us.

There was a fierce struggle over the crest of that hill, prolonged until the enemy's advance actually made prisoners from our left companies. A storm of balls swept the ground, and the blazing of muskets through the fog, with the mingling of shouts, cheers and groans united in the awful demonism of battle. The dead and wounded dropped thickly from our ranks, and scores crawled and limped to the rear, smitten sorely with the leaden tempest. And still we flaunted our flag toward the enemy, and kept up a vigorous file-fire; until at last, the heads of their columns emerged from the fog, and the order was given to retire. One by one the scattered regiments of the Nineteenth Corps were flanked and forced from the ground, until they had all crossed Long Meadow Run, leaving camps, cannon, and stores behind. The losses in artillery were heavy: the gun-carriages were overturned in the gullies by the frantic horses, and abandoned at the near approach of the enemy. It was impossible for a corps, fighting thus in detail, to hold its ground long against those solid flanking columns. The Nineteenth fought for an hour a stern, hopeless battle, against the crushing odds that were enveloping it, till the dead and wounded were, in some regiments, as numerous as the living; retiring only when it became evident that further defence of that line was useless. As the regiments yielded the hills, and crossed the Run, the Rebel advance was within speaking distance; and many stories were afterward related of sharp interchanges of ideas, as well as lead, between the lines.

"There's a — sight better lot of barns in Pennsylvania than what you Yanks have burned here!" one of the grays shouted.

"Yes, that's so;" responded an unterrified blue, "but you'll never get there to burn 'em!"

"Surrender, Yanks—surrender!" was the demand of a dozen voices, followed by more explosions of musketry, and renewed cheers.

We waded the Run, thigh-deep, and my heart sank as I looked to the rear.

The shattered masses of the Eighth, and the disorganized regiments of the Nineteenth were setting back to the woods in a steady current of retreat; beyond them the meadows were black with a host of stragglers and fugitives. There was no organization, except here and there that of a regiment or a brigade; it was a sullen, disorderly movement, which seemed terribly like the initiative of a rout. The flag of Sheridan's headquarters flitted from left to right, far to the rear; but Sheridan was not with it, and no hope came from the sight. We mounted the hill west of the Run, cast a glance backward at the abandoned camps, cannon and stores, and at the clouds of smoke which rolled up between us and the pike, and then continued our retreat.

The success of Early was, by this time, apparently positive; our prisoners who returned afterward told us that he galloped over the field, swinging his hat in a frenzy of joy. Kershaw's advance had driven all armed opposition beyond the Run, and, save the dead and wounded who littered the ground, and the prisoners, there were no blue-coats between the Run and the pike. As the first beams of the rising sun lighted the fog which had hung so disastrously over our army, the two reserve Rebel divisions came down the pike, bringing the artillery, which was quickly planted on the hills which had been the position of the Nineteenth Corps. The decimated regiments of my brigade had now united, and were lying down behind a fence when the enemy's artillery opened, firing ricochet or plunging shot. They struck the ground in front of us, bounding high overhead, and, looking back, I repeatedly saw the heavy balls crushing down the files, or sweeping away the stragglers further to the rear. In one instance, I saw five men demolished by the same shot. Soon the order came again to retire, the enemy still pressed us heavily, and withered the exposed flank with their fire.

"By the Gods, this is terrible, awful!" an officer near me exclaimed. "Driven from our camps, beaten, dispersed—I can hardly realize it. We shall be at Harper's Ferry before night."

And in truth it seemed much like it. Even the brigades which pretended to maintain an organization were setting back to the rear as steadily as an ebb-tide, while the host of stragglers, an army by themselves, continually increased. Occasionally I heard the sharp tones of some general or field officer, using language like this:

"Halt, men, face about, and make a stand! By —, this is dreadful! Do you mean to be whipped so soon—*you*, the victors of Winchester and Fisher's Hill? Give it to them! Fire by file—fire!"

The clattering of musket shots would succeed, as a portion of the wavering line vainly essayed to hold its ground, and then, as the regiment found itself alone, exposed to the devouring shot and shell from the front, and the clouds of bullets steadily pouring in from the left, where Kershaw pressed forward his victorious columns, it was compelled to yield again and again. This fifty times repeated was the history of the morning. Scores of regiments firmly withstood the fierce tide of retreat, but all were eventually carried back. The Sixth Corps appeared on the field more as a unit, owing to the time which the struggle of the Nineteenth over its camps had given it, and, taking a position along the hills a mile west of the Run, it fought obstinately for another hour. The battle raged fiercely here, the Sixth served as a rallying point for its discomfited neighbors, and we began to hope that our disaster might be retrieved here. But it was all useless, except to prolong the time when we must finally quit the field. The pike was really the key of the position, overlooking the

whole ground; from the moment the Rebels obtained it, their success became merely a question of time. Their line continually overlapped ours; the struggle was a useless one, because every new position became untenable under that galling fire from the left. It was evident that we must withdraw far enough from the field to shake off that clutch upon our flank, and to re-unite our wasted lines; and so, fighting and retreating, we reached the shelter of the woods.

It was now about noon, and Early held the entire field. Something like a cessation of hostilities prevailed, caused, according to the Rebel General's report of the battle, by the disorganization of his own army for plunder. It is seriously doubted, however, that there was any such lack of discipline among his force. It is known that a strong provost guard was deployed in rear of his army, which vigorously forced every straggler back into the ranks; and the number of sutlers' wagons and stores of that kind captured was very small; too small to have made any trouble of this kind. The appearance of the field afterward showed that the enemy had been severely punished by the stubborn fighting of the morning; and this probably caused the lull. Their musketry had almost ceased, though the artillery still bellowed from the hill. Their own army must have needed some reorganization; ours was a chaotic mass of fragments, wandering in the woods, disheartened and bewildered, while the commanding officers were striving to bring order out of this confusion. To me the task seemed hopeless, impossible. The face of every man in the ranks was clouded with disaster. That we had been beaten, and severely beaten, nobody could deny; and I think the prevalent idea of the situation was that there was a long and a quick march down the Valley before us. Such, at least, was the opinion of the rank and file.

It was just at this time, when doubt and confusion were marching along with us through the woods, that a report like an electric shock ran through the ranks. "Sheridan has come—*Sheridan is with us!*" was the joyful exclamation; and presently, far over toward the pike, rose a roar of hearty cheers, sounding nearer and nearer, until the short, athletic figure of "Cavalry Sheridan," in his Major-General's uniform, and mounted on his black pacer, rode up to us, followed by his staff. Cheer after cheer saluted him; hats and caps were thrown into the air, and the enthusiasm of the men seemed unbounded. The General's face was radiant with smiles, and his eyes fairly flamed with the excitement of the moment, as he took off his hat, bowed low to our salute, and galloped onward. During the following hour he rode from regiment to regiment, infusing confidence with his presence, as he spoke and gesticulated in his quick, eager way, assuring the men that it would be all right yet; that we had not been beaten, and could not be, but that the Rebels should be entirely used up before night.

"By the gods of war, it *will* be all right, if Philip says so!" was the energetic comment of one of the men; and the remark was the simple expression of the confidence which this wonderful leader had infused into his army. I heard no more talk of retreating to Harper's Ferry; every man understood that the presence of Sheridan meant fighting, and with another result than that of the morning. We knew nothing of his break-neck ride from Winchester, except as we guessed it from the fact of his presence; none of us saw him until he dashed into the woods, as buoyant and confident as if the tide of Rebel victory had already been turned back. Those old woods never listened to such a tempest of cheers as pealed up from beneath their branches on that

October afternoon, and which continued to break forth as Sheridan rode among his regiments with his hat off, bestowing a few stirring words on each.

The effects of his presence soon manifested themselves. The staff rode hither and thither among the commanding officers; there was a marching, countermarching and aligning for fifteen minutes, and the chaos was reduced to order. The cavalry corps was placed on the right, the Nineteenth next, and the Sixth, with the broken fragments of the Eighth, between it and the pike. The line was speedily formed and connected, and strengthened by the stragglers who commenced dropping back by twos and threes into their places. A heavy detail of skirmishers was deployed to the front, and the troops were occupied for ten minutes in laying a rail breastwork. This done, arms were stacked, and we seated ourselves at the roots of the trees, waiting for further orders.

During three years of service I had enjoyed ample opportunity to observe the *nonchalance* of the American soldier; but never under more striking circumstances than at present. Here was an army which had been surprised and driven from its camps with heavy loss, and which was just about to renew the strife; yet the brave fellows in blue who did the real work and used the muskets were coolly smoking their pipes and discussing the probable event of the day. A newsboy from Winchester just then came up on his horse, with the Baltimore papers of the day before; and they were instantly scattered far and near, and the general news of the day was read as thoroughly as if there had been nothing more momentous to engage the attention. It was a sight which would have utterly nonplused a civilian, and the joint pencils of Vernet and Cruikshank would have been required to do it justice. Yet there was nothing of bravado in this seeming indifference; it was simply a cool realization of the peril, and a philosophic acceptance of it, as something unavoidable.

The day passed on, and it was now after two o'clock. The western sun glinted through the forest, lighting up the emblazoned pomp of the autumnal foliage, and shedding dazzling gleams on the polished arms. At the word "Fall in!" we stood quietly in ranks, awaiting the bursting of the storm which we knew was soon to come. An aide dashed out to the pickets, to bid the commanding officer be ready for a Rebel advance. We took arms, and presently there came a volley from the front, followed by scattering shots. We listened, but there was no further sign of conflict, save a wounded skirmisher here and there limping back. That one volley had checked the enemy, and the encouraging report quickly spread through the ranks.

"Forward the Nineteenth Corps!" one of Sheridan's staff exclaimed, riding up to General Emory. The orders were given quietly, and without excitement; "Forward, First Division!" "Forward, First Brigade!" "Forward, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York!" Through the light and shade of the forest the line moved forward, every eye fixed intently on the front. Twenty rods brought us to a clearing of about the same width, and beyond it the advanced Rebel line was standing to arms. A sudden screaming of shells and whizzing of bullets greeted us as we approached the edge of the woods; a line of fire blazed up and down the long front, and the hoarse thunder of artillery was again mingled with the savage barking of rifles. We were in action again; not as in the morning, masked by a fog, and flanked by an unseen enemy, but now muzzle to muzzle and breast to breast! Sheridan's starry flag streamed up and down the line as he rode from flank to flank,

exhorting and entreating; field and company officers seconded his efforts, and a close and rapid file-fire was delivered from our ranks. Now and then a shell fell among us, carrying death and wounds with its explosion, and here and there the singing bullets found a mark; but our brave fellows held steadfastly to their work. A tumult of noises broke from the wood on either side—the roar of cannon, the explosion of muskets, and the shouts of officers, while cheers and groans were united in the discord. There were soldiers in blue lying motionless on the ground, clots of blood tinged the grass, and stout men who had but the moment before been busily plying ramrod and cartridge, limped to the rear, or lay down under the trees with white faces and bleeding wounds. For half an hour the obstinate currents of the fight wavered thus along the edges of the woods, until an impulse was given to advance. Where it came from, no one could tell; a swelling cry of "Charge—charge!" ran from lip to lip, and a staff officer galloping ahead, pointed with his sword to the front. With a yell of triumph the line rushed at double-quick across the clearing, and with lowered bayonets swept the wood. But there was no enemy there; the parts in this strange drama of battle had changed, the pursued had become the pursuers, and over the same hills which were the scenes of our defeat in the morning, we now drove the enemy pell-mell, loading, firing and shouting. Right and left our cavalry assailed their flanks; the Sixth Corps pushed them to the front, and the Nineteenth drove in upon this struggling mass the routed divisions of the Rebel left, mingling them in inextricable confusion. Their artillery still held its position, and annoyed us seriously. Shot and shell were vigorously plied; their last hope rested on these guns—and it was a vain one. Their infantry was flanked and doubled back, and the artillery was presently abandoned to Custer's squadrons.

But the panic which seized the enemy was complete. Their dead and wounded lay thickly in the woods, and prisoners by scores fell into our hands as the line swung toward the pike, entrapping them as we rushed on; and it was not long before our own corps was resolved into a mass of individual soldiers, each seemingly possessed with the idea that he was bound to overtake the Rebels before anybody else. It became necessary to check this too zealous pursuit, and a halt was ordered, to reorganize. While our brigade was reforming, Sheridan rode up from the rear, attended by a single orderly. He had exchanged his black pacer for a gray trotter, and his brilliant uniform for a common blue overcoat; but he was quickly recognized, and a shout, which I can compare to nothing but the roar of Niagara, greeted him. At this time there was not a staff officer with him; he had scattered them along the line where their presence might be needed, and was himself dashing from point to point, comprehending every detail, and directing the battle while constantly under fire.

Hungry, tired and thirsty, our victorious army swept onward. Before sunset, the battle-ground of the morning had been passed over, and we reoccupied our camps. The enemy had fled in an indiscriminate rout up the pike, with Custer close at their heels; and before dusk an order came for the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps to move forward in front of Strasburg, on picket. The road was crowded with all the debris of a battle, with the dead and wounded, most of them stripped by the harpies who infest battle-fields, with cannon and caisson overturned by the way, with broken-down wagons and ambulances, and, in short, with every species of wreck that could emerge from the smoke of a great battle. While the rest of the army slept off the fatigues

of that most wearisome day, we picketed the front, watching for an enemy who was flying far beyond Fisher's Hill. Through the whole night the cavalry returned by detachments down the pike, bringing prisoners and artillery; and the following day fifty pieces of captured cannon were parked before Sheridan's headquarters, including those recaptured from the enemy; while scores of Rebel flags were exhibited with them. No description that has ever been printed of the rout at Waterloo can surpass the reality of that afternoon and evening. The proud, victorious army of the morning was so widely dispersed at nightfall that it is doubtful whether it retained a dozen regimental organizations.

The sufferings of the wounded in this engagement were terrible in the extreme. The battle had raged over an area of four square miles, and the maimed, crippled, and dying sufferers of both armies were scattered over the ground by thousands. They lay in the woods, along the pike, and every hill and valley bore its ghastly burden. The greatest proportion fell between the pike and the run, where the furious struggle between Early and Emory took place. The large stone mansion which Sheridan had occupied was speedily turned into a hospital, and every room filled, while details of soldiers searched the field for the wounded; but there were hundreds who had crawled into obscure spots away from the heat of the sun, who could not be reached, and who moaned in their agony all the night through. The painful situation of these poor fellows was aggravated by a keen black frost which thickly covered the earth. When found, friend and foe often lay together; in some places a long furrow of slain plainly marking the position of some regiment. Our dead were buried where they fell; and while we remained at the run, every regiment could point to its own row of graves with wooden headboards, in testimony of a sanguinary struggle in its own camp. Newtown and Middletown were thronged with the wounded of both armies, and every house had its allotment. As I rode down the long, straggling street of Newtown, three days after the battle, I saw that our surgeons had placed their amputating tables in the open air, and were busily plying knife and saw.

The battle of Cedar Creek must ever stand in history as a magnificent monument of the unconquerable determination of Philip H. Sheridan. He had the men with whom he could accomplish great results; but we search in vain for a parallel case of a beaten army led to victory without reënforcements. It was a Marengo without its Dessaix; it was a battle won (as the War Department aptly phrased it) "by the just confidence of Major-General Sheridan in his army." It gave him his double stars in the Regulars, and absolutely terminated the war in the Shenandoah Valley.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

ABOUT PIAZZAS.



F all the beautiful gods, the most beautiful was Apollo. We do not know the reason why ; but we do know that he rose with the sun, bathed his naked limbs in his beams, basked all day in his light, drove his horses, and lay down with him at night to sleep ; thus he was strong, ruddy and most beautiful, and perhaps that regimen is the reason why.

My dear F., do you do as Apollo did? Does anybody? It is not to be supposed that you do, or perhaps you would be as ravishingly beautiful as he was. And it is not to be tolerated by any prudish, squeamish young body of the softer sex, that this lusty old sun should kiss her pallid cheek, or get a glimpse of her milky breasts or her attenuated form. He is a dangerous fellow, this sun, and must be blinded and

bolted out of our nice houses. Banish him, baffle him, ladies ; put veils over your faces, gloves on your hands ; never ride in an open carriage ; never walk in the sunshine, and so you will keep the color *in* your carpets, *out* of your cheeks ; no fly will buz in your parlors, no Apollo will softly seduce your delicate daughters away from you, and too early ; perhaps you will think, Mr. Charon will ferry them over to those perpetual shades, where their beauties will not be attacked by any rich, ripe, ruddy suns or any beautiful Apollos. Just what their angel forms may be no man can tell ; but a pale, freckled angel, with bad teeth and a weak digestion, attired in large hoops and a bag of old hair, is not the kind described in the Revelations, or that I should wish to see in my heaven.

What you want my dear F., and what these dear ladies of ours want, is a sun-bath daily, and a piazza in Berkshire.

Our wishes and our wants do not always coincide. The Chinese belle wishes her feet so tortured that she cannot walk. The Feejee desires a daily repast of tender missionary. The Eskimo detests fresh air, but is fond of blubber.

The Turk sighs for a harem of fat wives, while a Christian man finds one lean one sometimes too much for him. The silken-haired Andalusian is supremely happy only when on his high-stepping horse; his sweetheart when her eyes are of jet, her breasts of snow. With us in this free and happy land, Mrs. Grundy's lovely daughter is wretched if her hoop is not so large as to compel a blush upon the faces of her male friends, and to entirely forbid her sitting down except in the solitude of an omnibus. No respectable merchant among us now will die until his income reaches the half million net; no respectable merchant's wife can enjoy perfect bliss until her house in Fifth Avenue swarms with incompetent servants, worrying her into dyspepsia and sharp tempers; her lovely brood remain unplucked upon the virgin thorn, because they cannot find the golden hands to pluck them. So it goes on in the great world. In the small, I find my boy Bob wishes a brass squirt—I, a piazza in Berkshire. I assert and am ready to maintain, and I nail it to the church door, that we are philosophers, he and I; that we mean to live such, and die such, at a good ripe old age.

Sitting on your piazza, my dear F., this lovely June morning, determined to do no useful thing, let us prose a little. Bob and I are wise, the rest foolish. If Bob can find unalloyed pleasure and a good deal of it, in a brass squirt costing a quarter of a dollar, I believe he had better find it there; his mother—my wife—does not agree with me, which daily excites my wonder! and affirms in that mild way which does not encourage discussion, that he certainly will wet his aprons, and squirt water into everything. And so the squirt question is disposed of. As yet I have not developed the piazza scheme to her, and, indeed, I have thought it might be best before doing it to devote a part of this fine Summer solstice to convincing the world (and thus, in a roundabout and subtle way satisfy Mrs. W., my wife) that it is wrong, I alone right.

Now a very simple way of dealing with the benighted Chinese belle would be this:

1. You are one of God's creatures.
2. God probably intended you to have the power of locomotion, thus enabling you to pick up a living like the other beasts of the field.
3. No doubt he intended your feet for this end.
4. Destroying your feet is not only ridiculous, but a flying in the face of your Maker.
5. Therefore you should not do it.

This I suppose would satisfy and convince any of Mrs. Grundy's Chinese daughters, who may have had her small feet taken to any Saratoga in the flowery kingdom. But it cannot be denied that some enterprising missionary, bent upon spreading the Gospel of Confucius among us, might retort upon one of our beautiful daughters:

1. You are one of God's creatures.
2. God probably made you about right, and, as he thought, lovely.
3. God would probably have made you eight yards around the bottom if it had seemed to him lovely.
4. But as he did not, and you did, you are most likely a goose.

This might be convincing—it might not. But it is necessary to show further how all mankind are wrong, if I am right.

It is clear that the Feejee should not eat his missionary because, however agreeable he might be to the carnal taste of the Feejee, no well-bred mission-

ary would wish his principles thoroughly digested, as the rubric says, in that way; and the central principle of a gentleman forbids him to do things disagreeable to other gentlemen.

As to the Turk. We have Saint Paul's express direction that the Bishop shall be the husband of one wife, which we take to mean *only* one. We have also the experience of some millions of Anglo-Saxon men that one wife of our breed is sufficient at a time; and we are driven to the conclusion that the Turkish man is a very foolish man—or his wives come of a very amiable stock.

As to high-stepping horses, jet black eyes and snowy bosoms, they may do very well in Andalusia, but we know they do not secure unmixed happiness in America.

As to respectable merchants who die with net incomes of half a million, I need refer to but one, "Old Girard," as he was called when living. An astute lawyer suggested to him that, as he was getting old, he had better put the cares of property into the hands of another, and proceed to enjoy the fruits of his labors. Girard agreed—"I will hire you, and will give you all you want to eat and drink and wear."

This was promptly declined as insufficient for such arduous cares.

"Well," replied this old model of wealth, "it is all I get."

So it was—too true.

As to the virtuous wives of these respected billionaires, it is well known they live in the fine houses of the Fifth Avenue, but it is not known that there are five houses in that palatial street which dispense an elegant hospitality—or a hospitality of any kind. I myself do not know the color of their tea-cups, strange as it may seem. Why then, you ask, do they keep up such large, sumptuous houses at such great cost? What do they do? So far as intellect has been able to solve the riddle—it is to board their servants, and between them and their boarders is perpetual war.

Bob and I remain—he without his squirt, I without my piazza. But we have not realized our happiness, and you, my dear F., have; and therefore it is that I write from your piazza in Berkshire, not from mine. Words cannot tell how greatly I enjoy your blessedness—I sitting on your shadowy piazza in the presence of these serene and verdurous Berkshire hills, the sun slightly veiled, thermometer at 74°; you in the dim and dusty light of Beekman Street, so close to the fragrant, never-deserted banquet halls of Crook & Duff, protected from unjust taxation by those benignant city fathers—thermometer at 88°. Perhaps you envy me, I trust you do, for this but adds a drop to my cup of enjoyment—the highest bliss attainable by man being a conviction that he is envied from a hopeless distance beneath by his fellow creatures.

Here let me advert to a peculiarity, so striking in Berkshire as to call for investigation by Professor Agassiz and those wise men of Boston. Why is the Berkshire mountain air so unfriendly to the male sex? You may doubt, but this fact remains—the day the male creature's legs get strong enough it runs away, leaving only the female, solitary amid these lovely scenes.

No other animal has this peculiarity! Governor Andrew has called attention to the fact (which indeed exists throughout the State to some extent) that there is a superfluity or surplus of females, though he has not accounted for it; and his statement has led some luxurious wretch, trained perhaps to habits of thought in some back parlor of a bank, to say—

“ If there is a surplus of women, why don't you make us a dividend ? ”

I remember well how years ago, in this secure and charming village of S., there were seventy marriageable ladies—all young, all lovely, all willing—and not a beau ! not one for all these seventy ! Such destitution surely demands immediate and ample relief. I find also that strange men of the most domestic proclivities, adoring their wives, devoted to their children, bring them here, build for them charming country homes, and then hastily decamp. They are to be found, only after anxious search, in the wilds of Wall Street or the purlieus of the City Hall.

The thing is inexplicable !

One only of these male beings has attempted an explanation or excuse. He said, or is said to have said, as he hastily packed his small travelling-bag,

“ The scenery is not solemn enough for me ; I must go—farewell ! ” So he, too, disappeared, and there his relict and her lovely tribe remain without their chief, a prey to hopes and fears.

If I could, I would remind these superior persons that here they have but one life to live, and it may be short or long. Most men die under forty, very few go beyond seventy. I would remind them that the life under forty is necessarily, and in the constitution of man, one of labor and struggle—but that after that it may be and should be one of much enjoyment. While the dust and tumult of the struggle lasts we can only fight and pray, but when it is over we may and should enjoy the sweets of victory and give thanks to God. Do we ? Do you ? Show me the man ! I would like to whisper to these men the names of two distinguished owners of bonds, who had determined that for every year they lived they would add a thousand a year to their incomes ; I could tell that they did it, and how they did it—and what it cost !

Both secured their forty-two thousand a year—but one of them lies under a foreign sod ; the other has had two shocks of paralysis ! They got what they wished, they paid for it. If God made woman the most whimsical of creatures, he certainly made man the most astounding. Those men could eat no more, drink no more, see no more, smell no more, enjoy no more, with forty-two thousand a year than with four—and *they knew it*. But one of them spent his days in a cellar in Wall Street, the other in a garret in South Street, and neither ever had a piazza in Berkshire.

The delusions of man can go no further.

Our Benjamin Franklin, I take it, was our wisest man. He did not die at forty-two ; no, then he began really to live. Then, having saved a little money, he sold out his types and his printing office, and devoted his time to science and his country ; he studied nature and man, and made men wiser and happier, and so he grew wiser and happier, and his name got into the newspapers, and any stupid fellow now says, “ Great man ! ” but never dreams of doing as he did. “ National reputation,” that, I suppose, many a man may get in his lifetime, and be anything but a great man. Bennett and Brandreth are names tolerably well known in this newspaper world ; but much as Ben Franklin would have contemned such as they, even they are not such fools as to die at forty-two.

There is another class also deserving our earnest commiseration—those poor farmers' wives of New England. Condemned to live their lives in houses, with a dark parlor from which the cheery sun is painfully excluded, into which no fresh air ever gets, which smells of damps ; which has, high up, one graceless

portrait and a print of Solomon's temple with all its cubits; also four books on the four corners of a lonely table; also a paper apron upon the fire-place, in which no lovely fire ever sparkles—this parlor and the best bedroom over it, in which only some fearful stranger is allowed to sleep, God forbid that I should ever disturb those rooms; God forbid that I should not pity these poor women. Pale and sickly, they must be—this parlor, a sad piety, and much pie have nearly destroyed a fine race. If in Moses's time the fathers ate sour grapes and set their children's teeth on edge, it is not strange that the beloved children of these painfully good women have pale faces, dyspeptic stomachs and weak backs. A sound mind can only exist in a sound body, as even those heathen Greeks had discovered, while we in New England have failed to discover that early and persistent stimulating the brain destroys what little stomach and strength may have been born in us. It is a fatal mistake—no boy's brain should be tasked before he is ten, no girl's brain ever! Small danger of any one being ignorant in this country, but better a thousand times be ignorant than sickly. A stomach without a brain is exceedingly valuable, but a brain without a stomach is utterly useless.

But, my dear F., let us return to your piazza.

What do I do there? What do I do? I cannot say that I do *do* anything, but I *enjoy* much. Must I be perpetually doing, never enjoying? God forbid! After breakfast—and your wife's breakfasts are good—after that, I am careful not to plunge my head into a cellar or garret filled with vapors exhaled from foul gutters and filthy sewers; I try to keep tobacco smoke out of my lungs, by filling them with good mountain air; my ears are not deafened with the distracted din of omnibus wheels, nor my eyes blinded with the dust and grime of dray horses; my wits are not strained to get some other man's money away from him, and I entertain no scheme for lobbying a horse railroad along the banks of the Housatonic. In fine, I have no noble ambitions to fire or burn up my soul.

No, my friend, I step out on your piazza and lift up mine eyes unto the hills; and then I praise God for the beautiful world he has spread at my feet, and am filled with his goodness. I do not in the least believe that the Creator of all this beauty, my Creator too, is a malignant demon, as some unhappy dyspeptics have imagined. I believe in the God of Jesus—our Father in Heaven. In your garret in Beekman Street it is not easy to understand this. I know what you breathe, smell, see and hear; I know you look down into the slums of Cherry Street and the dens of the Common Council and find it easy to believe in hell and damnation. It is an extreme case.

Do I find it dull? Well, yes, it is rather dull, at least for dyspeptic fellows whose nerves are all jangled and out of tune. There is not a grog-shop in sight, no omnibuses enliven the landscape, no beggars without legs amuse me, no ragamuffin placards under my nose—"Get your corns cured by Doctor Briggs," no hawker bawls in my ears "Vried vish! vried vish!" so puzzling to my weak mind. Very dull it may be, but I find my sanity increasing, and, as I am not a natural fool, I conclude to enjoy it all, even if it is dull. I am content, receptive, open to sweet influences. I have, too, a companion. That fine old Tory, Lord Derby, is telling me his version of that fine old story of blind old Homer. I find, first, that the principal occupation of those god-like heroes was to throw stones at one another, and to thrust spears, whenever they had a fair or an unfair chance, at a fellow mortal. I find, second, that Lord Derby has two minds at work in his brain; one elegant and scholarly; the

other mean and vituperative of us Yankees, because we wish to put down the greatest gang of political scoundrels that ever went unhung. He would be improved by a week's sojourn on your Berkshire piazza.

Here I am, and I do not envy Lord Derby his feelings just now. Just in front of me stands a fir tree, and in it I see signs of life. A small warbler hops on the centre shoot and sings a delicate song, very pretty to me and his little wife below; she, busy with the cares of maternity, picks about for bugs and worms; her callow brood, receptive like myself, gape their mouths wide, ready for what good tit-bit comes. The black-winged Oriole flashes past like a flame of fire, but stops for a moment to give me a gush of song. He subsides, and I listen again to the aristocratic Edward, Earl of Derby. But a gentleman in the orchard demands my attention; Master Bob-o-link hovers upward and showers down his sweetest song. No doubt those little fellows hid away so nicely in the grass wish they could do it. So do I. It is delicious. Now, Mr. Homer, how was it about Diomed? Again I am interrupted. That Robin fellow has a wife and four young ones, and finds his house crowded. He perches himself in your cherry tree, pushes out his breast, swells his throat, and sings a song about those cherries, very tempting, I can believe, to those young ones who have never yet had enough. He sings well, but is a great humbug, for I have tried the cherries and found them wormy. He persists in his praises, and those little fools half believe him, and spread their wings. Now come other notes, warning from the mother, encouragement from the father; and so they get safely started in life, and into your cherry tree.

My dear F., your dreams of pudding have come to an untimely end.

Bless me, what means this great commotion? Confusion reigns, and the sweet voices have turned to discord. Has a bad fellow appeared—some hawk-nosed fellow, to snatch away the "sweet sixteen?" Has one of the boys gone off with the circus-riders? So soon? I must see about it. Ah ha! I find a gentleman dressed in striped seer-sucker, called by the ladies a garter-snake, is making quite too free with one of the lovely brood—is eating her up. My virtuous soul impels me to strike with my indignant stick, and now both lie there cold in death.

Life is not so dull here as it was. I am puzzled a little. Should I have killed him? I eat robins and other birds; the snake does the same thing; the robins eat cherries and insects. Perhaps I was rashly interfering with the designs of Providence in killing him! But it is a muddle, and as I have done it, no doubt it is for the best. I conclude to suspend the story of my aristocratic friend, and take a short stroll. Your colt claims my friendship, and he shall have it; for he has a broad forehead, an open nostril, a straight back, and a long thigh—so he may perhaps go in 2:18½, and beat Flora Temple. Then, my dear F., you can build me a piazza. Your pear trees are full of promise, too; your Duchesses are swelling deliciously, as true Duchesses should. Next October permit me to pay my respects to them. These Urbanistes, too, I shall not despise. Nothing comes from nothing truly, but much comes from care and work, and I am glad to have fine pear trees, so near your piazza, so well attended to. Let me here enter a mild protest against this transplanting evergreens in June, when they are full of growth. It is absurd, ridiculous, preposterous, and any gardener who advises it as the best time ought to be set to ditching. To tear up their roots at the precise time when the growing plant most needs them is most cruel—and although the trees do sometimes live, it does not excuse the atrocity. I tell you (and I have planted

thousands on thousands), transplant evergreens in the Spring, *just as they are about to begin to grow*, using care not to have the roots exposed to wind or sun, and you will save ninety-nine of every hundred, and have my thanks beside. But let me not get out of the garden too soon. I see some scarlet-cheeked strawberries, which I would like to kiss; strawberries and lips are tempting to mortal man. Those peas appeal to me with mute eloquence; I would not wish to leave them to become hard and old like those you eat at the banquet halls of Crook & Duff. Yes, I hear a curious sound; metallic, but musical. It is—it is a bell, a dinner bell, and it says, "Come immediately."

I obey at once; it is not so very dull here now, for your wife's dinners are consoling; she cuts her ham thin, and broils it! Bless her.

The after-dinner hour is sacred to deep and profound meditation—to which all good men out of cities devote their energies—I mine. On your piazza is a chair adapted for this mental process, and in it lies that nice edition of Homer. Gently I raise the book, and as gently deposit there the figure of a comfortable gentleman. Now then for Diomed and Hector, Jove, Venus, and the rest, with profound critical observations. The white June clouds float lazily in the serene azure, and the beautiful hills lie so peacefully in the soft sun-light, that my too impatient soul is stilled. The cows chew their cuds under the shade, the insects keep a drowsy hum, while the birds have ceased their songs; nature, too, is enjoying her quiet hour. But a divine aroma comes stealing upon my senses. What is it? hay, honey, clover, pine, sweet-fern, bay; is it the sweet air of the mountains, or the breathings of heavenly creatures? They are about me, whispering to my soul, but not in words. I can only feel, not listen, and cannot tell you what they say. The pages of Homer grow dim, but what now are books to me? I am rapt.

"Eh—what—are you one of them come to show me the way to those heavenly mansions, where so many dear friends wait and worship?"

It was your wife, my dear F., come to waken me from my—reverie—shall I call it? to say that the clouds were rising, and I must watch them. I am glad she is not an angel yet. The white June clouds have disappeared, and a dark heap is creeping up the western sky. Does it hold wind or thunder? On it comes, spreading its wings, darkening the hills and the bright waters of the Housatonic; it curls its combing top like some mighty surf, and down streams a bolt; yes, there is rain in it. Down shoots the lightning again, with its crashing thunder. "That," said Hope Leslie's little friend when the thunder made accord with his Lord's Prayer—

"That is the Power and the Glory; that's it!" So it is, and it is upon me now. I am no longer sleepy. I see the rain away on the Barrington hills and away on the Lenox hills, and a slight pattering tells me we shall get our share. The little warbler sits close on her crowded nest, and Master Bob-o-link has ceased his riotous song. The blackness passes over and away, as blackness always does if we can only be patient, and has done us good; the grass lifts itself after its bath, and every flower seems to smell sweeter than before; the tail of the storm spreads itself in the western sunset light, as no poet can tell, no limner paint, and all for us. We watch the clouds, brilliant, beautiful, changing—changing through all the scale, until they fade away into the grays of night. So let my life end.

I hear the soft moo-moo of the cows ready to give down their milk, and it is so still, I hear distant voices from far-off farm houses, and the Whippoor-

will sing her melancholy note, and the stars come out one by one. The candles burn across the valley through open doors, and I can fancy good farmers are there eating their peaceful suppers, for the rain has helped the grass and the corn, and they know it. They can sleep in peace, and so can we; for we have had a good, dull, wholesome day; have drunk no whiskey; smoked no tobacco, cheated nobody, nor fretted our souls to grow rich or great. Thus it comes about that my sweetheart and I are past forty-two, not under the sod, not victims of dyspepsia, not poor, nor naked, nor blind, nor miserable. Long may we wave, to enjoy your piazza, and to hope for one of our own.

LIFE ON A PIAZZA.

Suddenly it strikes me that would be the title for a charming little work; not large, nor instructive, nor moral, but with nice small events, neat dashes of humor, pleasant sentiment; not satirical, but gently rubbing up *other* people's follies and vanities. Not exactly in the style of Rasselas, but different, more like my friend H. T., who once had a notion that instead of going to the Adirondacks, he would try the open-air cure on a friend's piazza. He gave me his notes, and here they are:

"Time, July—fine moonlight evening.—Sang 'Araby's Daughter' and 'We're Coming, Father Abraham,' with B.'s wife, and thought of my piazza bed-room—very sweet. Swung my hammock on the east side. Half-past ten and alone with the silent stars; believe in night air because there is no other. Eleven—bed time—disrobing not so simple a matter as I had supposed with the moon shining down, and stars keeping their vigils—but it is done, and I proceed to turn in—not accustomed to hammocks, and make a loud thump on piazza floor; not much hurt, but fearful Mrs. B. may dream of burglars; she bears it in silence—so do I. People say, to sleep in the full moonlight is dangerous—produces lunacy; pooh, I enjoy it. Midnight, moon shining and stars keeping their vigils—still awake but serene; don't mind being awake in the presence of nature. Half-past twelve, and feel as if lapsing into forgetfulness, when a bat flaps in; my thoughts take a new direction—wonder what God Almighty made bats for; try to catch him, his structure is so interesting, but fail; Mrs. B.'s window slightly raised—hasten to assure her it is I, not burglars; she hopes I am enjoying my repose—of course. Distant clock faintly sounds 'two;' address myself to sleep. Sensation delicious, and apparently continues a quarter of an hour, when the cock rings out his clarion song—appears to be of a Persian or Shanghai breed, adores the sun and prefers the eastern side of the house; will not leave it at my most persuasive pshews! fearful of waking Mrs. B., so decide to enjoy the glories of the rising day—nature exults, my spirits rise, I hear the morning stars singing for joy, when the bolts are shot. It is not Mrs. B., but Betsy, with bucket and broom; down she swashes her water, endangering my best clothes. 'Bless me!' she exclaims, 'Law, Mr. Peter, is that you? Why, you'll catch your death a' cold.' I reassure her, and enjoy the early day while she completes her matutinal cleansing. It dawns upon me that I must get up, must shake off hoary sloth and rise with the lark. I remember that hammocks are unsteady, and my experience small, but determine not to ask Betsy's assistance. Politely request her to step inside, and not to open the blinds for a few minutes. Whether to get out feet first or head first am undecided; compromise and come down on all fours; find the floor damp but not unpleasant—do not consider damp unwholesome; am startled by sounds very like two females indulging in covert smiles; complete my toilet without unnecessary delay.

"Breakfast time—Answer Mrs. B.'s inquiries cheerfully; assure her I feel better already. Drowsy during the morning, but confident it is result of change of air, and must be wholesome. Quite drowsy in afternoon. In evening thought Mrs. B. sang a little out of tune, while she gently hinted that some of my higher notes were rather flat—singular imperfection of ear in her. She retires early but offers me an inside bed, which I blandly decline.

"Second night—thermometer 80°. Not a leaf stirs, all nature is in deep repose; ho, peaceful night! Am sure that 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' will visit my hammock. A few mosquitoes hum their drowsy song, but eleven o'clock finds me dropping off—delightfully! I enjoy the night. Suddenly a startled cackling in the hen yard rouses me. It continues; perhaps chicken thieves are there. It is a new sensation, and I hastily slip on my shoes and trowsers. No presence is visible, but a powerful odor pervades the air, not altogether new in rural districts—it is *mephitis chinga*, i. e., skunk! I retire and unchain the dog. After duty comes repose, and sleep hovers over my eyelids; mosquitoes rather too eager, but I tie my handkerchief over my face and am safe. Thermometer still at 80°; drop off into forgetfulness. Steps arouse me—are there burglars about? A large animal trots over the piazza, and smells of me, but retires; I tighten the cords of my hammock so as to be above such visitors. Wrapped in my single sheet I pity those who swelter in beds; how beautiful is night! Mosquitoes have also discovered that the sheet is single. I discover a curious fact, that after the first sucking of blood they cease to hurt—natural history is always interesting. Three o'clock sounds in my ears from the distant clock; I heed it not. God save us, what a fearful noise! Mrs. B.'s voice is heard in plaintive question. I can only answer 'that I think Jack has caught the skunk'—certainly there is not only sound but smell. 'What can be done?' I am unable to suggest. Mrs. B. proposes that I dress myself, take the gun, and see what is the matter. Not accustomed to fire-arms, I only accede to a portion of her request. Find Jack *has* caught the skunk, or has confident expectations of doing so, and will not listen to my voice. So report to Mrs. B., who casually mentions there is a broad sofa in the entry. Take possession of the sofa *temporarily*, until the contest between the 'belligerents,' as England likes to call them, is ended. Waken and find breakfast over. Am much refreshed by my sleep—in the open air. Strongly advise *other* invalids to try it.

"Mem. Mrs. B. thought *she* would feel safer if I slept inside. Postponed my further cure for a season."

Thus endeth H. T.'s experience. Of somewhat such texture should be my book; to combine the careful observation of Kirby and Spence, the grandeur of Dr. Johnson, and the sprightliness of Charles Reade.

A practical hint must go in here to repay the reader, and to make my paper of infinite value; you may say it is a very small matter, but it is not. In building your piazza do not extend it along the whole front or side of your house, thus darkening all your windows, and in a stormy or wintry day increasing the gloom of your room, and do not make it narrow. Build it in this way—*twelve feet square*.

That makes you a beautiful Summer-room, in which you can sit, or stand, or sleep; there you can spread your hospitable board in the Summer evenings and enjoy your tea, combining the comforts of a dining-room and the ease of a pic-nic. In this life, do not ask for more. It is time to close my homily, and, I trust, at this point, none will question the wisdom of Solomon, Franklin, or P. W. These, then, are my last words.

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

STRAWBERRY HILL, once the favorite retreat of Horace Walpole, is but a very short distance from Twickenham. The queer old Gothic fabric, when we saw it, was fast falling into ruin. The plaster was peeling off, and the bare lath exposed in many places. The rooms, too, were all dismantled. The picture gallery gave little evidence of its former magnificence. Nothing remained of that curious collection he spent years in gathering, and which it required a twenty-five days' sale to dispose of, save only some antiquated stained glass in the little, low windows, and fragments of hangings upon the walls of the dining-room, where merry George Selwyn had so often amused his host. The old library, however, still exhibited richly painted figures upon its low ceiling, while the shelves, with their literary treasures gone, and the worm-eaten table, upon which "The Castle of Otranto" was written, gave evidence of the desolation that reigned in all the chambers where the old literary gossip once delighted to wander and to muse.

It was of this house that, writing to his friend Conway, and dating from this place, Walpole says: "You perceive I have got into a new camp, and have left my tubs at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that I have got, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filagree hedges:

'A small Euphrates through the place is rolled,
And 'little fishes wave their wings of gold.'

It was here he collected that splendid gallery of paintings, filled with the finest works of the best masters. Here were gathered matchless enamels of immortal bloom, by Bordier and Zincke; chasings, the workmanship of Cellini and Jean de Bologna; noble specimens of Faenza ware, adorned by the delicate pencils of Robbia and Bernard Palissy; glass of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Cousin, and other masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture; exquisite and matchless missals, painted by Raphael and Julio Clovio; magnificent specimens of cinque cento armor; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history; engravings in countless numbers, and of infinite value, together with fifteen thousand volumes, among which were most splendid editions of the classics. But Strawberry Hill, with all its treasures, like many a place of older renown, was destined to illustrate the sad truth, "that nothing on earth continueth in one stay." The antique mirror that once reflected the fair features of Mary Stuart; the jewelled goblet that was often brimmed with ruby wine at the chivalrous feasts of the Order of the Garter; the Damascened blade that hung by the side of Du Guesclin—all once the pride of the owner of Strawberry Hill—have passed away with the rest of his curiosity shop into the various cabinets of Europe, to be again in their turn lost sight of, or dispersed forever.

Well might the ballads of the day sing of this beautiful retreat in the hour of its pride :

“Some cry up Gunnerbury,
For Sion some declare,
And some say that with Chiswick House,
No villa can compare.
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill
Don't bear away the bell ?”

Horace Walpole, after exhausting all the delights that spring from foreign travel, and all the charms of the intellectually social circles of the London of that day, of which he was the admired centre, began to feel the longing which satiety brings with it, for some quiet retreat where he could shelter himself when he pleased from the stir and bustle of the noisy crowd. The pleasantest associations of his childhood were intimately interwoven with the charming scenery about Kew, Richmond, Twickenham, Hampton Court, and its lovely neighborhood. Here, when a boy, on his pony, he had followed the hounds with Sir Robert, when that great orator and statesman was Ranger of Richmond Park ; and here, with some of his favorite school-fellows, he had explored every nook and corner of the country on both sides the Thames. It was while looking for some locality in this neighborhood that he stumbled upon a little box of a country seat, located upon the river Thames, not far from Twickenham. It belonged to the celebrated toy woman of London, Mrs. Chevenix, and he purchased it immediately. On the day after its acquisition, in June, 1747, we find him giving the following description of it to a friend : “The house is so small I can send it to you in a letter to look at. The prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town and Richmond Park, and, being situate on a hill, descends to the river by a sloping lawn, where I have some Turkish sheep and cows, all studied in their colors for becoming the view.”

“Chopped Straw Hall” was its unromantic name when he purchased, but, in looking over an old lease, Walpole found the land described as “Strawberry Hill Shot,” and, hailing the discovery with delight, he adopts it, and from thenceforth his letters from his new residence are dated from “Strawberry Hill.” Then came all the appliances of a handsome fortune to make the place well worthy of its owner. All the aids that horticulture and arboriculture could render, aided by a most exquisite taste, were brought into requisition in embellishing and beautifying the grounds, while architects and carpenters were kept continually busy in re-modelling, enlarging and adorning the mansion. Then it was that it assumed the castellated air it had when I first saw the house in 1854, for he tells his friend Montague : “Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my battlements. ‘When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.’”

All sorts of things were being collected from every possible quarter to furnish appropriately the various apartments. Friends abroad were engaged to ransack Italy for fragments of old painted glass, old anything ; and every auction where any rarity could be procured, either at home or on the continent, was faithfully attended and most liberally patronized. In a short time Strawberry Hill was the wonder of all England, and the sale of its

curiosities, which occupied twenty-five days, attracted the curious from all parts of England and Scotland—indeed from every portion of the Continent.

But let us endeavor in part to fill up the empty halls and apartments with this rare collection, before it is scattered beneath the blows of the auctioneer's hammer. Passing through the low, monastic doorway, we find ourselves in a hall whose light is derived, as Walpole himself expresses it, "from lean windows, fattened with rich saints in painted glass," and from the centre of which depends the lantern that casts a most venerable gloom upon the stairs. There is nothing here to attract particular attention, save the rich and varied light that streams through the painted glass, and stains with amber and ruby hues the tessellated floor. A narrow passage leads you from the hall into the refectory. This is the innermost shrine—the penetralia where the household gods, the Lares and Penates, have their altars. As you enter, your figure is reflected from a brilliant Vauxhall mirror in Gothic frame of black and gold, with an enclosed portrait at the top of George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, while beneath it is a chimney-piece carved in wood, of Gothic design, with arches springing from columns with pediments. Resting upon it, you may note a fine Etruscan vase, with one more curious still of that rare Raphael or Faenza ware, presenting a most spirited representation upon it of the battles of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ. At the side of the room, on the right as you enter, is a table in the Gothic style, the top of Sicilian jasper of the rarest kind. It is covered with fine old porcelain and still more antique Etruscan relics, in the shape of bowls, beakers and vases; and over it hangs an object of rare curiosity and interest—a hunting horn of rich enamel upon copper, the painting being, on one side the history of St. Hubert, and on the other a series of allegorical figures. Round this chamber are richly carved chairs, with backs of Gothic pattern, and seats embroidered in most excellent needle-work. Round the walls hang the family portraits. Here you may notice full-length portraits, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister, and of Catharine, his first wife. Here is the second Lord Orford, attired in red velvet; Edward Walpole, known as "the handsome Englishman," in the robes of the Order of the Bath; and Horace Walpole himself, in a scanty, light-blue velvet jacket, and waistcoat of crimson velvet reaching down to his knees. Over the chimney-piece is that celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, known as "The Conversation," containing the portraits of Lord Edgecomb, Mr. Williams, and that noted wit, George Selwyn, who never missed an execution, and when he had a tooth taken out, dropped his handkerchief as a signal to the operator to begin. The gem of the collection, however, is a portrait group, representing the three celebrated beauties—the ladies Laura, Maria and Horatia Walpole—assembled round a work-table. This picture was still remaining at Strawberry Hill in 1854. The colors have somewhat faded, but unequalled grace and delicacy still remain. These were the lovely children of the handsome Mary Clement, the mistress of Horace Walpole's brother Edward, above alluded to as "the handsome Englishman." Their remarkable beauty eclipsed the fame of the celebrated Gunnings, and they all married into the first families of the land. Laura married a brother of Lord Albemarle; Maria, the greatest beauty of the three, mated with Lord Waldegrave, who soon died, but the still charming widow in a short time captivated and married his Royal Highness William Henry, Duke of Gloucester; the third, Horatia, married Lord Huntingtower. So that all these girls, notwithstanding the baseness of their origin, reached high posi-

tions, and some of their descendants at the present day are among the richest and noblest in the land.

But passing out from the refectory, let us ascend the stair-case, and, as you reach the first landing-place, turn by the door at your right into what was known by Walpole as "The Breakfast Room." The room is not large, but most cheerfully lighted by a large bay window, which looks out upon the lawn, down to the very bank of the quiet Thames. The prospect is extensive, and commands a panoramic view of the whole country. Among the numerous pictures and engravings that adorn the walls are, the Virgin and Child, once belonging to Gaston Duc d'Orleans, whose arms surmount the richly-carved frame; a very curious old picture, representing Rose, the royal gardener, presenting the first pine-apple raised in England to Charles II., at Dauny Court, near Windsor, and a portrait of Cowley, the poet, in the character of a shepherd, by Sir Peter Lely. Here in this glass case, on the right of the richly-carved mantel, we may notice the celebrated Digby collection of miniatures. Four of them are portraits of Sir Kenelm's wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanly, who is represented at three different periods of life, and once after death. This last is most exquisitely finished. On the left hand of the mantel may be descried another glass case, which also contains exquisitely-painted miniatures. One of these is of the celebrated Robert, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth. Scattered around the room, on ebony stands of most curious workmanship, and on tables with plateaux of royal Sevres porcelain, are rare specimens of cabinet cups and saucers of the same material, wonderfully painted with birds and flowers, and figures of cupids and nymphs. Here, too, are Oriental jars and urns of granite, brought from the Greek islands.

Before you approach the Library, the small but curious collection meets the view, by Walpole called his Armory, and which he thus describes: "A vestibule opens with three arches on the landing-place, disclosing niches full of trophies, of old coats of mail, Indian shields, made of the hide of the rhinoceros, broad-swords, quivers, long-bows, arrows and spears, all supposed to have been taken by Sir Lessy Robsart, an ancestor, in the Holy Wars. Here, too, or near this vestibule, we find, on the stair-case, the very armor of Francis the First, of steel gilt, and covered with bas-reliefs; his lance, leaning against it, is of ebony, inlaid with silver, while his sword is of highly-tempered steel beautifully inlaid with gold, and probably the work of Benvenuto Cellini. It is a magnificent suit, and at once recalls to your mind the finely proportioned figure of the gallant monarch. Near this hangs a magnificent steel shield of the finest cinque cento work, inlaid with gold and silver, the figures in bold relief representing the story of Quintius Curtius leaping into the Roman gulf to save the Republic. Suspended all around are old English battle-axes of steel, that did good service once upon the plains of Palestine, mingled strangely with Indian spears and Malay creeses."

Let our next step be from war to peace, from the Armory to the Library, where, arranged in cases modelled from old St. Paul's choir, are gathered about fifteen thousand volumes, and a great collection of rare old manuscripts. As our eyes range up and down the well-filled shelves, we find, among numerous antiquated and rare volumes, "The New Year's Gift," written by Mezo-philus (the dwarf Jeffrey Hudson), and presented by him, in 1638, to Henrietta, the Queen of Charles the First; the identical copy of Homer used by Pope in his translation; the Three Books of Chronicles, gathered by John Carion, of

Nuremberg, printed in London in black letter most rare and curious. Here, too, in well ordered cases, are antiquated manuscripts, and among them is the book of expenses of Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, kept by his treasurer, and in this we have all the items of expense incurred in that celebrated journey to Spain with the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I., in search of a wife. Here are files of letters from former dignitaries, over whose graves centuries have rolled; there is an autograph letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, the day after the battle of Dunbar. Most of the portraits you see hanging upon the walls here are family ones. Urns, ossuaries and antique relics are to be seen upon the curiously-carved tables in every corner, while on the mantel, directly under a large painting, hangs the little clock of silver gilt, presented by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn on the morning of their ill-starred marriage. It is richly chased and ornamented with the fleur-de-lys. On the top crouches a lion bearing the arms of England. The weights, which are gilt, are curiously chased with the initials of Henry and Anne within true lover's knots. One bears the inscription, "The most happye," the other the royal motto. This love token was doubtless meant as an emblem of enduring affection. It remains the same after an interval of more than three centuries; but, alas! only four years after it was given, the object of Henry's love loses her head upon the scaffold. The clock is still going, but it should have stopped forever when poor Anne died.

The Holbein Chamber, which is near the Library, next attracts our attention. This is a regular museum. Here is the chair of the last Abbot of Glastonbury, and, under a glass case, the hat worn by Cardinal Wolsey, the token of his ecclesiastical dignity. Exquisite carvings from the cunning fingers of Albert Durer, and rich stained glass of ancient curious pattern, terra-cotta vases, Etruscan jars, and rare intaglios, are scattered all around. On the walls hang original portraits, by Holbein, of Mary Queen of Scots, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, Philip of Spain and Mary, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Marguerite of France.

Passing out of the Holbein Chamber, a few steps bring us to the Grand Gallery, of noble dimensions, and most superbly decorated. Here are the fine vases and cisterns of Majolica, exquisite coffers, glittering with inlaid mother of pearl, and reflecting every ray from the stained windows in front. There, too, may be seen the magnificent Roman eagle discovered within the precincts of the Baths of Caracalla. Pictures of rare excellence and worth hang upon the walls. Here are original portraits of the Buckingham family, of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, whole length portraits of Catharine de Medici and her children, together with exquisite gems from the pencils of Watteau, Cuypp, Castiglione and Eckhardt.

A peep into the round drawing-room at the extremity of the gallery shows fine stained glass windows shedding their parti-colored light on vases of porcelain, and services of silver. Above the rich, mosaic chimney-piece stand silver beakers and jars, valuable for their weight of metal alone, not to say anything of their workmanship. In this beautiful chamber, the china of Sevres vies with the Faenza of Florence, and the portrait of Vandyke's lady-love, Mistress Lemon, looks smilingly down from the tapestried walls.

But we must close, and yet the treasures of art in this curious museum are not half exhausted. There are the North Chamber, the Tribune and the Round Tower, all filled with objects of *vertu*, and with costly china, worth a prince's ransom. Enough has been said to give some idea of what Strawberry Hill must have been in the days of its pride.

A few years since the old ruined structure was pulled down, and its site is now occupied by an elegant mansion, belonging to Earl Waldegrave, the great grandson of frail Mary Clement. The same sky is overhead, the same lawn still spreads forth in living green to the banks where the gentle Thames "wanders of its own sweet will," and the same varied and delightful scenery still charms the vision; but the glory of Strawberry Hill has departed. The memory of its refined and elegant owner still haunts the spot, and will forever. The memories of Pope are not more closely intertwined with Twickenham than those of Walpole are with Strawberry Hill. Walpole was like Voltaire, "a gay child of the world, whose pleasures he enjoyed." His great gifts were almost thrown away, his genius had no directing motive, or like his architecture, was elaborately wasted on

" Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

His wit and sarcasm, it is said, made him many enemies, and yet his wit and sarcasm were seldom anything but playful, scarcely ever malicious. It was with him, for the most part, as it was with his friend Selwyn :

" That social wit, which never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small, sweet courtesies of life,
Those little sapphires round the diamond shone
Sending soft radiance to the richer stone."

His letter to his friend Mann, as a portrait sketched by himself, is, perhaps, truthful :

" Pray don't compliment me," he writes to his friend, " any more upon my learning ; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little printing, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I who have always lived in the big, busy world ; who lie abed all the morning, as long as I please ; who sup in company ; have played at faro half my life, and now at loo till two or three in the morning ; who have always loved pleasure, hated action, etc. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in Summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with."

JAMES W. WALL.

NEBULÆ.

— CHARLES READE is certainly one of the most gifted and charming novelists in our literature. He is a close student of men and of manners; he is never dull when he describes, and his dialogue is highly dramatic and full of vivacity; his personages have character, they are people in whose trials and in whose fate we are interested; and above all, he has an intimate knowledge of the way in which women think and feel and act, especially in regard to men whom they love, or whom they mean to allure and delude. His "Christie Johnstone" and "Peg Woffington," published several years ago, were the most vivacious and dramatic novels of their day, and "The Cloister and the Hearth," which appeared more recently, needed only a little condensation and elaboration to take front rank, by the side of only three or four others, among historical novels. The novel which he is now publishing, "Griffith Gaunt," is, thus far, one of his best—superior, perhaps, to any other of his longer stories in its power to interest the reader in the experience of the personages and the movement of the plot. Admirable, too, for the fine quality of those personages, and for the charming women with whom it makes us well acquainted. Certainly in all modern fiction there are not two more enchanting creations than Kate Peyton and Mercy Vint. Happy Griffith, to have them both to wife, and both at once! A decidedly improper felicitation that; most reprehensible, in fact; but let justice be done to the charms of women and the faithlessness of men, although the heavens fall. In all that Mr. Reade has done, however, there is the blemish of affectation; and in not a little of his work there is a flavor, sometimes strong, sometimes scarcely perceptible, yet unmistakable, of vulgarity. He may be a gentleman, but he does not write like one. For it is a noteworthy fact, and one to be borne in mind, that although a man who is without the moral and intellectual perceptions of a gentleman, cannot, of course, write like one, a man may have them and be guided by them in his own conduct, and yet not exhibit them in his writing; or he may exhibit them in his writing and not be guided by them in his conduct. Some of the coarsest and most indelicate writing that the present writer ever saw—too indelicate to publish in these days for general perusal—was from the pen of as correct and pure-minded a woman as ever lived; and, to take a parallel illustration, Goldsmith, whose Vicar of Wakefield displays taste, tact, and knowledge of the world as well as of human nature, unequalled out of Shakespeare's pages, was improvident and imprudent to a proverb, and so utterly lacking in taste, tact, and knowledge of the world in regard to his own conduct, as to be a laughing-stock to his acquaintances. To return to Charles Reade, the vulgarity which crops out of his pages more or less in every one of his books, never has manifested itself quite so offensively as in the last number of "Griffith Gaunt." Griffith, deceived by very suspicious circumstances, interpreted to a jealous disposition by a wily woman, believes his wife unfaithful to him, curses her paramour, and tramples him

under foot before her face, and, flying from home, remains away from her, his whereabouts entirely unknown, for nearly a year. He returns at last, his convictions unchanged, merely to obtain money, and with no intention whatever of reconciliation, or even of living at home. She, however, loving him all the while, after a sad scene, determines to undeceive him and bring him to her feet. She sends for certain letters which she thinks will clear up his suspicions, and meantime she uses all the attractions of a luxurious home and her own beauty to beguile his soul and allure him to her side. In the management of this particular matter, which it must be confessed required a very firm and delicate hand, Mr. Reade blunders sadly. Kate approaches her husband as he stands beside their daughter. She has laid aside the widow's weeds she wore during his absence, and smiles again, angelically beautiful. She asks him if the girl is not lovely, and says, "Surely you will not desert her again." "'Twas not her I deserted," Griffith answers, "but her mother; and she had played me false with a d—d priest." Then Mr. Reade tells us, capital letters and all, "Mrs. Gaunt drew back with horror. 'This before my girl?' she cried, 'GRIFFITH GAUNT, YOU LIE!' And this time it was the woman who menaced the man. She rose to six feet high, and advanced on him with her great gray eyes flashing flames at him. 'O, that I were a man,' she cried; 'this insult should be the last. I'd lay you dead at her feet and mine.'" Now any man of sense and self-possession, even a little, if he did not love the woman would have laughed, and if he did, would have grieved over such a foolish explosion. As to his belief in her guilt, that it would not have affected one way or the other. The woman for the time merely threw aside all that makes a woman charming and gives her power, and made herself egregiously absurd—that was all. Kate Peyton deserved no such degradation at the hands of her creator. But in the very same chapter she suffers yet again, and quite as severely, at his hands.

The half-repentant, bewildered husband is served with a state dinner all alone in the illuminated dining-room; and after he has dined, a priest whom he respects, one Father Francis, comes in with letters which are to clear up the mystery. Griffith is about to read them when—"The door was flung open by Ryder, and a stately figure sailed in, that took both the gentlemen by surprise. It was Mrs. Gaunt, in full dress. Rich brocade that swept the ground, magnificent bust, *like Parian marble varnished* [italics not Mr. Reade's], and on her brow a diadem of emeralds and diamonds, that gave her beauty an imperial stamp. She swept into the room as only fine women can sweep, made Griffith a haughty courtesy, and suddenly lowered her head and received Father Francis's blessing; then seated herself and quietly awaited events." This passage, every word of it, is worthy of study as an almost matchless example of the style that should be carefully avoided. More vulgarity was never compressed within half a dozen lines. It is not dramatic, but it is theatrical—theatrical in the worst school of clap-trap stage business, as it is practised in the lowest places called theatres. It brings up a mingled odor of gas, peanuts, and orange peel. Think of it, how Miss Amanda St. Clair, that thrilling, palpitating, ultra-gorgeous creature who is to be the delight of the New Bowery Theatre, will seize upon that passage when the book comes to be dramatized, how she will revel in it! How she will order, regardless of expense, a bust of Parian marble varnished! [O, Charles Reade, Charles Reade, thus to caricature, degrade, vulgarize the loveliest object in nature!] how she will pile up the emeralds and diamonds that are to give her an im-

perial air! how she will sweep across the stage "as only fine women can sweep," (but as only vulgar women do, Charles Reade); and how haughtily she will courtesy, and then go through that sweet bit of pious humility in bending to receive the priest's blessing, and wheel into her seat hardly able to contain herself with emotions of vulgar vanity! and how the "b'hoys" will shout hi! hi! and she receive her expected three rounds of applause! and how every man present—if one should be present—that knows what really is the charm and the dignity of a simple, noble-minded woman, will turn away sickened, just as he would have turned away from the real Kate, who is made to go through this ridiculous performance simply from the inability of Mr. Reade to make her dignified and impressive without an exaggeration that carries her into the regions of vulgarity, almost of burlesque! The scenes in question are worth consideration not only in a literary point of view: they may well be studied by women. There has been much bloated stuff like this put into novels and upon the stage; women have read it and seen it, and seem to think it fine. So, as it comes out occasionally on trials, they act it themselves in real life upon grand occasions; and if they write books they make their heroines act it; with the same consequence as far as real men are concerned—a smile, inward or outward. You may always know a novel in which the heroine, when anything goes wrong, "draws herself up to her full height," for a woman's novel. True, Charles Reade, a man, makes charming Kate Peyton rise to six feet high; but Charles Reade is very like a woman, and also like an actress. In this is his weakness, but also a part of his power.

— BASE-BALL is a capital athletic game, exciting, invigorating, calling into play all the muscles, testing the speed and the wind of the players, and requiring just enough forethought and presence of mind to create a lively interest in the manner in which the two sides and the individual players do their work, without bringing it within the circle of the so-called scientific games, such as billiards; in which respect it has the advantage over cricket on the one side, and the rough-and-tumble game of foot-ball or shinny on the other. In short, it is the model out-door sport for boys and young men in Spring and Autumn, being rather severe, if heartily entered into, as it always should be, for midsummer. There are few men who do not remember with pleasure the games at base played with companions who are now scattered over the earth or lying beneath the sod. We used to think then that base, although a first-rate game, worthy of all the energies of those mighty and mature young gentlemen who were going to leave school next term, was yet a very simple matter, quite within the comprehension of the little fellows whose school troubles and triumphs were all yet to come. We played it on Saturdays, to be sure, with rather fuller sides, and kept up the game longer; and it was then, on the whole, rather a more set performance than on any other day. But how we enjoyed it in that indefinite time between breakfast and school hours! and how we rushed into it even at recess—that precious interval which broke stillness and study with twenty minutes of uproar! Twenty minutes is longer at fifteen than it is at thirty-five or forty. "Sides for base!" was screamed out as we broke headlong into the play-ground; and then in a twinkling the two recognized leaders had tossed the bat and were putting hand over hand. One, gripping the scarcely protruding end of the bat with his very nails, managed to whirl it round his head three times and toss it off its own length, or failed to do so, and sides were chosen and

positions taken in less than three minutes. Then for fifteen or twenty minutes what a hurly-burly of pitching, hitting, running, catching, and, above all, of shouting! Talk of the thunder of the captains, and the rattling of the quiver, the spear and the shield; that might have done well enough for war-horses in the days of Job; but what is it to the sweet tumult of the base-ball field for a boy in the days when we were boys? O, those glad, bright days! We were too happy then to know the fulness of our happiness. There is no such happiness, such thoughtless, care-free happiness as that of a healthy boy who does not suffer cold and hunger. This was the way in which we played base-ball, enjoying it heartily, and playing it well, too;—up to all the tricks of the field; of the fellows who knocked far balls, and low balls, and screw balls; and that most puzzling fellow of all, who, when you least expected it, knocked the ball *with* the pitch. How the catchers used to spread themselves when big Tom Bouncer took the bat! He always knocked the ball so far—over a fence, if possible—that he expected to free all the bases and get through them himself. But sometimes one of us smaller fellows caught even him out, or got the ball and pelted him well as he was running his last base. And then what glory and what inward pride! All this we did and filled ourselves full of real enjoyment, toughening our muscles the while, deepening our breath, and taxing our presence of mind, and there was an end; and we were content, and thought, poor ignorant chaps, that we had played base, and that our scores—kept on a tally stick, chalked on the fence, or mayhap, only scratched on a smooth piece of ground,—were a sufficient record of our skill and our endurance. But it seems that we were wofully ignorant and unsophisticated. We should have had umpires and uniforms. The fellows that were out catching should have been severally designated as long-stop, short-stop, centre-fielder, and so forth; we should have had printed rules and regulations, and, above all, reporters to give an account of our games in the newspapers. For what satisfaction is there—although we used to think there was some fun—in a few lads or young men playing half-a-dozen games at base-ball, if their doings cannot be recorded in print for the benefit of an admiring world? Indeed, why should anybody do anything now-a-days—have a party, get married, eat, drink, rise up or lie down—unless there can be a paragraph about it in the newspapers? Therefore it is that, commiserating the young gentleman referred to in the following report, which seems to have been prepared for one of our daily papers and lost, we give it the publicity of our pages. The world should not lose such a record, or they be shorn of such glory:

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Opossum vs. Buzzard.

Yesterday afternoon these celebrated clubs met at the Elysian Fields to strive for victory and contend for the palm in our noble national game, called base-ball. The two parties were accompanied to the field of glory by troops of partizans and friends, so that their contest took place before thousands of admiring spectators. Nor were the encouraging and inspiring smiles of the fair lacking upon the auspicious occasion. Several of the young ladies who assist at the neighboring beer-stands and peanut tables showed their interest in the proceedings of the afternoon, and “rained influence” even if they were not permitted to “award the prize.” After the usual preliminaries had been settled and the initiatory ceremonies had been gone through with in the most dignified manner, by Mr. Rattail on the part of the Opossums, and Mr. Carrion, on the part of the Buzzards, that illustrious base-ballist, Mr. Blindman, was appointed umpire, and the proceedings were fairly inaugurated. The Opossums, as usual, got the first innings and

played a brilliantly cautious and magnificently careful game. In fact, it might be called first-class. The bases were superbly filled by Messrs. Stump, Rump, Thump and Prodder. Cheatem, as pitcher, displayed all his usual splendid genius, and Ketchum, as short-stop, eclipsed even his former undying fame. Mr. Tarfingers attracted a great deal of attention by the admirable conception and brilliant execution of two fly catches, and Messrs. Scramble and Scamper proved themselves worthy of all praise by the exquisite style in which they attended to the sky-scrapers.

But, without intending to derogate from the well-earned reputation of either of the other players present, perhaps the sensation of the afternoon was created by the glorious fielding of that rising young base-ballist Ducklegs. Compared necessarily with his rival Spindles, of the Buzzards, he plainly rose into the high empyrean of his art, and well merited the award of praise he received from one of the young ladies above mentioned, "Go it Ducklegs, you're one of my customers!" Indeed, we must confess—with reluctance, it is true, but justice must be done—that the Buzzards on this occasion failed to maintain the distinguished reputation so richly earned by their previous efforts in this department of human endeavor. When Screwer took the bat, expectation was on tiptoe, and something brilliant was looked for. A thrill ran through the crowd of spectators, and men "held their breath for a while." But expectation was disappointed. Screwer's play was less dazzling and original than usual. Blunder then threw himself into the breach; but even his play was tame and languid. Something was hoped for from the rich resources of Owlett; but even he seemed to be under the cloud which fell this afternoon upon the Buzzards. Screwer's brilliancy, Blunder's boldness and Owlett's sagacity all paled before the rising star of Ducklegs. We regret being obliged, from want of room, to omit the score recorded on this most interesting occasion. The total innings was, Opossums, 32; Buzzards, 17. Time of game, seven hours, forty-three minutes, fifty-four seconds.

Pity that when we were boys we didn't know that we were playing "the national game," and that we couldn't be happy unless base-ball was played and paragraphed in this fashion.

— A GENTLEMAN who is an occasional contributor to THE GALAXY received, on the 1st of June, a slip of paper, in an envelope, on which was written in pencil—evidently a stump, with a very round point—as follows:

" Mr. ———		
	Balenz	459
June 2—3 $\frac{1}{4}$	sellein.....	113
June 3—6 $\frac{1}{4}$	wil.....	188
June 3—3	letters.....	15
June 5—8	Modon.....	200
June 6—7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ros.....	225
June 8—3 $\frac{1}{2}$	wilcodledz.....	132
June 9—1	quoderlam.....	200
June 11—8	Karnbif.....	160
June 11—	Schymiz.....	25
June 13—	Bodeders.....	160
June 14—3	Raumpstex.....	84
June 13—3	letters.....	15
June 15—6	wil undrecodlez.....	270
June 16—4	stex sellein.....	120

Thus the memorandum went on through the dates of the whole month. Our friend, puzzled beyond measure at first, discovered on reading so far down the list, as the reader may have done also, that it was his butcher's bill; that the first item represented a balance of \$4 59, which was due at the beginning of the month to the worthy Deutschlandler; that the next recorded the purchase of three pounds and three-quarters of sirloin steak; the next, veal; that the three letters which so bewildered him were three heads of lettuce; that on

the 5th he bought mutton; on the 6th, roast beef; on the 8th, veal cutlets; on the 9th, a quarter of lamb, and on the 11th, corned beef; but what else, for which he was charged twenty-five cents, he has not yet discovered. The rest of the charges above given, the reader can probably make out unaided. The bill, we assure him, is genuine, although we cannot add, and no mistake. The same gentleman, on looking over his grocer's book at the end of the month, had his wrath at the enormous charges he encountered, quite driven out of mind by suddenly coming upon the items, schnapps, 12 cents; schnapps, 18 cents; schnapps, 12 cents, and so on almost every day through the month. He called the servants, but they denied any knowledge of the matter, and with such simple earnestness that he could not but believe them. A horrid suspicion flashed upon him. Good heaven! was the wife of his bosom—and at a corner grocery, too? (For it was before the advent of the Metropolitan Excise Board to power.) This explained certain behavior on the part of that otherwise angelic woman. With sad heart he called her attention to the damning record of her depravity. She read in seeming indignation and surprise. "Schnapps, schnapps? I have had no schnapps, of course. If that huzzy, Bridget—" "Ah, my dear, don't put it off on the poor girl. She is innocent, and so is Mary, I am sure. Confess at once." "What, confess that I get schnapps by the shilling's worth, day after day, from the grocer's? You must be crazy, sir, or think that I am." "Oh, but, mamma," broke in young hopeful, who had come in during the colloquy, "I do. Tom and I get them almost every day." Horror on horrors! this was worse even than the first suspicion. "You get schnapps, my boy, and almost every day?" "Yes papa, and they're bully." "They? what they?" "Why snaps, of course, ginger snaps. Tom lost ten marks the other day for eating some in school." The fact was, that the youngsters having found out that the spicy comestible last named could be procured at the grocer's, and that their credit was good, "went in" and saved their pocket money, with the consequences above related.



“ I REJECTED YOUR FINE SPEECHES, NOT YOU.”

THE GALAXY.

AUGUST 1, 1866.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XV.

MADAME GORDELOUP.

ON the afternoon of the day following his dinner at the Beaufort with Count Pateroff, Harry Clavering called on the Count's sister in Mount Street. He had doubted much as to this, thinking at any rate he ought, in the first place, to write and ask permission. But at last he resolved that he would take the count at his word, and presenting himself at the door, he sent up his name. Madame Gordeloup was at home, and in a few moments he found himself in the room in which the lady was sitting, and recognized her whom he had seen with Lady Ongar in Bolton Street. She got up at once, having glanced at the name upon the card, and seemed to know all about him. She shook hands with him cordially, almost squeezing his hand, and bade him sit down near her on the sofa. "She was so glad to see him, for her dear Julie's sake. Julie, as of course he knew, was at 'Ongere' Park. Oh! so happy"—which, by the by, he did not know—"and would be up in the course of next week. So many things to do, of course, Mr. Clavering. The house, and the servants, and the park, and the beautiful things of a large country establishment! But it was delightful, and Julie was quite happy!"

No people could be more unlike to each other than this brother and his sister. No human being could have taken Madame Gordeloup for an English-woman, though it might be difficult to judge, either from her language or her appearance, of the nationality to which she belonged. She spoke English with great fluency, but every word uttered declared her not to be English. And when she was most fluent she was most incorrect in her language. She was small, eager, and quick, and appeared quite as anxious to talk as her brother had been to hold his tongue. She lived in a small room on the first floor of a small house; and it seemed to Harry that she lived alone. But he had not been long there before she had told him all her history, and explained to him most of her circumstances. That she kept back something is probable; but how many are there who can afford to tell everything?

Her husband was still living, but he was at St. Petersburg. He was a

Frenchman by family, but had been born in Russia. He had been attached to the Russian embassy in London, but was now attached to diplomacy in general in Russia. She did not join him, because she loved England—oh, so much! And, perhaps, her husband might come back again some day. She did not say that she had not seen him for ten years, and was not quite sure whether he was dead or alive; but had she made a clean breast in all things, she might have done so. She said that she was a good deal still at the Russian embassy; but she did not say that she herself was a paid spy. Nor do I say so now, positively; but that was the character given to her by many who knew her. She called her brother Edouard, as though Harry had known the count all his life; and always spoke of Lady Ongar as Julie. She uttered one or two little hints which seemed to imply that she knew everything that had passed between "Julie" and Harry Clavering in early days; and never mentioned Lord Ongar without some term of violent abuse.

"Horrid wretch!" she said, pausing over all the *r*'s in the name she had called him. "It began, you know, from the very first. Of course he had been a fool. An old roué is always a fool to marry. What does he get, you know, for his money? A pretty face. He's tired of that as soon as it's his own. Is it not so, Mr. Clavering? But other people ain't tired of it, and then he becomes jealous. But Lord Ongar was not jealous. He was not man enough to be jealous. Hor-r-rid wr-retch!" She then went on telling many things which, as he listened, almost made Harry Clavering's hair stand on end, and which must not be repeated here. She herself had met her brother in Paris, and had been with him when they encountered the Ongars in that capital. According to her showing, they had, all of them, been together nearly from that time to the day of Lord Ongar's death. But Harry soon learned to feel that he could not believe all that the little lady told him.

"Edouard was always with him. Poor Edouard!" she said. "There was some money matter between them about *écarté*. When that wr-retch got to be so bad, he did not like parting with his money—not even when he had lost it! And Julie had been so good always! Julie and Edouard had done everything for the nasty wr-retch." Harry did not at all like this mingling of the name of Julie and Edouard, though it did not for a moment fill his mind with any suspicion as to Lady Ongar. It made him feel, however, that this woman was dangerous, and that her tongue might be very mischievous if she talked to others as she did to him. As he looked at her—and being now in her own room she was not dressed with scrupulous care—and as he listened to her, he could not conceive what Lady Ongar had seen in her that she should have made a friend of her. Her brother, the count, was undoubtedly a gentleman in his manners and way of life, but he did not know by what name to call this woman, who called Lady Ongar Julie. She was altogether unlike any ladies whom he had known.

"You know that Julie will be in town next week?"

"No; I did not know when she was to return."

"Oh, yes; she has business with those people in South Audley Street on Thursday. Poor dear! Those lawyers are so harassing! But when people have seven—thousand—pounds a year, they must put up with lawyers." As she pronounced those talismanic words, which to her were almost celestial, Harry perceived for the first time that there was some sort of resemblance between her and the count. He could see that they were brother and sister. "I shall go to her directly she comes, and of course I will tell her how good

you have been to come to me. And Edouard has been dining with you? How good of you. He told me how charming you are"—Harry was quite sure then that she was fibbing—"and that it was so pleasant! Edouard is very much attached to Julie; very much. Though, of course, all that was mere nonsense; just lies told by that wicked lord. Bah! what did he know?" Harry by this time was beginning to wish that he had never found his way to Mount Street.

"Of course they were lies," he said roughly.

"Of course, mon cher. Those things always are lies, and so wicked! What good do they do?"

"Lies never do any good," said Harry.

To so wide a proposition as this madame was not prepared to give an unconditional assent; she therefore shrugged her shoulders, and once again looked like her brother.

"Ah!" she said. "Julie is a happy woman now. Seven—thousand—pounds a year! One does not know how to believe it; does one?"

"I never heard the amount of her income," said Harry.

"It is all that," said the Franco-Pole, energetically; "every franc of it, beside the house! I know it. She told me herself. Yes. What woman would risk that, you know; and his life, you may say, as good as gone? Of course they were lies."

"I don't think you understand her, Madame Gordeloup."

"Oh, yes; I know her, so well. And love her—oh, Mr. Clavering, I love her so dearly!—Is she not charming? So beautiful, you know, and grand. Such a will, too! That is what I like in a woman. Such a courage! She never flinched in those horrid days, never. And when he called her—you know what—she only looked at him, just looked at him, miserable object. Oh, it was beautiful!" And Madame Gordeloup, rising in her energy from her seat for the purpose, strove to throw upon Harry such another glance as the injured, insulted wife had thrown upon her foul-tongued, dying lord.

"She will marry," said Madame Gordeloup, changing her tone with a suddenness that made Harry start; "yes, she will marry, of course. Your English widows always marry if they have money. They are wrong, and she will be wrong; but she will marry."

"I do not know how that may be," said Harry, looking foolish.

"I tell you I know she will marry, Mr. Clavering; I told Edouard so yesterday. He merely smiled. It would hardly do for him, she has so much will. Edouard has a will also."

"All men have, I suppose."

"Ah, yes; but there is a difference. A sum of money down, if a man is to marry, is better than a widow's dower. If she dies, you know, he looks so foolish. And she is grand and will want to spend everything. Is she much older than you, Mr. Clavering? Of course I know Julie's age, though perhaps you do not. What will you give me to tell?" And the woman leered at him with a smile which made Harry think that she was almost more than mortal. He found himself quite unable to cope with her in conversation, and soon after this got up to take his leave. "You will come again," she said. "Do. I like you so much. And when Julie is in town, we shall be able to see her together, and I will be your friend. Believe me."

Harry was very far from believing her, and did not in the least require her friendship. Her friendship, indeed! How could any decent English man or

woman wish for the friendship of such a creature as that? It was thus that he thought of her as he walked away from Mount Street, making heavy accusations, within his own breast, against Lady Ongar as he did so. Julia! He repeated the name over to himself a dozen times, thinking that the flavor of it was lost since it had been contaminated so often by that vile tongue. But what concern was it of his? Let her be Julia to whom she would, she could never be Julia again to him. But she was his friend—Lady Ongar, and he told himself plainly that his friend had been wrong in having permitted herself to hold any intimacy with such a woman as that. No doubt Lady Ongar had been subjected to very trying troubles in the last months of her husband's life, but no circumstances could justify her, if she continued to endorse the false cordiality of that horribly vulgar and evil-minded little woman. As regarded the grave charges brought against Lady Ongar, Harry still gave no credit to them, still looked upon them as calumnies, in spite of the damning advocacy of Sophie and her brother; but he felt that she must have dabbled in very dirty water to have returned to England with such claimants on her friendship as these. He had not much admired the count, but the count's sister had been odious to him. "I will be your friend. Believe me." Harry Clavering stamped upon the pavement as he thought of the little Pole's offer to him. She be his friend! No, indeed; not if there were no other friend for him in all London.

Sophie, too, had her thoughts about him. Sophie was very anxious in this matter, and was resolved to stick as close to her Julie as possible. "I will be his friend or his enemy; let him choose." That had been Sophie's reflection on the matter when she was left alone.

Ten days after his visit in Mount Street, Harry received the note which Lady Ongar had written to him on the night of her arrival in London. It was brought to Mr. Beilby's office by her own footman early in the morning; but Harry was there at the time, and was thus able to answer it, telling Lady Ongar that he would come as she had desired. She had commenced her letter "Dear Harry," and he well remembered that when she had before written she had called him "Dear Mr. Clavering." And though the note contained only half-a-dozen ordinary words, it seemed to him to be affectionate, and almost loving. Had she not been eager to see him, she would hardly thus have written to him on the very instant of her return. "Dear Lady Ongar," he wrote, "I shall dine at my club, and be with you about eight. Yours always, H. C." After that he could hardly bring himself to work satisfactorily during the whole day. Since his interview with the Franco-Polish lady he had thought a good deal about himself, and had resolved to work harder and to love Florence Burton more devotedly than ever. The nasty little woman had said certain words to him which had caused him to look into his own breast and to tell himself that this was necessary. As the love was easier than the work, he began his new tasks on the following morning by writing a long and very affectionate letter to his own Flo, who was still staying at Clavering rectory—a letter so long and so affectionate that Florence, in her ecstasy of delight, made Fanny read it, and confess that, as a love-letter, it was perfect.

"It's great nonsense, all the same," said Fanny.

"It isn't nonsense at all," said Florence; "and if it were it would not signify. Is it true? That's the question."

"I'm sure it's true," said Fanny.

"And so am I," said Florence. "I don't want any one to tell me that."

"Then why did you ask, you simpleton?" Florence indeed was having a happy time of it at Clavering rectory. When Fanny called her a simpleton, she threw her arms round Fanny's neck and kissed her.

And Harry kept his resolve about the work too, investigating plans with a resolution to understand them which was almost successful. During those days he would remain at his office till past four o'clock, and would then walk away with Theodore Burton, dining sometimes in Onslow Crescent, and going there sometimes in the evening after dinner. And when there he would sit and read; and once when Cecilia essayed to talk to him, he told her to keep her apron-strings to herself. Then Theodore laughed and apologized, and Cecilia said that too much work made Jack a dull boy; and then Theodore laughed again, stretching out his legs and arms as he rested a moment from his own study, and declared that, under those circumstances, Harry never would be dull. And Harry, on those evenings, would be taken up-stairs to see the bairns in their cots; and as he stood with their mother looking down upon the children, pretty words would be said about Florence and his future life; and all was going merry as a marriage bell. But on that morning, when the note had come from Lady Ongar, Harry could work no more to his satisfaction. He scrawled upon his blotting-paper, and made no progress whatsoever toward the understanding of anything. It was the day on which, in due course, he would write to Florence; and he did write to her. But Florence did not show this letter to Fanny, claiming for it any meed of godlike perfection. It was a stupid, short letter, in which he declared that he was very busy and that his head ached. In a postscript he told her that he was going to see Lady Ongar that evening. This he communicated to her under an idea that by doing so he made everything right. And I think that the telling of it did relieve his conscience.

He left the office soon after three, having brought himself to believe in the headache, and sauntered down to his club. He found men playing whist there, and, as whist might be good for his head, he joined them. They won his money, and scolded him for playing badly till he was angry, and then he went out for a walk by himself. As he went along Piccadilly, he saw Sophie Gordeloup coming toward him, trotting along, with her dress held well up over her ankles, eager, quick, and, as he said to himself, clearly intent upon some mischief. He endeavored to avoid her by turning up the Burlington Arcade, but she was too quick for him, and was walking up the arcade by his side before he had been able to make up his mind as to the best mode of riding himself of such a companion.

"Ah, Mr. Clavering, I am so glad to see you. I was with Julie last night. She was fagged, very much fagged; the journey, you know, and the business. But yet so handsome! And we talked of you. Yes, Mr. Clavering; and I told her how good you had been in coming to me. She said you were always good; yes, she did. When shall you see her?"

Harry Clavering was a bad hand at fibbing, and a bad hand also at leaving a question unanswered. When questioned in this way he did not know what to do but to answer the truth. He would much rather not have said that he was going to Bolton Street that evening, but he could find no alternative. "I believe I shall see her this evening," he said, simply venturing to mitigate the evil of making the communication by rendering it falsely doubtful. There are men who fib with so bad a grace and with so little tact that they might as well not fib at all. They not only never arrive at success, but never even venture to expect it.

"Ah, this evening. Let me see. I don't think I can be there to-night; Madame Berenstoff receives at the embassy."

"Good afternoon," said Harry, turning into Truefit's, the hairdresser's, shop.

"Ah, very well," said Sophie to herself; "just so. It will be better, much better. He is simply one lout, and why should he have it all? My God, what fools, what louts, are these Englishmen!" Now having read Sophie's thoughts so far, we will leave her to walk up the remainder of the arcade by herself.

I do not know that Harry's visit to Truefit's establishment had been in any degree caused by his engagement for the evening. I fancy that he had simply taken to ground at the first hole, as does a hunted fox. But now that he was there he had his head put in order, and thought that he looked the better for the operation. He then went back to his club, and when he sauntered into the card-room one old gentleman looked askance at him, as though inquiring angrily whether he had come there to make fresh misery. "Thank you; no—I won't play again," said Harry. Then the old gentleman was appeased, and offered him a pinch of snuff. "Have you seen the new book about whist?" said the old gentleman. "It is very useful—very useful. I'll send you a copy if you will allow me." Then Harry left the room, and went down to dinner.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EVENING IN BOLTON STREET.

It was a little past eight when Harry knocked at Lady Ongar's door. I fear he had calculated that if he were punctual to the moment, she would think that he thought the matter to be important. It was important to him, and he was willing that she should know that it was so. But there are degrees in everything, and therefore he was twenty minutes late. He was not the first man who has weighed the diplomatic advantage of being after his time. But all those ideas went from him at once when she met him almost at the door of the room, and, taking him by the hand, said that she was "so glad to see him—so very glad. Fancy, Harry, I haven't seen an old friend since I saw you last. You don't know how hard all that seems."

"It is hard," said he; and when he felt the pressure of her hand and saw the brightness of her eye, and when her dress rustled against him as he followed her to her seat, and he became sensible of the influence of her presence, all his diplomacy vanished, and he was simply desirous of devoting himself to her service. Of course, any such devotion was to be given without detriment to that other devotion which he owed to Florence Burton. But this stipulation, though it was made, was made quickly, and with a confused brain.

"Yes—it is hard," she said. "Harry, sometimes I think I shall go mad. It is more than I can bear. I could bear it if it hadn't been my own fault—all my own fault."

There was a suddenness about this which took him quite by surprise. No doubt it had been her own fault. He also had told himself that; though, of course, he would make no such charge to her. "You have not recovered

yet," he said, "from what you have suffered lately. Things will look brighter to you after a while."

"Will they? Ah—I do not know. But come, Harry; come and sit down, and let me get you some tea. There is no harm, I suppose, in having you here—is there?"

"Harm, Lady Ongar?"

"Yes—harm, Lady Ongar." As she repeated her own name after him, nearly in his tone, she smiled once again; and then she looked as she used in the old days, when she would be merry with him. "It is hard to know what a woman may do, and what she may not. When my husband was ill and dying, I never left his bedside. From the moment of my marrying him till his death, I hardly spoke to a man but in his presence; and when once I did, it was he that had sent him. And for all that people have turned their backs upon me. You and I were old friends, Harry, and something more once—were we not? But I jilted you, as you were man enough to tell me. How I did respect you when you dared to speak the truth to me. Men don't know women, or they would be harder to them."

"I did not mean to be hard to you."

"If you had taken me by the shoulders and shaken me, and have declared that before God you would not allow such wickedness, I should have obeyed you. I know I should." Harry thought of Florence, and could not bring himself to say that he wished it had been so. "But where would you have been then, Harry? I was wrong and false and a beast to marry that man; but I should not, therefore, have been right to marry you and ruin you. It would have been ruin, you know, and we should simply have been fools."

"The folly was very pleasant," said he.

"Yes, yes; I will not deny that. But then the wisdom and the prudence afterward! Oh, Harry, that was not pleasant. That was not pleasant! But what was I saying? Oh! about the propriety of your being here. It is so hard to know what is proper. As I have been married, I suppose I may receive whom I please. Is not that the law?"

"You may receive me, I should think. Your sister is my cousin's wife." Harry's matter-of-fact argument did as well as anything else, for it turned her thought at the moment.

"My sister, Harry! If there was nothing to make us friends but our connection through Sir Hugh Clavering, I do not know that I should be particularly anxious to see you. How unmanly he has been, and how cruel."

"Very cruel," said Harry. Then he thought of Archie and Archie's suit. "But he is willing to change all that now. Hermione asked me the other day to persuade you to go to Clavering."

"And have you come here to use your eloquence for that purpose? I will never go to Clavering again, Harry, unless it should be yours and your wife should offer to receive me. Then I'd pack up for the dear, dull, solemn old place though I was on the other side of Europe."

"It will never be mine."

"Probably not, and probably, therefore, I shall never be there again. No; I can forgive an injury, but not an insult—not an insult such as that. I will not go to Clavering; so, Harry, you may save your eloquence. Hermione I shall be glad to see whenever she will come to me. If you can persuade her to that, you will persuade her to a charity."

"She goes nowhere, I think, without his—his——"

"Without his permission. Of course she does not. That, I suppose, is all as it should be. And he is such a tyrant that he will give no such permission. He would tell her, I suppose, that her sister was no fit companion for her."

"He could not say that now, as he has asked you there."

"Ah, I don't know that. He would say one thing first and another after, just as it would suit him. He has some object in wishing that I should go there, I suppose." Harry, who knew the object, and who was too faithful to betray Lady Clavering, even though he was altogether hostile to his cousin Archie's suit, felt a little proud of his position, but said nothing in answer to this. "But I shall not go; nor will I see him, or go to his house when he comes up to London. When do they come, Harry?"

"He is in town, now."

"What a nice husband, is he not? And when does Hermione come?"

"I do not know; she did not say. Little Hughy is ill, and that may keep her."

"After all, Harry, I may have to pack up and go to Clavering even yet—that is, if the mistress of the house will have me."

"Never in the way you mean, Lady Ongar. Do not propose to kill all my relations in order that I might have their property. Archie intends to marry, and have a dozen children."

"Archie marry! Who will have him? But such men as he are often in the way by marrying some cookmaid at last. Archie is Hugh's body-slave. Fancy being body-slave to Hugh Clavering! He has two, and poor Hermy is the other; only he prefers not to have Hermy near him, which is lucky for her. Here is some tea. Let us sit down and be comfortable, and talk no more about our horrid relations. I don't know what made me speak of them. I did not mean it."

Harry sat down and took the cup from her hand, as she had bidden the servant to leave the tray upon the table.

"So you saw Count Pateroff," she said.

"Yes, and his sister."

"So she told me. What do you think of them?" To this question Harry made no immediate answer. "You may speak out. Though I lived abroad with such as them for twelve months, I have not forgotten the sweet scent of our English hedgerows, nor the wholesomeness of English household manners. What do you think of them?"

"They are not sweet or wholesome," said he.

"Oh, Harry, you are so honest! Your honesty is beautiful. A spade will ever be a spade with you."

He thought that she was laughing at him, and colored.

"You pressed me to speak," he said, "and I did but use your own words."

"Yes, but you used them with such straightforward violence! Well, you shall use what words you please, and how you please, because a word of truth is so pleasant after living in a world of lies. I know you will not lie to me, Harry. You never did."

He felt that now was the moment in which he should tell her of his engagement, but he let the moment pass without using it. And, indeed, it would have been hard for him to tell. In telling such a story he would have been cautioning her that it was useless for her to love him—and this he could not bring himself to do. And he was not sure even now that she had not learned

the fact from her sister. "I hope not," he said. In all that he was saying he knew that his words were tame and impotent in comparison with hers, which seemed to him to mean so much. But then his position was so unfortunate! Had it not been for Florence Burton he would have been long since at her feet; for, to give Harry Clavering his due, he could be quick enough at swearing to a passion. He was one of those men to whom love-making comes so readily that it is a pity that they should ever marry. He was ever making love to women, usually meaning no harm. He made love to Cecilia Burton over her children's beds, and that discreet matron liked it. But it was a love-making without danger. It simply signified on his part the pleasure he had in being on good terms with a pretty woman. He would have liked to have made love in the same way to Lady Ongar; but that was impossible, and in all love-making with Lady Ongar there must be danger. There was a pause after the expression of his last hopes, during which he finished his tea, and then looked at his boots.

"You do not ask me what I have been doing at my country-house."

"And what have you been doing there?"

"Hating it."

"That is wrong."

"Everything is wrong that I do; everything must be wrong. That is the nature of the curse upon me."

"You think too much of all that now."

"Ah, Harry, that is so easily said. People do not think of such things if they can help themselves. The place is full of him and his memories; full of him, though I do not as yet know whether he ever put his foot in it. Do you know, I have a plan, a scheme, which would, I think, make me happy for one half-hour. It is to give everything back to the family. Everything! money, house, and name; to call myself Julia Brabazon, and let the world call me what it pleases. Then I would walk out into the streets, and beg some one to give me my bread. Is there one in all the wide world that would give me a crust? Is there one, except yourself, Harry—one, except yourself?"

Poor Florence! I fear it fared badly with her cause at this moment. How was it possible that he should not regret, that he should not look back upon Stratton with something akin to sorrow? Julia had been his first love, and to her he could have been always true. I fear he thought of this now. I fear that it was a grief to him that he could not place himself close at her side, bid her do as she had planned, and then come to him, and share all his crusts. Had it been open to him to play that part, he would have played it well, and would have gloried in the thoughts of her poverty. The position would have suited him exactly. But Florence was in the way, and he could not do it. How was he to answer Lady Ongar? It was more difficult now than ever to tell her of Florence Burton.

His eyes were full of tears, and she accepted that as his excuse for not answering her. "I suppose they would say that I was a romantic fool. When the price has been taken one cannot cleanse oneself of the stain. With Judas, you know, it was not sufficient that he gave back the money. Life was too heavy for him, and so he went out and hanged himself."

"Julia," he said, getting up from his chair, and going over to where she sat on a sofa, "Julia, it is horrid to hear you speak of yourself in that way. I will not have it. You are not such a one as the Iscariot." And as he spoke to her, he found her hand in his.

"I wish you had my burden, Harry, for one half day, so that you might know its weight."

"I wish I could bear it for you—for life."

"To be always alone, Harry; to have none that come to me and scold me, and love me, and sometimes make me smile! You will scold me at any rate; will you not? It is terrible to have no one near one that will speak to one with the old easiness of familiar affection. And then the pretence of it where it does not, cannot, could not, exist! Oh, that woman, Harry; that woman who comes here and calls me Julie! And she has got me to promise too that I would call her Sophie! I know that you despise me because she comes here. Yes; I can see it. You said at once that she was not wholesome, with your dear outspoken honesty."

"It was your word."

"And she is not wholesome, whosever word it was. She was there, hanging about him when he was so bad, before the worst came. She read novels to him—books that I never saw, and played écarté with him for what she called gloves. I believe in my heart she was spying me, and I let her come and go as she would, because I would not seem to be afraid of her. So it grew. And once or twice she was useful to me. A woman, Harry, wants to have a woman near her sometimes—even though it be such an unwholesome creature as Sophie Gordeloup. You must not think too badly of me on her account."

"I will not; I will not think badly of you at all."

"He is better, is he not? I know little of him or nothing, but he has a more reputable outside than she has. Indeed I liked him. He had known Lord Ongar well; and though he did not toady him nor was afraid of him, yet he was gentle and considerate. Once to me he said words that I was called on to resent; but he never repeated them, and I know that he was prompted by him who should have protected me. It is too bad, Harry, is it not? Too bad almost to be believed by such as you."

"It is very bad," said Harry.

"After that he was always courteous; and when the end came and things were very terrible, he behaved well and kindly. He went in and out quietly, and like an old friend. He paid for everything, and was useful. I know that even this made people talk—yes, Harry, even at such a moment as that! But in spite of the talking I did better with him then than I could have done without him."

"He looks like a man who could be kind if he chooses."

"He is one of those, Harry, who find it easy to be good-natured, and who are soft by nature, as cats are—not from their heart, but through instinctive propensity to softness. When it suits them, they scratch, even though they have been ever so soft before. Count Pateroff is a cat. You, Harry, I think are a dog." She perhaps expected that he would promise to her that he would be her dog—a dog in constancy and affection; but he was still mindful in part of Florence, and restrained himself.

"I must tell you something further," she said. "And indeed it is this that I particularly want to tell you. I have not seen him, you know, since I parted with him at Florence."

"I did not know," said Harry.

"I thought I had told you. However, so it is. And now, listen: He came down to Ongar Park the other day while I was there, and sent in his

card. When I refused to receive him, he wrote to me pressing his visit. I still declined, and he wrote again. I burned his note, because I did not choose that anything from him should be in my possession. He told me some story about papers of Lord Ongar. I have nothing to do with Lord Ongar's papers. Everything of which I knew was sealed up in the count's presence and in mine, and was sent to the lawyers for the executors. I looked at nothing; not at one word in a single letter. What could he have to say to me of Lord Ongar's papers?"

"Or he might have written?"

"At any rate he should not have come there, Harry. I would not see him, nor, if I can help it, will I see him here. I will be open with you, Harry. I think that perhaps it might suit him to make me his wife. Such an arrangement, however, would not suit me. I am not going to be frightened into marrying a man, because he has been falsely called my lover. If I cannot escape the calumny in any other way, I will not escape it in that way."

"Has he said anything?"

"No; not a word. I have not seen him since the day after Lord Ongar's funeral. But I have seen his sister."

"And has she proposed such a thing?"

"No, she has not proposed it. But she talks of it, saying that it would not do. Then when I tell her that of course it would not do, she shows me all that would make it expedient. She is so sly and so false, that with all my eyes open I cannot quite understand her, or quite know what she is doing. I do not feel sure that she wishes it herself."

"She told me that it would not do."

"She did, did she? If she speaks of it again, tell her that she is right, that it will never do. Had he not come down to Ongar Park, I should not have mentioned this to you. I should not have thought that he had in truth any such schemes in his head. He did not tell you that he had been there?"

"He did not mention it. Indeed, he said very little about you at all."

"No, he would not. He is cautious. He never talks of anybody to anybody. He speaks only of the outward things of the world. Now, Harry, what you must do for me is this." As she was speaking to him she was leaning again upon the table, with her forehead resting upon her hands. Her small widow's cap had become thus thrust back, and was now nearly off her head, so that her rich brown hair was to be seen in its full luxuriance, rich and lovely as it had ever been. Could it be that she felt—half thought, half felt, without knowing that she thought it—that while the signs of her widowhood were about her, telling in their too plain language the tale of what she had been, he could not dare to speak to her of his love? She was indeed a widow, but not as are other widows. She had confessed, did hourly confess to herself, the guilt which she had committed in marrying that man; but the very fact of such confessions, of such acknowledgment, absolved her from the necessity of any show of sorrow. When she declared how she had despised and hated her late lord, she threw off mentally all her weeds. Mourning, the appearance even of mourning, became impossible to her, and the cap upon her head was declared openly to be a sacrifice to the world's requirements. It was now pushed back, but I fancy that nothing like a thought on the matter had made itself plain to her mind. "What you must do for me is this," she continued. "You must see Count Pateroff again, and tell him from me—as my friend—that I cannot consent to see him. Tell him that if he will think of it, he must know the reason why."

"Of course he will know."

"Tell him what I say, all the same; and tell him that as I have hitherto had cause to be grateful to him for his kindness, so also I hope he will not put an end to that feeling by anything now, that would not be kind. If there be papers of Lord Ongar's, he can take them either to my lawyers, if that be fit, or to those of the family. You can tell him that, can you not?"

"Oh, yes; I can tell him."

"And have you any objection?"

"None for myself. But would it not come better from some one else?"

"Because you are a young man, you mean? Whom else can I trust, Harry? To whom can I go? Would you have me to ask Hugh to do this? Or, would Archie Clavinger be a proper messenger? Whom else have I?"

"Would not his sister be better?"

"How should I know that she had told him? She would tell him her own story—what she herself wished. And whatever story she told, he would not believe it. They know each other better than you and I know them. It must be you, Harry, if you will do it."

"Of course I will. I will try to-morrow. Where does he live?"

"How should I know? Perhaps nobody knows; no one, perhaps, of all those with whom he associates constantly. They do not live after our fashion, do they, these foreigners? But you will find him at his club, or hear of him at the house in Mount Street. You will do it; eh, Harry?"

"I will."

"That is my good Harry. But I suppose you would do anything I asked you. Ah, well; it is good to have one friend, if one has no more. Look, Harry! if it is not near eleven o'clock! Did you know that you had been here nearly three hours? And I have given you nothing but a cup of tea!"

"What else do you think I have wanted?"

"At your club you would have had cigars and brandy-and-water, and billiards, and broiled bones, and oysters, and tankards of beer. I know all about it. You have been very patient with me. If you go quick perhaps you will not be too late for the tankards and the oysters."

"I never have any tankards or any oysters."

"Then it is cigars and brandy-and-water. Go quick, and perhaps you may not be too late."

"I will go, but not there. I cannot change my thoughts so suddenly."

"Go, then; and do not change your thoughts. Go and think of me, and pity me. Pity me for what I have got, but pity me most for what I have lost." Harry silently took her hand, and kissed it, and then left her.

Pity her for what she had lost! What had she lost! What did she mean by that? He knew well what she meant by pitying her for what she had got. What had she lost? She had lost him. Did she intend to evoke his pity for that loss? She had lost him. Yes, indeed. Whether or no the loss was one to regret, he would not say to himself; or rather, he, of course, declared that it was not; but such as it was, it had been incurred. He was now the property of Florence Burton, and, whatever happened, he would be true to her.

Perhaps he pitied himself also. If so, it is to be hoped that Florence may never know of such pity. Before he went to bed, when he was praying on his knees, he inserted it in his prayers that God in whom he believed might make him true in his faith to Florence Burton.

ESSAYS AND ESSAY WRITING.

A NOTEWORTHY fact in recent literature is the revival of the Essay, in the form in which it originally gained favor in our vernacular. From a brief, social commentary, a special illustration of manners or an individual revelation of taste, sentiment or speculation, as in the days of Montaigne and Steele, it became elaborate and critical through the popularity of the Quarterly Review. Fraser, Blackwood and the London weeklies set the example of concise, agreeable, colloquial papers on themes and traits of the day; the Atlantic Monthly diversified its contents with at least one thoughtful and suggestive article in each number, on a topic of life, morals or manners; and a leading American house brought out a new, revised and complete edition of the British Essayists; while Emerson's subtle disquisitions were readily transferred from the lecture-room to the volume. All these, and many other signs of the times, indicate a continued and renewed sympathy with or need of this kind of writing; and a further and a curious evidence of it may also be found in the extensive sale of Mr. Boyd's somewhat diffuse though amiable lucubrations.

The significance of the essay in literature may be estimated by a glance at its prevalence and history. In France, Montaigne, by this form of writing, initiated the popular element in literature, and first made his native language the vehicle of instruction and enjoyment in letters. And from his day to this, criticism of life, manners and books has pervaded the favorite authorship of France, frequently in the form of direct critical and descriptive essays, as in the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, La Bruyère, La Harpe, Chateaubriand, Cousin, Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, Ampère, Michelet and others, standard French writers. "Études"—scientific, political and biographical—abound. The modern sermon, review and novel furnish complete and often beautiful episodes, which are essentially essays on life, nature, character or manners. How many such memorable passages occur in Goethe and Richter! while the highest exemplars of modern Italian literature—Foscolo and Leopardi—offer the choicest thoughts and style in this direct and natural guise; for, strictly speaking, the essay, as a literary product, is colloquial—the spontaneous expression of the mind as distinguished from the artificial forms, dramatic, lyrical or historic. Hence, perhaps, the permanent charm of the essay to English readers; in no other national literature is it so pervasive and memorable; the integrity and good sense of the Anglo-Saxon finds and has ever found therein congenial scope. Recall the famous and cherished names associated with the essay—Bacon, Sidney, Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Browne, Raleigh, Selden, Berkeley, Milton, Sir William Temple, Evelyn, Hume, Johnson, Goldsmith, De Foe, Mackenzie, Beattie, Hawkesworth, Melmoth; Pope and Cowper in their letters; Burke, Henry More, Steele, Addison, Swift, Vicesimus Knox, Hazlitt, Wilson, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Bulwer Lytton, Arthur Helps, Southey, Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Junius, Sir Egerton

Brydges, Macaulay, Carlyle, Talfourd, Jeffrey, Cobbett, Hugh Miller, Shelley, Alexander Smith and many more; how diverse their tone and subjects, and yet how rich in thought, quaint in manner, honest in purpose, individual in humor, graceful in style, or charming in spirit are each and all on the noble list; how perfectly we know them through their essays! It is as if we had talked freely with them in the flesh.

Although the scope, variety and finish of the modern English essay are in a great degree owing to the exigencies and the prestige of periodical literature, yet the original bias toward didactic writing—the tendency to comment, reflect, describe and speculate on life, manners and character—is identified with the very earliest specimens of English prose, and is characteristic of our vernacular literature long before the origin of newspapers. The *Travels* of Sir John Mandeville (1356), regarded as the earliest prose writer, are esteemed not so much as a description of foreign countries, as on account of the illustration they afford of the “imperfect language, learning and reason and the homely ideas of his age.” In one of the two *Canterbury Tales*, written in prose, Chaucer gives us a brief but pointed little essay on riches; like episodes occur in Sir John Fortescue’s political tracts from 1430 to 1470; in Howell’s *Familiar Letters*, Latimer’s *Sermons*, Fox’s *Martyrs*, Roger Ascham’s *Schoolmaster*; in the writings of Hobbes and Drummond; in Raleigh’s *History of the World*; in Hooker’s *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Felltham’s *Resolves*, Lord Herbert’s Latin treatises, the *Pilgrimage of Purchas*, and the delectable homilies of Jeremy Taylor; while Sir Philip Sydney’s *Arcadia* and *Defence of Poesy*, Sir Thomas Browne’s *Urn Burial*, *Religio Medici*, *Vulgar Errors*, and *Epistle to a Friend*, Selden’s *Table Talk*, Bishop Hall’s *Meditations*, and Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, are but forms and phases more or less elaborate and suggestive, of the indigenous English prose essay; it assumed its distinct and characteristic shape and method under the hand of Lord Bacon, whose *Advancement of Learning* was its most substantial precursor, and whose more brief lucubrations were the first popular exemplar. In his dedication of the original “*Essays or Counsels, Civill and Morall*,” 1625, to the Duke of Buckingham, he says: “I do now publish my essays, which, of all my works, have been the most current, for that as it is seen they come the most home to men’s business and bosoms.” Bacon thus states the ground of the popularity of this kind of writing—its intimate relation to, and its familiar association with, the average needs and interests of society.

Even in the way of literary gossip, when genially done, the reading of a man of taste, thus filtered and inwoven, is a gracious boon. The earnest, aspiring Frederick Robertson, in one of his letters, speaks of some of Leigh Hunt’s essays, as “refreshing, kind-hearted literary gossip—the springiness of a kind heart, imparting life and newness to all he says.” Between these two extremes—Lord Bacon’s weightily familiar counsels in the sixteenth and Leigh Hunt’s cheery and tasteful gossip in the nineteenth century—the very titles of collections of essays suggest their gradual adaptation, domestic fellowship and household charm—from the easy correctness of Addison’s *Spectator*, to the more ponderous wisdom of Johnson’s *Rambler*, what an array before and after!—*Tatler*, *World*, *Guardian*, *Connoisseur*, *Table-Talks*, *Town*, *Examiner*, *Indicator*, *Analyst*, *Puritan*, *Seer*, *Lounger*, *Citizen of the World*, *Elia*, and *Salmagundi*; *Rural*, *Literary and Social*; essays from the quarterlies, the monthlies, the weeklies among journals, and from the *London Times*; and *Oxford and Cambridge Prize Essays*. The political philosophy of Montesquieu;

the worldly wisdom of Montaigne; the critical sprightliness of Jeffrey; the introspective meditations of John Foster; the vivid rhetoric of Macaulay; the bookish gleanings of Southey; the rationalistic piety of Theodore Parker; the sweet, quaint, original humor of Charles Lamb; the genial grace of Washington Irving; the psychological speculation of Coleridge; the critical insight of Hazlitt; the copious knowledge and imaginative range of De Quincey; D'Israeli's retrospective zeal; Chateaubriand's naïve egotism; Rousseau's sentiment; Johnson's sense; Henry Taylor's reflection; Chambers's Information for the People; Dickens's humorous limning; Schlegel's philosophy of literature; Sterne's wit; Richter's humanity and Leigh Hunt's kindness and pleasantry, each and all, like so many diverse temperaments, talents, sympathies, acquirements, experiences, convictions, fancies and feelings, find congenial, individual and emphatic utterance in the essay. The latter writer is perhaps the best modern average type of the lighter order of these popular utterances.

Not merely as the most direct and attractive literary vehicle of ideas, but on account of its conservative influence on style, is the essay, as a standard form of writing, desirable here and now. In oratory, fiction and journalism, all kinds of emphatic and extravagant utterance are tolerated, and sometimes justified, by the exigencies of the case; it is well, therefore, that one mode of addressing the public should be regulated by good taste and informed with deliberate thought.

More than any other kind of composition, the essay is printed talk, or should be so; its ideal is the best kind of conversation, admitting both philosophy and wit, anecdote and description, reasoning and humor, statement and illustration. Its social influence cannot be overrated. The Spectator modified English manners. The essayists were efficient lay-preachers, and a critical study of their writings affords the best intellectual test and picture of society, scholarship, opinion and character at any special period. Such being the history and influence of the essay, we repeat that it has claims to more earnest consideration as an element of popular literature than critics usually award. We have, for instance, in the Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson, the sixth volume of a series of essays republished in this country, a singular tribute to an English country parson, considering how many of that guild we have, of higher calibre and quite as good equipment—to say nothing of clever, didactic writers among the laity—who would possess the additional advantage of discussing subjects of native interest, scenery, life, manners and character, as here existent, instead of dealing with so many local traits peculiar to any other country. It is not that we object to the Country Parson as such and in his own sphere; on the contrary, his earlier papers we found pleasant and not unprofitable; but if our people relish lay-preachers, let us recruit that most delectable corps from our own observers and thinkers; let us criticise our own manners, tendencies and traits, and recognize the tact, talent, insight and individuality for this kind of literary work here and now abounding and not accept, in place thereof, the platitudes of any transatlantic country parson whose effusions lack the form and flavor which indigenous essays of this kind possess, and which constitute their vital charm and social utility. A remarkably choice and charming selection of ethical essays, unsurpassed of their kind, might be gleaned from the published sermons of the leading New England divines; another of critical essays, from the best native periodicals; but the most casual survey of American literature will indicate that, despite

ESSAYS AND ESSAY WRITING.

Absence of an international copyright law, we can boast a not inadequate representative class of wise and genial essayists. Franklin's intellectual aspirations were inspired and moulded by the Spectator and De Foe, through whom the essay, as a social censor, was domesticated in Great Britain; with Dennie the essay assumed a more purely literary character; in politics Alexander Hamilton gave it classical prestige, and in ethics, Channing won for it European fame; while our pioneer in literature, in the strict meaning of the term, revived and gave a native zest to the Addisonian essay; for Irving combined the humor and graces of style essential to its artistic form and social relish. Thenceforth, through the whole written thought of the country, in sermon, critique, local sketch, oration, epistle and treatise, the essential features of the essay are manifest in every variety of scope, tone and feeling. Each of our prominent writers has therein adventured—from the days of Salmagundi, and the Letters of a British Spy, to those of the Idle Man, Walsh's Didactics, Irving's Sketch Book, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Hillhouse and Willis, Sands and Clinton, Rush and Paulding, Neal and Worthington, the Everetts, Bryant, Fay, Cole, Prescott, Bancroft, Greenough, Cozzens, the Peabodys, Calvert, Hillard, Duyckinck, James, Dewey, Whipple, Frisbie, Hoffman, Curtis, Strother, Cooke, Hawthorne, Shelton, Sheldon, Simmons, Knapp, Saunders, Buckingham, Greene, Ossoli, Otis, Grimke, Sullivan, Lowell, Legare, Caldwell, McCracken, Kettell, Longfellow, Holbrook, Poe, Emerson, Greenwood, Francis, Leggett, Jefferson, Hopkinson, Cooper, Wasson, Higginson, Winthrop, Witherspoon, Walsh, Verplanck, Child, Ames, Allston and "Gail Hamilton" are among the numerous pleasant, profound or persuasive contributors to American essay-writing; a roll long and eminent enough in the past to vindicate our native resources in this department, and suggestive of adequate and versatile writers in the future.

But independent of home ability, there are special reasons why social censorship, æsthetic teachings and critical surveys should be the work of native authors. No country stands in more need of lay preaching and none presents a more auspicious field for this kind of literary usefulness. Our people are quick to discern and adopt practical wisdom, to ameliorate conditions, accept judicious innovations, modify inapplicable arrangements and give hospitality to new truth. Hence, when social reform and individual progress is the honest aim of the American didactic writer, if at all gifted for his vocation, his labor is not only one of love but of use and beauty. Moreover, we know of no more available antidote for the prevalent banes of extravagance and materialism than apt, graceful, piquant or eloquent hints, protests and pleadings, such as the gentle, brave and wise essayist can best insinuate and enforce; therefore, while accepting with catholic candor all desirable and worthy foreign fruits in this pleasant nook of the garden of letters, let us find our nutriment and luxury also in those which are indigenous, and have the salubrious flavor of native earth, sky, sea and home life. Another reason for giving the preference, all things being equal, to American over English essayists on social subjects, is that the latter so often indulge in malicious sneers and misstatements in regard to our country. A pleasant volume, entitled *A Gentle Life*, lately collected from a London weekly, was thus spoiled for our market, having, intermingled with its calmly meditative survey of nature, books and men, the grossest libels upon the character of our late President, and the most shameful perversion of facts as to the war for the Union.

THEODORE CLARENCE.

JEAN LÉON GÉROME.



EACH generation has its favorite painter—a painter who is the *résumé* of the moral spirit and intellectual habits of the people to whom his work belongs. A frivolous age has its history illustrated by a frivolous painter; a generation animated by the military spirit encourages the talents best adapted to celebrate the glory of war. Out of the moral disorders and the spiritual unrest of the first French Revolution came Delacroix—grand, irregular, splendid, vital with ideas, sad with sentiment, energized by passion; he floated on the restless and surging sea of a disorganized social and political life; he had the love of greatness, of heroism; he was the artistic child of modern France, and he represented the passionate aspiration and the unformed spirit of his time. Like

France, he dared to love ideas and hoped to realize ideals. The generation which tested and suffered for great hopes, which tried to break from the past, but which had not settled down to correct its extravagant expectations and still its fury of movement, has its life symbolized and illustrated by Delacroix. Contemporaneous with yet in reality succeeding Delacroix, came Vernet, and Vernet represented the children of the empire and their love of glory; and he is the first painter, essentially modern, who painted modern ideas in action. The generation that conquered with Napoleon, and the generation that triumphed in Algiers, honored Vernet, the great battle painter—the man who was indifferent to the individual, but was impressed with the grandeur of masses of men disciplined to move together and fight for ideas. Delaroche and Scheffer were in advance of their generation, and had to create their public; but Delacroix was the ardent young man who resuméd in art the movement impelled by his predecessors in politics; Vernet was with his generation in the advanced guard, and he celebrated the triumphs of the new epoch. But Vernet has passed away, and Delacroix has passed away; the first easily understood, ambitious, and given to action; the second never detaching himself from the agitated influences under which he was born, and, like his generation, at once admired and abused, understood and misconceived, and exciting the ardent admiration or the detestation of men.

The epoch of revolution has passed away, and also that of military glory. Between those two epochs and to-day is the era of sentiment illustrated by Scheffer. And to-day, which is given to study, to travel, which is accurate, mechanical, unimpassioned, which cares nothing for military glory, which dreads revolution, which wishes to *know*, which exalts knowledge and seeks for sensation, but is not poetic or heroic, is represented by Gérôme. Gérôme, to-day, in France, the popular painter of France, is closest to the moral spirit and best shows the intellectual traits of his time.

France was no more interested in academic or classic art; it was incapable of responding to the emotions, and it was jaded by the exaggerated action of romanticism; it was tired of the matter-of-fact spirit and glitter of Vernet's naturalism; it wished to be instructed, and it wanted novelty. It did not care for Scheffer, and it distrusted romantic history as rendered by Delaroche. Gérôme came, and the spirit and form of his art answered to the need of France. He investigates like an antiquarian; he is severe like the classicists; he is daring like the romanticists; he is more realistic than any other painter of his time, and he carries the elaboration of surfaces and the science of design further than any of his contemporaries. Like the modern mind, he travels, he explores, he investigates, and he tries to exhaust his theme. He labors to leave nothing unsaid, to cover the whole of his subject. Let us endeavor to know his work, to comprehend it, to enjoy it; afterward it will be well for us to discover its limitations.

Before the time of Gérôme, it was the fashion to render classic subjects in a formal way, and without any effort at naturalness, still less of realism. A series of statuesque figures, more or less copied from antique statues, flat backgrounds with Greek or Roman forms, were the means with which Plutarch's heroes and the Gods of Greece were made visible. From the cold, formal, general, exaggerated, attitudinizing figures of David; from the splendid naturalistic art of Delacroix, we were called to look at Greeks and Romans as we look at the pictures of our contemporaries. We were made to know them, not as animated statues, or splendid fictions, but as intense, cruel, gay and happy and real men and women.

Gérôme has painted a series of great historical pictures which make the works of his predecessors seem general and unreal. He is the first French painter who has been scrupulous to give all the particulars of his subject. Modern historical study and the researches of antiquarians have been of great service to the painter, and it must be admitted that he has made good use of his advantages.

The more searching and exact methods of historical study which distinguish the modern mind were unknown to the predecessors of Gérôme, and at best they did no more than content themselves with fidelity to salient traits. Gérôme wished to make real that which had been only plausible; he wished to photograph Greek and Roman life; he wished to give a vivid and an adequate representation of the men of two great civilizations. He introduced realism into the most ideal and remote subjects, and all that research, care, a marvellous refinement and certainty of touch could do to revive our interest in classic and pagan times, was done by Gérôme. For the last fifteen years he has been giving to France a series of novel and exact historical pictures, in style finished like a miniature, but with more meaning than the smooth polish of any miniature; in spirit tragic or satirical, or simply natural, but without splendor, without impulse, without tenderness; intellectual, cold, true, clear, direct, intense.

Gérôme fastened the attention of the cultivated world on himself by a dramatic picture called "The Masquer's Death," which was truly original and startling. So far as reality and intensity go to the making of a great picture, none of Gérôme's later works can be said to surpass this pathetic and tragic work. It is a chilly picture. In the cold, damp atmosphere of early morning, and on the blood-stained, trampled snow, an agitated group of masquers is seen. One is supporting another bending forward to catch the last words of his dying comrade, whose rigid face and drooping figure are in ghastly contrast with the mocking gayety of the varied costumes of his fellows. The sword is loose in his hand, and, death-stricken, livid, he falls in the arms of his friend. The other duelist sheathes his sword and walks from the field of death.

This picture made what is called a great sensation the year it was exhibited in Paris. It was like a piece out of the life of a pleasure-seeking people, and it startled the revellers of the guilty city. To us it seems impossible to conceive a work more dramatic and natural. The situation, the time of the action, the actors themselves—the mortally wounded gallant in the mocking costume of a *pierrot*—were familiar to the eyes of the French public, and it was as if that public had participated in every act of that brief and rapid drama of pleasure, of excitement, of death, the last act of which was placed before them by the marvellous art of the painter.

Comparable to "The Masquer's Death" in tragic interest, but grander, more terrible, and giving the result of patient study, was his picture of the Roman amphitheatre in the time of Nero—a work comprehensive and showing great learning, yet dramatic.

A group of masked, armed and victorious gladiators approach the bloated and sensual tyrant—who, though in the midst of thousands witnessing the cruelties of the gladiatorial combat, is alone in his grandeur of supreme power—and cry, "Hail Cæsar, Emperor. The dying salute thee."

What a spectacle! And again we say, how marvellous the art of Gérôme! That crowded amphitheatre, the arena from which, with long hooks, the dead are dragged from the eyes of the living, blood-thirsty multitude; the slave throwing fresh saw-dust over the blood-stained ground; the victims of the sword and of the fatal folds of the net lying dead in the foreground; the gladiators noisy, triumphant, saluting their imperial master; over all, the spotless sky and air of Italy.

See that group of armed athletes; the immense amphitheatre seating thousands of men and women; the skill with which that vast interior is treated; the awful Roman alone in his seat—firm, cruel, terrible, unsatiated with that fierce pleasure, and overlooking the dead and living! It is Hail, Cæsar! dying they salute thee.

Every detail that belongs to that terrible and impressive subject has its proper place in the picture. How inadequate seems the writer's art beside the intense reality of the painter's work! How much more graphic, how much more vivid this drama presented to the eye than that unfolded with words! This is the Roman civilization, this is the public life of the Roman people; here are the habits, the tastes, the passions of a race presented to us in the flash of a moment and in the space of a few square inches. Their costume, their weapons of defence, their constructive genius, their degrees of rank, their love of the open air, their love of action, their indifference to the individual life! What bloody earnestness in their amusements, what fierce

love of reality! It is all made visible by Gérôme. These stern Romans, without gayety, without playfulness, were always masculine in their sports, and they fiercely delighted in tragic and brutal actions, in the violence of extreme sensations.

How ignorant the mind, how torpid the imagination, that does not move and take fire at sight of such a superb work, at the revelation of so mighty and terrible a people! a people violent and destructive even in their play. They had no need to write poems and create a drama. They lived in deadly earnest, and their action was grand and impressive to the imagination.

Gérôme has been deeply penetrated by the spirit of Roman life, and whether we look at the senators raising their triumphant swords in the senate chamber, rejoicing for the good of Rome, while great Cæsar lies dead in the shadow, and at the foot of Pompey's statue, or at the two augurs in the sacred cell laughing at the superstition of the people, before each work we must bear witness to the fidelity and the intensity with which Gérôme has treated his subject. "The Death of Cæsar" is a superb and classic composition, and the management of the light, the action of the white-robed conspirators, and the awful figure of Cæsar dead, show the masterly art of the greatest living painter of history in the world, certainly the foremost for accuracy and thoroughness, in the whole range of French art.

We have considered Gérôme's treatment of the austere and tragic aspects of Roman life; we have now to look at his rendering of the seductive episodes of Greek life. With the same skill, and unceasingly seeking for novel subjects, he has gone to the annals of Greece, and he has labored to represent the most expressive incidents of its civilization. He was not restricted by morality or troubled by immorality; utterly unimpassioned and impartial, he selected the episode that was most expressive and best adapted to display his talents, and "Phryne before the Tribunal" was the first result—a work marvellous as a study of expression, full of variety of character, and which has been made familiar to us, as most of Gérôme's works, by the photographs published by Goupil and others.

Following this work was a picture of "Alcibiades in the house of Aspasia," a work admirable as a study of the atrium of a Greek house, but too nude and too real to please a chaste and elevated mind.

The form and spirit of Gérôme's art is not adapted to the nude. In the treatment of the nude we exact idealism; realism disgusts for the simple reason that the more perfect the reality the more indecent the picture. The proper place for realism is in the department of history; in works of pure art—that is, in subjects independent of time and place, we exact the great manner and the idealizing spirit, without which no great and pure art is possible.

For ourselves, we have regretted to see that Gérôme has given so much of his time to pictures of nude figures; not that the nude in art is in the least offensive to us, but because Gérôme has neither the tenderness nor the love of the beautiful sufficient for him to treat the nude in a noble style. Exquisite and subtle as is his drawing, delicate and transparent as are his tones, severe as is his taste, the moment he tries to paint a nude figure his work is matter-of-fact, sensual, realistic, and incapable of exciting a noble sentiment. The best example of his treatment of the nude is "Phryne before the Tribunal;" the most indecent is the picture of the woman of Alma, dancing her lewd dance and exposing her torso before a group of Arabs, Turks and Ne-

groes. And yet this picture, so obnoxious as a matter of taste and of art, has its value as a study of life in the East. It represents a dance much practised for the pleasure of the Arabs—a dance in which movement is confined to the body from the knees upward, while the feet remain stationary. The supple and caressing body, as it has been called, twists itself with extreme emotions; this dancing girl spreads her nude arms decorated with a profusion of bracelets, and she is sinuous and seductive to the gross taste of a sensual race; a race without sentiment, but austere and passionate.

In selecting this subject for his exhibition picture at the *Salon* of '64, Gérôme seems to have followed an impulse which thus far has made each successive work from his easel expressive of the moral condition of the people whose life he has illustrated. He has selected his subject as a man of intellect; that is, without reference to anything but its connection with, or relation to, the life of the people whose habits he wished to make known. If Gérôme were a man of moral conscience and a lover of the beautiful, if he cared more for ideals than for facts, for art more than reality, he would never have placed before the cultivated world that wonderful yet disgusting and shameless picture of the poor unfortunate of the East, one of a dishonored tribe, who makes her degradation the means of her fortune. If we speak of the painting of this picture, we must remark that in tone it is surprisingly clear and beautiful, though without depth or richness, and the rendering of the torso of the dancing girl is marvellous, the flesh color a delicious olive, the texture satin-soft and smooth.

Gérôme has associated his name with the East, and attained the same distinction with his renderings of the mournful country of camels and of Arabs as with his pictures of Greeks and Romans. One of the most impressive examples of his art in this field is the picture called "The Prayer in the Desert." It represents an Arab who, in advance of the caravan, has crossed the monotonous sands, and, standing on his outspread mantle, offers up the prayer that seems best. Back of him, conical, warm colored mountains rise against a blue sky; below is the wide extending waste; and afar off the slow-moving caravan makes a line in perspective that expresses miles and miles of distance. The picture is an example of sustained and expressive art. Whether Gérôme has rendered the full force of the local color of his subject, no one may know but a colorist familiar with the country; but that he has painted the broad glare of light that beats down upon the desert, that he has rendered the profound and simple sky characteristic of the East, is apparent, for it is truth so presented that it may be said to carry its own credentials.

Whoever looks at Gérôme's work will at once remark the characteristic merits of his style—a style in which nothing is forgotten, which is always elaborate and thorough. It is time that we ask, What are the limitations of this style which seems so perfect, and where does the genius of Gérôme stop short and leave us unsatisfied?

Gérôme's novel and interesting, and often highly dramatic works, show rare intellectual traits; they tell us that his mind is penetrating, incisive and exact in its action; that its strength is a refined strength, and best symbolized by a finely tempered and skilfully handled rapier. But Gérôme is not impassioned, he is not swift and powerful; he is exact and searching, and he represents the predominant characteristics of the most useful intellects in France—intellects that delight in positive science and are rarely under the influence of emotion. We do not think the action of this intellect shows the highest

mental power, and the greatest art is not the result of mental qualities such as Gérôme's. His is a mind that entertains a certain order of truths which otherwise would be lost; it increases knowledge, but it does not add to the moral force of the world; it does not generate the enthusiasms that preside over the inception of great movements, great births, in a word, enthusiasms that regenerate a man or a people.

Gérôme, fearless in spirit, impartial, judicious, thoroughly trained, learned, exact, fails to attain the highest when he relies on simple force of hand, and feeling, and color. He is greatest in the field of historical art; in pure art he is much less. He does not attain richness, and movement and irresistible vigor have no place in his works.

Jean Léon Gérôme is a great artist, but not a great painter. It is manifest that his greatness is not the greatness which has made the world repeat the name of Titian, of Michael Angelo, of Paul Veronese, of Tintoret, of Rubens, of Delacroix; for he has neither largeness, nor splendor, nor grandeur, nor richness, nor *abandon*, all of which belong to the grand manner and to the style of great painters.

In Gérôme, modern art has advanced far beyond "the old masters," and when we extend our view to the great works of Italian painters, we are astonished that we have advanced so far—and *lost so much!* Gérôme is our representative modern artist. He certainly shows best the divergence of modern from ancient art.

Looking at his works, accepting them as representative of modern art, we must admit that the epoch of great figure painters is gone; that great figure painters are foreign to the spirit and need of modern life. For though Gérôme is a consummate artist, he is not a great painter.

No man can be called a great painter who does not express more with his brush than he could with a simple drawing in black and white, and with the pencil point. All of Gérôme's works are adequately expressed in simple black and white; he gains but little more in reality with the use of the brush and color. Is this true of any of the great painters? The moment you lose the touch, the sweep, the dash of the brush, and the glory of color in the works of Veronese, of Titian, of Rubens, of Delacroix, of Cabanel, you lose the work itself; it is no more the same thing.

Gérôme is, therefore, not a great painter, but a man of great intellectual force who finds art, or form, the nearest and best means of rendering his conceptions and expressing his knowledge. He is a man with a passion for the past, for the remote, and for the symbols of paganism. He rehabilitates Greece and Rome, and he studies the East. He is probably the most learned in antiquities of any living artist. But his perception of the life of pagan times is not imaginative; it is simply intellectual. We repeat, he has no power of emotion. His pictures are impressive and fix the attention like reality, but they have no abounding life and no vitality of color.

It remains for us to speak of his birth, his course of study, and the titles of his principal works. Jean Léon Gérôme was born at Vesoul, May 11, 1824. In 1841 he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, studied at the school of fine arts, and in 1844 accompanied Delaroche to Italy. He returned in 1845, and exhibited for the first time in the *Salon* of 1847. In 1853 he went to Turkey, and to the shores of the Danube, and later he visited upper and lower Egypt. He has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in France; has received the first-class medal at the Universal Exhibition, 1855. At various times he also received second and third-class medals.

Since 1847 Gérôme successively exhibited : "Young Greeks Exciting Cocks," "The Virgin, the Child Jesus, and St. John;" "Anacreon and Love drunk;" "A Greek Interior;" "Souvenir of Italy;" "Pæstum;" the frieze of the vase commemorative of the Exposition of London, ordered by the Minister of State for the Manufactory of Sevres; "An Idyl;" "Study of a Dog;" "A Keeper of the Herd;" "The Age of Augustus and the Birth of Christ" (the property of the State); "After the Masked Ball;" "Egyptian Recruits;" "Memnon and Sesostris;" "The Comedians;" "Two Augurs." He has painted for the city of Paris, in one of the chapels of St. Severin, "The Plague at Marseilles;" and also "The Death of St. Jerome;" "The Head of St. Martin;" and a "Lioness Meeting a Jaguar," which belongs to Theophile Gautier.

What incessant labor, what variety, what comprehensiveness, what mental activity are represented by the catalogue of his works and the field of his study! Entertained and instructed as we have been by the productions of this man, whose art is thought to be simply a luxury for princes, how paltry seem the efforts of less intellectual and ambitious painters. But even as we write, we have before our eyes an example of the genius of a man who dispenses with all the qualities and all the traits that make Gérôme famous and foremost among the masters of his time. We refer to Corot, who, without learning, without formal accuracy, and palpably indifferent to the exhaustive method of study and the effort at comprehensiveness of treatment, charms us beyond expression, and sweetens our thoughts by the freshness and airiness, and the profound and simple suggestiveness of his art. Corot is a simple lover of nature, a painter of morning and evening skies, and the river shores of France; Gérôme is a severe and comprehensive student of history and life, and he introduces to us the varied phases of this tragic and ironical drama made up of laughter and tears, of superstition and scepticism, and he makes us wonder, and detest and reverence the vanishing generations of men, their art, their science, their actions; he is fully equipped; he draws from the past and the present; but Corot, simple Corot, a mere landscape painter, by the freshness and force of his talent and genuine love of nature, with his little work can in a moment make us forget the cruel Roman, the sparkling, pleasure-loving Greek, the sullen Turk and the austere Arab of Gérôme's masterly works.

EUGENE BENSON.

WORDS TO A "LIED OHNE WORTE."

ALL Earth has that is rare or is treasurable
Long I searched, for a token in vain
Worthy to speak of this love so immeasurable—
Worthy to be both my gift and her gain.
Nor palace nor glory,
Nor name high in story,
These, not these, would I bring to my love ;
But what God gave me
To raise and to save me,
This, 'tis this, I would bring to my love.

Years go by, and they take what is perishing,
This world's fashion which passeth away ;
That which I give will need but love's cherishing,
Ever to live and to bloom as to-day.
Love's silver lining
Through life's dark clouds shining,
This, 'tis this, I would bring to my love ;
All I have shared with none,
All I have dared with none,
This, all this, I would bring to my love.

Pleasure lures, and we follow its beckoning,
Fame and honor seem life's best ends ;
Aught that may stand in our way little reckoning,
Onward we press, whomso'er it offends.
But when Love's star rises,
Naught else the soul prizes,
As earth sinks to darkness when Heaven shows light ;
Then seem these empty hands
Richer than golden strands,
With love, and love only, to bring to my love.

ANNE M. CRANE.

THE EMERALD BEETLES.

PART I.

I.

THE caravan had moved on and left the old man to die beneath the shade of a stunted palm tree.

The evening breeze was beginning to whirl the far-off sand in misty columns away to the east. The blood-red sun shot his rays down on the shifting dust, tinging with crimson the scattered bones, one beam resting almost mildly on the upturned face of Ahmed Medul, the jewel merchant of Cairo.

He had rested there since noon, and the angry cries of the camel drivers and the noisy movements of the caravan fell almost unheard upon his ear and so did all entreaties that he would move with them.

"No, no," he murmured, "better to die here in quiet." His attendant would perhaps remain and bury him.

Then his mind wandered and they left him. His attendant sat beside him, holding his head in his lap. He watched the caravan drag its length slowly over the plain until it became a formless blot on the horizon. The old man revived and sat up.

"Khaled!"

And the young man who was his attendant stood before him.

"Thou hast been a faithful son to me since the day I found thee by the Mecca gate, when the dogs treated thee more kindly than the people of Cairo. Thou hast not known why I was drawn so nearly to thee. The story is too long for me to tell you here; I should not live to finish it. You will soon know all. . . . It is in a roll in a casket under the square stone in the work-room at Cairo. . . . It is yours, and all the jewels; use them better than I have done. . . . One more thing; we were journeying to Thebes—you start!—my last work—to replace this box in a certain tomb. . . . It is too late. Destroy it, or the fate that accompanies it will some day overwhelm you as it has me. . . . There, leave me for a time!"

The sun fell lower and lower; the shadows of the tree and of the men slanted afar off on the sand. When the sun went down, a little mound and the stunted palm marked the spot where the jewel merchant was buried, and away to the north there was a gleam of steel, and a white steed flew over the yellow sand; the rider, paler than the beams of the rising moon, sat with his face toward Cairo.

A clatter of hoofs! and a horseman dashed through the narrow, dirty streets of Cairo; halted at a mean house in an obscure quarter of the city; fastened his horse and entered the hut.

He threw the long cloak from his shoulders and wiped the moisture from

his brow. The moon looked in through the narrow latticed window, and fell in a silvery chequer on the stone floor. The man looked attentively at it, bent over it, and passed his hand over the stone. He lifted out a square stone with his dagger, fell on his knees and plunged his arms into a curiously constructed casket. Diamonds and pearls flashed in the white moonlight and tinkled musically against their fellows in the cell! The man seemed wild. Again and again he grasped handfuls of the jewels, and exclaimed:

"Once more I am wealthy. What stroke has God for me now? Shall I lose all and again freeze in Siberian wastes?"

"Gold! gold! gold! for thee a man would barter his very soul; to obtain thee shorten even his life. How omnipotent is thy power!"

"I believe I should have killed the old man had he not died so opportunely—killed him for the paltry jewels he carried, and lost all these. Verily, virtue has its reward, even in this life! It is better thus; my hands are not so clean that they could bear more blood."

A change gradually came over the speaker, and all the fierceness vanished from his face, and the wild, diamond brightness of his eye softened into child-like tenderness.

"Cecile, this is all for thee; for thee have I toiled and watched in the Ural Mountains, for thee suffered in the mines of Siberia; gained wealth, and then in a moment had it all swept away! Here I have waited until I could claim thee, until I could offer thee a home worthy thy regal beauty. What monarch could twine the brows of his bride with diamonds larger or pearls purer than these?"

"Cecile—thank Heaven they are all thine!"

He lighted a lamp and spread on the table a heavy roll of parchment covered with intricate Arabic letters. The roll somehow reminded him of the scene in the desert, and he drew from his breast a small box of black fragrant wood, curiously carved, and apparently once enriched with many gems. It opened in his hands, and with surprise he contemplated the contents. Resting on fleecy wool were two small beetles, each one cut with marvellous skill from a single emerald, of sea-like greenness and transparency; their eyes diamonds. He lifted one out and examined it more closely. The under-part was fastened to a heavy gold circlet, arranged as an ornament for the breast. On the gold circle were carved an infinite number of hieroglyphics, and the beetle's half-distended wings were also covered with minute characters.

The man thought he would not destroy them until he had read the jewel merchant's story. He closed the box and commenced the roll.

II. THE MS. OF THE JEWEL MERCHANT.

I WAS born on the elevated plains of Georgia, surrounded by the highest mountains of the world. There I drank in freedom with my first breath—every movement and thought unrestrained as the air. We lived in primitive simplicity, and knew nothing of the outside world until some savage band broke in on our solitude, and tore our daughters from our arms to bear them away to the harems of our masters. I used to shudder as I listened to the tales of fiendish cruelty, and wind my arms more closely around my betrothed. My betrothed! She was the daughter of a neighbor. We had grown up together, and I loved her with all my passionate nature. One day I was away

at the chase. I did not reach the edge of the valley where we dwelt until evening. Instead of the peaceful valley and flocks, I looked down on smouldering embers, and heard the faint groans of dying loved ones. I left my game and rushed wildly down. The only one alive was an old servant—he told me all. . . . No! no! he dared not tell me all I afterward learned.

The men died defending their wives and sisters; *they* were denied that escape, and all hurried off to Constantinople.

That night I began my journey to the city. Ere I reached it I—pshaw, ten Turks were found dead along the road, one in his house; the servant he had lately hired was missing; he was, evidently, the assassin. The city at last! *She* was not there! I traced her from town to town; some agent had purchased her and was taking her to his master. On I hurried, until one day I stood in the slave-market at Cairo. My soul sickens, even now, as I write these words. I saw her not among the slaves in the public market. They would not let me enter the private rooms. *I*, fit to be a slave myself, I fell on my knees before them, and said: "*She* was my *SISTER*." They laughed and opened the door.

I saw her before me. What right have I to complain? Was she not a slave, and does a man buy a horse without seeing his teeth and feeling his rounded limbs? Why, then, did I cry out, and, breaking through the crowd, reach her? I struck him, the presuming buyer, to the earth. Then—all grew black. When I returned to consciousness I was stretched on my back, near a gate. The stars above me shone as brightly as those I had looked up to from my valley home! I strove to walk, my lacerated feet would not support me, and I fell back, cursing my Maker. I must have remained there all night; at length a gentle touch awakened me, and I gazed up into the face of a mild-looking man. I understood a little he said—his words were all kind. He had me carried to his house and dressed my wounds; he did not ask me whence they were. He treated me more as his son than as a servant, and, after a few months had passed, no one could have recognized in me the crazy disturber of the slave-market.

My master was a jewel merchant—not a petty tradesman, but one who supplied emperors and princes, and diamonds that star-like twinkled in the crowns of kings, or rose and fell on the bosom of fair women, had come from the dingy hut of Ahmed Medul; palace gates opened at his name, and the veil was raised from the face of the Queen of the Harem, as the dark eyes glistened at sight of his jewel case!

I learned all the secrets of my master's trade, and then he taught me other things; of the wonderful jewels that deck the breasts of the monarchs whose mummied forms repose in the hidden labyrinths of the great necropolis of Thebes.

I had been with Ahmed five years and not seen her. She lived and took her place in the harem as the favorite of the Aga of the city. One day Ahmed said, abruptly, "I wish you to prepare for a journey; we will leave with the caravan for upper Egypt in the morning."

I thought, "Ahmed has some new jewel in view, and this journey is to obtain it." He directed me to procure some iron bars and shovels; I wondered, but was silent. We left the next morning with the huge, noisy caravan. When we had reached a ruined village a little beyond Karnak, Ahmed said aloud:

"We have finished our journey, let us return!" We left the caravan at

night, retraced our steps a few miles, then boldly left the track and plunged off to the northwest. We had gone some miles in silence, when my master halted and caught up the bridle of my horse.

"Abdallah, a word with you. Till this time you have been my son; for a few hours you must be my servant. I can only tell you that our journey is to the Tomb of the Kings."

I started, and the dark secrets of the place came crowding on my brain. As we urged on in the darkness my dreary life came before me in all its gloom, and I saw all I might have been with wealth, with power, were *she* my wife! And then revenge! We were so utterly alone in the desert! I trembled with the terrible thought that crossed my mind, and glanced over my shoulder, almost expecting to see the face of my evil genius hissing temptation in my ear.

We had reached the valley whose sides are pierced with tombs.

—The last door was thrown down; we stood in the Tomb of the King. He reposed in a huge sarcophagus, in the centre of the room; I almost expected to see the swathed and mummied monarch rise from his rest of centuries and drive us from his violated tomb.

Ahmed passed by this, and directed my attention to a smaller and plainer sarcophagus standing in an obscure portion of the apartment. We forced off the stone lid and lifted the occupant—the mummy was even mean; there were no jewels about him. Ahmed looked gloomy, we tore off more cerements, and there, close to his heart, was a little box of black, fragrant wood, enriched with jewels; Ahmed uttered a cry of joy, and opened it. I only beheld a wondrous gleam of pale, sea-green light! Our work was finished; we turned to go. Again the thought that convulsed me in the desert—what did that little box contain? Some gem far too precious for less than a monarch!

I was alone with Ahmed. Once the jewels I knew he always carried—once that casket mine! I was maddened; it seemed as if in a moment the Evil One showed me all I might be with immense power and wealth! Why was it so? I had in my hand a heavy bar of iron!

I only know a mangled corpse reposed that night in the sarcophagus of the violated King, and I was flying over the desert, loaded with jewels, and with blood-stained hands. Thus the little box, with its strange contents, came into my possession, and I, ignorant of their awful power and value, looked on them as gems curious only in form, and of great price!

I wandered over the world for four or five years, recklessly plunging into every wickedness. My wealth enabled me to gratify every desire as soon as formed, but a curse attended it all. I wearied of pleasure, and an unseen hand seemed dragging me with irresistible force toward Cairo. I had grown old and haggard. As I looked in the mirror, I imagined my face was growing like Ahmed's, and started back affrighted! One night I was in my room at Naples. I had hired a palace there, intending to remain some months. I could see the magnificent bay through the open window, its waves silver-tipped in the moonlight.

Tired of life and full of remorse, I threw myself back in my chair and slept a fitful, feverish sleep. I seemed to live my short life over again. All was hurried and indistinct, until came that awful scene in the Tomb of the King, and then there seemed to be a dream within a dream, and it was this:

AHMED'S DREAM.

I. LOVED AND LOST.

THE present became the past, and I was in the palace of the Pharaohs! A wilderness of columns that wearied the eye with their luxuriant sculpture. A sombre, mystic twilight that seemed dense with the love of past centuries! White-robed priests and maidens bearing palm branches moved by incessantly in solemn, silent processions. The sacred Ibis stalked haughtily around the tinkling fountains, and seemed oppressed by the massy pillars and carved roof. It was in a small room—small for that immense pile. Its walls hung with many-colored fabric, soft as silk, until the dreary stone was hidden from view. Slaves beat the air with gorgeous fans, until a zephyr rustled the hangings, and played with the snow-white garments of a young man who was extended on a divan near the window. His features were crimsoned with fever, and his eyes glowed with a restless, longing light. Life was all over for him! Why should he live? And he touched involuntarily his sword. He waved the slaves from the room, and tried to sleep. The sound of trumpets, and beat of horses' hoofs, cries of captives and clang of armor, awoke him. The window looked out on the vestibule of the palace, and glancing down the myriad of columns, Ammon saw the tall form of Rameses in his chariot, surrounded by a host of captives, and welcomed by the city. The unseen spectator glanced carelessly at the crowd and the gorgeous pageantry; he hardly noticed the King descend from his chariot and spring up the vestibule, but he saw, and gasped for breath as he saw, a flutter of white garments, and Rameses fold in his arms his gentle wife. For Ammon, cousin to Rameses and next the throne, loved Myrrha his wife. Loved her! The words express but little; does "dying for her" more? It was even so. The flame that burned in Ammon's heart extended, until now his brain seemed on fire, and he tossed on his couch and threw his arms wildly in the air as if to grasp her fluttering garments and draw her to his heart—and she forever lost to him!

He had loved her long ago, when they were but children; he had once saved her life when she fell from a vessel into the Nile; he loved her as his age increased, as his faculties of love and hate expanded, and now his whole being was absorbed in hers. She *must* be his or he would die.

"Die!" he muttered; "with her, life would be so sweet that I should never die; without her, I am what I am."

The curtain was pushed softly aside, and Rameses entered. Taller than his cousin, there was less of youth in the dark, regular features, statuesque in their immobility.

"Ammon," he said, "no better? Why, my cousin, I thought thy face would be the first to greet me; thy face the dearest save *one*."

Ammon winced and was silent.

"Ammon, thou hast not told me all; thy sufferings are not natural."

Ammon said in hollow tones,

"My brother, I am dying because I can not obtain an object I have dreamed of all my life."

Rameses started.

"That object?"

"Is a woman," laughed Ammon in bitterness. "Hear me, my cousin, how

it was, and despise me not. I had loved her, I may not say how long. I never told her of it. I hardly knew it myself—it was so very different from the love I had felt before. Well, I will not tire you with my story. Some one came who also loved her, and *he* married her, and this is what is killing me.”

Rameses started up and cried,

“Are you a man to lie here and weep over it? Rise and take a thousand of my warriors and sweep him from the earth, and she may yet be thine!”

“My brother, he is too powerful!”

“Then I will march against him, and he shall repent the day he took the thing a Pharaoh loved.”

Ammon, unused to so much excitement, had fainted.

Rameses, calling his attendants, turned away and went thoughtfully to his rooms.

II. THE EMERALD BEETLES.

THE curtain that covered the door of Ammon's apartment was again pushed aside, this time by a bony arm, and a shaven priest of Isis came nigh the couch and bent over Ammon.

“My lord, I have seen the magician, and he has finished his work.”

Ammon started up and passed his hand across his brow as if to wake himself.

The priest continued:

“I have them here. It is only necessary to give *him* one and retain the other; then, no matter how far apart you are, with the Nile or the Desert between you, but touch the spring in this gold band, and he dies instantly, silently, and it leaves not a sign to tell of its work!”

He placed a little box on the floor, and turned to go.

“You will not forget me, my lord, in the day of your prosperity?”

Ammon's only answer was to throw him the chain of gold and pearls he tore from his neck. When he had gone out, Ammon opened the box with trembling hands, and saw within two jewels curiously carved. They were the emerald beetles!

Placing one in his bosom, and carefully concealing the other in his couch, he called his servants and commanded them to prepare him to sup with the King, and send a page to tell Rameses he was better, and would resume his old custom.

Ammon left his room, surrounded by his guard, and preceded by a long train of boys and maidens. His step was slow and his head bowed on his breast. He walked more a culprit to execution than a guest to a king's table. Rameses had deferred all triumphal arrangements until the next day, and now was happy in his family.

Ammon could not tell what passed. Myrrha was there—that alone remained. Ah, yes! he told the King of some wondrous jewel an old man had given him, and how it had belonged to that strange race of men who were prisoners in Egypt.

He gave the King the jewel; it was admired exceedingly—Myrrha especially was loud in its praise, and Ammon, in his most courtly manner, told her he believed there was another—a companion jewel to that one; he would endeavor to procure it for her. A whirl of dizziness—and Ammon sought

his apartment, and dragged from its concealment the remaining jewel. He found the spring, and touched it!

The beetle seemed endowed with a momentary life; the wings moved slightly, the head was uplifted for a second, and a tiny spider-web sting flashed down! and then the beetle became the same as before, save a small, bright, crimson speck that appeared on its bosom.

Ammon fell back on his couch, and buried his face in his hands.

Myrrha was his! Life would now be one long dream of love. What though he had murdered him—was it not for her? And then——

A slave rushed in, breathless, and fell at Ammon's feet. He started up, and asked—

“The King is dead?”

He could not tell his voice, so changed had the agonizing expectancy of a moment made it.

“No, no!”

The color died out in a moment from Ammon's cheek. He whispered:

“Then?”

“The King's wife—Myrrha is dead! She died in his arms a moment ago. He suspects poison—and—fly, my lord, he talks wildly of you!”

Ammon was alone. He only murmured,

“Then Rameses gave the Beetle to *her!*”

Language cannot describe the moment of a man's life when all is hung trembling in the balance, and when happiness, love and life are swung rudely away by—fate!

A deep breath and a sudden glazing of his eye! He fell back, put his hand over his heart, as if to stop its great, painful throbs, and then murmuring, “Myrrha, Myrrha!” he died.

Died ere his room was filled with guards; died ere Rameses strode in, pale and awful in his wrath. He was buried in the tomb of his fathers, and next his bosom were placed the emerald beetles, that they might do no more harm for ever, and that for all eternity Ammon might have stinging his soul the remembrance of Myrrha, and his crime expiated by a broken heart.

III. THE MS. OF THE JEWEL MERCHANT CONCLUDED.

I AWOKE from my wonderful dream, and was resting in my room, the first beams of the rising sun falling on my face. That day I left Naples forever. I had grown old in a few years, and it needed but little disguise to make my resemblance to my old master perfect. I took advantage of it, and one day rode into Cairo, and halted at the house he had once occupied. It was deserted, and I made it my home. People began to say, “Ahmed has returned,” and to expect some wonderful jewels from my long tour in the West. I pursued my trade quietly; my gems were thought larger and purer than any I had sold in times past. Soon there came an order for me to attend the Aga, and exhibit my jewels. I went and showed my treasures, sold some, made some valuable presents.

At last the harem must be supplied. I went to be introduced to the Aga's favorite wife, who ruled the province with her slightest wish.

How did I feel when I saw the only woman I had ever loved? *Had* loved? True enough, love was not now for me—the old man, the jewel merchant!

Well, I saw her; not with love—I had but one passion now—that was

revenge for my early wrongs—full and complete revenge. I made many presents, as usual. A few days after, while I was absent (a fact well known) from the city, *she* died. The Aga mourned her loss a short time and then was buried beside her. Slowly and surely they all died who had scourged the disturber of the slave market. I was prudent; I was far from the city, and what possible connection could be between those deaths and an obscure merchant? At last ten tiny spots marked the beetle's breasts, and my task was ended!

. . . Remorse has begun to gnaw at my heart. This box weighs like lead on my conscience, always reminding me of lost happiness; more than that, of the fearful night in the Tombs of the Kings. To-morrow I shall leave with the caravan, and replace it in that tomb, and then—something tells me I shall die! [End of the MS.]

THE tenant of Ahmed's hovel closed the roll, and paced the room thoughtfully. "Thank heaven, I shall never need this box! still it is a most wonderful relic of the past. As though that story could be true! I will not destroy that box from a superstitious fancy. I will take it with me!"

He gathered up the jewels, secured them in a belt, fastened the door of the hut, and went away.

The papers announced as having sailed from Alexandria in the Oriental mail steamer Karnak, on the 10th of November, 185—, "Mr. Clarence Waldron."

PART II.

I.

OVERHEAD black, ragged, angry clouds; low down on the horizon, opaque, inky masses! Beneath this drifting pall was the tossing, quivering sea, pale, dirty green or lashed to foam, like a wolf showing its snowy fangs, soon to rend in pieces.

In a hollow of the sea, her spars broken off, disfigured with fallen masts, and knots of tangled cordage, lay the steamer Karnak. The deck was washed by the hissing sea; but one soul visible—lashed to the stump of a fallen mast—paler than the foam of the breakers they were drifting to. Clarence Waldron seemed again doomed!

"Am I the Jonah of this cursed ship?" he hissed out between his pale lips. "Again doomed to lose all, and *she* so near! . . . Heaven within my grasp and hell to overwhelm me!"

The ship heaved convulsively on the breakers—the decks were covered with a trembling throng—a moment more and the vessel parted, and with the gloom of night not a plank was left on the reef to tell of its treachery!

Clarence Waldron *would not* die. As he struggled with the waves, he thought, "A year of life and then I could die, but I *must* see her once more!"

The sea tossed him into the arms of men more cruel than its waters.

He revived, but a heavy blow brought him bleeding to the sand. A moment, and the jewels were taken from him. Another blow, and his almost lifeless body was kicked aside for another victim!

Morning on the stormy sea, covered with planks and rigging, boxes and dead.

Clarence Waldron rose and felt for his belt. . . . A half hour later the curé of the village stumbled on a man digging the sand with his fingers and beating his head on the rocks, cursing God and the hour of his birth.

They carried him to the house of the priest.

He lived. One day he asked abruptly :

"Did I lose all?"

"No," said the priest, "there was left this little box."

The casket of the beetles was handed him—he opened it. Ah, they were safe! A few small jewels rolled out. He gathered them up, and, giving the largest to the priest, told him it could never repay his kindness, but he might have it set in the Virgin's necklace in the little chapel.

Clarence Waldron left the village soon after and journeyed toward Paris. One evening at sunset he entered the great city, destitute of money and without a friend. The emerald beetles were still his, and a few insignificant jewels.

Clarence Waldron's whole life could be concentrated into one expression : "he had loved and lost." In glancing back over his life he saw—only a woman. Her eyes haunted him always.

He had been out in the world from student's life but a few years when he met Cecile Morton. He admired her beauty—loved her for her tender, winning manner. His earnestness and purity of life attracted her.

The Mortons had once been very wealthy ; they yet lived in splendid style, purchased by sleepless nights and schemes that would have honored a professional sharper. Few knew that Mr. Morton had died very suddenly, and, in fact, very conveniently, just in time to escape telling his creditors some unpleasant truths. Why talk of these things where Cecile is concerned? Clarence one day awoke to the consciousness that he loved her deeply, wildly, and Cecile, when he told her so, said frankly :

"Clarence, had fate placed us in different circumstances, it might have happened that I should have returned your love. Listen a moment. We are not rich. You—pardon me—are poor. I could not live without these," and her gesture took in all the splendor that surrounded her. "Do not blame me, I was born in it ; they are my nourishment !"

Then, frightened at the change in her lover's face, she sobbed :

"You *shall not* think me mercenary. I hate it all ; I do love you—but it would break my mother's heart ; her life is devoted to me ; it would kill her. No, no, Clarence, it cannot be !"

He left her determined, as many a man has done, to forget her. He plunged into his profession ; became noted ; would in years be rich. It was slow, much too slow ; so he left all and sailed for Europe. He did not see Cecile before he left. "She loves me," he said, "she will wait !"

He went to Russia, and through the influence of some friends became the superintendent of some mines in the Ural Mountains, and just as wealth was crowding on him he was removed, through the jealousy of one of the owners of the mine, and hurried to Siberia. He escaped by bitter months of toil, and with lacerated feet and heart torn by despair. He had wandered to Cairo, and been pitied and nursed by the old jewel merchant. Once more fate smiled, and he became all he wished. Fate frowned, and he was ruined.

What led him to Paris after the shipwreck, he could not tell. He might find some one there who knew *her*, who could tell him some scrap of news.

He took an obscure room, and prowled about the streets to find a familiar face. Day after day passed, and he saw none.

At last a newspaper told him all. He was in a little café eating his crust and coffee. His eye fell on *her* name, and with suppressed breath he read. It told him she had been in France, in this very city, but two days ago. More, that she was soon to be married to the richest man in France, at the villa of whose relative, the Duchess de B., near Paris, she was then staying. He would go there that very evening.

The shadow of his fate seemed upon him. He wrote a few letters to his relatives in America, and a note to the Secretary of Legation.

II.

He left the city in the cool of the evening. The train took him to the little village of A., within a mile or two of which was the villa of the Duchess. Clarence walked into the quaint old town, through whose streets the chargers of kings and princes had gayly pranced; from whose latticed windows bright eyes had glanced on the brave men below. Clarence took a room at the inn and tried to sleep; he could not. He asked the landlord the way to the villa.

—The night was warm, and the tall windows stood open. He crowded in by one and glanced over the brilliant ball-room. She was not there. He noticed no more, but went away. He wandered about the garden; the musical splash of the fountains seemed to lull his fevered brain to rest. Another turn, and he would depart. He loitered down a narrow path bordered by a hedge cut into fantastic shapes and ending in a little arbor.

A gleam of white and pink, and a figure glided toward him. He fell back into the shade to let her pass. She came nearer—his heart beat great throbs. He believed for a moment he should die of ecstatic joy and agonizing sorrow. He sprang out of his retreat, and cried faintly, "Cecile! Cecile!"

Clarence Waldron and Cecile Morton stood face to face in the moonlight, each paler than its enfolding beams.

She knew him at first, and fell in his arms without a word, save his name dying away on her bloodless lips. In a moment she strove to go.

He threw himself at her feet and clutched her dress convulsively.

"For God's sake, Cecile, hear me a moment! I have not walked over desert and mountain, been shipwrecked, and almost murdered, all to meet you once more, and then let you thus depart!"

She remained, and in burning words he told her how she had been with him in dreams in the mines of Russia, and on the frozen plains of Siberia; how he had toiled for her harder than the patriarch of old for his wife; more, of the bloodshed he had passed through to see her; and could she hear all this unmoved?

With a terrible sob she bent over her lover and brushed the moist hair from his brow.

"Clarence, I have always loved you! This marriage is killing me! I thought you were dead; they showed it to me in the papers, and I believed it. Cruel to desert me—I have not cared to live since you left me!"

"Cecile, I thought only to grow wealthy; I have toiled for it; it has flowed in on me, and in a moment I have lost it all, and now—now I am rich in but one thing—your love."

The moon fell lower and lower.

"Clarence, I must leave you."

"*Must*—and this the last time we shall ever meet?"

She shuddered convulsively.

"Oh, that we could die and be together in peace," she whispered. "I have tried to kill myself, but they discovered it and saved my life. My life—oh, God! what is it worth?—sorrow and care and vanity—a puppet in the hands of heartless ones."

She wept as if her heart was breaking.

"Cecile, you say you will die to be with me, to be at rest?"

"Yes, yes—endure a thousand deaths!" and her tones were as clear as the air they breathed.

There was a gleam of jewels in the moonlight.

"Then, darling, take this—swear that you will always wear it—until—after—you are married!"

She promised. A long embrace, the only one in life, and they parted.

Still two days to that wedding—how he passed the time Clarence never knew, nor how he reached his dingy room in Paris from A. Not a morsel of food passed his lips; he did not go out; but he tossed on his cot, and raved of her ceaselessly.

There was a method in his madness, and he noted each chime as it rung out the hour, and muttered, "I shall not forget, I shall not forget." The day came at length, he was growing weaker and weaker, his visions were now all peaceful, he thought he was with Cecile in some quiet home in their native land; that her hand cooled his brow and smoothed his pillow. The bells rang out the hour faster and faster it seemed; the day was done and night succeeded. He rose, lighted the lamp, and drew forth from the little casket the remaining emerald beetle. "It was to be at nine o'clock," he muttered, and paused as the clock of the church near by struck, "one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine. Nine!"

His face seemed once again the face of the man who had passed the night in Ahmed's hut over the jewels; dead already in body, the blood had left his face a marble mask; his eyes alone seemed living.

"Cecile, in a moment with thee for all eternity, be it for happiness or woe."

He bared his breast and placed the jewel on it—his wasted hand sought the tiny spring in the golden circlet that held the emerald beetle. A look of rapt joy came over him as though he beheld Cecile in her bridal-ropes, robed for him alone—then, with a faint sigh, he fell back dead on the couch."

[Extract from a letter from the Duchess de B. to a friend.]

"It was in the chapel of the chateau. It was draped in white, and decorated with flowers most exquisitely. I cannot now tell you of the guests—you have seen it all ere this in the papers. At length they came in; Cecile whiter than her robes, but looking peerlessly—fit to be a monarch's bride. The white of her dress unbroken, save by a remarkable jewel she wore on her breast. Her mother was near her, looking disturbed, and anxious for the ceremony to be concluded. It began, and the great clock of the chateau pealed out nine as the Bishop asked her the question, which, if she had answered in the affirmative, would have made her a wife. She paused, looked toward the door, faltered—her lips moved, but no sound came. Then, clasping her hands over her heart, she fell before the altar. We thought she had fainted, but no—she was dead! . . . The physicians think it was disease of the heart brought on by over-excitement."

T. F. CRANE.

CHARLES WATERTON.

CHARLES WATERTON, of Walton Hall, in the County of York, the able scholar, and celebrated naturalist and traveller, died about a twelvemonth ago, from the effects of an accidental fall while crossing a rustic bridge that spans a small stream in his grounds. Beyond a passing notice of his death, none other has been taken of it by the American periodicals. I intend, in this paper, to give some personal recollections of him, derived from a long acquaintanceship with him.

His two works, *Wanderings in South America* and *Essays on Natural History*, with a most amusing autobiography, have long taken their place in English literature as standard works. The *Wanderings* created on its first publication quite a furore—the author's account of his ride on a cayman's, or crocodile's, back, especially. It was made the subject of a ludicrous caricature by Punch, with which no one was more entertained than Mr. Waterton himself. He preserved a copy of it, among the numerous curiosities and rarities at Walton Hall, and used to show it with much glee to his visitors. His *Essays on Natural History* are as sarcastic and racy as the *Wanderings*, and are full of interesting information and acute observation. Mr. Waterton was one of the finest taxidermists in the world, and his collections are magnificent.

Mr. Waterton was a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More, and a warm and personal friend of Thackeray; and with all his many eccentricities—written, spoken and enacted—was of a truly gentle spirit. He was benevolent to all—benevolent, it may be literally said, to man and brute; he ever enjoined and practised the kindest treatment of animals; he never allowed a shot to be fired within his grounds except to keep down the rabbits (whose impudent invasions were too much even for him), and the consequence was that many a rare bird and animal made his grounds an abiding haunt. It was, in very truth, “an elysium of animals,” a place dear to every naturalist and lover of ornithology, where

“The birds, . . .
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.”

I myself saw there last Summer a pair of kestrels rearing their young in a hollow tree, while above them was a nest of starlings; hard by, the green woodpecker was performing the same duty, and in a rude tower prepared to attract them, a pair of barn owls brought up their family, while the stock-doves chose an adjoining hole in the same building, into which the owls had free access, and the goat-sucker reared her young in the same neighborhood. People travelled far to see at Walton the habits and natural life of the native birds amid the picturesque beauty of the forest trees—the bosky groves and braky dells of its beautiful grounds. The Hall, with its museum, which

so faithfully illustrated the long and active life and intellectual pursuits of its owner, was ever open to the poorest visitor. He never suffered his servants to receive gratuities for showing it, and I have known him frequently take visitors over it himself. The house is situated on an island at the edge of a small lake, and accessible only by a drawbridge. One day, when I was staying with him learning how to stuff birds, previous to my departure for the islands in the North Pacific, a large party of sight-seers came over from Leeds to see the house and grounds. Mr. Waterton himself happened to be at the Hall door when they came up, and they, thinking him to be the butler, asked him to show them the place. Very readily he went over the place with them, and very rudely they repaid his kindness, by their remarks on the different objects they saw, or the eccentricities of the supposed absent master; and, worst of all, a thing he could not endure, sneers at his religion and the religious objects which here and there met their sight. Very quietly Mr. Waterton heard all and answered not, but, if possible, became only more and more polite and attentive. After going round the museum, hall and house, he accompanied them to the door again. In the entrance hall were several fanciful caricatures made of animals stuffed, among the rest a toad, bloated and black, but exquisitely dried and stuffed, and dressed in a small black gown, with a pair of clerical bands under its chin, and with the inscription under it, "This animal first made its appearance in England in the reign of Henry the Eighth." Many other caricatures—sly hits against the Protestant religion—were also there. The party halted some time before these, and again made some most impertinent remarks about Mr. Waterton. I happened to be in the hall at the time, and as they passed me, Mr. Waterton whispered in my ear, "Carter, get the ladies away into the grounds across the bridge; I want the others." After no little manœuvering, I succeeded in doing this. I guessed what was Mr. Waterton's intention, and determined to help him. After the ladies and I had gone over the drawbridge, the men, missing the ladies, went out to seek them. Mr. Waterton, unknown to them, had rung the hall bell and told a servant what he wished; and still accompanied them. At the door they saw the ladies with myself in the grounds, and were hastening to join us. Before leaving their attendant, however, they offered him some money. "Sirs," said Mr. Waterton, "the servants here are not allowed to take gratuities; I thank you for the proffer, and wish you a pleasant journey home. I have felt honored by your visit and your compliments to me, an old, gray-haired man. I am Charles Waterton! Good day." They stood for a short time astounded, as they remembered their allusions to the lunatic asylum at Wakefield, and to Mr. Waterton's qualifications for being an inmate of the same. On arriving at the drawbridge, they found it was raised. They stood and waited on the banks; then they began to shout. All in vain. The "old, gray-haired man" remained inexorable; and one by one they waded across and rejoined their expectant and bewailing female companions on the other side.

Another party, who had annoyed him by firing pistols in the park, he met at the entrance of his house, and both horrified and frightened them, by running up the Corinthian pillars which supported the porch, monkey like, barefooted and bareheaded, where he sat and awaited their approach. They retired without entering. He had a wonderful prehensile power in his toes, and could use them almost like hands. In climbing a tree in the park I used to be astonished at his agility. He slipped off his shoes (he seldom at home

wore socks), and using both hands and feet went up like a monkey. The simple Yorkshire people all thought him more than "cannie," and while they feared his (to them) supernatural gifts and wisdom, they loved him for his invariable kindness and ceaseless charity.

Plain and frugal in his living, temperate in food, drink and sleep, his life, reaching back and retaining many characteristics of the past, contrasted the present sameness with experiences much more varied, but now almost forgotten. Rising always at three in the morning, he gave an hour, as he said, "to the health and preservation of the soul," and was then ready for the occupations and the pursuits of the day.

His hospitality was kind and generous; a stewed carp from the lake carried you back to the "good old times," and furnished a dish not soon to be forgotten.

To those who knew him well, there was something remarkably genial in the society of the good "old squire," and his manner of receiving them and bidding them adieu will long be remembered by his friends.

His conversation and manners had a peculiar quaint charm, such as comes of ancestry, of ancient riches, and a polished education, enlivened by a sparkling wit.

His bed was frequently the floor of his room, with a stone for his pillow. He told me he slept soundest and best so. Another strange custom he had was, every Spring and Autumn, in the months of May and October, to bleed himself in the arm. The last time I met him, at Leeds, at the house of a friend of his with whom I was staying, a Dr. Hobson, in Park Square, he bled himself. The doctor attempted in vain to dissuade him. He would not listen; and notwithstanding his own acknowledgment that "he felt very great difficulty in recovering the strength he lost through it," he persisted in doing it to the very last.

In attachment to his religion, he was as zealous as his great ancestor, Sir Thomas More, whose clock, brought from the house at Chelsea, still tolls the hours at Walton Hall.

His undoubting faith, and the consolations it afforded him, might, indeed, be envied by some of those who worship at other altars.

He had a wonderful gift of acquiring the confidence of animals. No bird seemed to fear him, no insect cared to sting or annoy him, and I have seen him handle serpents with the coolest impunity.

During his stay at Dr. Hobson's, above mentioned, several doctors in Leeds hearing that he had lately received a case of cobras from India, asked him if he would allow them to try experiments with them, and, any day he would himself like to appoint, they would come over to Walton Hall and meet him, bringing with them several dogs, cats and fowls. He fixed a day in the following week. At the appointed time, punctually to the hour, we arrived, for I accompanied Dr. Hobson.

As many of the doctors had no time to waste, and other appointments to attend, we were at once shown into Mr. Waterton's library, where we found on a large, plain, deal table, the box of snakes—a sort of cage with a sliding door, something like the door of an old-fashioned wooden rat-trap.

No Charles Waterton, however, made his appearance. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, elapsed, and still he came not. The doctors began to get fidgety at the delay, remembering their patients awaiting them.

At length the oldest of them, a Dr. Garlick (since dead), an old man, got up

and said: "Well, gentlemen, I cannot stay much longer; I shall be forced to go; it is a great pity to have come over here for no purpose." The others all assented. "Well," said Dr. Garlick, "what say you Teale? I will lift gently the trap-door and when a serpent slips out its head I will push the door on its neck and hold it there, if you will come and take it." So they agreed, but whether the door hitched in its descent, or Dr. Garlick got nervous, I know not; I only know a large snake came out altogether and forthwith coiled itself on the floor, erecting an inflated hood and an angry head. How we all got out of the room I cannot say. Some leapt out of the window; Dr. Hobson (a portly man) and I got jammed together in the doorway, from whence we were forcibly ejected by the frantic pushes of those within. Poor Dr. Garlick sprained his ankle in leaping out of the window.

As we were bemoaning and lamenting the mishap, a pleasant, cheery voice—the voice of Charles Waterton—saluted our ears. "Good morning, gentlemen; what is the matter; you seem troubled?"

He was quickly told what had happened. "Oh, come along," said he, "I will soon make it right."

We followed him to the room door and there halted. He opened the door, first looked, and then quietly walked in, went straight up to the serpent, put out his hand, and with a swift motion, so swift I did not see it, caught it by the neck and there held it. "Now, gentlemen, what do you wish to do with it?"

They made several experiments with the dogs and cats; with what result I could not now accurately say. After biting thrice it refused to bite any more, and it was put aside.

"Do you wish another?" said Mr. Waterton.

The doctors said they did. He then quietly lifted the door, put in his hand, and just saying, "which of them?" gently thrust the others aside and pulled forth the one pointed out, himself unharmed and unbitten. Never have I seen, except in the case of the Serpent Charmers in Egypt and India, such perfect coolness and immunity in handling venomous snakes. What is the charm they use? Can any one tell? Mr. Waterton possessed it, whatever it is.

He died at the age of eighty-three, eccentric to the very last. He left behind him singular instructions concerning his funeral. A mausoleum for the reception of his body had long been erected at the upper end of the lake, beneath the overhanging shade of two venerable oak trees. The body was to be borne to its last home across the water in boats—not by land—and thus the coffin was carried on a floating bier, followed by the mourners and their friends in boats. Mr. Waterton's own boat last, unoccupied—and thus the author of the Wanderings made his last voyage.

Eighty-three being his age, that number of aged persons were invited to his funeral, and to each were given a loaf of bread and sixpence.

I cannot close this short account of my own personal reminiscences of Waterton better than in Thackeray's own words regarding him, for they are every word true:

"A friend who belongs to the old religion took me, last week, into a church where the Virgin lately appeared in person to a Jewish gentleman, flashed down upon him from heaven in light and splendor celestial, and, of course, converted him. My friend bade me look at the picture, and, kneeling down beside me, I know, prayed with all his honest heart that the truth might

shine down upon me, too ; but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all, I saw but a poor picture, an altar with blinking candles, a church hung with tawdry stripes of red and white calico. The good, kind W., went away, humbly saying, 'That such might have happened again if Heaven so willed it.' I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know that his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor."

An able scholar, a thorough gentleman, a sincere Christian, was that simple, kind old Yorkshire Squire, whose epitaph, written by himself in Latin, I subjoin :

"Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, born June, 1782, died May, 1865, whose weary bones rest here."

THE FURROW.

MY coulter through the greensward glides ;
The Furrow leaves the shining share,
And in its mother's bosom hides

Its crown of emerald hair.
With secret joy I watch the mold,
In color mingling black and gold,
From the green meadow's lap unrolled
And crumbling to the air.

That shifting thread of common earth—
One instant sod, another, soil—
How many germs of life have birth
In its untwisting coil !
The secrets Nature holds most dear
For man's support, lie hidden here,
And silent wait from year to year
The magic touch of toil.

And so I follow round and round,
The greensward shrinking as I go,
Till all is changed to mellow ground,
When the bright seed I sow.
O, Furrow ! safe my treasures keep !
Nourish the young grain while I sleep,
That I who plant in faith, may reap
In gladness ere the snow.

HENRY WHITTAKER.

THE STORY OF ULYSSES.

AN EPISODE FROM DR. PARSONS' TRANSLATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

THE ARGUMENT.

FOLLOWING Virgil to the shades below, Dante comes to a place in hell called Malebolge, a place divided into many vast pits or trenches. In the seventh pit are found thieves and many sorts of robbers; especially one that stole the communion plate from a church in Pistoja, a town within twenty miles or so of Florence. In the eighth pit are those who fraudulently gave bad counsel; ill-advisers; wicked men that persuaded others to wrong. Chief among these, is the great incarnation of cunning, Ulysses. He is confined within the limits of an everlasting flame that glides from place to place, smoke-like, uncertain, restive, but subdued. But let the poet tell the rest:

AS in that season when with less concealed
A face he shines, who fills the world with light;
When to the gnat the weary fly doth yield,
The peasant, resting on some neighbor height
Beholds the fire-flies in the vale below,
Wherein he ploughs, or trims his vines perchance,
So many flames this eighth pit, all a-glow,
Showed when its depth I fathomed with my glance.
And as whom once the avenging bears befriended,
Beheld Elijah's chariot whirled on high,
When up to heaven the soaring steeds ascended,
And he in vain pursued them with his eye;
Since he could only see the leaping flame
As heavenward, like a little cloud, it went;
Thus through the gulf, in motion just the same,
Glided these fires, but hid the prey they pent:
For every flame a sinner folded in,
I stood so bending o'er the bridge, to look,
That I had fall'n, though pushed I had not been,
Save that such grasp of a rough crag I took.
My guide, who marked me thus attentive gaze,
Said: "In those fires the spirits are confined,
Each in his garment of consuming blaze."
"Master," I answered, "thou confirm'st my mind:
Even now my thought I was about to speak;
But who is tenant, say, of yonder fire
That rises there with a divided peak,

As 'twere the Theban brothers' funeral pyre."
 He answered me : " Within that martyrdom
 The great Ulysses burns, with Diomed :
 Together thus to vengeance they have come,
 As once, on earth, to deeds of wrath they sped.
 And in their flame full bitterly they groan
 The stratagem of that famed wooden steed,
 By means whereof the gate was open thrown
 Whence issued forth the noble Roman seed.
 There for that craft whence, even of life bereft,
 Deidamia still bewails her lord,
 Her lost Achilles, yea, and for the theft
 Of Troy's Palladium they have meet reward."
 " Master," I said, if in that flame of theirs
 That sparkleth so, they have the power of speech,
 I pray, and pray thee with a thousand prayers,
 That thou refuse not what I now beseech.
 Wait till the horned flame this way shall move,
 See with what eagerness I toward it bend.
 " Thy prayer," he answered, " greatly I approve,
 And to thy wish a large acceptance lend,
 But let thy tongue from further talk refrain,
 Leave me to parley, for I well divine
 All thy desire : they haply might disdain,
 Greeks as they were, this common speech of thine."
 So when the flame had slid along to where
 The time and place seemed fitting to my guide,
 I heard him in this form accost its glare :
 " Stay, O ye twain, that in one fire abide !
 If in my life I was deserving aught,
 If much or little I deserved of you,
 When in the world my lofty verse I wrought,
 Let one his wanderings, to his death, run through."
 The larger horn of that old flame began
 To curl and quiver, and a murmur woke,
 As when the wind a fluttering fire doth fan :
 Then as it were the very tongue that spoke,
 Swaying its summit to and fro, it sent
 This utterance forth : " When, for a year and more,
 Circe had held me near Cajeta pent,
 Ere yet Æneas had so named the shore,
 I 'scaped her spell : but not my gentle boy,
 Nor pious reverence for mine aged sire,
 Nor the due love that should have warmed with joy
 My dear Penelope, could quell the fire
 Of my deep wish the world, and human worth,
 And human vices, too, to understand ;
 But on the broad high seas I ventured forth
 With one sole vessel and that little band
 Who ne'er deserted my attempt the while ;
 And coasted either shore as far as Spain,

Far as Marocco and Sardinia's isle,
 And all that bathe in the surrounding main.

* * * * *

At last when old, and slow with life's decline,
 We reached the strait where Hercules, of yore,
 His boundary set, in everlasting sign
 That none that ocean farther should explore.
 On the right hand receding Seville lay ;

On the left, Ceuta sank in ocean's breast :
 Then I : ' O, brothers who have stemmed your way,
 Through many thousand perils to the West,
 To this brief vigil which remains to run

Of your worn senses, grudge not, I entreat,
 The knowledge of the world beyond the sun,
 Untrod as yet by any mortal feet :

Consider, men, the seed from which ye grew :
 To live like brutes ye surely were not formed,
 But virtue still and knowledge to pursue'—

With this brief speech my comrades' minds I warmed,
 Till for the voyage they so keenly yearned
 To hold them back I vainly had essayed ;

Therefore our rudder to the morn we turned,
 For our mad flight, and wings of oars we made.
 Still toward the left our constant course we steered,
 'Till night saw all the stars that spangle o'er
 The other pole, and ours no longer reared
 Its glittering host above the ocean floor.

* * * * *

Five times the moon had now renewed her ray ;
 Five times the light had failed beneath her rim,
 Since first we entered on our lofty way ;

When lo ! a mountain, in the distance, dim ;
 So high a peak before I never saw :

We joyed, but soon our joy became lament ;
 For from the new-found land arose a flaw,
 That on our vessel's bow its fury spent.

Three times with all the waves it whirled us round ;
 At the fourth whirl the stern was lifted high,
 Down went the prow, as best by Him was found,
 And o'er our heads the ocean closed for aye.

THE QUARTIER LATIN.

THE University of Paris claims to date back to the time of the great Frankish Emperor Charlemagne, and to have originated with the schools which he is said to have established, examining the students himself. However that may be, it is one of the very oldest Universities of Europe.

All through the Middle Ages it was, like the other Universities, a sort of small kingdom; independent of royal laws and municipal ordinances; touchy, turbulent, and even rascally and murderous, in acting lawlessly, or in avenging real or fancied insults from without. Philip Augustus, by express edict freed the University from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, and in those days its precincts were actually a regular fortification, on the military principles of the period—walled in, flanked with towers, and closed with strong gates.

The students were banded together for good or evil, much as was the old Fire Department of New York City, but in a far closer and stronger manner, having their great city castle, a mode of life organized entirely apart from that of the citizens around them, and the strong moral support of the independent University jurisdiction, courts, prisons and punishments, all used to maintain the faculty as against the students, but to maintain faculty and students together as against everybody else.

Whenever a dispute came up, and the University seemed likely to be beaten, the faculty used to strike; that is, they stopped the lectures, and threatened to remove from the city to some other one, and thus they had their way. Under Louis IX., known as Saint Louis, the students were not only the rowdies of Paris, but they went armed, robbed and murdered citizens, outraged their wives and daughters, and acted like soldiers who have taken a city by storm. The only thing to be done was to excommunicate them once in a while, and even that did not keep them quiet very long. In the year 1407 the Provost of the Merchants of Paris, an officer having summary criminal jurisdiction, seized and hung two students, who had committed robbery and murder. The University was instantly up and doing; made its stock threat of removing from Paris; and bestirred itself with so much wrath and vigor that the poor Provost was forced to go in public procession to the gallows, take down the two corpses, kiss them in token of apology, and bury them with solemn public honors.

The wild, ungovernable, headstrong love of freedom, which in those days kept the students fighting, and robbing, and murdering, and rebelling, is invariably present now in every college, and makes all the disturbances and troubles of those institutions. Only a "charivari," a fantastic midnight procession, an absurd mess of secret society fanfaronading, or, at most, the foolish brutality of "hazing the Fresh," is the extent of the license which civilization will now endure. Indeed, the tribulations of the Freshmen at Harvard or Yale, are the "apostolical successors" of the "Deposition" of the German

Universities, and of the ceremonial annoyances inflicted at the University of Paris upon the *béjaunes* (*becs-jaunes*, yellow-bills, fledglings) or newly arrived students there.

The neighborhood in Paris in which the students live is called the *Quartier Latin*, or Latin Quarter. It has also been called *le pays Latin*, and *Latium*; these names descending down from the time when Latin was the only language allowed to be either written or spoken by the students as a vernacular. As a nest of free thought, it has, since the Reformation, been sometimes called "*le petit Genève*"—the Little Geneva. The Latin Quarter is on the western side of the Seine, just across the river from the island or ancient " *cité* " of Paris, and consists of a net of streets containing the chief institutions for educating the students, and their boarding-houses, restaurants, and other resorts.

The youths who come to Paris from all parts of France, with the avowed object of prosecuting their studies, are ordinarily from sixteen to nineteen years of age, and, having passed through a provincial collegiate education, are considered by their parents competent to follow, at Paris, under the most distinguished professors of the day, the studies which are to complete their preparation for active life. The income of one of these students may be reckoned, on an average, at 1,500 francs, or \$300; beside presents from the father and loving mother, and without counting an occasional doctor's bill, sent home for liquidation, and which goes far to replenish the boy's empty purse—emptied, too, by excess of spirits and health. There are, of course, many students who are allowed a much more liberal income, and a few—but these are very few—who receive less.

First of all, the students must be lodged. To this end, there are in the Quartier Latin numerous hotels, or, rather, furnished lodging-houses. Such are the hotels of Normandy, of Berry, of Languedoc, etc.; these provincial names being given with the intention of drawing to them students from those countries. In these hotels, the price of a furnished room varies from twenty-five to thirty francs a month, including attendance; that is, sweeping the rooms, etc. The attendance generally consists of a fat, strong, homely country lass. Her physique must be powerful, for a prettier or less solid girl might be too much exposed to temptation and danger. The furniture invariably consists of a bed, a chest of drawers, a writing-table and small stand, three or four chairs, a small carpet and an arm-chair. Perhaps there are a few cheap prints in wooden frames, representing some celebrity of the opera or ballet, or the adventures of Telemachus. Of course I am not now speaking of rich young men, who probably have rooms quite too well furnished.

It is easily understood that, with a total yearly budget of 1,500 francs, the student cannot dine at Véfour's, or at the Café de Paris, or "Aux Trois Frères." But there are in the Quartier Latin numerous restaurants within reach of the slimmest purse. Neither must you imagine that the restaurants of the Quartier have the mean and squalid appearance presented by those of the like price in other parts of Paris. You may sit in any of the houses of refreshment frequented by the students without any fear of being approached by any but respectable and even well-dressed persons. Many of the *habitués* of more expensive parts of Paris come here for their meals, for the sake of saving money, which is afterward devoted to other pleasures. At the head of all the restaurateurs of this quarter stands Flicoteau, or, rather, the successor of that great man, and Viot, in the Rue de la Harpe, to the right as you leave the medical college. Viot's saloon is immense, and ornamented

with magnificent mirrors. I do not exaggerate when I say that from 4 to 6 P. M. more than eight hundred students take their meals at that place. I do not mean that the living is so good here as at the Rocher de Cancale; but a student's stomach accommodates itself to everything; besides, the table cloth is always clean, and the forks and spoons, as in all other restaurants (strange as it sounds, at the price paid), are of silver. The waiters are all men, not, as in most places of the same sort in Paris, women. Many students spend not more than sixteen or eighteen sous for each meal. For example: Soup, three sous; meat (joint), six sous; vegetables, three sous; pudding, etc., two sous; bread, two sous; total, sixteen sous.

As to wine, it is a luxury that the waiter does not even mention, and will not bring, unless requested so to do. There are, again, other restaurants *à prix fixé*, or at a fixed price, of twenty-two or twenty-six sous, or ten sous less if a certain number of tickets for meals are bought; and for this price the student can choose from four dishes, and enjoy his decanter of wine and dessert. And yet, the keepers of these restaurants must make money, for it is certainly not from philanthropic motives that they feed students.

The lucky men who spend five or six dollars for a meal may laugh at the details of the fare above described; but in this manner many a famous orator, great painter or lawyer has spent years of his life—perhaps his happiest. Inquire of any who have seen these places; ask these very men who, in their youth, lived frugally at these tables, whether far merrier laughter and gayer conversation is not heard there than in the first-class, orderly, aristocratic hotels of the great capital!

Often, three or four youths from the same town, the same village, sit down at one table, and then watch how happy and animated is the conversation. One of them, mayhap, has received a letter from his home; what noisy commentaries on the village news, on the late marriages, on the changes that will be found on their return home for the vacation! What youthful escapades, young loves, are pleasantly enumerated! What literary discussions, oftentimes comical and racy enough, on the opera or the comedy! Among such conversations one hardly notices whether the steak is tough or not, or the potato sufficiently cooked.

There are, it is true, in the Quartier Latin, some few houses where lonely widows eke out a miserable income by taking in boarders, and where the fare is a little better than can be had at a restaurant for the same price. But the students, who, above all things, love liberty, accommodate themselves ill to the fixed hours of a boarding-house. Thus it is that the greater part prefer restaurants and hotels.

Allowing an average monthly expense of twenty-five francs for a room, and forty-five francs for food (some students breakfast at a restaurant on a steak, others at home on bread and cheese) we have an average expense of seventy francs a month, for board and lodging only. With the remainder of his income the student finds himself in clothes and pays for his "*menus plaisirs*." College books, college fees, and subscription to college funds are generally paid by the generous father.

These college fees, which are only fifteen francs quarterly, must be paid very regularly. Many of the students appear at college only on this occasion. For many years the professors have given up the old custom of having a daily roll-call, judging, very rightly, that lectures attended merely for the purpose of fulfilling the formality of answering "here" to one's name, are not

likely to be profitable, and that auditors, or rather spectators, brought there only by this motive are more likely to annoy the class than to benefit themselves. Besides, as to the lectures on law, which, unlike those on medicine, repose not on positive facts, but on abstract theories, they are perhaps thought hardly proper to fix the attention of young people. Many of the scholars are contented to make up for a year's idleness by one or two months' earnest application just before the examinations, or the reading in Public of the Theses, that grand and last obstacle, which, once surmounted, gives the lucky candidate (chosen by ballot) the right to walk the courts of the "Pas Perdu" while waiting for a brief.

Ah! that's a solemn day, this same day of the Theses. The emotions have been great on each successive examination, and the joy deeply felt when a success has been achieved; but after these examinations there were always other hindrances to be removed, while to be the successful essay writer of the year removes them all. There are among the law students some "plodders," as they are called, some who never let pass a word dropped by the professors, and go even to the length of *taking notes*! These present themselves with confidence for examination, strong in the security of their own conscience, and confident in the good results of their labors during the year; but, unfortunately, they are not in the majority.

The examinations once or twice a year are the only thorns that trouble the joys of our friends the students of the Quartier Latin; except that slight drawback it is a pleasant life, without trouble or care; a life where trifles amuse, and where one does not feel *ennui* or become wearied of his daily pleasures.

Among the pleasures of the students must be named the balls in the "*Grande Chaumière d'Été*" on the Boulevard Mont St. Parnasse, where an orchestra makes dance-music, where there are Swiss or Russian mountains to slide on; arbors and shrubberies where the young gentlemen may flirt, and a "café" or saloon where they may feast it with a "bavaroise" and biscuits. The "Chaumière" of the Mont St. Parnasse is the paradise of all the neighboring grisettes, as it is the paradise of the students, their usual companions; and in reality there exists great sympathy of morals, manners and heart between the two classes. Both are without care for the future, taking time and pleasure as they come, amusing themselves with to day's joys, and caring nothing for the uncertainties of the morrow. While in other parts of Paris, in the Quartier St. Denis, for example, it is the young clerks, the commercial youths of Paris, as they call themselves, that play the part of lover and seducer to the working girls, in the Quartier Latin, this part is played by the student alone; and by virtue (if the term be not misapplied) of his easy and comparatively gentlemanly deportment, he enacts it in such a manner as to contribute greatly to his success.

After the hotels, the restaurants and the "Chaumière" we must not omit in our topography of the Quartier Latin, the book-shops and lecture-rooms. In the book-shops of this part of Paris, it is not the novels, or volumes of sentimental poetry, or "yellow-covered literature" that are in greatest demand. . . . Around the Medical College are to be found for sale "no end" of scientific works on surgery and medicine, on Therapeutics and Physiology; next door may be found all the instruments necessary to cut off your leg or arm, and all the windows are adorned with colored plates representing men skinned and dissected, or with every articulation laid bare. . . . As you near

the Law College, the shops have another appearance; here are to be found all the works of Cujas, the "Institutes" of Justinian, commentaries on the "Code Napoleon," the latest works of Delvincourt, of Pothier or Carré, and of all the other judicial luminaries. Besides, there are to be found all the Latin and Greek authors; the Rue Saint Jacques making a specialty of Virgil, Homer, Thucydides and Ovid, and their ancient brethren.

There are also to be found in this quarter of Paris reading rooms, where, for five or six francs a month, a student can sit the whole day and night, if he will, and thus save the cost of the fuel and light he would have to use at his rooms. Here, also, are to be found all the daily papers and periodicals. The most celebrated of these reading rooms is that in the Place de l'Odeon, where, in addition to the books, newspapers and magazines usually found in other reading rooms, may be consulted almost any work required by a law or medical student. Here it is that students often meet in discussion over their studies, their plans, or their examinations.

The Luxembourg is the favorite walk and resort of the students during the fine weather; and the Emperor, by ordering the cutting down of some favorite avenues of trees in this part of Paris, has brought down upon him the disfavor of almost every resident of the Quartier Latin. A short while ago the students' public opinion rose so high and so angrily against this alteration that several arrests were made among the youths frequenting the colleges, some of whom have not yet been released.

The Luxembourg is a magnificent garden, with its shady walks, its avenues of tall trees, its retired nooks and cool retreats; here one does not, as in the Tuileries, feel the dust or hear the noise of wheels. It is far pleasanter than the Tuileries, but has the disadvantage of being far from the centre of Paris. It is little frequented by any but students and grisettes, and consequently appears somewhat dull. Nurses with their children, and ladies who bring their work and sit on a bench busily engaged all day while their little ones amuse themselves around them, also visit the gardens of the Luxembourg, but add little to its cheerfulness. Many five-act comedies, many startling novels, many revolutionary plans, many impressive sermons and profound orations have owed their birth to quiet walks in the gardens of the Luxembourg.

It seems natural that the ruins of the Odeon, always in sight from the spot, should cause the ideas of the idle students to run in the dramatic and tragic channels which they love to occupy. That beautiful edifice, twice burnt within twenty years, remained standing, or rather its walls did, till very lately, a mournful monument. The Odeon, now rebuilt, and where for the first time were repeated the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, the *Comédiens*, and the *Machabeus*, is now only occasionally visited by a strolling troop of minstrels or mountebanks. Adieu, Quartier Latin! Au Revoir!

* * *

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT SEA.

"HOW thoroughly I enjoy this!" Archie cried, laying down Bettina's grand parasol in a pool of salt-water on one of the seats, and pushing her hat back a little from her forehead. "The ball was very well, but this is better. I think boating is better than anything else in the world, Mr. Durant."

Whatever Archie did was, while she did it, better than anything else in the world. Gerald looked at the girl, and actually sighed to think that these were his last ten minutes with her. How blank all would be without the bright face, the joyous voice, this evening! How rosy life might be with this sweet contagion of enjoyment ever present! How hard, in short, it would be to return to Lucia and to the Court after Archie Wilson and Morteville!

"I can enjoy nothing heartily to-day, Miss Wilson. I am saying good-by to you, you must remember."

"And going back to London and all your London friends," she returned, quickly. "I shall miss you more to-morrow than you will miss me."

To-morrow! The word had a strange sort of knell in it just now. Was this happy intimacy, this bright interchange of youthful jests, fancies, hopes—all but love—to be indeed cold and dead forever to-morrow? They remained silent, both of them; Archie's eyes fixed yearningly upon the dim white cliffs of England across the channel, and Gerald's upon her face. The boatman, meanwhile, thinking, in perfect good faith, that they were fellow-passengers bound for the Lord of the Isles, and hoping, perhaps, to be in time to pick up a second fare, pulled on straight for the steamer out in the Roads.

"*Nous voila!*" he remarked aloud, almost, it seemed to Archie, before the measured fall of the sculls had sounded a score of times. "Monsieur and madame ought already to be on board."

Gerald took out his watch and declared that there were still ten minutes to spare. "Would you really like to go on board, or shall we remain as we are?" he added, to Archie. "I think this is much the pleasantest."

"No," said Miss Lovell, dreading, she scarcely knew, why, to go through any more lonely farewells. "I should really like to go on board with you for a minute or two, unless you mind it. It will seem almost as if I had seen you part of the way."

The boat was now alongside of the steamer, and a couple of stout English arms were already outstretched to help Archie up the companion-ladder. As Gerald was about to follow her, the boatman took off his cap and demanded

his fare, one franc each. "Oh, very well," said Gerald, "perhaps I may as well pay you at once. Two francs, and how much for mademoiselle's return?"

He spoke in excellent French, as far as grammar went, but his accent, I suppose, had something alien about it; something, at all events, that was alien to the ear of a Morteville boatman. To return? but nothing—nothing. There was nothing to pay for returning; he meant with his empty boat.

Gerald, however, tossed another franc into his hand. "Wait on this side," he cried, when he had ran up on the deck, and was looking down at the boatman's perplexed face, "we shall be off in five minutes."

"Mais oui, monsieur, vous partirez dans cinq minutes. Merci, monsieur, merci ma petite dame." And then, with a heightened opinion of Englishmen as regards their generosity rather than their sense, he quietly pulled off toward shore, and Gerald led Archie to the after part of the vessel.

She was as much amused as a child with everything she saw on deck, and asked Gerald presently if she might go down and see the cabin.

"Well, if we have time," he answered, "although I don't think there is much you would care to see there. How long before we leave?" he called after the steward who was passing at the moment. "Five minutes, still. Well, then, we may run down and up again, Miss Wilson, but there will not be time for more."

They went down, and the atmosphere of the cabin, with ranges of human beings on all sides already preparing themselves for sea-sickness, did not make Archie wish to linger there. As they came up the cabin-stairs the last bell rang.

"And you will only have just time to leave the vessel," said Gerald, taking her hand. "Miss Wilson, the moment for saying good-by has come."

"Good-by, Mr. Durant," she answered in rather a choked voice. "Good-by, and I hope some day we shall see each other again."

He whispered another word or two of tender regret at parting, as he hurried her across to the gangway by which they had come on board; then—Mr. Durant stood aghast! No boat was to be seen. He rushed across to the other side of the vessel, thinking that the boatman had mistaken his orders; but nothing was to be discovered of him. The boat that had brought the last passengers was already half way back to the harbor; the steam up; the captain in his place of command upon the bridge.

"Good heavens, this will never do!" cried Gerald, the whole seriousness of the situation breaking upon him far more vividly than it did on Archie, who stood quiet, and a little pale at saying good-by, but without any misgiving as to her own return. "Stop here for one moment, Miss Wilson, while I see what can be done."

He would have made his way, had it been possible, to speak to the captain at once; but a tide of second-class excursionists, who were being driven forward by the steward, well-nigh pinned him to his place. He breasted the crowd manfully, and after two or three minutes' hard fighting had gained the point he strove for; but these three minutes had been the loss of everything. The vessel was already in motion. He was lavish in his offers of money; but the captain was inflexible.

Cases of this kind were constantly occurring among excursionists, he said; it might be as much as his command was worth to stop the vessel. If they had spoken sooner it might have been possible to lower one of the ship's boats, but nothing could be done now. They would stop an hour or so at Calais,

and the lady might disembark there if she chose. The Calais fêtes were going on; and she would be able to get back by another excursion-steamer to Morteville that afternoon. And this was the consolation Gerald had to bear back to Archie.

For an instant after he had told her in what position she stood, Miss Lovell laughed aloud; thinking to herself what excellent fun this mistake was. Then, to Gerald's horror, her lips trembled, and the great tears rushed up into her eyes.

"Away! I'll not go away to Calais!" she cried, passionately. "That wicked boatman, to dare to leave me here. Oh, papa, papa!" And she stretched out imploring hands toward Morteville, already growing indistinct in the distance, while the tears not only gathered in her eyes, but rained down her cheeks. "I never meant it—you know I never meant it!" she sobbed. "Oh, I wish papa was here. I wish I had never left papa."

In his heart Gerald at this moment most devoutly wished it, too. The society of the prettiest woman in the world would have been dearly purchased to him by scenes or tears, or trouble of any kind. "It's an awful bore, Miss Wilson; I would have given anything for it not to have happened. But—well, crying can do no good, can it? and the boat stops at Calais, after all."

"And, after all, I shall be a hundred miles from home still," cried Archie, not without temper. "What good will Calais be to me? I wont go to Calais."

She looked so pretty as she made this assertion, her cheeks flushed up with childish passion, and the tears standing on her long eyelashes, that Gerald could not but be touched. If women will cry, it is a great thing when they know how to do it without getting ugly; and, if the worst came to the worst, it would indisputably be pleasant to have Miss Wilson's company—scenes and tears apart—as far as London. "You shall not go to Calais or anywhere else, Miss Wilson, unless you like it; that is to say, if you don't land at Calais you must come on to London, for the boat stops nowhere else, and I will see you off, or come with you, if you'll let me, by the Folkestone mail, and you will be home again early to-morrow morning."

"In time to meet the twelve o'clock train from Amiens?"

"Certainly; long before that."

Gerald in reality knew nothing whatever about the hours of trains or steamers; but he spoke authoritatively, as men generally do in default of accurate knowledge, and Archie's face brightened. It was consolation, at least, to know that she might be home in time to meet her father—for the thought of him, far more than of herself, troubled her; consolation that, whether she landed at Calais or went on to London, she would certainly have time to get the silver-gray parasol back into its paper before Bettina's return. And so, recovering her common sense, Miss Lovell dried away her tears, and even rallied her spirits, so far as to be very much amused, standing by Gerald's side, and looking at the different objects along the coast all the way from Morteville to Calais.

Her adventures, however, were not destined to end yet. As they neared the Calais pier, and when again they were talking of saying good-by, Archie, to her horror, descried a whole crowd of Mortevilleites assembled there—Miss Marks, Captain Waters, all the Montacutes, and others—Mortevilleites who had gone over for the morning to the Calais fêtes, and who were now waiting for the steamer to take them home. It had been her glory hitherto to shock

these people by her childish escapades ; but that was at Morteville, at her father's side. All her courage, all her sauciness, were gone with the sense of his protection ; and as the Lord of the Isles steamed up slowly alongside, she clung close to Gerald's side, her veil pulled down over her face, and her heart beating too thickly for her to say a word. The tide had risen sufficiently for them to come close in ; and Captain Waters recognized Gerald Durant, and called out a few friendly remarks to him from the pier. What a vile boat to have chosen for his return to London. He (Waters) wished, whatever the boat, that he was going there too. Had been boring himself all the morning at this atrocious fête, and was waiting now for some disgusting little French steamer to take him back to Morteville, *et cetera*.

At the sound of Waters's voice, Archie Lovell's heart beat thicker and thicker. " Mr. Durant, what must I do ? " she whispered. " Decide for me, please. Tell me how you think my father would wish me to act. If I land here every one of these people will see me ; if I go on, and come back by Folkestone, as you said, there will be a chance, at least, of their knowing nothing about it, wont there ? And she clung with frightened, imploring eagerness to his arm.

And Gerald Durant hesitated—the passengers already coming on board ; every moment worth a year of common life to Archie—hesitated ; pressed her trembling hand closer ; thought how charming it would be to have her with him still ; how strangely fate seemed ever to bring *him* into temptation and mischance of every kind ; how— Nay, but I need not record his thoughts in full. He was simply true to his irresponsible, vacillating nature : sentimentalized when he should have acted ; thought of the pleasant spending of a Summer's day, not of the child's life whose marring might depend so utterly upon his decision ; and in another five minutes the Lord of the Isles was on her course again—the possibility of Archie Lovell's return gone.

She stood silent until they were wholly out of sight of the people on the pier, then threw up her veil, and told Gerald, with a smile, that she felt quite brave now, and he need not be afraid of any more tears or tempers. For her father's sake, she added, she thought that she had done right to go on. It would have tortured him if the Morteville gossips had got up any stories about her going to Calais, and no doubt now she would be able to return home quietly before any of them were up to-morrow morning. How lucky that Jeanneton was safe away, and that she had the door-key in her own pocket ; and how pleasant it really was out here at sea ! " As I must go to London whether I like it or not, I may as well enjoy going to London—may I not, Mr. Durant ? Now that everything is inevitable, and that I am sure I'll be home before papa, I feel what fun it really is to run away. (I tried to run away once in Napoli when I was little, but a fisherman caught me, and gave me up to Bettina for two scudi.) And you—you look so miserable, Mr. Durant, as if you were a conspirator going to be caught and hung in chains the moment we arrive in London ! "

" I am not at all miserable, Miss Wilson," answered Gerald, a little confusedly ; for the girl's desperate ignorance of evil did—now that it was too late—begin to awaken self-reproach in his heart. " I was only envying you your rare happiness of disposition. A Morteville ball, or a Morteville luggage-boat, or a Morteville excursion-steamer—you can enjoy them all alike ! It is enough to make a man sad, you know, when he looks on at a child's amusement, and remembers that he, alas ! is a child no longer."

But although his conscience stung him sharply for a moment, before half an hour was over Gerald had ceased to think whether he was to blame or not, and had returned to all his old delight in Archie's society. His temperament always made him imperatively crave to be amused; and Archie always amused him! Their fellow-passengers, French and English; the different faces, as they grew white and grim, under the throes of on-coming sea-sickness; every little ludicrous incident of the voyage, her quick perception seized upon, and put, for his benefit, into quaint and graphic language. She was excellent company always; but, above all, in travelling; for, from the time she was a baby, her father had always encouraged her *bavard* tongue at such times, and Archie had not been slow to profit by his leave to talk. How charming a Winter's yachting in the Mediterranean, or a Summer's sport in Norway, would be with such a companion, Gerald thought, as she chatted on: it was about the thousandth time that he had thought how charming some particular position of life would be with her; what a pity it was that all this fine sense of the ludicrous that made a woman so companionable was a missing sense in Lucia. Poor Lucia! He had gone yachting with her once, he remembered, and she looked very green and plain, and cried because he would not attend on her when she was sea-sick, and wanted umbrellas and parasols and cloaks to be brought to her continually, under every fresh vicissitude of the complaint. Archie was not sick a bit. The healthy blood shone as bright through her clear skin on sea as on shore; the sun was not too hot for her or the wind too cold; in fine, she enjoyed herself and made him do the same, just as she had done through all the happy hours that they had spent together during the past week. Was it possible that the whole affair might be a serious one? that destiny, not accident, had brought about this strange voyage? that in spite of Lucia—of every hope—of every promise of his life, this blue-eyed child was to be his fate after all?

It was no time or place to talk sentiment now. A fresh breeze from the west began to blow as they neared the Foreland, and soon sea-sickness in all its Promethean forms was around them. "Could we get anywhere out of the way?" Archie asked, as victim after victim fell before the rising breeze. "I don't feel ill a bit, but it certainly would be pleasanter if we could get away from all these people."

"We could go upon one of the paddle-boxes," answered Gerald, "only that you are much too thinly clad, Miss Wilson. But if you would not mind wearing one of my coats upon your shoulders, I'll tell Bennett to get you one, and then——"

Just at this moment a stout, motherly-looking old lady, who had been sitting near them all the voyage, tottered abruptly to her feet, and with the choking terseness characteristic of sea-sickness, entreated Gerald to help her to the cabin-stairs. "If you'd like my cloak, take it," she added, turning to Archie, as Gerald with his prompt good-nature, steadied one leviathan arm between both his hands; "the cloak—on the seat there"—and the inmates of the cabin and the steward, fortunately ascending the stairs at the moment, heard the rest.

"Good old lady," cried Miss Lovell. "The very thing I wanted! See, Mr. Durant, a scarlet cloak with a hood to it—home-made, evidently—and with the old lady's initials neatly marked on a bit of tape at the back." And then she put the cloak on—very picturesque and gipsy-like she looked in it—and ran up lightly, at Gerald's side, to the top of the nearest paddle-box. "I call

this delicious," she cried, as the fresh air blew upon her face. "If my hat did not come off every minute, I should want nothing in the world. Mr. Durant, you couldn't lend me a handkerchief to tie it on with, could you?"

Gerald called to his valet who happened to be close at hand—wonderful to say of a valet, not ill—and five minutes later the superb Mr. Bennett handed to Miss Lovell an exquisitely embroidered piece of cambric that he had taken from his master's valise for her use.

"You don't mean to say that this is a handkerchief for yourself?" said Archie, as she examined it. "Why, it's fitter for a girl, much, than for a man. Such fine batiste, and so beautifully stitched in lilac, and this fine embroidered monogram in the corner! Mr. Durant, what a dandy you are!"

"A dandy without intending it," said Gerald, carelessly. He rather liked Lucia to call him a dandy, but hated the word from Archie's mocking lips. "I leave all such matters to Bennett. He filled a portmanteau full of these trumperies for me before we left Paris, but I have not looked at them yet. Take your hat off, Miss Wilson, I will hold it for you, and tie the handkerchief round your head—so. Now, do you feel that you have everything in the world you want? You ought, I am sure." And Mr. Durant looked long and admiringly at the mignonette, brown face so well set off by the coquettish head-dress and scarlet cloak, and background of blue sky.

"As far as dress is concerned, yes," answered Miss Lovell; "but"—she hesitated, and wondered whether she was committing an impropriety; then nature was too strong for her, and out the truth came, "but I wonder whether they give one dinner on board excursion-steamers. I *am* so hungry."

Mr. Bennett was called again in a moment, and a quarter of an hour later an excellent little impromptu pic-nic, consisting of chicken, ham, rolls, peaches and champagne, was brought up on the paddle-box. Miss Lovell partook of it with hearty appetite that no accident could check, and which on the present occasion was sharpened by the sea air; and Gerald ate too, but by snatches; and waited on Archie, steadying her plate and holding her tumbler, and laughing and jesting with her on her awkwardness every time that a lurch of the vessel made her clutch with her little brown hands at her chicken or her bread to prevent them from rolling from her lap. And so the time fled by. When they had finished their meal they were already past the Foreland; an advancing tide helped them quickly along up the river; and at a few minutes after seven the distant chimneys and spires of the great city first rose before Archie Lovell's excited eyes.

It was a glorious August evening, and as the vessel steamed slowly up to London Bridge, the city, under the magic touch of sunset, seemed transfigured from its accustomed smoke and blackness into a veritable city of the saints; a city of porphyry, amethyst and gold. Rank above rank, far away over the west, lay serried hosts of crystalline, vermilion clouds, gradually dying into ether as they neared the delicate opal-green of the horizon. The Thames, not a volume of yellowish-gray mud, but the Thames of Turner, broke under the arches of a bridge into a thousand burning, diamond-colored flakes of light. Every barge-sail or steamer-funnel on the river glowed rosy-red; every squalid house and wall along the quays had received some subtle hue of violet or of amber to transmute its ugliness. Mast and cupola, dome and spire, river and wharf—the alchemy of sunset touched them all alike into beauty. And high above, for once not a heavy mass of smoke-colored lead, rose St.

Paul's; in Archie's sight a heaven-tinted dome bearing aloft the cross, a golden promise, a light, a hope to all the toiling restless city at its foot.

Her heart beat as though with a new life. She had heard from Bettina that London was hideous, foggy, wicked; she saw it a majestic city, a dream of golden sky and river, grand bridge and stately wharf, and heaven-tinted dome. What must existence be here! What noble lives must not men and women lead in such a place, compared to the lives they led in poor little towns like Morteville! How she hoped there would be time for her to see one London street—ah, yes, one would suffice; with its brilliancy and riches, and crowds of city-dressed people—before she had to start upon her journey home. In a sort of ecstasy she pressed her hand on Gerald's arm as they were standing together on the deck, and made known this desire to him in a whisper. Cheapside, or Piccadilly, or Oxford Street, she said; mentioning the few London names she knew. Anywhere would do; but she would give all she possessed (two francs and a-half—poor Archie!—and the door-key) to see one street, with the shops gas-lit, before she left.

The request, and the hand-pressure, and the up-turned glance from the mignonne face sent the blood to Gerald's heart. A stronger man than he was, might, perhaps, have lost his coolness a little at such an hour, and alone with such a companion as Archie: and he stooped and whispered a few very sweet, very mad, words into the girl's ear; words not absolutely disloyal as yet, not more disloyal than those he had already spoken when they stood together on the terrace by the sea at Morteville; but words such as Lucia Durant, could she have heard them, would for very certain not have approved.

Before Archie could answer, before she could even think how much or how little Gerald's answer meant, the steamer had stopped. At once a hoarse Babel of sounds—foreign sounds they seemed to her—greeted them from the wharf; the pent-up tide of excursionists all eager to land, and untroubled by luggage, bore them resistlessly on toward the crowded, narrow gangway, and in another minute Archie Lovell's feet, for the first time in her life, rested upon English ground.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. DURANT'S GENEROSITY.

"AND I have got the old lady's cloak on still, Mr. Durant! What, in heaven's name, am I to do with it?" Gerald and Miss Lovell had been driven from the Thames pier to the London Bridge station, and were now waiting until a sublimely indifferent clerk would condescend to give them information about the tidal train to Folkestone. "She told me, as we came up the river, I might wear it till we got to London; and then in the hurry of landing I forgot all about her and her cloak and everything else. What ought I to do with it?"

"Keep it, if it is worth anything; leave it in the waiting-room if it is not," said Gerald, unhesitatingly. "I wonder, Miss Lovell, that you should ask any questions on such a point."

"Well, it really is old—old! and washed and mended," said Archie, falling at once into Gerald's easy morality, "so it can't matter much to the owner whether it's lost or not. I'll just keep it on for the present, and then, if I

find it too warm, leave it behind me somewhere. I would never like the prince or M. Gounod, or any of my partners, to see me land on the Morteville pier in it." Only this last part of the remark Miss Lovell made to herself, not aloud.

The sublimely-indifferent clerk now imparted to them that the tidal train for Folkstone left at half-past ten; in rather more than two hours, that was to say, from the present time. "And I can wait very well alone here at the station," said Archie, a little shyly; "and it is really time for us to say good-by. Mr. Durant, I have given you so much trouble, and I am so much obliged to you for your kindness!" They had only talked common-places since the last whisper of Gerald's on board the steamer, and the girl turned her eyes away from him as she spoke.

"Would you rather be without me," Miss Wilson? Say so, and I will go away at once."

"I don't want to trouble you, Mr. Durant. I think you must have had quite enough of me without waiting any longer here."

"And if I have not had enough of you? If I want exceedingly to stay and be of some use to you to the last?"

She smiled, holding down her face still, and Gerald, instead of going away, told his valet, who, observant and mystified, was waiting a few yards from where they stood, to get a cab and take his luggage home at once.

"Without you, sir?"

"Without me. I shan't be home till late. I am going to spend the evening at Mr. Dennison's in the Temple, most likely."

After which Mr. Bennett went off, thankful, whatever happened, that he had at length got the luggage fairly in his own hands, and could not by possibility be taken back to Morteville—a contingency he had several times speculated on as quite in the power of his master's companion to effect—and Mr. Durant and Archie were alone.

"Do I look mad, or foreign, or what?" she whispered, coming up close to Gerald's side. "These English people all stare at me so strangely as they go by."

Her face was flushed with excitement; her sailor's hat, as the wind had left it, a little on one side; her long hair hanging over her neck and shoulders; and this disarray, and her singular beauty, added perhaps to the fact of her being dressed in white muslin and a scarlet cloak, undoubtedly made her look different to the female British traveller ordinarily to be met with at this hour of the night at London stations.

"Perhaps if we were to go to the waiting-room," suggested Gerald, "you would like to have tea or coffee, or something, and while they are getting it, you might——"

"Make myself look human," interrupted Archie. "All right, only you need not have hesitated. The faces of the people as they go by tell me plainly enough the kind of monster they think me." And then she took Gerald's arm and tripped off with him down the long-echoing passage that they were told led to the refreshment-room. Tripped with feet that seemed to tread on air, so happy was she. The voyage had been delightful enough, but these breathless after-adventures were better still; these crowds of strangers, this foreign tongue—for to hear English spoken about her was foreign to Archie; above all, the sense of being in London, and alone, without Bettina, without her father! Once, years ago, in Florence, she had got out upon the roof of

the six-storied house where they lodged, and gazed with intoxicated, wondrous delight upon the altered world at her feet. Something of the same delicious giddiness, the same sense of wrong-doing and danger, and intense excitement, all blent into one, was upon her now. Of coming to positive harm—harm from which all her future life should never thoroughly free her—she had no more fear than she had, as a child, of falling down and being killed upon the Florence pavement.

In the refreshment-room a young person with an eighteen-inch waist, and shining black hair, *à l'imperatrice*, received with supreme composure Gerald's modest command of tea for two, and then, more than ever ashamed of herself from a certain expression she had read in the superb young person's eyes, Miss Lovell found her way to the ladies' waiting-room. The typical occupants of ladies' waiting-rooms were there. A fierce old maid, sitting bolt upright by the table, guarding eleven packages and a bird-cage, all of which she tried with a glare to clutch every time any one looked at her; a farmer's daughter, on her way from Somerset to a situation in Kent, who asked imbecile questions, and jumped up, with her face on fire, every time she heard a door open or a bell ring; a stout lady maternally occupied with a stout infant in a corner; and a thin lady with six children, out of temper, two nurses, a baby, bottles, food, toys, and children's luggage of all kinds, filling up the remaining portions of the room. Every woman and child present stared up with open eyes at Archie; the old maid by the table clutched her parcels tight, and shook her head meaningly at the thin lady, as much as to say, "You see I was right, madam. No knowing what sort of characters you may meet when you travel."

"Dressing-room to the right," cried an austere personage, the presiding official of the place, who was sitting with her hands before her, on the only comfortable chair the room afforded; and into the dressing-room Miss Lovell, more and more ashamed of herself, fled for refuge. There was a light from a gas-burner about twenty feet high, and a tall, dim looking-glass, and some very dark-complexioned water; no towels, no soap: can railway companies be expected to care how ladies wash their carnal hands? but provision for the spirit in the shape of large, printed texts on placards round the walls; a Bible and Prayer-book on a little deal table; also a missionary box. Miss Lovell dipped her face into water, and dried it on Mr. Durant's fine lawn handkerchief, which she happened to have left in the pocket of the cloak; pinned all her rebellious locks as tight and smooth as they would lie around her head; put her sailor's hat on straight, arranged the old red cloak decorously, and pulled down her blue gauze veil close over her face.

As she walked demurely back in this improved condition, she had the satisfaction of finding that the people stared at her somewhat less. "Which shows that it was nothing but my hair that made me look odd!" she remarked, seating herself opposite to Gerald, after ridding herself of her cloak and hat like a child, and tossing them down on a chair. "It's all very well to follow papa's picturesque tastes in Morteville, but directly I come to England—I mean, if I ever come here—I shall take very good care to look like other people. Now, I wonder," abruptly, "what your cousin Lucia would have thought if she had seen me a few minutes ago?"

The mere suggestion made Gerald wince. What would Lucia—what would any one who knew Lucia—think of his companion at this moment? She was looking prettier than ever; her face aglow from its recent bath; her bright,

wet hair negligently coiled round her head; her little brown hands clasped together on the table, as she leaned forward to speak to him; her blue eyes all alight with animation as they looked full into his. Born and bred in Italy, this girl had in her very nature something of the joyous careless abandonment of the women of the south. Her voice was musical always, but she spoke out—I will not say loud—as Englishwomen of pure race do not; she gesticulated, ever so little, as she talked; when she laughed, she laughed with free expansion of the chest; with fullest showing of the white teeth. In the drawing-room of a duchess Archie in an instant might have taken her stand as what she was; an English girl, gentle by birth, but with some subtle inoculation of southern eagerness and passion in her veins, and a want of manner so thorough as to be the very perfection of that which all artificial manner aims at—simplicity. But the waiting-room of the South Eastern terminus is not the drawing-room of a duchess; and whether her hair hung down loosely over her shoulders, or was coiled in this bright broad coronet above her face, looks of admiration, a great deal too coarse for Gerald's taste to brook, continued to be cast on poor Archie from every pair of male eyes that approached her.

"The English people are the worst-bred in the world," he remarked; so pointedly that a good old papa of fifty at a neighboring table, who had been staring at them uninterruptedly for five minutes, immediately sunk his head abashed into his newspaper. "Foreigners live in public, and are accustomed to it from the time they are six years old. The true Briton, when he does leave his den, stares about him as if he was in a wild-beast show. Now that we are going to eat," he added, laughing, for the girl began to look distressed in earnest, "we shall probably be found more interesting still. There is something peculiarly grateful to the citizen mind in watching curious animals feed. You will have something to eat with your coffee?" Doubtfully this, for it was not three hours since they had dined, and Gerald was ignorant as to how many meals a school-girl's appetite could require a day.

"Please. Nothing solid, though. Bread and butter, or brioche, or some fruit."

The superb young person signified, with dignity, that bread and butter, brioche and fruit, were things unknown to her. There were the refreshments that they saw upon the counter; fossilized sausage-rolls, battered old sandwiches, lava-hued buns strewn over with a cinderish deposit of currants, and packages of Wotherspoon's lozenges; and from these refreshments they could choose.

"Bring some buns, then," said Gerald, pointing out what appeared to him the least horrible object present; and buns were brought, and eaten by Archie—Mr. Durant looked on in silent wonder and admiration; and then the tea—very hot and very unlike tea—was drank; and Archie began to put on her gloves; and their talk went round again to what they would do with the hour and a quarter they still had to spare.

There would be no time, of course, to see anything?" said the girl; but her voice made it a question. "I mean anything of the London streets and shops?"

"Well, I don't see why not," Gerald answered, taking out his watch, either because he wanted really to know the time, or because he did not care just then to meet the full gaze of Archie's eyes. "These hansom fellows go so quick, I think, if we were to take one, we might have time to get to the West

End and back. Piccadilly, was it not Miss Wilson, that you wished to see?"

"Oh, yes; Piccadilly, or anywhere else," said Archie, to whom the words West End, Piccadilly, or hansom, all conveyed about the same meaning. "You know, of course, how much time we shall have. I'll do just as you think best."

"You will, Miss Wilson?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then let us go." And they rose; and while Gerald went to pay for the tea, Archie remained before a glass that hung close beside the table, putting on her hat and arranging her collar, and smoothing back her hair—with all the little well-contented gestures that come so naturally to a pretty girl before a looking-glass—and thinking how pleasant this drive by gaslight would be, and how sorry—with a great pang this!—how sorry she would be to part from Gerald at the end of it all. To part; to return to Morteville; and for him to go away and marry his cousin Lucia, and never think of her again while he lived!

When she got as far as this in her reflections a mist swam before Miss Lovell's eyes. She brushed her hand before them hastily, for she had a child's share of tears yet, as well as a child's facility in shedding them; and then, looking up into the glass again, she saw not only her own face reflected there, but a man's—a man's she knew.

The vision came upon her so quickly that, instead of turning round at once, she continued for a full minute to gaze, spell-bound like one in a dream, into the glass. Where had she known that face? In what country, at what time of her life, had those rough features, that gentle kindly expression, been so familiar to her? If her father's face had suddenly appeared above her shoulder it could scarce have seemed more home-like than did this one; and still she could recall no name to which it belonged. It was an English face; and what Englishman had she ever known intimately in her life? She was on the point of turning round when the stranger, whoever he was, moved away abruptly; and, when she did turn, three or four men were walking near her in different directions. Which of these could have been he who stood and looked at her? She had not the slightest clue by which to divine. One of the men was in a gray overcoat, the rest were in dark clothes. This was all she could tell about them; all probably that she would ever know about her vision. It must have been a chance likeness only that had startled her, she thought; a likeness most probably to some German or Italian friend of her father's, who had held her on his knee when she was a child, and the remembrance of whose face had slumbered in her memory till now. What a coward she must be that her heart should beat so quickly, the color all die out of her cheek—she had watched it do so in the glass—for such an accident!

But accident or coincidence, whichever it was, the vision had wrought a singular and utter revulsion in Archie's feelings. The expression of that face she had seen was grave and pitying; and instinctively she thought of it, brought her father before her and made her stop short, and reflect upon what all this was that she was doing. For the first time since she got clear of the Calais pier, she felt frightened, and wished she was at home. Bettina had often told her that men were wicked and designing—good-looking, fashionable men the worst of all. How could she know that Mr. Durant was not desperately wicked, in spite of his handsome face and pleading voice? Suppose she went away for this drive with him, and he did not bring her back in time,

and she missed the train, and never reached Morteville next morning, and when her father and Bettina came back they would find Jeanneton crying under the porte-cocher, and the door locked, and herself, Archie, gone. At this dreadful picture her lips quivered, a choking feeling rose in her throat, and when Gerald came back and offered her his arm, she was too agitated and too afraid to trust her own voice to speak. So, interpreting her altered manner in the way most flattering to himself, he led her away through the station, whispering a few encouraging words as they went, and pressing ever so slightly the little hand that he could feel was trembling nervously as it rested on his arm.

When they were outside he bade her wait one moment while he ran to hail a cab from the stand, about twenty or thirty yards distant, and then Miss Lovell spoke. "Please don't get a cab for me, Mr. Durant, I would rather not go, if you don't mind. I would rather wait here."

From any other woman Gerald would have expected this change of mind, and have argued the point. From Archie he knew that it was earnest, not a feint; and he remained dead silent. "I hope you won't think me silly to turn about so," she entreated him softly, "but when you were gone I began to recollect—about papa, you understand, and getting home—and I thought how dreadful it would be if I missed the train. Now, you are not cross with me?"

"Miss Wilson," he remarked, dryly. "Tell the whole truth. You are afraid to trust yourself with me."

Her hand shifted uneasily on his arm. "I'm not afraid, Mr. Durant, but—I don't know whether I ought. Now, I just ask you—supposing it wasn't you and me at all, do you think I ought?"

"To do what?"

"To drive about with you, and—and run the chance of losing the train."

"There need be no chance of losing it," he answered, promptly. "The question is, would you rather have an hour's drive through the cool streets, or remain in a suffocating waiting-room here?"

"Well, then, you decide for me, please!" She wanted desperately to see the shop-windows, and she felt how ungrateful it was, after all his kindness, to put so little trust in him. If you promise me to be back in good time for the train——"

"If I promise to do all that you wish, now and forever, Miss Wilson, will you come?"

An unwonted tremor was in his voice, and Archie Lovell's heart vibrated to it. In love with him she was not, had never been; save, perhaps, for that second's space upon the terrace at Morteville; but she liked him, she admired him—shall I be understood if I say that she pitied him? She felt for him, in spite of his eight years' seniority, something as an elder sister might feel for a brother whom she loves, but cannot thoroughly believe in; and standing here, alone with him now, her cheeks flushed crimson with shame, to feel—even while her heart thrilled to his words—how scanty was the trust she put in him, or in his promises. And this very distrust had well-nigh hurried Archie into trusting him! It seemed so cruel to hold back from him now; during the last short hour they would be together, to deny him in anything he asked of her.

"I don't know about obeying me forever, Mr. Durant," and Gerald detected in a moment that her voice was not thoroughly steady. "There won't be

much opportunity after to-night for you to obey or disobey me ; but now, if you really are sure——”

The words died on Archie Lovell's lips ; she drew her hand with a start from Gerald's arm. So close that he almost touched her as he passed, a man went quickly by them in the gaslight ; a tall, large-built man, in a gray overcoat, and with a certain square-set about the head and shoulders that convinced Archie, although she saw no feature of his face, it was the same man who had looked across her shoulder into the glass. The same mysterious influence he had exercised upon her then, returned, only with double, treble strength, across her mind. She would *not* go away with Mr. Durant ; she would wait here for the train that should take her back safely to her father and Bettina.

“Are you frightened, Miss Wilson ? Did that fellow touch you as he passed ? or do you know him, or what ?”

Archie's eyes, wide open, continued to follow the stranger until he was out of sight, and then, and not till then, she spoke. “I'm not frightened, Mr. Durant, but startled. That man is some one I have known—I am certain of it—and I can't help fancying that he recognized me——”

“Oh, not at all likely,” interrupted Gerald, lightly, “and if it were so what matter ? Now stay one moment here, while I cross the road and hail a cab.”

Instead of arguing any more, Archie diplomatically stole her hand again within his arm. “Mr. Durant,” she said, softly, “why should we waste the time by driving, after all ? It's the last time we shall ever be together. Yes, the truth must be spoken at length, and we shall be far better able to talk here than rattling over the streets of London in a fiacre. Take me for a walk over the great bridge there, and I shall like it better alone with you, than being shown all the fine streets and shops in the world.”

She held her face beseechingly up to his ; her voice came trembling, as it always did when she was moved ; and with some faint accent, some intonation rather, of Italian, clinging to its sound. And then this change of mind was, by her Machiavellian instinctive art, rendered in itself so gracious, so sweet, to Gerald's vanity ! He felt he could not but concede to her all she wished ; nay, he could not but acknowledge that she was too generous, too true, to be led into further folly. Corrupt Gerald Durant was not, nor cynical—although his easy nature led him into actions savoring of corruption, and of cynicism on occasions. What he most admired—consequently what he was himself good enough to recognize—in Archie, was her exceeding honesty, her untaught loyal frankness. And, call it epicureanism or virtue, he did at this moment feel that it was well that she should leave him thus ; well that he should be able to hang one unsullied portrait among the gallery of the women he had loved !

On the brink of every action—high or low, base or noble—Gerald Durant could be ever swerved aside by some sudden turn of sentiment like this. Sentimental, in reality, rather than passionate in love, it was in love affairs, above all, that he was most prone to waver. A coarse, selfish nature, like Robert Dennison's, walks straight to its immediate gratification ; a refined selfish nature, like Gerald's, hesitates, stops short ; speculates whether occasionally a higher pleasure may not be found in abnegation ! And though such men have not the materials in them for great heroes or for good lovers, their very weakness, somehow, makes them intensely lovable to people stronger than

themselves; and when, now and then, they do come to grief (and bring you to grief with them), you feel the whole guilt must, of necessity, belong to you, not them; which, for the sake of their consciences, is charming.

An accident, or Archie's uncompromising honesty, had saved them both; and already Gerald's imagination was moved by the thought of his own generosity; but the thought, too, that Archie would be always Archie—fair, pure, unsullied—in his recollection. Ten minutes ago, with the girl's blue eyes upraised to his, he had desired, as strongly as he ever desired anything in his life, to take her with him for that drive through London. The picturesqueness of the situation fired his fancy! driving with this little half-foreign girl, in her sailor's hat and white dress, along the streets of London in a hansom; listening to her childish talk about all she saw; holding her hand furtively in his, probably; and watching the changed look on her face when he began to tell her at last how much he cared for her. No; at this point the picturesque situation became common-place, and he had not fully thought it out.

Only, if a darkened life, if ruin, if despair, had chanced to ensue in after-times, Gerald would have looked back, and firmly believed, and made every one else believe with him, that he meant no wrong!

Circumstances, picturesque circumstances, had been too strong for him: just that.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ARCHIE put her hand within his arm and drew him a step toward her, or, as she meant it to be, toward London Bridge. That step was the first one in the direction of salvation.

"It will be better than seeing shop-windows and streets," she said, repeating her last words. "I can imagine the London streets—I have driven through Amiens by gaslight—but I can't imagine what it is to stand at night upon a mighty bridge like that. Thank you," for he was walking obediently by her side now. "Mr. Durant, how shall I ever thank you for all the kindness you have shown to me to-day?"

"You won't thank me in the only way I want, Miss Wilson. I don't care for any other."

"In what way shall I thank you, then? Tell me—I will do it."

"No, you will not. You cannot. The thing is over, impossible. You will go back to Morteville, marry your Russian prince, perhaps, and I—Miss Wilson," he interrupted himself, "I hope that you will write to me sometimes? Write and tell me you got to the end of your journey safely, at all events."

"I will send you a newspaper, Mr. Durant"—Gerald had already found some excuse for giving her his address—"just to let you know I am safe; but as to writing——"

"As to writing?"

"No; it would be better not. When we have said 'Good-by,' we have said it. Our lives lie apart."

"Miss Wilson—Archie, what a cruel speech!"

"A true one," she answered quietly. "My father is a poor man, Mr. Durant. A man—why should I mind telling you?—living a little under a cloud,

poor papa! and we write to no one. I don't know whether we shall live in Morteville any longer, or where we shall go even when we leave; and papa and Bettina might not find it convenient that I should be writing about, giving our address. Now, you are not angry with me for refusing?"

"No, Miss Wilson; I succumb to it as a necessity. It would be against every natural law that I should hear from you. Lawyers, duns, cousins, are the human beings who always remember to write. The people one cares for, never! You will remember me a month, if you are not amused Archie; two days, if you are."

The word "Archie" had fallen from his lips so naturally that Miss Lovell felt it would have been absurd, affected, for him not to use it. "Amused or not amused, I shall remember you," she said, simply. "I shall remember you while I live."

"And some day come to remember me with contempt, probably," said Gerald. "I fancy most people do that when they think my character over." Archie was silent.

"You don't contradict me?" he persisted. "Some day, when you look back on all this as a thing of the past, you will remember me with contempt."

"With contempt, never!"

"With what feeling, then?"

"I don't know, Mr. Durant. What is the use of my trying to look forward to what I shall think when I am old and wise? I am foolish now, and—and I don't think of you with contempt. Where is the good of looking forward?"

Now, the preceding little questions and answers had not been spoken uninterruptedly as I have written them, but with such hiatuses and dislocations as must be inevitable in the speech of any two persons who should attempt to whisper soft nothings amid a crowd of some thousands of London excursionists. One of those cheap trains to which by bitter irony the name of pleasure is prefixed, had just disgorged itself at the South Eastern terminus, and a stream of human beings, the men beer-sustained but dreadfully depressed with baby-carrying, the women loudly miserable, the children wailing from overmuch gingerbread and want of sleep, were jostling Archie and Mr. Durant at every step they took. At the moment they were about to cross the bridge three or four young men, not drunk exactly, but nearer drunk than sober, pressed up behind them with some of the remarks that to persons of their class pass current for humor respecting Archie's scarlet cloak and Gerald's hat. He had travelled in that same Tyrolese hat that he wore on the day when Archie first met him, and which was certainly not of a shape you see in London streets, save in connection with monkeys and white mice. Miss Lovell, her presence of mind forsaking her, dropped Gerald's arm, and in a second she felt herself lost! Lost in a coarse, hot mob, and with three or four insolent faces, for the young men kept their attention on her still, peering under her hat and making remarks (happily lost upon her, being in slang) as to her dress and her pretty face, and "the Frenchman's," Gerald's, want of pluck in not taking better care of her.

She was intensely, sickeningly frightened; and gave a sort of little cry—holding her hands up, as if to beg her assailants to spare her—with a word or two of Italian bursting from her in her terror. At the sound of the foreign tongue their amusement redoubled, and one, the biggest and most insolent-looking of the group, was just pushing his face into horrible closeness with

Archie's, when he received the most summary check to his admiration conceivable: a blow straight between the eyes, that sent him staggering back into one of his companion's arms; also from the circumstance of Gerald wearing a signet ring upon the little finger of his right hand, giving him a mark for life just above the bridge of his short nose. In a second, at this unexpected show of fight from "the Frenchman," every sign of a regular street-row arose.

Before Gerald could strike out again, two stout mechanics' wives, who had seen nothing whatever of the affair, were clinging on, shrieking, to each of his arms; his hat, which had fallen off in the rush he made to save Archie, was being pitched hither and thither, with shouts of derision in the crowd, and cries of "Shame, shame!" began to make themselves heard as his antagonist's face, deadly white, and covered with blood, rose up and glared vengefully about in the gaslight.

At this moment, luckily for the patricians in the affray, a couple of policemen appeared on the scene, with three or four more following rapidly, within thirty yards. As a matter of course, the man with a broken nose was colared first; for policemen, being only human, have more faith in their own eyes than in any other kind of evidence.

"It wasn't me at all!" he cried, as well as he could speak. "It was the other fellow struck me, savage, in the face."

The policeman asked who? One man, who had seen, answered, "The Frenchman;" and immediately the crowd—who had not seen—vociferated "the Frenchman, the Frenchman!"

"Where is he? Point him out."

But now the crowd was a little at fault. Gerald, in a Tyrolese hat, might look unlike an Englishman; but Gerald's smooth face, without a hat at all, looked less like a Frenchman's than any man's in the crowd.

"There's the young woman as was with him!" cried a voice. "Her in the scarlet cloak and round hat."

The poor young woman in the scarlet cloak, upon this, found herself the object of attention to hundreds of eager, dirty faces, and with both of the policemen asking her for information. Which was the Frenchman?

Much too frightened to say she did not know, Archie pointed vaguely to one of her late tormentors, a young man who happened to wear a tuft of black hair upon his chin, and gasped out:

"He began it all—indeed, he did! This one," showing the man with the broken nose, "was not as bad. The other began it."

This was something tangible and conclusive, and gave the clue at once as to what every one had seen. The stout females who had been clinging to Gerald dropped him now, as an obscure person of no interest, and pressed forward to furnish each her quota of evidence.

"I seen the blow struck myself, sir, by this here young man with the beard, and the other man fell back, and——"

"Move on," cried one of the policemen authoritatively, as soon as he saw which two out of the mob were his men, and the rest of the force having now come up; and on the crowd was moved; the injured man in front, the supposed Frenchman tightly collared in the rear, and vainly protesting against the illegality of his capture.

Gerald, with a sign of his hand, made Archie comprehend that she should stand passively where she was and wait for him. She did so, and not until the crowd had thoroughly broken and dispersed did he return to her side.

"I'm not a bit frightened!" she cried, seizing hold of him, half-crying, half-laughing, and trembling in every limb. "Not a bit. Mr. Durant, how you saved me, and how brave you were!"

"In letting another fellow be taken up for my work?" he asked.

"No, no; in coming as you did to my help. That horrible man was putting his face close—close to mine! and I felt myself getting sick and blind with fright, and then your arm struck out before me, and I was saved!"

And she clung to him.

"And, but for you, would have finished the evening at a police station," said Gerald. "In spite of my reason I still retain the instincts of an English school-boy, and never can help hitting out on these sorts of occasions; but it is the instinct of a fool! Only for your presence of mind I should have been carried off to the nearest lock-up house, and you would have been left here, among a London crowd, alone."

Archie trembled more than ever at the thought.

"But I don't know what presence of mind I showed, Mr. Durant. How did I save you being carried off by the police?"

Gerald explained to her; and Archie felt a Quixotic impulse to rush after the crowd, tell the policeman the truth, and cause the wrong man to be freed. Then she wondered whether Gerald was right in letting the mistake go on; even to this miserable, unknown shop-boy, was it upright, loyal? and then she remembered he had done it for her sake, and clung to him again. Every question was solved by Archie at this time of her life by impulse, not principle; and the first intuitions of that fine nature were ever right. Only, like a child, when she saw that the people she liked felt differently to herself, she went over, without a struggle, to their side.

"I did not tell a story intentionally, at all events," she remarked, after a few minutes' thought. "And the man with the beard did begin—teazing me, I mean, and I hope he will be well frightened, but not put in prison, for his punishment. Mr. Durant, look at your coat!" One of the sides of Gerald's coat was torn across from the collar to the arm. "And your hat—where is it? Great heavens, what can we look like?"

Unlike other people, most incontestibly. Archie in the costume you know of; Gerald, with his torn coat, and hatless. A policeman, one of those who had come up at the conclusion of the row, walked by just at this moment, turned, and scrutinized them narrowly. They were standing close under a lamp, and he could see both of their faces as clear as if it had been noonday.

"Luckily for me, Miss Wilson, that the night is so hot," said Gerald, speaking with intentional distinctness. He had a mortal dread, for Archie's sake, of being implicated still in the affray. "When those people were killing each other, some ruffian knocked my hat off, and the last I saw of it was making a somersault in the air over the bridge. If you really want to go further we must make haste," he added, taking out his watch. "Our train starts at half-past ten, and it is nearly ten already."

And then X 22 moved on—whatever suspicions he may have entertained of these "foreign-looking customers" set at rest; and with the face, and voice, and trick of manner of one of them, at least, graven upon his professional memory for life.

They walked slowly on to the middle of the bridge, and soon, in her wonder and delight at what she saw, the excitement of the adventure faded from Archie Lovell's mind. She was keenly susceptible, as few girls of her age—

as few women of any age—are, to emotions derived simply from without, and unconnected with personal or petty interests. Lucia would have talked for hours about the torn coat and lost hat, and all that she had gone through, and all that everybody would say when they heard of her courage. Archie forgot the adventure, and her companion, and herself, in the bewilderment of new and vivid feelings which the sight of London awakened in her. Some dim sense of the pathos, the mystery, of this "mighty heart," broke, child as she was, across her intelligence, and held her lips silent, and suffused her eyes with tears. It was starlight now, and dome and spire, and distant minster, lifted their shadowy shapes of delicate silver-gray against the purple arch of sky; along the riverside the quiver of innumerable lamps showed forth in fitful relief the gloomy outlines of the wharves and houses; a chaos of reflection was painted blood-red and luminous upon the inky "highway of the world" beneath. As Archie stood and gazed around her she felt a sudden realization of what life is; life with all its limitless powers of suffering and of happiness. Ah, what sorrow, she felt, what sorrow, what love, what patient endurance, what tragic passions of all kinds, must be stirring in these millions of human hearts amid which she stood, a foolish girl who had never suffered, never loved, never lived, save in play! Her breath came quickly; she dropped her companion's arm, leant her breast against the cold stone parapet of the bridge, and sighed; a vague yearning for life, and all that life unfolds, even its misery, stirring her heart as with an actual pain.

"You sigh, Miss Wilson," said Gerald. "You are tired out at last. Take my arm and let us turn back to the station. There isn't very much to be seen here after all, is there?"

"I beg your pardon," she cried, with a start. "I—I don't think I could have heard you right."

He repeated his words, and Archie was shocked at their commonplace sound. "Not much to see! How can there be more? I never saw anything so great before in my life."

"No? Did you never see any large cities by gas-light in Italy?"

"Yes; but I was a child then, and English people did not live in them. I feel here"—her voice faltering with one of its subtle, wonderful inflections—"as if I had brothers and sisters for the first time in my life."

Mr. Durant smiled at her eagerness. "You should see Paris on a fête-day if you are so fond of lamp-light effects. You wouldn't think much of London if you had seen the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries illuminated."

After which Archie spoke no more to him of what she felt. With her father she could have lingered here, she felt, for hours; interchanging ever and anon a quaint fancy, or hazarding a wild suggestion, as their custom was, together. From Gerald she felt that she was very far apart. He could dance with her, laugh with her, sentimentalize with her. At this moment, when noble longings, fresh enthusiasm, stirred her heart, Mr. Durant stood in a different world to hers.

She took his arm as he told her, and they went on, at her wish, to the farther end of the bridge, then crossed, so as to have a different view of the city on their way back. The pavement was not so densely crowded here; and as they walked slowly along, Archie happened to notice a woman's figure crouched away in a corner of one of the recesses, and with her head sunk down against the wall at her side. "Look, Mr. Durant," she whispered, "is that woman ill? See the way she crouches there, in that thin dress, and with nothing round her. Let me speak to her."

"Good God, no, Miss Wilson!" exclaimed Gerald, quickly. "We are not in Morteville, remember. No one ever speaks to people in London."

"Not if they are ill?"

"Oh, she is not ill. No one ever is ill. Let us come on, please."

But Archie held obstinately back. "I am sure that woman is ill—I know it from the look of her hands—do you think I've seen no sick people abroad, ever? Ill, and in that dress, poor soul! Mr. Durant, do you think it would be dishonest for me to give her this cloak? I really want to get rid of it—it's so hot, and it would never do for me to land in Morteville in things that don't belong to me."

"Then please leave it at the station, or throw it, if you prefer, into the Thames. You *cannot*, really, speak to people of this kind." And he drew her on, sorely against her will, for four or five steps.

But then Archie made a resolute stop, and with a quick movement unhooked her cloak and transferred it from her shoulder to her arm. "Mr. Durant, please, I would rather give it to her. Is it because you think it dishonest you won't let me?"

"Certainly not. The cloak, to begin with, is worth nothing, and you can never get it back to its rightful owner. It is—Miss Wilson, I cannot tell you why you must not do these charitable things in London. Pray be guided by me. It would never do for you to speak to people of that sort."

"People of what sort?"

He hesitated. "People who go to sleep in the recesses on London Bridge."

"Miserable people, in short?"

"Yes, that is one way of putting it. The woman—well, not to speak sentimentally, the woman is most probably 'overtaken'—only you don't know what that is—and will no doubt be in the kindly charge of the police before very long."

"But my speaking to her wouldn't make me be 'overtaken,'" persisted Archie; bringing out this unconscious condensation of all Christian charity, with the quiet pertinacity that was peculiar to her. "Come, Mr. Durant, you are not very much in earnest about it. I can tell by your face you don't mind letting me have my own way!"

Any persistent human being, right or wrong, could have his way with Gerald; and Archie, in another minute, had turned, and was bending over the sunken figure in the recess. Gerald stood three or four yards from her, no nearer. His nature shrank from everything sick, or miserable, or repulsive. He would give other people who asked it of him, money for such objects, if he happened to have money in his pocket. To go near them, to look, voluntarily, at ugliness; to touch a squalid hand; feel the impure breath of lost lips like these, were duties that did not at all lie within the scope of his philosophy.

Miss Lovell bent over the poor, unconscious wretch, and spoke to her; spoke with the honeyed sweetness of true womanly compassion; and the girl raised her head a little and silently stared at her. Her figure was turned away from the pavement, so that Gerald could only catch an outline of her face in profile, but Miss Lovell could see it full. It was a fine face, she thought; haggard and full of misery, but with a pale, pure skin, and handsome, clear-cut features. What horrible accident, she marvelled, could have brought a girl, scarce older than herself, to be abroad alone at this hour, and in such a place!

"You must be chill, sitting here. Will you take this cloak, please? I don't want it—I should be glad for you to take it, dear."

Still no answer; only when Archie had put the cloak round her shoulders—herself stooping to fasten it—the girl's lips parted, and in a strange, hoarse voice, a voice from whence the very ghost of youth and womanhood seemed flown, tried to thank her.

Archie drew ever so little away at the sound. "Can I do anything more for you?" she said. "You'll be warmer now, I think, but I would like to do something more for you before I go."

But the woman made no answer; only with a sort of groan sank her head down low between her hands; perhaps the two or three mechanical syllables she had uttered had exhausted the last of human speech, of human consciousness, that was left to her; and Archie, with a disappointed conviction that Mr. Durant's way of viewing the matter had been, at least, a practical one, returned to his side.

She saw, to her surprise, that there was a troubled, softened expression upon his face. "Mr. Durant, how grave you look," she whispered. "Are you really annoyed with me still for my obstinacy? I don't think I have done either harm or good. The poor creature seems to be beyond feeling, want, or hunger, or any other pain, now."

Instead of replying at once, Gerald stood and continued to gaze with a sort of fascination at the crouching figure, whose face was now entirely hid from him again. He had seen one turn of the profile, and Maggie Hall's face in a moment had come before him. Maggie! why, the very thought of her being here was monstrous. Robert's wife, wherever she was, must be living at least in common comfort; and this was a miserable outcast of the London streets! He did not walk up to the woman's side, bid her raise her face, and so put doubt at an end at once, because want, and disease, and squalid vice, were, as you know, intensely repugnant to him; and Gerald Durant never voluntarily made a movement in the direction of any distasteful duty. He continued to watch her only; vaguely remembering the fresh-faced girl he used to meet among the lanes at Heathcotes; and a pitying, sentimental regret crossed his heart as he marvelled how this lost wretch could, in the depths to which she had fallen, wear the print of beauty like poor Maggie's still! And then—then he did what was much more congenial to him than thinking of unpleasant subjects, or unhappy people of any kind: felt the touch of Archie's hand upon his arm again, and turned away with a laugh—a laugh, and one of the childish jests they were accustomed to have together, in the direction of the station.

God knows if the wanderer heard and recognized his voice! To this hour Gerald Durant looks back with a feeling of remorse to the possibility. Not that the responsibility of anything that happened that night burthens his conscience. Because he saw, or fancied he saw, a chance likeness to Maggie in this stranger's face was no reason he should have gone up and spoken to her. He made it a rule never to interfere in any painful circumstances whatsoever; and really the whole affair, from first to last, concerned him not. It is not this. It is the cruelty—let me use the right word—it is the ill-breeding of having jested in the hearing of a dying woman that haunts him!

Just as they were starting on their way again, the city clocks struck the quarter past ten; and Gerald told Miss Lovell that they must walk on quick. "We have been trying to say good-by for nine hours!" he remarked; "but

it is none the less hard to say now that the time for parting has come in earnest. In ten minutes more I shall be standing alone, looking after the train that takes you from me. I deserved nothing better, Archie," he added, tenderly. "I don't complain. I'm not selfish enough to wish your life to be mixed up, in any way, with such a life as mine!"

At which confession the tears rushed hotly into Miss Lovell's eyes, and her hand rested more heavily than it had done before upon his arm. A woman never knows, perhaps, how much she *might* have liked a man, until she hears definitely that he is nobly prepared to relinquish her.

They had not much more opportunity for conversation of any kind now.

The station was one dense crowd of night-mail passengers, porters, and luggage, on their arrival, and Gerald had only just time to get Miss Lovell's ticket and hurry her away into the train before the second bell rang.

"You are all right, now," he said, standing upon the step of the carriage as he spoke, and holding her hand in his. "You won't forget to write—no, to send the newspaper—telling me that you got home safe?"

"And—and, Mr. Durant," she whispered, "how much money do I owe you, please? Forty-two shillings and a sixpence, is it not? Yes, I am sure it is. I have counted every time you paid anything for me. I will send it as soon as I know of any one going to London."

"And make me feel you never want to have anything more to do with me," said Gerald. "Wait for all reckoning up of accounts until we meet again, Archie, and then, if the balance is in my favor, pay me."

"Till we meet again——" So far she repeated his words: then her voice broke down, and Gerald Durant felt the greatest difficulty in the world to let her hand go coldly. But the eyes of two grim old ladies, the other occupants of the carriage, were upon them, and the guard was standing, his key already in the lock of the door, and so, perforce, he had to step down on the platform and leave her without more demonstration.

Another hand-pressure, another "Good-by, Archie," from him. A little, brown face, wet with tears, held out to take a last silent look at him as the train moved—

And then the fairest episode of all Gerald Durant's life was over. Archie had left him.

SOUND AND SENSE.



RECENT work quotes the statement of M. Alibert, a French medical writer, to the effect that the languages of different nations are sometimes only imitations of the cries of the animals of the country. "My illustrious friend, Bernardin de Saint Pierre," says M. Alibert, "has himself made this observation. He remarks, for example, that the language of the English resembles the whistling of the birds which inhabit the shores of their island; he adds that the Dutch imitate the croaking of the frogs with which their marshes abound; that the Hottentot clucks like the ostrich, and that the Patagonian reproduces the melancholy roaring of the sea." It must

have occurred to acute observers that the various guttural tones which may be distinguished in any enthusiastic and voluble assemblage of Teutons, when divested of any sense that might be conveyed by them to accustomed ears, bear surprising resemblance to the concerts of frogs which we hear in country roads; and that their singing, though sonorous and grand, has a kind of association to the ear with that "frog song," containing so many rugged and explosive consonant sounds, which used to be rendered with much applause at the minstrel halls. Occasionally of an evening, in former days, I have heard a very bulky frog ripping out what seemed to be those very "seventeen-cornered old High-German oaths" which were spoken of in a late number of *THE GALAXY*. This does not at all prove the theory above enunciated; but, whether that theory be correct or not, the comparison of the English tongue to the notes of birds is a testimony to its euphony. The Arabs, it is said, universally refer to Europeans as speaking the language of birds. Our spoken language is an eminently mechanical affair; its variations depending strictly on the variations of the organs of speech; and it is a quaint and not impossible supposition that these organs in different lands, acted on

by the peculiar influences of climate, food, training, etc., might assume that organization which should make their tones harmonize with the prevalent voices of nature. Why, for instance, might not the organs of a human race, as well as the aperture of a sea-shell, be so charged with insensible influences, as, after the lapse of time, to reproduce spontaneously the roar and moan of the ocean?

Many of the sounds of our letters can be produced by artificial means. An article in an English periodical, reporting Mr. Alexander Melville Bell's system of Visible Speech, or Universal Language, mentions how, many years ago, Von Kempelen obtained the vowel sounds by adapting a reed to the bottom of a funnel-shaped cavity, and placing his hand in various positions within the funnel; also imperfect imitations of *l*, *m* and *p* by a hollow, oval box, in two portions, representing jaws; and, by constructing an artificial mouth of a bell-shaped piece of caoutchouc, nostrils of two tin tubes, and lungs in the form of a rectangular wind-chest, produced, with more or less completeness, the familiar sounds of *n*, *d*, *g*, *k*, *s*, *j*, *v*, *t* and *e*. By combining these he produced the words opera, astronomy, etc., and the sentences, *Vous êtes mon ami—Je vous aime de tout mon coeur*. Prof. Willis states that the vowel sounds can be produced by throwing a current of air upon a reed in a pipe, and shortening or lengthening the pipe for the different vowels. We are told that the earliest method of writing was by pictures for visible objects, and suggestive characters for abstract ideas—as a circle for eternity. Mr. Bell, without going as far back as this, proposes to write by sound and to make the letters of his alphabet express the position of the vocal organs while uttering them. "Mr. Bell," it is said, "finds thirty symbols sufficient to denote all the two hundred varieties of vowel and consonant sounds. Each symbol has a name which does not include the sound of the letter, but merely describes its form. The learner has thus at first only to recognize pictures. But the name of the symbol also expresses the arrangement of the mouth which produces the sound; so that when the symbol is named, the organic formation of its sound is named at the same time. In order that thirty symbols may denote two hundred sounds, Mr. Bell has adopted certain modes of classification. All vowels receive a common generic symbol; all consonants another; vocality and whisper have their respective symbols, so have inspiration, retention and expulsion of breath; so have the touching and the vibration of the several vocal organs; so have the lips, the palate, the pharynx, the glottis, and the different parts of the tongue; so has the breathing of sounds through the nostrils or through nearly closed teeth. There are thirty of these generic meanings altogether, and they are combined to make up letters, every part of every letter having a meaning." In a test of this alphabet, Mr. Bell's son "uttered a great variety of sounds—whispered consonants, vocal consonants, vowels, diphthongs, nasal vowels, interjections, inarticulate sounds, animal sounds, mechanical sounds—all of which are susceptible of being represented in printed or written symbols. Then, the son being out of the room, several gentlemen came forward and repeated short sentences to Mr. Bell, some in Arabic, some in Persian, some in Bengali, some in negro patois, some in Gaelic, some in Lowland Scotch, some in Norfolk dialect; Mr. Bell wrote down the sounds as he heard them. The son was then called in, and, looking attentively at the writing, repeated the sentences with an accuracy of sound and intonation which seemed to strike those who were best able to judge as being very remarkable." Mr. Bell states that, beside the mem-

bers of his own family, only three persons have been made acquainted with the symbols; but he is willing to surrender his private rights for the good of the public, on condition that the cost of introducing the system may be undertaken at public expense.

We believe we violate no confidence in stating that a system of language has recently been discovered, and is now being developed, not very far from this city, which claims to be founded on spontaneities, intuitions and relations a good deal wider and deeper than the handful of gristle and meat that constitute the vocal organs. This new language, we believe, is to include, by its own organic logic, astonishing capabilities for calculations of various sorts. It also applies to each thing a name which arises by innate self-interpretation (so to speak) out of the essence of the thing. Two successive names have already arisen in this manner for this language, out of the essence of it. The first was *TICKIEWA*, accent on the first syllable. The second, or improved name, which is that now used, is more rotund; something like "*Oolongwa*."

A thoroughly practical system of this sort would be infinitely convenient if it could be brought into general use. Novelists and descriptive writers who study sound and dialect to give distinctiveness and reality to their characters, find our alphabet inadequate to convey the ludicrous varieties of pronunciation which we hear in every-day life. All the dots, and dashes, and figures of the orthoepists, and the system of re-spelling used in most of the dictionaries are unable to effect this. But how much point and life might be infused into descriptive writing if we could express whispers, inspiration, retention or expulsion of the breath, vocal consonants, nasal vowels, interjections, animal and mechanical sounds, as it is said may be done by this new system!

How great the effort is to make the sound of words correspond with the idea expressed, is seen in all good writers. When Milton desires to picture the dire conflict between the angels, he makes his sentences rumble over harsh and rugged consonants:

"But soon obscured with smoke all heaven appeared,
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Embellled with outrageous noise the air
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes."

To express an opposite idea his sentences glide on vowels:

"And all the while harmonious airs were heard."

Bacon says: "The trembling of water hath resemblance to the letter *l*; quenching of hot metals to the letter *z*; snarling of dogs with the letter *r*; the noise of screech owls with the letter *sh*; voice of cats with the diphthong *eu*; voice of cuckoos with the diphthong *ou*; sounds of strings with the diphthong *ng*." This analyzation—or, rather, onomatopœia—might be carried much further. The idea of bubbling is well expressed by the word, but Shakspeare, in a well-known verse, adds the *l*'s and *b*'s until, when read by fine elocutionists, we almost hear the sound of the water:

"For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble,
Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

The description of a yielding, wavy motion is intensified by the sound of

t, as in the phrase, "wallowing unwicldy," used by Milton. The letter *r* is well used to express harsh, grating, rattling noises, and has a narrower and quicker sound than *l*. Thus :

"Such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain—"

So *s*, *z*, *sh*, *zh* express all hissing and sharp sounds, as in Collins's Evening :

"Save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern wings."

A similar effect in a line of the poet Percival indicates a curious bluntness of ear or else carelessness for music in words. In a poem intended to suggest any ideas rather than things sharp or hissing, Percival sings—or rather whistles :

"On thy fair boSom, Silver lake,
The wild Swan SpreadS hiS Snowy Sail."

A hum, a murmur, the vibration of a harp-string, or any similar sound, is best expressed by the letters *m*, *n*, *ng*. Sudden surprise seems to have an association with *st*, as in Spenser :

"With staring countenance stern, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to meet what sudden stour
Had wrought that horror strange, and dared his dreaded power."

So the emotion of fear, in which the voice sinks to a whisper, is better expressed by such letters as *h*, *f*, *t*, *p*, *k*, than by *v*, *d*, *b*, *g*, etc. Long vowels describe slow motions, as :

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

Short vowels describe quickness, as, for instance, the short *i* in the following :

"Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore has the wind-swift Cupid wings."

An Alexandrine line full of long vowels to express slow motion is the commonest illustration of sound aiding sense, as in Dryden's *Æneid* :

"Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains."

Other instances might be given at length.

The orthoepists, it seems, are not yet agreed as to the sounds in our commonest letters and words, for Mr. Caleb Bates Josselyn has just published a pamphlet in which is unfolded the plan of a new Pronouncing Dictionary. We are told that in the passage of the voice from *m* to *s* we unavoidably pronounce *p*, showing that there is no difference in the common, rapid pronunciation of glimce and glimpse ; in the passage from *n* to *s* we pronounce *t*, showing sense and cents, false and faults, to be the same ; in the passage from *ng* to *s* and *ng* to *th*, *k* is developed, making kings and length, really kingks and lengkth. The words comb and limb, adding *s* to themselves in the plural, redeem their *b* from silence ; and *b* would be *p*, as above, if the *s* were not flattened into *z*. *Sh* we are told is *sy*, as in "I shell" (Ice yell), "I miss you" (I mishu). Wh is really *hw*, as you will see by prefixing *h* to wine, and making it hwine, or, as we absurdly spell it, whine. And so on.

To show the peculiarities of pronunciation among men of different dialects, and among foreigners attempting to speak our language, would require too much space to be attempted in this article. It is curious, however, to observe the law of compensation that operates in almost all cases of mispronunciation. The cockney banishes *h* from heaven, but gives it a place in earth. The *v* that is dropped when the wictuals come upon the table, finds a local habita-

tion in the vine that is drank afterward, and the missing *w* had already fitted the gap that was left by the *v*. The Dutchman interchanges *f* for *v*, *t* for *d* and *p* for *b*, as was noticed when a worthy adopted citizen was attempting to explain the difference between two swine, the smallest of which was the oldest. "The little big," he said, "is the piggest." His *frau* interposed a correction. "You will excuse him," she said, "he no speak coot English. He no mean the little big is de piggest, but de youngest little big is de oldest." The countryman enjoys himself in walking among the meaders with Elizar by his side; and cannot endure the "airy" individual who, having remained during the Wintah in the city, takes his country trip in the Summah; yet in the wonderful operation of natural laws the one uses the *r*'s which the other passes by without notice. So, when our country cousin drops a termination from nothin' and somethin', there are some in the city who add the wandering *ng* to garding and founting, or in lieu of that give the curtailed words a new letter and make them nothink and somethink.

In the mouths of some speakers and actors, with aggravated attacks of elocution, who desire to display the sonorous tones of their voice, the sounds of the language undergo strange contortions. The liquids, *r*, *l*, *m* and *n*, especially suffer. The Fourth of July orator extends his right arm, rolls his eyes upward in a "fine frenzy" and exclaims: "Ullovel-ly art-ah thou, oh, gallo-rious ulland! M-mighty, m-m-a-a-are-vel-lous and m-magnificent n-nation! Beyutiful-l be-yond powerrr of th' pa-a-ainter's pencil to picturre! The urrefuge of strruggul-ling hu-u-manity!" He adds as many new letters as the boys in their "hog latin," which is made use of to mystify eavesdroppers. A boy asking a friend to go with him says, "Wig-ge you-ge go-ge wig-ge me-ge?" The other, replying in the negative says, "Noge, Ige woge."

The "ah" at the end of the word is peculiar to religious speakers; and very many other affected pronunciations spring up in the pulpit and the prayer-meeting, marring the effect of good teachings and furnishing opportunities to scoffers. Many well-intentioned laymen think it is an evidence of earnestness to get utterly out of breath in their prayers, making no proper pauses, and drawing in frequent and hasty supplies of breath through the medium of those dreadful oh's, which, I think, are worse than "those dreadful urs," of which Holmes speaks. I remember a good and eloquent preacher who used always to pray—and I mention it not frivolously—in beautiful words of Scripture, as follows: "Awake-ah! awake-ah! oh, arm of the Lord-ah, and put on strength. Gird-ah thou thy sword-ah to thy thigh-ah, victorious King, and ride-ah thou forth-ah in thy Gaw-awspel charriot congkerring and to cong-ker-ah," etc.

But the tragedy pronunciation of the theatres is worse than all:

"When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
Cries, 'Help, kyind heaven!' and drops upon her knees,
On the green—baize—beneath the (canvas) trees—
See to her side avenging valor fly—
'Ha! villian! draw! Now, terraitorr, yield or die!'"

It will be seen that there is a predilection on the stage for the Walkerian pronunciation of kind. Here are other specimens:

"How-now-ye-se-kurret-bla-ack-and-mid-night Haags!"
"Me harse! Me harse! Me kyindom for a harse!"
"M-m-mis-creant! Now-be-me-so-o-wl, kurraven wr-r-r-retch!"

The mere resemblance in the pronunciation of many words furnishes to the language all its rhymes. The identity in pronunciation of different words or the double meaning of the same word furnishes all our puns. These subjects would require too much space to be treated of in this article. A whimsical effect is produced in various ways by a similarity of pronunciation. Moore has this enigma in his Diary: My first is a dropper, my second a propper, and my whole a whopper. The answer is "Falstaff." A California divine being asked, after a trip to Silver Land, what he thought of the country, replied, "There are but three things at Washoe, sir—big mines, little mines, and whiskey shops; in other words, Ophir holes, gopher holes, and loafer holes." A traveller, interrogating a backwoodsman, received brief but pertinent answers, thus: "Whose house is this?" "Moggs." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Fogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "What do you live on?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs." The following reply is still briefer, for it answers two questions at once: "Here, Biddy, me darlint, what's the time o'night and where's the pertaty pudding?" "It's eight, sir." It is said to be an actual fact that a boat sometime ago passed up the Ohio River named the Cherrystone, from Redstone, bound to Limestone, loaded with millstones and grindstones, and commanded by Thomas Stone.

There is a poetical account somewhere of a sailor man who (in the ditty) answers a hail, thus:

"I'm Jonathan Homer, master and owner
Of the schooner Mary Ann.
She comes from Piankatank, laden with oak-plank,
And bound for Surinam."

A tolerable antithesis is produced in the following by the mere pronunciation:

"The Yankee widow heaves a sigh, then (eminently practical) mayhap constructs a pie;
The Hindoo widow utters moan and cry, and then constructs a pyre.
The first from men evokes not e'en a 'fie!'
The last from stolid wood evokes a fire."

Echo verses have occasionally amused the most erudite writers in moments of leisure, though they have also met with some ridicule. Butler speaks of them as—

"Small poets' splay-foot rhymes
That make her (Echo) in their ruthless stories
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows."

Yet he immediately attempts some echo verses himself, and produces very poor ones. A witty French poet makes good use of them in the following:

Pour nous plaire, un plumet
Met
Tout en usage.
Mais ou trouve souvent
Vent
Dans son langage.
On y voit des Commis
Mis
Comme des Princes
Après être venus
Nuds
De leurs Provinces.

Here is an excellent echo verse :

“What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini’s?
Echo—Pack o’ ninnies.”

Dr. Harrington wrote some curious punning words for a well-known glee, whose music is, I believe, by Callcott. The first lines of it are :

“Ah how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave,” etc.

This is to be sung with a vociferous conflagratory emphasis as if it began—

“A house a-fire! Can you leave?”

Suggesting the ridiculous idea of a person hesitating whether to leave or not, under such circumstances.

In like manner another stanza begins—

“Go fetch the Indian’s borrowed plume”

which is to be sung somewhat as if it were

“Go fetch the engines—”

We should judge charitably of those ludicrous pronunciations which arise from physical misfortunes. Of this class is probably the lisp; though it has been stated that some ladies affect it under the impression that it makes them look interesting, and is even better than Mrs. Merdle’s “prunes and prism,” to give a pretty position to the lips. It is further said that girls lisp because they wish to be kissed, and I have been informed of an instance in which a gentleman relating this to a young lady whose enunciation was usually distinct, was answered by her, “Tho I’ve heard thay.” A cold in the head has a very unpleasant effect upon the voice, as the following serenade by a lover so afflicted will illustrate :

“Oh! ask be dot to blow by dose,
By charbig ode, by owd;
You bay dot dow de paid I feel—
It dever cad be dode!
Oh! bight we fly to other scedes,
Or dwell id yodder star,
Oh! thed by lubly baid, id bliss
I’d strike by light catarrh!
CHORUS.—Oh! ask be dot, etc.

“The widd that blows across the boor,
Had it a dose to blow,
With such a code as I hab got,
Ah! would it blow it? Doe!
But see, de rays of cubbig dawd
Are gleabig on the dew:
I hear de berry bugle hord,
By baided fair—AT-RICHIEU!”

A British gentleman with a cold, and who had also been drinking wine, attempted, some years ago, to make a speech at a banquet given in honor of the capture of Sebastopol. It is thus reported :

“BISTER BRESIDED: Although we wer’ nod the first to pladt the British flag od the walls of Sebastopold. (Long pause.) Nod thad I wish to dedract frob the British (hic) Russiad (hic) Abericad (hic) do, *Fredch*, I bead. (Another long pause.) I bead (hic).” (Cries of “Sit down, sit down.”)

He took his seat, exhausted by the effort.

The influence of intoxicating liquors on the pronunciation is always remarkable. It is said that degrees of drunkenness may be accurately ascertained by the utterance of the words "brandy and water." For instance: Sober, "brandy and water;" comfortable, "brany'n'wa'r;" lively, "branwa'r;" fresh, "branwa'er;" very fresh, "bramwa'er;" tipsy, "bramwarra;" very tipsy, "bramwer;" drunk, "bremwar;" very drunk, "bamwr-wrr-rr;" stupidly drunk, "brr-enghph!" A person dead drunk is not capable of articulation. The mere pronunciation of the words "truly rural" has long been considered an excellent test of sobriety. In the city of Washington it is said that the shibboleth of sobriety is the name "National Intelligencer." The speeches of intoxicated people would be very ludicrous if they were not so melancholy in their exhibition of human frailty. A patriotic citizen made a few remarks, one day, on the subject of the draft. "If we draf' men for'se war," said he, "we draf' men for'se war; 'f we 'lis' men for'se war, we 'lis' men for'se war; admin'strash'ns unconstsh'n'l, confiscash'ns unconstush'n'l, niggers unconstush'n'l-tush'n'l, 'b'lish'n Dis' C'lumby's 'tush'n'l; le's g' down ta' glass so'then stush'n'l!"

It will be seen that the above had a political bearing. So has the following: "I'm (hic) glad t' (hic) meech you la's an' gelm'n in zis beau'fl town. H'ra f' Gorsh B. (hic) Lincoln! (Voice, 'Shut up you ignoramus'). Who-o (hic) o-oever shays I'm 'n igo'g'rigger-nigger-ramus (hic) 'nshults me. I'm 'listed in 'e Wi' Wakes. He! he! he! (hic). 'Ats deam goo' joke. Ha! ha! (hic). I'm goin' 'o have my old cape varnish an' buy torsh 'n make torshlight 'cesh'n. I'm goin' 'o vote f' constu-tu cons'n'l con (hic) who shes I'm tight? 'e lische! He! he! he! I shink I'll g' 'ome."

There is a sad story about a poor tipsy fellow who posed an excellent Sunday School teacher by an unexpectedly pat reply. The sot had wandered blindly into the school, and sat down, blinking and dishevelled, at the end of a seat full of nice tidy little Sabbath boys. The teacher, horrified, said, with grieved kindness:

"Why, James! do you know in what condition you are?"

The drunken man replied:

"Yesh'm, 'm in th' gall o' bit'ness, 'n the bonds 'f 'niquity. *Ash m' s'more hard qesh'ns!*"

An after-dinner prosody has been composed, of which the following is a specimen:

"Synalæpha is the cutting off a vowel at the end of a word before another at the beginning of a word, as: 'Ishaway w'have in th' army.' Ecthlipsis is the cutting off the letter *m* before another word, as: 'We won't goho' t'll morling.' Crasis is the contraction of two syllables into one, as: 'T'll d'light doesh'pear.' Diæresis is the resolving one syllable into two, as: 'F he'sha jo-jolly good fuf-fellow.'"

It is painful to listen to a habitual stutterer, yet the following incident must have been amusing: A gentleman with an impediment in his speech called a waiter, in a restaurant, and said: "We-w-waiter, gi-give me s-s-some r-r-oast b-b-beef." The waiter stammered in reply, "W-w-we aint g-g-got a-any." The gentleman was highly enraged, thinking the waiter was mocking him, and sprang up, intending to knock him down, when a third person arrested his arm and cried, "D-d-d-o-n't st-t-trike him, he st-st-t-tuttters e-s-s-same as as w-we d-d-d-do." A person who married a stammering lady

mentions some of the inconveniences of physical hesitation. He relates that—

“ Often in obvious dudgeon
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog,
In the way of reproof—‘ You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—dog-matic curmdudgeon !’

“ And once when I said, ‘ We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,’
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, ‘ You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very judicious adviser !’

“ Again, when it happened that wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, ‘ You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor !’

“ Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madam was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, ‘ You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing !’ ”

A clergyman was once narrating a circumstance to a friend, when the latter remarked, “ That's a confounded lie—kely story.” The gentleman at first started, but recovering himself, requested his friend to place his syllables nearer together. A man in company lately mentioned, as a matter of news, that a lady friend in the country had the day before hung herself to a limb (sensation)—of the law. An ardent youth took the hand of a charming girl in his own, and said, “ My dear Ellen, I have long wished for this sweet opportunity, and I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart ; but I declare to you, my dearest Ellen, that I love you most tenderly ; your smiles would shed—would shed—” “ Never mind the wood-shed,” said Ellen, “ go on with that pretty talk.” It is related somewhere that a certain king, once upon a time, sent to another king, “ Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—” The other, in great anger replied, “ I have not got one, but if I had—” Upon this they went to war for many years, but, finally, their resources being exhausted and their kingdoms laid waste, they referred their quarrels to diplomacy. “ What did you mean,” said the second king to the first, “ by saying, ‘ Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—’ ” “ Why,” said the other, “ I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else of some other color. But,” he continued, “ what could you mean by saying, ‘ I have not got one, but if I had—’ ” “ Why, of course, if I had I should send it.” The peace was concluded.

Similar misapprehensions often occur to persons listening to church music, as for instance in the lines,

“ Send down a man—
Send down a man—
Send down a mansion from the skies.”

The enunciation in singing is generally so indistinct that it is impossible to

Its costly moist——
 Ran down his beard——
 —ure—beard—his—beard—his—shed
 Ran down his beard—his—down—
 His robes—its costly moist—his beard
 —ure shed—his—cost—his—robes—ure shed
 Its c-o-s-t-l-y moisture——shed!"

Bishop Seabury, being asked his opinion of this performance, replied that he paid no attention to the music; but that his sympathies were much excited for poor Aaron, as he was afraid he would not have a hair left. It might be added, that he would have to insure his shed at extra hazardous rates.

The following is said to be the proper way of singing "You'll remember me:"

"When other lips and o-o-o-other hearts
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 In language which which whi-i-ch imparts
 The power it feels so well,
 There may per-per-haps
 Some re-re-cole-lection be,
 Some re-co-le-her-her-her-lection be,
 Of days that might as har-har-har-arp-py bin,
 And you'll re-me-e-e-ember me!
 And you'll re-mem-ber
 You'll re-me-e-e-e-em-be-e-er me."

Many persons in moments of hurry or excitement make queer transformations of letters or syllables. It is reported that a very nervous gentleman once announced a steamboat explosion to the Connecticut legislature as follows: "Spister Meeker and ledges of the membrislature, the Elliver Ollsworth has biled her buster!"

A very earnest clergyman once exhorted his audience in the following words: "Why will you, my hearers, oh, why will you give up your birth-right for a pot of message?"

Somewhat on this principle, but transposing ideas and words rather than syllables, a certain programme of a students' ceremonial once announced

"Music by the President. Prayer by the Band."

There is a poem going the rounds of the press supposed to be written by a person of unsettled nerves, commencing:

"Oh! for some deep, secluded dell,
 Where brick and mortar's line might cease
 To sit down in a pot of grease—
 No, no—I mean a grot of peace!"

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

POLIPPEL'S ISLAND.

A TALE OF THE HUDSON.

DURING the last war that has been or will be with the mother country, there were more Britons than now scattered through that part of Dutchess which borders on the Hudson. Residents of New York—then so jealously guarded by the yeomanry of the river counties—the stern necessity of State policy had compelled them to leave their city homes, and sojourn, till peace came, “above the Highlands.” But it being more their misfortune than their fault thus to be held in suspicion on account of their birth-place, they were kindly received in many a mansion and farm-house; and their prudence in word and act cemented many friendships.

Among other gentry who opened their doors to the exiles was the father of Mary Pell; and, naturally, first in interest and esteem among her involuntary guests was the young but Reverend Paul Vernon. Difference of national sentiment only spiced their social intercourse. A moonlight sail on the Bay was all the more relished for a spar about “sailor’s rights;” and a pic-nic at Fairy Isle much enlivened by an exemplification of the “right of search.” Under the favorable auspices of country Summer life, acquaintance rapidly matures, and before she dreamed the aristocratic rector could be charmed by her rustic graces, he had come fervently to love the heiress of Pelham Cove.

But his was not the only arm that supported her up the hill-side path; nor his the only eye that watched for a glimpse of her soul when she turned her luminous glances from the picturesque panorama to the faces of her friends. At her happy home her old schoolmate, Guert Brinkerhoff, had long been a welcome visitor. The river swept before the lawn, and they had often hurled shells on the beach. Older now, their hearts were, like that river scene, unchanged, save as the moods of nature change. On the same broad piazza they loved to witness the mimic fury of the waves when the winds crested and the clouds shadowed them;

“Or watch the twilight linger
Along the purple skies,
As if ’twere loth to leave
So fair a paradise.”

Together they would urge their ponies along the mountain road, or, once in the season, climb South Beacon, from whence four States help make the landscape. But her arbor on the river bank was their favorite haunt, where, when too late to read, they could gaze silently on the reflected radiance of the hill-crowned village opposite, or

“The moving lights, that hung from the spars,
And mingled below with the shadows of stars.”

So these Summer days rolled by as the others had done, with never a word of betrothal spoken, yet Guert Brinkerhoff looked forward to his nearly reached majority, when he would take her to his home a willing bride. Proud of the homage paid her by Paul Vernon, his noble nature had no room for a jealous

thought, and though acknowledging superior accomplishments in his rival, his honest heart did not deign to fear them.

Perhaps his mistress would have preferred a little more sensibility. At times, not an angel but a woman, she could not resist the temptation to playful coquetry; and the Rector's eyes brightened at a fancied interest in his eloquence, over what she bestowed on the young Squire's homely humor. Neither lover having declared himself, of course, she reasoned, her maidenly duty was non-intervention. But deep down in her heart was a wealth of affection for the friend of her youth—needing only some crisis in her life, such as came to her ere long, to call it forth spontaneously.

Through half the Winter so the game of hearts went on, and none could tell who would win. On road and river, the lady of Pelham Cove was as often seen with one as the other; now dashing along behind gay Guert's grays, now skating leisurely beside the suaver Vernon. But the demeanor of the players continued as calm as the interest of outsiders grew intense; and one morning, when the bells of the Brinkerhoff sleigh, with Guert at the reins, evidently accoutred for a long drive up the river, came ringing through the pillared gateway, the voice of Vernon, just off the ice, met their jubilant echo:

"Morning, Brinkerhoff! Really, the grays seem as indefatigable in the Winter campaign as their master, but I fancy it is nearly over."

"No, no, Dominie," sung out Guert, pulling up, "count on a month more at least. Getting thin on the roads, but thick enough yet on the river."

"And more brittle than you imagine. If this weather lasts it will break up in a day or two. Surely you do not mean to risk the ponies to-day—not to speak of la belle Pell?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Guert, jumping from the sleigh in front of the piazza, "my skill in ice-craft is likely to equal yours, Dominie, at any rate. Indeed you suggest an illustration, Mr. Vernon. Snow on land and ice on water are very different affairs."

"Yes, *affaires du cœur*," interrupted Vernon, "are safer on the one than the other."

"But, as I was going to say," continued Guert, "the first is like a woman's heart when the warmth within meets the lover's sunlight from without and melts her coyness, and the other resembles the same heart when—well, you know!"

Just then, contrasting strangely with the whiteness all around, appeared the sable face of Quawm, an ancient servitor, who had come out to care for the horses.

"Will Massa Brinkerhoff have the harness off?" he whispered through his gleaming ivories.

"No, Quawm! only throw their blankets on. We will start in a few moments. Come, Dominie, you had better go, too. In a multitude of escorts there may be safety."

But Paul only shook his head, as they entered the presence of the object of their idolatry, whom they found gloved and bonneted, glowing with health, and gleeful over her long-talked-of ride "up to the Paltz."

No one hinted to her a word of danger; only, while Vernon was tucking the bearskin robe around her feet before they drove away, Quawm, who had vainly been making mysterious signs to Guert, broke out with:

"Massa Brinkerhoff! better come back by the shore road to-night. When I puts my ear to the ice he sounds hollow, and I hear something."

"Nonsense, Quawm! You have been long enough from Guinea to forget those Fetich notions."

"Can't help 'em allus, Massa Guert. Howsumdever, rather you and young Missus come home on 'terry firmy.'"

"So," said she, "the spirit has taken to quoting Latin; you must keep an eye on him, Mr. Vernon! *Au revoir!*" and her silvery tones rung out on the air, mingling with the music of the bells. Down the gravelly road along the beach he watched them; then out on the river, till far in the north the speck vanished from the ice plain.

Wearily passed that long-remembered day. Some weird presence seemed warning him of peril. In vain would he check the thought as folly, as he laid down one book to take up another. His favorite authors had lost their charm, for his heart was away to the northward, where Guert was pressing his suit at last with words of open frankness, and his fair companion studying how she could retain her freedom yet a little longer. A suspicion that it might be so did not tend to quiet Paul's restlessness. The last number of Coleman's Evening Post, only four days old, lay upon his table, but even this could not fix his wandering fancies, till his roaming eye fastened greedily on a little item that spoke of "much floating ice in the North River just above the city." Then he blamed himself for his former lingering and uncertain mode of gaining the hand of her he had loved so long; else he might have had the right to have dissuaded her from the fascinating ride, and kept her to himself to-day.

Ever and anon turning his wistful glances where his thoughts were, in the hope that they might have taken counsel of their fears, and turned back before their journey's end, at last he mounted his horse to ride away from his anxiety. But a few miles down the Breakneck road he saw and heard enough to make him hasten home, and take to his skates, if so be he might meet them miles above on their return, and warn Guert off the river.

Down below he could hear the low roar and crashing of the channel ice, and even where he skated, the places that had yesterday been only dangerous were now black pools, and as far as he could see, there were ominous fissures crossing and recrossing each other. But he pressed on till the twilight had gone. The moon would not rise in an hour. His peril now was more imminent than theirs, and only the thought that she might be lost whom he could have saved, and the joy of his life go out forever, kept him steadily on his course.

"Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares not into what abyss."

And well was it for the returning travellers that Paul Vernon kept on. The moonlight, when it came, did not discover to his eyes a soul moving over the wide expanse; but presently a tinkling sound was borne on the rising wind. He listened. Louder floated the merry jingling, and then around a beetling headland that had hid them, at full trot dashed the unsuspecting grays. He shouted, although he knew their master could not hear, and when he did, they were almost upon him.

"Why, Dominie Vernon! as I live," cried Guert. "Where are you going? where have you been? You look as pale as a ghost in the moonlight."

"You would be pale, too, Guert Brinkerhoff, if you had been as near the bitterness of death as I have! Thank God, I am in time to hope to save you, Mary!"

"Oh, Mr. Vernon, is it so bad?" replied she; "get in the sleigh and tell us what you mean. Stop, Guert!" and the grays stood a moment.

"No, I will not add my weight," said the Rector. "Brinkerhoff, you need all your horses' speed to get down to some point where you can go ashore."

"Well, that is some distance. You had better get in," said Guert, who was always last to own a risk.

"No, no, hasten!" almost angrily cried Vernon. "I will pilot you. The river is open below the Highlands, and a great wall of broken ice was piled up there this afternoon, and if that gives way when the tide turns, the whole mass will move from Pelham Cove, if it has not already."

Along sprang the horses in Vernon's wake, whose fears added wings to his flight. But the youth and maiden were happy still; perfect love casteth out fear; only an hour before, they had given themselves to each other for all time and forever.

But slowly and surely as the moon mounted the sky, the fated crisis was approaching them; and when miles below they saw the glitter of its beams, their short dream was rudely broken. It could not be the ice, they said, that shone so, for on it there was snow. No, it must be a sheet of water where the ice had gone out, or sunk suddenly; and then the full meaning of Paul's warning burst upon them.

The strange celerity with which nature works this change on her great highway must be seen to be realized; one may pass over the solid bridge at night, where, on the morrow, he cannot walk but by a miracle.

On flew their guide; on sped the grays, as if conscious that the race was for life. Already the dim outline of the shore where they could land was visible. They could almost count the scattered house-lights that never before had looked more welcome, when, suddenly, a mighty roar smote their ears, and, turning instinctively, they saw a fast-widening line behind them, winding like a huge serpent, black and glittering, to the northward. The channel ice had given away above and beside them.

But they were on the eastern flats; and now heading for the shore over uglier cracks than Guert had ever tempted, he hoped to reach it before the quivering mass swung loose from its moorings. All at once the horses, with a neigh of fright, broke from his control. The ice-field was moving, and some subtle sense told them what impended. Not far before them was a fissure too wide to be leapt over, and growing every moment. Quick to see this new peril, Paul grasped the bit as they rushed by, and hung on desperately till Guert had time to cut the traces; then let them plunge untrammelled into the yawning gulf and take their chance for life.

The young men watched them struggle over to the firmer ice, but, whether they made sure their footing, could not tell through the dim, increasing distance. The chasm grew wider, their last faint hope of being carried against some jutting point was lost. *The tide had changed.* It was running out, and bearing them downward indeed, but further from the shore. The noise of the massive cakes grinding against each other became terrible. Their frail float was fast failing. Great pieces broke off above and below, and when they had reached the Bay, wind and tide impelling, their ice-field was so small that they could see the ice heaving, crashing, whirling around them.

So they floated, looking death in the face, till opposite the home of Mary Pell. Its peace so near her, and yet so far; she who had been calm through all, sobbed wildly, stretching out her hands toward that lone light which

waited for her, and calling for some one to come. None could hear, and no boat could have lived to reach them through that seething surge. But the deep voice of Vernon reciting from the Litany, "and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us!" recalled her, and to him she spoke:

"Forgive me, Paul; I could not help loving Guert more than you, though I hardly knew it till to-day. Pardon me the sorrow!"

"Peace to you, Mary," said the Rector, slowly, "Guert has told me what my own heart would fain deny, and to show you I forgive, let me as he wishes, unite you with holy words—'not 'till death do you part'—'but that 'sinking in each other's arms, you may awake one.'"

And it was done.

Then all was calm again throughout the little company that seemed to stand in the very shadow of doom. The beauty of the solemn rite had withdrawn their minds from their awful surroundings, and they felt new strength to die.

Paul was the first to break the short silence: "Look! what is that dark spot ahead?"

"A pile of rock, almost in the middle of the river," Guert replied, "and it will either save or ruin us."

True, there it lay directly in their course, and would either shatter their brittle raft to fragments, or check its wild career. Again they roused at this last, bare chance of rescue, and, supporting Mary as near the edge as they dared, braced themselves for the coming shock. Nearer and nearer their strange craft bore down upon what blocked its path, till it struck, trembling from stem to stern. "Now, or never!" shouted Guert, and before the eddy had whirled it away, over and off it they leaped, with their half-fainting burden, upon the solid land. Oh, the depth of their thanksgiving! In the joy of their deliverance, that barren spot seemed one of the islands of the blessed.

Under a kindly cliff, covered with their heavy coats, they laid her, and walked for warmth themselves till Guert fell asleep from sheer weariness. Waking at the dawn, he looked in vain for Vernon, but, seeing the river clear of ice shoreward, he rightly guessed: "Paul swam ashore for help lest the bride should freeze or starve before her wedding party came off." But she only put her hand over his mouth, and pointed where old Quawm was rowing out boldly. At the water's edge they met him, with: "Have you seen Mr. Vernon, Quawm?"

"Now, Massa Guert, let me take a good look at you and missus before I tells all about it. I want to be 'sured you haven't all been drowned, for Massa Vernon looks as if he had been, sure." His fears being set at rest, he let them into the boat, and on the way over continued: "You see, 'twas after midnight, when I was up the shore road looking for signs of you, and I met the horses with the traces cut: then you better b'lieve, massa, I run, and my old woman run and 'larmed the neighbors, crying out that 'her pretty Polly Pell had done gone and drowned.' Some went up, but I came down the Breakneck road, and, says I to Massa Vernon, dripping wet, 'What you done with missus?' and he said, 'Married her!' and he never stopped, and says I 'Where is she?' and he told me, 'With her husband,' and then he pointed over to yon island that was always too small to name—ha! ha! but it will have one now till the day after never, Polly Pell, Polly Pell!" "What do you mean, you sable son of Africa, calling your mistress so?" said Guert. "It wasn't missus I was calling, massa, but THE ISLAND."

GATEWAYS OF THE CENTRAL PARK.*

THE publication of Mr. Richard M. Hunt's designs for the gateways of the Central Park attracts special attention to a subject which is becoming yearly of greater interest in this country—the application of architectural art to the embellishment of public and private grounds. The increasing love of art on the one side and of nature on the other among our people, of late years, cannot have escaped the attention of even a superficial observer. It compensates for much that is vulgar and unreal amid the fruits of our prosperity, and our comparatively new-born love of luxury. The Central Park, Llewellyn Park at Orange, N. J., and others of its kind elsewhere, the villas and substantial farm-houses that have been built and the ornamental grounds that have been laid out around them, the pretty stone churches which are rapidly taking the places of the bare, shapeless, wooden structures in which our fathers did weekly penance, and the growing taste among cultivated people for domestic interiors which are beautiful as well as home-like—these somewhat offset the pretentious unwarehouse-looking warehouses, the huge, staring, over-decorated shops and banking houses, the monstrous municipal buildings, the extravagance and triviality in woman's dress, in which all the really fine effects possible to costume are frittered away through ignorance of the fitness of textures and of the proper disposition of color, combined with a vulgar love of costly display, the ugly and useless house furniture and the carpets:—what words shall express the salient vulgarity and elaborate hideousness of the costly fabrics that cover the floors of two-thirds of the rich and comfortably well-to-do people in this country! Landscape gardening and ornamental architecture have greatly felt the influences which have produced this two-sided and diverse manifestation of luxury; and the need of thoroughly educated and capable architects increases among us year by year.

Mr. Hunt is one of the very few of our architects who unite a natural capacity and thorough education to that general culture which does so much toward accomplishment for any profession, and especially for that one which furnishes designs for the houses in which we dwell, the buildings in which our public affairs are transacted, and the ornamental structures which are erected to meet the demands of our eyes for pleasant objects. Mr. Hunt's designs for the gateways of the Park show all the qualities that we have attributed to him. He has grasped his subject, and has given us, for the two principal entrances at least, fine conceptions, real works of imagination. These conceptions, too, have (whether in themselves they are desirable or not) the great qualities of completeness and congruity. Each one is plainly the independent creation of an imaginative mind that has first mastered all the conditions which (according to a certain mode of treatment) are to be filled, and then by

* Designs for the Gateways of the Southern Entrances to the Central Park. By Richard M. Hunt. 4to. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

brooding upon these has produced the designs whose merits are now under discussion. Mr. Hunt's designs are in themselves fine; the one for the entrance at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, called the Gate of Peace, is remarkable for an air of nobility and elegance, which is given as much by a happy appropriation and disposition of space as by the design for the gateway itself. The space, it is true, is taken out of the Park, but it is so comparatively small as to be almost inappreciable; and were it much larger, the object to be attained would fully justify the sacrifice. For, the effect of a grand entrance having been his object, Mr. Hunt had here the difficulty to be overcome of a broad and handsome avenue passing by the very side of his gateway and stretching in an unbroken line far into the distance. The effect of such a vista was to be overcome only by bold and striking treatment. For this purpose Mr. Hunt cuts out a parallelogram of 300 by 175 feet, and this he makes an open plaza with a fountain; and on its western or Park side, which is on the left looking toward the entrance, he places a semicircular terrace one hundred feet in diameter, from the centre of which rises a column surmounted by the figure of an Indian and a sailor supporting the arms of the city. The passageways are five in number: two for carriage-entrance and exit, two for pedestrians, and one for equestrians. The gate-posts are massive and elevated stone structures, which are intended to be pedestals of groups of statuary. The width of this entrance as a whole is two hundred feet. There is much detail, all of good quality, which we pass by; for we can but indicate the general character of Mr. Hunt's design. That character, it will be seen, is a combination of grandeur and elegance. It may be objected by some critics, perhaps by Mr. Hunt himself, that the space at his command was too small to admit of the attainment of real grandeur. To an architect who studied his profession in Paris, and who has made designs for the Louvre, a space three hundred feet by one hundred and seventy-five may well seem incapable of grand effect. Form is positive, size must always be comparative; and a man accustomed to worship in St. Peter's might find St. Paul's so lowly as to repress his celestial aspirations. But there is one fixed standard of comparison—man himself; and while the human figure retains its present proportions, parallelograms of three hundred feet in length by more than half that width, treated by architects in a free and open manner, may produce an impression of grandeur: A sonnet is only fourteen lines long, and a ballad may be four hundred; but the ballad will always be familiar, and the sonnet will be grand, if it is written in the grand style. Now, Mr. Hunt has used his space in the grand style.

Admiration for the intrinsic merits of Mr. Hunt's designs, however, is not inconsistent with doubts as to the wisdom of adopting them. Architecture is a mixed art; it is partly a useful and partly a fine art. An architectural design may be beautiful in itself, but not fitted to the purpose for which it is designed. It may be fitted to the general purpose, and admirable for that purpose under certain circumstances, but quite unsuited to the circumstances of the case for which it was specially prepared. It could not, perhaps, be safely asserted without qualification that the designs in question, although fine in themselves, are entirely unfitted for the Central Park; but it seems clear that they leave the question of that fitness as a subject upon which people of cultivated tastes may differ. From Mr. Hunt's book it appears that there has already been no little public discussion of the merits of these designs; and it may be as well to say that the present contribution to that de-

bate is from one who knows of the argument only Mr. Hunt's side of it, as presented by himself, and who has taken a lively interest in the Park from the beginning.

It appears to have been originally intended by the first architects of the Park that it should be entered in the simplest manner possible; in fact, through a mere aperture in the walls and the shrubbery. The object in view seems to have been rural effect; the design, to have the visitor of the Park step directly from the street into the quiet seclusion of a coppice or shrubbery. But is it not plain that, when the lower part of the Park is surrounded with buildings, as before twenty years have passed it will be, this arrangement will attain only an external effect of rustic baldness quite incongruous with the situation; in which, on the other hand, the genuine charms of rural effect will be quite unattainable? If we may be pardoned for saying so, your *rus in urbe* is a very different thing from your *herbs in rure*. And even were this rural effect attainable at the particular place in which it is sought, is that the place at which to seek it? The chief object of a park, chiefest object of this park, it is true, that to which every other consideration should be sacrificed, is recreation in the open air for people who cannot seek it in the country. But chief among the subsidiary objects of a park is the humanizing and refining influence it exerts upon the people who visit it. This end is not attainable in its perfection without a blending of art with nature—nature made a little trim and formal, art free and simple, though sometimes grand. The effect of malls and terraces, bridges and arched ways blent with shaven lawns, avenues of trees, and trim, artfully arranged flower beds, is very different from that of architecture by itself or nature by itself. It softens, refines and polishes without debilitating. Hardly any other effect is like this; none like and equal. A man may be wicked in a fine park that he visits daily; but he must be by nature very boorish and unimpressible if, without special provocation, his behavior there is coarse and rude. He must be hopelessly dull-brained and thick-hided if he does not feel an influence moulding him to decency and grace. But a park that is merely a piece of unkempt nature will not have this effect. Therefore it was that, among other points in which the design of Messrs. Olmsted & Vaux for the Central Park was superior to all others offered, the principal one was its blending of art with nature—art which was manifest, formal, and in some places, as in the terrace, stately. This combination it attained without sacrificing the chief object of the Park—recreation in the open air, amid grass and trees and rocks and water.

The design was good, too, in that it made the lower part of the Park—that which for many generations, if not for always, must be the end by which the Park will be entered by the mass of its visitors—the formal part; leading by almost imperceptible degrees to a part in which, with equal taste, the hand of man is kept out of view as much as possible. Now, the lower part of the Park being its stately and most visibly artificial part, the passage from formal streets and the rigid lines of street architecture in a great metropolis into this trimmed and highly-dressed pleasure-ground through such a rustic gateway as might be the entrance to a better sort of farm or rustic cemetery, could not but seem much out of keeping. Plainly, the entrance from the chief avenues of the metropolis to this great park, the lower part of which, at least, is to be the most elegant as well as spacious public place in the city, should be through gateways neither insignificant, nor rustic, nor merely sim-

ple. They should have character, and character of course suited to their position.

It was natural that Mr. Hunt, seeing all this with the eye of an architect and a man of culture, should, like an architect who studied his profession in France, and a man whose culture has been modified, at least, by the habits of Parisian life, make his attempt to meet the needs presented to him as if the tastes to be gratified were French tastes, and the habits to be considered, those of Paris. There appear in Mr. Hunt's work, unless we err, the traces of study beyond the Po; but, for our purpose, Italy and Rome differ little from France and Paris. Hence to us who are not architects with eyes educated and tastes moulded by years of study on the Continent of Europe, but mere Yankees—that is, people of English blood and instincts who have been living two hundred and fifty years in this country—these designs have a character which is not only new, but strange. The newness of this character is nothing against it, because it is beautiful; but its beauty is a foreign beauty. Our eyes are well acquainted with it if we have travelled or are interested at all in the study of art, but yet we are not accustomed to or familiar with it. To us the architecture of Philæ, travestied and thrust upon us in the Tombs, is not more alien. Looking at these designs, most of us will probably feel at once, though perhaps without expressing or even acknowledging, a sense of their unfitness to our tastes and our habits of life. For least of all arts can architecture be arbitrary.

It is trite to say that all true architecture is a growth evolved from the necessities, the circumstances and the moral and intellectual character of the people among whom it originates. Architecture, less than art, less than literature, less even than costume, can be imported. Beauty is positive; fitness is relative; and it is the function of architecture to reconcile and combine these two sometimes apparently discordant elements of its success. And there are also two conditions of fitness itself in architecture—one physical, the other moral—fitness to climate and position, and fitness to the moral and intellectual traits, or what is somewhat vaguely called the genius of a people. What, therefore, is fit in France for the French people is not likely to be fit for an Anglo-Saxon people in the northern part of the United States of America. Architects have before them in this country the task of supplying the needs of an English people, modified by change of circumstance and climate. But that change has been from rather than toward any likeness to the French idea in architecture; it has rather intensified in us the traits common to us and to the people of the mother country. In France, architecture, and particularly city architecture, has to supply the material needs and satisfy the cravings of a people gay, fond of spectacle, fond of society, ready to seek its enjoyment in public and in the open air, a people each of whom regards himself as personally interested in whatever public building or public performance is placed before him, who “assists” at a spectacle, a people who live, the best of them, on the various floors of one great house, and whose climate permits them and whose tastes lead them to sit in chairs in the open air and chat with each other as they drink *vin ordinaire* or weak lemonade. Across the channel is a people among whom the individual and his protection and his enjoyment is the object of all law and of every fine and useful art, which enjoys singly or herds together in little knots, to whom the life of the Parisian boulevards is both impossible and distasteful, the impossibility being partly due to a climate more inclement and more variable than that of France. But here,

from the diffusion of wealth, the absence of a landed and governing class, and the fuller development of the spirit of English freedom, individualism, although modified in some of its most repulsive features, is, in regard to its material manifestations, yet more a marked trait of character than it is in England. We require in New York, and in proportion we have, more separate, comfortable homes than are to be found in London. We need a vast number of small houses for one family, and we are beginning to demand that they shall be made as pretty and as comfortable as money can make them. Great houses, large churches, and even very large public buildings, we do not need, and probably shall never have. Our architects must give up their dreams of long perspectives, large masses and elaborate *façades*, and seek to embody their ideas in small buildings, as our painters must produce theirs upon small canvases. They must learn to give us sonnets in stone in the grand style, if the grand style must be had.

Our climate is much more severe as well as much more variable than that of our mother country, itself severer and more variable than that of France. In England, architecture has to provide, and, if it attains its esthetic end, to express the idea of shelter, of comfort. The roof and the hearth are not only the germs, but, in their development, the perfected fruit of English architecture. Roofs that will shed snow and rain, gable ends, and tall chimneys are essentials of that architecture. With us these conditions are enhanced by the much greater severity of our rain storms and our winter weather, while to these is added yet another need, like in kind though different in cause—protection against heat. True, all buildings in all countries are put up for the sake of protection; but with us shelter is the one idea which they should express. Therefore it is that the flat-roofed, smooth-sided houses which have been built during the last thirty years in our cities, and even in the country, are such comfortless as well as such unlovely things to the eye. They have exactly the look that they ought not to have. One marked point of difference between houses in England and in the northern part of this country is also indicated by climate. In England it is necessary for the architect to contrive for the admittance of as much light as possible; here he must enable us to protect ourselves while in the house from the sun, which glares as brightly in Winter as in Summer. Our architecture north of the Potomac should, upon these considerations, be English architecture modified by the need of greater protection against rain, snow, heat and light. High, steep roofs and projecting eaves, which shed snow and rain, and harmonize with chimney stacks—deep-set windows, themselves protected by projecting roofs, with broad verandas to the south and west—these are the features which, elaborated and harmonized, will give our architecture its distinctive character. One point is noteworthy, in which we Anglo-Saxons demand that all our buildings, whether public or private, should differ from those of what are called the Latin races—that they should look as if we could keep people out of them. A house with an open door has to us a shiftless, almost a disreputable air. We like to say, "Enter, and welcome," to some, but also to say, "Stay out," to others. For the greater part of the time we shut the doors of our very churches; and we enter them with a sense of intrusion on any other occasion than those of public worship.

The reader has not been led quite as far from the gateways of the Park as he may suppose; certainly not farther than the writer intended to take him. For those gateways should be in harmony with the architecture by which

they are surrounded; and if the views which have been above very imperfectly set forth are correct, that architecture will never be, should not ever be, of the kind which is seen looking from the colonnade of the *Madelaine*, or between the *Louvre* and the *Barrier de l'Etoile*. Not only not the same in its imposing proportions and grand design, but not the same in spirit and in motive. And beside these considerations, Mr. Hunt's gateways, with all their intrinsic elegance and noble air, have one capital defect—they do not look like gateways. They are merely beautiful indications of the places at which the Park may be entered. They do not convey the idea of possible exclusion. They should look as if they could shut out as well as let in. They have also another defect, in their lack of any provision for shelter. That they lack this provision, or any expression of this idea, is no disparagement of Mr. Hunt's ability as an architect; for he did not seek to give it to them. To hold him responsible for this, would be to commit the injustice of trying him by a standard to which he did not attempt to conform. The gateways to the Park should be provided with shelter—shelter from the rain and from the sun, where, if necessity or convenience demanded, the visitor might for a short time find needed comfort and protection. They should mark in a distinct and pronounced manner the barrier between what is without and that which is within, to which they give admittance. Whether these objects could be best attained by arched gateways, which could be made beautiful and imposing in themselves, yet light and inviting, and capable of richest sculptured ornamentation, let architects and the Commissioners of the Park, who have discharged their duties thus far with so much taste and judgment, decide. It is here only insisted that the spirit in which they are designed should be another than that which animates Mr. Hunt's admirable conceptions.

It is pertinent to add a remark upon one passage in the skilful, and it might be said, eloquent, plea for the adoption of Mr. Hunt's designs in the "Letter to the Commissioners of the Central Park," which accompanies the lithographs of those designs. The writer looks forward, and with apparent pleasure, to the erection within the Park of edifices for public recreation and instruction, art galleries, music-halls, conservatories and libraries, and to the introduction there of much statuary. Against the mere hint of this there should go up a public protest that could not be disregarded. It is at war with the central idea, the chief object of the Park—that it should be a place of healthful recreation to city-bound people. Every foot taken away from greensward, trees, shrubbery, walks and drives, more than is required for the effects of fine landscape gardening on the largest scale, is robbery. Museums, conservatories and music-halls are grand things in their way; but within the Park, cricket grounds, base-ball grounds, pleasant drives, rambles and shaded nooks are worth the *Pinacothek*, the *Louvre*, and *Les Italiens* twice told. As to sculpture, ours is not the climate in which good statues can be safely exposed or well seen in the open air; and poor statues are worse than none. *Apollo* with an icicle hanging from his nose, *Venus* clothed, but in a snow-wreath, the *Graces* bare in a blazing July sun—these would move us to call upon Mr. Hunt and his fellow architects to exercise their true functions and make even for the senseless stone a shelter. What! they may exclaim, is the limit of our art the building of a shed? Yes, in this country. Your sheds may be of various dimensions, designs and materials, and have various purposes; but sheds they must be, and sheds they must look like, or they will seem to have no business here. But in designing them and the bridges that

we need, you will find quite a sufficient task for all your ingenuity and your imagination. As to the sculpture in the Park, even if our climate were suited to it, a hundred great oaks and elms would be worth a hundred fine statues a hundred times over. For the Park, after all, is our great play-ground and sanatorium.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

AN ACCIDENT.

THE sweet June sunlight lingered in the hearts of all the roses,
 And nestled in the clover blooms and set them all aglow—
 A robin in some covert of the swaying leafy maple
 Was carolling his vespers in a voice so hushed and low
 That I held my breath to listen, while a laggard bee came humming
 Among the flaming clover, and I heard a footstep coming ;
 A quail took fright and started with a busy whirr and thrumming
 As Katie with her milking pail came sauntering on so slow.

I saw the orchard clover just bend beneath her footstep,
 Then spring with newer beauty and blush a brighter red.
 The robin hushed his singing, the bee forgot its humming,
 And the sunlight left the roses to kiss her dainty head.
 In the meadow over yonder I heard the cattle lowing—
 I did not need to question, for I knew where she was going,
 And my arms forgot their aching from the heat and toil of mowing—
 " You are going milking, Katie ; may I go too ? " I said.

Then the robin sang his loudest, and the bee flew buzzing onward,
 While the sweetly-scented south wind went softly dallying by.
 Through the lane the kine went homeward, and we slowly followed after,
 When the holy calm of twilight was brooding in the sky.
 Oh, the breath of all the roses, and the perfume of the clover,
 Lay nestled 'tween her parted lips and slowly drifted over,
 As I bent to touch them lightly—lo ! my heart, so long a rover,
 Lay captive, bound and helpless, 'neath a blushing maiden's eye.

MRS. JAMES H. WILLIAMS.

NEBULÆ.

—A HOUSE divided against itself cannot stand, and it would be really bad policy, as well as bad manners, for THE GALAXY to fall foul of its own writers. Yet we venture to take exception to some of the positions assumed by our spirited contributor, Mr. Eugene Benson, in his earnest protest, in our last number, against reserve and decency. Much that is good in literature *does* outrage the prejudices of some highly respectable people—witness Rabelais and Balzac; but the success of a few other men in other styles shows, perhaps, that this outrage is not a condition *sine qua non* of a full development of the literary spirit. Dean Swift *was* very indifferent to decorum; but it may be questioned whether his wit would not have been just as trenchant if he had not, in the words of Dr. Johnson, been so “fond of ideas physically impure.” It is well to be stirred by Victor Hugo, and we do not envy the man who has no relish for Browning and Carlyle because their sentences wont parse; but still it is not by musing upon such models and endeavoring to imitate their peculiarities that our men of letters will enrich English literature with works even as good as those which they make their models. Richter in Germany, Victor Hugo in France, and Carlyle in England, have escaped monotony, Mr. Benson says. True, but how? Mr. Benson himself answers, Heine “with the help of Caprice; but the others had to enlist the more giant-like figure of Extravagance.” Caprice and extravagance! Is not the remedy almost as bad as the disease? But let Mr. Benson think a moment. Does he really mean to say that, in all the literature of Europe during the last half century, four only, or even four chiefly, have escaped monotony? To say that, or anything like it, he must have much less knowledge and less sense than we give him credit for. “How far from Heine is our best and most ardent man of letters?” asks Mr. Benson. A very great way, we sincerely hope, as far as he is from Poe; else our national intellect is in a perilous state. Sanity, like decency, has its inconveniences and restrictions; but, like decency, it also has its advantages. In saying that the masters who have enriched and developed the resources of their language preceded the organization of academies, the rules of grammarians and the makers of dictionaries, Mr. Benson is not entirely wrong, but is loose and wild in his assertion. Homer and Dante support him; but do Shakespeare, and Milton, and Molière, and Voltaire, and Goethe, and Schiller? do two of his chief idols, Victor Hugo and George Sand? The word of to-day, says Mr. Benson, among our writers, should be emancipation, and he adds, Let us do this and let us do that. He seems to have been, for a moment, possessed of the idea that we can say, Go to, let us make a literature. But no one better than the author of the charmingly written and thoughtful essay on “The Pagan Element in French Art” should know that this is impossible. We cannot mould our literature by any voluntary effort on our part, and yet keep it healthy. Our heads will be shaped by

our brains, unless we submit them to the manipulation used by the Flat-head Indians; and our brains will be such as our fathers and mothers give us. Let us not trouble ourselves about Victor Hugo, and George Sand, and Heine—with which French and German folk we have little in common except our humanity—but go on to say what we have to say in such simple English as we can muster; and if there is a literature in us it will come out of us whether we will or no.

—BAKER'S "Albert Nyanza, the Great Basin of the Nile," just published here by the Messrs. Lippincott, is said to be one of the most interesting books of African travel ever written. But of its merits we know only what may be learned by a dip into it here and there. One reflection struck us at once, however, on opening the volume. There is the portrait of the author, who looks like any one of forty men one might meet in walking down Broadway—notably like Mr. Stanton, by the way—and there beside him is his wife, who, incredible almost as it may appear, accompanied him all through this perilous and most repulsive journey, simply because she would not be left behind. It is a charming face, lovely, loving, true, and with a simple nobleness of expression. Indeed, although the face is not that of a perfect beauty, it would be hard to say what womanly charm is lacking in it. Yet the question will arise—it arose at once to a lady with whom we turned the leaves—How could such a woman undertake such a journey with the man she loved? Let the peril and the exposure to disease be laid aside; she might easily brave those. But the discomforts, the loathsome and cruel sights, the lack of the decencies of civilized life, the impossibility of neatness and cleanliness—how could she bear these in company with her husband, of all men? Had she voided her woman's nature of all coquetry, without which a woman may be a very useful but is a very tame creature? To take the yellow fever, or be eaten "before the Lord,"—neither of these is very alarming; but to pass days without the opportunity of washing, to go with hair unkempt, to lay aside the mysteries and the witcheries of the toilet, to see brutality and all the lowest forms of animal grossness, looking on it side by side with your husband, and to run the risk of his being killed and you *not* being either eaten or killed by his negro conqueror but "promoted" to the highest female office in his gift—this is the horror, this the inexplicable part of Mrs. Baker's journeying. Yet no man can look on that face and not see that she is a sweet, true woman.

—THERE are about thirty millions of people in this country; how many millions of these are men who expect to be addressed as Honorable? Perhaps only two, that is, about one-third of the male population. Before you pronounce this estimate extravagant, think a moment who do expect this very questionable compliment. All members of Congress and of State legislatures; all judges, justices of the peace, police justices, and sheriffs; all mayors, aldermen and councilmen; all heads of departments and their chief assistants in National and State governments; and not only these, but also all those who have at any time held these positions. The aggregate of these persons is enormous, and includes no small proportion of the mature men of the country, even if it does not take in a full third of them. The variety of the men to whom this title is applied is no less remarkable than the number. It extends from Chief Justice Chase to Councilman Terence O'Toole, who got into the City Government by keeping a porter-house in the Sixth Ward. As of course the number of those who are of the Hon. Mr. O'Toole's grade, or

near it, is very much greater than that who approach Mr. Chase's, the question arises, Is it a compliment, or the reverse, to be addressed as Hon. Mr. Blank? The answer, it would seem, is not far to seek. If the prefix in question were confined to members of Congress and judges of courts of record, it would be an honorable distinction, and to a certain extent a useful one; but now it tells nothing about the person to whom it is applied, except that the chances are about seven to ten that he is in company into which men of character and culture would much prefer not to go. But what shall we say about Esquire? An esquire may be defined as every man who is not Hon. or D. D. The question thereupon presents itself to the practical mind, since the title Esqr. makes no distinction whatever (for hodmen and bootblacks use it when addressing each other), is not the time, ink, and paper devoted to it absolutely lost? Is not the man who addresses John Smith, who happens to be neither an Honorable nor a Doctor of Divinity (for there are such men), doing a foolish thing when he writes John Smith, Esqr.? There is elegance as well as good sense in the simple style of address used by the Friends; and if we add Mr.—or, better, Master, as it was originally—to distinguish the mature man from the lad, we have done about as much as we can do consistently with good taste or reason.

—THERE is a bill before Congress which is certainly one of the most remarkable if not the most impudent bills ever brought before a legislative body. It is a bill prescribing the terms on which the British Provinces are to be incorporated with the United States. It was brought in by Mr. Banks, on leave, has passed to its second reading, and is printed. True, the bill provides that when the Governments of Great Britain and the Provinces express their assent to these conditions, then the Provinces may be admitted to the Union; but anything more than that would be a declaration of a war of conquest. With what semblance of propriety can the Government of the United States, or Congress, assume that the people of any part of the British Empire wish to sever themselves from that Empire? Until British subjects inform us of such a desire, are we not bound in reason and in decorum to suppose that they are satisfied with their political condition, or at least to act as if they were so satisfied? And what justification is there in the presumption that if Canada and the other British Provinces wish to dissolve their connection with the Imperial Government, they wish to do so that they may incorporate themselves with us? Until they express the desire for that union, such a supposition on our part seems in the highest degree presuming, immodest, indecent; and when expressed in the form of legislative action, it is offensive, if not actually aggressive. The proviso in the bill as to the consent of the Home Government and the Provinces, in case of which the annexation is to take place on certain conditions, suggests the story of the boy who, sitting opposite a gentleman who was eating eggs, asked for the salt, so that he might be ready if any one should ask him to eat an egg. We prescribe the terms on which we will eat Canada, so that we may be all ready to be asked to eat her. Was anything ever done, hardly excepting the Ostend manifesto, that so justified the accusations made against us of national vanity and territorial rapacity? And what do we want of Canada? What have we to gain in power, in wealth, or in security by the annexation of that country north of the lakes and the St. Lawrence? Do we need the land or the people? Are the French peasants of Lower Canada the sort of folks we want to incorporate in our body politic? Have we not quite enough of that sort of population brought

yearly to our shores? Do we want territory? Have we not so much now that the powers of our Central Government are severely taxed to administer our national affairs and preserve our political coherence? Why on the part of Congress, and why on the part of such men as Mr. Banks, this greed of land? Do they think that this country is great because it is "spacious in the possession of dirt," or because there came here a race of men who were great in intellectual and physical energy, and great in the power of self-government, in a devotion to freedom and Christian civilization? If the former, they are right in grasping after more dirt, because two is twice as much as one; but if the latter, would it not be as well to remember that the Yankees now have the Government on their hands, and are staggering under an unlooked-for load of foreign immigration, which adds something to the gross material wealth of the country, but much impedes its moral and political progress, and that there may be a limit as to their power of absorbing and assimilating other peoples, and also a limit to the capacity of our Federal form of government? There is not much advancement in always letting well alone; but when the well is so very well as it is with us in regard to territory, there may be wisdom in heeding the old proverb.

— MRS. NICKLEBY is not dead yet. That she edits the London Times no one can doubt who remembers the confidence with which she recommended the throwing in of a pickle or a pudding to facilitate the arrangement of a material disagreement, and who has noticed the readiness of the Times to recommend a diplomatic settlement of their dispute, by people who are waging desperate war. Again and again during our civil war, when one side or the other had gained a victory, the Times rushed forward with its suggestion that the whole matter might now be so pleasantly arranged with a pickle of correspondence or a pudding of treaty, or—brilliant thought on the part of Mrs. Nickleby—by both. We thought, at the time, knowing what our purposes were, and supposing that they were plain enough to other people, that the Times was inclined to jeer at us, or, at least, to offer us the insult of supposing that we would go into such a war as ours without being thoroughly in earnest. But we were wrong; it was not insolence; it was pure Philistinism, incapacity of ideas. For here Austria has inflicted a very severe defeat upon the Italians—a defeat which goes far to show her ability to cope with both her assailants, and to retain Venice while she holds her own at the North; and hardly has the news arrived at London when Mrs. Nickleby cackles out in a leading article her opinion that now is just the time to settle the matter by a treaty which will give the beaten party what they fought for, and proposes that the Austrians, having given the Italians the pickle of defeat, should, therefore, add to it the pudding of Venice.

THE GALAXY.

AUGUST 15, 1866.

ARCHIE LOVELL.

BY MRS. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "MISS FORRESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"PLAY, OR TAKE MISS?"

IT was eleven o'clock, and the little dinner-party in the Temple was going off in the cordial pleasant manner Robert Dennison loved. Loo was being played with spirit; young Sholto McIvor had already lost to a very considerable amount; the other guests were still much in the same position as when they started, and the host was in better spirits than his friends remembered to have seen him in for months. There were two reasons for his being so; first, a vague sensation, a sensation he would not have cared perhaps to define, that he was not going to have very much annoyance with regard to Maggie; secondly, the knowledge that he was in the society of four very young men, all able to pay their losings, and all ready to play until daylight next morning: the kind of men, in short, destined by a benign providence to replenish the purses of poor clever fellows like himself when they chance to be empty, as was the case with his own at present.

Now, in saying this, I neither say nor infer that Robert Dennison ever played unfairly. It was, on the contrary, his habit to show a punctilious, occasionally a chivalrous, adherence to every written rule of honor in his dealings with his adversaries. The way in which he made cards pay was by selecting fools for his companions: and the only sleight-of-hand, the only sorcery he employed, was that which wins in many other games as well as the game of loo—brains.

It is a fact not invariably recognized, a fact that if recognized might save a good many persons from ruin, that at games of chance, as much as at any other human employment, intellect carries the day against stupidity; science against ignorance. And I do not here speak of the recognized rules of play which any man save a Sholto McIvor may learn by rote, I speak simply of the power of observation and of memory, which in a clever and constant player become, after due apprenticeship, a species of intuition or second-sight. Any man who can remember sequences, who can recollect the juxtaposition of the cards he takes up to shuffle, and can guess with tolerable certainty

where they are placed after the cut, can give an ordinary adversary five points out of twenty, at least. Robert Dennison had a lightning-quick eye, an adroit hand, an almost unerring memory, an adamant face, and an admirable faculty for reading the faces of other people. Sholto McIvor and lads of his stamp stood about as much chance of winning from him, in the long run, as infants of six would have if they played with a very knowing old schoolboy of twelve or thirteen for marbles. And yet such men, when their money was gone, would steadfastly assert that luck had been against them, or that their heads had been heated by wine while his was cool, *et cetera*. No man believed Robert Dennison to play unfairly, and no man said it of him. They only failed to perceive that, while he did not aid chance by dishonesty, he governed it—a much more fatal antagonism as far as they were concerned—by science.

The party was going off admirably. Clouds of the excellent tobacco, for which Dennison was famed, made the room fragrant, but not close, for all the windows were wide open, and a freshness that scarcely seemed of the city came in across the Temple Gardens, from the river. Every one was in pleasant temper, and Robert Dennison himself, had just been loo'd (for an inconsiderable amount) for showing a card, when a loud knock and ring came at his chambers' door.

Mr. Dennison's face changed color as he got up hastily from the table; a vision rising before him of his wife, no longer gentle but desperate, coming in straight among them and denouncing him before his friends. "Excuse me a moment," he said, addressing them generally; "we won't be bored by any interruption, and this can't be any one I want to see. I'll tell Andrew to say no one is here, and——"

The handle of the door turned, and his cousin Gerald walked in. At any other time Dennison would have been intensely annoyed by the interruption; for no man coming in with a cool unheated brain can be said to be an addition to a party of men already excited by wine and play. But, in his intense relief at *not* seeing Maggie, he almost felt that he was glad to see any one else. "Here in time, old fellow, after all!" he cried, wringing his cousin's hand heartily. "In time for everything but dinner, that's to say. Charteris, Drury, Broughton—you know everybody here, I think?"

"I don't see them at present," said Gerald. "I dare say I shall know them when I do. Hallo, Sholto," he added, as his eyes got gradually accustomed to the mingled light and smoke; "you here?" and coming across the room he shook hands and exchanged greetings with young McIvor, with a warmth not thoroughly pleasant to Robert Dennison to contemplate.

"If I had thought there was really a chance of your returning," he remarked, coming up with a certain fidgetiness of manner to the table—as Gerald, after shaking hands with the other men, continued talking to Sholto—"if I had thought there was a chance of your returning, I would have ordered dinner later. As it is——"

"As it is, he's only in time to be in our way, and do no good to himself," interrupted young Sholto. "Come, Durant, and take a hand," he added, making room for Gerald at the table. "Take a hand, and change the luck. I'm beginning to lose most confoundedly already."

"Not for me, thanks," answered Gerald, laconically. "Loo is one of the heavy businesses of life, Sholto, and I'm tired to death—only came off a steamer an hour ago, as you may perceive. Go on with your game as if I was

not here, and I'll look on or fall asleep, according to my fancy." Saying which he drew a lounging-chair from the window, and seated himself, not exactly close to Sholto McIvor, but where he could have an easy view of the lad's cards and of his play.

"And what will you take, Gerald?" asked Dennison, who had been narrowly examining his cousin's face and dress. "Claret, hock and seltzer, or what? Brandy, I should say, would be the liquor best suited to your state at present." Taking a decanter from the side-board, and standing it on a little table at Gerald's side: "Cold water, or seltzer, do you think? Seltzer is the best thing in the world, you know, after sea-sickness. I'm really concerned to see you looking so ill, my poor fellow," he added, with the half-pitying, half-chaffing tone in his voice that it generally pleased him to adopt when he was speaking to his cousin. "I hope sea-sickness alone is the cause of your looking so pale? None of the usual heart-aches, Gerald? or, at all events, nothing worse than one of the usual ones?"

Instead of answering, Gerald poured out about a third of a tumbler of brandy, to which he added a very inconsiderable quantity of water, and drank it off.

"A cure for heart-ache!" cried out young McIvor with his boyish laugh.

"Sholto, my infant," said Gerald, gravely, "never give opinions on the actions of your elders. Confine your attention to whip-top, loo, and the things you really understand; and in everything else look at us and learn."

Sholto took the remark, as he took everything that occurred in the world around him, with wide-open eyes, a loud laugh, and a total want of understanding. Robert Dennison went back silently to his place. "If any one cares to go on, that is to say," he observed, glancing round the table as he re-seated himself. "As the game is broken up there is not much use, perhaps, in beginning it again. Gerald, you prefer conviviality to cards, I know. Shall we give up loo for this evening? I am quite ready, if the rest are; and you shall sing us the 'Wine-Cup' to cheer our fainting spirits for the night."

"When the wine-cup is sparkling before us," was the after-dinner song for which Gerald was famous among his friends (as I write I hear his sweet voice lending itself to that brightest of all Moore's melodies! I see his fair boyish face flushing as it used to flush when he sang!): and every man present seconded in earnest the proposal that Mr. Dennison, who detested singing as much as he detested conviviality, had made in banter.

"Break up your game or not, Robert," Gerald answered, quickly, "but don't ask me to sing. I'm not in a mood for conviviality of any sort to night."

"Well, if you don't mean to be convivial, I don't see why we should break up our game," cried Sholto McIvor, upon whom the first fever of loo was at its height; and some one else echoing the opinion, Mr. Dennison, very indifferently it seemed, took up the cards.

"I forget whose deal it was, and everything," he remarked. "Some one had just been loo'd for doing something extraordinarily stupid, I believe. Who was it?"

After exerting his brain a little, Mr. Dennison could be brought to recollect that it was himself who had been loo'd for this extraordinary stupidity; also that it was now his deal, and then the game went on—Gerald Durant sitting silently smoking in a position from whence, as I have said, he could see Sholto McIvor's hand and form his own conclusions as to the style of game that young gentleman played.

After two or three deals, he saw, as he had expected to see, that Sholto played like a baby—the more utterly recklessly, the more he lost; also that his money, with some occasional deviations, was steadily flowing into Robert Dennison's hands. And Gerald's blood rose at the sight!

"Not Sholto McIvor," he had said to Dennison when the finding of a man to fill his place had been discussed between them at Morteville; "any one but Sholto." And although Dennison had answered, carelessly, that he had no taste for Sholto, "or for any children," an uneasy foreboding that poor Sholto would, in the end, be asked, had haunted him ever since, and was the cause, mainly, of his being in his cousin's chambers now.

Any one but Sholto!

Breaking Quixotic lances on behalf of people unable to defend themselves was, ordinarily, not at all one of Gerald Durant's foibles. If young persons, in general, chose to ruin themselves through cards, or any other short and pleasant process, why they were doing very much as he had done; and, considering what a bore life is on the whole, who should say they were not gainers by getting a year or so of real amusement before they came to grief? But as regarded Sholto, his usual easy philosophy shifted singularly. Incapable though Gerald Durant was of very exalted or passionate love, he was capable, on rare occasion, of very true and very strong friendship; a feeling more common perhaps, than love among all men of his class. When he left Eton, Fergus McIvor, Sholto's elder brother, left it with him. They got their commissions in the Guards in the same week, started their new bright life as emancipated schoolboys—fledgling Guardsmen—together, and loved each other unlike the way most brothers love.

The taint of gambling ran through every member of the McIvor family. In Fergus the hereditary latent germ developed itself into active disease. At the end of four years, he had run through every shilling of his patrimony, and had put his hand to bills for some thousands which he knew right well it would never be possible for him to meet; was ruined, in short, irretrievably. Then he shot himself. About an hour before his death he was with Gerald, and took leave of him, telling him he was going abroad. "And take care of Sholto," he added, his hand clasped in his friend's; "and, if you can, see that the boy doesn't make such a mull of it all as I have."

Sholto had then newly joined the regiment, and from that time till the present, more than a year and a half, Gerald had watched him faithfully. The lad's fortune was a limited one, with no future prospect of increase, and, unfortunately, was in his own possession now. There was thus every likelihood of his running the same course as his brother, only perhaps a somewhat shorter one, inasmuch as he possessed a smaller amount of money to get rid of. But Gerald was the most unwearying, the most vigilant of mentors. Sholto was the one sole charge of his life, he was accustomed to say, and into that charge he threw all the weight of energy that would have been frittered away into nothing if he had fulfilled the ordinary duties of a citizen. And, jesting apart, it was really no slight responsibility this watching of a baby Guardsman of twenty-one. With a heart as open as his blue eyes, a temper impossible to ruffle, and a character for truthfulness not always found in very simple people, Sholto was yet one of the most difficult human creatures conceivable to manage. Whatever his mentor in plain language told him, he would believe and act upon: when it was requisite to get him through any delicate or complex position, hints, suspicions, innuendoes, were as much

thrown away upon poor Sholto as a blow from a lady's gloved hand would be upon a very boisterous, very stupid Newfoundland puppy.

If Gerald, before he left town, had said to him : " My cousin, Robert Dennison, is not a safe man to play at cards with ; don't go if he asks you," Sholto would have obeyed unquestioningly, and probably would have imparted his own suspicions of Dennison's honor to five or six intimate friends the next time he had taken a point more of wine than was good for him. What Gerald had said was : " Don't lose your money faster than you can help while I am gone, Sholto ; and, whatever you do, don't play at loo. I've seen a good deal of it—at Dennison's chiefly—and it isn't a winning game for youngsters, take my word for it." And this warning, being much too delicately worded to sink into poor Sholto's brain, he had accepted the first invitation given him by Mr. Dennison, and was now playing loo in as " pleasant " a spirit as any man could possibly show under the circumstances.

And Gerald's blood rose at the sight !

Robert Dennison had made a good thing often before out of men to whom he had himself introduced him, as he had done to Sholto. But those for the most part were Philistines, calico young men, or usurers' sons, or something of that kind—the people one meets among the Guards now ; and Gerald could never divest his mind of the idea that their spoliation to a certain extent was rightful. But with Sholto McIvor it was far otherwise. Sholto was the son of a poor Scottish widow—the brother of his own dead friend ! And sitting there, watching the lad's flushed face as he pushed one " I. O. U." after another across the table to Dennison, Gerald Durant resolved within himself that the little game should stop.

He was loth exceedingly to risk a quarrel with Dennison—the more so at this time, when he believed him to be in trouble about that secret marriage of his ; but he would rather have made Dennison his enemy for life, than have quietly watched Fergus McIvor's brother losing money that he could in no legitimate manner pay. And he did it.

Sholto was seated on his host's left hand, and the deal was at the present moment again with Dennison ; Sholto, consequently, was eldest hand. He had lost with little variation during the hour or so that Gerald had watched the game ; and a quiver of irrepressible excitement was on his lips as Dennison finished dealing and looked at him. There was a very heavy loo in the pool, an amount which, if he won it, would go a good way toward pulling him round again, and if he lost it—but the young simpleton did not ask himself what the consequences would be of *that*.

" Well, McIvor, what do you do ? " said Dennison, holding " miss " out carelessly, and with his usual half-smile at the corners of his mouth, but with no smile in his eyes. " Play, or take miss ? "

Now, in using these four words, there is, as everybody knows, not the faintest deviation from fair dealing ; " play, or take miss ? " being as much a formula at loo, as " cards " or " how many ? " at écarté. But in the tone in which Robert Dennison uttered them to this boy there was, and Gerald felt there was, a tangible, an infinite unfairness. The science of loo more than of any other game resides in caution. Only in the brightest vein of luck, and scarcely then, would a good player take " miss " with four undeclared hands against him. And Sholto scarcely knew the rules of the game ! And the tone of Dennison's voice conveyed to his weak brain that one of these two courses was incumbent upon him : that the possible alternative of throwing up his hand and risking nothing did not exist !

He seized his cards up tremblingly, and Gerald pushed his chair an inch or so nearer to see them clearly. Ten of trumps; knave of clubs; two of clubs; not cards to keep if they had been playing for half-pence. Sholto's lips quivered more and more, as he looked hesitatingly at Dennison's face, and he half moved his hand out across the table.

"Play, or take miss?" repeated Mr. Dennison, suavely. "Now, McIvor, which is it?"

"What is it, you mean," remarked Gerald, speaking for the first time since he had been watching them, and in a slow, distinct manner, impossible to misconstrue; "'which' implies a choice between playing or taking miss only. McIvor need do neither."

A dead silence followed on the remark; then Robert Dennison spoke in an unruffled voice, and with perfect courtesy of manner:

"What do you do, McIvor, as my cousin insists upon such accurate grammar? Do you take miss or not?"

"No," said poor Sholto, throwing up his cards desperately, "I don't. I don't play."

Neither did the next man, nor the next; sudden caution seemed to have grown contagious; the last player, Broughton, took "miss," and finding that it contained king of trumps, ace, queen of spades, felt extremely cheerful for a minute, toward Gerald.

For a minute: then, knowing that the dealer was but defending the pool, and flushed by the excellence of his hand, he played, as young players will, for every trick instead of insuring one, and put down his king of trumps. Robert Dennison took up his cards and calmly produced the ace; then the two and three of hearts, and Mr. Broughton was loo'd to the amount of three hundred and seventy odd pounds.

Up to the present moment, the pleasant temper Mr. Dennison loved had prevailed; but now with an oath, Broughton struck his hand down on the table. Such luck, he cried, as his, was never seen before! king of trumps, ace, queen of spades, and to be loo'd by such beggarly cards as those!

"If you had played a spade you would have made two tricks," remarked Dennison, quietly. "You had a magnificent playing hand."

"Yes," returned the other, "that's all very well now you see the cards, but what man living would not have played as I did? You, Charteris, you, Durant," appealing excitedly round the table, "what would you have done?"

Thereupon arose a Babel of opinions: every man stating what he considered to be right, and the majority siding with Broughton as to the correctness of his play.

"And you, McIvor," said Dennison, turning to Sholto. "What is your opinion about it?"

Sholto was sitting silent, his eyes and mouth wide open, gazing at the cards upon the table. A fresh world had suddenly opened before the young man's intelligence. Here, in plain fact, was demonstrated to him that which Gerald had so often and so vainly striven to prove, namely: that luck is not everything at loo; that a man with a hand like Broughton's may lose every trick by playing the card which four men out of five called it right to play! I say a fresh world had suddenly opened before Sholto's sight, and made the embarrassing influence of something like an idea of his own; utterance, for about the sole time in his life, failed him.

"What do you think, McIvor?" repeated Dennison. "Let us have all your opinions as to which is the right play."

And then the first wise speech Sholto McIvor had ever yet made left his lips. "I don't know, Dennison. I know nothing at all about it!" winding up after a minute of profound thought, "but I see there's a great deal more play and—and that—than I ever knew of before in loo."

After which he rose from the table, feeling his body no doubt exhausted by this unwonted pressure of intellect, and, going to the sideboard, helped himself to brandy and soda and a fresh cigar.

"And your deal," cried Dennison, cheerfully. "When you're ready; we're waiting for you, McIvor."

"No, thanks," said Sholto, "I've done; I've lost as much as is good for me. I shan't play any more—that is to say—" but here he looked at Gerald's face, and, reading approbation of his words, grew bolder again. "I'm on duty to-morrow, you see, Dennison, and it's late already. I must ask you to excuse me this time; and—I've lost as much as is good for me."

"As you like, as you like," said Dennison, indifferently; "don't play a minute longer than you choose. Our game does not break up, of course?" addressing the other men. "Four is as good a number as five any day."

Broughton was sitting, his face as white as a sheet, thinking of what he had lost. He was quite a young fellow, hardly older than McIvor, a clerk in the Treasury, with a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and an allowance of about as much more from his father, an old general officer, living at Exeter with five unmarried daughters, and with neither means nor inclination to help his sons out of their gambling debts.

"If you'll excuse me, Dennison, I believe I ought to follow McIvor's example. As it is," he leaned across and whispered into Dennison's ear, "I must ask you to take a bill. That last loo was a heavy one, and just at present——"

"To be sure, to be sure, my dear fellow," interrupted Dennison; "you need not speak of it. Manage it just as it suits you best. But, of course, we do not leave off playing," he added, aloud. "Nothing I dislike so much as leaving off a winner in my own house, and the luck never goes long in one direction at loo."

The two men who had as yet neither won nor lost to any great extent were ready to go on; and young Broughton, desperately recollecting that he had no more means of paying three hundred pounds than seven, and that the present, at all events, was the worst possible time for him to leave off, said: "Yes, let the game go on." And so it was decided.

"And we may as well be off, Sholto," said Gerald, "if you have decided to go. The same cab can take us both to Clarges Street."

"Like two good little boys, told to be back in proper time," added Dennison, looking into Gerald's face for the first time since that interruption of his with regard to grammar. "How delightful it is, Gerald, to see you in your new character of Mentor! The moral and mental guide of youth; it suits you so exactly!"

There was a marked emphasis on the word "mental," but Gerald kept his temper admirably.

"A case of the blind leading the blind, certainly," he answered; "but 'tis the way of human nature. There was a time when you tried to put me through moral training once, Robert."

"Long ago, I am sure!" retorted Dennison. "Yours are all very safe kind of sins, Gerald. Not sins to alarm the most scrupulous cousin or maiden aunt living!"

"They are not the errors of burning my fingers with things I know nothing about," said Gerald, calm. "That is the indiscretion from which I try to keep Sholto, poor infant! when I can."

Every man at once exchanged a half-look with his neighbor, and Robert Dennison saw it, and the evil red glow came into his dark eyes.

"Burning your fingers, eh, Gerald! Well, that's a figure of speech, you see, and I am too common-place to follow you high-flown, sentimental people. If you had said getting your coat torn to pieces, and running about, minus a hat, at midnight, I might have understood you better."

The altercation had now taken a practical turn, which placed it within the grasp of Sholto McIvor's intellect.

"Your coat torn, Durant? By George, so it is!" he exclaimed; "and your hat gone, eh? or did you leave it outside?"

"No," answered Gerald quietly still, "I came here without it. I lost my hat on London Bridge, where I also had my coat torn in a row. Does any man want to ask me any more questions?"

"Well," said Dennison, with a sneer, "it would be too much, I suppose, to inquire who your companion was while these remarkable events transpired?"

Gerald remained silent, but his temper was rising fast, and he looked steadily, and with a singularly set expression, into his cousin's face.

"Not Miss—Miss—what was it?" went on Dennison. "The little red-headed woman you and your friend Waters were running about after at Morteville? Wilton—Willis—what was it?"

Gerald Durant had taken a cigar from his case while Dennison was speaking; he bit the end off with mathematical exactness, and lighted it; took two or three calmly critical inhalations as if to test the flavor, then he spoke. For a minute the angry blood had dyed his fair face scarlet; he was pale now, and his words came from him slow and distinct, as the manner of some men is when they are under the influence of passion.

"I don't think you know any ladies of my acquaintance well enough to be familiar with their names, Robert, so no wonder you are rather inaccurate at times. What friend of yours—a lady, too—do you suppose I saw, or fancied I saw, upon London Bridge to-night?"

"Oh, I—I have nothing to do with ladies," exclaimed Dennison, shuffling about the cards, and for an instant horribly disconcerted by this unexpected blow. "I've nothing to do with running after young ladies. I leave that to men like you—and Waters!"

"Well, the face I saw was a Staffordshire face," said Gerald. "A Staffordshire face (very wan and white now) that you and I knew well, or once so like it as to be its ghost, crouching away from men's eyes in a recess on London Bridge. Of course it couldn't be the one we knew, Robert; it could be nothing but a chance resemblance; but for a moment the sight of that face sickened me, I can assure you."

"A—a Staffordshire face!" said Robert, keeping his own with marvellous self-command; but the cards dropped from his hands. "I don't know what you are talking of."

"All right," returned Gerald coldly. "Perhaps when you think matters over, you may chance to light upon some clue to the enigma. Good-night, Drury; Good-night, Charteris—Broughton. Now, Sholto, are you ready?"

And, without stopping to shake hands with any one, Gerald Durant walked away out of the room, followed by Sholto, who was dimly conscious that he

had been the cause of something disagreeable, and was vacillating within himself as to whether he ought to offer apologies to his host or demand them.

It was the last time but one that Gerald Durant ever crossed his cousin's threshold.

During all the remainder of that night, from the first deal after the departure of Gerald and Sholto until they left off with the bright Summer morning shining in upon them, the cards went steadily against Robert Dennison. He was not a loser on the whole; twenty or thirty pounds of his winnings still remained to him. But twenty or thirty pounds, after sitting up all night with men like these, was not the kind of sum Mr. Dennison proposed winning; and long after his guests were gone, he stood, with folded arms, beside his open window, gazing out into the Temple Gardens, and moodily thinking over all that the last twelve hours had brought to him; his wife's visit; Gerald's inopportune return and altered manner; young Sholto McIvor's abrupt departure; his own failing luck.

He had not a grain of superstition in his nature. No belief did he hold save in himself; his own quick brain, his own strong arm. Life to him was like loo; a game to be turned aside, certainly, by the temporary accumulation of accidents men call luck, but in which perseverance and ability must, in the long run, win perforce. So now, no foreboding of the spirit, no sinking of the heart overcame him. He simply thought. Sholto McIvor—he dismissed the least important subject first—was lost; but other Sholto McIvors might easily be found. Gerald, he could see, would never be present at another card party in his house. Well, Gerald, in his time, had bled pretty freely, and had introduced him to a great many good things in Guardsmen, and the like. You can expect no mine to last for ever: Gerald, as regarded cards, had been worked well. Now came the thought of Maggie, and of those words of his cousin's that fitted in with such dread significance concerning her. Robert Dennison thought of her as he saw her last night; the marble lips laid down to press his pillow; the cold hands clinging round his neck; the good-by of the clammy lips; the half-threats that she was going where she would trouble him no more! All these he accurately remembered: and then, in weird juxtaposition, Gerald Durant's words sounded in his ears. A wan woman's face—a Staffordshire face they both knew well, crouching in one of the recesses of London Bridge. They had been intended, possibly, as an idle taunt; might they not, in reality, prove to be the first whisper of an awful truth?—the first news of a burthen taken away from him?—darkly, horribly taken away: but *taken!*

Every appliance of bachelor comfort was to be found in Robert Dennison's rooms: an admirable apparatus for making coffee among them, of course. It stood ready on the sideboard now; the coffee and water measured ready for the one inordinately strong cup that it was Mr. Dennison's habit to take at hours like these.

He was a man who habitually, and on principle, did with little sleep—the spending of needless hours in inanition seeming a stupidity to him; and, after sitting up at cards all night, was accustomed to take a cup of strong coffee, then get out his books and papers and work, instead of going to bed, when daylight came.

He was not fit for work on this particular morning; but he was less fit still for sleep. So he made his coffee, took out his narghili and tobacco—more excellent even than he gave his friends—and exchanged his evening attire for a

dressing-gown and slippers. Then he drew his most luxurious arm-chair beside the window; put his feet up on another; and with the fragrant coffee and his tobacco-pouch on the table by his side, set himself to think again.

The morning sun shone in upon him thus: shone red on his pale, keen, untired face; on his white, ringed hand, as it rested on his cashmere dressing-gown; on his embroidered velvet slippers (Maggie's work); on the *débris* of cards and expensive wines still standing on the table. Shone red, too, on the river—fresh and transparent as ever the London Thames can look in the light of an August morning like this.

It was low tide now; and numbers of men and boys—dredger-men, rat-catchers, sewer-groppers, and the like human creatures that extract a living, God knows how! out of the mud and refuse of the river—were already at their work, Robert Dennison noticed. He watched them and thought of what their work was: thought how secrets of shame, and sin, and despair must come to light occasionally in these early Summer mornings! How, at this very hour, the red sun might be resting on some ghastly burden of the river—here, close at hand among the London shipping, or far away among the silent marshes; in the pleasant freshness of the country, with the birds singing, and the sedges waving on the banks.

Mr. Dennison did not philosophize; he did not sentimentalize; neither did he regret or feel afraid in aught. He thought as a lawyer thinks over the bare facts that were in his possession; and the few speculations he entered upon were wholly practical ones. If anything had happened (I write with more circumlocution than he thought) it would most likely be made known first in the evening papers. And they were published at four—more than ten hours, that is to say, from the present time.

He was not sentimental; he was not cowardly; and as to conscience—well, conscience he viewed in the light of a custom or superstition, which, varying in detail among different nations, is mainly of use in subordinating weak men to strong ones.

But in spite of this, in spite of all his callousness and all his scepticism, Robert Dennison shuddered as he pictured to himself how this intervening time, the eternity of these next ten hours, would pass!

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

As soon as the train was fairly in motion, and Gerald Durant irrevocably parted from her, Miss Lovell burst into tears. No woman looks beautiful when she cries, but Archie's face was so soft and dimpled and childish, that she did not look very ugly, even with a red nose; and the two old maiden ladies, who were sitting at the other end of the carriage, regarded her kindly in her grief, and made up their minds that she was a schoolgirl, weeping innocently at parting from her brother after the holidays. What would they have felt—how would they have looked—could they have known the atrocious truth? What anathemas would not their hearts have fulminated, could they have guessed that this fair-seeming, baby-faced young person had been running away from home, and that the man to whose hand she clung so tenderly at parting was a stranger? Happily, we none of us walk through the world with the story of our iniquities written upon our foreheads. Archie cried

and rubbed her eyes till they were scarlet; then choked back her tears; then found that they would burst forth again, with a sob instead of silently; and the two old ladies looked at her with ever-increasing pity, and even exchanged speculations as to whether or not the girl was too old to have peppermint lozenges offered as an alleviation of her sorrow.

As long as they were surrounded by dingy London suburbs, Archie's eyes continued blind; but by the time the train reached Croydon, she began to feel better; and then, remembering that there was no use in crying any longer, she wiped away the last tears resolutely from her eyes, and leaned her flushed face out in the fresh, cool country air. It was a brilliant night; one of those rare nights which, four or five times a year, bathe our English harvest-fields in light as lustrous as ever quivers upon the shores of the Adriatic. The air was so transparent that every object, for miles and miles around, could be seen distinctly in the ebon and silver penciling of moonlight: the sky was as wonderful a blue as Archie had ever seen in Italy. Italy! the country about Croydon, in no wise, save in its flatness, resembles the Campagna; but just at that moment—evoked by I know not what subtle train of associations—Rome, and the Roman days of long ago, flashed suddenly before the girl's vision. She was a little child again, walking home from the Protestant burial-ground, her hand in her father's, through the ghostly Roman streets at night—often stopping as they walked for him to note some new effect of light or shade, or to polish aloud some grandiloquent lay of ancient Rome—never destined, alas! to eclipse Macaulay's. Then, even as she strove to recall its details more clearly, this picture faded and changed into another: of a Summer night in Genoa, and she was in the garden of the *Acqua Sola*, looking across the sleeping city to where one glorious planet casts a broad white track upon the tideless waters of the bay. This time it was not her father's hand she held. Her father was sitting apart from her, not speaking; she and Bettina and a third person, an Englishman, were together. Then she grew sleepy, she remembered, in the warm lemon-scented air; and her head sank down upon the Englishman's shoulder, and when she opened her eyes again, she found herself in his strong arms, being borne slowly along, in a delicious half-dream, through starlit thickets of oleander and vine to the villa *Andreo*, outside the city walls, where her father lived. The villa *Andreo*—as clear as if she had left it yesterday, the familiar old place, half palace, half farmhouse, seemed to rise before her in the moonlight. The mildewed inlaid stairs, the echoing rooms, where firewood was piled against the frescoed walls, and Indian corn was laid out to dry on marble floors, the broken fountain, the garden choked with weeds and red with roses, where she and Tino played! Vividly, with a mysterious sense of its being bound up with something she had done or seen to-day, Archie recalled it all: then, with a start, and a quick glance at her companions to see if they were watching her face, her thoughts came suddenly back to the present, and all the adventures—adventures with no delightful gloss of excitement on them now—that lay before her. The crossing alone at night; the landing at *Morteville*; the chance of being seen by early loiterers on the pier; the return home; last, but by no means least, the suspicions and inquiries that, as a natural consequence, must follow when the dilapidated condition of Mrs. Lovell's best parasol should be discovered. She never for one moment meant to hide from her father and Bettina the history of her journey; but to confess that she had, of malice aforethought, taken the French gray parasol—the lovely gift of Madame *Bonnechose*—with her, was,

she felt, virtue superhuman, virtue beyond her strength. To have run away to London with Mr. Durant seemed light compared with such guilt! and through many a long mile of her moonlit journey, Miss Lovell's face was set and overcast as she pondered over the possibility of cleaning silk with *eau de benzine*; of wrapping up the silver papers, fold by fold, as Bettina wrapped them; finally, of bearing with cold, unmoved face the horrible eslandre that must one day descend upon the household when this, her secret sin, should be dragged to light!

Her knowledge of the world may be more justly estimated by thinking of her thus, perhaps, than by any long description of her ignorance. Pondering over the soiled parasol when all the best part of her life, her childhood, her girlhood, her crown of fresh and pure repute, had been tarnished—put away from her for ever by the mad escapade of the last ten hours!

The train stopped at Ashford for five minutes, and several of the passengers, with the usual restlessness of Englishmen, got out and paced up and down the platform. Archie put her head through the window—all traces of tears passed away—to look about her; and was much struck by the tempting aspect of the fruit on a refreshment stall nearly opposite her carriage. Great ripe plums—and she liked plums—apricots, rosy and golden, and other minor temptations. Would there be time before the train started for her to buy some? She put the question to her fellow passengers and they answered yes; whereupon Miss Lovell got the door opened by the guard and ran across to make her purchases. A dozen plums? Yes, for she must give some to the old ladies: and cherries? yes: and six apricots? and how much to pay? gathering the fruit in her scarf, and already biting deep with her little white teeth into an apricot—how much to pay?

“Twelve plums, two shillings; six apricots, one shilling and sixpence; cherries, sixpence—four shillings altogether.”

Four shillings: five francs: for about as much fruit as she could have bought in Morteville for twenty sous! Archie's face turned burning hot with shame. “I have bought more than I can pay for,” she cried aloud, in Italian—a sure index, always, to the intensity of her emotions—and pulled out her poor little purse nervously. The coins it contained were two francs and a half; for Gerald had bought her a through ticket to Morteville, and she had steadfastly refused to borrow more of him. These she tendered; and these the refreshment woman, after scornfully subjecting them to the light, returned. She never took foreign money of any kind.

“Now, gentlemen, take your places!” cried the guard's voice at this moment; and Archie's agony of mind reached its culminating point. She had four shillings' worth of fruit in her scarf, and had eaten one apricot, she had no available money, a stern English woman looking implacably impertinent in her face, and the train was just going to start without her. Her heart had not beat with pain so intense at the moment when she had found herself going away from Morteville with Gerald. She had a companion, a protector, with her then. She stood alone at midnight, a miserable detected impostor in a foreign country, and among hard foreign faces, now.

“Take your places, gentlemen,” reiterated the guard's voice impatiently.

Archie turned her face round in despair, and the man in the gray overcoat—the man who had brushed by her as she stood with Gerald outside the station in London—was at her side.

“The lady has no English money,” he said, quite quietly, and as if it was

the most natural commonplace thing that he should interfere. "How much do you want? four shillings." And in a minute, before Archie could think sufficiently to say yes or no, the money was paid; and then half through the agency of the guard, half through that of the man who had befriended her, she found herself in her place, the train once more in motion, and the two old ladies, her fellow passengers, staring stonily at her and at the four shillings' worth of fruit that she was holding in her scarf.

She offered them each an apricot the most odorous and ripe she could select, but they declined with pinched shakes of the head, with acid pursed-up lips. They had watched the whole scene at the refreshment stall; and had formed dark conclusions primarily from the young woman's want of money (that safest ground whereupon human beings, may always found their belief in each other's worth); and secondly, from her allowing a stranger of the opposite sex to pay for her. Were they to condone such impropriety by partaking of these fruits?

A blank sensation fell on the child's heart at their rejection of her. "The people in England are Philistines, all of them," she thought bitterly. "First, all those men who stared at me in the London station, and now these cruel-eyed women refusing my fruit because I have not been introduced to them, or some such rubbish. I hate England—except when I am with Gerald! I hate all the people who live in it. Oh, the happiness of being in the Morteville steamer, and knowing that I'm going back to papa, and that I have done with England and the English for ever!"

And then, though she was in reality all but crying, Miss Lovell began to sing aloud: French songs, Italian songs, anything that came into her head; and she ate more fruit than was good for her, throwing the stones away with reckless rapidity through the window: then she put her feet up on the opposite seat, leaned back her head and looked at her fellow travellers with something of the expression she had been wont to assume toward Mesdames O'Rourke and Maloney at home.

The instincts of Bohemianism were deep-rooted, almost like religious convictions, in Archie's heart. Ever since she could think at all she had had a vague sense that respectability, Philistines, "grocers," and her father, were on opposite sides; consequently, that it was for her to do battle with respectability. Chemists tell us that between the basest substances and the most delicious odors exist relationships near and subtle almost beyond their powers of analyzation. With slight transmutation the vile-smelling potato-spirit becomes possessed of delicious pine-apple fragrance; the horrible oil of gas tar is changed into the delicious "Essence de Mirbane." Is it only so in the material world that we can grossly test? Are not the moral like the physical forces, so finely, so mysteriously poised, that circumstances alone can decide whether their affinity be for things good or evil, for pestilence and death, or for aroma and freshness? It was so at all events in Archie's case at this immature period of her life. Side by side with the germ of everything best and noblest—with hatred of shams, love of freedom, courage to uphold the principles or person she loved against the world—were the germs of obstinate rebellion, the possibility of utter alienation from right, in the poor little girl's heart.

"Capable of anything, in short!" the two old ladies whispered to each other, as a final verdict upon her when the train was slackening speed outside Folkestone; and they were not far from the truth. Archie Lovell was capable of

anything ; if she had possessed a cigarette would at that moment have smoked it under their noses, regardless of them, and of the guard, and of the railway regulations alike. Capable of anything ! It was for the future to decide what direction the good and evil of her nature should take. As she sat now, with flushed face and careless attitude, and defiant parted lips, showing her white teeth as she sang, I believe a great many persons of her own sex would have joined with the two old female Philistines in labelling her " Dangerous."

The crimson sunrise shone upon the amphitheatre of hills around Morteville when the mail packet arrived there, and early as it was the whole French population of the place seemed already astir ; bouquet sellers, shrimp sellers, water carriers, and not a few of the great Parisian ladies, going down in wonderful amphibious costumes to bathe. Miss Lovell cared for none of these people. What she mortally feared was being seen by any of her own countrywomen on her road home. The story of her flight must, she thought, be written—so plainly that an Englishwoman who ran might read it—upon her tumbled white dress, her grand parasol at this unearthly hour of the morning, her dishevelled hair, her wearied, travel-worn face ! No English person, however, did she meet save Captain Waters, thirty or forty yards away from the end of the pier, and quite too far off, she fervently hoped, to have noticed her among the other passengers landing from the mail boat. Waters touched his hat as usual when they passed, giving her dress and herself no more apparent attention than if she had been walking with her father at noonday, and with a lightened heart, her first terrible fear of being seen over, Miss Lovell ran lightly on toward the Rue d'Artois. The *porte-cochère* of the house was already open, the portress not to be seen, the shutters of old Mrs. Maloney's lodgings opposite were closed ; everything was in her favor. With a quick and noiseless hand Archie unlocked and reclosed the outer door of their apartment, and in another minute, after stealing breathless and on tip-toe along the silent corridor, found herself once more safe in the little salon ; her secret, thus far at all events, still in her own keeping.

The chair was standing where she had left it when she fastened the rose into her waist-belt yesterday ; and mechanically Archie crossed the room and took her place before the glass. When she saw her own disordered image looking at her, a shocked, ashamed feeling made the blood rush up into her face. She felt as though months, years, rather than hours, must have passed by since she stood there last ; smiling and neat and fresh, and saying to herself what a pretty girl she was ! She was no longer neat and fresh. Her face was tired and jaded, her hat was battered, her muslin scarf and dress bore the unmistakable crush and soil of steamers and London smoke and London pavements. Was the freshness gone from more than scarf and dress ? Had that wild escapade, those long hours alone with Gerald Durant, taken the first ineffable bloom away from a heart that was a child's yesterday ? Archie did not ask herself (no really innocent people ever enter upon speculations as to their own innocence) ; but she did wonder whether it would be possible for her to look so changed and old and for all the world not to find out her secret from her face ? For Bettina and her father she cared little ; the bare thought that Jeanneton, or the milkwoman, or the porter's wife, might suspect her of aught amiss, made her blood run hot and cold by turns ; and recollecting that it was now broad day, and time for all the household to be astir, she ran to her own room to change her dress, and bathe some color back to her tired face.

The porter's wife was the first person whom she saw. Madame Brun, a fat, good-humored old woman of fifty, the typical French portress, rang the bell of the *rez de chaussée* between seven and eight, and was quickly answered by mademoiselle in person; mademoiselle in her neat morning frock as usual, her face fresh and smiling, her wet hair hanging round her shoulders, a paint-brush and palette—Archie's first hypocrisy—in her hand; and immediately, with the unflinching readiness of her class and nation, Madame Brun took all further trouble in story-telling off Archie's hands. She had taken in mademoiselle's milk herself: was mademoiselle to be roused from her bed at six because Jeanneton, lazy good-for-nothing, chose to go holiday-making and leaving the poor little mademoiselle alone? She, Madame Brun, would have come in and offered her services yesterday, but just after she heard mademoiselle return in the afternoon—six o'clock it was, for she happened to remark the town clock strike at the time—some people came to look at the apartments on the fourth, and after that *et cetera, et cetera*. And when Jeanneton came back it was the same scene reenacted. The women knew they had neglected the girl in her parents' absence; and in their anxiety to screen themselves screened her. Madame Brun had heard mademoiselle enter the house yesterday at six by the town clock; Jeanneton was delighted to find from the state of the larder that mademoiselle had eaten well while she was alone. And mademoiselle's painting! Great heavens, how it had progressed since yesterday! How mademoiselle must have worked! There was the cock on the top of St. Etienne's spire, and two ladies going in at the door to the offices, as natural as life.

And so when Mr. and Mrs. Lovell returned, such a Babel of falsehood greeted them before they crossed their threshold as made Archie's part for the present an easy one to play. All that mademoiselle had felt, and thought, and eaten, and drunk—every unnecessary and circumstantial falsehood that could enter even into the heart of a French servant to conceive—did Jeanneton unhesitatingly tell. How mademoiselle had been a little lonely at first, but cheered up toward evening, and made an excellent supper (off the beautiful cold filet, madame knew), and how they had gone to bed early to make the day seem shorter, and this morning mademoiselle rose with the sun and had been painting—but painting, so that monsieur would scarcely recognize her picture. All of which Archie, in inward hot indignation, had to condone, perforce, by her silence. It was the first time in her life that she had told her father a falsehood; and coming from Jeanneton's lips the falsehood seemed to lower her more in her own sight than it would have done had she told it boldly herself. She was too thoroughly honest, poor little sturdy Bohemian, to employ moral casuistry of any kind on behalf of her own conscience. A falsehood was a falsehood, and to act one was to tell one. Had she not spoken well when she told Gerald Durant that she was only half-civilized as yet?

On ordinary occasions, even after an absence of a day, Mr. Lovell, the moment he returned, would bear his daughter off to his painting-room, and spend an hour at least in looking at her face, and listening greedily to all her little clatter concerning what had happened in his absence. And had he done so now, Archie's secret would infallibly have been told. But Mr. Lovell had made unusually large and valuable purchases at the Amiens sale, and his bric-a-brac, the most fragile of all merchandise, was being now brought up by porters from the Morteville station. With a newly acquired *bonheur du jour*

of Madame de Pompadour and a veritable Boule clock in perilous transition, even Archie, after his first kiss from her, was forgotten; and Bettina of course was far too eager to rush off to the kitchen and the larder on the scent of Jeanneton's possible knaveries, to bestow attention on Archie's heavy eyes and pale face. And so the first opportunity for confession passed by.

"The *bonheur du jour* cost me six hundred francs and will sell for three thousand," cried Mr. Lovell, with kindling eyes. "If I could meet with bargains like this every day, child, our fortune would be made."

"Tea is six francs a pound, Archie, and you and Jeanneton have drunk a quarter of a pound since yesterday," said Bettina, putting her head in at the door; "I made a little mark on the caddy to be sure. A franc and a half a day is ten francs and a half a week; forty-two francs a month—forty-two francs a month for tea alone! So much for your housekeeping, Archie."

Poor Archie after this stole away to her own bedroom, and there, seated at her window and gazing out into the street, she passed two or three of the first really desolate hours she had ever known. No one came to interrupt her her father, without his coat, and covered all over with fragments of bass and straw like a gigantic Guy Fawkes, stood unswathing his cabinets and his clocks, tenderly as a nurse would unswathe a baby, in the court-yard; while Bettina was in the full fury of incoherent Anglo-Gallic battles with Jeanneton—who, to keep up the fable of mademoiselle's excellent appetite, and not unmindful of "son Pierre," had privately secreted goodly portions of all the eatables in the house.

"Old cabinets, and Madame de Pompadour, Jeanneton's sins, and my bad housekeeping!" said Archie, bitterly, to herself. "These are the subjects of real vital importance in our household. Such a little affair as my having run away to London and back, is nothing compared to them. Why, even the horrible man in gray took more interest in my concerns than they do."

She rose and leant her face out through the window just as she was giving utterance aloud to this small piece of childish injustice, and as she did so a sight met her which made the words die on her lips—the blood rush with suffocating oppression to her heart. There, exactly opposite her window, and looking up over the door, evidently to find out the number of their house, stood the man himself! the well-known gray overcoat hanging upon his arm, his face, every line of which was impressed with distinctness upon her memory, upturned, so that Miss Lovell could see it plainly.

She drew back in an instant, and sank with trembling limbs upon a chair. This man had tracked her then, and had come to denounce her to her father. The story was to be told, softened by no explanation of hers, but by the cruel, unsympathizing lips of a stranger; of a man who had watched her alone with Gerald Durant in London, who had seen her fill her scarf with fruit that she had no money to pay for on her journey home! No sense of the improbability of a stranger taking such extraordinary interest in her or in her misdeeds struck her. A boy who has been robbing a cherry-orchard believes that every ploughman, every urchin he meets, must be on the road to denounce him to the farmer, and Archie had a similar overwhelming consciousness of her guilt and impending detection. She started back from the window, sank down trembling in her chair, and then, with bloodless cheeks and beating heart awaited her doom: heard the porter's bell ring; heard Jeanneton's shrill tones in parlance with a stranger—a moment later heard the sound of a man's deep voice alternating with Bettina's and with her father's

in the salon. The cold damps gathered thick on the poor little thing's forehead; her clasped hands turned to ice as they lay heavily on her lap. It seemed to her as though she lived through all her life anew during the agony of the next ten minutes. It was no new thing, this waiting to be summoned into the presence of her awful enemy: it had happened all before, not once, but a score of times. A score? Was there any moment of her whole past life which had not been colored with a ghastly prophetic on-coming of her present pain? In ten minutes the door of the salon opened, and the dead calmness of despair fell upon the girl's heart. She knew that her hour had come. A minute later, and Bettina entered the room, a strange flush on her faded face, her cap awry, a light that was not that of anger in her eyes.

"Archie, Archie, child," she cried, stammering with excitement, and never noticing the whiteness of her stepdaughter's face. "It has come at last."

"What has come?" said Archie, rising bravely to meet her fate, and never doubting that "it" must be the news of her own guilt. "Tell me at once, please. I can bear it."

"We have got a living at last—he was seventy-seven years of age, and read without spectacles till a fortnight ago, and your grandfather—time, I am sure—has awakened at length to his duty and given it us. Oh, Archie," melting into tears, "to think of his coming here at once to tell us! met Lord Lovell by accident in Piccadilly, and only back from India three days! and he says the rectory at Hatton isn't more than a mile from his own house."

"Who is he, and what is Hatton, Bettina? and has grandpapa or the man without spectacles come to tell us?"

"Hatton is your father's living, Archie; and heaven knows this is no time for levity! Four hundred a year, without the glebe, and Major Seton himself has come to tell us. He's going to leave the army, and we shall be near neighbors, and——"

"Major Seton!" In a second the past was all unlocked before Archie's sight—the clue given to her imperfect recollections of the stranger's face in London—to the confused dreams of Italy that had haunted her upon her moonlit journey. "Ralph, dear Ralph!"

Without waiting to hear another word, she rushed past Bettina out of the room; and a minute later her enemy, her denouncer, the mysterious man in gray himself, had seized her vehemently in his arms, and was covering her face with kisses.

ALBERT BIERSTADT.

AMONG the German emigrants who have settled in New England, within the last thirty years, is a family, the head of which was by profession a soldier, who had seen hard service during the Peninsular War. Two years before he arrived in the United States, his son Albert was born, at Dusseldorf. This family, whose name is Bierstadt, have resided for many years at New Bedford, in Massachusetts. There this son, now so well known as a landscape painter, received his school education, and subsequently engaged in various employments, always with a predilection for art, however, which he casually indulged from his earliest years. The usual objections long prevented him from concentrating upon art the attention which circumstances obliged him to diffuse among practical and practicable occupations. The taste, however, was too instinctive and the latent ability too genuine to permit any other result than a final determination to risk the chance of disappointment. Those interested in his welfare discouraged his ambition or rather his love of art as a profession, because they knew how precarious it often proves as an exclusive resource, and because the youth had not given evidence of any remarkable talent; while his probity, application and mastery of practical affairs gave them reason to believe in his future success in more demonstrative and less ideal occupations. The future artist had frequently executed clever sketches in crayon; but it was not until 1851, when he was in his twenty-third year, that he began to paint in oils, and determined to earn the means of visiting his native city, Dusseldorf, and his eminent cousin Hasenclever, whose unique *genre* pictures have been so popular in this country. Accordingly in 1853 he embarked; and soon after his arrival in Europe, took up his abode at Dusseldorf, devoting the Winter to study at the famous Academy of that city, and the Summer to sketching tours through Germany and Switzerland. His kinship with the former country would seem to have been a favorable circumstance, and to have rendered him more at home there as an art-student than is the case with most young Americans; but Bierstadt experienced a severe disappointment on his arrival, in finding that Hasenclever had recently died; he, however, soon enjoyed either the direct instruction or the personal sympathy of Lessing, Achenbach, Leutze and Whittredge. As an academic disciple, however, Bierstadt gave no striking proof of individual merit; though doubtless he acquired much technical aptitude by his drawing and color practice, and from the criticisms of his more experienced companions. In this, as in so many other instances, a true direction and development in landscape art was gained away from the studio, by the personal and independent study of nature herself. The work which gives the highest promise of those which Bierstadt executed at this period, is one called "The Old Mill"—which he painted during his first Summer, while on a pedestrian tour in Westphalia. It is full of homely truth and rural beauty,

and has a rare local fidelity and freshness and a genial simplicity which remind one of the most *naïve* and candid aspects of life and nature in the old world. His next tour, the following year, was through Hesse-Cassel; and, while there, he was much struck, one afternoon, with a beautiful effect of light and shade, on the mossy, massive front and low arched door of a quaint mediæval church, with a wide-spreading venerable tree beside the wall, and an old woman seated under the gateway. The whole scene was full of mellow, time-hallowed and consecrated repose. Bierstadt caught, with singular vividness and truth, the details and expression of the scene, so familiar in its materials, yet so eloquent in its "Sunshine and Shadow"—and by this appropriate name he called the picture which he subsequently elaborated from it, and which first made him generally and favorably known in art. It was so suggestive of the peaceful and picturesque old towns of Europe, that scores of travellers desired to possess it; while the agreeable surprise at so effective and real a picture whose subject was so unpretending, added to its popularity, and to the merit of the artist as a fond and faithful student of nature.

A Winter in Rome with Whittredge, a pedestrian tour through the Apennines with Gifford, and a sojourn in Switzerland and on the Rhine with the former artist friend and Haseltine, enlarged the observation and enriched the portfolio of Bierstadt, and in the Autumn of 1857 he returned to his New Bedford home, accomplished in his art, with many trophies of his industry and skill, and with a new relish for, and understanding of, landscape painting. These attainments he now aspired to make illustrative of the least known scenery of the New World. Among the works which our artist elaborated from his careful European studies are a most effective picture of the "Bay of Sorrento," one of "The Arch of Octavianus," a "Street Scene in Rome," and "Lake Lucerne;" each of which, for accuracy of the local details, still life and atmospheric effects, tints of earth and water, and character of accessories, and in every essential feature, is an eloquent epitome of its subject, and transports the spectator to the fairest environs of Naples, to the heart of Switzerland, or to the centre of the Eternal City. These and other pictures were disposed of, and have been more or less lost to public view in private collections; whereas the "Sunshine and Shadow" has been exhibited repeatedly, and before his Rocky Mountain landscape appeared, was the best known of Bierstadt's pictures.

The same careful finish of details, skilful management of light, and eye for picturesque possibilities, which make Bierstadt's Old World subjects so impressive and suggestive, have rendered many of his studies of American scenery full of bold and true significance. He passed part of a Summer, after his return from Europe, among the White Mountains, and beside the materials for a large typical landscape of that romantic region, he made some special studies full of character and masterly effects.

Adventure is an element in American artist-life which gives it singular zest and interest. From Audubon's lonely forest wanderings and vigils to Church's pilgrimage among the Andes, or Bradford's chase after icebergs off the coast of Labrador, its record abounds with pioneer enterprise and hardy exploration. A few years ago the idea of a carefully studied, faithfully composed, and admirably executed landscape of Rocky Mountain scenery would have been deemed chimerical, involving, as it must, long and isolated journeys, and no ordinary risk and privation. And yet the American work of art which attracted most attention, and afforded the greatest promise and pleasure

in the Spring of 1863, was such a picture. The accuracy of its details is certified by all who have visited the region; while the novelty and grandeur of the scene, and the fidelity and power with which the picture renders the magnificence of the mountains, their forms and structure, the character of the trees, and the sublime aerial perspective, have made this first elaborate representation of a vast and distant range—so long the traditional boundary of exploration and the haunt of savage tribes—one of the most essentially representative and noble illustrations of American landscape art. We look at the result, but scarcely realize the process. To accomplish his task, the artist passed months away from the haunts of civilization. To accompany the late General Lander's exploring expedition, he left New Bedford for St. Louis, in April, 1858, and three months after, thus wrote:

"ROCKY MOUNTAINS, July 10."

"The mountains are very fine; as seen from the plains, they resemble very much the Bernese Alps; they are of granite formation, the same as the Swiss mountains, their jagged summits covered with snow and mingling with the clouds; cottonwood trees and several species of the fir and pine line the river banks; the grouping of the rocks is charming; the Indians are as they were hundreds of years ago, and now is the time to paint them; the color of the mountains is like those of Italy; the rolling prairies are covered with wild sage and different shrubs, and the streams are lined with willows."

In the midst of these scenes of exuberant and solitary nature, what a school for the artist alive to her glories and patiently receptive of her teachings! After a day's travel in a spring-wagon, Bierstadt, his companion and their servant would start on Indian ponies and ramble for miles, to explore, to kill game for their supper, and to sketch. Grouse, antelope, rabbits, wild ducks and sage hens, with coffee and cornbread furnished their repast; they slept in blankets under the open sky, and woke up with dew on their faces. This life invigorated body and mind, exhilarated the spirits, and freshened that love of and intimacy with nature, whence the true artist draws his best inspiration. It was thus that the landscape of the Rocky Mountains was studied; the trees, peaks, fertile levels, barren ridges, atmospheric effects, Indian costumes, accoutrements, physiognomies—each element and aspect of the country was delineated with conscientious skill, and from these was executed a grand historical and geographical picture of the Wind River range in Nebraska Territory. To one who has never visited the scene, perhaps the best proof of the authentic merits of the landscape may be derived from the vivid description of an enthusiastic lover of nature, who, long before this picture was achieved, attempted to convey his impressions of this scenery in words which partook equally of artistic and poetical enthusiasm. "We grouped to depart," wrote the lamented Winthrop in his spirited and graphic romance of "John Brent." "'I shall remember all this for scores of sketches,' said Miss Clitheroe. And, indeed, there was material. The rocks behind threading away and narrowing into the dim gorge of the valley; the rushing fountains, one with its cloud of steam; the two great spruces; the thickets; and, above them, a far-away glimpse of a world all run to top and flinging itself up to heaven, a tumult of crag and pinnacle. All the ground was verdure—green, tender and brilliant—a feast to the eyes after long staring over sere deserts. Two great spruce trees, each with one foot under the rocks and one edging fountainward, stood pillar under pyramid; some wreaths of drooping creepers floating from the crags had caught and clung; except for the spruces posted against the cliffs, the grassy area for an acre about the springs was clean of

other growth than grass. Below, the rivulet disappeared in a green thicket, and further down were large cottonwoods, and one tall, stranger tree, the feminine presence of a drooping elm." How perfectly the sensation and sentiment of this scenery is reflected from the landscape of Bierstadt, every feature of which we have heard an eminent American officer identify with enthusiasm. The foreground of the picture is a vast plain over which groups of Indians, several wigwams, and the product of the chase, are scattered, a grove of cottonwood trees occupies the left foreground, and a river runs through the mid background, on the opposite shore of which is a line of beetling cliffs, and lofty, snow-crowned mountains, broken by gulches, through which numerous waterfalls make their way. The part of the mountains depicted is the western slope, and the particular locality is about 750 miles northeast of San Francisco. The stream introduced is the head-water of the Rio Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California. The highest peak is Mount Lander, its summit crowned with snow, and its sides bordered with glaciers. The Indian village belongs to the Shoshone tribe.

Having completed his studies for a landscape which should combine all the characteristic traits of Rocky Mountain scenery, he left Lander's party while it was still west of those mountains, in the Wasatch range, in Southern Oregon, and set out on his return to the States, through a dense wilderness and mountainous region, occupied by a savage people, and with only two men as attendants. For a great part of their journey they were obliged to depend entirely upon the game they could obtain, and in several instances were days without water. The party reached Fort Laramie in safety, after a journey of many days, through a country perilous even for a body of armed troops.

Of one of his finished studies in this little explored region, on the north fork of the Platte, Nebraska, a critic has truly said: "Its breadth of light in the background, especially, is indeed admirable. Its rock-painting is particularly vigorous. Great tabular masses of limestone, up-ended and broken into successive ledges—their ruin partly bold and staring, partly veiled under tender foliage—are more picturesque than any remains of British abbeys, and in their symmetry amid destruction give almost a similar suggestion of the work of man. The sky and water of this landscape are pure to the last degree."

What a contrast to the artist-life of Rome and Paris is this fresh and free search for the picturesque in the remote and solitary heart of nature! Imagine the model of the Prairie as thus described by a companion of the artist upon his last expedition:

I presently rejoined one of my companions, and found him standing, with his hand on his horse's neck, by another dead bison. While our animals were resting we swept the horizon with our field glasses, and saw buffaloes in every quarter save the northeast, whence we had come. From that direction the buggy was advancing toward us, its cattle doing all they could to make up the ground we had gained over them in our run. By the time they came within hailing distance, Munger, of the Overland Mail, our boldest rider and wildest hunter, appeared on the opposite divide, five hundred yards southwest, and beckoned us to come to him. He was on horseback—and a man so seated looks colossal across the prairies, relieved against the clear sky, at even a mile's distance. We could see that he had something of importance for us, and signing the buggy to follow, brought out our horses' remaining wind to reach him. Coming up, we found the largest old bull we had yet seen, standing at bay with a dozen revolver balls in different portions of his hide. Nothing but an elephant dies harder than the buffalo. I have pierced the much-vaunted cuirass of the alligator with bird shot half way between

the legs, and killed him as easily as a snipe; but the buffalo bull, even with a Minié ball through the lungs, does not fall immediately once in a hundred times. Muenger had purposely stopped this buffalo instead of killing him, that Bierstadt might have the rarest of artist-chances, the sight of an old bull charging before his death shot. The buggy came up while we were holding him at bay. Our artist dismounted, brought out his color box, fixed his camp-stool and took the charcoal in hand. We rode towards the dying warrior and shouted at him. A new glare reddened his sullen eyes; he bowed his colossal head till his beard swept the tangled grass; he erected his tail, letting its tuft wave back flag-like in the wind, and made one mad plunge forward. For a moment all his wild majesty was royally alive in him. We veered and he turned on us. We pretended to fly, and again he charged. With every shifting posture the artist changed his place, and the charcoal quietly moved on. Parrhasius was among the buffaloes! But he was more merciful than his ancient prototype. His line study was done quickly, and its better part was one of those instantaneous negatives which can never leave the brain of a man who has seen a buffalo on his death charge. The three marksmen on horseback and another from the buggy drew up in line and fired at the old giant's heart. With one great gasp he fell upon his knees—glared defiantly as ever—half rose twice and pawed the earth with one hoof, shook his great mat of hair—fell again—and with one universal shiver rolled over, a dead bison.

Bierstadt spent the whole remainder of the morning in transferring our bulls to his sketch box. I doubt if there be any other country but Kansas and Nebraska where the brush follows so hard on the rifle; and wonder if ever before color studies of charging bison have been taken in a double buggy.

No more genuine and grand American work has been produced in landscape art than Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains." Representing the sublime range which guards the remote West, its subject is eminently national; and the spirit in which it is executed is at once patient and comprehensive—patient in the careful reproduction of the tints and traits which make up and identify its local character, and comprehensive in the breadth, elevation and grandeur of the composition. Almost a virgin theme, the novelty of the subject alone would attract the student of nature and the lover of art; both of whom must feel a thrill of surprise and delight to find a scene so magnificently rendered with such power and truth. Far above and away the snow-clad peaks rising into a pure, blue sky and flecked with sun-tinted vapor; slopes rock-ribbed and icy in the higher range, subside by vast gradations into valleys of the richest emerald, whose narrow gorges at last spread at the base of the mountains into a verdant plain, into whose luxuriant bosom leap bright waters overhung with mist; while huge cotton-woods, oaks and pines are grouped in picturesque and umbrageous stateliness along the foreground. Sky, atmosphere and foliage, are all, in hue and character, minutely authentic. The aerial perspective lures the eye and imagination away into infinite depths of space, until "Lander's Peak" inspires sublime emotions like those which Coleridge so eloquently utters in his Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni. The details of figures and still life belonging to an Indian encampment in the foreground are all drawn from nature, and are not proportioned nor finished with the consummate skill of the grander features of the work. The artist himself recognized this incongruity, and it is one too easily remedied to mar the complete and high impression of the whole picture—which is a grand and gracious epitome and reflection of nature on this Continent—of that majestic barrier of the West where the heavens and the earth meet in brilliant and barren proximity, where snow and verdure, gushing fountains and vivid herbage, noble trees and azure sky-depths, primeval solitudes, the loftiest summits and the boundless plains combine all that is most vast, characteristic and beautiful in North American scenery.

Since this memorable achievement, Bierstadt has delineated with like emphasis and accuracy, Mount Hood in Oregon Territory, the yellow, craggy valleys of Nevada, and the remarkable "Storm in the Rocky Mountains"—all of which have excited earnest attention from the novelty of the subjects and the masterly and bold, yet finished execution. Several smaller landscapes depicting more limited but not less characteristic scenes in the same region, have found prompt and liberal purchasers. His portfolios contain a large number of careful and elaborate studies, and every interval of leisure has been and is still devoted to the study and transcript of natural phenomena. It was because of his conviction that the patient and faithful study of nature is the only adequate school of landscape art, that Bierstadt, like Cole and Church, fixed his abode on the banks of the Hudson. His spacious studio, but recently erected, commands a beautiful and extensive view of the noble river, in the immediate vicinity of the Tappan Zee and the Palisades, within convenient access to New-York and in the midst of a genial and cultivated neighborhood. Wandering through the fields there last Summer, we looked back from the brow of a hill upon one of those magnificent yet unusual sunsets, nowhere beheld so often as on this Western Continent; a friend at our side remarked, "if it were possible to transfer these brilliant hues and this wonderful cloud picture to canvas—how few would regard the work as a genuine reflex of a sublime, natural fact!" "And yet," we replied, "its very unique loveliness is the best reason for preserving, as far as possible, its evanescent glory." Just at that moment, in turning the angle of an orchard, we came in sight of Bierstadt, seated on a camp-stool, rapidly and with skilful eagerness, depicting the marvellous sunset as a study for future use; and the incident was but another evidence of the wisdom and fidelity of his method in seeking both his subjects and inspiration directly from nature.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.



HIS thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with anxiousness intense ;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the Conference ;
He hears the Bishop slowly call the long " Appointment " rolls,
Where, in his vineyard, God would place these gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim Presiding Elders sit ;
He wonders if some city " Charge " may not for him have writ ;
Certes, could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annomesix Neck !

Poor, rugged heart ! be still a while, and you, worn wife, be meek !
Two years of banishment they read, far down the Chesapeake ;
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrows fall shall feed his little brood.

" Cheer up, my girl ! here's Brother Riggs our Circuit knows will please—
He raised three hundred dollars there besides the marriage fees.
What ! tears from us, who preached the word these thirty years or so—
Two years on barren Chincoteague and two in Tuckahoe ?

" The schools are good, the Brethren say, and *our* church holds the wheel ;
The Presbyterians lost their house, the Baptists lost their zeal ;
The parsonage is clean and dry, the town has friendly folk—
Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like Pocomoke.

“ Oh ! thy just will, our Lord, be done, though these eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Easteru Shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated years
Mid foresters of Nanticoke, or heathen of Tangiers !

“ Yea ! some must serve on God’s frontiers, and I shall fail, perforce,
To sow upon some better ground my most select discourse :
At Sassafras, or Smyrna, preach my argument on ‘ Drink,’
My series on the Pentateuch at Appoquinimink.

“ Gray am I, Brethren, in the work, though tough to bear my part.
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring my heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit the cleverness is mine
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the Brandywine.

“ These hairs were brown, when, full of hope, ent’ring these holy lists,
Proud of my Order as a knight—the shouting Methodists—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far north as Bombay Hook.

“ My nag was gray, my gig was new ; fast went the sandy miles ;
The eldest Trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters smiles ;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

“ All Winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my way ;
At midnight our Revival hymns rolled o’er the sobbing bay ;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire a man of brass—
And still our fervent membership must have their extra Class !

“ Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm requite
I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Millerite ;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

“ No cooing dove, of storms afeard, she shared my life’s distress,
A singing Miriam, alway, in God’s poor wilderness ;
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were still :
A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to Snowhill.

“ A new face in the Parsonage, at church a double pride !—
Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the ‘ Amen-side ’—
Crouched at my feet in the old gig my boy, so fair and frank,
Cheered the dark swamps of Nascongo, the sluices of Choptank.

“ My cloth drew close ; too fruitful love my fruitless life outran ;
The townfolk marvelled, when we moved, at such a caravan !
I wonder not my lads grew wild, when bright without the door
Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world—and we, within, so poor !

“ For, down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy’s patched roundabout,
And saying : ‘ Have these starveling boors, thy congregation, souls,
That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such living coals?’

“Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by Endor’s witch ;
Beyond our barren Maryland God’s folks were wise and rich,
Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the preacher thrived,
And all old Brethren paid their rents, and many young ones wived !

“ I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and sleek ;
From Bishopshead with fancy’s sails I crossed the Chesapeake ;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o’er—
And that on Paul to Patmos driven, drew tears in Baltimore.

“ Well ! well ! my brethren, it is true we should not preach for pelf—
(I would my sermon on Saint Paul the Bishop heard himself !)
But this crushed wife—these boys—these hairs ! they cut me to the core ;
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore ?

“ Next year ? Yes ! yes ! I thank you much ! Then my reward may fall.
(That is a downright fine discourse on Patmos and St. Paul !)
So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old lists.
Cheer up, sick heart ! who would not die among these Methodists ? ”

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

A RECENT LITERARY FORGERY.

MONSIEUR Quérard divides literary *supercheries*, or impositions, into three classes :

1. The issuing of apocryphal works, or works attributed to persons who never existed.
2. The issuing of works attributed to actual authors, but who did not write them.
3. The issuing of one's own works under a feigned name, or *nom de plume*.

The extent to which these forgeries, falsifications and deceits are carried in literature is astonishing. Quérard, in his "Les Supercheries Littéraires Devoilées," a work confined to France alone, and to the space of four hundred years, enumerates more than nine thousand such impositions. But they have been perpetrated ever since there was literature, and in every department of it. Forged Gospels and Epistles appeared by the dozen within the first three or four centuries of the Christian era, and it is an astounding fact that, within a quarter of a century a forged "letter by Jesus Christ" was deliberately and systematically palmed off upon the peasants of various parts of France. The composition of the *Batrachomyomachia*, a stupid fable, was charged by its Greek forger upon Homer, and there were pseudo authors for many of the classics. Patristic and Romanist literature abound with such instances. Forged works were attributed to St. Ambrose, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and the other great Fathers, as well as to St. Thomas Aquinas and other great Schoolmen. A long series of Papal claims to spiritual authority and to territorial jurisdiction and ownership too, was based on the forged Clementine Decretals. False religions have as a rule found a forged revelation one of their earliest indispensables, and the series which begins perhaps with the writings attributed to Apollonius of Tyana, and the Koran of Mahomet, has for the present ended with the impudent and vulgar trick of Jo Smith's Book of Mormon—an unparalleled apotheosis, which changed the stupid fiction of a defunct clergyman into an inspired utterance, accepted as from God himself.

Latin authors, both famous and obscure, from Cicero down to an unknown Tribonius Rufinus, have been charged with the authorship of all sorts of books, some remarkably good and some utterly ridiculous. Eminent authors have been served in like manner, even while still alive. A somewhat notorious Norwegian, one Hæring (viz., herring—a fit name for the maker of a "fish story"), published at Berlin, in 1823, an uninteresting novel by the name of "Walladmor," which was issued as by Walter Scott. Either the same or a similar production was subsequently fathered upon Scott, entitled "More-dun; a Tale of the 1210." Four other stories were forged as Scott's in France; "Allan Cameron" and "Aymé Verd," by one M. Calais, and "Le Proscrit des Hebrides" and "La Pythie des Highlands," by one M. Jules David.

These cheats have not been confined to printed books, or even to literature; equal or even daintier skill has been shown in the fabrication of ancient manuscripts, pictures by the old masters, antique coins, old statues and remains of all kinds, and notably of relics of saints and martyrs. There was, for instance, a saint who was supreme over toothache, and it is recorded that, the teeth of that saint having been gathered together from the shrines where they were displayed in England, there was a barrel full! But we cannot do more than hint at these things.

The like doings, however, are still prosecuted with undiminished effrontery, and perhaps even increased skill, at the present day, and to some extent on this side of the Atlantic as well as the other.

Many of our readers have heard of Madame Krudener, the "guide, philosopher and friend" of the Czar Alexander I. of Russia, and of her novel, "Valérie." Now, this novel was not written by her at all. Before she became (to use M. Quérard's sharp phrase) the Egeria of the Czar, she had a certain lover, one Monsieur Tournachon de Montvéran, who himself told M. Quérard that "Valérie" was written by an Oratorian priest, an unsuccessful aspirant after the love of Madame Krudener, who wrote it to amuse her, and dying unexpectedly, left her a legacy to have it published, on which, though she had refused to be the mother of the poor man's children, she volunteered to "father" his novel, and managed to enjoy quite a reputation for it too. But there is a more staring case than this, to wit, that of M. Alexandre Dumas père, who has by spontaneous combustion (if we may so speak) elevated himself to the title of Marquis de la Pailleterie. Upon the case of M. Dumas, M. Quérard gets altogether rampant and even prophetic. He says that the "marquis" is the "most famous plagiarist of past, present or future times." He embodies in his book a whole treatise or monograph on poor Dumas—and a very funny one it is—with preliminary statement, introduction, biographical sketch, mottos, and two indexes, all complete. He gives a list of the "Creations, Conquests, and Literary Adoptions of M. A. Dumas, from 1825 to 1846" (the date of Quérard's book was 1847), amounting to a *hundred and thirty*, with the specifications, which he wrote, which (and where) he stole, and which he hired other people to write or to steal. There are *sixty-four* of these literary Adullamites; insomuch that M. Quérard satirically observes that if M. Dumas should be admitted to the *Institut* on the strength of his works, he would require there not merely a seat, but an immensely long bench.

For a new country, America has done reasonably well in this department of enterprise. The Moon Hoax was a most famously successful delusion. Poe's "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" was another pretty skilful one. The Lectures delivered by Lola Montes in this country were written for her, the only uncertainty about the transaction being as to the price. Indeed, more lectures than hers have been bought ready made by the subsequent deliverers thereof to applauding Young Men's Associations. But here we touch upon a great mystery, which includes some sermons and some speeches in the Honorable the Congress of the United States.

Our readers will remember what a quarrel there was over Mr. William Allen Butler's smart little satire, "Nothing to Wear"—a certain Miss Peck boldly challenging the authorship of that poem as her own. A similar controversy is even now pending as to the authorship of a little ballad, entitled "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," which is claimed, we believe, by three persons. We know of divers instances where the like thefts have been actually com-

pleted. Two persons known to the writer have found papers once written by them, printed and paid for, afterward printed elsewhere as the work of other hands. Old articles are every little while sent to magazines for new, and sometimes printed as such, as was the case in a recent number of the Cornhill Magazine, which was fain to state the facts, and give the name by which the scamp had sent the article and received the money for it.

"But all too late the vantage came
To turn the odds of desperate game."

It is not many months since a well-known sporting paper in New York deliberately printed as a new serial the whole of Michael Scott's spirited sea novel, "The Cruise of the Midge," only changing a few of the proper names, etc., and bestowing a new author upon it. There was no fooling the editor here, either, for when a literary gentleman, zealous for the honor of the craft, advised the editor what he was doing, the editor promptly wrote back that "it was all right!" We have at this moment on our desk an octavo paper-covered novel of a hundred and sixty pages, printed in New York, in such a style as to be easily taken for one of Harper's cheap series, called "What is this Mystery?" and purporting to be by Miss M. E. Braddon. And a certain New York literary weekly, of date July 14th, has devoted over four columns of fiery wrath—as if they had written with the thermometer—to a consuming review of Miss Braddon. But lo and behold! if any one will look back to the "Halfpenny Journal," a cheap London story-paper, of July and thereabouts, 1861, they will find the same story, entitled "The Black Band; or, the Mysteries of Midnight, by Lady Caroline Lascelles."

In these hasty notes of a few points in the history of literary imposture, no mention has been made of Annius of Viterbo, of the Letters of Phalaris, of Lauder's impudent attack on Milton, of George Psalmanazar and his new language, of Ireland's Shakspeare forgeries, of the *Europa*, attributed to Secundus, of Simonides and his Greek MSS., etc., etc., all of them extremely well known, for the obvious reason that other instances, fresher to the majority of readers, will show much more clearly the sort of imposition which we desire to explain, and will thus define the field into which has entered the French gentleman of whose enterprise in particular we desire to speak.

In 1809, Napoleon, in pursuance of those peculiar views of the rights of conquest for which he has been distinguished, carried from Vienna a number of letters and copies of letters written by Queen Marie Antoinette to her friends in Austria, and deposited them in the Imperial archives at Paris. These letters, written in the year 1791, were, in 1835, published in the "Révue Retrospective." For historical purposes, they are of inestimable value. The greatest questions of that time, the attitude of the French court toward foreign powers, and the position of the Emperor Leopold toward the revolution, were most conclusively determined; and they corrected the current impression that Louis and Antoinette, in common with the emigrants, favored an invasion of France by foreign forces, and that the Emperor Leopold was the chief of a great hostile alliance against France, and consequently responsible for the Revolutionary struggle. This was the first publication of any of the Queen's correspondence, and no imputation has ever been cast upon it; positive evidence being in existence that it has been compiled from authentic documents.

Those who were acquainted with these letters heard, some time ago, with

lively interest, that an autograph collector of Paris, M. F. Feuillet de Conches, a person high in government favor, who had been honored by the appointments of Imperial Master of the Ceremonies, Introducer of Foreign Ambassadors, and Sub-director of the Foreign Office, had diligently and successfully directed his attention to obtaining letters of the Queen Marie Antoinette, and that the result of his labors would in a short time be given to the world. For this they anxiously waited, and read with interest some entertaining extracts which appeared in Goncourt's History of Marie Antoinette, and afterward in Lescaur's Life of the Princess de Lamballe. After repeated delays, their desire was more materially gratified; for, in 1864, appeared "Corrèspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette: Publiée sur les documens originaux, par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein," published in Paris. Some astonishment was excited by the substitution of another name for that of M. Feuillet de Conches, which had been expected, and, upon reference to the preface, no satisfactory explanation was given. M. d'Hunolstein assured his readers that every thing in his book was carefully compared with originals in his possession, and significantly added (whence he derived his information he did not say) that the Queen was accustomed to keep several copies of her letters, but that all his papers were originals. A great part of the book was made up of the letters previously published in the *Révue*, but there were also letters of the year 1770—when the official espousal took place—to the Empress Maria Theresia, the Archduchess Maria Christina, the Emperor Joseph, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame Polignac and the Austrian Ambassador, Count Mercy; all of them of that agreeable character so natural to a youthful princess of very lively imagination, happy disposition and fresh naïveté.

The mass of readers trusted implicitly in the guest thus introduced to them by a learned Count, with whose character they had every opportunity to become well acquainted, and M. d'Hunolstein's book became very popular. Now and then a pedantic critic asserted that the Queen never signed "Marie Antoinette," as here, but always "Antoinette," or that the Archduchess Maria Christina was never known as "Christina" in the family, but always as "Maria;" but most persons, undisturbed by these reflections, eagerly read and admired.

Less than a month after M. d'Hunolstein's publication, appeared "Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette et Madame Elizabeth: Lettres et documens inédits, publiés par F. Feuillet de Conches." "I give here," the editor says, "letters and documents which I have spent twenty years in collecting in France, Austria, Russia and Sweden. The archives of old families have afforded me assistance, and personal acquisitions have completed the collection." He mourns over the mass of fictitious documents in existence, and asserts that they are only an evidence of the genuineness of his materials. Nothing further is vouchsafed. In this book we find the letters published by d'Hunolstein, with short letters of Louis XVI. interspersed, a series of letters of Madame Elizabeth, and a few hitherto unknown letters of the Queen. Various statesmen, ministers and diplomatists are represented, and the letters of the "*Révue Retrospective*" are not wanting.

The reticence of these editors as to their acquisition of their treasures began to arouse suspicion. Those who were acquainted with such matters knew that something more than the mere assertion of even a count was necessary to establish their authenticity; that some external evidence should be adduced in their favor; how and from whom they were acquired was the least infor-

mation that should have been volunteered. The expression of these opinions brought the matter to the attention of the Austrian Government, and Ritter von Arneth was directed to extract from the archives of the Imperial family such matter as he should deem important, and to prepare a volume therefrom. The publication which followed thus received official sanction, and its genuineness is irrefragable.

The doubts which had arisen were now strengthened, and a national quarrel of considerable asperity took place. The German critics attacked the collections of d'Hunolstein and de Conches with much vigor, and the French replied with considerable acrimony. In this engagement a decided success has attended the Germans. Heinrich von Sybel, a professor at Bonn, and an able scholar, employed much time in investigating the matter, and has published the result in several interesting articles, very valuable to the historian; some written for his "Historische Zeitschrift," and others for the "Révue Moderne." To his mind it was not clear why the queen, who was remarkable for prudence, should retain in her hands copies of letters whose discovery would have speedily brought more than one person to the scaffold. He discovered upon actual inspection that all the Austrian letters were written on gilt-edged paper, while those of d'Hunolstein and the pretended originals of de Conches were written on plain paper; and he shows that the former exhibited material changes in the handwriting of the queen with her advance in years, while in the latter, letters dated in 1770 show almost the same style of writing as those dated in 1791; and none ever exactly corresponds with those of its year in the Austrian archives. This is plainly seen by reference to a fac-simile facing page 334 of the "Historische Zeitschrift" for 1865, and the remarks accompanying it are worthy of attention. In the course of his examination Professor von Sybel further discovered that the courier who carried the letters of the queen left Vienna in the early part of each month, and Versailles about the middle of the same month. The letters of von Arneth's collection are all dated a short time before the time for the courier to leave, and after sufficient time had elapsed for his arrival with the letters to be answered; while the letters of the other two collections are dated without regard to this fact.

Frequently a letter will be found in the doubtful collections alluding to a circumstance also referred to in that of von Arneth, and each letter probably describing it in quite different terms.

Thus: Louis XV. died on the 10th of May, 1774, and Louis XVI. immediately assumed the regal office. The queen is represented by the Frenchmen as making, in a letter dated on the day when these important events occurred, this dramatical announcement to her mother:

MADAME TRÈS CHÈRE MÈRE:—Que Dieu veille sur vous! Le Roi a cessé d'exister dans le milieu du jour. Depuis la matinée du 8, son état n'avant fait qu'empirer, et il a demandé l'extrême onction, qu'il a reçue dans des sentiments de piété admirables. Il avait conservé toute sa connaissance et sa présence d'esprit pendant toute sa maladie, avec un courage inouï. Mon Dieu! qu'allons, nous devenir? Monsieur le Dauphin et moi, nous sommes épouvantés de regner si jeunes. O ma bonne mère, ne menagez pas vos conseils à vos malheureux enfants.

D'Hunolstein pretends to have the original of this, and de Conches exhibits a copy. It may have been a prudent foresight on the part of these persons to provide for this contingency by making us acquainted through the former, whose book was first published, with the piece of information of which the two men possessed exclusive ownership. This display of sentiment, however,

was entirely foreign to the nature of the queen. In the Vienna collection is a letter bearing date the *fourteenth* of May, 1774, which makes no reference to that of the *tenth*, and in this the facts are detailed in a manner more in consonance with her character (see von Arneth, p. 98), which, as shown in the official collection, agrees in most respects with the impression derived from Madame Campan's works. In the Frenchmen's letter she is represented as expressing a sickly sentimentality, which has never been her characteristic, and which justifies the conclusion of Louis Blanc, who had no sooner glanced over the letters of de Conches than it struck him how little in many respects they were in accordance with the idea he had been led to form of Marie Antoinette by a patient and strict investigation of all the facts referring to the part she played during the French Revolution. He tells us that he was, therefore, not surprised at the question raised as to the authenticity of these letters, and he felt bound to say that, after having paid due attention to the controversy, he was most decidedly under the impression that they were *not* genuine.

So effectively had these letters of d'Hunolstein and de Conches been assailed, that it was not with much surprise that a letter from a Paris correspondent of the "Allgemeine Zeitung" was read, in which it was alleged that the Count d'Hunolstein had purchased his documents for a considerable sum (it was said for 80,000 francs), from de Conches; that a report had gradually spread that de Conches, who had been favored for about ten years with permission to take books and manuscripts to his residence from the Imperial Library, frequently returned the latter without the blank leaves; that he had incautiously admitted to M. Taschereau, one of the directors of the library, his acquaintance with the appliances requisite for carrying on his suspected employment, and that these facts had called to mind a circumstance nearly forgotten, viz: that a forgery of seventeen letters of Racine, copied from originals to which he had access, had been traced to his door. As was to have been expected, these charges called forth from de Conches an indignant denial, written to the "London Athenæum." In this letter, no explanation of the important discrepancies attending his collection is offered; and, notwithstanding his denial, circumstances point to him as the most probable author of the papers in his charge, and in that of the Count d'Hunolstein.

It is hardly probable that the denial of M. F. Feuillet de Conches will be an efficient defence against the assaults made upon the genuineness of his literary possessions; nor is it probable that they will find a more effectual protection behind his eminent respectability as the Imperial Master of the Ceremonies, Introducer of Foreign Ambassadors and Sub-director of the Foreign Office.

JOS. L. HANCE.

GOING IN.

IT was on Wednesday, the third day of August, that I received a note from my friend B., which, if I made it out correctly, ran thus:

BOSTON, August 2, —.

DEAR P.:—We shall go in, on Friday or Saturday, at farthest. Be at Martin's sure. Come by Port Kent, and bring as little as you can. When you go in, go light.

Haste,

B—.

I went in light. To wit: one woollen coat; item, two pairs old trousers; item, two woollen shirts; item, two pocket handkerchiefs; item, two stockings; item, two shoes; item, a gun; item, a fishing-rod; item, an india-rubber blanket; item, two army blankets; item, my wife's wedding veil to defend me from devouring beasts; item, visions of deer and speckled trout, and a bear or two.

I took a trusted friend, one James; tore myself from the embraces of my charming wife, idol of my breast, bride of my affection; left all to *go in*.

"Go," she said, "go and be happy."

Why should I not? why should I not "go in" and be happy? I went, yet I had some painful misgivings. Remembering Mistress Lot, I did not look back. We had a fine supper at Taggart's, Saturday night, waited upon by the brightest little girl of twelve—none of your great Irish Kernes—slept soundly; rose betimes; went to the Methodist church and heard an earnest soul discourse, and at 3 P. M., precisely, started to go in.

What were we going in to? It is a pertinent question. West of Lake Champlain lies a vast tract, some two hundred miles long by one hundred broad, which is "wilderness" indeed. No roads penetrate it, no civilization utilizes it, no Mrs. Grundy raises her voice against your noble instincts. It must be charming to be once more a child of nature, a son of the forest, a noble savage. Our hearts bounded with delight. My friend, the Judge, uttered some fit sentiment, as we were bounced up from the board on which we sat, while going in—for there are yet stumps in the roadways of that sylvan region. At Martin's we found B., or rather Bruce, and Walker chaffering about guides, uncertain whether or no I was to join them. But I had come, and the Judge with me, and four of us now set about our preparations for happiness in good earnest. Let me say what is needed for each person to secure bliss for fifteen days in this vast wilderness:

Fifteen pounds finest wheaten flour, eight pounds pork or equivalent of butter, matches, salt and pepper, arnica and simple cerate (*not* for food!), soap (also not for food), cream tartar and soda (*for* food), Indian meal at discretion, maple or other sugar. I do not say that people do not fancy they require other articles, as the progress of this history will show. Beside the above, one needs a guide who is a perfect being, combining the faculties of a cook, a

laundress, a bold and ready seaman, a mighty hunter, a boon companion, a racy wit, an infinite jester. These we secured not in one package, but distributively, in the persons of "Sam," "Hall," "Huff," "Enos," and one hound.

Sam fell to my share—ah me!

The light boats are models, but they are not made of *bark*, as Mr. Headley poetically mentions. No, they are of good clapboards one-quarter of an inch thick, put together with the best copper nails; and they weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds. *They* are perfect.

Tuesday, August 9.—We skimmed along, each man of us with his own boat and his own guide, across the lower Saranac. I lay in divine repose enjoying the sky, the white clouds, the soft water, the green hills, though the ragged trees were not lovely.

It is the business of a good guide to impress his man powerfully. Sam impressed me. He evidently thought me an invalid and rather poor trash, so he now and then expanded upon the strength of the mountain air—said he had known babies of four months to walk, and "wimmin of delicate features to grow quite red in the face, and one woman with a torpedo in her liver had been sot right up."

This encouraged me, and I thanked him in my heart. We reached Bartlett's in time for dinner, when we were to have a carry of a mile across to the Upper Saranac. I snorted, like Job's war-horse for the battle, to be loaded up so as to test the strengthening properties of the mountain air. It was very hot indeed, and some musketoes seemed to be prowling about, but we cared nothing for these things, in such a fine mountain air. After dinner, Bruce, who had been in the mountains and was up to these things, seized a load of knapsacks and harnessed himself for the start; the Judge grappled his own plunder and a large bag of meal; Walker caught up an armful of oars, and begged of me to load up his back with packages. I strapped myself on to various useful adjuncts, and, with a large tin oven in one hand and a frying-pan in the other, awaited the word to march. Just then one of our perfect guides came along with an old city dray, and said they would take the whole across in that way. This we regretted, it was so grovelling. Still, the sun was very hot, and we submitted, bearing all things patiently. We got to Upper Saranac, and safely through that to the Raquette River. We did not wish to stop to kill deer or fish anywhere in sound or sight of men—even were bent upon pushing on beyond all savor of civilization, and we pressed forward; so it was well after sunset before we began to look about for a camping place. The banks of the river were low and flat, and not just what we wished. We would have preferred a high, airy situation, where the green grass was growing sweetly under the umbrageous shades. But we took the best spot we could find, and went to work to clear away the dead wood and rubbish, to pitch our tents and make our fires preparatory to our evening meal.

Our first night in the virgin forest—how delightful!

Very hot and very tired, I sat me down by the foot of a monarch of the woods—this is the way trees are described—to enjoy my sensations. I had never before been so entirely cut off from civilization. It was charming to think how all mean and sordid cares were behind me. My heart expanded in the free air. I could almost fancy the figures about me, which the flickering fire-light brought into sight, were copper-colored princes who once roamed free

from Canada to the Chesapeake, who laved their supple limbs in the waters of the St. Lawrence, and (subsequently) in those of the broad Susquehanna, in the good old days before my race killed them with rum and cheated them with jack-knives. It was very still. The wind sighed through the hemlock tops, and a fish now and then jumped at some heedless fly. A distant owl gave a scream, which startled me with the thought of panthers. No other sounds were heard—except one. Involuntarily I had been brushing my face with one of my handkerchiefs, and now I became painfully conscious of that sound—the music of musketoos. “Ha, ha,” I said to myself, and I drew forth my dear wife’s wedding veil. “Ha, ha,” I exulted, as I wrapped my face in its fragrant folds—“Ha, ha.”

Again I sat me down to muse. I began to think of the vanity of earthly ambition, of my struggles among men, when here away from them I could live like a pure child of nature. Heavens! what ails my dear wife’s veil? is every mesh a sting, and every thread a nettle? I was being devoured; the beasts were at me, and the veil was nought. I fled to the fire, around which my party were gathered, awaiting their suppers. I complained.

“Oh, ho,” said my Sam, “it is only the midges—”

“Only!”

I was red, raw, burning. I was stung in a thousand places, and betrayed. Beasts at Ephesus! Paul never suffered martyrdom equal to this, I am sure of it. And yet I was greeted only with jeers.

“They always does that way at the first,” said Sam.

“Set round here this side,” said old Huff, “and then they won’t touch you.”

I took his advice, and sat on a log where the smoke and heat of the fire drifted across me. My eyes were a fountain of tears, and yet I was happy. Now I was hungry, and the fried pork and Indian bread were very palatable. There was no doubt about the honesty of the appetite. No Delmonico was there to tempt me to eat when I was not hungry, and thus put a torpedo into my liver. No, I ate the simplest food, and was satisfied. This, if anything, is the compensation.

On my bed of hemlock boughs

“I lay down in my loveliness,”

with a huge fire blazing in front of our tent, the delicious smoke pouring through it, hateful to musketoos and midges. I lay down to my first sleep—a sweet sleep of nature, like the sleep of innocence and youth. No ghosts would plague me as they did Richard in his tent. No, I was the envy of any king. The drowsy god’s soft fingers were closing my eyelids, when I heard Sam’s voice from the tent near me. It was not soft and low as it ought to have been, for he had lived in this mountain air and his lungs were strong.

“I tell you it takes two of them, to make one d——d fool.”

“Yes,” said old Huff, who was washing up some tins, “yes, he jest shot ’em and left the karkisses to rot in the woods.”

“That Todd,” said Hall, “he’s the fellow who used to come up here to teach us religion—and he goes in for slaughter—just kills all the deer he can; bah, don’t tell me about him.

‘Thrice welcome, hell,
Take back your own.’

That’s the hymn I’ll sing at *his* funeral!”

The Indian Enos here struck in in his heavy, monotonous tone—“He like

man in my country. He sick. He friend say, 'You villing to die?' He say, 'Yes.' Then he say, 'All you neighbors villing to have you.' He gave a low, Indian laugh. Aggravated as I was by the biting beasts, and by the interruption of my first sleep, I could not but laugh, too.

Why did they not be still; yield themselves to the soft influences of the scene and the hour, and go to sleep? I longed to ask them this question, but I had not yet got charged with the strong mountain air, and I could not quite do it. I wished something might happen. Bruce had been in the mountains before, and had breathed the air. I suppose that was the reason, for presently he shouted out,

"Why don't you fellows shut up and go to sleep?"

It was like a mild remonstrance addressed to a thunder-cloud. We had no more claps, but a continued muttering—not soothing. Was there to be an explosion?

We addressed ourselves to sleep. Old Huff, still up, threw on more logs and sat down by the fire to enjoy his labors. He dozed. Presently a strange aroma pervaded the peaceful tent. Was it—was it—could it be another and a peculiar stratum of strong mountain air? I heard a sound—

"Damnation!"

It appeared to me like that, and out bounced my perfect Sam, arrayed in the garb of the tropics—a shirt alone.

"Who's making that horrid stink?"

Those were the words he addressed, as it seemed to me, to our tent. What was I to say? I was not conscious of doing it; but how was I to prove it? Bruce, Walker, the Judge and I, all arose—all also arrayed in tropical garbs—to investigate or to be investigated. Sam went poking about our tent, having, apparently, no doubt the culprit was among us, though it was not; and as I was paying him three dollars a day and finding him a good deal of victuals, it did not seem quite delicate in him to charge me with fouling this fine mountain air, as it was clear he did.

But it really was horrid, there was no denying it; and, possibly, it might excuse his strong expletive. It is curious that two such mild words as "dam," and "nation," should, when combined, result in such strange profanity. I thought to myself, it would be well for Bruce, who was of a religious turn, to ask them to divide it—one to say "dam," and the other "nation"—henceforth; but I fear Bruce never did it, as he only said "pooh." The strange aroma was a sort of concentrated, sulphuretted hydrogen, possibly combined with some peculiarities which linger about gas-houses; and it filled me with a slight feeling of dread. Was it likely to recur nightly? I anxiously asked of my Sam,

"What is it, eh?"

"It's an awful stink, that's what it is."

"I know that, but what makes it?"

"That's what I want to know. If I could catch him, I'd put a brand under his tail, that's what I'd do to him."

As it was clear that our guides were quite at fault, we city men applied ourselves to solving the riddle. Feeling a new sensation, that of a beast crawling, not biting me, I caught him. It was a small beetle; and as I was so strong now as to wish to kill somebody, I mashed him. He gave out a strong whiff of the peculiar aroma. We discovered that the dead wood was filled with these "stinking beetles," which no doubt the fire had distilled into

the stench which had offended the nostrils of Sam, provoking him to profanity and vile suspicions. But now we had happily discovered our foe, and as sometimes it is discreet to go away from an enemy, we "folded our tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away."

It was two o'clock that night before sleep visited my eyelids; and then I dreamed—how delicious it is to be away from men and communing with the sweet influences of nature. I saw, too—was it my beloved partner?—a face making mock at me, and beckoning me to go some other way; but I could not. So I was not sorry when the bright sun shining on my face awakened me to the delights of the day. Blessed be the man that first invented sunshine, say I.

Breakfast of fried pork and corn bread—very fine.

I am a firm believer in the Chinese doctrine of Metempsychosis; there is not a doubt about it. My guide, perfect as he was, contained the soul of a "bad Indian," for some dreadful crime condemned to be a bad cook in this earthly sphere. This soul had possessed my Sam. This bad spirit drove him on to set up his tabernacle—that is, his tin oven—at the slightest provocation. He was bent upon baking or boiling something. He thought of a deer as something to stew; of a speckled trout as lovely in the pan; and if he revelled at all, it was in saleratus and soda. Various packages of these were stuffed into his luggage, and his anxious eye was ever on that tin baker. This he entrusted to me at all the carries, and they were legion, with this tender injunction,

"Don't lose that!"

Had I known then what I know now, I should have lost it early; for starvation would have been welcome, had it come. In an unguarded moment, and I fear from that weakness which leads people to bow down and worship a demon they dread, Bruce had praised Sam's cooking. Was it because he thought it necessary, to keep him at it? Fatal mistake! Nothing could stop him. Oh, Bruce! and praise, comely as it may have been in your heart, only egged him on to dreadful deeds. Thenceforth the demon in Sam's soul hovered over us, watching every lump of saleratus as it went into our mouths.

"Did you ever eat better bread than that? Eh, did ye now?"

Bruce was always willing to say "No, never," because, having taken that position, as I said, in an unguarded moment, he felt bound to maintain it. But the demon was not content with that. He asked the Judge, and he asked Walker, and he asked me; and we all weakly, basely surrendered, and said, "yes, it was very fine." It was a lie, and God punished us for it very properly. We never had a moment's peace. It was not only the bread, but the bad chowders and the coarse stews we had to praise also. And he could not let us alone. It was not one meal, one day, but every meal, and every day, that we each one of us had to throw a sop to the insatiate monster.

We bore it well, and I am satisfied that nothing but the strong mountain air sustained us, or we must have thrown ourselves, with stones around our necks, into the deep mountain lakes.

Wednesday night we camped at the head of Big Tupper lake. It was a pretty spot, and I could not but feel thankful we were no longer on the low banks of the Raquette.

"Head of Big Tupper," I said to Bruce; and again:

"Going in? Have we *got in*?"

"Why?"

"Because I have so far seen no horn of deer or tail of fish, and I am a *little* tired of pork and corn-cake."

"O, wait a bit. We will get to Little Tupper, and then we shall go at them. Don't be impatient. No use stopping to hunt here. We'll press on, and to-day, in Bog River, we shall kill some trout, that I'm sure of. Hold on."

So I held on, and through Bog River we went. It is said there are no song birds in the deep forest, but here in Bog River I saw robins, and the hermit thrush, and blackbirds, and king-fishers, and blue-jays, and woodpeckers. We were not quite beyond reach of civilization. Through the rapids of Bog River we went with our boats. We cockneys having been landed, all went well enough; stay; the current caught the bow of Huff's boat and she became unmanageable, away she went, half full of water, but he jumped in up to his arm-pits and brought her out safely. But my bag of crackers was in that boat and it came out a mush. Good-by, dyspepsia, there is nothing left to coddle you. Henceforth you must take your chances with saleratus and Sam.

Bruce and guide pushed on to try for fish, there were wonderful holes and springs here and there, where fine fish were to be found. I put my rod together, selected my best fly, charged my Sam to put me nigh every hole, and to shoot into the mouth of every mountain stream. Trout were waiting for us—two-pounders, maybe three—I examined my line anxiously, for it had never been tried with such fellows.

"Gently, now, steady," said my Sam. "Throw here."

I cast temptingly, my flies trailed like delicate morsels. Again, again. It was singular they did not rise.

"Let me try," said my guide.

He tried; no success.

Them fellows have caught 'em," was what he said.

We went on, and everywhere we tried, but we did not get fish.

Thursday afternoon we got to Sand Point on Little Tupper. Now we were *in*. Now we were to slay our deer, kill our fish, and be happy. The first thing was to get a deer; we hungered for meat. Sam and his hound went into the forest.

The way to catch the deer is this: The hound strikes the first scent, follows it, baying with his deep, musical voice. The deer flies, but his instinct teaches him after a shorter or longer run to take the water. We hunters in our boats station ourselves, with gun in hand, at different points on the lake, watching. We listen, the deep voice of the hound grows faint, it vanishes. But our ears are open, by-and-by we hear it up the lake, and pull our light boats swiftly that way. We watch and see nothing, but suddenly the practiced eye of the guide sees a speck floating, which he knows instantly is not a duck, not a loon, not a log, but a deer's head, and away he pulls, like one of the fates with shears in hand to sever the thread of life.

We pull up the lake to listen and watch. Now old Huff had smarted under the implied incompetency which the swamping of his boat indicated. He had charge of the Judge, and was greedy to prove his skill by securing him the first shot. He pulled on, and though somebody shouted to him to hold up, he would not. The bay of the hound seemed approaching, there was a splash, and the deer took to the water. It is the duty of the hunter to get between him and the shore—head him off. But Huff was too greedy, he pulled straight on, the deer saw him, turned and again reached the

shore, and was lost to sight and taste. The strange "wha, ha, ha, ha," the laughter of the loon, came to us across the lake.

No venison for supper that night.

Old Huff had not retrieved his character, but when we got back to camp he recounted the wonderful deeds he had done among these mountains.

"Pooh," said my Sam. "What are you talking about? Why didn't you kill the deer to-day?"

"Now, Sam," in wounded tones, "didn't I say shoot Judge, shoot Judge twice? didn't I, Judge?"

This was shifting the blame to the Judge's shoulders to be sure.

"But," said the Judge, "I did shoot; it was too far."

"Nonsense," said Sam, not in reply to the Judge, but to Huff. "Nonsense, that's no way, to let the deer double and take to the woods again. Can't never catch deer so."

"Why, Sam, it's all the dog. He don't know how to hunt," replied Huff.

"Don't know how to hunt, Sport don't?"

Sam was touched; hint to a man his sweetheart is rather sharp tempered, whisper to a woman that her first baby might have a better nose, but never doubt a man's dog or horse. It was a pity.

"Mister Huff." Sam was now formal. "Mister Huff, do you mean to say that 'ere dog don't know how to hunt?"

Huff was a little cowed. "Wall, Sam, he didn't know how to hunt to-day, did he now, did he?"

"Did he! He 'knows how to find a d—d fool, if he don't know to hunt a deer."

I was wondering if the onset was now to begin, and we were to have murder done before our eyes. But Bruce interpose, he propitiated the god.

"Sam," he said, "come, don't stand talking, but get some of your good corn bread started while I make the fire. Mr. Huff, you show these others how to get up the tents. For my part, I am as tired and hungry as a bear."

Sam now forgot the honor of his dog, forgot everything, and plunged into his damnable cookery—a murder was no doubt avoided—but if it *had* gone on, and if Huff *had* happened to kill my Sam, what saleratus, what suffering would have been saved! It was not to be.

It was a cold night, but old Huff, like a supple young woodsman, always wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down in the open air outside the tent. The Judge remonstrated.

"Oh Judge, I like to do that way. You see, then I can get up early and attend to bisness."

His business, if anything, was to wash up the dishes; for, although he knew he could cook better than Sam, and though Sam knew that he thought so, he was never permitted to try; therefore just why he wanted to rise with the lark to attend to "bisness," was not plain to the Judge. The Judge this morning ventured a remark to *me*, about the strong taste of water in the coffee—but Huff took up the parable: he was of a social turn.

"Jest suits *me*, Judge. I never want your bitter coffee. This 'ere lake-water is mighty good for coffee. You see I've a notion it has a flavor of the bushes, and somehow it makes the coffee taste on't. Some of 'em brings up their patent coffee-pot here, but they're no sort o' use, none on 'em. You see there aint but one way to make coffee good—that's the way I allus do. Bile it—bile it. And when you've biled jest enough, put in a moderate sized

piece of fish skin, and let it settle, and I'll tell you what, Judge, such coffee as that you don't see every day. Fish skin is the best thing. I never travel without that—that's what settles coffee—I know." He nodded his wise head to the Judge.

Sam was suspicious, as he was fussing with his tin oven, that Huff was talking treason.

"What's that about coffee, eh?"

Huff laughed jocularly, as if to turn away danger. "Nothing Sam, the Judge and I, we was having a little private talk."

"Well, I guess I heerd most on't."

"There's no question," said the Judge aloud, "that the water of these lakes is fine," he addressed me.

"There's no denying that by anybody but a natural fool," struck in Sam.

This is true. The charm of charms of these mountains, is to wake in the morning, a little bruised from your bed of boughs, take off your shirt and plunge into the crystal lake which ripples at your feet. The water is so soft, so cool, so perfect, that it shoots a thrill of health through every vein. There is no bath like it in this world.

The sting of the midge is inevitable, the bill of the musketoe sharp, the bite of the flea poisonous, the venom of the black fly terrible—the manners of the guides are coarse, their talk vulgar, their contempt undisguised, but a swim in the lake atones for all, washes all filth and irritation away. "Happiness," according to Colonel O'Botherem, "is like the crow sitting upon a neighboring eminence," but in the Adirondacks, it is in the water of the lakes, if anywhere.

Supper of pork, corn-bread and my cracker-mush. Breakfast the same. It was becoming monotonous; I was happy, but my mind was becoming morbid, wondering how venison tasted, and trying to picture to myself the appearance of a two-pound trout. There were plenty of both in the Adirondacks, there could be no doubt of that, but where—oh where?

Out Saturday morning to drive a deer. Sam went into the forest with his dog, Bruce; Hall and I were stationed on an island where we could have a good view, the other two boats elsewhere. At last we heard the cry of the hound, but it was going away from us and was lost. Hall was watchful, presently he rushed for my gun, jumped into his boat and pulled toward the shore. What did that mean? I was on the alert, and at last I spied a head on the surface of the lake. A deer was crossing a little bay. Hall pulled swiftly and the deer swam for life. He reached the shore first, sprang along it; Hall was at a long shot, but he raised the gun and fired; away bounded the deer through the bushes up the mountain side. Hall came back grumpy.

"Plague on such a shooting iron as that!" It was mine, so my feelings were alive. We all wanted venison, and it *was* irritating not to get it. I apologized for the gun, as it was only a bird-gun not meant for long range; but Hall looked, he did not say it: "Nobody but a fool would bring such a thing into the woods!" Sam came back, and we waited for the dog and his deer. They did not come: we waited till we could wait no longer, and then went back to our camp to get our frugal dinner. Where was the dog? That was the question. Following the deer to some other lake, no doubt. But which one? Where should we look for him, and would he come back? Sam went to look for him in the afternoon, but did not find him. We were in a predicament. No meat, no dog; and also no dog, no meat. Of course we

were as happy as men could be with neither meat nor dog, in the middle of a howling wilderness. It was decided that Hall should make his way to Long Lake, where his home was, and get his hound. He struck off through this dense, interminable forest, to go some eight or ten miles. He did it without compass or load-star, and came back with his dog.

Did not hunt on Sunday, though very hungry, but read some of David's denunciatory psalms.

It was now six days since we had had any meat except our fat pork, and yet we had the strongest asseverations of men, and the word of History, that these mountains abounded—yes, abounded with deer. Sam went out on Sunday night with his boat and his jack to see what he could do. The jack is a strong lantern, so placed in the bow of the boat as to throw the light forward, revealing the deer feeding on the lily-pads to the silent hunter in the stern. He was gone till two o'clock and came back empty. But Hall had been home for his dog, and our hearts revived. We set about our preparations with alacrity—now we should have sport, and meat too. Hall, Bruce and the dog started in their boat—Huff took the Judge; Enos, Walker, and Sam me. Sam and I took position on an island to watch. We waited, and by-and-by heard the cry of the hound, he was on the scent. We waited, we listened, we eagerly watched, but where was the deer? Almost in despair we still waited, when we saw old Huff pulling up from far down the lake. What for? At last Sam said,

“He's got him and is follering him up this way.”

I could just perceive the small head of the deer in the water—as they neared us. Hall and Bruce now came up with their boat eager. Huff was determined his man should kill him; but like an old hunter fearing the deer would sink if shot, he determined to get hold of the tail before the Judge put his bullet into the brain. That was what he was pushing for.

“Shoot,” shouted Bruce to the Judge—“Shoot!” I, from the island, shouted at the top of my voice—

“Don't shoot! he'll sink—don't shoot!”

“Shoot! Shoot!” shouted Bruce.

The Judge was distraught.

At last he raised his rifle and—

“Crack!”

But the deer dodged and swam on.

Then Bruce's rifle went—

“Crack!”

And still the deer swam on swiftly, gallantly—both boats following him.

They passed on away from me, but I saw the hunter had caught him, and now we had venison.

The Judge confided to me that night—that it was horrid. As they neared the deer he saw his soft frightened eye, and he could then no more have shot him than he could a baby; they just butchered him, cut his throat.

But fish—speckled trout—large ones—they too were as plenty as deer; universal testimony was overwhelming on this point. What was the result? We fished faithfully, and one afternoon Walker and I went across to Rock Pond, Enos to carry the boat. There at sundown we fished for an hour at the mouth of a mountain spring, and took twenty-four splendid fish, weighing from half a pound to a pound. This was the only fly-fishing we were able to secure. True we had fish in plenty taken by set lines in the deep lakes, but

they would not rise to the fly. The season was very hot, and very dry, and that may be an explanation.

Such was our experience. We went to try our luck at Salmon Lake, hence to Beach Lake, because these were more difficult of access, and therefore we were more confident of sport. The result was the same.

I mentioned the stores one should take in—but that men did take other stores. At a camp on Beach Lake, I counted five dozen ale, whiskey, and wine bottles, four dozen tin cans. Inquiring what these things meant, I learned that members of clubs, mayors of cities, gentlemen of name and wealth did come to these mountains, bringing unlimited quantities of potent liquors, bringing also Bonarobas—that they did get drunk, did disgrace themselves, did pollute the mountains, and did debauch the guides. I was told of—— and —— from Rochester, and —— from New York, and —— from Albany. These men have not a fragrant reputation in the virgin forest.

But women, *ladies*, do go to these mountains, do undergo hardships, and oftentimes come out with wonderfully restored constitutions. Sometimes the life and the air and the simple food act miraculously; and no person seeking for renewed life need fear to try it. It is only they who are in search of *happiness* who should pause.

I would sum up thus :

The scenery is not sublime nor grand; the lakes are beautiful; the sport so-so; the air invigorating; the mountaineers coarse and greedy, vulgarized by intercourse with vulgar cities—I trust there may be exceptions among the guides, but—the discomforts legion, and the benefits (sanitary) great.

We went out through Raquette and Long lakes and I thanked Bruce for showing me how to “go in.”

C. W. ELLIOTT.

TRAVEL.

IT is astonishing how difficult it is to arrive at just the right time for the train. One either gets there half an hour in advance, like a rustic taking his first trip, or comes in breathless while the bell is ringing. Those "last things" at home that suddenly arise to be done during the final hour—no one hath yet discovered exactly what they are, only that they are so very important, and one grows so very flurried with doing them. So the bonnet strings do not always get well tied. Yet the latest person aboard may still be in time to see some hapless young woman come running into the arms of the gate-keeper, who, knowing that she cannot go, politely prevents her from breaking her neck.

But it is even more singular that those in season often manifest an intense desire to be left. There seems to be an irresistible fascination upon the male passenger, to start off on some hairbreadth expedition at the very last instant.

"Shall I have time, Conductor?"

"You have less than one minute!"

The passenger balances to and fro, wasting half the interval, and finally away he goes, full tilt, for a newspaper or a roll of lozenges, the female relict meanwhile craning out of the window as he disappears, and the whole sympathetic car-load quaking inwardly to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." But he usually reappears at the critical extremity, giving every one a second fright by jumping upon the moving train.

One suggestion toward railway comfort will not seem improper when one sees its reasonableness; it is, that ladies entering the car alone shall not, with the present extended style of dress, aim straightway at a seat with one of their own sex. It is really fearful to see an unwieldy female, her arms full of luggage, bearing down with eye direct on the small remnant one's own crinoline has left, where is hardly enough room for a slender reporter. It is mere prudery which prevents her from seating herself at once with some single gentleman who has really a luxury of space. If it do not seem delicate to the vulgar, to the intelligent it will seem both delicate and discerning. Why should so many people be inconvenienced for a notion? The car properly filled has its gentlemen and ladies as nicely paired as robins. Also, in passing through a car where gentlemen have deposited their coats to save their places, it is quite as well to use a little adroitness, and sit down by the best looking coat.

In fact, there is nothing like getting the most one innocently can out of life, though it be in a railway train. And by not having a sharp side eye to one's company for a jaunt, it is possible to miss a valuable nugget of wisdom, entertainment, or good fortune. The Platonic laws forbade to travel before forty or fifty years of age, that the experience might be made useful. And much as has been said of the English reticence when abroad, certainly nothing

can exceed the stiffness that is growing upon American travellers. One may ride the whole length of the Hudson River road with the same persons, and never exchange a word. Unless accident, or incident, or some bewitching baby unlock people's hearts, there will not be a thaw the entire way. Thus one loses more than he knows. Bayard Taylor, in his pedestrian tours, claimed to have accepted every companion "from chimney sweeps to barons." He knew that every man and woman had their item, which, if one could possess himself of it, might some day come up with unexpected value. Such was the case of Robinson Crusoe, who used to listen idly to his father's surgeon on bandaging wounds, and had to rake the knowledge all out of his brain many years after, when his man Friday was shot by the Spaniards. One may not expect ever to enter the pickle business, but it is no less lively to fall into a little coquetry with a pickle packer. At the time it only serves to turn the old ditty,

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Still, you cautiously save your item; you may be said to have put it in pickle.

Walter Scott used to say that almost any stranger brought his welcome with him to Abbotsford, if he only brought the current report of the day, but mentions a person whom his friend Clerk met in a stage coach, who absolutely baffled all pumping processes, and gave up his item only at the last gasp. After Clerk had made many patient attempts to draw out the stranger, he said, "I have talked to you, my friend, on all the ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise, gaming, game laws, horse races, suits at law, politics, swindling, blasphemy and philosophy—is there any one subject that you will favor me by opening upon?"

The wight worked his countenance slowly into a grin: "Sir," said he, "can you say anything clever about *bend-leather*?"

Aside from a gallant companion, one of the most important comforts in travel is a luncheon-basket well filled with home provisions, chiefly of the sorts that are not sweet. Tongue sandwiches, or bits of salt fish, boiled eggs, sardines and olives, roast meat or fowl, and a few tarts for luxury—these, and countless other relishes, are excellent with bread and butter. But pray don't put up cookies; there will be a car load of them. And if any sweets are wanted, they can be bought all along the road. One may live along a considerable distance on sporadic sponge-fingers, or keep up the whirl with mince-meat turnovers. But there will soon be a wonder as to what is the matter with one's appetite.

Of course the luncheon-basket includes the drinking-cup—would that it also included the water. In this regard our conveyances are not perfectly equipped. When the Prince of Wales made the tour of the States, his car had always the superb silver ice-pitcher, and the dew on it was never dried. Why should the sovereign people fare worse than a merely apparently to-be-sovereign boy? Since our railroads are famous for their dividends, they can doubtless afford to add to every car now building, first, a small, but complete saloon for toilet arrangements, with couches for invalids, and secondly, an abundance of cold water somewhere.

Of these travelling baskets, there are in the market very nice patents, wherein the packing places for every sort of food and dish are so closely arranged that one may carry family rations in a surprisingly small compass.

Trivial as it may seem, one of the annoyances of travel is the prodigal use of Lubin's extracts. How often must one wish that this chemical secret had

remained undiscovered! You get into a close car on a hot day to meet the steam of verbena, heliotrope and geranium, stifling enough to crowd the breath back into your very boots. You go to the hotel table, and your female neighbors all exhale Mr. Lubin, in scents so much stronger than the food, that you simply eat Mr. Lubin, and are not otherwise aware what you have dined upon. Occasionally some one varies the flavor with lavender or lemon, which suggest the hair oil used in a boarding-house on Sunday; but there is no refreshment in any of them. It would be much more enlivening to select a fine bay rum. Indeed, Montaigne thought that perfumes might be used by physicians as remedies, for he perceived that odors greatly affected his spirits. This makes it even a more questionable right to foist these fumes upon the air that others must breathe. They should at least be kept in one's own drawing-room; though to mind the old proverb is better, "He is not well perfumed, who is perfumed at all." Perfumes are mostly used by the dirty, to save washing.

Did any one ever think, too, how the pleasure of a journey would be increased if there were no stairs in the world? Instead of panting perspiringly or asthmatically up, with dress falling under one's feet, and hands full of bundles, think of the quiet grace of stepping on a level into store and station. Perhaps nowhere in travel are stairs more obnoxious than at the New Haven Dépôt. All will remember the enormous flight leading to the ladies' room, which can only be a hotel trap to catch customers; for once go up, and what with the time consumed in mounting, and the impossibility of seeing the movements of the train, one is usually left over. Whoever has been often by that route to New York, may have seen more than one female who went up to bathe a little dust from the face and to shake the cinders from her hair, and who came down wildly, with bonnet off, and tresses flying, to be pulled aboard by main force, barely escaping crushing wheel or loss of journey.

On the matter of car-ventilation, it does not look as if we had arrived at millennial perfection. While we hear of top ventilators, box ventilators, fan and revolving ventilators, we do not remember riding in any car where the warm air went out, that the dirt did not come in. There seems to be a difficulty in transferring from politics to mechanics the power of blowing hot and cold at the same time; that is, of carrying out the smoke and bringing in clear air. But when this improvement is perfected, one will be able to defy Mr. Lubin without being peppered and blinded with cinders.

But superior to all discomforts is that crowning experience of travel, the study of human beings—to guess out the traits and relations of these pairs and parties of people who enter and sit down about you. Emerson has said of the public speaker who should lay bare his inner life with truest unreserve, that the sick would be brought on litters to hear him. But could some divine clairvoyance open the bosom of these travellers, then should one have no home but on the highways. Here are men and women riding coldly side by side as if quite wearied out with their own society, yet the bond holds; men and women who clasp hands and glance passion at each other; men and women who gaze tenderly and sweetly into each other's eyes, and will "ride, ride together, forever ride;" men and women who have fallen in by the way, and who flirt and frolic in a rattle-brain fashion, gayly eating their apples and pelting each other with nuts; men and women who are so uncommonly commonplace that they don't seem worth wondering about at all—probably husbands and wives of some sort. How much would not one give in this medley to know who is what, and how he was that!

Willis has said that to look from a railway train is simply to see miles of green damask unrolled before one's eyes—an intimation that he has missed half the delight that may be had from the windows of any passing train, the charm of field and glen, the gems of villages in the far-off trees, the cascades among the rocks, and, along many a railway in June, the pinkest of pink laurel crowding all the woody openings of the forest—so pink that the separate blossoms are distinctly visible as you whirl by. But De Quincey, with his subtle sentiment, makes graver charge against the modern mode of travel, which to him could not compare in grandeur and power with the old mail coach. He complains that "man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse," and that henceforth the greatest tidings must go "by culinary process." But one can easily forgive the romantic De Quincey, for if he no longer went riding down from London on the mail with tidings of victory, and banners on the heads of the horses, he also could see no longer the face of sweet Fanny of the Bath Road, save as out of thirty-five years' darkness he called it up with the image of a rose in June. And so would rise, Fanny and the rose, then the rose and Fanny, "one after the other, like the antiphones in the choral service."

Among the minor modes of travel, that of the horse-car should not be omitted. Of course, on most desirable days it belongs to everybody—ah, one needs her private coach beside! but some of the dreamiest rides I have known have yet been in these same horse-cars, when late in a breathless Summer evening I departed from the city, few passengers aboard, gliding on and on, past weirdly gleaming lamps, through high arching forests, and over starlit fields. And the soft wind waves gently back and forth, and there is no longer any sensation of limit as you slide on, faster and faster, into the vague dark; for all that can be seen you are embarked for the outermost bounds of space. This it is that makes the highest fare seem cheap; for one cannot cash the illimitable.

Then straightway there rises in the mind, what should remain to every American his ideal excursion until our National energy has made it a verity; that journey when, leaving the vast cities of the States, one goes rolling forward day and night over prairie, mountain and gorge, in one unbroken line, until he shall strike the great western shore of the continent, that golden magnet for the new Pacific railway.

Montaigne said of his countrymen that they travelled "for no other end but to return." Yet even this has its responsibility; and he who, going abroad, returns to see life in no larger, fresher way, should be given to understand that he is despaired of, and should go at once into solitary confinement. To see just what one saw last year, and nothing new about it, in the same yellow primrose way—to have struck the limit of one's self everywhere—what is it but beginning to live backward—returning to eat one's self up?

It is a notable fact that, unless one go from a great capital, the further she goes the less account is made of the place she came from. One may persistently book herself from Springfield, and for a while will be known as the lady from Springfield; but a few hundred miles further on she becomes the lady from Boston; then simply the lady from Massachusetts; down South, the lady from New England; and over the water, the lady from America. Thus does travel seek to generalize all things, enlarging the horizon until one shall be no longer the citizen of Athens, but of the world.

CHARLOTTE P. HAWES.

LAURA, MY DARLING.

L AURA, my darling, the roses have blushed
At the kiss of the dew, and our chamber is hushed ;
Our murmuring babe to your bosom has clung,
And hears in his slumber the song that you sung ;
I watch you asleep with your arms round him thrown,
Your links of dark tresses wound in with his own,
And the wife is as dear as the gentle young bride
Of the hour when you first, darling, came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the stream
Of Youth's Summers and Winters has been like a dream ;
Years have but rounded your womanly grace,
And added their spell to the light of your face ;
Your soul is the same as though part were not given
To the two, like yourself, sent to bless me from heaven—
Dear lives, springing forth from the life of my life,
To draw you more near, darling, mother and wife !

Laura, my darling, there's hazel-eyed Fred,
Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,
And little King Arthur, whose curls have the art
Of winding their tendrils so close round my heart—
Yet fairer than either, and dearer than both,
Is the true one who gave me in girlhood her troth :
For we, when we mated for evil and good—
What were we, darling, but babes in the wood ?

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown
Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.
I said that no sorrow should roughen her way—
Her life should be cloudless, a long Summer's day.
Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,
Which of the two, darling, most have been ours ?
Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see
You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars that we knew
In our youth are still shining as tender and true :
The midnight is scunding its slumberous bell,
And I come to the one who has loved me so well.
Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done :
What shall dis sever our lives which are one ?
Say, while the rose listens under her breath,
" Naught until death, darling, naught until death ! "

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE CLAVERINGS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RIVALS.



ADY ONGAR sat alone, long into the night, when Harry Clavering had left her. She sat there long, getting up occasionally from her seat, once or twice attempting to write at her desk, looking now and then at a paper or two, and then at a small picture which she had, but passing the long hours in thinking—in long, sad, solitary thoughts. What should she do with herself—with herself, her title, and her money? Would it be still well that she should do something, that she should make some attempt; or should she, in truth, abandon all, as the arch-traitor did, and acknowledge that for her foot there could no longer be a resting-place on the earth? At six-and-twenty, with youth, beauty and wealth at her command, must she despair? But her youth had been stained, her beauty had lost its

freshness, and as for her wealth, had she not stolen it? Did not the weight of the theft sit so heavy on her, that her brightest thought was one which prompted her to abandon it?

As to that idea of giving up her income and her house, and calling herself again Julia Brabazon, though there was something in the poetry of it which would now and again for half an hour relieve her, yet she hardly proposed such a course to herself as a reality. The world in which she had lived had taught her to laugh at romance, to laugh at it even while she liked its beauty; and she would tell herself that for such a one as her to do such a thing as this, would be to insure for herself the ridicule of all who knew her name. What would Sir Hugh say, and her sister? What Count Pateroff and the

faithful Sophie? What all the Ongar tribe, who would reap the rich harvest of her insanity? These latter would offer to provide her a place in some convenient asylum, and the others would all agree that such would be her fitting destiny. She could bear the idea of walking forth, as she had said, penniless into the street, without a crust; but she could not bear the idea of being laughed at when she got there.

To her, in her position, her only escape was by marriage. It was the solitude of her position which maddened her: its solitude, or the necessity of breaking that solitude by the presence of those who were odious to her. Whether it were better to be alone, feeding on the bitterness of her own thoughts, or to be comforted by the fulsome flatteries and odious falsenesses of Sophie Gordeloup, she could not tell. She hated herself for her loneliness, but she hated herself almost worse for submitting herself to the society of Sophie Gordeloup. Why not give all that she possessed to Harry Clavering—herself, her income, her rich pastures and horses and oxen, and try whether the world would not be better to her when she had done so.

She had learned to laugh at romance, but still she believed in love. While that bargain was going on as to her settlement, she had laughed at romance, and had told herself that in this world worldly prosperity was everything. Sir Hugh then had stood by her with truth, for he had well understood the matter, and could enter into it with zest. Lord Ongar, in his state of health, had not been in a position to make close stipulations as to the dower in the event of his proposed wife becoming a widow. "No, no; we wont stand that," Sir Hugh had said to the lawyers. "We all hope, of course, that Lord Ongar may live long; no doubt he'll turn over a new leaf and die at ninety. But in such a case as this the widow must not be fettered." The widow had not been fettered, and Julia had been made to understand the full advantage of such an arrangement. But still she had believed in love when she had bade farewell to Harry in the garden. She had told herself then, even then, that she would have better liked to have taken him and his love—if only she could have afforded it. He had not dreamed that on leaving him she had gone from him to her room, and taken out his picture—the same that she had with her now in Bolton Street—and had kissed it, bidding him farewell there with a passion which she could not display in his presence. And she had thought of his offer about the money over and over again. "Yes," she would say, "that man loved me. He would have given me all he had to relieve me, though nothing was to come to him in return." She had, at any rate been loved once; and she almost wished that she had taken the money, that she might now have an opportunity of repaying it.

And she was again free, and her old lover was again by her side. Had that fatal episode in her life been so fatal that she must now regard herself as tainted and unfit for him? There was no longer anything to separate them—anything of which she was aware, unless it was that. And as for his love—did he not look and speak as though he loved her still? Had he not pressed her hand passionately, and kissed it, and once more called her Julia? How should it be that he should not love her? In such a case as his, love might have been turned to hatred or to enmity; but it was not so with him. He called himself her friend. How could there be friendship between them without love?

And then she thought how much with her wealth she might do for him. With all his early studies and his talent, Harry Clavering was not the man,

she thought, to make his way in the world by hard work; but with such an income as she could give him, he might shine among the proud ones of his nation. He should go into Parliament, and do great things. He should be lord of all. It should all be his without a word of reserve. She had been mercenary once, but she would atone for that now by open-handed, undoubting generosity. She herself had learned to hate the house and fields and widespread comforts of Ongar Park. She had walked among it all alone, and despaired. But it would be a glory to her to see him go forth, with Giles at his heels, boldly giving his orders, changing this and improving that. He would be rebuked for no errors, let him do with Enoch Gubby and the rest of them what he pleased! And then the parson's wife would be glad enough to come to her, and the house would be full of smiling faces. And it might be that God would be good to her, and that she would have treasures, as other women had them, and that the flavor would come back to the apples, and that the ashes would cease to grate between her teeth.

She loved him, and why should it not be so? She could go before God's altar with him without disgracing herself with a lie. She could put her hand in his, and swear honestly that she would worship him and obey him. She had been dishonest; but if he would pardon her for that, could she not reward him richly for such pardon? And it seemed to her that he had pardoned her. He had forgiven it all and was gracious to her—coming at her beck and call, and sitting with her as though he liked her presence. She was woman enough to understand this, and she knew that he liked it. Of course he loved her. How could it be otherwise?

But yet he spoke nothing to her of his love. In the old days there had been with him no bashfulness of that kind. He was not a man to tremble and doubt before a woman. In those old days he had been ready enough—so ready, that she had wondered that one who had just come from his books should know so well how to make himself master of a girl's heart. Nature had given him that art, as she does give it to some, withholding it from many. But now he sat near her, dropping once and again half words of love, hearing her references to the old times; and yet he said nothing.

But how was he to speak of love to one who was a widow but of four months' standing? And with what face could he now again ask for her hand, knowing that it had been filled so full since last it was refused to him? It was thus she argued to herself when she excused him in that he did not speak to her. As to her widowhood, to herself it was a thing of scorn. Thinking of it, she cast her weepers from her, and walked about the room, scorning the hypocrisy of her dress. It needed that she should submit herself to this hypocrisy before the world; but he might know—for had she not told him?—that the clothes she wore were no index of her feeling or of her heart. She had been mean enough, base enough, vile enough, to sell herself to that wretched lord. Mean, base, and vile she had been, and she now confessed it; but she was not false enough to pretend that she mourned the man as a wife mourns. Harry might have seen enough to know, have understood enough to perceive, that he need not regard her widowhood.

And as to her money! If that were the stumbling-block, might it not be well that the first overture should come from her? Could she not find words to tell him that it might all be his? Could she not say to him, "Harry Clavering, all this is nothing in my hands. Take it into your hands, and it will prosper." Then it was that she went to her desk, and attempted to write

to him. She did write to him a completed note, offering herself and all that was hers for his acceptance. In doing so, she strove hard to be honest and yet not over bold; to be affectionate and yet not unfeminine. Long she sat, holding her head with one hand, while the other attempted to use the pen which would not move over the paper. At length, quickly it flew across the sheet, and a few lines were there for her to peruse.

"Harry Clavering," she had written, "I know I am doing what men and women say no woman should do. You may, perhaps, say so of me now; but if you do, I know you so well, that I do not fear that others will be able to repeat it. Harry, I have never loved any one but you. Will you be my husband? You well know that I should not make you this offer if I did not intend that everything I have should be yours. It will be pleasant to me to feel that I can make some reparation for the evil I have done. As for love, I have never loved any one but you. You yourself must know that well. Yours, altogether, if you will have it so—JULIA."

She took the letter with her back across the room to her seat by the fire, and took with her at the same time the little portrait; and there she sat, looking at the one and reading the other. At last she slowly folded the note up into a thin wisp of paper, and, lighting the end of it, watched it till every shred of it was burnt to an ash. "If he wants me," she said, "he can come and take me—as other men do." It was a fearful attempt, that which she had thought of making. How could she have looked him in the face again had his answer to her been a refusal?

Another hour went by before she took herself to her bed, during which her cruelly used maiden was waiting for her half asleep in the chamber above; and during that time she tried to bring herself to some steady resolve. She would remain in London for the coming months, so that he might come to her if he pleased. She would remain there, even though she were subject to the daily attacks of Sophie Gordeloup. She hardly knew why, but in part she was afraid of Sophie. She had done nothing of which Sophie knew the secret. She had no cause to tremble because Sophie might be offended. The woman had seen her in some of her saddest moments, and could indeed tell of indignities which would have killed some women. But these she had borne, and had not disgraced herself in the bearing of them. But still she was afraid of Sophie, and felt that she could not bring herself absolutely to dismiss her friend from her house. Nevertheless, she would remain; because Harry Clavering was in London and could come to her there. To her house at Ongar Park she would never go again, unless she went as his wife. The place had become odious to her. Bad as was her solitude in London, with Sophie Gordeloup to break it, and, perhaps, with Sophie's brother to attack her, it was not so bad as the silent desolation of Ongar Park. Never again would she go there, unless she went there, in triumph—as Harry's wife. Having so far resolved, she took herself at last to her room, and dismissed her drowsy Phoebe to her rest.

And now the reader must be asked to travel down at once into the country, that he may see how Florence Burton passed the same evening at Clavering Rectory. It was Florence's last night there, and on the following morning she was to return to her father's house at Stratton. Florence had not as yet received her unsatisfactory letter from Harry. That was to arrive on the following morning. At present she was, as regarded her letters, under the influence of that one which had been satisfactory in so especial a degree.

Not that the coming letter—the one now on its route—was of a nature to disturb her comfort permanently, or to make her in any degree unhappy. “Dear fellow; he must be careful, he is overworking himself.” Even the unsatisfactory letter would produce nothing worse than this from her; but now, at the moment of which I am writing, she was in a paradise of happy thoughts.

Her visit to Clavering had been in every respect successful. She had been liked by every one, and every one in return had been liked by her. Mrs. Clavering had treated her as though she were a daughter. The Rector had made her pretty presents, had kissed her, and called her his child. With Fanny she had formed a friendship which was to endure for ever, let destiny separate them how it might. Dear Fanny! She had had a wonderful interview respecting Fanny on this very day, and was at this moment disquieting her mind because she could not tell her friend what had happened without a breach of confidence! She had learned a great deal at Clavering, though in most matters of learning she was a better instructed woman than they were whom she had met. In general knowledge and in intellect she was Fanny’s superior, though Fanny Clavering was no fool; but Florence, when she came thither, had lacked something which living in such a house had given to her; or, I should rather say, something had been given to her of which she would greatly feel the want, if it could be again taken from her. Her mother was as excellent a woman as had ever sent forth a family of daughters into the world, and I do not know that any one ever objected to her as being ignorant, or specially vulgar; but the house in Stratton was not like Clavering Rectory in the little ways of living, and this Florence Burton had been clever enough to understand. She knew that a sojourn under such a roof, with such a woman as Mrs. Clavering, must make her fitter to be Harry’s wife; and, therefore, when they pressed her to come again in the Autumn, she said that she thought she would. She could understand, too, that Harry was different in many things from the men who had married her sisters, and she rejoiced that it was so. Poor Florence! Had he been more like them it might have been safer for her.

But we must return for a moment to the wonderful interview which has been mentioned. Florence, during her sojourn at Clavering, had become intimate with Mr. Saul, as well as with Fanny. She had given herself for the time heartily to the schools, and matters had so far progressed with her that Mr. Saul had on one occasion scolded her soundly. “It’s a great sign that he thinks well of you,” Fanny had said. “It was the only sign he ever gave me, before he spoke to me in that sad strain.” On the afternoon of this, her last day at Clavering, she had gone over to Cumberly Green with Fanny, to say farewell to the children, and walked back by herself, as Fanny had not finished her work. When she was still about half a mile from the Rectory, she met Mr. Saul, who was on his way out to the Green.

“I knew I should meet you,” he said, “so that I might say good-by.”

“Yes, indeed, Mr. Saul—for I am going, in truth, to-morrow.”

“I wish you were staying. I wish you were going to remain with us. Having you here is very pleasant, and you do more good here, perhaps, than you will elsewhere.”

“I will not allow that. You forget that I have a father and mother.”

“Yes; and you will have a husband soon.”

“No, not soon; some day, perhaps, if all goes well. But I mean to be

back here often before that. I mean to be here in October, just for a little visit, if mamma can spare me."

"Miss Burton," he said, speaking in a very serious tone——. All his tones were serious, but that which he now adopted was more solemn than usual. "I wish to consult you on a certain matter, if you can give me five minutes of your time."

"To consult me, Mr. Saul?"

"Yes, Miss Burton. I am hard pressed at present, and I know no one else of whom I can ask a certain question, if I cannot ask it of you. I think that you will answer me truly, if you answer me at all. I do not think you would flatter me, or tell me an untruth."

"Flatter you! how could I flatter you?"

"By telling me——; but I must ask you my question first. You and Fanny Clavering are dear friends now. You tell each other everything."

"I do not know," said Florence, doubting as to what she might best say, but guessing something of that which was coming.

"She will have told you, perhaps, that I asked her to be my wife. Did she ever tell you that?" Florence looked into his face for a few moments without answering him, not knowing how to answer such a question. "I know that she has told you," said he. "I can see, that it is so."

"She has told me," said Florence.

"Why should she not? How could she be with you so many hours, and not tell you that of which she could hardly fail to have the remembrance often present with her. If I were gone from here, if I were not before her eyes daily, it might be otherwise; but seeing me as she does from day to day, of course she has spoken of me to her friend."

"Yes, Mr. Saul; she has told me of it."

"And now, will you tell me whether I may hope."

"Mr. Saul!"

"I want you to betray no secret, but I ask you for your advice. Can I hope that she will ever return my love?"

"How am I to answer you?"

"With the truth. Only with the truth."

"I should say that she thinks that you have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it! No, Miss Burton; she cannot think that. Do you believe that men or women can forget such things as that? Can you ever forget her brother? Do you think people ever forget when they have loved? No, I have not forgotten her. I have not forgotten that walk which we had down this lane together. There are things which men never forget." Then he paused for an answer.

Florence was by nature steady and self-collected, and she at once felt that she was bound to be wary before she gave him any answer. She had half fancied once or twice that Fanny thought more of Mr. Saul than she allowed even herself to know. And Fanny, when she had spoken of the impossibility of such a marriage, had always based the impossibility on the fact that people should not marry without the means of living—a reason which to Florence, with all her prudence, was not sufficient. Fanny might wait as she also intended to wait. Latterly, too, Fanny had declared more than once to Florence her conviction that Mr. Saul's passion had been a momentary insanity which had altogether passed away; and in these declarations Florence had half fancied that she discovered some tinge of regret. If it were so, what was she now to say to Mr. Saul?

"You think then, Miss Burton," he continued, "that I have no chance of success? I ask the question because if I felt certain that this was so—quite certain—I should be wrong to remain here. It has been my first and only parish, and I could not leave it without bitter sorrow. But if I were to remain here hopelessly, I should become unfit for my work. I am becoming so, and shall be better away."

"But why ask me, Mr. Saul?"

"Because I think that you can tell me."

"But why not ask herself? Who can tell you so truly as she can do?"

"You would not advise me to do that if you were sure that she would reject me?"

"That is what I would advise."

"I will take your advice, Miss Burton. Now, good-by, and may God bless you. You say you will be here in the Autumn; but before the Autumn I shall probably have left Clavering. If so our farewells will be for very long, but I shall always remember our pleasant intercourse here." Then he went on toward Cumberly Green; and Florence, as she walked into the vicarage grounds was thinking that no girl had ever been loved by a more single-hearted, pure-minded gentleman than Mr. Saul.

As she sat alone in her bed-room, five or six hours after this interview, she felt some regret that she should leave Clavering without a word to Fanny on the subject. Mr. Saul had exacted no promise of secrecy from her; he was not a man to exact such promises. But she felt not the less that she would be betraying confidence to speak, and it might even be that her speaking on the matter would do more harm than good. Her sympathies were doubtless with Mr. Saul, but she could not therefore say that she thought Fanny ought to accept his love. It would be best to say nothing of the matter, and to allow Mr. Saul to fight his own battle.

Then she turned to her own matters, and there she found that everything was pleasant. How good the world had been to her to give her such a lover as Harry Clavering! She owned with all her heart the excellence of being in love, when a girl might be allowed to call such a man her own. She could not but make comparisons between him and Mr. Saul, though she knew that she was making them on points that were hardly worthy of her thoughts. Mr. Saul was plain, uncouth, with little that was bright about him except the brightness of his piety. Harry was like the morning star. He looked and walked and spoke as though he were something more godlike than common men. His very voice created joy, and the ring of his laughter was to Florence as the music of the heavens. What woman would not have loved Harry Clavering? Even Julia Brabazon—a creature so base that she had sold herself to such a thing as Lord Ongar for money and a title, but so grand in her gait and ways, so Florence had been told, that she seemed to despise the earth on which she trod—even she had loved him. Then as Florence thought of what Julia Brabazon might have had and of what she had lost, she wondered that there could be women born so sadly vicious.

But that woman's vice had given her her success, her joy, her great triumph! It was surely not for her to deal hardly with the faults of Julia Brabazon—for her who was enjoying all the blessings of which those faults had robbed the other! Julia Brabazon had been her very good friend.

But why had this perfect lover come to her, to one so small, so trifling, so little in the world's account as she, and given to her all the treasure of his

love? Oh, Harry—dear Harry! what could she do for him that would be a return good enough for such great goodness? Then she took out his last letter, that satisfactory letter, that letter that had been declared to be perfect, and read it and read it again. No; she did not want Fanny or any one else to tell her that he was true. Honesty and truth were written on every line of his face, were to be heard in every tone of his voice, could be seen in every sentence that came from his hand. Dear Harry; dearest Harry! She knew well that he was true.

Then she also sat down and wrote to him, on that her last night beneath his father's roof—wrote to him when she had nearly prepared herself for her bed; and honestly, out of her full heart, thanked him for his love. There was no need that she should be coy with him now, for she was his own. "Dear Harry, when I think of all that you have done for me in loving me and choosing me for your wife, I know that I can never pay you all that I owe you."

Such were the two rival claimants for the hand of Harry Clavering.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

A WEEK had passed since the evening which Harry had spent in Bolton Street, and he had not again seen Lady Ongar. He had professed to himself that his reason for not going there was the non-performance of the commission which Lady Ongar had given him with reference to Count Pateroff. He had not yet succeeded in catching the Count, though he had twice asked for him in Mount Street and twice at the club in Pall Mall. It appeared that the Count never went to Mount Street, and was very rarely seen at the club. There was some other club which he frequented, and Harry did not know what club. On both the occasions of Harry's calling in Mount Street, the servant had asked him to go up and see madame; but he had declined to do so, pleading that he was hurried. He was, however, driven to resolve that he must go direct to Sophie, as otherwise he could find no means of doing as he had promised. She probably might put him on the scent of her brother.

But there had been another reason why Harry had not gone to Bolton Street, though he had not acknowledged it to himself. He did not dare to trust himself with Lady Ongar. He feared that he would be led on to betray himself and to betray Florence—to throw himself at Julia's feet and sacrifice his honesty, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary. He felt when there as the accustomed but repentant dram-drinker might feel, when, having resolved to abstain, he is called upon to sit with the full glass offered before his lips. From such temptations as that the repentant dram-drinker knows that he must fly. But though he did not go after the fire-water of Bolton Street, neither was he able to satisfy himself with the cool fountain of Onslow Crescent. He was wretched at this time—ill-satisfied with himself and others—and was no fitting companion for Cecilia Burton. The world, he thought, had used him ill. He could have been true to Julia Brabazon when she was well-nigh penniless. It was not for her money that he had regarded her. Had he been now a free man—free from those chains with which he had fettered himself at Stratton—he would again have asked this woman for her love, in spite of her past treachery; but it would have been for her love, and not for her money, that he would have sought her. Was it his fault that he

had loved her, that she had been false to him, and that she had now come back and thrown herself before him? or had he been wrong because he had ventured to think that he loved another when Julia had deserted him? or could he help himself if he now found that his love in truth belonged to her whom he had known first? The world had been very cruel to him, and he could not go to Onslow Crescent, and behave there prettily, hearing the praises of Florence with all the ardor of a discreet lover.

He knew well what would have been his right course, and yet he did not follow it. Let him but once communicate to Lady Ongar the fact of his engagement, and the danger would be over, though much, perhaps, of the misery might remain. Let him write to her, and mention the fact, bringing it up as some little immaterial accident, and she would understand what he meant. But this he abstained from doing. Though he swore to himself that he would not touch the dram, he would not dash down the full glass that was held to his lips. He went about the town very wretchedly, looking for the Count, and regarding himself as a man specially marked out for sorrow by the cruel hand of misfortune. Lady Ongar, in the meantime, was expecting him, and was waxing angry and becoming bitter toward him because he came not.

Sir Hugh Clavering was now in London, and with him was his brother Archie. Sir Hugh was a man who strained an income, that was handsome and sufficient for a country gentleman, to the very utmost, wanting to get out of it more than it could be made to give. He was not a man to be in debt, or indulge himself with present pleasures to be paid for out of the funds of future years. He was possessed of a worldly wisdom which kept him from that folly, and taught him to appreciate fully the value of independence. But he was ever remembering how many shillings there are in a pound, and how many pence in a shilling. He had a great eye to discount, and looked closely into his bills. He searched for cheap shops; and some men began to say of him that he had found a cheap establishment for such wines as he did not drink himself! In playing cards and in betting, he was very careful, never playing high, never risking much, but hoping to turn something by the end of the year, and angry with himself if he had not done so. An unamiable man he was, but one whose heir would probably not quarrel with him—if only he would die soon enough. He had always had a house in town—a moderate house in Berkeley Square, which belonged to him, and had belonged to his father before him. Lady Clavering had usually lived there during the season; or, as had latterly been the case, during only a part of the season. And now it had come to pass, in this year, that Lady Clavering was not to come to London at all, and that Sir Hugh was meditating whether the house in Berkeley Square might not be let. The arrangement would make the difference of considerably more than a thousand a year to him. For himself, he would take lodgings. He had no idea of giving up London in the Spring and early Summer. But why keep up a house in Berkeley Square, as Lady Clavering did not use it?

He was partly driven to this by a desire to shake off the burden of his brother. When Archie chose to go to Clavering, the house was open to him. That was the necessity of Sir Hugh's position, and he could not avoid it unless he made it worth his while to quarrel with his brother. Archie was obedient, ringing the bell when he was told, looking after the horses, spying about, and perhaps saving as much money as he cost. But the matter was very different in Berkeley Square. No elder brother is bound to find break-

fast and bed for a younger brother in London. And yet, from his boyhood upward, Archie had made good his footing in Berkeley Square. In the matter of the breakfast, Sir Hugh had indeed, of late, got the better of him. The servants were kept on board wages, and there were no household accounts. But there was Archie's room, and Sir Hugh felt this to be a hardship.

The present was not the moment for actually driving forth the intruder, for Archie was now up in London, especially under his brother's auspices. And if the business on which Captain Clavering was now intent could be brought to a successful issue, the standing in the world of that young man would be very much altered. Then he would be a brother of whom Sir Hugh might be proud—a brother who would pay his way, and settle his points at whist if he lost them, even to a brother. If Archie could induce Lady Ongar to marry him, he would not be called upon any longer to ring the bells and look after the stable. He would have bells of his own, and stables, too, and perhaps some captain of his own to ring them and look after them. The expulsion, therefore, was not to take place till Archie should have made his attempt upon Lady Ongar.

But Sir Hugh would admit of no delay, whereas Archie himself seemed to think that the iron was not yet quite hot enough for striking. It would be better, he had suggested, to postpone the work till Julia could be coaxed down to Clavering in the Autumn. He could do the work better, he thought, down at Clavering than in London. But Sir Hugh was altogether of a different opinion. Though he had already asked his sister-in-law to Clavering, when the idea had first come up, he was glad that she had declined the visit. Her coming might be very well, if she accepted Archie; but he did not want to be troubled with any renewal of his responsibility respecting her, if, as was more probable, she should reject him. The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armor of a paladin in her favor. If Archie married her, Archie would be the paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed.

"She has only been a widow, you know, four months," said Archie, pleading for delay. "It won't be delicate, will it?"

"Delicate!" said Sir Hugh. "I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all."

"I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Hermy before the season was over."

"Archie, you are a fool," said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see, by his brother's brow, that Hugh was angry. "You say things that, for folly and absurdity, are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you."

"She is peculiar, of course—having so much money, and that place near Guilford, all her own for her life. Of course it's peculiar. But four months, Hugh!"

"If it had been four days it need have made no difference. A home, with some one to support her, is everything to her. If you wait till lots of fellows are buzzing around her you won't have a chance. You'll find that by this time next year she'll be the top of the fashion; and if not engaged to you, she will be to some one else. I shouldn't be surprised if Harry were after her again."

"He's engaged to that girl we saw down at Clavering."

"What of that? Engagements can be broken as well as made. You have this great advantage over every one, except him, that you can go to her at once without doing anything out of the way. That girl that Harry has in tow may perhaps keep him away for some time."

"I tell you what, Hugh, you might as well call with me the first time."

"So that I may quarrel with her, which I certainly should do—or, rather, she with me. No, Archie; if you're afraid to go alone, you'd better give it up."

"Afraid! I'm not afraid!"

"She can't eat you. Remember that with her you needn't stand on your p's and q's, as you would with another woman. She knows what she is about, and will understand what she has to get as well as what she is expected to give. All I can say is, that if she accepts you, Hermy will consent that she shall go to Clavering as much as she pleases till the marriage takes place. It couldn't be done, I suppose, till after a year; and in that case she shall be married at Clavering."

Here was a prospect for Julia Brabazon—to be led to the same altar, at which she had married Lord Ongar, by Archie Clavering, twelve month's after her first husband's death, and little more than two years after her first wedding! The peculiarity of the position did not quite make itself apparent either to Hugh or to Archie; but there was one point which did suggest itself to the younger brother at that moment.

"I don't suppose there was anything really wrong, eh?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," said Sir Hugh.

"Because I shouldn't like—"

"If I were you I wouldn't trouble myself about that. Judge not, that you be not judged."

"Yes, that's true, to be sure," said Archie; and on that point he went forth satisfied.

POSSIBILITIES OF ECONOMY.

IT is not many years since "Social Science" first acquired a name or assumed a place among recognized systems. Its brief career hitherto has been marked by the labors of many strong intellects, which, as a class, have been notable for their almost invariable union with broad and deep benevolence and lofty aspirations for the progress of humanity. A feature even more prominent in the same career has been the long series of failures in attempts to put parts of the new theories into practice. The public workshops of France, the phalansteries and phalanxes and Brook Farms, Protective Associations and Union Stores and coöperative social organizations of all kinds on both sides of the Atlantic have risen and fallen in considerable numbers, and with no result except that which attends the fate of the early martyrs of every young cause—the discouragement and secession of the majority, the increased confidence and resolution of the few faithful, and the actual exemplification of excellences and defects so confused together that only careful and skilful observation can separate the evil from the good.

Neither adverse discussion nor practical failure has, however, shaken the faith of recent thinkers on humanitarian philosophies, in the doctrine that a very great saving of the expenses of life, and a very great increase in the average possession of its comforts and luxuries could be ensured by some form or other of joint arrangement by families for occupying tenements, and for organizing on wholesale principles some of the more mechanical processes and needs of daily life.

The strong and touchy individuality of Americans, the impracticable character and deficient intelligence of many immigrants, and the comparative cheapness of land and living in this country, have rendered society rather centrifugal than centripetal. Its atoms repel rather than attract each other. The utter disjunction usually existing between "business," i. e., money-making, on one hand, and kindness, benevolence or doing good, the promotion of human happiness, on the other, helps in the same direction. If a manufacturer in the United States establishes a country store in connection with his mill, he too probably manages it to get an extra profit out of his hands instead of saving them one profit—and if he does not they are perfectly sure to believe that he does.

And yet no one can have bestowed any thought upon our social organization, without seeing that our factory villages and similar concerns are of necessity so constituted that important gains of money and enjoyment could better be made there than anywhere else, if only the coöperation of employers and employed could be secured.

Whether we argue *à priori* or from analogy, the laws for our social government are as exact and inexorable as those regulating our physical existence; but as yet, the facts to prove that they are so have neither been observed nor

noted with sufficient care or accuracy to such an extent as to form a demonstration. Any contribution of facts, therefore, to this branch of knowledge, must be valuable. The following account of the success achieved in providing not only comfortable, but even luxurious homes, for those who gain their bread by daily manual labor, will show what can be done by any single wealthy person, who has a large heart and a sound head as well as a large bank account and sound credit. The materials from which this account is drawn are taken from a pamphlet entitled "*Le Familistère de Guise, étude par A. Oyon, Paris, 1865. Librairie des Sciences Sociales, Rue des Saints Pères, 13. 1 franc;*" and from an article in the "*Social Science Review*," London, for November, 1865, entitled "*A Visit to the Familistery or Workman's Home of M. Godin-Lemaire at Guise,*" by Tito Pagliardini.

Both of these gentlemen speak from personal visits. M. Pagliardini stayed two days at the Familistery, and endorses all the statements made by M. Oyon. Free use has been made of these documents in the present paper.

M. Godin-Lemaire is the owner of a large iron foundery at Guise, near St. Quintin, in France. He makes kitchen ranges, stoves, "marbleized" mantel-pieces of iron, etc. He is very rich, and is conversant with all the best results of modern social studies and theories. He employs some seven hundred workmen, and has built the Familistery for their occupation. Having a practical knowledge of the wants, feelings, and prejudices of the working class, and never forgetting (as the professed philanthropist almost always does) that they are men, he knew that these prejudices must be consulted in any attempts to better their condition. Even if it was possible, as a business measure, to increase their wages, this would not aid in doing them the benefit he wished; for the price of wages is dependent upon other laws than the individual will of any one man, and any success by this means must be only questionable, temporary, and isolated. But to make their houses so healthy, cheerful, and comfortable, that the tavern could have no attractions for the adults; while nurseries should be provided for the infants; schools for the children, with play-grounds to keep them from the streets; stores, where clothing and food could be purchased; reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, coffee-rooms—this was what he proposed, and what he has accomplished. But then he knew that even these advantages would not be accepted, if they had to be purchased at the expense of privacy or liberty, or if they were offered as a charity; therefore the most perfect and uncontrolled liberty is the law of the Familistery. Privacy is entirely secured by its arrangements, and every workman pays for everything he has. In fact, the essential peculiarity of the plan exemplified here is, its remarkable union of opportunities for the extremest individuality or the extremest association, or for any desired combination of the two.

M. Pagliardini writes: "In my late visit, I, to my intense delight, found poor workmen—blacksmiths, carpenters, enamellers—with their wives and families, better lodged, clothed, and fed, and with many more innocent enjoyments within their reach, than are, alas! elsewhere the lot of the ordinary tradesmen—a new and healthy generation already springing up, who may haply be spared the sufferings which poverty, ignorance, and pernicious examples but too generally inflict upon the poor, and have such a baneful influence on their health and morals if they chance to reach the years of maturity."

The Familistery is at the end of the principal street of Guise, and consists of two buildings; a third is to complete the plan. The buildings are of vari-

ously colored bricks, and the façade is architecturally rich, with panels, an ornamental cornice, horizontal lines, borders of violet-colored bricks about the windows, and all the various graceful ornamentation possible in brick architecture. The foundery and workshops are on the other side of the Oise, the river upon which Guise is situated, and are connected with the Familistery by a bridge. The principal building forms the background of a square of about* two hundred and sixty-two feet; the other forms the right side of the square, and the third will form the left side: the two sides are connected with the centre main building by annexes. Each of these houses is a parallelogram, with a vast court inside. A road passes in front. The buildings with the grounds, lawns, gardens, groves, etc., around them, occupy about fifteen acres, in a peninsula formed by the river. A description of the middle building will describe them all. A court, one hundred and forty-six feet by sixty-five, is enclosed by a building of four stories, having three hundred and eighty openings, for entrance, light and air. The outside façades are two hundred and eleven, and one hundred and thirty feet in length. The building is therefore about thirty feet deep. At every thirty feet in the length there are strong partition walls, reaching up to the roof, serving as a protection in case of fire. The spaces thirty feet square are thus arranged. On the inside of the main building are three openings, a door between two windows. The door opens on a hall running half way down the depth of the building. A door upon each side of this hall opens into the side rooms, and the end of the hall is divided into two closets, opening also only into the rooms on either side, and shelved for store-rooms, crockery closets, etc. From these back rooms entrance is had into the front room, which is larger than the back room by the space of the closets in the hall. Each room has a chimney, furnished with a flue for ventilation, and having a cupboard on each side. Thus each space thirty feet square gives an apartment of four rooms, each with closets, etc. The walls of the hall are one brick thick and all the other walls are two bricks thick. This effectually secures the privacy of each apartment, and prevents all annoyance from overhearing or being overheard. The back room looks upon the court, and the front room upon the town or country. This is the general disposition of the apartments (or tenements) for single persons, or small families; if necessary the two apartments can be made into one. The beams of the floors extend about five feet beyond the inner wall, and are floored and furnished with an iron balustrade, making a sort of piazza to each story, reached by broad staircases placed at the corners, and thus giving access to the rooms of the upper stories. This inside court is roofed in with glass, and thus forms a secure and dry playground for the children, where they are easily kept under the supervision of their parents, while, with the piazzas, it forms a means of intercommunication constantly protected from the weather. The floor of this court is made of cement. On great occasions, such as the festival of St. Eloi, the patron saint of founders and blacksmiths, the court is converted into a ball room, the music being provided by the Philharmonic Society of the Familistery, consisting of about eighty workmen, while the piazzas serve as balconies from which to look down upon the dancers. These occasions are described by M. Oyon, who witnessed one of them, as extremely interesting. All the inhabitants of the Familistery, together with numerous invited guests from Guise, took part in

* These measures are reduced from the French metre, which is 3 feet 3 inches, 1 barleycorn English measure, and are therefore given as "about."

the festivities. The floor was occupied by the dancers, while the piazzas were filled with spectators.

Special attention has been given to the drainage of the entire grounds. Under the building, which, with the court, covers an area of about eight thousand five hundred square feet, are a series of vaults, which contain the cellars—for each apartment has a cellar as well as a granary or loft belonging to it. In front of these cellars is a covered drain, with sufficient slope to carry any damp that might collect in the cellars to one point, where a pump can at once remove it. Under each court is a vast vault supported by large square pillars, which give it very much the appearance of a crypt. Two wide bays or openings in the basement walls give free access to light and air. It is here that all the chimney ventilation tubes have their lower opening. Above this vault numerous small air holes, placed at suitable distances, open into the court, where they are closed by iron gratings on a level with the cement floor. Other numerous openings under the sky-light keep up a constant change of air, and during the hot season the court is watered. The entrance from without is through the centre of each building, but the stair-cases to the upper stories are at the corners. These stair-cases, as well as the courts, are lighted all night with gas. On each landing there are fountains, the water for which is raised by a small steam engine to reservoirs placed on the top of the building. The average daily consumption is rather more than five gallons a head. On each landing, but perfectly closed and concealed by double doors, are two compartments, the one containing well ventilated water-closets, the other the dust hole. A shaft from this latter carries all the refuse to the cellar, whence it is removed daily. Cleanliness is one of the ruling passions of the Familistery. Its administration is divided into that of general and private cleanliness. A certain number of the women inhabitants are engaged for the first; they wash and sweep the courts, the balconies and the stairs, take care of the rooms of the single men, and clean the closets three times a day. Private cleanliness has of course to be left to each individual, but the influence of the general spirit is so contagious that even the slothful and careless cannot escape it. On the ground floor are a series of shops under the care of a manager. Here are sold all manner of dry goods, groceries, provisions and other supplies, at enough advance over cost to pay expenses. Women of the Familistery are employed in the sale of the goods, in making up the stock of clothes, in the care of the house, washing, etc. The accounts of the stores are kept with great simplicity and correctness. The person naturally most competent is sought and employed, and there is no difficulty in securing proper accountants. In like manner, in the coöperative store at Rochdale, in England, which has now a capital of a half million pounds, the business has always been managed and the accounts kept by workmen elected to that duty by their fellows. There is also a refreshment room and restaurant where meals can be taken, or sent ready prepared to the apartments. The charge for one man's board for a day at the restaurant varies from fifteen to twenty cents. The rent of unfurnished apartments is four and a half francs a month—about ninety cents—for each room. Apartments, each of five rooms and a kitchen, with closets and cupboards, free of all taxes and repairs, are rented for ninety dollars a year. The cost of furnished rooms for a single man, with a bed, two mattresses, a wash-stand complete, slop-pail, looking-glass, two or four chairs, one or two tables, two towels a week, fresh bed linen twice a month, the bed made and room kept

in order every day, is eight to ten francs a month—one dollar and sixty cents to two dollars. A separate bed may be engaged in a dormitory, placed in the annexes, at two cents a day. So much for the material part of life.

There is a room provided for conversation and society, called the casino. It contains a reading-room well supplied with papers, a billiard-room and a refreshment room. The workmen can visit it occasionally, or subscribe to it by the month. The musical society adds another charm to the Familistery. There is a professional leader paid by M. Godin, whose duty it is to instruct any of the workmen desirous to learn, and the instruments are furnished by the establishment; but the entire band is recruited from amateur performers, who join or leave as they please, for individual liberty is respected here as in everything else. Every morning a doctor calls and attends any one who is sick. His fees are paid by a mutual benefit society formed by the workman, which gives two francs, or forty cents, a day to any member who is sick. The Familistery has been in operation five years, and has, of course, had constant accessions of persons who have not been long enough residents to test its influence upon health. Yet M. Oyon gives it as a fact that the infant mortality within it has been to the general average in the vicinity as twenty-five to thirty-three. There is a laundry with drying-rooms for the washing. Bath-rooms are also provided gratis for children and invalids, but five cents is charged for adults; water, either cold or hot, is supplied from the tanks and steam engine.

And now for the children. There is a nursery called the Pouponnat (from *poupon*, a chubby-faced baby), for children from birth until two years old; a Bambinat (from the Italian *bambino*, a very young child), for children between two and five, and a school for those from five to twelve. In the Pouponnat, elegant iron cradles, swung on two uprights and furnished with curtains, receive the babies. All precautions have been taken to ensure cleanliness and the perfect drying of the linen, which is changed, furnished and washed by the establishment. Milk, soups, baby food, are prepared and warmed in a room leading out of the nursery. Everything, in fact, that a tender mother would give, or could wish to give her infant, is at hand, and everything is gratuitous. The mothers go in and out as they like; they bring their babies or take them away, as their work or caprice suggests. They suckle, dress or undress them at home or in the Pouponnat, according to their convenience. If they leave them there, they know that they are well attended to day and night.

The nurses engaged are wives and daughters of workmen, often the mothers of one or two of the babies whose care they have undertaken.* On one side of the room is a sort of elliptical gallery, formed by two balustrades of about one foot and three-quarters high, and sixteen inches apart. In this gallery the children of one year are placed, to sit or stand according to their strength and inclination: the balustrades help them to rise, and to support themselves in their first attempts to walk. The inner banister has an opening by which the child can enter the larger area, where it finds colored balls and other small toys to amuse itself with. M. Pagliardini says: "What particularly struck me was the perfect quiet that reigned among this number of babies of both sexes, from a few weeks to two years old. Their merry little chubby faces seemed all intent on their own or each others' little games, while the babies still in their cradles are either sleeping or gazing quietly about them. One new comer having suddenly begun to scream, all the others looked astonished at him: finding no response to his music, and getting tired of it

himself, he soon gave over, and probably will make but few attempts at a renewal of so unsuccessful a display of vigorous lungs. Of pleasant prattle there was, however, plenty; but no noise." When the children can walk, they pass to the Bambinat, where they remain until they are six. There their food and clothing are at the expense of their parents. The system of education in the Bambinat is very much like that known as the "Kindergarten," or object teaching. The teacher in this department is the wife of one of the workmen, and she has two children of her own among them. In the school, from six to twelve, the two sexes are together. The advantage of this system is too well known in America to be insisted on here. In school the first place is awarded to the pupil who improves the most, so that each one is compared with himself and not with others. This serves as a continual spur, and gives every one a chance to succeed, despite the natural differences of talent. There are no punishments; everything is done by encouragement. The rewards are, spending Saturday in the garden, and being treated to fruit, or visiting Miss Marie, the daughter of M. Godin, and the head teacher in the school. The punishment is being deprived of these rewards. The school, as well as the Bambinat and Pouponnat, is gratuitous, the expense being paid from the rent. If a child does not attend, his parents are fined two cents a day for each day's absence. This is the only regulation which in any way can interfere with the most absolute liberty. No one is allowed to permit his children to grow up in ignorance. The only rule of the Familistery is liberty; there are no arbitrary rules. No workman need live there if he does not wish to, nor need he buy anything from the stores, though he enjoys the other advantages. Nor is there any charity, with its consequent loss of liberty and feeling of obligation. The gratuities are maintained from the rent of the building and the profits of the stores, and are thus not charity, but inducements to tenants. The whole business of the Familistery is cash. There is no credit, everything bought must be paid for on the spot. The workman, who gets his wages only at the end of the week, can, however, pay in checks drawn against the amount due him during the course of the week, up to the amount due for work already done. Such checks are cash to the shop, and are deducted from the workman's week's pay, at the full value of their face.

The result of the whole undertaking, which has been in operation now over five years, and cannot be considered as an experiment, is, that M. Godin-Lemaire receives six per cent. upon the capital he has expended in erecting the building, and could, as is seen by the scale of prices, receive more by raising his rents. And as it is, when the third building is finished, and ready for the reception of the two hundred workmen now waiting to occupy it with their families, the interest at the present rates will be increased. The report of the partial investment of the half million given by Mr. Peabody for the improvement of the dwellings of the London poor, shows that it has been a failure, since the buildings were so expensive, and the rents so low, that it amounts to a charity, thus depriving its occupants of their independence, and the large-hearted and generous giver of the benefit of compelling the selfish property holders of London to improve their houses from the necessity of self-interest. This is practically the only hold upon landlords, and while New York and other cities are suffering from extortionate rents, and miserable accommodations, perhaps attention directed to the successful establishment of this Familistery may induce some capitalist to attempt the same here; or better still, may induce a sufficient number of tenants to associate and introduce it for themselves.

MRS. MARIE HOWLAND.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE are two very different kinds (among others) of literary success. One is where a writer finds at once numerous admirers, as in the case of Charles Dickens' novels, or Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The other is where the writer finds admirers comparatively few in number, and perhaps only after a considerable time, as in the case of Wordsworth.

Perhaps the best single distinction between these two classes is that those of quick popularity write preëminently for the feelings, and those of slow, for the intellect. It is of course the case that the smaller constituencies of the latter class are, on an average, persons of more refinement, culture and thoughtfulness than those of the former. Thus, those of a slow and limited popularity have been described as "authors for authors," or "poets for poets."

Of this latter class—admired and read by few rather than by many, gaining his reputation slowly rather than rapidly, a writer rather for the few cultivated thinkers than for the many average readers—was Walter Savage Landor, of whose head we print a striking wood-cut, copied from one recently published in "London Society." Portraits of him are rare, for he had a strong disinclination to allow one to be taken.

Landor died two years ago, on September 17, 1864, at Florence, aged ninety, within three months. He was born January 30, 1775, a year and a half before the Declaration of Independence. He might well have been born on the day of the Declaration; for his torrid and ungovernable passions, the fury with which he always kicked at all control, whether by persons or by laws, and his innate sympathies with popular freedom, marked him a proper child of the hot republican Summer festival day. His whole life was a sort of Fourth of July; gunpowdery, explosive, fiery, yet not without much geniality and kindliness of intention, and force and value of significance.

Landor's parents were wealthy, and his family ancient, having been in lineal succession squires or lords of the manor of Ipsley, in Warwickshire, for some seven centuries. Walter was the eldest of the six children of Walter Landor, Esq., and his second wife, Elizabeth Savage. The boy went to Rugby school; at completing the course of study there, he was still too young to matriculate at the University, and accordingly pursued his studies under a private tutor. He entered at Trinity College, Oxford, but when perhaps half way to his graduation, was rusticated for the horrible sacrilege of firing a gun in the college quadrangle, and like a hot-tempered boy as he was, he declined to return, which resolve probably did him small harm.

He never attempted to pursue any regular business or occupation, but seems to have stepped out of his college into life with a general notion of doing just as nearly whatever he chose as the limitations of the universe—since he had been checked by those of the University—should permit. His natural tendency was, however, toward literature, and into this field he en-

tered in 1795, when a boy of twenty, with a volume of poems, which some critic described as "consisting of virulent satire against a worthy professor of Oxford." This publication excited little attention. Three years afterward, in 1798, he published "Gebir," which has been called "a stately, somewhat frigid poem;" and has been satirically praised as being what it "does any man credit to have understood," and as chiefly remarkable for having suggested to Wordsworth a description of a sea-shell. It is certainly not very easy reading, though it contains many noble and poetical thoughts and expressions.

In 1800, Landor published "Poems from the Arabic and Persian," and in 1803, a Latin version of "Gebir," which poem, indeed, is said by some authorities to have been first written and printed in Latin.

In 1805, he succeeded to the family estates, and during the next year, with characteristic reckless anger, he sold off nearly all his ancient patrimony, simply because some of his tenants were dishonest and troublesome. In 1808, out of his fervent sympathy with the Spanish insurrection against Napoleon, Landor organized a sort of independent auxiliary force to Sir Arthur Wellesley's army; raising a troop of horse at his own expense, and making a campaign with it under the Spanish General Blake, in Galicia. He also made a gift to the Spanish national treasury of 20,000 reals, or shillings, as they used to be called in New York (or ninepences or York shillings, in New England), equal to \$2,500. In return, the Spanish supreme junta gave him public thanks and the rank of colonel. When Ferdinand VII. was restored, and abolished the Spanish "constitution," Landor, after his own fashion, flung up his commission and sent back the official Spanish letter of thanks, contemptuously saying that, although he would help the Spanish people to assert their liberty, "he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor"—namely, the king.

In May, 1811, Landor married Julia Thuillier de Malaperte, daughter of a Swiss nobleman, Jean Thuillier, Baron Neuveville. By this lady he had three sons and a daughter; and, for a considerable period after the marriage, he resided at various places on the Continent of Europe; chiefly after 1815 at Pisa and Florence; occupied in study, composition and the education of his children. There arose, however, between Mr. and Mrs. Landor one of those difficulties commonly charged to "incompatibility of disposition," but which it is not at all uncharitable to suppose was mainly the fault of those ungovernable and headstrong qualities in the poet, which must almost certainly have brought him into quarrels with any woman of spirit. After years of jangling, a separation was decided upon, and the fairness which Landor showed in the financial arrangements of the occasion was as characteristic as were the rough edges and misjudgments which had caused it. He left his house, and much the greater part of his fortune, in the possession of his wife and children, and coming home to England, established himself at Bath, where he lived for years in comparative seclusion and in moderate circumstances.

Although Landor ranks among the English poets, yet his chief fame rests upon his prose works, "Pericles and Aspasia," and "Imaginary Conversations." These have a very high reputation as specimens of English style, for classical learning, and for elegance and force of thought and expression; they are famous, much praised and little read. The "Imaginary Conversations" originally appeared, a first series, in three volumes, during 1824-8, and a sec-

ond series, in two volumes, in 1829. The "Pericles and Aspasia" came out in 1836. His collected works were printed in London in 1846, in two royal octavo volumes, and again in 1853; and include the "Imaginary Conversations," enlarged; "Pentameron, or Interview of Boccaccio and Petrarca;" "Pericles and Aspasia;" "Gebir;" "The Hellenics;" and various minor prose pieces, dramas, etc. A selection of his works appeared in Boston in 1856, edited by Mr. George Hillard.

While residing at Bath, in 1857, Landor published a book entitled "Dry Sticks Fagoted," which contained some astonishing, and apparently entirely gratuitous aspersions upon the character of a lady with whom he had previously been on friendly terms. The result was a suit for libel, in which the unreasonable old man was deservedly beaten, and a verdict for £1,000 damages given against him. Unable to bring himself to face the consequences of his conduct, he left England for ever, and his books, pictures and other personal property were sold at auction to satisfy the judgment. He returned to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his life, occupying hired lodgings, his own villa, known as that of Count Gherardesca, at Fiesole, being still the residence of his family, with whom he was, we believe, never reconciled. A recent series of graceful and agreeable articles by Miss Kate Field, in the "Atlantic Monthly," has anew introduced the old man in his last days to the American public, and has portrayed him and his favorite dog Giallo in unexpectedly bright and warm colors, as friendly, genial, generous and loving, even to chivalry.

Beside the works we have named, Landor published "Count Julian, a Tragedy;" "Poems from the Arabic and Persian;" "Simoniaca, a Poem;" a "Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox," which, however, was soon suppressed; "Idyllia Heroica," a collection of Latin poems; a "Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors;" "Popery, British and Foreign;" "Last Fruit of an Old Tree;" a series of political essays, called "Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution;" "Antony and Octavius, or Scenes for the Study." The "Dry Sticks Fagoted," in 1857, was his last book.

Landor's style was terse, clear, and strong. His thoughts were distinct and vigorous, and his reasonings often close and conclusive. His intellect and its expressions were thoroughly masculine, and intensely alive with his own unique combination of fiery energy, powerful, direct understanding, elegant and even fastidious taste, and wide learning. Nor was it less characteristic of the man that he was sometimes coarse, though it was with the coarseness of a refined Pagan poet—as with unconscious ignorance, not with deliberate vulgarity. And, with equally sincere and unconditional naturalness, he was sometimes absurd even to paradox in assertion or argument. Thus, he reasons seriously, in one place, for Romanism as against Anglicanism; and he exhorts the Greeks to disuse firearms, and adopt the bow instead. Elsewhere, he defends the characters of Tiberius and of Nero; insists that William Pitt was a man of but mediocre abilities; calls Fox a charlatan, etc., etc. It was such ungovernable impulsiveness that caused him to publish a book that he found it best to suppress, and that, in his old age, betrayed him into the folly of the libel suit.

Landor was much more like a strong Greek of the time of his own Pericles, than a Christian of the nineteenth century. The powerful vitality; the immense wrathful intensity of self-will and of utterly reasonless obstinacy; the

finite, self-centred being, unconscious of responsibility or dependence, and fighting or enduring solely from the native fund of vital forces within, as Prometheus or Ajax did, rather than from any consciousness of communion with any power greater than man; the strong, unfailing love of art; the exquisite enjoyment of the natural world—this combination made up a total character distinctively Pagan, not Christian.

Much of this proud, self-confident, passionate, unreasonable, obstinate, head-strong character can be recognized in our portrait. The strong, high features, the large nose, the long upper lip, the firm setness of the mouth, the almost supercilious lowering of the eye-lids, as much as to say, "I see half asleep more than common people do broad awake"—all these details bespeak the man; and the collective impression from all of them is confirmed and strengthened by the erect throat and the poise of the head, so high, free, even self-assertive and aggressive almost to insolence, in its backward rake. And yet all this is mellowed by a distinctly recognizable air of broad intelligence, of deliberate thought, even of elegance, which corresponds as accurately with the æsthetic side of the vigorous old poet's character as his less spiritual traits do with its passional side.

FRED. B. PERKINS.

BEYOND.

WHEN you would have sweet flowers to smell and hold,
 You do not seek them underneath the cold
 Close-knitted sod, that hides away the mould;
 Where in the Spring-time past
 The precious seed was cast.

Not down, but up, you turn your eager eyes;
 You find in Summer the fair flowery prize
 On the green stalk, that reaches toward the skies,
 And, bending down its top,
 Gather the fragrant crop.

If you would find the goal of some pure rill,
 That, following her unrestrained will,
 Runs laughing down the bright slope of the hill,
 Or, with a serious mien,
 Walks through the valley green,

You do not seek the spot where she was born,
 The cavernous mountain chamber, dim, forlorn,
 That never saw the fair face of the morn,
 Where she, with wailing sound,
 First started from the ground;

But rather will you track her windings free,
To where at last she rushes eagerly
Into the white arms of her love, the sea,
 And hides in his embrace
 The rapture on her face !

If, from the branches of a neighboring tree,
A bird some morn were missing suddenly,
That all the Summer sang for ecstasy,
 And made your season seem
 Like a melodious dream,

You would not search about the leafless dell,
In places where the nestling used to dwell,
To find the white walls of her broken shell,
 Thinking your child of air,
 Your winged joy, was there !

But rather, hurrying from the Autumn gale,
Your feet would follow Summer's flowery trail
And find her spicy grove, and odorous vale ;
 Knowing that birds and song
 To pleasant climes belong.

Then wherefore, when you see a soul set free
From this poor seed of its mortality,
And know you sow not that which is to be,
 Watch you about the tomb,
 For the immortal bloom ?

Search for your flowers in the celestial grove,
Look for your precious stream of human love
In the unfathomable sea above ;
 Follow your missing bird,
 Where songs are always heard !

PHOEBE CARY.

ARNOLD'S CREED.

THE air of the October afternoon was keen and raw. Dull, cold clouds were piling up in the west, and swirls of leaves shook stormily down from the maples that bordered the street, and drifted deep in garden-angles and hollows.

Katherine Farr and Mr. Illersly walked toward home rather rapidly, and in silence. A haggard look had come of a sudden across the girl's fresh, handsome face; that of the man was discontented, even self-contemptuous. They were equally conscious that the hour involved destiny—equally anxious to keep from betraying their conviction; so neither spoke.

To Katherine Farr, this conviction had come with the sort of shock under which the faculties fairly stagger. She was very young still, and she had loved Arnold Illersly with the implicit confidence of a child, as well as with the rapture of a woman. All at once it had come home to her that this love was to be hurled back upon her heart; that the man beside her had been merely trifling with her.

Mr. Illersly had rather less of emotion to contend with. He had been occupied, during the bleak walk from which they were returning, in putting the creed he had studiously cultivated to the proof, in asking himself whether his love was worth what it would cost—whether, that is, he could give up the self-indulgence and applause to which he was accustomed for the sake of marrying a woman whom he had quite unintentionally fallen in love with, and who, in social parlance, was not in his sphere. For him, therefore, there were alternatives in the struggle; for her, none.

Mr. Illersly was looking at the matter acutely. His best happiness was a very important consideration to him, and he was slow in distrusting the creed which had hitherto stood him in good stead. The lesson of this creed was a selfish one. It propounded an implicit faith in the indulgences, the elegances, the refined *convenances* of society; it made luxury a duty; its suggestions were of *bizarre* extravagances; it required that its devotee should study the exactions of his pleasure as he would an art; it was, in short, wholly incompatible with the face-to-face-with-work kind of existence which lies before a man who, having neither made nor inherited money, commits the indiscretion of marrying a poor girl.

It was just here that the shoe pinched Mr. Illersly. If good luck had given him a fortune, there would have been neither struggle nor despair in the hearts or faces of the two who walked side by side through the shivering leaves and under the stripped boughs that dreary day, their suffering set into constraint. But unfortunately he had more than a passive part to play in carrying out his belief. For the surroundings and indulgences he required, money was indispensable; and that he had always expected to acquire by marriage. Hitherto, having shaped his career in accordance with his condi-

tions, such a marriage had appeared neither difficult nor disagreeable. In fact, during all the preceding Winter he had thought that he was justly envied his pleasant task of folding Miss Monmonier's ermine cloak, almost nightly, about her fair form, of attending that heiress to opera and ball, and ranking indisputably as her preferred suitor. He thought of her now with a species of disgust, so radically do circumstances alter cases.

It was three months since Mr. Illersly, with a dozen other members of his club, had, by way of doing something original for recreation, purchased a rather ruinous store-building upon an island in the vicinity of Brompton Corners, and repaired thither to hold high revel, fishing, hunting, and making themselves generally merry. But either because even too much trout-fishing may become a bore, or from otherwise having too much time on his hands, or through fear of getting out of practice, he had, with deliberate intention of flirtation, made Katherine Farr's acquaintance after seeing her a couple of times at church.

Something cold and yet profoundly passionate in the girl's nature had piqued and pleased him; something exquisitely *spirituelle* about her beauty had satisfied even his fastidious taste. He studied her too closely, too long; when the time came for parting, he discovered that the process was going to cost him a heartache.

As they reached Katherine's door, she said:

"Will you come in?" She met his eye; her tone was steady, but rather forced.

"I have to see Sim about driving Loolie home in the morning," he answered; "but I shall come back to supper as I promised your mother." He delivered himself quite promptly of his reply, as if he had been preparing it in anticipation of her proposal. Then he smiled and lifted his hat, and tried to do it easily, and she went in and closed the door.

She went slowly up to her room—it was not like Katherine, either, to move laggingly—hung her beach-hat on the proper peg, folded her shawl methodically, picking one or two dry leaves from the fringe, and then her hands dropped in a nerveless way before her, and she stood quite still and stared out of her window into the yard, where the peculations of a few hens upon the seedy cucumbers still clinging to the frost-bitten vines formed the only object of possible interest.

By and by, with a short, hard sigh, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she turned away, tied on an apron, and went down-stairs and into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over the stove, looking hot and tired, and Lottie and Joe were quarrelling, unreprieved, about some nuts.

"Well, you've come, have you?" Mrs. Farr began. "I thought you were going to leave the muffins for me to mix, too, along with all the rest."

"It's hardly time to make them up yet," answered the girl, with a certain weariness in her voice. "Why, what are you doing there, mother?" she added, in a tone of surprise.

"Scalding them plums of yours. They're working," Mrs. Farr explained, with concise displeasure.

"Oh, dear," said Katherine, as if this "last feather" fell very heavily on her courage. Years after, she remembered with sharp irritation those unlucky plums.

"Why didn't you leave them till to-morrow, mother? I could have seen to them, then."

"Well, I'm sure 'twasn't on my own account I did it," Mrs. Farr retorted in an aggrieved way, "but, seeing 'twas Arnold's last meal, I thought you'd want them nice. And you know he always takes plums."

A faint flush, a humiliated look, crossed Katherine Farr's proud face.

"Come, Lottie," she said, to her sister, "it's time to set the tea-table now."

"Have I got to climb up after the china dishes?" queried Lottie, in allusion to the altitude of the shelf whereon were bestowed certain supernumeraries in the way of "company fixings," and with immense discontent in her tone.

"Of course!" exulted Joe. "Don't we always have on the china plates when Arnold comes?"

"Oh, pshaw!" and having thus protested, the young lady awaited the issue of the experiment.

An epidemical ill-nature pervaded the Farr kitchen upon this special afternoon.

"Charlotte!" said the mother; and when Mrs. Farr said "Charlotte," she was not to be trifled with.

Lottie rose lingeringly, while Joe said, with malicious meaning, "no matter, Lot, you won't have it to do again."

"No, I s'pose not, till the next time," she retorted, being of less sanguine blood than her brother.

A new light dawned upon Joe's literal understanding with this remark. He executed a thoughtful whistle, and sauntered over toward his sister.

"I say, Katy," aiming for the point with masculine acumen, "when is Arnold coming again?"

Katherine was sifting flour.

"Josey," she said, softly, "won't you pin my sleeve a little higher?" The boy fastened the dropping sleeve above the white, dimpled elbow, waiting for his answer, looking thoughtfully into his sister's face.

"Why, Katy, what makes you so pale?" he inquired, suddenly.

"I'm a little tired," she said, her voice faltering.

"Did you and Arnold go far," puzzling himself with recollections that Katy had never looked pale after walking with Arnold before

"To the Beach Woods," she answered.

"Muddy, wasn't it?"

"I don't know—yes—I believe it was, a little."

"See any squirrels?"

"I didn't notice any."

"I say, sis, you'll help me fix the spring of the trap to-morrow, won't you?"

"Maybe, Josey," speaking in an oppressed yet patient way.

"Ah, say yes, so as to be ready for Saturday," teased the boy.

"Arnold's come!" said Lottie, bouncing in and giving the door a bang.

Katherine Farr's fair face was deadly white, even to the lips, for a minute.

"Mother, you go to the parlor, please. The children and I will finish getting supper."

Mrs. Farr was about to remonstrate; but Katherine's simple words had something so imperative in them that, after a minute of rather bewildered irresolution, she began feeling as to her cap and her collar, and then, not without a certain trepidation, of which she could never divest herself with Mr. Illersly, she went in to meet him.

But for Lottie, and Joe, and good, slow, unsensitized Mr. Farr, however, the regenerated plums, and puffy muffins, and other dainties which fell into line along with the china dishes upon the tea-table might have gone begging. Katherine tried to pretend to eat; tried to be proud enough to keep the wild anguish of her heart out of her face; tried, above all, to endure with composure the scared scrutiny of the look her mother fixed upon her when first discovering that something had gone wrong, and failed.

As to Arnold Illersly, he sat there wondering vaguely whether the bread, or, more literally, the biscuit of hospitality he was breaking wouldn't choke him. He was doing a mean deed, and he was not a mean enough man not to feel it. For that matter, not a mean man at all, as he was estimated; but, on the contrary, a polished and fascinating fellow, who, at present, had nothing worse of which to accuse himself than the intention of leaving a pretty girl whom he had been courting assiduously for three months, to wear the willow! Maybe it was not principle so much as passion which pricked his sensibilities. He was too much in love with Katherine Farr to be at all comfortable in separating himself from her forever. But then he had something to consider which was more important to him than his comfort, and that was his creed.

"And so, Mr. Illersly, you bid us good-by, to-night?" Mr. Farr remarked, over his second cup of coffee.

"I wish I might answer you negatively," Arnold replied, with a humility which was quite incomprehensible to his questioner.

"O, ho! Well, you young folks like changes, and your Lodge, as you call it, 'd be but a dreary place in Winter," returned Mr. Farr, good humoredly.

"Certainly," he answered, abstractedly.

"And you'll all be coming back next year, no doubt?" pursued Mr. Farr, who, like other quiet people, when once started for a talk, was not to be bluffed off.

Arnold cast a swift look at Katherine, whose eyes were dropped. Then he mastered his embarrassment, and said,

"No doubt, sir. The Island is owned by the club, you know, and they'll not be apt to give it up while the hunting and fishing is what it is at present."

"Yes, yes, I dare say."

Mr. Farr's perceptions of the condition which enabled a score of young men to take all Summer for a holiday; own an Island; import their fowling-pieces and their cooks; entertain a whole town with pic-nics and bachelor's balls, and hold general revel for three months, never had become quite settled.

"Well, we're sorry to lose your company," he added, in his blundering, well-meaning way.

"You've had, perhaps, more of it than I had the right to inflict upon you," said Arnold, with impulse; and then he stopped short—conscious that he was getting into deep water.

Mr. Farr looked up with a smile. He was going to make an innocent little speech of some sort, after his own slow fashion, but, catching Katherine's eye, he looked down again, and, rather perplexed at the way things were going, helped Joe to more honey, with unwonted carelessness of consequent colics.

"It seems a long time to look forward to, Katherine, till next Summer," Arnold said, aside, as they rose from the table.

"Yes. It does," she answered, mechanically.

"I wonder if we shall find one another changed—if we meet then?"

She looked at him hastily, and showed him that it was an unnecessary

thrust ; that she could realize now that his parade of admiration and devotion had meant nothing more than that she had served to amuse his holiday, and that he need not add this last indignity by way of assuring her of his insincerity.

"It has been a happy Summer, Katie—the happiest of my life," he sighed, and took her hand into his, where she let it lay passively.

They were standing alone together, in the little parlor, before the fire. The glow gave a flush to Arnold Illersly's high-bred face, with the full, sparkling eyes, and fine, chestnut-colored curls ; and left a shadow over Katherine Farr.

She was holding hard by her pride. He would soon be gone, and time enough left to suffer, when he was not there to see. She would be calm a little longer. Afterward she could give up, and torture herself with her disappointment, and feel what a fool she had been never to doubt him till that very day—and all the rest ! She was not of the sort, you see, who cry out for their hurts, though it may go all the harder with them for their silence.

Arnold Illersly, glancing stealthily at her grave, steady face, began to say to himself :

"She doesn't care much. She has known that I wasn't in earnest."

Then he bit his lips at his conclusion.

"But, after all"—with a sense of relief, glancing at her again—"these little *denouements* are the very deuce. And yet"—with some sham exultation in the cleverness of his logic—"we have both enjoyed the Summer, and what harm ?"

If Katherine had looked pleading, it would rather have hardened his determination. As it was, she nettled him. He wanted the last selfish satisfaction out of his flirtation before he gave it up.

"Am I never to hear from you, Katherine ?" he said, his voice shaking ever so little.

She hesitated, with a shy, asking glance :

"I have very little time, you know, Arnold, for writing to—to any one"—her eyes met his. She felt his unfairness. Then she recovered herself, a little haughtily—"I mean that I have no time for pleasures which are not also duties."

He had her hand still, holding it lightly.

"You think only of yourself," he said reproachfully, half to test her, half because he was growing unsettled in his own resolutions, and not sure but that he might still abandon his ambitions, toss his determinations to the dogs, relinquish Miss Monmonier, his club, his creed, and become the plodding husband of a portionless village girl.

It must not be lost to Arnold Illersly's credit that he even had such an intention.

"It is true," she answered, holding her emotion in a leash, and speaking with humble pride ; "I am thinking of myself."

He was embarrassed—anxious.

"Perhaps," he said. "Oh, Katherine, my darling"—drawing her toward him, seeing the rich blood flush her beautiful face, feeling the worth of her true heart—"if I could give you all, I would ! If I were not so bound and hampered by social circumstances—if my life had only been cast in this quiet town."

She was reading his soul with her keen, woman's prescience.

"Hush!" she said, hoarsely; "you have no right"—the blood ebbing from her face—loosing his clasp with a sharp decision.

He had never loved her half so well as at that moment, when she was thwarting and refusing him. He put his hand to his face. But it would not do; the sacrifice was too great for his love. He remembered what he was giving up.

"Some time," he said, with a half-defined, cowardly hope, and paused.

"I am afraid you will be left," she interrupted, firmly; almost learning to despise his struggle, and with a reckless anxiety to end her own torture of control.

He started. It was different from what he had expected; but it was easier.

"Katherine," he said, "I shall never forget."

"I think you will, Arnold," she replied, quietly. "Good by,"—so stonily that he hardly recognized her. She stretched her hand toward him, with an impatient, forbidding gesture.

"Good by," he murmured, leaving a hot kiss on her palm. And a moment later the door closed between them.

"I must insist upon it, Mr. Illersly." Mrs. Illersly's voice pierced her husband's reverie, as they sat in their luxurious library, with its walnut mouldings and painted panels, Etrurian tables, costly statues and Gobelin rugs—waiting, in the October dusk, for their dinner bell.

It was two years from the very night that Arnold Illersly had quitted Brompton Corners, and he was remembering it.

He had been true to his creed those years, and to the society it swayed; he had forgotten—to all practical purposes—his Summer passion; he had done what society had expected, and married Miss Monmonier. He had a rich wife; a luxurious home. If he had not given his heart to the woman to whom he owed what he best appreciated, why, he had been as unfair to her as he had been to another.

Mrs. Illersly repeated her words, to make them more emphatic, rising, to pull the bell. She was tall and fair, faultlessly dressed, and rather effective looking—not, however, with the look which is any way attractive in the perpetual *vis-à-vis* of married life. Her light eyes were shallow and suspicious; her lips thin and cruel; her complexion chalky. She was a weak, vain woman, with a morbid craving to be admired; jealous, arbitrary, stubborn, always exacting, and never grateful.

As she rose, she swept back the stiff folds of her black *gros de Naples* with her white, slim hand, and put her well-formed foot out upon the hearth—which was merely one of her little affectations.

"I have not asked many questions, Mr. Illersly, about the use you've put my money to. I've thought your sense of propriety would lead you to explain it to me. It is very strange that you should tell me that it's not convenient to give me the price of the shawl in gold, before the steamer sails to-morrow. I shall not have such another opportunity to send, and, as I said, I must insist upon it. It is rather strange that I'm not to have pocket-money out of my own fortune." She paused, and looked at her husband, not at all angrily or excitedly, but with cold-blooded, well-bred decision.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Augusta," Arnold began, "but you must remember that your fortune is not unlimited, and that I have managed it ac-

ording to your desire. We have lived very extravagantly; your income—as your money was invested—would not have supported such a style, but by operating with it I have been able to gratify you in everything.”

“I don’t know,” interrupted the lady, coolly, “what great advantages have accrued to me, personally, from your management. I certainly had all I wanted before I was married!”

Arnold’s pride winced at the sting of the sarcasm.

“I have given all my energy, all my attention—”

“Excepting what you have bestowed on Julia Marshall,” interposed the lady, in a careless tone, which had, nevertheless, a fine prick, like that of a cambric needle, in it.

“To my business,” said her husband, fiercely

She answered him with a slight shrug.

“But, stock speculations are not to be controlled by any one operator,” he went on, “and I cannot give you ten thousand dollars before the steamer sails to-morrow without more of a sacrifice than I am willing to make.”

Mrs. Illersly was silent. Her temper was at white heat. She did not love her husband. For that matter, she did not know how to love. She preferred those people who admired her most extravagantly, who humored and yielded to her most obsequiously, and she had married Arnold for his excellence in these respects. But, in the year which had followed their marriage, she had discovered that the flatteries of his courtship were not sincere; that he had never loved, and that, at times, he had loathed her.

The discovery had not roused her to agony, or entreaty, or rebellion; it had merely quickened a desire for revenge, and rendered her intolerant of his deviations from the laws she made for his conduct.

She reflected for a few moments upon his reply, and then said, sharply,

“Mr. Illersly, I don’t care to talk about this any more. It is not the first time you have refused my requests; but it must be the last. I must have the money to-morrow, or I shall put the matter in my lawyer’s hands, and take the control of my property from you at once.”

Arnold looked at her with indignant astonishment.

“Mrs. Illersly,” he answered, far less cool than she, “you shall have your property—your liberty, if you say so—to-night.”

“I am afraid you would find it unpleasant to relinquish all your treasures at once,” she replied, with a sneer.

“I shall find anything pleasanter than life with you,” he was betrayed into answering.

Her skin grew ashy with anger at the affront. She had often thought that she had a mind to leave him, in order to mortify him, but she never meant that the proposal for a separation should come from him. She wavered a little, too, at the idea of giving him up, and wondered how much it would hurt her sense of importance. She had been proud of him, once, as her conquest! And she looked searchingly into his face to see how far he meant what he was saying; and found that he already half relented, feeling that he was a man, and should be generous to a woman. Seeing him in this mood, her temper hardened, and she began to recollect that he had made her suffer. She thought, too, it would cost him more than it would her. So let it go on, or, at least, let the concessions come from him.

She twirled her rings, which glittered in the firelight.

“I believe I’ll go abroad with the Lawtons, and choose the shawl myself,” she said, nonchalantly.

Arnold bowed.

"As you choose, Madame," he said.

"Of course it's as *I* choose, Mr. Illersly."

And then they went in to dinner.

Mrs. Illersly went abroad, as she had threatened.

The husband relinquished at once his control of her fortune, and, with stubborn spite, she took care to make her will in favor of her brother, before sailing.

Arnold went off to California. He grew brown, and bearded, and rich, and the years wore away. He led the rough-and-tumble sort of life which alters a man's body and soul. In the mirror of his old beliefs he would hardly have known himself. He lived carelessly, and rather aimlessly, regretting little, expecting nothing, till one day he got news that Mrs. Illersly had died at Paris. And even that fact made no material difference in his fate, beyond awakening some natural reflections and self-reproaches; he had been more to blame than she—that he admitted—his creed had been a failure, so had his life. He was indifferent to all people, and most things; and he reasoned with himself that his lot was its own expiation. Well, perhaps, nevertheless, within a year after the event he had treated so lightly, he found himself back in his old home. He had no special object or motive for coming, only that the heart is insatiably hungry for happiness, and rests not for its undying longing to be content, and Arnold, by-and-by, began hunting up old friends, comparing fates, and analyzing the elements of which happiness is supposed to be formed.

Not many of the original members of his club—of the fellows who shared that jolly hunting season at the Lodge—were left now; they had wasted away into staid, family men, and the like; and when, the Summer following his return, Arnold proposed another holiday on the Island, his plan met with no sympathy. The Lodge was in ruins, tracts of the Island had been sold; it wouldn't be the same thing at all. They would rather go somewhere, and be comfortable.

No, it would not be the same thing at all; Arnold confessed that readily. And yet, with a motive transparent enough to anyone but himself, he wanted to go—wanted to prove himself, whether that Summer's ecstasies had surely died to him forever, which was rather romantic and ridiculous, but nevertheless, the truth.

He was still in his prime. He had his time, his money, and his vacant future on his hands. Above all, he had learned the value of happiness. What better could he do than go in search of it?

Vanity or instinct, leading his thoughts back to Katherine Farr, made him imagine he should find her unchanged—unmarried. She was very young—not more than seventeen *then*, and it was only eight or nine years since—and they say women's hearts don't change, and all that kind of stuff. So Mr. Illersly recruited his company, for appearance's sake, and, pretentiously heralded by yachts and dogs, came back to the Island Lodge, and had Brompton Corners by the ears.

It was quite funny, and rather awkward—going to make that first visit at Mr. Farr's. Taking in the happenings of half a decade at a gulp, and acting as if you hadn't had anything hard to swallow!

He had informed himself that she was Miss Farr still—this forsaken flame of his. He had even had a glimpse of her as she turned into a store, when

he was driving by one day. Yet he was a trifle nervous as he prepared for the encounter, making havoc among his Parisian ties, bestowing fondest care on his chestnut curls, and swearing at the boy for a speck on his boots. He didn't know, you see, how Miss Farr might impress him, but he wished to be quite secure as to how he should impress her.

Whatever the years had accomplished for Katherine, there were not many traces of them upon her unbetraying face. She met Arnold Illersly, as one might suppose from the manner in which she parted from him, cool, bland, even elegant, in her natural beauty and grace.

His heart felt younger.

She was very happy to see him.

"It brings back old times, Katherine," with a wistful look around the cool, quiet parlor, its muslin curtains lifting and dropping with the June breeze; the glass vases, filled with fresh garden flowers; and some pieces of worsted work, which were new to him, but which told no tales.

"It does indeed," a certain gayety in her voice which displeased him.

"You have lived very quietly here, I think."

"Yes; with some changes, however."

"Ah?" trying to be indifferent. "Every one has those——"

"Lottie was very gay. Her marriage made quite a change for us."

"Joe has gone, too?"

"Yes; to the West."

"Your father and mother would miss you more than all the rest, Katherine," speaking with deliberate significance.

She blushed vividly, but she was wholly self-possessed, and, as she answered, changed the subject.

Some way there crept over Arnold Illersly an unaccountable depression as he talked, in the still, sweet room with this fair but rather frigid woman he had been false to. Some way it occurred to him that he was not wholly master of this self-sought situation.

He rose restlessly. "I have often thought, Katherine, about that last walk we took together—to the beach woods, you know. Have you?"

She admitted that she had not forgotten it.

"It has seemed to me that if I had——" He stopped, opening and shutting the case of a likeness he had taken up. I don't think it was quite clear to him what had seemed.

A tinge of innocent curiosity glinted over the composure of Katherine's expression.

"Who is this?" he asked suddenly, catching sight of the face of the picture he was handling.

"That? Oh," said Katherine, sweetly, "that is our minister in the First Church."

He snapped the covers together impatiently.

"Would you go there with me again, Katherine—to the beach woods?" he said, in an abrupt, authoritative way.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I often go."

"Let us go, then, to-day." His voice wavered between pleading and commanding.

He looked in the glass over the mantel when she had left the room for her things. He was handsome still. There was little lost of what had first won her, and much gained. She was very cool, he said to himself, thoughtfully.

It was hard to understand her; harder still to understand her power over him. He began to believe he loved her better than ever.

She, too, looked in her glass, up in her chamber; but instead of the face of to-day, she seemed to see that of a dreary October night, years gone. She shook a little scarf out thoughtfully, with a small smile as she put it about her. Perhaps she liked Mr. Illersly's coming back so. I don't know.

It was leafy and bright and still out of doors; getting toward supper time, in June. They walked along homeward, chatting. Then there was an inconsequential pause, which Arnold broke. His voice shook a little; he was not quite comfortable in what he was going to say. He came up to the point, however, like a man.

"It seems to me to day," he began, "that the rest of life will hardly suffice for all the explanations and expiations"—(which was rather a pretty phrase, under the circumstances)—"which I wish to make to you. But before I begin them I want an assurance that my heart pleads for, more anxiously, Katherine, than I thought it could ever plead again."

Katherine Farr's face contracted sharply, suddenly, as if with pain; and her lips parted as though she tried to speak.

He only saw that her color changed, and his heart bounded.

"You loved me," he said, tenderly, "and I, you. Katherine, my love has lasted, and yours?"—looking to her for encouragement.

She seemed again to try to interpose some word between him and his avowal, but he hurried on—it was enough for him to see that his words agitated her.

"Can you forgive me? Will you love me? Will you be my wife?"—something of his youth's rapturous passion quavering in his tone.

She would have heard him differently once. Now she felt nothing but pain and surprise.

"O, no, Arnold, I can never be that," she said, unaffectedly.

He looked at her—hardly understanding.

"You loved me, Katherine?" he stammered.

She felt his unfairness, as she had once before.

"Yes. I loved you," she said, coldly.

"But your love has not lasted? You fear to trust me again?"

She answered him, uttering the words slowly, to give their crowded meaning room; to let all the heartache of those empty years, all the assurance of ended regret, with the content of abdication, with one short, sharp thrust of avenged pride, express themselves fully in what she said:

"I think, Arnold, I might fear to trust you again, even if I still loved you."

He passed his hand across his eyes—doubting his own senses.

She added hastily, even compassionately:

"I should not have let you say what you have. I am to be married in the Autumn. I have been engaged these two years. You will meet Mr. Lawrence to night. That was his picture you looked at."

She stole a glance at her suitor's face, and hurried on with her explanations, rather nervously—as if she must fill up the silence:

"He has only recently finished his studies, although he is not very young. He left the law for the ministry. I think you will like him"—an assumption which nothing but a slighted woman would have the insolence to utter.

Even Arnold Illersly looked at her reproachfully.

"Everything has failed me," he said, with a struggle. "You do not know what the thought of you has been to my life, Katherine."

The woman he had wronged pitied him—pitied him safely though.

"It is very hard for me to see you grieved, Arnold. But we get over these things," she said, in the sweetest of tones.

Perhaps if she had not been six-and-twenty she would not have been so sharp.

They walked back from the beach wood together, as they had done of old. The Summer wind blew back the hair from Katherine Farr's smooth forehead, and felt cool to Arnold Illersly's hot brain.

He said to himself that it might have been very different; that he might have enjoyed his youth and his love. It was too late now. He cursed his worldliness, his ambition and his creed.

They met Mr. Lawrence at the gate—a quiet, earnest man, not much like Katherine's first ideal. But then?—

She looked into his eyes with the absolute confidence which reaches souls. Arnold saw this.

"You are happier, Katherine, than I could have made you?" he asked presently, with some bitterness.

She saw that he suffered. If there had been any malice in her other mood, it went out in her lover's presence.

"We were wholly unlike, always, Arnold," she said, gently.

Even then he realized that she was right. But—though he was his own victim—his memory was suffering; his anticipations were blanks. That which he had trusted beyond all things had failed him, and, knowing that the fault was his own, he felt unforgiving.

"There is nothing then left for me but to get away from the sight of all that reminds me of what I have lost," he said.

* * * *

Afterward, though, out in the great world, living his brilliant, *blasé* life, he could almost smile at the vanity which had taken him back that June to Brompton Corners. There is no bridge from the hunger and hollowness of the present to that dim idyl of his past youth, and he feels it. He puts away the memory of Katherine Farr, unblamed, like a dream; and, of a morning, fits on his *acajou*-colored gloves, orders a book or a bouquet to his partner of the previous evening, and arm-in-arm with Phil Arlington, strolls off to look at a horse or a yacht.

As to his creed, I think it is doubtful whether he holds one at all.

MRS. W. H. PALMER.



THE ART OF DINING.

V.

COFFEE.

COFFEEA ARABICA is the name of the plant which produces the berry called coffee. It is indigenous in the south of Arabia, in the neighborhood of Mocha and Aden. It grows also in Persia and Beloochistan. About a century ago, its cultivation was commenced in many parts of Asia, America and Oceanica; and it is now extensively cultivated in Brazil, Java, Ceylon, Hayti, Venezuela, Porto Rico, Costa Rica, Martinique, Sumatra, and elsewhere.

The Mocha is stronger and has more aroma than any other coffee. It is supposed that the mode of gathering it, together with the qualities it derives from its native soil, give it that superiority over the other kinds. The Mocha coffee is not picked, but the berries are allowed to fall when fully ripe, and the grains are then gathered.

The United States are supplied with the poorest coffee on the globe. The kind of disease (I beg pardon for the expression) popularly known by the appellation of "go-aheadism" is certainly very commendable in many respects. It is much admired, and has certainly done much good; but, as in the case of other good things, we must not use too much of it.

Human nature, which is very seldom satisfied with what it has, and always desires what it has not, has unfortunately applied "go-aheadism" to the cultivation of coffee; and, instead of gathering the coffee when fully ripe, it is picked while yet green, passed through a kind of mill in order to crack open the envelop or berry, soaked in water to free the grains of the pulp, and then dried. Very often the coffee is shipped, and, perhaps, even put into the market, before the time when it ought to be gathered. Except at Mocha, where the berry is allowed to fall, all coffee gathered properly is picked from time to time as the berries become ripe. But this method occupies days, and sometimes weeks. This is too much for Brother Jonathan; he cannot wait so long; he rolls up his sleeves and does his picking at one time.

Four fifths of the berries are thus gathered while green, and therefore ferment on the voyage to market.

Roasting.—A pretty extensive dealer in coffee, Mr. J. D., whom I have taught how to make coffee, has told me that, since the rebellion broke out, hardly any Java has been sent to New-York. He does not know why, but it is so.

I am indebted to the same gentleman for an account of the process of roasting coffee in America. Everybody knows that what is done by means of machinery is regularly done. Roasting coffee is one of those things that cannot, with propriety, be done regularly. The drum, or roaster, must be turned now slowly, now quickly; now tossed, now shaken, etc., according to the state of the roasting process. But steam machinery is usually employed for the

purpose, and thus half our coffee is burned, and the other half not sufficiently roasted.

This is bad enough, reader, you will agree, unless you are a coffee-roaster by trade. But there is a further abomination. In roasting, coffee swells about one third, or thirty-three per cent., in size, and loses about sixteen per cent. in weight. The greediness of gain has found this out, and prevents it by sprinkling water over the coffee while it is roasting. Thus, instead of losing in weight, it gains.

Thus the poor deluded consumers think their coffee-mill is dull, because it cannot grind the greasy coffee, and believe that the rancid, mouldy taste of their beverage is because the filter is not well cleaned.

We recommend our readers to roast their coffee very slowly and carefully, on charcoal, and in a hand-drum or roaster. Some kinds of coffee require longer roasting than others. The greener the berry, the longer it takes.

When roasted, ventilate it thoroughly, in order to help the evaporation of a certain volatile oil of disagreeable odor. Then leave it on a matting until cool, and afterward put it in a tin box, as nearly air-tight as possible. Grind what you want just before using.

Grinding.—There is not one man in ten thousand that has ever examined if his coffee-mill was grinding well. The Americans generally grind and even drink their coffee as a morning duty. They all acknowledge that they drink bad coffee, but not one tries whether the mill can be improved.

Now let us go from the kitchen to the stable, and observe the owner of a horse. He looks carefully at everything, sees if the hay is of the first quality, cut in the best way, and with the best machine. See how earnestly he cuts his fingers in examining all the tools used for his horse's comfort. There is not one machine in a thousand for cutting hay that is not made with the greatest care; there is not one coffee-mill in a thousand that grinds coffee evenly. Poor humanity! Happy horse!

Making.—Set a kettle of cold water on the fire. Place the grounds in the filter, and, as soon as the water begins to boil, pour just enough of it over the grounds to wet them. Put the kettle back on the fire, and again, at the first boiling, pour it over the grounds rather slowly, and till you have poured enough water to furnish the quantity of coffee required.

If the water does not pass through the grounds fast enough, just stop pouring a few seconds—that is, long enough to put the kettle back on the fire, and start the water boiling again. As soon as the water has passed through, the coffee is made.

Coffee must never be boiled, for, by boiling, the aroma is evaporated, and what is left of volatile oil is extracted, leaving the coffee with a bitter, disagreeable taste. If you boil your coffee, you send the aroma to the attic, and a muddy and bitter substance to the dining-room.

The quantity of coffee-grounds used must be according to taste, age, and constitution.

Café au Lait.—This is coffee and milk, for breakfast. The milk is set on the fire in a tin saucepan, and taken off when it rises; then mixed with the coffee, either in the cup or in any kind of vessel. The proportions are pint for pint.

Café Noir.—*Café Noir* is the name given to the coffee taken after dinner. It is generally made rather strong. Gentlemen sometimes mix with it a liqueur-glass of brandy, or rum, or kirschwasser, and ladies, a little cold milk.

Taken fifteen or twenty minutes after dinner, it helps digestion. It excites the faculties of the mind, and gives what physiologists call "agreeable sensations." Coffee is nutritious, and to a certain extent keeps back the waste of the system.

Filters.—French, German, and English chemists, who have analyzed coffee made in different filters, give the preference, as far as the aroma is concerned, to that called the *French balance*, or any others made on the same principle.

At the request, and in the presence of several persons, I have made an experiment at Mr. Walker's, in Cornhill, Boston, with four different filters—the French balance, the Turkish coffee-pot, one that I devised there (and which Mr. Walker has named *Blot's coffee-pot*), and another.

Tested with a hydrometer, the density of the coffee made in the Turkish filter, and of that made in mine, were equal; that of the French balance and of the other were thinner. The coffee made in the French balance was the clearest of all, and, tasted by the persons present, was pronounced to have a better flavor than the others.

Mixing.—Different kinds mixed together make better coffee than one kind alone.

A good proportion is: to one pound of Java, add from two to four ounces of Mocha, and the same quantity of Rio, or of San Domingo, or of Maracaybo, or of Martinique.

The gastronomer's proportion is: one pound of Mocha, two pounds of Java, and three pounds of Rio, or San Domingo, or Maracaybo, or Martinique.

Composition.—Coffee, as analyzed by Mr. A. Payen, was found to contain, in 100 parts, as follows: cellulose, 34; hygroscopic water, 12; fatty substance, 13; glucose, dextrine, vegetable acid, 15.5; legumine, caseine, etc., 10; caffeine and chloroginate of potassium, 5; pure caffeine, 0.8; nitrogenized substance, 3; mineral substances, potassium, magnesia, lime, etc., 6.6; unaccounted for, 0.1—100.

Chicory.—It is a mistake to believe that chicory improves the coffee. It has a worse effect on coffee than water would have in champagne; beside weakening it, it gives it a bad taste. Make your coffee weak or strong, according to taste, but do not spoil it with chicory.

Rye.—When you cannot procure coffee, roast good wheat, grind it and use it as coffee, but never use rye as a substitute for it.

FLOUR.

I add here a few observations on flour, for which I shall probably find no better place. Good bread and good cakes cannot be made without good flour, and without good bread we cannot have a good dinner.

American wheat is as good as any other, but American flour is inferior to the European; therefore, we must conclude that the trouble is either in the way it is ground, or kept, or transported. The process of grinding, as far as we know, is about the same; but it is very differently kept and transported.

In Europe, the flour, as soon as bolted, is put into bags, and great care is taken to prevent it from fermenting, space being left between every layer to allow a free ventilation, both during carriage and when stored.

Puff paste is one of the best tests for flour. When properly made, and with good flour, puff paste rises six or seven times its thickness in baking; with American flour, it seldom reaches five times.

After years of investigation, we have found that, in flour coming from the

West, the barrels from the bottom and middle of the cargo are very inferior to those from the top, because, packed as they are on board of canal boats and vessels, the flour gets warm and ferments.

Although flour barrels are not air tight, still it is better to pack the flour in bags, where it is more exposed to the air. We advise the readers of *THE GALAXY* to keep their flour in bags; to place the bags across two ropes, parallel and horizontal, stretched in a dry garret, and at least four feet from the floor.

HOT WEATHER.

A remark or two on eating and drinking in hot weather will be in season here. Green vegetables, properly cooked, are certainly healthful in warm weather; but it is a mistake to think that meat should be excluded from Summer diet. The hotter the weather, the more the system wastes, and therefore the more we must supply.

In order to keep the body in a healthful condition, meat ought to be eaten at least once a day in Summer time. It would be well to vary this programme by taking one meal of fish on every other day. Fat should be disused as much as possible. A very little good butter with your fresh radishes at breakfast is as much fat as is necessary.

DRINKING.

When weary, or cold, or warm, or exhausted, we drink in preference to eating, because we feel the effect instantaneously; while after eating even the most substantial food, we do not feel the effect for some time.

When exhausted, and when immediate relief is necessary, the best drinks are broth, chocolate, milk or water sweetened with sugar. It is more than a mistake to drink wines or liquors at such a time; it is really committing slow suicide.

When only thirsty, without exhaustion, we ought to drink cold water with a teaspoon. When thirsty and heated, the first thing to do is to dip the hands in cold water, deep enough just to cover the wrists; then dip a towel in the water, lay it on the forehead, and then drink cold water with a teaspoon. A few drops of vinegar or lemon juice may be added to the water. If exceedingly hot, keep your hands in cold water and the towel on your forehead for at least one minute before drinking.

PIERRE BLOT.

NEBULÆ.

—THE authorship of "Ecce Homo" is still unacknowledged and much discussed. The book, as we remarked two months ago, is not particularly new in its essential points, and is filled with loose thinking and a looser use of language. It is in particular not new to us; but it has startled our more closely restrained British cousins, and no little of our interest in it is a reflex of theirs. Judging entirely from internal evidence, we should not be surprised at learning that "Ecce Homo" was written by Charles Kingsley.

—COUNT VON BISMARCK SCHÖNHAUSEN is the man who has made this dreadful pother in Europe. He alone is responsible for it; circumstances or the march of events having had nothing to do with bringing it about. Yet, five years ago his name was hardly known out of Berlin; and it is hardly two years since he has attracted the attention of that part of the British and American public who are interested in foreign politics. He was born to, and until within a few years he had remained in, the position of what would be in England a country squire of very moderate fortune. In Germany "count" means about as much as "gentleman" used to mean with us. Count Bismark has never shown any ability until within two or three years, if, indeed, what he has shown within that time is—as it may be—real ability. At the University he was neither a clever idler nor a good student, but a coarse, jovial, hard drinker. After he left the University he developed no talent but one—that of pushing himself in a coarse, imperturbable, goodish-humored, but determined way. His portrait shows his character: a strong, rude, shameless man, with plenty of vitality and animal spirits, top-full of conceit, ready enough to do a good-natured thing in an off-hand way if it don't interfere with his comfort or his interest, a hard liver, perhaps a jolly one, but capable of unbounded insolence and audacity. Such men often get power merely because they don't hesitate about seizing it; and they use it with a certain effect because again they don't hesitate a moment as to prudence or the propriety of what they desire to do. They don't know enough or think enough to have many doubts; for doubt which is the road to truth is always opened by knowledge and reflection. Von Bismark is a type of his kind, and certainly has less sense of decency than any man in public life in Europe. He is probably as incapable of making the distinction between impudence and firmness, modesty and cowardice, as a man who is color-blind is of distinguishing the gradations of tint in the rainbow. These qualities of his mind, or rather of his moral nature, came out in high relief seven years ago, almost at his entrance into public life. He had pushed himself into the diplomatic service. He was at Paris, a mere visitor, and there he actually of his own motion proposed to Count Walewski, the French Minister, to form an alliance with Prussia and give her the supremacy in Germany. His Government, of course,

repudiated him. But nothing abashed or doubting, he goes straight to the King himself at Berlin, and makes the same proposition. The King snubbed him sharply. This would have been enough at one time for most men, whatever their position or their reputation; but for this insignificant squireen of no reputation it was not enough. Although the King adopted at once an opposite policy, just as promptly Von Bismark followed him to Baden, and pushed again. All question of the merit of his project aside, conduct could not have been more indecent. This time the King gave him a stinging personal rebuke, and sent him packing. That is, it would have been stinging to any creature with a hide less thick than his. But although you may drive off or kill rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses, those pachyderms are beyond feeling a sting. He went to St. Petersburg and pushed. He returned to Berlin and pushed. He pushed himself into the position of Prime Minister. He involved the country in the profoundest trouble—brought it to the brink of justifiable revolution by his utter defiance of all the restraints of constitutional government. The people at large and the cultivated classes were all in furious opposition to him; they reasoned, they protested, they threatened. To their reason and their protest he opposed only a stolid indifference, and kept on pushing. You have seen just such fellows in a crowd. They don't *desire* to hurt anybody; but heavy, broad-shouldered and shameless, caring for nothing but to get on, and perhaps laughing with a sort of coarse semblance of good-nature, they push ahead. If you yield, well; if not, you are crushed, unless you can crush them. For they respect one thing, and only one, and that is force. So to the threats of the Prussian people Von Bismark opposed the army. Then did come an occasion, an opportunity. The king of Denmark died. Von Bismark pushed straight on, and, because he could not help it, let Austria push with him. The gallant little kingdom went down before the two big bullies. Then Von Bismark, still with his one idea in his head and still bloated with conceit, began to push Austria out of Schleswig-Holstein. Reasoning, remonstrance, protest, the opinion of the world, all were in vain. They fell on him like duck shot upon a monitor. He steadily kept up his insolent, reckless, audacious push. Finally, when the breach came, and Austria determined to bear this no longer but to fight, he showed what is the kind of ability that goes with such a temperament and such an intellect as his, and, acting without the slightest hesitation or regard to any consequences except such as would immediately affect him, he pushed right into Saxony and Hanover, took the initiative always, and having the best arms and the best men and the most of them, beat. The big, strong man in the crowd who does not care except to get on, generally will get on; the biggest, strongest bully will generally beat, especially if he begins the attack. Audacity, promptitude, willingness to take the initiative, are all very well in their way, and they make a particularly fine show while they are successful; but they are not everything, even in war. They appeared very splendidly at Fort Sumter and Bull Run and in the six days fight on the Peninsula; but how do they appear now? Von Bismark may have prudence, or possibly may be compelled to yield place to prudent men, or at least defer to them, and so save what he now has got. It may be that Austria will submit to the indignity he wishes to place upon her, and consent to be turned out of Germany. But let no man be called happy while he lives. Should Bismark fall he will be trampled into the earth by the very people through whom he has so insolently pushed himself.

—"WHAT IS THIS MYSTERY?" is the singularly appropriate name of a novel recently published—it would seem from a glance at the outside, by the Harpers; and which is announced on its title page as being "by Miss M. E. Braddon, author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'Henry Dunbar,' 'Only a Clod,' 'The Lady's Mile,' etc." A closer examination of the cover, however, shows that although it is as like that used by the Harpers as it could be made, it has at the bottom, not "Harper & Brothers, Publishers," but "Hilton & Company, Publishers." At this, for the credit of a highly respectable and influential firm, we rejoice, for the following reasons. There is a weekly paper published in London, price a half-penny, which is called "The Half-penny Journal, a weekly magazine for all who can read," and which is chiefly supported by the cooks and maids-of-all-work in that metropolis. The contents of this journal are of the most astonishing, bewildering and alarming character. The accumulation of boundless wealth, peerless beauty, angelic purity and black-hearted villainy within its eight weekly pages is not to be surpassed. As to blood, that flows in torrents or stagnates in pools along these pages. Indeed, we are not quite sure that they are not printed in blood—black-heart-ted blood. Well, in the number of the "Half-penny Journal" for July 1, 1861, there was commenced a charming story; oh, the loveliest story that you ever did read; and it was called "The Black Band, or the Mysteries of Midnight." Isn't that a *dee-li-cious* title; and it was written, well, it was written by—what do you think? It was written by Lady Caroline Lascelles. Could anything be more delightful? Now, it is a remarkable circumstance that "The Black Band, or the Mysteries of Midnight," by Lady Caroline Lascelles, and "What is this Mystery?" by Miss M. E. Braddon, both begin thus:

THE BLACK BAND;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF MIDNIGHT.

BY LADY CAROLINE LASCELLES.

CHAPTER I.

MIDNIGHT AT THE MASKED BALL.

As the clock of St. Clement Danes chimed the three-quarters after eleven on the night of December 20th, 1852, a tall man, dressed in a loose overcoat, and wearing an opera-hat slouched over his eyes, hailed a cab from the stand by the church, and, jumping into it, told the man to drive to the door of Drury Lane Theatre.

WHAT IS THIS MYSTERY?

BY

(According to Messrs. Hilton & Co.)

MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER I.

MIDNIGHT AT THE MASKED BALL.

As the clock of St. Clement Danes chimed the three-quarters after eleven on the night of December 20th, 1852, a tall man, dressed in a loose overcoat, and wearing an opera-hat slouched over his eyes, hailed a cab from the stand by the church, and, jumping into it, told the man to drive to the door of Drury Lane Theatre.

The stories not only begin with this likeness, which it must be admitted is somewhat striking, but they go on chapter after chapter, chapter headings and all, with this same likeness. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, except in the title and—trifling circumstance—the author's name, the two publications are identical, word for word, point for point, from beginning to end. Whereupon an interesting and somewhat complicated problem presents itself. Which is which? who is who? and what is what? Is Miss Braddon Lady Caroline Lascelles, or is Lady Caroline Lascelles Miss Braddon? Did Lady Caroline write "What is this Mystery?" or did Miss Braddon write "The

Black Band?" Or was Lady Caroline a Braddon, and has she been divorced, and as the ladies say, done over, like a last year's gown? Or did Miss Braddon write this book five years ago for the "Half-penny Journal" under the assumed name of Lady Caroline Lascelles? and then wickedly authorize a publisher to announce it, as Messrs. Hilton & Company do, as her "latest and best?" Or has she written herself out, and in despair at otherwise being obliged to reject the offers of wealth from various publishers for one more book, has she appropriated this story from her obscure, but high-born rival? The question is interesting. As to the solution which some may offer, that Messrs. Hilton & Company have taken the story bodily from the "Half-penny Journal" and put Miss Braddon's name upon the title page, and bound it up to look like one of Harper's publications, in order to appropriate to themselves the advantage belonging to the reputation of the author and the publishers—that we reject with the scorn suited to such a puerile and uncharitable suggestion. And besides, if Messrs. Hilton & Company were going to appropriate—that's a mild way of putting it, we submit—anything, would they be likely to forego such a title—"The Black Band, or the Mysteries of Midnight?" What could be more enchanting? No, we reject the accusation against Messrs. Hilton & Company without reserve, and they are discharged as being altogether above suspicion.

— GENERAL GRANT'S military capacity appears to be, with some people, what the "North American Review" calls a "curiously unsettled question." This remark is made in the course of a critical notice of the "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," a book in which Mr. William Swinton, the correspondent of the "New York Times" for that army, has summed up his observations of its campaigns. It seems from the notice in question, and from some extracts from the book, published in the "Times" (for we have not seen the volume itself), that Mr. Swinton regards General Grant as a man of common sense and perseverance, but not as a great soldier. Now the mere fact that Grant drove Lee to bay and finally worried him to death, although it wins the former much glory, which he has probably sense enough to hold at its true value, does not show that he was a great captain. Indeed, this process, except in its very earliest stages, gave him no opportunity of showing generalship of a high order. His military capacity is to be determined by judgment upon events which took place outside of a circle of a hundred miles radius from Richmond. Common sense and a knowledge of the soldier's profession (which General Grant's instructors and his West Point record testify that he had in an eminent degree), and inflexible determination, will go very far—it is difficult, indeed, to say how far they will not go—toward making a great general. The Duke of Wellington, Frederic the Great, probably had no other elements than these in their military superiority. General Grant himself is recorded as having said that he "didn't believe in strategy," adding, immediately, "*except* to work up within striking distance of the enemy." The remark was made in the course of a friendly chat, Grant speaking one word to ten from every one else; but it is, nevertheless, noteworthy, particularly in the exception which covers so much ground. If Grant exhibited only common sense, knowledge of his profession, and great tenacity at Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, and in the prolonged and varied operations which ended in the fall of Vicksburg, it would be difficult to show that Wellington or Frederic developed throughout their careers any higher, or any other qualities. But there are three tests of military capacity which every man for whom a

place among the great captains of the world is claimed must bear, or his claim must be abandoned. These are, ability to direct large bodies of men effectively over an extended country to the vital point at the right time, entire self-possession in disaster, and such fertility of resource as to attain success by means or movements entirely unexpected. The second, and even the first, of these test qualities can be exhibited by men who, although great captains, have not military genius; but the last *is* military genius. It corresponds to original creative faculty in literature and art. The general who plucks victory out of the apparently indestructible combinations of his enemy for his defeat, is one of the born great ones among soldiers; and if, beside this, he is able to direct successfully the movement of four or five large armies over a vast extent of country to one end, it is hard to place a limit to the range of his military capacity. Now, when, after the defeat at Chickamauga, Grant concentrated his forces at Chattanooga, and sat there undisturbed and confident while the country trembled as Longstreet marched upon Knoxville to cut off his communications, and when the able Southern leader was inextricably pledged to that enterprise, then moved out upon Bragg in his entrenchments, and shivered him to pieces, leaving Longstreet aghast with a victorious and overwhelming force in *his* rear, so that all he could do was to save himself by swift retreat, he performed just one of those great military feats which are the proofs of military genius. So did he when he ordered Thomas to retreat before the vaunting but audacious Hood, until the latter had apparently hunted his antagonist into Nashville as a rat is hunted into a corner; and then concentrating force there, by the hands of his able subordinate, again swept a confident opponent from the face of the earth. We know how deliberately he had prepared this plan, and how anxious he was at a little delay in its operation; of its success he never seems to have entertained a doubt. Before Grant undertook what is called his Richmond campaign, but which was merely his last great campaign against the entire military force of the Confederates, the approaches to Richmond had been so protected by interdependent systems of earthworks, that there was little to be done but to "pound away," as Wellington said, at them and the men behind them. But when he had found their terrible strength and how much it would cost to carry them, his resources did not fail him: he changed his tactics, and determined that the Rebel force within those works should not get out, and that they should be held there until Sherman and Sheridan had torn the Confederacy through and through, and until he compelled Lee to come out and fight for the communications which brought food to his soldiers. Jefferson Davis is a man whose opinion of General Grant is eminently worthy of consideration. Not a willing witness, not prejudiced in Grant's favor certainly; knowing better than any other man with what his chief opponent had to contend, and himself a man of great ability, an educated soldier, who had seen service in the field, his judgment may be safely regarded as the most valuable that could have been pronounced upon the Lieutenant-General by any single man among his enemies. He says ("Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 125) that Grant "was a great soldier beyond doubt, but of a new school;" and subsequently, in defending Bragg and himself in the matter of that great defeat at Chattanooga, which was the turning point of the war, he makes a particular criticism which shows, indirectly, how great Grant was as a general and with what kind of greatness. He says, "The subsequent concentration of Grant and Hooker with Rosecrans and the victory of their

combined forces at Lookout Mountain, was the result of an audacity or desperation which no military prudence could have foreseen." He added that, "the opponents of his administration censured Bragg for detaching Longstreet, but the subsequent events which made that movement unfortunate were of a character which *no prudence could have foreseen, no military calculation taken into view as probable.*" Better evidence, from such a quarter, that Grant is not only a great soldier, but has military genius, could not be had. Those who object to it must do so on the ground of Mr. Davis's incompetence as judge or witness. To win success by movements which no prudence could have foreseen, and no military calculation could have taken into view as probable, is to exhibit the very highest qualities of generalship. Well and consistently does Mr. Davis say that Grant is a great soldier, but of a new school. But why the *but*? If Grant's school is new, he is therefore the greater soldier. It is only men of genius who found new schools. Mr. Davis meant, and probably said, that Grant was a great soldier *and* of a new school. More could hardly be said of Napoleon. And so it is not improbable that General Grant's fame may outlive both the censure and the commendation to which he has been subjected by his connection with the Army of the Potomac.

—It seems as if John Bull would never have done patting us on the back for our performance of a very plain and simple duty in the matter of the Fenian raid upon Canada. Is it because he feels so very guilty himself in regard to that other matter in which the duty lay with him, that he thus cannot contain his expressions of astonishment and approval because Uncle Sam did what *he* did not do? We fear, however, that we are destined to see cousin John's cheers change to growls when he learns that there is a movement—although not yet successful—for the repeal of our neutrality laws in a body. Reason—that our neutrality laws and those of Great Britain are identical. This all persons who have looked into the matter well knew, but Senator Chandler states it upon the floor of the Senate as if it were a new discovery. He says "the same law under which in this country the Fenians were stopped from invading Canada was the law under which British sailors were enlisted for the Rebel service." Of course it was. Did Mr. Chandler expect to find it different? Did he innocently suppose that the reason why the enlistments were not stopped or the Alabama detained was because there was not sufficient *law* for the purpose? But still the law is a very good law, and could hardly be bettered. Nay, its very operation in the two cases in question shows that it was not a poor law. For has not the wisdom of centuries decided that "It is a poor law that *won't work both ways.*" Now this law did decidedly work both ways. In the United States to preserve neutrality, in Great Britain to violate it. Would you have a better law than that, Mr. Chandler?

—ENTERPRISE in journalism is praiseworthy and profitable, as it is in other departments of human endeavor. But enterprise is not merely the energetic encounter of obstacles, and the liberal outlay of money; it is the doing of this for a desirable end, not equally well attainable in any other way. Thus, for the "London Times" to send three or four first-rate correspondents to the seats of war in North and South Austria is enterprising, because the prestige and the wealth of that journal enable it to command position and facilities for its correspondents, and because through them the British public

will receive accounts of the progress of the war which could not be obtained so promptly, so fully and so accurately through any other channels. For other journals in London and Paris a similar course, if they can place their correspondents where they can see and whence they can write, may also be correctly called enterprising. But it is with a feeling between amusement and amazement that we have learned that upon the breaking out of the war certain New York journals immediately dispatched war correspondents to Europe, one of whom, at least, vaped largely of the amount of money his correspondence was to cost, and of the importance that it would have in the eyes of the civilized world. One journal, we are informed, has sent over a correspondent-in-chief, a sort of serene highness or worthy-high-mister, who is to preside over and direct a corps of correspondents. If what we hear is true, the public has yet sorer trials in the future than those through which it has just passed. We thought in our hearts that we were well done with war correspondence. Did we not undergo it for four long years? Was not that added to the other woes of the rebellion? And now because those *Deutschlanders* and Italians have got their crow to pick, must we suffer this again? Seriously there was very little of the war correspondence during the rebellion that was not inferior in every respect to a mere succinct account of the principal movements of each battle, with a statement of the result. Mr. Stedman's Bull Run letter, two or three of those that appeared afterward in the "New York Times," about the same number among those published in the "Tribune," and one or two of those that were reprinted in New York from a Cincinnati paper, were excellent, had in them some fine touches of word painting, some evidence of skill in arrangement, some dramatic power. But as to the rest, it was either superfluous commonplace or else confusion and bombast. Now, the war in Europe, whether it be long or short, will be described in the leading British journals with consummate ability by writers who will have advantages which correspondents from our papers cannot hope to command, and the London papers containing their letters will arrive here quite as soon, at the least, as the manuscript accounts of correspondents writing directly to New York. Our newspaper proprietors make a great mistake if they think that their readers will thank them for substituting the letters of "our own correspondent" for those of Mr. Russell; or that if they give both, the former will be read by one person in a hundred after reading the latter. Indeed, it may safely be assumed that not one reader in fifty cares to see more than a succinct and authentic account of the progress of the war as it is heard of at each important stage. The paper that pays well to have the news that each steamer brings compactly and systematically compressed and arranged, and has this done promptly by swift hands, so that the whole pith and marrow of the matter, military and political, can be presented in about a column, this will be the paper that will show real enterprise. Our people have not time to wade through pages of wordy description and minute detail about a matter in which they are not personally interested. It is also not improbable, although it is not more than probable, that the war will be over before "our own correspondents" get upon the field; and then we imagine they will look in each other's faces with somewhat rueful mirth. A war correspondent without a war must be conscious of an inward flavor of superfluousness and an outward odor of unprofitableness. His feeling must be somewhat like that of a worthy physician who, called upon hastily to attend a lady at a critical period, presented himself with what speed he might, and was sur-

prised at the every-day, matter-of-course air of the house. But on stating his errand to an ancient virgin, he was told that "she guessed he'd made a mistake in the house, for there hadn't been nobody married there yet." They will be as much too late as he was too early.

—Do ladies in New-York get drunk? A horrible question, repulsive in its very terms, whatever may be the answer. But we must bide the putting of it, for "The Round Table" says that they do. Nay, not only that they get drunk, but that they appear drunk in Broadway—that they swig at restaurants, and tipple at mantua-makers', and even have a comfortable drop kept for them at the shops which they most frequent. It is not said that women of bad character, or even those of questionable position, do this; but ladies whose place is in the most respectable and cultivated circles of New-York society. Nor is the charge confined to certain exceptional cases; it is made in the most sweeping terms; and upon it is based one of those ill-considered, but, we are willing to believe, well-meant articles, which have caused the well-wishers of "The Round Table" pain so often since its establishment. We thought of noticing this accusation only by way of ridicule, so absurd is it in the only light in which it is worthy of any consideration. But as it is seriously made in a paper which, from its character, might be reasonably supposed to speak upon so grave a subject only with circumspection, and as it therefore may and probably will be quoted against the fair fame of our countrywomen, it is worth while to maintain our gravity while we deny the truth of this charge without reserve. Whoever knows the society the ladies of which are thus accused; whoever knows Broadway; whoever knows the general character of the people engaged in respectable business in that and other similar streets, *knows* that this charge is, in the terms in which it is made, entirely without foundation. A woman in any way affected with liquor, not to say intoxicated, is the rarest of all sights in Broadway. In twenty years we have seen but a single case that we remember, and the singularity of the circumstance impressed it upon our memory; and that was a draggled drab, whom even the members of her own class would not have called a lady. That women may be seen at restaurants drinking strong drink is quite true; but the mere fact of their choosing such entertainment is regarded as a sufficient index of what they are. That there may be among respectable people isolated instances of women possessed of an uncontrollable appetite for liquor, is also quite true. Such cases may be found in all societies. But they furnish no ground whatever for such accusations against the ladies of the representative society of New-York as "The Round Table" has brought, and which, although not slanderous in intent we hope, are, we know, most slanderous in fact, and worthy only of the gravest reprobation. No man who is worthy of the society of such women as make up the feminine part of what is justly called the society of New-York, can read such an article without indignation.



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