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“AND AT LAST TOUCHED THE BALL—”

Page 15.

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1869.



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UNIVERSITY OF
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TO THE
SCHOOL



“AND AT LAST TOUCHED THE BALL—”

Page 15.

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OF

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VOLUME IV.



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

JULY, 1869.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

BULLHAMPTON.

I AM disposed to believe that no novel-reader in England has seen the little town of Bullhampton, in Wiltshire, except such novel-readers as live there, and those others, very few in number, who visit it perhaps four times a year for the purpose of trade, and who are known as commercial gentlemen. Bullhampton is seventeen miles from Salisbury, eleven from Marlborough, nine from Westbury, seven from Haylesbury, and five from the nearest railroad station, which is called Bullhampton road, and lies on the line from Salisbury to Yeovil. It is not quite on Salisbury Plain, but probably was so once, when Salisbury Plain was wider than it is now. Whether it should be called a small town or a large village I cannot say. It has no mayor and no market, but it has a fair. There rages a feud in Bullhampton touching this want of a market, as there are certain Bullhamptonites who aver that the charter giving all rights of a market to Bullhampton does exist; and that at one period in its history the market existed also—for a year or two; but the three bakers and two butchers

are opposed to change, and the patriots of the place, though they declaim on the matter over their evening pipes and gin-and-water, have not enough of matutinal zeal to carry out their purpose. Bullhampton is situated on a little river, which meanders through the chalky ground, and has a quiet, slow, dreamy prettiness of its own. A mile above the town—for we will call it a town—the stream divides itself into many streamlets, and there is a district called the Water Meads, in which bridges are more frequent than trustworthy, in which there are hundreds of little sluice-gates for regulating the irrigation, and a growth of grass which is a source of much anxiety and considerable trouble to the farmers. There is a water-mill here, too, very low, with ever a floury, mealy look, with a pasty look often, as the flour becomes damp with the spray of the water as it is thrown by the mill-wheel. It seems to be a tattered, shattered, ramshackle concern, but it has been in the same family for many years; and as the family has not hitherto been in distress, it may be supposed that the mill still affords a fair means of livelihood. The Brattles—for Jacob Brattle is the miller's name—have ever been known as men who

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paid scot and lot, and were able to hold up their heads. But nevertheless Jacob Brattle is ever at war with his landlord in regard to repairs wanted for his mill; and Mr. Gilmore, the landlord in question, declares that he wishes that the Avon would some night run so high as to carry off the mill altogether. Bullhampton is very quiet. There is no special trade in the place. Its interests are altogether agricultural. It has no newspaper. Its tendencies are altogether conservative. It is a good deal given to religion; and the Primitive Methodists have a very strong holding there, although in all Wiltshire there is not a clergyman more popular in his own parish than the Rev. Frank Fenwick. He himself, in his inner heart, rather likes his rival, Mr. Puddleham, the dissenting minister, because Mr. Puddleham is an earnest man, who, in spite of the intensity of his ignorance, is efficacious among the poor. But Mr. Fenwick is bound to keep up the fight; and Mr. Puddleham considers it to be his duty to put down Mr. Fenwick and the Church Establishment altogether.

The men of Bullhampton, and the women also, are aware that the glory has departed from them, in that Bullhampton was once a borough and returned two members to Parliament. No borough more close—or, shall we say, more rotten—ever existed. It was not that the Marquis of Trowbridge had, what has often delicately been called, an interest in it; but he held it absolutely in his breeches pocket, to do with it as he liked; and it had been the liking of the late marquis to sell one of the seats at every election to the highest bidder on his side in politics. Nevertheless the people of Bullhampton had gloried in being a borough, and the shame, or at least the regret, of their downfall had not yet altogether passed away when the tidings of a new Reform Bill came upon them. The people of Bullhampton are notoriously slow to learn and slow to forget. It was told of a farmer of Bullhampton, in old days, that he asked what had become of Charles I., when told that Charles II. had been restored.

Cromwell had come and gone, and had not disturbed him at Bullhampton.

At Bullhampton there is no public building, except the church, which indeed is a very handsome edifice with a magnificent tower—a thing to go to see, and almost as worthy of a visit as its neighbor the cathedral at Salisbury. The body of the church is somewhat low, but its yellow-gray color is perfect, and there is, moreover, a Norman door, and there are early English windows in the aisle, and a perfection of perpendicular architecture in the chancel, all of which should bring many visitors to Bullhampton; and there are brasses in the nave, very curious, and one or two tombs of the Gilmore family, very rare in their construction; and the churchyard is large and green, and bowery, with the Avon flowing close under it, and nooks in it which would make a man wish to die that he might be buried there. The church and churchyard of Bullhampton are indeed perfect, and yet but few people go to see the edifice. It has not as yet had its own bard to sing its praises. Properly, it is called Bullhampton Monachorum, the living having belonged to the friars of Chiltern. The great tithes now go to the Earl of Todmorden, who has no other interest in the place whatever, and who never saw it. The benefice belongs to St. John's, Oxford, and as the vicarage is not worth more than four hundred pounds a year, it happens that a clergyman generally accepts it before he has lived for twenty or thirty years in the common room of his college. Mr. Fenwick took it on his marriage, when he was about twenty-seven, and Bullhampton has been lucky.

The bulk of the parish belongs to the Marquis of Trowbridge, who, however, has no residence within ten miles of it. The squire of the parish is Squire Gilmore—Harry Gilmore; and he possesses every acre in it that is not owned by the marquis. With the village—or town, as it may be—Mr. Gilmore has no concern; but he owns a large tract of the water meads, and again has a farm or two up on the downs as you go to-

ward Chiltern. But they lie out of the parish of Bullhampton. Altogether he is a man of about fifteen hundred a year, and as he is not as yet married, many a Wiltshire mother's eye is turned toward Hampton Privets, as Mr. Gilmore's house is somewhat fantastically named.

Mr. Gilmore's character must be made to develop itself in these pages, if such developing may be accomplished. He is to be our hero—or at least one of two. The author will not, in these early words, declare that the squire will be his favorite hero, as he will wish that his readers should form their own opinions on that matter. At this period he was a man somewhat over thirty—perhaps thirty-three years of age—who had done fairly well at Harrow and at Oxford, but had never done enough to make his friends regard him as a swan. He still read a good deal, but he shot and fished more than he read, and had become, since his residence at the Privets, very fond of the outside of his books. Nevertheless, he went on buying books, and was rather proud of his library. He had traveled a good deal, and was a politician—somewhat scandalizing his own tenants and other Bullhamptonites by voting for the Liberal candidates for his division of the county. The Marquis of Trowbridge did not know him, but regarded him as an objectionable person, who did not understand the nature of the duties which devolved upon him as a country gentleman; and the marquis himself was always spoken of by Mr. Gilmore as—an idiot. On these various grounds the squire has hitherto regarded himself as being a little in advance of other squires, and has, perhaps, given himself more credit than he has deserved for intellectuality. But he is a man with a good heart and a pure mind—generous, desirous of being just, somewhat sparing of that which is his own, never desirous of that which is another's. He is good-looking, though perhaps somewhat ordinary in appearance; tall, strong, with dark-brown hair and dark-brown whiskers, with small, quick gray eyes, and teeth which are almost too white and too perfect for a man. Perhaps it is his great-

est fault that he thinks that as a Liberal politician and as an English country gentleman he has combined in his own position all that is most desirable upon earth. To have the acres without the acre-laden brains is, he thinks, everything.

And now it may be as well told at once that Mr. Gilmore is over head and ears in love with a young lady, to whom he has offered his hand, and all that can be made to appertain to the future mistress of Hampton Privets. And the lady is one who has nothing to give in return but her hand, and her heart, and herself. The neighbors all round the country have been saying for the last five years that Harry Gilmore was looking out for an heiress; for it has always been told of Harry, especially among those who have opposed him in politics, that he had a keen eye for the main chance. But Mary Lowther has not, and never can have, a penny with which to make up for any deficiency in her own personal attributes. But Mary is a lady, and Harry Gilmore thinks her the sweetest woman on whom his eye ever rested. Whatever resolutions as to fortune-hunting he may have made—though probably none were ever made—they have all now gone to the winds. He is so absolutely in love that nothing in the world is, to him, at present worth thinking about except Mary Lowther. I do not doubt that he would vote for a Conservative candidate if Mary Lowther so ordered him, or consent to go and live in New York if Mary Lowther would accept him on no other condition. All Bullhampton parish is nothing to him at the present moment, except as far as it is connected with Mary Lowther. Hampton Privets is dear to him only as far as it can be made to look attractive in the eyes of Mary Lowther. The mill is to be repaired, though he knows he will never get any interest on the outlay, because Mary Lowther has said that Bullhampton water meads would be destroyed if the mill were to tumble down. He has drawn for himself mental pictures of Mary Lowther till he has invested her with every charm and grace and virtue

that can adorn a woman. In very truth he believes her to be perfect. He is actually and absolutely in love. Mary Lowther has hitherto neither accepted nor rejected him. In a very few lines farther on we will tell how the matter stands between them.

It has already been told that the Rev. Frank Fenwick is vicar of Bullhampton. Perhaps he was somewhat guided in his taking of the living by the fact that Harry Gilmore, the squire of the parish, had been his very intimate friend at Oxford. Fenwick at the period with which we are about to begin our story, had been six years at Bullhampton, and had been married about five and a half. Of him something has already been said, and perhaps it may be only necessary further to state that he is a tall, fair-haired man, already becoming somewhat bald on the top of his head, with bright eyes, and the slightest possible amount of whiskers, and a look about his nose and mouth which seems to imply that he could be severe if he were not so thoroughly good-humored. He has more of breeding in his appearance than his friend—a show of higher blood; though whence comes such show, and how one discerns that appearance, few of us can tell. He was a man who read more and thought more than Harry Gilmore, though given much to athletics and very fond of field sports. It shall only further be said of Frank Fenwick that he esteemed both his churchwardens and his bishop, and was afraid of neither.

His wife had been a Miss Balfour, from Loring, in Gloucestershire, and had had some considerable fortune. She was now the mother of four children, and, as Fenwick used to say, might have fourteen for anything he knew. But as he also had possessed some small means of his own, there was no poverty, or prospect of poverty, at the vicarage, and the babies were made welcome as they came. Mrs. Fenwick is as good a specimen of an English country parson's wife as you shall meet in the county—gay, good-looking, fond of the society around her, with a little

dash of fun, knowing in blankets, and corduroys, and coals, and tea; knowing also as to beer, and gin, and tobacco; acquainted with every man and woman in the parish; thinking her husband to be quite as good as the squire in regard to position, and to be infinitely superior to the squire, or any other man in the world, in regard to his personal self;—a handsome, pleasant, well-dressed lady, who has no nonsense about her. Such a one was, and is, Mrs. Fenwick.

Now the Balfours were considerable people at Loring, though their property was not county property; and it was always considered that Janet Balfour might have done better than she did in a worldly point of view. Of that, however, little had been said at Loring, because it soon became known there that she and her husband stood rather well in the country round about Bullhampton; and when she asked Mary Lowther to come and stay with her for six months, Mary Lowther's aunt, Miss Marrable, had nothing to say against the arrangement, although she herself was a most particular old lady, and always remembered that Mary Lowther was third or fourth cousin to some earl in Scotland. Nothing more shall be said of Miss Marrable at present, as it is expedient, for the sake of the story, that the reader should fix his attention on Bullhampton till he find himself quite at home there. I would wish him to know his way among the water meads, to be quite alive to the fact that the lodge of Hampton Privets is a mile and a quarter to the north of Bullhampton church, and half a mile, across the fields, west from Brattle's mill; that Mr. Fenwick's parsonage adjoins the churchyard, being thus a little farther from Hampton Privets than the church; and that there commences Bullhampton street, with its inn—the Trowbridge Arms—its four public-houses, its three bakers and its two butchers. The bounds of the parsonage run down to the river, so that the vicar can catch his trout from his own bank, though he much prefers to catch them at distances which admit of the appurtenances of sport.

Now there must be one word of Mary Lowther, and then the story shall be commenced. She had come to the vicarage in May, intending to stay a month, and it was now August, and she had been already three months with her friend. Everybody said that she was staying because she intended to become the mistress of Hampton Privets. It was a month since Harry Gilmore had formally made his offer, and she had not refused him, and as she still stayed on, the folk of Bullhampton were justified in their conclusions. She was a tall girl, with dark-brown hair, which she wore fastened in a knot at the back of her head, after the simplest fashion. Her eyes were large and gray, and full of lustre; but they were not eyes which would make you say that Mary Lowther was especially a bright-eyed girl. They were eyes, however, which could make you think, when they looked at you, that if Mary Lowther would only like you how happy your lot would be!—that if she would love you, the world would have nothing higher or better to offer. If you judged her face by any rules of beauty, you would say that it was too thin, but feeling its influence with sympathy, you could never wish it to be changed. Her nose and mouth were perfect. How many little noses there are on young woman's faces which of themselves cannot be said to be things of beauty or joys for ever, although they do very well in their places! There is the softness and color of youth, and perhaps a dash of fun, and the eyes above are bright, and the lips below alluring. In the midst of such sweet charms, what does it matter that the nose be puggish—or even a nose of putty, such as you think you might improve in the original material by a squeeze of your thumb and forefinger! But with Mary Lowther her nose itself was a feature of exquisite beauty—a feature that could be eloquent with pity, reverence or scorn. The curves of the nostrils, with their almost transparent membranes, told of the working of the mind within, as every portion of the human face should tell, in some degree. And the mouth was

equally expressive, though the lips were thin. It was a mouth to watch, and listen to, and read with curious interest, rather than a mouth to kiss. Not but that the desire to kiss would come, when there might be a hope to kiss with favor; but they were lips which no man would think to ravage in boisterous play. It might have been said there was a want of capability for passion in her face, had it not been for the well-marked dimple in her little chin—that soft couch in which one may be always sure, when one sees it, that some little imp of Love lies hidden.

It has already been said that Mary Lowther was tall—taller than common. Her back was as lovely a form of womanhood as man's eye ever measured and appreciated. Her walk, which was never naturally quick, had a grace about it which touched men and women alike. It was the very poetry of motion; but its chief beauty consisted in this, that it was what it was by no effort of her own. We have all seen those efforts, and it may be that many of us have liked them when they have been made on our own behalf. But no man as yet could ever have felt himself to be so far flattered by Miss Lowther. Her dress was very plain, as it became her that it should be, for she was living on the kindness of an aunt who was herself not a rich woman. But it may be doubted whether dress could have added much to her charms.

She was now turned one-and-twenty, and though, doubtless, there were young men at Loring who had sighed for her smiles, no young man had sighed with any efficacy. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that she was not a girl for whom the most susceptible of young men would sigh. Young men given to sigh are generally attracted by some outward and visible sign of softness which may be taken as an indication that sighing will produce some result, however small. At Loring it was said that Mary Lowther was cold and repellent, and, on that account, one who might very probably descend to the shades as an old maid, in spite of the beauty of which she was

the acknowledged possessor. No enemy, no friend, had ever accused her of being a flirt.

Such as she was, Harry Gilmore's passion for her much astonished his friends. Those who knew him best had thought that, as regarded his fate matrimonial—or non-matrimonial—there were three chances before him. He might carry out their presumed intention of marrying money; or he might become the sudden spoil of the bow and spear of some red-cheeked lass; or he might walk on as an old bachelor, too cautious to be caught at all. But none believed that he would become the victim of a grand passion for a poor, reticent, high-bred, high-minded specimen of womanhood. Such, however, was now his condition.

He had an uncle, a clergyman, living at Salisbury, a prebendary there, who was a man of the world, and in whom Harry trusted more than in any other human being. His mother had been the sister of the Rev. Henry Fitzackerly Chamberlaine, and as Mr. Chamberlaine had never married, much of his solicitude was bestowed upon his nephew.

"Don't, my dear fellow," had been the prebendary's advice when he was taken over to see Miss Lowther. "She is a lady, no doubt; but you would never be your own master, and you would be a poor man till you died. An easy temper and a little money are almost as common in our rank of life as destitution and obstinacy." On the day after this advice was given, Harry Gilmore made his formal offer.

CHAPTER II.

FLO'S RED BALL.

"YOU should give him an answer, dear, one way or the other." These wise words were spoken by Mrs. Fenwick to her friend as they sat together, with their work in their hands, on a garden seat under a cedar tree. It was an August evening after dinner, and the vicar was out about his parish. The two elder children were playing in the

garden, and the two young women were alone together.

"Of course I shall give him an answer. What answer does he wish?"

"You know what answer he wishes. If any man was ever in earnest, he is."

"Am I not doing the best I can for him, then, in waiting—to see whether I can say yes?"

"It cannot be well for him to be in suspense on such a matter; and, dear Mary, it cannot be well for you, either. One always feels that when a girl bids a man to wait, she will take him after a while. It always comes to that. If you had been at home at Loring, the time would not have been much; but, being so near to him, and seeing him every day, must be bad. You must both be in a state of fever."

"Then I will go back to Loring."

"No; not now, till you have positively made up your mind, and given him an answer one way or the other. You could not go now and leave him in doubt. Take him at once and have done with it. He is as good as gold."

In answer to this Mary, for a while, said nothing, but went sedulously on with her work.

"Mamma," said a little girl, running up, followed by a nursery-maid, "the ball's in the water!"

The child was a beautiful, fair-haired little darling about four and a half years old; and a boy, a year younger, and a little shorter, and a little stouter, was toddling after her.

"The ball in the water, Flo! Can't Jim get it out?"

"Jim's gone, mamma."

Then Jane, the nursery-maid, proceeded to explain that the ball had rolled in and had been carried down the stream to some bushes, and that it was caught there just out of reach of all that she, Jane, could do with a long stick for its recovery. Jim, the gardener, was not to be found, and they were in despair lest the ball should become wet through and should perish.

Mary at once saw her opportunity of escape—her opportunity for that five minutes of thought by herself which she



MARY LOWTHER AND MRS. FENWICK.

[Vicar of Eulhampton. Chap. II.]

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needed. "I'll come, Flo, and see what can be done," said Mary.

"Do; 'cause you is so big," said the little girl.

"We'll see if my long arms won't do as well as Jim's," said Mary; "only Jim would go in, perhaps, which I certainly shall not do." Then she took Flo by the hand, and together they ran down to the margin of the river.

There lay the treasure, a huge red inflated ball, just stopped in its downward course by a short projecting stick. Jim could have got it certainly, because he could have suspended himself over the stream from a bough, and could have dislodged the ball and have floated it on to the bank.

"Lean over, Mary—a great deal, and we'll hold you," said Flo, to whom her ball was at this moment worth any effort. Mary did lean over, and poked at it, and at last thought that she would trust herself to the bough, as Jim would have done, and became more and more venturesome, and at last touched the ball—and then, at last, fell into the river! Immediately there was a scream and a roar, and a splashing about of skirts and petticoats, and by the time that Mrs. Fenwick was on the bank, Mary Lowther had extricated herself, and had triumphantly brought out Flo's treasure with her.

"Mary, are you hurt?" said her friend.

"What should hurt me? Oh dear, oh dear! I never fell into a river before. My darling Flo, don't be unhappy. It's such good fun. Only you mustn't fall in yourself, till you are as big as I am." Flo was in an agony of tears, not deigning to look at the rescued ball.

"You do not mean that your head has been under?" said Mrs. Fenwick.

"My face was, and I felt so odd. For about half a moment I had a sound of Ophelia in my ears. Then I was laughing at myself for being such a goose."

"You'd better come up and go to bed, dear, and I'll get you something warm."

"I won't go to bed, and I won't have anything warm, but I will change my clothes. What an adventure! What will Mr. Fenwick say?"

"What will Mr. Gilmore say?" To this Mary Lowther made no answer, but went straight up to the house, and into her room, and changed her clothes.

While she was there, Fenwick and Gilmore both appeared at the open window of the drawing-room in which Mrs. Fenwick was sitting. She had known well enough that Harry Gilmore would not let the evening pass without coming to the vicarage, and at one time had hoped to persuade Mary Lowther to give her verdict on this very day. Both she and her husband were painfully anxious that Harry might succeed. Fenwick had loved the man dearly for many years, and Janet Fenwick had loved him since she had known him as her husband's friend. They both felt that he was showing more of manhood than they had expected from him in the persistency of his love, and that he deserved his reward. And they both believed also that for Mary herself it would be a prosperous and a happy marriage. And then, where is the married woman who does not wish that the maiden friend who comes to stay with her should find a husband in her house? The parson and his wife were altogether of one mind in this matter, and thought that Mary Lowther ought to be made to give herself to Harry Gilmore.

"What do you think has happened?" said Mrs. Fenwick, coming to the window, which opened down to the ground. "Mary Lowther has fallen into the river."

"Fallen where?" shouted Gilmore, putting up both his hands, and seeming to prepare himself to rush away among the river gods in search of his love.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Gilmore: she's up stairs, quite safe—only she has had a ducking." Then the circumstances were explained, and the papa declared magisterially that Flo must not play any more with her ball near the river—an order to which it was not probable that much close attention would ever be paid.

"I suppose Miss Lowther will have gone to bed?" said Gilmore.

"On the contrary, I expect her every

moment. I suggested bed, and warm drinks, and cossetting, but she would have none of it. She scrambled out all by herself, and seemed to think it very good fun."

"Come in, at any rate, and have some tea," said the vicar. "If you start before eleven, I'll walk half the way back with you."

In the mean time, in spite of her accident, Mary had gained the opportunity that she had required. The point for self-meditation was not so much whether she would or would not accept Mr. Gilmore now, as that other point—was she or was she not wrong to keep him in suspense. She knew very well that she would not accept him now. It seemed to her that a girl should know a man very thoroughly before she would be justified in trusting herself altogether to his hands, and she thought that her knowledge of Mr. Gilmore was insufficient. It might however be the case that in such circumstances duty required her to give him at once an unhesitating answer. She did not find herself to be a bit nearer to knowing him and to loving him than she was a month since. Her friend Janet had complained again and again of the suspense to which she was subjecting the man; but she knew on the other hand that her friend Janet did this in her intense anxiety to promote the match. Was it wrong to say to the man, "I will wait and try?" Her friend told her that to say that she would wait and try was in truth to say that she would take him at some future time; that any girl who said so had almost committed herself to such a decision; that the very fact that she was waiting and trying to love a man ought to bind her to the man at last. Such, certainly, had not been her own idea. As far as she could at present look into her own future feelings, she did not think that she could ever bring herself to say that she would be this man's wife. There was a solemnity about the position which had never come fully home to her before she had been thus placed. Everybody around her told her that the man's happiness was really bound up in

her reply. If this were so—and she in truth believed that it was so—was she not bound to give him every chance in her power? And yet, because she still doubted, she was told by her friend that she was behaving badly! She would believe her friend, would confess her fault, and would tell her lover, in what most respectful words of denial she could mould, that she would not be his wife. For herself, personally, there would be no sorrow in this, and no regret.

Her ducking had given her time for all this thought; and then, having so decided, she went down stairs. She was met, of course, with various inquiries about her bath. Mr. Gilmore was all pity, as though the accident were the most serious thing in the world. Mr. Fenwick was all mirth, as though there had never been a better joke. Mrs. Fenwick, who was perhaps unwise in her impatience, was specially anxious that her two guests might be left together. She did not believe that Mary Lowther would ever say the final No; and yet she thought also that, if it were so, the time had quite come in which Mary Lowther ought to say the final Yes.

"Let us go down and look at the spot," she said, after tea.

So they went down. It was a beautiful August night. There was no moon, and the twilight was over; but still it was not absolutely dark, and the air was as soft as a mother's kiss to her sleeping child. They walked down together, four abreast, across the lawn, and thence they reached a certain green orchard-path that led down to the river. Mrs. Fenwick purposely went on with the lover, leaving Mary with her husband, in order that there might be no appearance of a scheme. She would return with her husband, and then there might be a ramble among the paths, and the question would be pressed and the thing might be settled.

They saw through the gloom the spot where Mary had scrambled, and the water, which had then been bright and smiling, was now black and awful.

"To think that you should have been in there!" said Harry Gilmore, shuddering.

"To think that she should ever have got out again!" said the parson.

"It looks frightful in the dark," said Mrs. Fenwick. "Come away, Frank. It makes me sick." And the charming schemer took her husband's arm, and continued the round of the garden. "I have been talking to her, and I think she would take him if he would ask her now."

The other pair of course followed them. Mary's mind was so fully made up at this moment that she almost wished that her companion might ask the question. She had been told that she was misusing him; and she would misuse him no longer. She had a firm No, as it were, within her grasp, and a resolution that she should not be driven from it. But he walked on beside her talking of the water, and of the danger, and of the chance of a cold, and got no nearer to the subject than to bid her think what suffering she would have caused had she failed to extricate herself from the pool. He also had made up his mind. Something had been said by himself of a certain day when last he had pleaded his cause; and that day would not come round till the morrow. He considered himself pledged to restrain himself till then, but on the morrow he would come to her.

There was a little gate which led from the parsonage garden through the churchyard to a field-path, by which was the nearest way to Hampton Privets.

"I'll leave you here," he said, "because I don't want to make Fenwick come out again to-night. You won't mind going up through the garden alone?"

"Oh dear, no."

"And, Miss Lowther, pray, pray take care of yourself. I hardly think you ought to have been out again to-night."

"It was nothing, Mr. Gilmore. You make infinitely too much of it."

"How can I make too much of anything that regards you? You will be at home, to-morrow?"

"Yes, I fancy so."

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"Do remain at home. I intend to come down after lunch. Do remain at home." He held her by the hand as he spoke to her, and she promised him that she would obey him. He clearly was entitled to her obedience on such a point. Then she slowly made her way round the garden, and entered the house at the front door, some quarter of an hour after the others.

Why should she refuse him? What was it that she wanted in the world? She liked him, his manners, his character, his ways, his mode of life, and after a fashion she liked his person. If there was more of love in the world than this, she did not think that it would ever come in her way. Up to this time of her life she had never felt any such feeling. If not for her own sake, why should she not do it for him? Why should he not be made happy? She had risked a plunge in the water to get Flo her ball, and she liked him better than she liked Flo. It seemed that her mind had all changed by that stroll through the dark alleys.

"Well," said Janet, "how is it to be?"

"He is to come to-morrow, and I do not know how it will be," she said, turning away to her own room.

CHAPTER III.

SAM BRATTLE.

IT was about eleven o'clock when Gilmore passed through the wicket leading from the vicarage garden to the churchyard. The path he was about to take crossed simply a corner of the church precincts, as it came at once upon a public footway leading from the fields through the churchyard to the town. There was, of course, no stopping the public path, but Fenwick had been often advised to keep a lock on his own gate, as otherwise it almost seemed that the vicarage gardens were open to all Bullhampton. But the lock had never been put on. The gate was the way by which he and his family went to the church, and the parson was accustomed to say that however many keys there

might be provided, he knew that there would never be one in his pocket when he wanted it. And he was wont to add, when his wife would tease him on the subject, that they who desired to come in decently were welcome, and that they who were minded to make an entrance indecently would not be debarred by such rails and fences as hemmed in the vicarage grounds. Gilmore, as he passed through the corner of the churchyard, clearly saw a man standing near to the stile leading from the fields. Indeed, this man was quite close to him, although, from the want of light and the posture of the man, the face was invisible to him. But he knew the fellow to be a stranger to Bullhampton. The dress was strange, the manner was strange, and the mode of standing was strange. Gilmore had lived at Bullhampton all his life, and, without much thought on the subject, knew Bullhampton ways. The jacket which the man wore was a town-made jacket—a jacket that had come farther a-field even than Salisbury; and the man's gaiters had a savor which was decidedly not of Wiltshire. Dark as it was, he could see so much as this. "Good-night, my friend," said Gilmore, in a sharp, cheery voice. The man muttered something and passed on as though to the village. There had, however, been something in his position which made Gilmore think that the stranger had intended to trespass on his friend's garden. He crossed the stile into the fields, however, without waiting—without having waited for half a moment—and immediately saw the figure of a second man standing down, hidden as it were in the ditch; and though he could discover no more than the cap and shoulders of the man through the gloom, he was sure he knew who it was that owned the cap and shoulders. He did not speak again, but passed on quickly, thinking what he might best do. The man whom he had seen and recognized had latterly been talked of as a discredit to his family, and anything but an honor to the usually respectable inhabitants of Bullhampton.

On the farther side of the church from

the town was a farmyard, in the occupation of one of Lord Trowbridge's tenants—a man who had ever been very keen at preventing the inroads of trespassers, to which he had, perhaps, been driven by the fact that this land was traversed by various public pathways. Now a public pathway through pasture is a nuisance, as it is impossible to induce those who use it to keep themselves to one beaten track; but a pathway through cornfields is worse, for, let what pains may be taken, wheat, beans and barley will be torn down and trampled under foot. And yet in apportioning his rents, no landlord takes all this into consideration. Farmer Trumbull considered it a good deal, and was often a wrathful man. There was at any rate no right of way across his farmyard, and here he might keep as big a dog as he chose, chained or unchained. Harry Gilmore knew the dog well, and stood for a moment leaning on the gate.

"Who be there?" said the voice of the farmer.

"Is that you, Mr. Trumbull? It is I—Mr. Gilmore. I want to get round to the front of the parson's house."

"Zurely, zurely," said the farmer, coming forward and opening the gate. "Be there anything wrong about, squire?"

"I don't know. I think there is. Speak softly. I fancy there are men lying in the churchyard."

"I be a-thinking so, too, squire. Bone'm was a growling just now like the Old 'Un." Bone'm was the name of the bull-dog as to which Gilmore had been solicitous as he looked over the gate. "What is't t'ey're up to? Not bugglary."

"Our friend's apricots, perhaps. But I'll just move round to the front. Do you and Bone'm keep a lookout here."

"Never fear, squire; never fear. Me and Bone'm together is a'most too much for 'em, bugglars and all." Then he led Mr. Gilmore through the farmyard and out on to the road, Bone'm growling a low growl as he passed away.

The squire hurried along the high road, past the church, and in at the vicarage front gate. Knowing the place

well, he could have made his way round into the garden, but he thought it better to go to the front door. There was no light to be seen from the windows, but almost all the rooms of the house looked out into the garden at the back. He knocked sharply, and in a minute or two the door was opened by the parson in person.

"Frank!" said the squire.

"Halloo, is that you? What's up now?"

"Men who ought to be in bed. I came across two men hanging about your gate in the churchyard, and I'm not sure there wasn't a third."

"They're up to nothing. They often sit and smoke there."

"These fellows were up to something. The man I saw plainest was a stranger, and just the sort of man who won't do your parishioners any good to be among them. The other was Sam Brattle."

"Whew-w-w!" said the parson.

"He has gone utterly to the dogs," said the squire.

"He's on the road, Harry; but nobody has gone while he's still going. I had some words with him in his father's presence last week, and he followed me afterward and told me he'd see it out with me. I wouldn't tell you, because I didn't want to set you more against them."

"I wish they were out of the place—the whole lot of them."

"I don't know that they'd do better elsewhere than here. I suppose Mr. Sam is going to keep his word with me."

"Only for the look of that other fellow, I shouldn't think they meant anything serious," said Gilmore.

"I don't suppose they do, but I'll be on the lookout."

"Shall I stay with you, Frank?"

"Oh no; I've a life-preserver, and I'll take a round of the gardens. You come with me, and you can pass home that way. The chances are they'll mizzle away to bed, as they've seen you and heard Bone'm, and probably heard, too, every word you said to Trumbull."

He then got his hat and the short,

thick stick of which he had spoken, and turning the key of the door, put it in his pocket. Then the two friends went round by the kitchen garden, and so through to the orchard, and down to the churchyard gate. Hitherto they had seen nothing and heard nothing, and Fenwick was sure that the men had made their way through the churchyard to the village.

"But they may come back," said Gilmore.

"I'll be about if they do," said the parson.

"What is one against three? You had better let me stay."

Fenwick laughed at this, saying that it would be quite as rational to propose that they should keep watch every night.

"But, hark!" said the squire, with a mind evidently perturbed.

"Don't you be alarmed about us," said the parson.

"If anything should happen to Mary Lowther."

"That, no doubt, is matter of anxiety, to which may, perhaps, be added some trifle of additional feeling on the score of Janet and the children. But I'll do my best. If the women knew that you and I were patrolling the place, they'd be frightened out of their wits."

Then Gilmore, who never liked that there should be a laugh against himself, took his leave and walked home across the fields. Fenwick passed up through the garden, and, when he was near the terrace which ran along the garden front of the house, he thought that he heard a voice. He stood under the shade of a wall dark with ivy, and distinctly heard whispering on the other side of it. As far as he could tell there were the voices of more than two men. He wished now that he had kept Gilmore with him: not that he was personally afraid of the trespassers, for his courage was of that steady, settled kind which enables the possessor to remember that men who are doing deeds of darkness are ever afraid of those whom they are injuring; but had there been an ally with him, his prospect of catching one or more of the ruffians would have been greatly in-

creased. Standing where he was, he would probably be able to interrupt them should they attempt to enter the house; but in the mean time they might be stripping his fruit from the wall. They were certainly, at present, in the kitchen garden, and he was not minded to leave them there at such work as they might have in hand. Having paused to think of this, he crept along under the wall, close to the house, toward the passage by which he could reach them. But they had not heard him, nor had they waited among the fruit. When he was near the corner of the wall, one leading man came round within a foot or two of the spot on which he stood, and before he could decide on what he would do, the second had appeared. He rushed forward with the loaded stick in his hand, but, knowing its weight, and remembering the possibility of the comparative innocence of the intruders, he hesitated to strike. A blow on the head would have brained a man, and a knock on the arm with such an instrument would break the bone. In a moment he found his left hand on the leading man's throat, and the man's foot behind his heel. He fell, but as he fell he did strike heavily, cutting upward with his weapon, and bringing the heavy weight of lead at the end of it on to the man's shoulder. He stumbled rather than fell, but when he regained his footing the man was gone. That man was gone, and two others were following him down toward the gate at the bottom of the orchard. Of these two, in a few strides, he was able to catch the hindermost, and then he found himself wrestling with Sam Brattle.

"Sam," said he, speaking as well as he could with his short breath, "if you don't stand, I'll strike you with the life-preserver."

Sam made another struggle, trying to seize the weapon, and the parson hit him with it on the right arm.

"You've smashed that anyway, Mr. Fenwick," said the man.

"I hope not; but do you come along with me quietly or I'll smash something else. I'll hit you on the head if you

attempt to move away. What were you doing here?"

Brattle made no answer, but walked along toward the house at the parson's left hand, the parson holding him the while by the neck of his jacket and swinging the life-preserver in his right hand. In this way he took him round to the front of the house, and then began to think what he would do with him.

"That, after all, you should be at this work, Sam!"

"What work is it, then?"

"Prowling about my place, after midnight, with a couple of strange blackguards."

"There ain't so much harm in that, as I knows of."

"Who were the men, Sam?"

"Who was the men?"

"Yes—who were they?"

"Just friends of mine, Mr. Fenwick. I sha'n't say no more about 'em. You've got me, and you've smashed my arm, and now what is it you're a-going to do with me? I ain't done no harm—only just walked about, like."

To tell the truth, our friend the parson did not quite know what he meant to do with the Tartar he had caught. There were reasons which made him very unwilling to hand over Sam Brattle to the village constable. Sam had a mother and sister who were among the vicar's first favorites in the parish; and though old Jacob Brattle, the father, was not so great a favorite, and was a man whom the squire, his landlord, held in great disfavor, Mr. Fenwick would desire, if possible, to spare the family. And of Sam himself he had had high hopes, though those hopes, for the last eighteen months, had been becoming fainter and fainter. Upon the whole, he was much adverse to knocking up the groom, the only man who lived on the parsonage except himself, and dragging Sam into the village. "I wish I knew," he said, "what you and your friends were going to do. I hardly think it has come to that with you that you'd try to break into the house and cut our throats."

"We warn't after no breaking in, nor

no cutting of throats, Mr. Fenwick. We warn't indeed!"

"What shall you do with yourself to-night, if I let you off?"

"Just go home to father's, sir: not a foot else, s'help me!"

"One of your friends, as you call them, will have to go to the doctor, if I am not very much mistaken; for the rap I gave you was nothing to what he got. You're all right."

"It hurt, sir, I can tell ye; but that won't matter."

"Well, Sam—there; you may go. I shall be after you to-morrow, and the last word I say to you to-night is this—as far as I can see, you're on the road to the gallows. It isn't pleasant to be hung, and I would advise you to change your road." So saying, he let go his hold and stood waiting till Sam should have taken his departure.

"Don't be a-coming after me, to-morrow, parson, please," said the man.

"I shall see your mother, certainly."

"Dont'ee tell her of my being here, Mr. Fenwick, and nobody sha'n't ever come anigh this place again—not in the way of priggging anything."

"You fool, you!" said the parson. "Do you think that it is to save anything that I might lose that I let you go now? Don't you know that the thing I want to save is you—you—you?—you helpless, idle, good-for-nothing reprobate! Go home, and be sure that I shall do the best I can according to my lights. I fear that my lights are bad lights, in that they have allowed me to let you go."

When he had seen Sam take his departure through the front gate, he returned to the house, and found that his wife, who had gone to bed, had come down stairs in search of him.

"Frank, you have frightened me so terribly! Where have you been?"

"Thief-catching. And I'm afraid I've about split one fellow's back. I caught another, but I let him go."

"What on earth do you mean, Frank?"

Then he told her the whole story—how Gilmore had seen the men and

had come up to him; how he had gone out and had a tussle with one man, whom he had, as he thought, hurt; and how he had then caught another, while the third escaped.

"We ain't safe in our beds, then," said the wife.

"You ain't safe in yours, my dear, because you chose to leave it, but I hope you're safe out of it. I doubt whether the melons and peaches are safe. The truth is, there ought to be a gardener's cottage on the place, and I must build one. I wonder whether I hurt that fellow much. I seemed to hear the bone crunch."

"Oh, Frank!"

"But what could I do? I got that thing because I thought it safer than a pistol, but I really think it's worse. I might have murdered them all, if I'd lost my temper—and just for half a dozen apricots!"

"And what became of the man you took?"

"I let him go."

"Without doing anything to him?"

"Well, he got a tap, too."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him—well."

"Who was he, Frank?"

The parson was silent for a moment, and then he answered her: "It was Sam Brattle."

"Sam Brattle, coming to rob?"

"He's been at it, I fear, for months, in some shape."

"And what shall you do?"

"I hardly know as yet. It would about kill her and Fanny, if they were told all that I suspect. They are stiff-necked, obstinate, ill-conditioned people—that is, the men. But I think Gilmore has been a little hard on them. The father and brothers are honest men. Come! we'll go to bed."

CHAPTER IV.

THERE IS NO ONE ELSE.

ON the following morning there was of course a considerable amount of conversation at the vicarage as to the affair

of the previous evening. There was first of all an examination of the fruit; but as this was made without taking Jem the gardener into confidence, no certain conclusion could be reached. It was clear, however, that no robbery for the purpose of sale had been made. An apricot or two might have been taken, and perhaps an assault made on an unripe peach. Mr. Fenwick was himself nearly sure that garden spoliation was not the purpose of the assailants, though it suited him to let his wife entertain that idea. The men would hardly have come from the kitchen garden up to the house and round by the corner at which he had met them, if they were seeking fruit. Presuming it to have been their intention to attempt the drawing-room windows, he would have expected to meet them as he did meet them. From the garden the vicar and the two ladies went down to the gate, and from thence over the stile to Farmer Trumbull's farmyard. The farmer had not again seen the men after the squire had left him, nor had he heard them. To him the parson said nothing of his encounter and nothing of that blow on the man's back. From thence Mr. Fenwick went on to the town and the ladies returned to the vicarage.

The only person whom the parson at once consulted was the surgeon—Dr. Cuttenden, as he was called. No man with an injured shoulder-blade had come to him last night or that morning. A man, he said, might receive a very violent blow on his back, in the manner in which the fellow had been struck, and might be disabled for days from any great personal exertion, without having a bone broken. If the blade of his shoulder were broken, the man—so thought the doctor—would not travel far on foot, would hardly be able to get away to any of the neighboring towns unless he were carried. Of Sam Brattle the parson said nothing to the doctor, but when he had finished his morning's work about the town, he walked on to the mill.

In the mean time, the two ladies remained at home at the parsonage. The excitement occasioned by the events of

the previous night was probably a little damaged by the knowledge that Mr. Gilmore was coming. The coming of Mr. Gilmore on this occasion was so important that even the terrible idea of burglars, and the sensation arising from the use of that deadly weapon which had been produced at the breakfast-table during the morning, were robbed of some of their interest. They did not keep possession of the minds of the two ladies as they would have done had there been no violent interrupting cause. But here was the violent interrupting cause, and by the time that lunch was on the table, Sam Brattle and his comrades were forgotten.

Very little was said between the two women on that morning respecting Mr. Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick, who had allowed herself to be convinced that Mary would act with great impropriety if she did not accept the man, thought that further speech might only render her friend obstinate. Mary, who knew the inside of her friend's mind very clearly, and who loved and respected her friend, could hardly fix her own mind. During the past night it had been fixed, or nearly fixed, two different ways. She had first determined that she would refuse her lover—as to which resolve, for some hours or so, she had been very firm; then that she would accept him—as to which she had ever, when most that way inclined, entertained some doubt as to the possibility of her uttering that word "Yes." If it be that other women don't love better than I love him, I wonder that they ever get married at all, she said to herself. She was told that she was wrong to keep the man in suspense, and she believed it. Had she not been so told, she would have thought that some further waiting would have been of the three alternatives the best.

"I shall be up stairs with the bairns," said Mrs. Fenwick, as she left the dining-room after lunch, "so that if you prefer the garden to the drawing-room, it will be free."

"Oh dear! how solemn and ceremonious you make it!"

"It is solemn, Mary: I don't know how anything can be more solemn, short of going to heaven or the other place. But I really don't see why there should be any doubt or difficulty."

There was something in the tone in which these words were said which almost made Mary Lowther again decide against the man. The man had a home and an income and was squire of the parish; and therefore there need be no difficulty! When she compared Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Gilmore together, she found that she liked Mr. Fenwick the best. She thought him to be the more clever, the higher-spirited, the most of a man of the two. She certainly was not the least in love with her friend's husband, but then she was just as little in love with Mr. Gilmore.

At about half-past two Mr. Gilmore made his appearance, standing at the open window. "May I come in?" he said.

"Of course you may come in."

"Mrs. Fenwick is not here?"

"She is in the house, I think, if you want her."

"Oh no. I hope you were not frightened last night. I have not seen Frank this morning, but I hear from Mr. Trumbull that there was something of a row."

"There was a row, certainly. Mr. Fenwick struck some of the men, and he is afraid that he hurt one of them."

"I wish he had broken their heads. I take it there was a son of one of my tenants there, who is about as bad as he can be. Frank will believe me, now. I hope you were not frightened here."

"I heard nothing of it till this morning," answered Mary.

After that there was a pause. He had told himself as he came along that the task before him could not be easy and pleasant. To declare a passion to the girl he loves may be very pleasant work to the man who feels almost sure that his answer will not be against him. It may be an easy task enough even when there is a doubt. The very possession of the passion—or even its pre-

tence—gives the man a liberty which he has a pleasure and a pride in using. But this is the case when the man dashes boldly at his purpose without preconcerted arrangements. Such pleasure, if it ever was a pleasure to him—such excitement at least—was come and gone with Harry Gilmore. He had told his tale and had been desired to wait. Now he had come again at a fixed hour to be informed—like a servant waiting for a place—whether it was thought that he would suit. The servant out of place, however, would have had this advantage, that he would receive his answer without the necessity of further eloquence on his own part. With the lover it was different. It was evident that Mary Lowther would not say to him, "I have considered the matter, and I think that, upon the whole, you will do." It was necessary that he should ask the question again, and ask it as a suppliant.

"Mary," he said, beginning with words that he had fixed for himself as he came up the garden, "it is six weeks, I think, since I asked you to be my wife; and now I have come to ask you again." She made him no immediate answer, but sat as though waiting for some further effort of his eloquence. "I do not think you doubt my truth or the warmth of my affection. If you trust in them—"

"I do—I do."

"Then I don't know that I can say anything further. Nothing that I can say now will make you love me. I have not that sort of power which would compel a girl to come into my arms."

"I don't understand that kind of power—how any man can have it with any girl."

"They say that it is so; but I do not flatter myself that it is so with me; and I do not think that it would be so with any man over you. Perhaps I may assure you that, as far as I know myself at present, all my future happiness must depend on your answer. It will not kill me to be refused; at least, I suppose not. But it will make me wish that it would." Having so spoken he waited for her reply.

She believed every word that he said.

And she liked him so well that, for his own sake, she desired that he might be gratified. As far as she knew herself she had no desire to be Harry Gilmore's wife. The position was not even one in which she could allow herself to look for consolation on one side for disappointments on the other. She had read about love, and talked about love, and she desired to be in love. Certainly she was not in love with this man. She had begun to doubt whether it would ever be given to her to love—to love as her friend Janet loved Frank Fenwick. Janet loved her husband's very footsteps, and seemed to eat with his palate, hear with his ears and see with his eyes. She was, as it were, absolutely a bone from her husband's rib. Mary thought that she was sure that she could never have that same feeling toward Henry Gilmore. And yet it might come; or something might come which would do almost as well. It was likely that Janet's nature was softer and sweeter than her own—more prone to adapt itself, like ivy to a strong tree. For herself, it might be that she could never become as the ivy, but that nevertheless she might be the true wife of a true husband. But if ever she was to be the true wife of Harry Gilmore, she could not to-day say that it should be so.

"I suppose I must answer you," she said, very gently.

"If you tell me that you are not ready to do so I will wait, and come again. I shall never change my mind. You may be sure of that."

"But that is just what I may not do, Mr. Gilmore."

"Who says so?"

"My own feelings tell me so. I have no right to keep you in suspense, and I will not do it. I respect and esteem you most honestly. I have so much liking for you that I do not mind owning that I wish that it were more. Mr. Gilmore, I like you so much that I would make a great sacrifice for you; but I cannot sacrifice my own honesty or your happiness by making believe that I love you."

For a few moments he sat silent, and

then there came over his face a look of inexpressible anguish—a look as though the pain were almost more than he could bear. She could not keep her eyes from his face; and, in her woman's-pity, she almost wished that her words had been different.

"And must that be all?" he asked.

"What else can I say, Mr. Gilmore?"

"If that must be all, it will be to me a doom that I shall not know how to bear. I cannot live here without you. I have thought about you, till you have become mixed with every tree and every cottage about the place. I did not know of myself that I could become such a slave to a passion. Mary, say that you will wait again. Try it once more. I would not ask for this, but that you have told me that there was no one else."

"Certainly, there is no one else."

"Then let me wait again. It can do you no harm. If there should come any man more fortunate than I am, you can tell me, and I shall know that it is over. I ask no sacrifice from you, and no pledge; but I give you mine. I shall not change."

"There must be no such promise, Mr. Gilmore."

"But there is the promise. I certainly shall not change. When three months are over I will come to you again."

She tried to think whether she was bound to tell him that her answer must be taken as final, or whether she might allow the matter to stand as he proposed, with some chance of a result that might be good for him. On one point she was quite sure—that if she left him now, with an understanding that he should again renew his offer after a period of three months, she must go away from Bullhampton. If there was any possibility that she should learn to love him, such feeling would arise within her more quickly in his absence than in his presence. She would go home to Loring, and try to bring herself to accept him.

"I think," she said, "that what we now say had better be the last of it."

"It shall not be the last of it. I will

try again. What is there that I can do, so that I may make myself worthy of you?"

"It is no question of worthiness, Mr. Gilmore. Who can say how his heart is moved—and why? I shall go home to Loring; and you may be sure of this, that if there be anything that you should hear of me, I will let you know."

Then he took her hand in his own, held it for a while, pressed it to his lips and left her. She was by no means contented with herself, and, to tell the truth, was ashamed to let her friend know what she had done. And yet how could she have answered him in other words? It might be that she could teach herself to be contented with the amount of regard which she entertained for him. It might be that she could persuade herself to be his wife; and if so, why should he not have the chance—the chance which he professed that he was so anxious to retain? He had paid her the greatest compliment which a man can pay a woman, and she owed him everything—except herself. She was hardly sure even now that if the proposition had come to her by letter the answer might not have been of a different nature.

As soon as he was gone she went up stairs to the nursery, and thence to Mrs. Fenwick's bed-room. Flo was there, but Flo was soon dismissed. Mary began her story instantly, before a question could be asked.

"Janet," she said, "I am going home—at once."

"Why so?"

"Because it is best. Nothing more is settled than was settled before. When he asks me whether he may come again, how can I say that he may not? What can I say, except that as far as I can see now I cannot be his wife?"

"You have not accepted him, then?"

"No."

"I believe that you would if he had asked you last night."

"Most certainly I should not. I may doubt when I am talking behind his back; but when I meet him face to face I cannot do it."

"I think you have been wrong—very wrong and very foolish."

"In not taking a man I do not love?" said Mary.

"You do love him; but you are longing for you do not know what: some romance—some grand passion—something that will never come."

"Shall I tell you what I want?"

"If you please."

"A feeling such as you have for Frank. You are my model: I want nothing beyond that."

"That comes after marriage. Frank was very little to me till we were man and wife. He'll tell you the same. I don't know whether I didn't almost dislike him when I married him."

"Oh, Janet!"

"Certainly the sort of love you are thinking of comes afterward, when the interests of two people are the same. Frank was very well as a lover."

"Don't I remember it?"

"You were a child."

"I was fifteen; and don't I remember how all the world used to change for you when he was coming? There wasn't a ribbon you wore but what you wore for him; you dressed yourself in his eyes; you lived by his thoughts."

"That was all after I was engaged. If you would accept Harry Gilmore, you would do just the same."

"I must be sure that it would be so. I am now almost sure that it would not."

"And why do you want to go home?"

"That he may not be pestered by having me near him. I think it will be better for him that I should go."

"And he is to ask you again?"

"He says that he will—in three months. But you should tell him that it will be better that he should not. I would advise him to travel, if I were his friend like you."

"And leave all his duties, and his pleasures, and his house, and his property, because of your face and figure, my dear! I don't think any woman is worth so much to a man."

Mary bit her lips in sorrow for what she had said: "I was thinking of his

own speech about himself, Janet—not of my worth. It does not astonish you more than it does me that such a man as Mr. Gilmore should be perplexed in spirit for such a cause. But he says that he is perplexed.”

“Of course he is perplexed, and of course I was in joke. Only it does seem so hard upon him! I should like to shake you till you fell into his arms. I know it would be best for you. You will go on examining your own feelings and doubting about your heart, and waiting for something that will never come, till you will have lost your time. That is the way old maids are made. If you married Harry, by the time your first child was born you would think that he was Jupiter—just as I think that Frank is.”

Mrs. Fenwick owned, however, that as matters stood at present it would be best that Mary should return home; and letters were written that afternoon to say that she would be at Loring by the middle of next week.

The vicar was not seen till dinner-time, and then he came home in considerable perplexity of spirit. It was agreed between the two women that the fate of Harry Gilmore, as far as it had been decided, should be told to Mr. Fenwick by his wife; and she, though she was vexed and almost angry with Mary, promised to make the best of it.

“She’ll lose him at last; that’ll be the end of it,” said the parson, as he scoured his face with a towel after washing it.

“I never saw a man so much in love in my life,” said Mrs. Fenwick.

“But iron won’t remain long at red heat,” said he. “What she says herself would be the best for him. He’ll break up and go away for a time, and then, when he comes back, there’ll be somebody else. She’ll live to repent it.”

“When she’s away from him there may be a change.”

“Fiddlestick!” said the parson. Mary, when she met him before dinner, could see that he was angry with her, but she bore it with the utmost meekness. She believed of herself that she was much to blame in that she could not fall in love

with Harry Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick had also asked a question or two about Sam Brattle during the dressing of her husband, but he had declined to say anything on that subject till they two should be secluded together for the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE MILLER.

MR. FENWICK reached Brattle’s mill about two o’clock in the day. During the whole morning, while saying comfortable words to old women and gently rebuking young maidens, he had been thinking of Sam Brattle and his offences. He had not been in the parish very long—not over five or six years—but he had been there long enough to see Sam grow out of boyhood into manhood; and at his first coming to the parish, for the first two or three years, the lad had been a favorite with him. Young Brattle could run well, leap well, fish well, and do a good turn of work about his father’s mill. And he could also read and write and cast accounts, and was a clever fellow. The parson, though he had tried his hand with energy at making the man, had, perhaps, done something toward marring him; and it may be that some feeling of this was on Mr. Fenwick’s conscience. A gentleman’s favorite in a country village, when of Sam Brattle’s age, is very apt to be spoiled by the kindness that is shown to him. Sam had spent many a long afternoon fishing with the parson, but those fishing days were now more than two years gone by. It had been understood that Sam was to assist his father at the mill; and much good advice as to his trade the lad had received from Mr. Fenwick. There ought to be no more fishing for the young miller, except on special holiday occasions—no more fishing, at least during the hours required for milling purposes. So Mr. Fenwick had said frequently. Nevertheless the old miller attributed his son’s idleness in great part to the parson’s conduct, and he had so told the parson more than once. Of late, Sam Brattle had certainly not been a good

son, had neglected his work, disobeyed his father, and brought trouble on a household which had much suffering to endure independently of that which he might bring upon it.

Jacob Brattle was a man at this time over sixty-five years of age, and every year of the time had been spent in that mill. He had never known another occupation or another home, and had very rarely slept under another roof. He had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and had had some twelve or fourteen children. There were at this time six still living. He himself had ever been a hardworking, sober, honest man. But he was cross-grained, litigious, moody and tyrannical. He held his mill and about a hundred acres of adjoining meadow-land at a rent in which no account was taken either of the building or of the mill privileges attached to it. He paid simply for the land at a rate per acre, which, as both he and his landlord well knew, would make it acceptable on the same terms to any farmer in the parish; and neither for his mill nor for his land had he any lease, nor had his father or his grandfather had leases before him. Though he was a clever man in his way, he hardly knew what a lease was. He doubted whether his landlord could dispossess him as long as he paid his rent, but he was not sure. But of this he thought he was sure—that were Mr. Gilmore to attempt to do such a thing, all Wiltshire would cry out against the deed, and probably the heavens would fall and crush the doer. He was a man with an unlimited love of justice, but the justice which he loved best was justice to himself. He brooded over injuries done to him — injuries real or fancied — till he taught himself to wish that all who hurt him might be crucified for the hurt they did to him. He never forgot, and never wished to forgive. If any prayer came from him, it was a prayer that his own heart might be so hardened that when vengeance came in his way he might take it without stint against the trespasser of the moment. And yet he was not a cruel man. He would almost de-

spise himself because when the moment for vengeance did come he would abstain from vengeance. He would dismiss a disobedient servant with curses which would make one's hair stand on end, and would hope within his heart of hearts that before the end of the next week the man with his wife and children might be in the poorhouse. When the end of the next week came, he would send the wife meat and would give the children bread, and would despise himself for doing so. In matters of religion he was an old pagan, going to no place of worship, saying no prayer, believing in no creed — with some vague idea that a Supreme Power would bring him right at last if he worked hard, robbed no one, fed his wife and children and paid his way. To pay his way was the pride of his heart — to be paid on his way was its joy.

In that matter of his quarrel with his landlord he was very bitter. The squire's father some fifteen years since had given to the miller a verbal promise that the house and mill should be repaired. The old squire had not been a good man of business, and had gone on with his tenants very much as he had found them, without looking much into the position of each. But he had, no doubt, said something that amounted to a promise on his own account as to these repairs. He had died soon after, and the repairs had not been effected. A year after his death an application — almost a demand — was made upon our squire by the miller, and the miller had been wrathful even when the squire said that he would look into it. The squire did look into it, and came to the conclusion that as he received no rent at all for the house and mill, and as his own property would be improved if the house and mill were made to vanish, and as he had no evidence whatever of any undertaking on his father's part, as any such promise on his father's part must simply have been a promise of a gift of money out of his own pocket, and further as the miller was impudent, he would not repair the mill. Ultimately, he offered twenty pounds toward the repairs, which the miller indignantly refused. Readers will

be able to imagine how pretty a quarrel there would thus be between the landlord and his tenant. When all this was commencing—at the time, that is, of the old squire's death—Brattle had the name of being a substantial person, but misfortune had come upon him; doctors' bills had been very heavy, his children had drained his resources from him, and it was now known that it set him very hard to pay his way. In regard to the house and the mill, some absolutely essential repairs had been done at his own costs; but the twenty pounds had never been taken.

In some respects the man's fortune in life had been good. His wife was one of those loving, patient, self-denying, almost heavenly human beings, one or two of whom may come across one's path, and who, when found, are generally found in that sphere of life to which this woman belonged. Among the rich there is that difficulty of the needle's eye: among the poor there is the difficulty of the hardness of their lives. And the miller loved this woman with a perfect love. He hardly knew that he loved her as he did. He could be harsh to her and tyrannical. He could say cutting words to her. But at any time in his life he would have struck over the head with his staff another man who should have said a word to hurt her. They had lost many children, but of the six who remained there were four of whom they might be proud. The eldest was a farmer, married and away, doing well in a far part of the county, beyond Salisbury, on the borders of Hampshire. The father in his emergencies had almost been tempted to ask his son for money, but hitherto he had refrained. A daughter was married to a tradesman at Warminster, and was also doing well. A second son, who had once been sickly and weak, was a scholar in his way, and was now a schoolmaster, also at Warminster, and in great repute with the parson of the parish there. There was a second daughter, Fanny, at home—a girl as good as gold, the glory and joy and mainstay of her mother, whom even the miller could not scold, whom all

Bullhampton loved. But she was a plain girl, brown, and somewhat hard-visaged—a morsel of fruit as sweet as any in the garden, but one that the eye would not select for its outside grace, color and roundness. Then there were the two younger. Of Sam, the youngest of all, who was now twenty-one, something has already been said. Between him and Fanny there was—perhaps it will be better to say there had been—another daughter. Of all the flock, Carry had been her father's darling. She had not been brown or hard-visaged. She was such a morsel of fruit as men do choose when allowed to range and pick through the whole length of the garden wall. Fair she had been, with laughing eyes and floating curls—strong in health, generous in temper, though now and again with something of her father's humor. To her mother's eye she had never been as sweet as Fanny, but to her father she had been as bright and beautiful as the harvest moon. Now she was a thing, somewhere, never to be mentioned! Any man who would have named her to her father's ears would have encountered instantly the force of his wrath. This was so well known in Bullhampton that there was not one who would dare to suggest to him even that she might be saved. But her mother prayed for her daily, and her father thought of her always. It was a great lump upon him, which he must bear to his grave, and for which there could be no release. He did not know whether it was his mind, his heart or his body that suffered. He only knew that it was there—a load that could never be lightened. What comfort was it to him now that he had beaten a miscreant to death's door—that he, with his old hands, had nearly torn the wretch limb from limb—that he had left him all but lifeless, and had walked off scatheless, nobody daring to put a finger on him? The man had been pieced up by some doctor, and was away in Asia, in Africa, in America—soldiering somewhere. He had been a lieutenant in those days, and was probably a lieutenant still. It was nothing

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THE MILLER AND MR. FENWICK.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. VI.]

to old Brattle where he was. Had he been able to drink the fellow's blood to the last drop, it would not have lightened his load an ounce. He knew that it was so now. Nothing could lighten it—not though an angel could come and tell him that his girl was a second Magdalen. The Brattles had ever held up their heads. The women, at least, had always been decent.

Jacob Brattle, himself, was a low, thickset man, with an appearance of great strength, which was now submitting itself, very slowly, to the hand of time. He had sharp green eyes and shaggy eyebrows, with thin lips and a square chin—a nose which, though its shape was aquiline, protruded but little from his face. His forehead was low and broad, and he was seldom seen without a flat hat upon his head. His hair and very scanty whiskers were gray, but then, too, he was gray from head to foot. The color of his trade had so clung to him that no one could say whether that grayish whiteness of his face came chiefly from meal or from sorrow. He was a silent, sad, meditative man, thinking always of the evil things that had been done to him.

CHAPTER VI.
BRATTLE'S MILL.

WHEN Mr. Fenwick reached the mill he found old Brattle sitting alone on a fixed bench in front of the house door, with a pipe in his mouth. Mary Lowther was quite right in saying that the mill, in spite of its dilapidations—perhaps by reason of them—was as pretty as anything in Bullhampton. In the first place, it was permeated and surrounded by cool, bright, limpid little streams. One of them ran right through it, as it were, passing between the dwelling-house and the mill, and turning the wheel, which was there placed. This course was no doubt artificial, and the water ran more rapidly in it than it did in the neighboring streamlets. There were sluice-gates too, by which it could be altogether expelled, or kept up to this or that height ;

and it was a river absolutely under man's control, in which no water-god could take delight. But there were other natural streams on each side of the building, the one being the main course of the Avon, and the other some offspring of a brooklet, which joined its parent two hundred yards below, and fifty yards from the spot at which the ill-used working water was received back into its mother's idle bosom. Mill and house were thatched, and were very low. There were garrets in the roof, but they were so shaped that they could hardly be said to have walls to them at all, so nearly were they contained by the sloping roof. In front of the building there ran a road, which, after all, was no more than a private lane. It crossed the smaller stream and the mill-run by two wooden bridges ; but the river itself had been too large for the bridge-maker's efforts, and here there was a ford, with stepping-stones for foot passengers. The banks on every side were lined with leaning willows, which had been pollarded over and over again, and which with their light green wavy heads gave the place, from a distance, the appearance of a grove. There was a little porch in front of the house, and outside of that a fixed seat, with a high back, on which old Brattle was sitting when the parson accosted him. He did not rise when Mr. Fenwick addressed him, but he intended no want of courtesy by not doing so. He was on his legs at business during nearly the whole of the day, and why should he not rest his old limbs during the few mid-day minutes which he allowed himself for recreation ?

"I thought I should catch you idle just at this moment," said the clergyman.

"Like enough, Muster Fenwick," said the miller ; "I be idle at times, no doubt."

"It would be a bad life if you did not—and a very short one too. It's hot walking, I can tell you, Mr. Brattle. If it goes on like this, I shall make a little idle time myself, I fear. Is Sam here ?"

"No, Muster Fenwick, Sam is not here."

"Nor has been this morning, I suppose?"

"He's not here now, if you're wanting him."

This the old man said in a tone that seemed to signify some offence, or at least a readiness to take offence if more were said to him about his son. The clergyman did not sit down, but stood close over the father, looking down upon him; and the miller went on with his pipe, gazing into the clear blue sky.

"I do want him, Mr. Brattle." Then he stopped, and there was a pause. The miller puffed his pipe, but said not a word. "I do want him. I fear, Mr. Brattle, he's not coming to much good."

"Who said as he was? I never said so. The lad'd have been well enough if other folks would have let him be."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Brattle."

"I usually intend folks to know what I mean, Muster Fenwick. What's the good o' speaking else. If nobody hadn't a-meddled with the lad, he'd been a good lad. But they did, and he ain't. That's all about it."

"You do me a great injustice, but I'm not going to argue that with you now. There would be no use in it. I've come to tell you I fear that Sam was at no good last night."

"That's like enough."

"I had better tell you the truth at once. He was about my place with two ruffians."

"And you wants to take him afore the magistrate?"

"I want nothing of the kind. I would make almost any sacrifice rather. I had him yesterday night by the collar of the coat, and I let him go free."

"If he couldn't shake himself free o' you, Muster Fenwick, without any letting in the matter, he ain't no son of mine."

"I was armed, and he couldn't. But what does that matter? What does matter is this—that they who were with him were thoroughly bad fellows. Was he at home last night?"

"You'd better ax his mother, Muster Fenwick. The truth is, I don't care much to be talking of him at all. It's time I was in the mill, I believe. There's

no one much to help me now, barring the hired man." So saying he got up and passed into the mill without making the slightest form of salutation.

Mr. Fenwick paused for a minute, looking after the old man, and then went into the house. He knew very well that his treatment from the women would be very different to that which the miller had vouchsafed to him, but on that very account it would be difficult for him to make his communication. He had, however, known all this before he came. Old Brattle would, quite of course, be silent, suspicious and uncivil. It had become the nature of the man to be so, and there was no help for it. But the two women would be glad to see him—would accept his visit as a pleasure and a privilege; and on this account he found it to be very hard to say unpleasant words to them. But the unpleasant words must be spoken. Neither in duty nor in kindness could he know what he had learned last night and be silent on this matter to the young man's family. He entered the house, and turned into the large kitchen or keeping-room on the left, in which the two women were almost always to be found. This was a spacious, square, low apartment, in which there was a long grate with various appurtenances for boiling, roasting and baking. It was an old-fashioned apparatus, but Mrs. Brattle thought it to be infinitely more commodious than any of the newer-fangled ranges which from time to time she had been taken to see. Opposite to the fireplace there was a small piece of carpet, without which the stone floor would hardly have looked warm and comfortable. On the outer corner of this, half facing the fire and half on one side of it, was an old oak arm-chair, made of oak throughout, but with a well-worn cushion on the seat of it, in which it was the miller's custom to sit when the work of the day was done. In this chair no one else would ever sit, unless Sam would do so occasionally in bravado, and as a protest against his father's authority. When he did so his mother would be wretched, and his sister lately

had begged him to desist from the sacrilege. Close to this was a little round deal table, on which would be set the miller's single glass of gin and water, which would be made to last out the process of his evening's smoking, and the candle, by the light of which, and with the aid of a huge pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, his wife would sit and darn her husband's stockings. She also had her own peculiar chair in this corner, but she had never accustomed herself to the luxury of arms to lean on, and had no cushion for her own comfort. There were various dressers, tables and sideboards round the room, and a multiplicity of dishes, plates and bowls, all standing in their proper places. But though the apartment was called a kitchen—and, in truth, the cookery for the family was done here—there was behind it, opening out to the rear, another kitchen, in which there was a great boiler and a huge oven never now used. The necessary but unsightly doings of kitchen life were here carried on, out of view. He, indeed, would have been fastidious who would have hesitated, on any score of cleanliness or niceness, to sit and eat at the long board on which the miller's dinner was daily served, or would have found it amiss to sit at that fire and listen to the ticking of the great mahogany-cased clock which stood in the corner of the room. On the other side of the broad opening passage Mrs. Brattle had her parlor. Doubtless this parlor added something to the few joys of her life; though how it did so, or why she should have rejoiced in it, it would be very difficult to say. She never entered it except for the purpose of cleaning and dusting. But it may be presumed that it was a glory to her to have a room carpeted, with six horsehair chairs, and a round table, and a horsehair sofa, and an old mirror over the fireplace, and a piece of worsted-work, done by her daughter and framed like a picture, hanging up on one of the walls. But there must have come from it, we should say, more of regret than of pleasure; for when that room was first furnished un-

der her own auspices, and when those horsehair chairs were bought with a portion of her own modest dowry, doubtless she had intended that these luxuries should be used by her and hers. But they never had been so used. The day for using them had never come. Her husband never, by any chance, entered the apartment. To him probably, even in his youth, it had been a woman's gewgaw, useless, but allowable as tending to her happiness. Now the door was never even opened before his eye. His last interview with Carry had been in that room—when he had laid his curse upon her, and bade her begone before his return, so that his decent threshold should be no longer polluted by her vileness.

On this side of the house there was a cross passage, dividing the front rooms from the back. At the end of this, looking to the front, so as to have the parlor between it and the house door, was the chamber in which slept Brattle and his wife. Here all those children had been born who had brought upon the household so many joys and so much sorrow. And behind, looking to the back on to the little plot of vegetables which was called the garden—a plot in which it seemed that cabbages and gooseberry bushes were made to alternate—there was a large store-room and the chamber in which Fanny slept, now alone, but which she had once shared with four sisters. Carry was the last one that had left her; and now Fanny hardly dared to name the word sister above her breath. She could speak, indeed, of Sister Jay, the wife of the prosperous ironmonger at Warminster, but of sisters by their Christian names no mention was ever made.

Up stairs there were garrets, one of which was inhabited by Sam when he chose to reside at home, and another by the red-armed country lass who was maid-of-all-work at Brattle mill. When it has also been told that below the cabbage-plot there was an orchard, stretching down to the junction of the waters, the description of Brattle mill will have been made.

CHAPTER VII.
THE MILLER'S WIFE.

WHEN Mr. Fenwick entered the kitchen, Mrs. Brattle was sitting there alone. Her daughter was away, disposing of the remnants and utensils of the dinner-table. The old lady, with her spectacles on her nose, was sitting as usual with a stocking over her left arm. On the round table was a great open Bible, and lying on the Bible were sundry large worsted hose, which always seemed to Mr. Fenwick as though they must have undarned themselves as quickly as they were darned. Her Bible and her stockings furnished the whole of Mrs. Brattle's occupation from her dinner to her bed. In the morning, she would still occupy herself in matters of cookery, would peel potatoes and prepare apples for puddings, and would look into the pot in which the cabbage was being boiled. But her stockings and her Bible shared together the afternoons of her week-days. On the Sundays there would only be the Bible, and then she would pass many hours of the day asleep. On every other Sunday morning she still walked to church and back—going there always alone. There was no one now to accompany her. Her husband never went—never had gone—to church, and her son now had broken away from his good practices. On alternate mornings Fanny went, and also on every Sunday afternoon. Wet or dry, storm or sunshine, she always went; and her father, who was an old pagan, loved her for her zeal. Mrs. Brattle was a slight-made old woman, with hair almost white peering out modestly from under her clean cap, dressed always in a brown stuff gown that never came down below her ankle. Her features were still pretty, small and débonnaire, and there was a sweetness in her eyes that no observer could overlook. She was a modest, pure, high-minded woman—whom we will not call a lady, because of her position in life, and because she darned stockings in a kitchen. In all other respects she deserved the name.

"I heard your voice outside with the

master," she said, rising from her chair to answer the parson's salutation, and putting down her stockings first, and then her spectacles upon the book, so that the Bible was completely hidden; "and I knew you would not go without saying a word to the old woman."

"I believe I came mostly to see you to-day, Mrs. Brattle."

"Did you then? It's kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Fenwick, this hot weather; and you with so many folk to mind, too. Will you take an apple, Mr. Fenwick? I don't know that we've anything else to offer, but the quarantines are rare this year, they say; though no doubt you have them better at the vicarage?"

Fenwick took a large red apple from the dresser, and began to munch it, declaring that they had none such in their orchard. And, then, when the apple was finished, he had to begin his story.

"Mrs. Brattle, I'm sorry that I have something to say that I am sure will vex you."

"Eh, Mr. Fenwick! Bad news? 'Deed and I think there's but little good news left to us now—little that comes from the tongues of men. It's bad news that is always coming here, Mr. Fenwick. What is it, sir?"

Then he repeated the question he had before put to the miller about Sam. Where was Sam last night? She only shook her head. Did he sleep at home? She shook her head again. Had he breakfasted at home?

"'Deed no, sir. I haven't set eyes on him since before yesterday."

"But how does he live? His father does not give him money, I suppose?"

"There's little enough to give him, Mr. Fenwick. When he is at the mill his father do pay him a some'at over and above his keep. It isn't much, sir. Young men must have a some'at in their pocket at times."

"He has too much in his pockets, I fear. I wish he had nothing, so that he needs must come home for his meals. He works at the mill, doesn't he?"

"At times, sir; and there isn't a lad in all Bullumpton"—for so the name

was ordinarily pronounced—"who can do a turn of work to beat him."

"Do he and his father agree pretty well?"

"At times, sir. Times again his father don't say much to him. The master ain't given to much talking in the mill, and Sam, when he's there, works with a will. There's times when his father softens down to him, and then, to see 'em, you'd think they was all in all to each other. There's a stroke of the master about Sam hisself, at times, Mr. Fenwick, and the old man's eyes gladden to see it. There's none so near his heart now as poor Sam."

"If he were as honest a man as his father, I could forgive all the rest," said Mr. Fenwick, slowly, meaning to imply that he was not there now to complain of church observances neglected or of small irregularities of life. The paganism of the old miller had often been the subject of converse between the parson and Mrs. Brattle, it being a matter on which she had many an unhappy thought. He, groping darkly among subjects which he hardly dared to touch in her presence, lest he should seem to unteach that in private which he taught in public, had subtly striven to make her believe that though she, through her faith, would be saved, he, the husband, might yet escape that doom of everlasting fire which to her was so stern a reality that she thought of its fury with a shudder whenever she heard of the world's wickedness. When Parson Fenwick had first made himself intimate at the mill, Mrs. Brattle had thought that her husband's habits of life would have been to him as wormwood and gall—that he would be unable not to chide; and well she knew that her husband would bear no chiding. By degrees she had come to understand that this new parson was one who talked more of life with its sorrows and vices, and chances of happiness and possibilities of goodness, than he did of the requirements of his religion. For herself inwardly she had grieved at this, and, possibly, also for him; but doubtless there had come to her some comfort, which she did not care to analyze, from

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the manner in which "the master," as she called him, pagan as he was, had been treated by her clergyman. She wondered that it should be so, but yet it was a relief to her to know that God's messenger should come home to her, and yet say never a word of his message to that hard lord, whom she so feared and so loved, and who was, as she well knew, too stubborn to receive it. And Fenwick had spoken—still spoke to her—so tenderly of her erring, fallen child, never calling her a castaway—talking of her as Carry, who might yet be worthy of happiness here and of all joy hereafter—that when she thought of him as a minister of God, whose duty it was to pronounce God's threats to erring human beings, she was almost alarmed. She could hardly understand his leniency, his abstinence from reproof; but entertained a vague, wandering, unformed wish that, as he never opened the vials of his wrath on them, he would pour it out upon her—on her who would bear it for their sake so meekly. If there was such a wish it was certainly doomed to disappointment. At this moment Fanny came in and courtesied as she gave her hand to the parson.

"Was Sam at home, last night, Fan?" asked the mother, in a sad, low voice.

"Yes, mother. He slept in his bed."

"You are sure?" said the parson.

"Quite sure. I heard him this morning as he went out. It was about five. He spoke to me and I answered him."

"What did he say?"

"That he must go over to Lavington, and wouldn't be home till nightfall. I told him where he would find bread and cheese, and he took some."

"But you didn't see him last night?"

"No, sir. He comes in at all hours, when he pleases. He was at dinner before yesterday, but I haven't seen him since. He didn't go nigh the mill after dinner that day."

Then Mr. Fenwick considered how much he would tell to the mother and sister, and how much he would keep back. He did not in his heart believe that Sam Brattle had intended to enter his house and rob it, but he did believe

that the men with whom Sam was associated were thieves and housebreakers. If these men were prowling about Bullhampton, it was certainly his duty to have them arrested if possible, and to prevent probable 'depredations, for his neighbors' sake as well as for his own. Nor would he be justified in neglecting this duty with the object of saving Sam Brattle. If only he could entice Sam away from them, into his own hands, under the power of his tongue, there might probably be a chance.

"You think he'll be home to-night?" he asked.

"He said he would," replied Fanny, who knew that she could not answer for her brother's word.

"If he does, bid him come to me—make him come to me! Tell him that I will do him no harm. God knows how truly it is my object to do him good."

"We are sure of that, sir," said the mother.

"He need not be afraid that I will preach to him. I will only talk to him, as I would to a younger brother."

"But what is it that he has done, sir?"

"He has done nothing that I know. There! I will tell you the whole. I found him prowling about my garden at near midnight, yesterday. Had he been alone I should have thought nothing of it. He thinks he owes me a grudge for speaking to his father; and had I found him paying it by filling his pockets with the fruit, I should only have told him that it would be better that he should come and take it in the morning."

"But he wasn't—stealing?" asked the mother.

"He was doing nothing; neither were the men. But they were blackguards, and he was in bad hands. He could not have been in worse. I had a tussle with one of them, and I am sure the man was hurt. That, however, has nothing to do with it. What I desire is, to get a hold of Sam, so that he may be rescued from the hands of such companions. If you can make him come to me, do so."

Fanny promised, and so did the

mother; but the promise was given in that tone which seemed to imply that nothing should be expected from its performance. Sam had long been deaf to the voices of the women of his family, and when his father's anger would be hot against him, he would simply go and live where and how none of them knew. Among such men and women as the Brattles, parental authority must needs lie much lighter than it does with those who are wont to give much and to receive much. What obedience does the lad owe who at eighteen goes forth and earns his own bread? What is it to him that he has not yet reached man's estate? He has to do a man's work, and the price of it is his own, in his hands, when he has earned it. There is no curse upon the poor heavier than that which comes from the early breach of all ties of duty between fathers and their sons, and mothers and their daughters.

Mr. Fenwick, as he passed out of the miller's house, saw Jacob Brattle at the door of the mill. He was tugging along some load, pulling it in at the door, and prevailing against the weakness of his age by the force of his energy. The parson knew that the miller saw him, but the miller took no notice—looked rather as though he did not wish to be observed—and so the parson went on. When at home he postponed his account of what had taken place till he should be alone with his wife, but at night he told her the whole story.

"The long and the short of it is, Master Sam will turn to housebreaking, if anybody doesn't get hold of him."

"To housebreaking, Frank?"

"I believe that he is about it."

"And were they going to break in here?"

"I don't think he was. I don't believe he was so minded then. But he had shown them the way in, and they were looking about on their own scores. Don't you frighten yourself. What with the constable and the life-preserver, we'll be safe. I've a big dog coming—a second Bone'm. Sam Brattle is in more danger, I fear, than the silver forks."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST DAY.

THE parson's visit to the mill was on a Saturday. The next Sunday passed by very quietly, and nothing was seen of Mr. Gilmore at the vicarage. He was at church, and walked with the two ladies from the porch to their garden gate, but he declined Mrs. Fenwick's invitation to lunch, and was not seen again on that day. The parson had sent word to Fanny Brattle during the service to stop a few minutes for him, and had learned from her that Sam had not been at home last night. He had also learned, before the service that morning, that very early on the Saturday, probably about four o'clock, two men had passed through Paul's Hinton with a huckster's cart and a pony. Now Paul's Hinton—or Hinton Saint Paul's, as it should be properly called—was a long, straggling village six miles from Bullhampton, and half way on the road to Market Lavington, to which latter place Sam had told his sister that he was going. Putting these things together, Mr. Fenwick did not in the least doubt but the two men in the cart were they who had been introduced to his garden by young Brattle.

"I only hope," said the parson, "that there's a good surgeon at Market Lavington. One of the gentlemen in that cart must have wanted him, I take it." Then he thought that it might, perhaps, be worth his while to trot over to Lavington in the course of the week and make inquiries.

On the Wednesday, Mary Lowther was to go back to Loring. This seemed like a partial break-up of their establishment, both to the parson and his wife. Fenwick had made up his mind that Mary was to be his nearest neighbor for life, and had fallen into the way of treating her accordingly, telling her of things in the parish as he might have done to the squire's wife, presuming the squire's wife to have been on the best possible terms with him. He now regarded Mary as being almost an impostor. She had taken him in and obtained his confidence under false pretences. It was true that

she might still come and fill the place that he had appointed for her. He rather thought that at last she would do so. But he was angry with her because she hesitated. She was creating an unnecessary disturbance among them. She had, he thought, been now wooed long enough, and, as he told his wife more than once, was making an ass of herself. Mrs. Fenwick was not quite so hard in her judgment, but she also was tempted to be a little angry. She loved her friend Mary a great deal better than she loved Mr. Gilmore, but she was thoroughly convinced that Mary could not do better than accept a man whom she owned that she liked—whom she, at any rate, liked so well that she had not as yet rejected him. Therefore, although Mary was going, they were, both of them, rather savage with her.

The Monday passed by, also very quietly, and Mr. Gilmore did not come to them, but he had sent a note to tell them that he would walk down on the Tuesday evening to say good-bye to Miss Lowther. Early on the Wednesday, Mr. Fenwick was to drive her to Westbury, whence the railway would take her round by Chippenham and Swindon to Loring. On the Tuesday morning she was very melancholy. Though she knew that it was right to go away, she greatly regretted that it was necessary. She was angry with herself for not having better known her own mind; and though she was quite sure that were Mr. Gilmore to repeat his offer to her that moment she would not accept it, nevertheless she thought ill of herself because she would not do so. "I do believe," she said to herself, "that I shall never like any man better." She knew well enough that if she was never brought to love any man, she never ought to marry any man; but she was not quite sure whether Janet was not right in telling her that she had formed erroneous notions of the sort of love she ought to feel for the man whom she should resolve to accept. Perhaps it was true that that kind of adoration which Janet entertained for her husband was a feeling which came after marriage—a feeling which would spring up in her

own heart as soon as she was the man's own wife, the mistress of his house, the mother of his children, the one human being for whose welfare he was solicitous beyond that of all others. And this man did love her. She had no doubt about that. And she was unhappy, too, because she felt that she had offended his friends, and that they thought that she was not treating their friend well.

"Janet," she said, as they were again sitting out on the lawn, on that Tuesday afternoon, "I am almost sorry that I came here at all."

"Don't say that, dear."

"I have spent some of the happiest days of my life here, but the visit, on the whole, has been unfortunate. I am going away in disgrace. I feel that so acutely."

"What nonsense! How are you in disgrace?"

"Mr. Fenwick and you think that I have behaved badly. I know you do, and I feel it so strongly! I think so much of him, and believe him to be so good, and so wise, and so understanding—he knows what people should do, and should be, so well—that I cannot doubt that I have been wrong if he thinks so."

"He only wishes that you could have made up your mind to marry a most worthy man, who is his friend, and who, by marrying you, would have fixed you close to us. He wishes it still, and so do I."

"But he thinks that I have been—have been mopish and lackadaisical and—and—almost untrue. I can hear it in the tone of his voice, and see it in his eye. I can tell it from the way he shakes hands with me in the morning. He is such a true man that I know in a moment what he means at all times. I am going away under his displeasure, and I wish I had never come."

"Return as Mrs. Gilmore, and all his displeasure will disappear."

"Yes, because he would forgive me. He would say to himself that as I had repented I might be taken back to his grace; but as things are at present he condemns me. And so do you."

"If you ask me, Mary, I must tell the truth. I don't think you know your own mind."

"Suppose I don't, is that disgraceful?"

"But there comes a time when a girl should know her own mind. You are giving this poor fellow an enormous deal of unnecessary trouble."

"I have known my own mind so far as to tell him that I could not marry him."

"As far as I understand, Mary, you have always told him to wait a little longer."

"I have never asked him to wait, Janet—never. It is he who says that he will wait; and what can I answer when he says so? All the same I don't mean to defend myself. I do believe that I have been wrong, and I wish that I had never come here. It sounds ungrateful, but I do. It is so dreadful to feel that I have incurred the displeasure of people that I love so dearly!"

"There is no displeasure, Mary: the word is a good deal too strong. I wonder what you'll think of all this when the parson and his wife come up on future Sundays to dine with the squire and his lady. I have long since made up my mind that when afternoon service is over we ought to go up and be made much of at the Privets; and you're putting all this off till I'm an old woman—for a chimera. It's about our Sunday dinners that I'm angry. Flo, my darling, what a face you have got! Do come and sit still for a few minutes, or you'll be in a fever." While Mrs. Fenwick was wiping her girl's brow and smoothing her ringlets, Mary walked off to the orchard by herself. There was a broad green path which made the circuit of it, and she took the round twice, pausing at the bottom to look at the spot from which she had tumbled into the river. What a trouble she had been to them all! She was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself; especially so because she had fallen into those very difficulties which from early years she had resolved that she would avoid. She had made up her mind that she would not flirt; that she would never give a



“I WAS NOT THINKING OF THEM.”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. VIII.]

TO THE
ALPHABET

right to any man—or to any woman—to call her a coquette; that if love and a husband came in her way she would take them thankfully; and that if they did not, she would go on her path quietly, if possible, feeling no uneasiness, and certainly showing none, because the joys of a married life did not belong to her. But now she had gotten herself into a mess, and she could not tell herself that it was not her own fault. Then she resolved again that in future she would go right. It could not but be that a woman could keep herself from floundering in these messes of half-courtship—of courtship on one side and doubt on the other—if she would persistently adhere to some safe rule. Her rejection of Mr. Gilmore ought to have been unhesitating and certain from the first. She was sure of that now. She had been guilty of an absurdity in supposing that because the man had been in earnest, therefore she had been justified in keeping him in suspense for his own sake. She had been guilty of an absurdity and also of great self-conceit. She could do nothing now but wait till she should hear from him, and then answer him steadily. After what had passed she could not go to him and declare that it was all over. He was coming to-night, and she was nearly sure that he would not say a word to her on the subject. If he did, if he renewed his offer, then she would speak out. It was hardly possible that he should do so, and therefore the trouble which she had created must remain.

As she thus resolved, she was leaning over the gate looking into the churchyard, not much observing the graves or the monuments or the beautiful old ivy-covered tower, or thinking of the dead that were lying there or of the living who prayed there; but swearing to herself that for the rest of her life she would keep clear of, what she called, girlish messes. Like other young ladies, she had read much poetry and many novels, but her sympathies had never been with young ladies who could not go straight through with their love affairs, from the beginning to the end,

without flirtation of either an inward or an outward nature. Of all her heroines, Rosalind was the one she liked the best, because from the first moment of her passion she knew herself and what she was about, and loved her lover right heartily. Of all girls in prose or poetry she declared that Rosalind was the least of a flirt. She meant to have the man, and never had a doubt about it. But with such a one as Flora MacIvor she had no patience—a girl who did and who didn't, who would and who wouldn't, who could and who couldn't, and who of all flirts was to her the most nauseous! As she was taking herself to task, accusing herself of being a Flora without the poetry and romance to excuse her, Mr. Fenwick came round from Farmer Trumbull's side of the church, and got over the stile into the churchyard.

"What, Mary, is that you, gazing in so intently among your brethren that were?"

"I was not thinking of them," she said, with a smile. "My mind was intent on some of my brethren that are." Then there came a thought across her, and she made a sudden decision. "Mr. Fenwick," she said, "would you mind walking up and down the churchyard with me once or twice? I have something to say to you, and I can say it now so well." He opened the gate for her and she joined him. "I want to beg your pardon, and to get you to forgive me. I know you have been angry with me."

"Hardly angry, but vexed. As you ask me so frankly and prettily, I will forgive you. There is my hand upon it. All evil thoughts against you shall go out of my head. I shall still have my wishes, but I will not be cross with you."

"You are so good and so clearly honest! I declare I think Janet the happiest woman that I ever heard of."

"Come, come! I didn't bargain for this kind of thing when I allowed myself to be brought in here."

"But it is so. I did not stop you for that, however, but to acknowledge that I have been wrong, and to ask you to pardon me."

"I will — I do. If there has been anything amiss, it shall not be looked on again as amiss. But there has been only one thing amiss."

"And, Mr. Fenwick, will you do this for me? Will you tell him that I was foolish to say that he might wait? Why should he wait? Of course he should not wait. When I am gone, tell him so, and beg him to make an end of it. I had not thought of it properly, or I would not have allowed him to be tormented."

There was a pause after this, during which they walked half the length of the path in silence.

"No, Mary," he said, after a while, "I will not tell him that."

"Why not, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Because it will not be for his good, or for mine, or for Janet's, or, as I believe, for yours."

"Indeed, it will — for the good of us all."

"I think, Mary, you do not quite understand. There is not one among us who does not wish that you should come here and be one of us — a real, right-down Bullampton 'ooman, as they say in the village. I want you to be my wife's dearest friend and my own nearest neighbor. There is no man in the world whom I love as I do Harry Gilmore, and I want you to be his wife. I have said to myself and to Janet a score of times that you certainly would be so, sooner or later. My wrath has not come from your bidding him to wait, but from your coldness in not taking him without waiting. You should remember that we grow gray very quickly, Mary."

Here was the old story again — the old story as she had heard it from Harry Gilmore — but told as she had never expected to hear it from the lips of Frank Fenwick. It amounted to this — that even he, Frank Fenwick, bade her wait and try. But she had formed her resolution, and she was not going to be turned aside, even by Frank Fenwick. "I had thought that you would help me," she said, very slowly.

"So I will, with all my heart, toward the keys of the store closets of the Privets, but not a step the other way. It

has to be, Mary. He is too much in earnest, and too good, and too fit for the place to which he aspires, to miss his object. Come, we'll go in. Mind, you and I are one again, let it go how it may. I will own that I have been vexed for the last two days — have been in a humor unbecoming your departure tomorrow. I throw all that behind me. You and I are dear friends, are we not?"

"I do hope so, Mr. Fenwick."

"There shall be no feather moulted between us. But as to operating between you and Harry with the view of keeping you apart, I decline the commission. It is my assured belief that sooner or later he will be your husband. Now we will go up to Janet, who will begin to think herself a Penelope, if we desert her much longer."

Immediately after this Mary went up to dress for dinner. Should she make up her mind to give way and put on the blue ribbons which he loved so well? She thought that she could tell him at once if she made up her mind in that direction. It would not, perhaps, be very maidenly, but anything would be better than suspense, than torment to him. Then she took out her blue ribbons, and tried to go through that ceremony of telling him. It was quite impossible. Were she to do so, she would know no happiness again in this world, or probably in the other. To do the thing it would be necessary that she should lie to him.

She came down in a simple white dress, without any ribbons — in just the dress which she would have worn had Mr. Gilmore not been coming. At dinner they were very merry. The word of command had gone forth from Frank that Mary was to be forgiven, and Janet of course obeyed. The usual courtesies of society demand that there shall be civility, almost flattering civility, from host to guest, and from guest to host; and yet how often does it occur that in the midst of these courtesies there is something that tells of hatred, of ridicule or of scorn! How often does it happen that the guest knows that he is disliked,

or the host knows that he is a bore ! In the last two days, Mary had felt that she was not cordially a welcome guest. She had felt also that the reason was one against which she could not contend. Now all that, at least, was over. Frank Fenwick's manner had never been pleasanter to her than it was on this occasion, and Janet followed the suit which her lord led.

They were again on the lawn between eight and nine o'clock when Harry Gilmore came up to them. He was gracious enough in his salutation to Mary Lowther, but no indifferent person would have thought that he was her lover. He talked chiefly to Fenwick, and when they went in to tea did not take a place on the sofa beside Mary. But after a while he said something which told them all of his love.

"What do you think I've been doing to-day, Frank?"

"Getting your wheat down, I should hope."

"We begin that to-morrow. I never like to be quite the earliest at that work, or yet the latest."

"Better be a day too early than a day too late, Harry."

"Never mind about that. I've been down with old Brattle."

"And what have you been doing with him!"

"I'm half ashamed, and yet I fancy I'm right."

As he said this he looked across to Mary Lowther, who no doubt was watching every turn of his face from the corner of her eye. "I've just been and knocked under, and told him that the old place shall be put to rights."

"That's your doing, Mary," said Mrs. Fenwick, injudiciously.

"Oh no; I'm sure it is not. Mr. Gilmore would only do such a thing as that because it is proper."

"I don't know about it's being proper," said he. "I'm not quite sure whether it is or not. I shall never get any interest for my money."

"Interest for one's money is not everything," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"Nevertheless, when one builds houses

for other people to live in, one has to look to it," said the parson.

"People say it's the prettiest spot in the parish," continued Mr. Gilmore, "and as such it shouldn't be let to go to ruin." Janet remarked afterward to her husband that Mary Lowther had certainly declared that it was the prettiest spot in the parish, but that, as far as her knowledge went, nobody else had ever said so. "And then, you see, when I refused to spend money upon it, old Brattle had money of his own, and it was his business to do it."

"He hasn't much now, I fear," said Mr. Fenwick.

"I fear not. His family has been very heavy on him. He paid money to put two of his boys into trade who died afterward, and then for years he had either doctors or undertakers about the place. So I just went down to him and told him I would do it."

"And how did he take it?"

"Like a bear as he is. He would hardly speak to me, but went away into the mill, telling me that I might settle it all with his wife. It's going to be done, however. I shall have the estimate next week, and I suppose it will cost me two or three hundred pounds. The mill is worse than the house, I take it."

"I am so glad it is to be done!" said Mary. After that Mr. Gilmore did not in the least begrudge his two or three hundred pounds. But he said not a word to Mary, just pressed her hand at parting, and left her subject to a possibility of a reversal of her sentence at the end of the stated period.

On the next morning Mr. Fenwick drove her in his little open phaeton to the station at Westbury. "You are to come back to us, you know," said Mrs. Fenwick; "and remember how anxiously I am waiting for my Sunday dinners." Mary said not a word, but as she was driven round in front of the church she looked up at the dear old tower, telling herself that, in all probability, she would never see it again.

"I have just one thing to say, Mary," said the parson, as he walked up and down the platform with her at West-

bury: "you are to remember that, whatever happens, there is always a home for you at Bullhampton when you choose to come to it. I am not speaking of the Privets now, but of the vicarage."

"How very good you are to me!"

"And so are you to us. Dear friends should be good to each other. God bless you, dear!" From thence she made her way home to Loring by herself.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS MARRABLE.

WHATEVER may be the fact as to the rank and proper calling of Bullhampton, there can be no doubt that Loring is a town. There is a market-place, and a High street, and a Board of Health, and a Paragon Crescent, and a town hall, and two different parish churches—one called St. Peter Lowtown, and the other St. Botolph's Uphill—and there are Uphill street, and Lowtown street, and various other streets. I never heard of a mayor of Loring, but, nevertheless, there is no doubt as to its being a town. Nor did it ever return members to Parliament; but there was once, in one of the numerous bills that have been proposed, an idea of grouping it with Cirencester and Lechlade. All the world of course knows that this was never done; but the transient rumor of it gave the Loringites an improved position, and justified that little joke about a live dog being better than a dead lion, with which the parson at Bullhampton regaled Miss Lowther at the time.

All the fashion of Loring dwelt as a matter of course at Uphill. Lowtown was vulgar, dirty, devoted to commercial and manufacturing purposes, and hardly owned a single genteel private house. There was the parsonage, indeed, which stood apart from its neighbors, inside great, tall slate-colored gates, and which had a garden of its own. But except the clergyman, who had no choice in the matter, nobody, who was anybody, lived at Lowtown. There were three or four factories there, in and out of which troops of girls would

be seen passing twice a day, in their ragged, soiled, dirty mill dresses, all of whom would come out on Sunday dressed with a magnificence that would lead one to suppose that trade at Loring was doing very well. Whether trade did well or ill, whether wages were high or low, whether provisions were cheap in price, whether there was peace or war between capital and labor, still there was the Sunday magnificence. What a blessed thing it is for women—and for men too, certainly—that there should be a positive happiness to the female sex in the possession, and in exhibiting the possession, of bright clothing! It is almost as good for the softening of manners, and the not permitting of them to be ferocious, as is the faithful study of the polite arts. At Loring the manners of the mill hands, as they were called, were upon the whole good; which I believe was in a great degree to be attributed to their Sunday magnificence.

The real West End of Loring was understood by all men to lie in Paragon Crescent, at the back of St. Botolph's Church. The whole of this crescent was built, now some twenty years ago, by Mrs. Fenwick's father, who had been clever enough to see that as mills were made to grow in the low town, houses for wealthy people to live in ought to be made to grow in the high town. He therefore built the Paragon, and a certain small row of very pretty houses near the end of the Paragon, called Balfour Place; and had done very well, and had made money; and now lay asleep in the vaults below St. Botolph's Church. No inconsiderable proportion of the comfort of Bullhampton parsonage is due to Mr. Balfour's success in that achievement of Paragon Crescent. There were none of the family left at Loring. The widow had gone away to live at Torquay with a sister, and the only other child, another daughter, was married to that distinguished barrister on the Oxford circuit, Mr. Quickenham. Mr. Quickenham and our friend the parson were very good friends, but they did not see a great deal of each other; Mr. Fenwick not going up very often to

London, and Mr. Quickenham being unable to use the vicarage of Bullhampton when on his own circuit. As for the two sisters, they had very strong ideas about their husbands' professions—Sophia Quickenham never hesitating to declare that one was life, and the other stagnation; and Janet Fenwick protesting that the difference to her seemed to be almost that between good and evil. They wrote to each other perhaps once a quarter. But the Balfour family was in truth broken up.

Miss Marrable, Mary Lowther's aunt, lived, of course, at Uphill, but not in the Crescent, nor yet in Balfour Place. She was an old lady with very modest means, whose brother had been rector down at St. Peter's, and she had passed the greater part of her life within those slate-colored gates. When he died, and when she, almost exactly at the same time, found that it would be expedient that she should take charge of her niece Mary, she removed herself up to a small house in Botolph lane, in which she could live decently on her three hundred pounds a year. It must not be surmised that Botolph lane was a squalid place, vile, or dirty, or even unfashionable. It was narrow and old, having been inhabited by decent people long before the Crescent, or even Mr. Balfour himself, had been in existence; but it was narrow and old, and the rents were cheap, and here Miss Marrable was able to live, and occasionally to give tea-parties, and to provide a comfortable home for her niece within the limits of her income. Miss Marrable was herself a lady of very good family, the late Sir Gregory Marrable having been her uncle; but her only sister had married a Captain Lowther, whose mother had been first cousin to the Earl of Periwinkle; and therefore on her own account, as well as on that of her niece, Miss Marrable thought a good deal about blood. She was one of those ladies—now few in number—who within their heart of hearts conceive that money gives no title to social distinction, let the amount of money be ever so great and its source ever so stainless. Rank to

her was a thing quite assured and ascertained, and she had no more doubt as to her own right to pass out of a room before the wife of a millionaire than she had of the right of a millionaire to spend his own guineas. She always addressed an attorney by letter as Mister, raising up her eyebrows when appealed to on the matter, and explaining that an attorney is not an esquire. She had an idea that the son of a gentleman, if he intended to maintain his rank as a gentleman, should earn his income as a clergyman, or as a barrister, or as a soldier, or as a sailor. Those were the professions intended for gentlemen. She would not absolutely say that a physician was not a gentleman, or even a surgeon; but she would never allow to Physic the same absolute privileges which, in her eyes, belonged to the Law and the Church. There might also possibly be a doubt about the Civil Service and Civil Engineering; but she had no doubt whatever that when a man touched Trade or Commerce in any way he was doing that which was not the work of a gentleman. He might be very respectable, and it might be very necessary that he should do it; but brewers, bankers and merchants were not gentlemen, and the world, according to Miss Marrable's theory, was going astray because people were forgetting their landmarks.

As to Miss Marrable herself, nobody could doubt that she was a lady: she looked it in every inch. There were not, indeed, many inches of her, for she was one of the smallest, daintiest little old women that ever were seen. But now, at seventy, she was very pretty—quite a woman to look at with pleasure. Her feet and hands were exquisitely made, and she was very proud of them. She wore her own gray hair, of which she showed very little, but that little was always exquisitely nice. Her caps were the perfection of caps. Her green eyes were bright and sharp, and seemed to say that she knew very well how to take care of herself. Her mouth and nose and chin were all well formed, small, shapely and concise—not straggling about her face as do the mouths, noses

and chins of some old ladies ; ay, and of some young ladies also. Had it not been that she had lost her teeth, she would hardly have looked to be an old woman. Her health was perfect. She herself would say that she had never yet known a day's illness. She dressed with the greatest care, always wearing silk at and after luncheon. She dressed three times a day, and in the morning would come down in what she called a merino gown. But then, with her, clothes never seemed to wear out. Her motions were so slight and delicate that the gloss of her dresses would remain on them when the gowns of other women would almost have been worn to rags. She was never seen of an afternoon or evening without gloves, and her gloves were always clean and apparently new. She went to church once on Sundays in winter, and twice in summer, and she had a certain very short period of each day devoted to Bible reading ; but at Loring she was not reckoned to be among the religious people. Indeed, there were those who said that she was very worldly-minded, and that at her time of life she ought to devote herself to other books than those which were daily in her hands. Pope, Dryden, Swift, Cowley, Fielding, Richardson and Goldsmith were her authors. She read the new novels as they came out, but always with critical comparisons that were hostile to them. Fielding, she said, described life as it was, whereas Dickens had manufactured a kind of life that never had existed, and never could exist. The pathos of Esmond was very well, but Lady Castlemaine was nothing to Clarissa Harlowe. As for poetry, Tennyson, she said, was all sugar candy : he had neither the common sense, nor the wit, nor, as she declared, to her ear, the melody of Pope. All the poets of the present century, she declared, if put together, could not have written the *Rape of the Lock*. Pretty as she was, and small and nice and lady-like, I think she liked her literature rather strong. It is certain that she had Smollett's novels in a cupboard stairs, and it was said that she had been found reading one of Wycherley's plays.

The strongest point in her character was her contempt of money. Not that she had any objection to it, or would at all have turned up her nose at another hundred a year had anybody left to her such an accession of income, but that in real truth she never measured herself by what she possessed, or others by what they possessed. She was as grand a lady to herself, eating her little bit of cold mutton or dining off a tiny sole, as though she sat at the finest banquet that could be spread. She had no fear of economies, either before her two handmaids or anybody else in the world. She was fond of her tea, and in summer could have cream for twopence ; but when cream became dear, she saved money and had a penn'orth of milk. She drank two glasses of Marsala every day, and let it be clearly understood that she couldn't afford sherry. But when she gave a tea-party, as she did perhaps six or seven times a year, sherry was always handed round with cake before the people went away. There were matters in which she was extravagant. When she went out herself she never took one of the common street flies, but paid eightpence extra to get a brougham from the Dragon. And when Mary Lowther—who had only fifty pounds a year of her own, with which she clothed herself and provided herself with pocket-money—was going to Bullhampton, Miss Marrable actually proposed to her to take one of the maids with her. Mary of course would not hear of it—said that she should just as soon think of taking the house ; but Miss Marrable had thought that it would perhaps not be well for a girl so well born as Miss Lowther to go out visiting without a maid. She herself very rarely left Loring, because she could not afford it ; but when, two summers back, she did go to Weston-super-Mare for a fortnight, she took one of the girls with her.

Miss Marrable had heard a great deal about Mr. Gilmore. Mary, indeed, was not inclined to keep secrets from her aunt, and her very long absence—so much longer than had at first been intended—could hardly have been sanc-

tioned unless some reason had been given. There had been many letters on the subject, not only between Mary and her aunt, but between Mrs. Fenwick and her very old friend Miss Marrable. Of course these latter letters had spoken loudly the praises of Mr. Gilmore, and Miss Marrable had become quite one of the Gilmore faction. She desired that her niece should marry, but that she should marry a gentleman. She would infinitely have preferred to see Mary an old maid than to hear that she was going to give herself to any suitor contaminated by trade. Now Mr. Gilmore's position was exactly that which Miss Marrable regarded as being the best in England. He was a country gentleman, living on his own acres, a justice of the peace, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather had occupied exactly the same position. Such a marriage for Mary would be quite safe; and in these days one did hear so often of girls making, she would not say improper marriages, but marriages which in her eyes were not fitting! Mr. Gilmore, she thought, exactly filled that position which entitled a gentleman to propose marriage to such a lady as Mary Lowther.

"Yes, my dear, I am glad to have you back again. Of course I have been a little lonely, but I bear that kind of thing better than most people. Thank God, my eyes are good!"

"You are looking so well, Aunt Sarah!"

"I am well. I don't know how other women get so much amiss, but God has been very good to me."

"And so pretty!" said Mary, kissing her.

"My dear, it's a pity you're not a young gentleman."

"You are so fresh and nice, aunt. I wish I could always look as you do."

"What would Mr. Gilmore say?"

"Oh!—Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Gilmore! I am so weary of Mr. Gilmore!"

"Weary of him, Mary?"

"Weary of myself because of him: that is what I mean. He has behaved always well, and I am not at all sure that I have. And he is a perfect gentleman. But I shall never be Mrs. Gilmore, Aunt Sarah."

"Janet says that she thinks you will."

"Janet is mistaken. But, dear aunt, don't let us talk about it at once. Of course you shall hear everything in time, but I have had so much of it. Let us see what new books there are. *Cast Iron!* You don't mean to say you have come to that?"

"I sha'n't read it."

"But I will, aunt. So it must not go back for a day or two. I do love the Fenwicks, dearly, dearly—both of them. They are almost, if not quite, perfect. And yet I am glad to be at home."

THORWALD'S LAMENT: A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE EDWARD EVERETT.

ACCORDING to the ancient Icelandic Sagas, preserved in the Danish libraries and recently published by the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen, Greenland was settled by a company of emigrants from Iceland, under Eric the Red, who established himself at a place called Eric'sfiord.

Shortly afterward, a son of one of the adventurers who accompanied Eric was driven by a storm to the south-west, and discovered land in that direction. The intelligence of this extraordinary event on his return excited the curiosity of his countrymen. Other adventurers followed in his steps, and among them Leif

and Thorwald, who made the first landing and settlement on the coast of America, which they called Vineland.

It is supposed by the Danish antiquaries that the coast of Massachusetts Bay, the sound of Martha's Vineyard and the waters and shores of Rhode Island were the scene of the principal discoveries and establishments of Leif and Thorwald and the other early adventurers.

Thorwald, on his second voyage, was mortally wounded with an arrow in a conflict with the natives. This disaster is supposed to have occurred near Point Alderton, in Boston Harbor, not far from the village of Hull.

The ancient Saga represents Thorwald as having been charmed with the beauty of this spot, and as having expressed a wish to make it his home.

After receiving his wound, he believed that wish had proceeded from a prophetic impulse: he gave his followers directions to bury him with the cross at the head and foot of his grave, and to call the promontory Krossaness, from this circumstance.

From this gallant adventurer, according to the genealogical tables contained in the publications of the learned society above mentioned, the celebrated Thorwaldsen is descended. The following Lament is supposed to be uttered by Thorwald after receiving his death-wound. It embodies, with the sentiments ascribed to him by the Saga, an obscure vision of the future settlement and growth of the country, and of the glory to be reflected on his own family and name by his illustrious descendant:

Brothers, the fatal dart,
With aim too just, has flown:
It sinks in Thorwald's heart—
My course is done.

By Eric'sfiord's roar
Where sweeter could I rest,
The turf of Greenland's shore
Upon my breast?

But never more my boat
Shall cut the northern seas,
Nor Thorwald's pennon float
On Iceland breeze.

Eric, my sire, will pine
In vain for my return:
Sister, no tear of thine
Will wet my urn.

Beyond the mighty wave,
Beneath a stranger sky,
With none to soothe or save,
Thorwald must die.

In my prophetic mind
A vision went before:
I said, A home I'll find
On this fair shore.

A last long home I've met—
A rest that cannot wake—
A house no storm shalt threat,
Nor earthquake shake.

Wrapt in yon fluttering sheet,
 Be this fair slope my bed :
 The cross be at my feet
 And at my head.

Thor, at thy gloomy shrine
 In childhood did I bow :
 Thy reign is past—*that* sign
 Must cheer me now.

The blood that from His veins
 Bedewed Judea's ground—
 'Tis that must heal the pains
 Of this sharp wound.

But ye, my brothers, fly
 Back to your own loved shore—
 That happy home which I
 Shall see no more.

But to my swimming eyes
 They glance in doubtful haze :
 Dim trains in visions rise,
 Of distant days.

On happier keels embarked—
 Not bolder—o'er the main
 They plough the path I marked—
 Alas ! in vain.

And ages farther still
 My fading eye explores,
 When swarming nations fill
 These smiling shores.

The cottage decks the vale,
 With life the city rings ;
 And trade to every gale
 Spreads her white wings.

I die before the sight ;
 But when their hour is come,
 Let one kind blessing light
 On Thorwald's tomb.

Though earth my flesh consume,
 My name not all shall die :
 Reviving, it shall bloom
 Eternally !

At some far distant day,
 An offspring of my name
 Shall give to lifeless clay
 Immortal fame.

Heroes and Sagas gone
 Shall start and breathe for thee,
 Giver of life to stone—
 Perhaps to me.

Here though my dust must lie,
 Never to live again,
 Thorwald shall live for aye
 In Thorwaldsen.

THE ANNEXATION OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY A NOVA SCOTIAN.

MONTHS ago it was announced that a new naturalization treaty had been entered into between Great Britain and the United States. On the signing of that treaty it was felt that a new doctrine of the rights and duties of subjects had been promulgated; that the old order had changed, giving place to new; that the ancient doctrine of "once a subject always a subject" had become obsolete, the soul being out of it; and that thenceforth a man would have the whole world before him where to choose his allegiance. The measure was a necessity called for by the enlarged requirements of the age, and by the cosmopolitan spirit which had begun to creep into all peoples within the pale of European and American civilization. The tendency of the age was to draw into closer union all civilized people. The extension of commercial enterprise, and the increased facilities of travel, had brought into more intimate relations many millions of people who had long been strangers to each other. Many had crossed the seas to dwell and labor in strange lands; the surplus capital of one country had found its way into the works of another, and many houses of various countries had branches in each.

In such a state of affairs the old doctrine of allegiance for ever, if pushed to its logical conclusions, would, in time of trouble, have been productive of untold and incalculable loss and damage; and

it was therefore well that, the soul being out of it, it should have got speedy burial. But, if the old doctrine of allegiance, pushed to its logical end, would have been baneful, the new doctrine, pushed in like manner, seems to be productive of results in no wise calculated upon by its promulgators. If a man has a right to choose his own allegiance, why should not many men have the same right, whether you call them a society, an emigrant train or a colony? To colonies, and to countries owning colonies, this question is of moment, and well worthy of consideration. If a man, finding that he does not thrive in his birthland, may tear up the fixed feet of his household gods and transfer himself and his allegiance to another country, why should not a colony, morally and materially oppressed by the overweening wealth and power of a great country which claims to own it, with the hope or in the certainty of bettering its condition also be allowed to transfer its allegiance? When, especially, a colony has obtained the right of self-government, has founded a constitution, and acquired rights and privileges which no authority could limit or cut off, then the right to transfer its allegiance is a right which ought to be at least claimed, if not asserted.

The question of a transfer of allegiance is at present agitating the province of Nova Scotia in a manner unknown to

those who have not had large experience of the country, or reliable information as to the state of feeling among the people. A few years ago, Nova Scotia was one of the most loyal colonies within the protection of Great Britain. In all the years of her history there had been recorded against her no disloyal act; and though on occasions, under the velvet glove with which England pretended to handle her colonies, the pressure of the iron hand had been severely felt, yet she had sent no remonstrance, no petition for redress or for justice to the foot of the throne. A loyal passion for the throne and institutions of Great Britain distinguished her among loyal colonies. Her people felt themselves to be Britons, coheirs with Britons of the historic memories of a thousand years, equal with them in admiration for the wise heads and strong hands of the statesmen

“ Who knew the season when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet ;”

and equal with them, also, in all love and reverence for the noble lady who “ bears the white flower of a blameless life ” on the throne which has come down to her from Alfred. But the days came when the wisdom of England and the loyalty of Nova Scotia were to be put to too severe a test — were to be tried and found wanting. Loyalty, like love, to be perfect and fruitful, must be mutual. As there is a reverence which is due from parents to children, so there is a loyalty which is due from kingdoms to their colonies. If the kingdom pay not its due share of loyalty to the colony, it cannot expect the colony to pay its share without reluctance. The loyalty of the old Spanish adventurers to the flag of Spain, which no circumstances could alter and no persecution destroy, has no place among modern peoples, and had not many places among the ancients. It has become in our day more a matter of calculation than of feeling. If our feelings and our interests turn in the same direction, loyalty is a pleasant thing enough; but the moment our feelings and our interests diverge, our loy-

alty follows in the path of our interests. It has been just so with Nova Scotia. While her interests were bound up with her loyalty to Great Britain she thought herself a most loyal colony. No circumstances could alter, no force shatter, the unchanging attachment which bound her to Britain. But in an evil hour Great Britain tampered with the constitution of the province and the rights of the people in this wise.

Little more than five years ago was prepared in Canada, and passed in the Parliament of England, an Act which the framers of it would willingly recall if they could, and which the Parliament of England that passed it may yet have reason to regret with bitter and lasting sorrow. I refer to the Act of Union of the colonies. Under that Act as prepared, and still more under it when passed, the right and privileges of the maritime provinces, according to the views of a vast majority of the people, were subject to the will of Canada, whose power in the common legislature was overwhelming. Under that scheme, Nova Scotia in particular was made subject to such actual and potential loss as made her continuance in the confederation a daily progress to ruin. I need not trouble the readers of this Magazine with the oft-told catalogue of the grievances of Nova Scotia. The list was, and still is, a formidable one; and as one proof of the truth of it, Canada has deemed it to be prudent to give Nova Scotia, in the hope of keeping her in the confederation, an additional subsidy of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars per year for ten years. For two years we have been striving to escape from the union, to obtain a repeal of the Act. Before the Act was finally passed, a delegation from the people of Nova Scotia was sent to England, and did all that men could do, as we thought till lately, to prevent the passage of the Act. But the framers of it had been before them. They had filled the ears of the Colonial Secretary with tales of the factitious nature of the opposition in Nova Scotia; and they trusted to the proverbial ignorance of English politicians on the sub-

ject of these colonies for the passing of the Act. They were not deceived. The House, which could hear and believe an Indian Secretary who had "got up" India in forty-eight hours, readily gave credence to a Colonial Secretary who had been months in office. The Act of Union was passed, and the liberties of Nova Scotia vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. Yet once again the voice of the people was heard in the halls of Westminster—not whining for a boon, but demanding justice. And again justice was refused. A petition to the Commons from the assassins of Sheffield or the turbulent reformers of the capital would have been respectfully heard and patiently considered. But the petition of three hundred thousand good subjects was treated with indifference, and even an inquiry into their grievances was refused. Then it was, in the bitter sorrow and indignation that filled us at that time, that we turned our eyes to the great nation beside us for assistance. But even here no help was to be had. The Reciprocity Treaty had been abrogated in return for the sympathy and assistance which Canada had given to the South; and the only thing which could support our commerce and encourage our industries under the heavier duties of Canada was thus denied us, and continues to be denied us. At the present moment we are in evil case. The duties and taxes of the Canadian administration bear heavily upon us—our commerce is languishing, our industries are all but paralyzed. The markets which Nature intended for us, and which Commerce had marked out for her own, are closed to us, and in consequence we fish less, mine less, manufacture less, export less. Our political position is as bad and as perplexing. We will not continue in our present union with Canada if we can help it. We have laid our grievances before England: England refers us to Canada, Canada refers us to England. England trusts to our loyalty, Canada to our cupidity or our fear, to keep us in the union. If even we succeed in getting repeal, we cannot stand alone without a treaty with the United

States. If that is denied us—and who can doubt it?—we must even seek our own good in transferring our allegiance. But we are told every day that England will not part with us.

As might have been expected under these circumstances, our political position has been fully considered by every thinking man in the province; and I am prepared to prove to any one having a knowledge of this province that the most intelligent minds in it have long ago decided in favor of annexation to the United States. By the "most intelligent minds," I do not mean merely the author and his private friends: I mean the professional men, the merchants, the members of the Dominion and local legislatures, and the large class of men who have had dealings of some sort with the United States during the past ten years. The medical profession, most of its members having studied in the American colleges, is very deeply tinged with annexation sentiment. The legal profession contains many annexationists in its front ranks. The merchants of Halifax—all of them who have a thought above sugar and rum—are almost unanimous in their wish for annexation. The members of the local legislature are in many cases very outspoken in their wish to annex the province to the United States; and if a motion, such as that made lately in the New Brunswick legislature, were made in our local House, it would not call up even the censure of the Speaker, if it was not received with favor. The counties of Pictou and Richmond in the east, and Digby and Yarmouth in the west, are notorious in their desire for annexation: the counties bordering on these have all partaken of the feeling in some degree: in fine, all the counties which have ever had any dealings with the United States are fast becoming converts to the new doctrine. The county of Halifax even, in whose chief city the pride, pomp and circumstance of military parade are always before our eyes, with the legislative halls and the residence of the governor in our midst, with frowning battlements on all sides—

and, most important of all, with about three hundred thousand pounds a year spent on the troops—is fast becoming as passively disloyal as the county of Pictou or Yarmouth. When Halifax looks toward the United States, the province will follow soon. At present we are of no country, of no allegiance. We are often told that if we were an independent province we would be isolated. But as an unwilling part of this heterogeneous Dominion we are isolated indeed. Disgusted with her experience of the working of the new administration, in ill temper with Great Britain and desirous of changing her allegiance—restrained on the one side by England and Canada, and in some measure repulsed on the other by the United States—Nova Scotia looks vainly round her for a ruler to reverence, a constitution to live by, a flag to fight under, as a child who is born at sea might gaze round upon the wide waste of waters, seeking in vain for a land to call his own—for the green fields and shady trees of that haven of rest, his home.

It may be said, When the desire for annexation in Nova Scotia is so strong and so general, why is it not more loudly and generally expressed? The answer is an easy one to give: Many years' experience of the working of British institutions, of British ways and customs, the continual presence in our midst of the red-coated soldiery of Britain, and the continual occurrence of loyal celebrations in Queen's fêtes, etc., have given to that word Loyalty a dim, mysterious sacredness which makes men afraid to whisper a word that might endanger its prestige. It is not easy to change the thought of a people. But even the reverence for that dim, mysterious thing, Loyalty, is fast dying out. Before the time of our trouble we were content to go on in the old English fashion, thinking the thought and speaking the speech of our grandfathers, and conducting our business in the slow old way of the shopkeeper of the last century, whom Mr. Cobden has so well described in one of his pamphlets. But with trouble came thought. We looked before and after, and if we

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sighed for what was not, I am convinced it was not for the fast-dying spirit of loyalty, but for the coming of the quickening spirit which is to be born when the flag of Britain is furled for ever in Nova Scotia, and one star more glitters in the banner of the Union. We began seriously to consider concerning that same loyalty, and began to see that the gorgeous thing we had revered was, after all, but an "enchanted wiggery." We began to see that, as Mr. Carlyle says, "our Juggernaut was no Juggernaut, but a dead mechanical idol." We bethought ourselves of the rise and fall of kingdoms and kings, of the dismemberment of an empire of Charles V., of the beheading of a Charles I., of the beheading of a Louis XVI., of the revolution and riot, the grasping and slipping of territory, that had taken place at no remote date, and saw that "Loyalty," as we had revered it, and as we had been called upon to practice it, had no abiding place among the people. We saw a gigantic nation alongside of us that had begun its life historically as a rebel colony, and which was now the most important customer and source of revenue to the mother country which had lost it. We saw the many colonies of old Spain and of France doing for themselves—some of them indeed doing badly enough, but still doing *for themselves*—working out their own destiny in their own manner, unoppressed by the sense of dependence on any other country. We had thus sacred sanctions of historical precedents to encourage us. We had more too. We had our own necessities, and we had the implied consent of Great Britain. Our own necessities press us sorely. Our production of coal has almost ceased, and mines that could feed all the furnaces of the world have stopped working for want of capital, and for want of a good market to sell what is produced. Our agricultural laborers are leaving the country; our fishermen are fishing in American bottoms; our mechanics go forth from us weekly in squads, finding no sufficient wages in their own country. They go forth from Nova Scotia like the doves

out of the ark, and do not return—the surest sign that they have found a safe and dry resting-place. A reciprocity treaty would in some measure cure all this, but our leaders in the Canadian administration have refrained from opening negotiations, because if our prosperity depends on our connection with the United States, the dullest mind must see that the closer we make the connection the better for us.

I have said that Great Britain impliedly consents to our change of allegiance. I can but attempt to prove it in this way. Since Cobden and Bright became powers in the politics of England, they have been gathering about them a band of resolute men who have turned their backs on old things and set about the accomplishment of a new order. They have made it the object of their political lives to reduce the weight upon the shoulders of the people of England by every means consistent with the national safety. One of the objects of their most determined assaults has been the expense of the colonial dependencies. Against these colonies they have thundered hard and long, and their efforts have begun to have the desired effect. The retrenchment policy of the new administration has begun with the colonies. The armies maintained in these colonies have been greatly reduced within the last few months; and if the result of the future equals the promise of the present, we shall in no long time have bidden a not very tender farewell to the last soldier in Nova Scotia. So determined is the present administration to save money that it has refused to pay the paltry sum due to the governor of Prince Edward Island as his salary. Not alone on the effect of general thoughts like these do I found my belief that the acquiescence of Great Britain in the scheme of annexation can easily be had. All writers in England who have ever given the subject a thought, and all statesmen who have had anything to do with colonial affairs, have always contemplated the separation of the colonies from England as a matter sure to be accomplished in time; and

many of them have gone farther and favored the very scheme which is occupying the minds of all colonists to-day.

Thus, Anthony Trollope, in his book on North America, among other things, says of Canada: "A wish that British North America should ever be severed from England, or that the Australian colonies should ever be so severed, will by many Englishmen be deemed unpatriotic. But I think that such severance is to be wished if it be the case that the colonies standing alone would become more prosperous than they are under British rule. We have before us an example in the United States of the prosperity which has attended such a rupture of old ties. I will not now contest the point with those who say that the present moment of an American civil war" (Mr. Trollope's book was published in 1862) "is ill chosen for vaunting that prosperity. There stand the cities which the people have built, and their power is attested by the world-wide importance of their present contest. And if the States have so risen since they left the parent's apron-string, why should not British America rise as high? That the time has as yet come for such rising I do not think, but that it will soon come I do most heartily hope. The making of the railway of which I have spoken" (the Intercolonial) "and the amalgamation of the provinces would greatly tend to such an event. If, therefore, England desires to keep these colonies in a state of dependency; if it be more essential to her to maintain her own power with regard to them than to increase their influence; if her main object be to keep the colonies, and not to improve the colonies,—then I should say that an amalgamation of the Canadas with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick should not be regarded with favor by statesmen in Downing street. But if, as I would fain hope and do partly believe, such ideas of national power as these are now out of vogue with British statesmen, then I think that such an amalgamation should receive all the support which Downing Street can give it."

Mr. Trollope, it will be perceived,

favored a union of the provinces, because he saw that they must one day become separate from England, and because he wished to build up on this continent a power which in time would be a help to England in all disputes with the United States. But Mr. Trollope in his hasty run through the States and Canada, though he took note of all things noteworthy, took note also of some things not so, and made some very silly blunders. That the North should be beaten and the South become an independent power, was one. That confederation would increase the Transatlantic power of Great Britain, was another. The comments of the London *Times* on this same subject give one an idea of the present feeling of English statesmen. I find it saying: "It is more than idle to represent this country as having established the Dominion of Canada to serve as a bulwark against the United States;" and, further, that "if the mass of the people should hereafter desire to enter the American Union, of which there is no proof or symptom, England will assuredly not lift a finger to prevent it." The "proof or symptom" might easily be shown by the prominence which the annexation question has taken, by the revolution in the New Brunswick legislature, by the innumerable leading articles that have been written on the subject, by the disclaimers which have been deemed necessary, and by the universal—and now, since the last election, outspoken—desire for the scheme in Nova Scotia. Again: the Marquis of Normanby said in the House of Lords (and I am not aware that any dissatisfaction was expressed at his lordship's remarks): "Were the British North American colonies in a position to stand alone—were they anxious or willing for separation from this country—were their feelings or inclinations such as to lead them to seek amalgamation with the United States, he did not think it would be wise for us to use coercive measures to prevent them." And almost at the same time, in the Commons, Mr. Bright said: "For my share, I want the population of these provinces to do that which they believe

to be the best for their own interests—remain with this country if they like in the most friendly manner, or become independent States if they like. If they should prefer to unite themselves with the United States, I should not even complain of that." I might go on quoting from other writers and speakers, but I refrain, giving but one more quotation—from Mr. Dilke, a gentleman who is a member of the present Parliament of England: "Those who ask why a connection (that between Canada and England) so one-sided, so opposed to the best interests of our race, should be suffered to continue, are answered, now that the argument of 'prestige' is given up, that the Canadians are loyal, and that they hate the Americans, to whom, were it not for us, they must inevitably fall. That the Canadians hate the Americans can be no reason why we should spend blood and treasure in protecting them against the consequences of their hate. The world should have passed the time when local dislikes can be suffered to affect our policy toward the other sections of our race; but even were it otherwise, it is hard to see how twelve thousand British troops, or a royal standard hoisted at Ottawa, can protect a frontier of two thousand miles in length from a nation of five-and-thirty millions. Canada can perhaps defend herself, but we most certainly cannot defend her: we provoke much more than we assist." He says, further, "that as for Canadian 'loyalty,' it appears to be merely hatred of America." And again: "At bottom, no one seems to gain by the retention of our hold on Canada. Were she independent, her borders would never again be wasted by Fenian hordes, and she would escape the terrible danger of being the battle-field on which European quarrels are fought out. Canada once republican, the 'Monroe Doctrine' would be satisfied, and its most violent partisans would cease to advocate the adoption of other than moral means to merge her territories in the Union."

I am further convinced of the acquiescence of Great Britain in annexation when I consider what small value we

are to her in any way. Commercially, we are not of the slightest benefit to her, for most of her commerce has been with the United States; and in return for the millions of dollars spent yearly in the Dominion, we clap on her goods an import duty of fifteen per cent. In time of war we are a source of weakness rather than of strength. We would divide a naval force that is not too large for home defence; and in case the war was with the United States, she would have to defend these colonies with a limited number of men and ships against the vast army of the United States, and a navy that, owing to the nearness of the battle-ground, could act with deadly effect. In such a war we in Nova Scotia would be great sufferers, for it is not the weakest place that always draws the enemy. The frowning battlements and batteries of Halifax Citadel would draw on an enemy to an attack with fatal certainty.

Now the case is simply this: We desire to go over to the United States. Canada cannot restrain us—England will not. We are of some value to the United States—we are of none to England. “Unwilling subjects,” says Mr. Fox, “are all but enemies;” and with these facts before us, we cannot but think that if we raise up our voices for annexation, our demand will be conceded—by England. Will our petition for admission to the Union be heard in the United States? That is the next most important question. That it would be refused I cannot bring myself to think. We could bring into the Union coal and gold fields of unknown and untold extent and value; fisheries of which the fishermen of Maine and Massachusetts know the richness; a country well wooded and watered, and of good fertility, no part of which is more than twenty miles from the sea. That we would bring with us the value of a place in the Union cannot be denied.

What would we obtain in return? That is the next question. What could the United States give us to compensate us for British connection, for the three hundred thousand pounds sterling spent

in our chief city, for the guarantee of a long line of railway, which, it is well known, will not for many years pay for the “grease on the wheels?” Under what terms as to our own debt and the debt of the United States would we be expected to enter the Union? It is proverbially easy to ask questions and proverbially difficult to answer them, but perhaps an American might not find the answering of the above questions so difficult a matter. He might ask, What good has British connection done you in the past two years? Has Great Britain shown any deep interest in your welfare and respect for your feelings? Has she not rather snubbed and insulted you, rejected your petitions and refused you all redress for grievances which within the last two months have been admitted to exist? Such a connection might well seem to Mr. Dilke as undesirable for both parties, for the allegiance of unwilling subjects is reluctantly given and coldly received. As to the money spent by Great Britain in Halifax, the answer might be as easily given. We are about to lose the troops altogether, and, annexation or no annexation, we shall have to do without them and their money. And, after all, the loss may not be so great. They contribute nothing to the revenue of the province, as all their imported stores are free of duty. The loss of their custom would not injure or permanently lessen the production of the country. The rumshops and brothels, which are now entirely supported by them, would lose their customers, and the men and women engaged in such pursuits would have a better chance of getting into a decent way of living, and a healthier moral tone would soon become noticeable among our people. As for the line of the railway, I confess that under the United States we should not have perhaps an even chance of getting that line, because many able men in civil and military circles have long ago decided that as a commercial speculation it will be an utter failure, and as a means of military defence or offence it is perfectly useless. But if it can be shown that the line will

be advantageous to these provinces, then the country which has built and subsidized so many lines of railway would not hesitate about adding to the value of its newly-acquired possession by largely increasing the facilities of travel and communication. The matters of debt and taxation are much more serious questions and deserve much more consideration.

But if the reports of the United States Secretary of the Treasury be in any degree true, in no very long time the debt of the United States must be so far reduced as to make the taxation less than that of the Dominion. Indeed, even if the taxation of the United States should decrease but slowly, it would be preferable in the long run to the ascending scale of taxation in the Dominion, for the country shows a deficit yearly which threatens to become chronic. But is it not possible that we might be exempted for some years from direct taxation beyond our strength for a war in which we had no part and no direct interest? We might be told, in conclusion, that the American capital which would flow into the safe investments in Nova Scotia, and develop the resources of our mines and encourage our industries and manufactures; the share we would have in the American coasting trade; the greater chance we would have of receiving a portion of the vast emigration; and the increased probability of Halifax, with its magnificent harbor and geographical position, becoming indeed the "wharf of North America,"—would amply pay us for any sacrifices we might make.

The preliminary matters having thus been discussed, the question next arises, How is annexation to be accomplished? I have shown, I think, that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia desire it, and that England would not oppose it. I am certain that there remains no more attachment to Great Britain in Nova Scotia than would be obliterated by a newspaper, soon to be issued, in six months. Now, it is to the United States, as the champion of freedom all over the world, that we look for assistance. During the past two years the bearing of Great

Britain toward the United States has been conciliatory and humble in the extreme. There exists in England a large party which began its existence with the political lives of Cobden and Bright, and though the first is dead and the second in office, the party grows apace and now numbers within it the first names in Britain. Its object was, and is, to keep the peace and reduce the taxes. Peace at any price has been its motto. To that one end the dignity and prestige of the country will, if such need should be, be sacrificed. So strong has this party grown that the present administration fears to test its power even in a contest with Fenians in Ireland. Now, you have a *casus belli*, the Alabama claims, against England. The debt is admitted, and there remains to be settled only the time and the manner of payment. In this matter the people of the States have an opportunity of acquiring at once a valuable portion of territory, of obtaining for themselves satisfaction for wrong done, and for us a repeal of the Act of Union. The next move to be made in the matter of the Alabama must be made by you. Great Britain has done all that she could be expected to do, in preparing a treaty and acknowledging the obligation. Great Britain has made a proposition, and it has been refused. It now remains for the United States to propose a means of settlement. What better gift or price could one country ask or receive from another, either in return for past kindness or in satisfaction for past wrong, than these colonies? The demand once made by America, England would consider it well. The matter would probably be referred to the people for their decision. Canada might refuse, indeed, by a small majority, but Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would gladly embrace the opportunity to join the Union.

I have now detailed, in as clear and comprehensive manner as I am capable of doing, the causes which have led to the present state of political feeling in Nova Scotia. I have stated shortly the nature of that feeling and its intensity in the country. I have shown that annex-

ation is wished for in Nova Scotia, and would not be opposed in England if consent could be given with honor. I have endeavored to consider the question of annexation in some of its practical details, though such details cannot be thoroughly discussed till some negotiation has been opened. If I have thrown any new light on the political aspect of Nova Scotia, and if that aspect finds favor more than before in the eyes of Americans, then my task is well sped, my labor has not been in vain.

I tremble to think of the consequences which must ensue for England and for us from the continuance of the Dominion side by side with the wealthy and warlike republic. If this confederation holds together, the object of its rulers will be to build up a nation powerful and wealthy enough to cope on equal terms with its mighty neighbors. It must endeavor to compete with them in agriculture, in manufactures, in commerce, in building railroads and steamships, in drawing to its shores the strong and skilled hands that come over seas to build up the cities of a land not their own; and, alas! it must also compete with them in military preparation. There must be, on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the borders of Maine a "double row of cannon and a double row of custom-houses." There must be, between American territory on the North and American territory on the South and West, a separate power in all respects antagonistic to the United States. Looking before and after, at the past history, present position and future prospects of that country, can any man feel that such a state of things is without danger of war? The United

States is the home of a whole people which cherishes the deepest hatred to England. The Irish element is getting stronger yearly in the United States, and while England is bound to protect her colonies, she is never certain of peace with the United States while a Fenian organization exists or a raid over the frontiers is possible. Further: the "Monroe Doctrine" may not be proclaimed daily from the housetops, but it is still a living, active spirit in American politics. The "Latin Empire" in Mexico at the frown of the republican giant "toppled over with a shriek" — the shriek of a murdered king. The Dominion of Canada must sooner or later meet with the same fate. I pray it may not be a more bloody one. While the Dominion exists there is ever the cloud of war on the horizon. To those living in England it may seem but of little moment, but to us who live under the shadow of it, it is portentous. I may be told that it does not become England, who rejoices in eight hundred years of battle and conquest, to fear any nation. But I submit that England has defeats and losses to remember, and has had before her eyes, lately, proofs of the prowess of the United States. I can pardon the pride which remembers with joy old glories and successes, but there is no excuse for the blindness which ignores old defeat and disaster. I can pardon the inexperience which trusts to a bright sun and an almost unclouded sky for a continuance of fine weather, but there is no excuse for the stupidity which neglects the little cloud on the horizon, and rests in fancied security till the full force of the tempest bursts on unprotected heads.

MY SUMMER PETS.

THE most remarkable of my pets consisted of a family of great, horned caterpillars, when fully grown measuring about six inches in length and an inch or more in diameter. About the head they were armed with ten frightful horns, making them very formidable in appearance; and when disturbed their menacing motions were not calculated to make them desirable or lovable objects. Still, they were perfectly harmless, their dreadful horns and awful actions to the contrary notwithstanding. No accounting for tastes, gentle reader, but these horrid creatures, with all their drawbacks, were really beautiful. They were neat, dainty and fond of dress, one would infer from the numerous changes they made in their apparel. Contrary to all usual customs, when they were infants they were clothed in black; in youth, in sober brown; still later, in dark green with black trimmings; and now, in mature age, when we should look for better things, they appear in their most gorgeous costume. The horns, which heretofore have been black and straight, now gracefully curve backward, of a light-orange color, simply tipped with black. The main dress is a brilliant green, variously mottled with other bright colors.

My series of experiments with this and many other families was conducted in a large room of an unoccupied house, bolted and barred to keep out brother "worms of the dust." For this family I had placed in the room a large tub partly filled with earth, and every night and morning fresh branches of persimmon—their favorite food—were placed in the tub. They refused both hickory and walnut, which entomologists tell us they feed upon, but I suppose this is where the persimmon does not grow.

This interesting family numbered ten individuals, and they were as unlike in disposition as so many specimens of the *genus homo*. Two, in particular, were mild and amiable, seeming to comprehend

the situation, never throwing themselves about while the fresh branches were being arranged; but I am sorry to say their brothers manifested this disposition to throw themselves from side to side and menace with their horns at a very early age, while still clothed in black, showing the total depravity of the insect race.

It was interesting to watch them at their toilet. They seemed to make as serious a matter of it as the most approved belle of the present day. They deliberated long, and even refused to eat for several hours together; and I have heard it said it is so serious a matter with them that it often costs them their lives. But mine all lived through this critical period: perhaps it was on account of their being nearly of the same age, and donning the same kind of dresses, so there were no jealousies nor rivalries among them.

They were generally a very quiet family, except when disturbed, and not voracious eaters; when fully grown, one leaf sufficing for a meal, eating all, both midrib and footstalk. After they had finished a meal they rested, hanging head downward.

I had supposed, from their healthy appearance, great size and freedom from parasites, that they would easily complete their transformations, and that I should have several chrysalids for friends. But, alas! I only secured three: the rest of the family died in the attempt at a higher life.

I have said the family were orderly and well behaved; and so they were until they ceased eating and began to look about (or feel about: entomologists tell us caterpillars are blind) for a place to transform. They would not all go into the earth prepared for them. Some were bent upon an exploring expedition outside of the tub, and they were very irritable. If they came in contact with one another, a terrible struggle would

ensue. A pair of these amiable creatures met upon the edge of the tub: for a long time they tried to pass each other or walk over one another, horns and all; but as soon as one attempted it, the other would throw himself from side to side, and so they worked until one seemed tired out; and as its head was bent on one side, like some affected miss, the other walked over. After it once secured a foothold, all the fearful demonstrations from the conquered one had not power to shake off his adversary; and in this way they passed only to meet again; but rather than submit to the like indignity the second time, the conquered one threw himself to the floor.

No amount of coaxing or gentle treatment could prevail upon part of the family to remain in the tub, but round and round the room they would go, looking larger and fiercer than ever. After a while six of the family disappeared in the tub of earth, which was a great relief to me, as I should have no more trouble with them for the next nine months at least; and one completed its transformation, throwing off its gaudy dress and horns on top of the earth, for which I was very thankful, having the opportunity to watch the whole proceeding. But the remaining three were bound to have their own way. A heap of earth was placed upon the floor, but they rambled over it without a care or thought for all the trouble they were causing me. After they had explored every nook and corner without any satisfactory result, a change came over their *wormships*: they began rapidly to diminish in size, shrivel up—as a little girl whom I sometimes admitted to the room very forcibly expressed it, “See! they are all puckered up!”—and in this way they died. But I was quite elated with my supposed success, thinking surely I should have seven chrysalids; so, after a time, I carefully removed the earth, when lo! my “great expectations” were far from being realized. I found two large, beautiful chrysalids, two had died like their fellows on the floor, and the remaining two had partly trans-

formed and then died, and were in a state of decay.

It is a singular fact that the five caterpillars which did not attempt a transformation, further than to hunt around and diminish in size, did not decay, but *dried up*; and when broken, their interiors looked as much like the pith of elder as anything to which I can compare them. And thus came to an end my care and trouble with these pets. But my chrysalids I prize very highly. One is promised to a well-known professor in botany: the other two I trust I shall see unfold into beautiful moths of the *Ceratocampa regalis*.

My experiments with the genus *Attacus* (American silkworm) convince me that it might be made a source of profit far exceeding the common silkworm (*Bombyx mori*), which is a foreigner, and of course could not be expected to do as well as our native silkworms, of which there are four species, all producing fine, beautiful silk. Could we rear them in the open air, we should incur scarcely any expense or trouble, but their numerous parasitic enemies prevent the possibility of this. The greatest mortality seems to be with the *Attacus luna*: not more than one in thirty cocoons of this species, reared in the open air, escaped the enemy, and very many of the caterpillars were too much enfeebled to spin cocoons at all.

As this was my first attempt to rear these caterpillars, and I had no assistance or others' experience to guide me, I was not disheartened by my failure; for, in the first place, it was more to study their habits than any thought of profit which entered my head, but finding them so numerous I did intend to experiment with the silk; and so, dear reader, you shall have my failures, and should you wish to embark in the same enterprise, you can avoid the shoals on which I foundered.

The *Attacus luna* is the most beautiful of all our moths. The body is pure white, the wings pea-green, with a bright, variegated, eye-like spot on each. It expands from five to six inches, and is

justly termed "fair empress of the night." In June I procured a fine female of this species: she deposited a great number of eggs, leaving from three to five in a place, and from twenty to thirty in a night. She remained very quiet during the day, but commenced fluttering and flying about at twilight; and as she deposited her eggs she gave a succession of sharp little shrieks, perhaps calling her mate, but he did not appear. After keeping her several days, I opened the window and let her depart in search of him. She flew high and rested on the top of a tall pine, where I soon lost sight of her in the gathering darkness. And now my attention must be directed to her numerous progeny, which she had so heartlessly forsaken. The eggs commenced hatching in about eleven days from the time they were deposited. When first hatched, they were about an eighth of an inch in length, very wide-awake and lively. I followed the directions of Harris, giving them hickory and walnut, but they did not seem to like either, were uneasy, crawling everywhere but where they should, and constantly dying off, until I became discouraged, and had the remaining few carried to a hickory tree and left there.

I soon learned the cause of my failure. On examining a persimmon tree. I found great numbers of these young caterpillars feeding upon its leaves: they, like the *Ceratocampa regalis*, prefer these to hickory or walnut. Had I known this, I probably should have had better success with my little family, whose ancestors, no doubt, fed upon this tree, entailing upon their offspring like tastes and habits. I collected quite a number of these young caterpillars, putting them on trees where I could have a supervision over them, and rearing a few in the house. Like the *Ceratocampa*, they changed their dress some four times, each dress being more beautiful than the one preceding. After acquiring the length of about four inches (when some two months old), they were ready for transformation, ceased eating for a day or so, rapidly diminished in size, drew some leaves about them, com-

menced spinning their cocoons and were soon lost to sight.

The *Attacus polyphemus* resembles the *Luna*, but feeds upon the oak (I saw no preference for any particular species of it), and can be reared in confinement, and appears as healthy as in the open air. For some reason these worms escape the spoliation of the parasites more than the *Luna*. And the caterpillars are more beautiful than those of the latter, having gold or pearl-like spots, which glisten in the sun like diamond dust on a fashionable lady's hair; and when at rest, like the *Luna*, they *hunch up*, giving them the true "Grecian bend." With this species there is more of a gluey substance mixed with the silk than with either of the others; and like the *Luna* they enfold their cocoons in leaves, but are not always satisfied with this: when the leaves which they selected for their cocoons came in contact with the floor or ceiling, they secured them so firmly to this with the glue that it was necessary to take a thin-bladed knife to pry them loose.

The neat little *Promethea* was my favorite with this genus, and I secured quite a quantity of the cocoons, which are smaller than those of the other species, but contain quite as much silk as those of the *Luna* and *Polyphemus*. When fully grown the caterpillars are about three inches in length, of a light-green color, and near the head are decorated with four bright, coral-red (entomologists call them *warts*, but I consider they have just cause to rebel against such slander as this: they are not warts then, but *ornaments*); and the body is dotted all over with beautifully blue (not warts) *ornaments*, and near the extremity is a bright yellow *ornament*. With all this blending of color they did not look gaudy, but neat and modest; and, unlike their cousins the *Luna* and *Polyphemus*, they did not affect the Grecian bend, but while resting were straight and trim. Their diet, like that of the *Luna*, was persimmon leaves. I found none upon the sassafras or button-bush (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*), their supposed favorite food.

It was interesting to watch one of them secure itself to the twig after it had chosen the leaf in which to build its winter quarters. It first firmly secured the petiole of the leaf to the twig by a great number of silk threads, sometimes extending these threads two or three inches along the twig. After it was satisfied with the fastenings (and I think it would take all of Winship's strength to tear them asunder), it brought the single leaf together which partly enfolds the cocoon, and was soon out of sight under cover of its rapidly-constructed silken canopy.

Speaking of the fastenings of the *Promethea*, reminds me of an incident in the life of a *Polyphemus* which I must relate. You will recollect that great numbers of the oaks were infested with the oak-worm (*Dryocampa senatoria*), and in such numbers that they swept all before them. Toward the close of the season I noticed a small tree almost entirely denuded of its leaves by these caterpillars. Near the end of one of the branches was a fine, large *Polyphemus*, which the voracious *Dryocampus* had not yet reached. This branch was out of my reach, and—I am not a coward; oh no! but numbers always overpower me, and then, too, I had some curiosity to see what the *Polyphemus* would do—reasons enough surely, for leaving one of my favorites to his fate! He seemed to survey the advancing foe with some dismay, but as escape was entirely out of the question, there was nothing to do but face the enemy; so he retreated as near the end of the branch as possible, selected two good leaves, and commenced securing them firmly to the twig after the manner of the *Promethea*. On came the devastating horde, leaving not a leaf behind, and devouring as much as they could of the leaves that enclosed the hastily-constructed cocoon of my favorite. The cocoon was secured as a trophy of his superior wisdom in this great emergency, and it is the only instance where I have ever found a cocoon

of the *Polyphemus* made fast to the twig in this manner.

The *Attacus cecropia*, the largest species of this genus, I did not attempt to rear in the house, as it is said not to bear confinement well. But it is a more indiscriminate feeder, liking a greater variety of diet than either of its relatives. I have found it upon the hickory (*Carya glabra*), the apple (*Pyrus malus* and *P. coronaria*), wild cherry (*Cerasus serotina*) and cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), thriving as well, and feeding evidently with as much gusto and relish, upon one as the other. And I have taken a fine large cocoon from a species of sumac (*Rhus glabra*), but I could not determine whether the caterpillar had fed upon this last: a wild cherry was in close proximity, from which it might have wandered.

The cocoons of this species are much larger than either of the others, and contain much more silk, of a bright, glossy lustre, and free from that gluey substance which characterizes the *Polyphemus*.

As I said above, could these caterpillars be protected from the parasites, great profit might be realized from their silk.

The little ichneumons that emerge from the poor caterpillar, spinning their tiny cocoons all over its back, are the least of the enemies of this genus, although I have heard it stated that they are its greatest. The greatest enemy I found to the *Luna* was a large, four-winged ichneumon, measuring about two inches across and nearly the same length of body. I have seen three of these large insects emerge from one chrysalis, eating their way through the tough cocoon—rendering it worthless; and I have seen a smaller species, of a different genus, escape from the same cocoon: this last was a two-winged insect striped off after the manner of a zebra. These attack the *Promethea* and *Polyphemus* also, sometimes a dozen or more escaping from the same cocoon.

MARY TREAT.

INSIDE A CHINESE GAMBLING-HELL.

AMONG the most striking sights to a foreigner in a Chinese city is the gambling-hell. Although few travelers in the Flowery Kingdom omit to mention gambling and opium-smoking as among the prevailing practices of the people, the former "institution" has been seldom visited, and still less often described.

Rambling one evening, as was our wont when not too tired with the day's work, through the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong, my attention was attracted by a light through a partially-opened doorway, and an unusual display of paper slips which dangled from the sign over the door. My first impression was that it was a small joss-house or pawnbroking establishment—an impression which the appearance of a crowd of pig-tailed natives, standing grouped around what seemed to be a large altar or oval-shaped table inside, served to strengthen. But extremes meet in this wonderful country and people so marvelously that I early began to doubt appearances. Churches, pawnbrokers' shops and gambling-hells are so much alike outside that the foreigner is constantly in danger of mistaking one for the other—in slang verbiage, of "putting his foot in it."

Seeing my curiosity awakened, one or two of those inside motioned me to come in. I accepted the invitation, and forthwith found I was in a gambling-shop. No sooner was I inside than a way was cleared for me, and I soon stood near the elbow of the banker or croupier, where I had a good chance of witnessing the movements of those around me.

The table or platform on which the game is conducted is between three and four feet high, about six feet long and three broad, and is usually covered with a piece of matting. Owing to the height of this table, stools or raised footboards are not unfrequently placed around, upon which the betters elevate themselves to the desired point. The game is very

simple—so simple indeed as to soon lose all its interest except to those engaged in staking upon its chances. Near the banker is a tray filled with dollars, smaller coins and little packets of broken silver. He also has a supply of bank-notes in a drawer. In front of him lies a square slab, composed usually of pewter. On the sides of this slab are marked, respectively, *one, two, three* and *four*. I am invited to bet, and I take a small chance on No. 3, over a Chinese playing card.

The banker does not know the names of the respective players, and in order to maintain their separate individualities he deals to each one a playing card, and regards him in his own mind during the game not as Hoh-Kee, Roh-Kee, Win-Kee, Wum or Fum, but as such and such a number of such and such a suit.

Before we begin to stake, a confederate seated at the other end of the table takes from a heap of bright clean Chinese *cash* before him a double handful, which he places in a smaller heap upon the table and covers with a pewter cup. When all have staked, he takes off the cup, and this done no more stakes can be made. Now with a long chopstick the croupier draws four of the small copper coins from the heap, then four more, and then four more, and so on until the last four have been drawn out and only three remain, and I have won. The banker takes up all the stakes on the *one, two* and *four* sides of the pewter slab first, and then he pays the winners. I receive back my dollar and three dollars besides, less seven per cent., the banker's commission; so that I win two dollars and seventy-nine cents.

There is a kind of arithmetical phenomenon to be met with at most Chinese gambling-houses, who by some mysterious process of counting can always tell what the winning number will be before the *cash* have been half counted. There stands one of these prodigies now.

The instant the cup is taken off the heap, he glares with the eye of a Gorgon upon the *cash*, and, I suspect, begins to count from the side of the heap farthest from the man who is drawing out the fours, and thus at a certain moment he knows how many *cash* are still in the heap; and by mentally dividing the number by four he can discover what the remainder will be. How he manages to count a huddled heap so correctly I do not profess to know.

Gambling in China is epidemic and all

but universal. The poor beggar who has but one *cash* and an empty stomach will gamble with the rice-cake peddler whether he gets two rice-cakes in place of one, or starves. Some idea of the extent to which gambling is carried on among the natives of Hong Kong may be gleaned from the fact that over twenty thousand dollars a month—a sum equal to a quarter of a million dollars a year—is paid to the British government for gambling licenses.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

THE WATCHER.

WHILE the bleak sea drearily thunders,
 While the night-blast wails o'erhead,
 I watch in the shadowy chamber,
 Alone by the tranquil dead;
 And over my spirit has fallen such darkness of vague affright
 That here at my vigil I shudder, and yearn for the morrow's light.

I am touched by no ghostly terror
 Of the moveless mystery there,
 With carven smile and the glory,
 Madonna-like, round its hair;
 For the miracle of a murmur could chill not from lips so dear,
 And the joy in my passionate answer would pause not to dream of fear.

Yet, haunting the death-room's quiet,
 While I list to the tumult without,
 There steals through the dimness, vague-shapen,
 The woeful-eyed phantom of doubt;
 And the voice of the clamoring tempest seems merciless in its roar,
 As the sounding of infinite waters that break on an infinite shore.

O lingering morrow, hasten
 The long, long gloom's release!
 Gird softly the brow of the sleeper,
 And brighten it into peace!
 Come, Day, with your blessed changes, like mists from the vision drawn,
 Speed Doubt to the flying darkness, bring Faith with the rising dawn!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TALK IN THE FOREST.

"L'alternative des succès et des revers a son utilité. Nous nous plaignons de l'inconstance de la fortune. C'est de sa constance que nous devrions nous plaindre : alors, en effet, elle a plus de moyens de nous corrompre."⁹

DEGERANDO, "*Du Perfectionnement Moral*."

ONE of the long vistas characteristic of the rude country-paths by which the early settlers threaded their way from cabin to cabin opened before Celia ; and the animal she rode, raising its head and pointing its small, taper ears, caused the rider to look round, in expectation of some one's approach.

The road before her was vacant, but off to the right, through the open woods, gay with blossoms of the dogwood and the redbud, she thought she distinguished in the distance a horseman, riding in the same direction as herself.

"It must be Sydenham," she thought, for she knew that the bridle-path from his residence to Tyler's mill led through these woods, and connected, a few hundred yards farther on, with the road she was pursuing. Yes, it was he. But how was she to meet him?—what to say to him? Should she reveal all, and ask his advice?

An hour before she would have shrunk from such a disclosure. But now a quickened pulse gave bolder impulses. She took heart. She felt that the world must soon know her real position ; and who so worthy of her confidence, or so capable to counsel her in her present strait, as her mother's trusted friend, to whom she was already beholden for so much encouragement in her former troubles—ah, such petty troubles they seemed now ! But if she was to say anything to him at all, it must be at once, ere courage cooled : she felt that.

If she had any remaining hesitation,

⁹ "The alternation of success and reverse is useful. We complain of the inconstancy of fortune, but its constancy would corrupt us more."

PEABODY'S Translation.

it was dispelled by Sydenham's manner—the evident pleasure with which he met her, the cordial earnestness with which he extended his hand and inquired after her welfare.

"And Bess still continues to behave well?" he asked as they rode on together.

"No creature could behave better. So full of spirit and so docile, too, as she is ! She knows me, and I do believe loves me, for she will come, at my call, from the farthest corner of our pasture. It is hard to part with a favorite," she added, sadly, stooping over the pony's neck and patting it fondly.

The tone, more than the words, arrested Sydenham's attention.

"I know, Mr. Sydenham," she rejoined, looking up, "that you must have thought me foolish and unreasonable."

"When?"

"Do you remember the day Brunette ran away with Mrs. Hartland and Lela—the day we had that long conversation together?"

"As if it were yesterday."

"You thought me weak and childish then : do not deny it."

"I thought you inexperienced—depressed without sufficient cause. I did miss in you a certain force of mind—a spirit that often lies dormant within us till circumstances call it forth."

"I am ashamed of myself when I look back upon it. I know now exactly what you must have thought of me. I hope you are right when you say that there is often within us more than appears during prosperity. I had everything to make me happy in those days—everything : kind friends, a respected name, an easy competency. I had nothing, absolutely nothing, as an excuse for low spirits. The delay of my marriage with Mowbray, how little, in reality, did that signify ! I once heard you say that girls marry too young in this country.

So they do: they marry in haste, to repent at leisure."

Sydenham was thoroughly alarmed. "What is the matter?" he said. "Tell me at once."

"Why do you imagine that something terrible has happened?"

"What is it, Celia? It is useless to attempt to deceive me. Some influence is changing your character. It is not the old Celia I used to know."

"Do I look as downcast now as when I came to complain to you that day of my hard fate?"

"No: you are a different creature. You are agitated, and I am sure something is amiss. But there is a light in your eye and a determination in your tone that seem anything but downcast."

"I am glad of it. At least you will not feel contempt for me."

"Celia, do I deserve this? Did I not promise your mother that I would watch over her daughter's happiness? Why will you keep me in suspense? What is it?"

"My father deceived that mother you knew so well. He was already married. I am an illegitimate child. Not a dollar of my father's property belongs to me. I am a penniless orphan, who must work for her bread and make her own way in the world."

"Good God!"

And Sydenham involuntarily checked his horse so sharply that the spirited animal started and reared against the bit.

For a moment the girl and her auditor seemed suddenly to have exchanged characters. She sat erect and quiet, her graceful form drawn up to its full height: her young face, shaded by the wide-rimmed riding-hat, very sad indeed, but quite calm; and though her voice trembled somewhat, she spoke so deliberately, and met Sydenham's first agitated glance of alarm, astonishment, incredulity with a look so steady and collected, that it took him almost as much by surprise as the astounding tidings she had just imparted.

But this was for the first moment of excitement only, and then nature and habit reasserted their power. Syden-

ham's evident dismay was communicating itself to Celia. He saw it, and it recalled his self-possession at once. Putting his horse again in motion, he came close to her side and spoke in his usual tone:

"So! You *have* surprised me. Ah, this comes from Cranstoun."

"Yes."

"The man is capable of any duplicity. Did he give you proof?"

"Papa's own letters, written about seventeen years ago, admitting the fact of his previous marriage, and adjuring Cranstoun to silence."

"You are sure of the handwriting?"

"Perfectly sure. Mamma preserved many of papa's letters: I have read them often, and I cannot be deceived in this."

"It may be," said Sydenham, after a pause, for the strange influence Cranstoun had maintained for years over one so dissimilar to him in character and station occurred forcibly to his mind. "It may be — probably it is. At all events, the facts can be positively ascertained, and they shall be."

"Oh they are true: do not doubt it, Mr. Sydenham. They explain so much in papa's conduct that was unaccountable till now."

"I have admitted that they are probable. Well, Celia?"

"It is very terrible, is it not?"

"No. I fear I have forfeited all claim to be believed when I say so. You did startle me, Celia — that is the truth — coming out with that sudden, solemn announcement, but there is nothing terrible in what you told me."

"Have I not just cause for unhappiness?"

"For unhappiness, no: for regret, certainly. It is a very painful thing to hear of a parent's misconduct."

"Oh so very painful!"

"And it would not be one's duty, as it is, to watch over the preservation of one's property if its loss were not an evil."

"I remember well your once explaining to me how much independence there is in forty thousand dollars."

"You have a good memory, and I

will not gainsay that opinion. Independence is the power to act, within lawful limits, as we please; and money adds greatly to that power. I am very sorry for your loss; yet, after all, it may prove a gain to you."

"I have often read," said Celia with a sigh, "of the chastening and purifying effects of adversity."

"That sentiment is to be taken with some grains of allowance. Many, doubtless, have been able to say from the heart, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' But there *is* a grinding adversity that crushes oftener than it reforms. I have seen terrible things in the course of my life, Celia—not here, but in the Old World—terrible things that make one shudder to recall them: entire masses of human beings dying for lack of food; selling their youth and their health, and at last their very lives, for a pittance too small to keep body and soul together. I was in Ireland during that dreadful famine of 1847. It haunted my dreams for years! Ah, Celia, if you could but imagine the utter destitution that is the lot of millions, how small would seem your present loss!—how numberless the comforts that are still within your reach!"

Sydenham's kindling eyes and stirring words touched Celia to the soul. How faithfully the heart feels for others when it begins to learn sorrow by experience of its own!

"It is true," she said, submissively. "I should be most unthankful if I forgot that I have far more to rejoice at than to deplore. If I may but retain the affection and esteem of my friends! But some of them of course I shall lose—"

"Is that your idea of friends? I esteem you much more than I did before. To me there was always something pleasant and attractive about you, Celia. But I confess you have sometimes seemed to me, like many other girls one meets with in the world, very good and amiable doubtless—"

"Love-sick damsels, in short."

"I never thought you that. But one felt the lack of something vigorous, racy, self-relying. You are gaining that. You

bear this trial admirably well. I see that it will be of real service to your character. Why, it has strengthened it already. You are coming out grandly, Celia."

How grateful sometimes—more genial than sunshine, more welcome than the first fresh air of spring—comes the breath of praise from those we love! It brings on its wings healing to the wounds of sorrow, healthy invigoration to the spirit sick and depressed. Wholly unwonted as it was from Sydenham, it proved to Celia, at this juncture, inexpressibly soothing. Her heart felt braver at each word.

"Ah, Mr. Sydenham," she said, "if others did but feel as you do, how easily I could bear the loss of fortune, and even of name! But you, who never deceive any one, even in kindness, will not tell me that of those who flattered the heiress none will desert the penniless girl with a stain on her birth."

"You are right. I shall certainly not try to persuade you that you will lose no flatterers. I do not even say that you will have the same chance which the heiress might have had of enlarging your circle of acquaintances."

"I know it well. Ah! that true line of the ballad—'The poor make no new friends.'"

"Now you are running away with the idea. That line *is* touchingly true, and it came from the experience of the heart, whoever wrote it. But there is little chance that it should ever apply to you. You do not know—I hope you never will—what poverty means."

"I must work for a living now."

"But that is not poverty in this country, especially in a village like Chiskauga. It is not even hardship, if one has an education to fit for useful and profitable employment, with good friends to interest themselves in procuring it; and you have both, Celia. No new friends! Look round you, and see how many maintain themselves happily, reputedly, increasing both in money and in friends, with far less resources. Your education has been no common one. You have a good knowledge of two foreign languages:

Ethan speaks highly of your progress in German. Your talent for music, rare by nature and carefully cultivated, is, in itself, a competence. I admit that you no longer possess the independence which a surplus of money bestows; but you have a surer one, of which no man can deprive you—the independence which lies in labor—less honored than the other, but more honorable. And if, in seeking it, you find those whom you call friends dropping away, let them go! You are better without them.”

“You think, then, that this reverse of fortune is a gain instead of a loss to me.”

“The future must determine that. Many pleasant things, of course, you will lose by it—the opportunity of traveling, for instance. I know you have had dreams of Switzerland and Italy, and I’m afraid I had something to do in nursing them. The very butterfly acquaintances that come round us when the sun shines, though they may not be friends, are often agreeable, well-informed people, whom we may like to meet and be sorry to lose. But then you gain one of the essentials to happiness.”

“What is that?”

“A regular, settled object in life — a steady pursuit (I see you have determined on that), requiring daily exertion of body and mind. I’d like to give you—for it touches your case—a recollection of my childhood?”

“If it is not encroaching on your time, Mr. Sydenham, I should be delighted. But you came out on business, did you not?”

“Chiefly for exercise this fine spring weather, with a message from Leoline to Nelson Tyler about flour.” They were then within a few rods of the mill. “Let me deliver it, and my time is entirely at your service for the rest of the morning.”

They rode up, and the miller, his gray clothes well sprinkled with dust, came out to greet them, and to ask Mr. Sydenham what he could do for him. After he had taken an order for two barrels of flour, Celia, whose thoughts had reverted to the anonymous letter, inquired after Ellen’s welfare. A slight shade came over the miller’s hearty manner and open

face, but after a moment’s hesitation he called to his daughter, his deep, base tones reaching their dwelling, which stood a little way off. Thence Ellen came forward, fresh and neat indeed, but with a look of depression over her pretty features. When she recognized Celia, a sudden blush overspread face and bosom.

“Ellen,” said her father, himself somewhat embarrassed, “Miss Celia has been asking after you.”

Celia extended her hand and shook Ellen’s cordially.

“We seldom see you in town now, Ellen,” she said: “are you no longer taking French lessons from Mrs. Mowbray?”

The blush, which had been passing away, deepened again. But the girl struggled for composure: “No, Miss Celia. Mrs. Mowbray’s French class is broken up, and—and it’s expensive to take private lessons.”

“Do you wish to join another class?”

Ellen looked at her father.

“The reason I ask,” added Celia, “is, because I may have a French class myself one of these days.”

“You!” said the girl, her blue eyes dilating with astonishment. “I thought rich folks—”

“I am not rich; and, besides, it is a good thing for young people to do something for a living.”

“I should be very glad, Miss Celia—that is—if father—” She stopped, reading dissent in his face.

“It’s very kind of you,” he said—“very kind, Miss Celia: I shall not forget it. If Ellen takes any more French lessons, I’ll send her to nobody but you. But I think she’s had as many as will do her any good for the present. That was a true word you said, miss, that young folks should do something for a living; and this lass of mine”—he patted her head—“she’s a good girl, if she does dress out now and then, and even herself to them that cares little for her—she does what she can to take her dead mother’s place. I want to do the best for her, if I only knew what *is* best. If anything were to happen to me—”

"Oh don't, father, don't!" said the girl, her eyes full of tears; and then, ashamed of her emotion, she made a sudden retreat to the house.

"You must excuse her, miss," said Tyler to Celia: "she don't mean to be uncivil, and it's done her good that you spoke so kind to her; but she can't stand it to think the old man must go one of these days. Mr. Sydenham, you may count on having that flour this evening."

They bade the miller good-morning, and turning homeward rode on for some time in silence. Then Sydenham said:

"I am glad that we called there this morning, and very glad that you spoke to Ellen as you did. As the father said, it did the poor child good."

"I like Ellen. But I was afraid you might think me premature in beginning to electioneer, as politicians say, for pupils already."

"Far from it. Promptitude is one of the elements of success."

"But that anecdote, Mr. Sydenham—or was it an anecdote you were about to tell me?"

"Yes. My good father—a man who, even to extreme old age, maintained habits of active employment—was speaking, one day, of an English friend of his, Mr. Walsingham—one of those whom the world considers eminently fortunate. A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment and the inheritor of a princely fortune, he had been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. He had married, in early life, an amiable wife, and had seen his children (though he never personally concerned himself with their education) grow up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town-house in a fashionable square in London, and a country-seat ten or twelve miles off, in the midst of one of those magnificent English parks—the ideal of stately rural elegance, with its trimly-kept lawn and its widespread chase, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noonday heat and a lair at nightfall."

"I have so often heard of these beau-

tiful English parks, and dreamed that some day I might see one."

"The dream may come true, for all that is past, Celia. Mr. Walsingham had traveled over Europe, and brought back, as mementoes of his journey, paintings and statuary by some of the best masters, ancient and modern, with which to adorn his favorite retreat. The house itself (I have seen it since), with its rich marble columns and balustrades, was a fine specimen of the purest Palladian manner, where all that luxurious refinement could devise had been unsparingly lavished. There my father found his friend with no occupation more pressing than to pore over the treasures of his library, and no graver care than to superintend the riches of a conservatory where wealth had brought together, from half the world, its choicest plants and flowers."

"What a charming life!" exclaimed Celia. "How happy he must have been!"

"That was my father's thought. They spent some days in undisturbed quiet: not an incident, beyond the conversation of a sedate and intellectual family circle and the arrival and departure of a friend or two, to break the complete repose. Delightful it was to my father, no doubt, in contrast with the city bustle and the constant occupation he had left. One morning he said to his host: 'I have been thinking that if I ever met with a man who has nothing left to desire, you are he. Health of body, cultivation of mind, a charming family, wealth and all it procures—whatever Nature and Art present of most beautiful—you have them all. Are you not completely happy?' Never, my father said to me, should he forget the dreary sadness of the unexpected reply: 'Happy! Ah, Mr. Sydenham, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it! I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for: why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that

lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.' That was my father's story. I never forgot it, and I trust I have profited by its lessons."

"And so will I, Mr. Sydenham. Indeed, indeed, you shall not have to forego your good opinion of me. I know how much you have been doing to benefit our village and its inhabitants. Perhaps—oh, in a very humble way I know it must be—but yet perhaps I may be able to aid you, just a little, while I provide for my own support."

"You are thinking of a school. That is right. You really possess a gift for teaching, as grateful Ellinor Ethelridge can testify."

"Dear Ellie! I have been able to assist her so far; but then—ah, what a pity! If now I begin a school in opposition to hers—"

"It might be an injury to her, you think? So it might. But yet, if that is really necessary, there is nothing wrong in it. Every merchant who begins a business may take from the profits of those already engaged in the same. We ought to be generous to others, as you have been to Ellinor, while we can afford it; but it may become equally a duty, if circumstances change, to be just to ourselves."

Celia sighed: "I am beginning to find out the pleasant things I have lost."

"The exercise of generosity is one of the most pleasant things that money permits."

"But I am resolved never to take any of Ellie's scholars away from her, even if they apply to me."

"Very good. One can be generous, you see, without being rich; and such generosity is worth more, for it costs more, than what we carelessly give from superfluity. But perhaps there need be no competition between you. I know that Miss Ethelridge has almost daily offers of pupils whom she refuses, fearing to take a greater number than she can do justice to. These applications would be more numerous still if she could teach music, as you can. What if you were to join her and carry on the school in partnership? I am sure there will be found enough for both to do."

When they came to talk over the details of the plan, Sydenham asked, "Have you not some money which came to you through your mother?"

"About sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars, I think my uncle once told me. That is legally mine, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly, even if all the rest is gone. Now let me give you one or two business hints that occur to me. Shall you propose to Miss Ethelridge to be equal partner with her in her school?"

"That would not be just. She has worked hard to establish it and build up its reputation."

"You are right. For this you ought to give some equivalent. I happen to know that Miss Ethelridge thinks it an admirable plan to teach children as much as possible through the eye, and that she wishes much to obtain a set of handsome illustrations; some representing objects of natural history, including geology; others, charts exhibiting what has been called the stream of Time, bringing tangibly before children the leading events and revolutions of ancient and modern history. Then she would like to have a large magic lantern, with slides affording other useful illustrations; also to have photographs of the most interesting scenes in our own and in foreign countries. It would be of great advantage to the school. But all that is expensive."

"Would the money I have purchase it?"

"A thousand dollars, she said, would be enough. I offered to advance that

sum, but she is sensitive about obligations, and declined. I think she would receive it from you as an equivalent for the privilege of equal partnership; and then the illustrations, when they are bought, should be considered the joint property of both. There would still remain to you six or seven hundred dollars, which you ought to keep, in case of accidents."

The discussion of this and other matters connected with the proposed partnership brought them to the point where the road to Rosebank diverged, and there they parted.

How things were smoothing themselves in Celia's path! How "way," to use the Quaker phrase, "was opening before her!" Sydenham's proposal saved her from even the appearance of doing a hard thing—that severest trial of straitened circumstances.

CHAPTER XXV.
BREAKING THE ICE.

A FRIEND once said to me: "Do you know I think those old martyrs must have been very uncomfortable people to live with?" At first the idea struck me as very odd—afterward as very true. I should not have relished a life among the Puritans in the days when Hester Prynne walked about with that scarlet letter on her breast. Yet they were a grand old race, those Plymouth-rock pilgrims—the stuff that heroes and founders of empires are made of. What they thought right they did, and seldom asked whether it was pleasant to do it. They were hard on themselves: it is not surprising that they were hard also on others. If they were not amiable, they were estimable. If they were not pleasant people to deal with in daily life, they were men and women to trust to in the day of need or in the hour of trial.

Thomas Hartland, born in Connecticut, had a considerable touch of Puritan severity about him. He was, indeed, an improvement on his father, a stern old Englishman, who took credit to himself for admitting that a man must not

chastise the wife of his bosom with a rod any thicker than his thumb). He meant to be kind to the gentle Alice, and he thought he was because he abstained from all physical coercion. But he inherited so much of his father's spirit as devoutly to believe that domestic discipline was wholesome just in proportion as it was strict and exacting. If he acted the tyrant to his wife and son, it was on principle, not from wickedness: it was because his ideas of marital and paternal authority were none of the clearest, and because the heart was not warm enough to correct the errors of the head.

Sydenham and he frequently came into conflict. One day, for example, on a school committee of which they were both members, the question of corporal punishment coming up, Sydenham had taken ground against it, and Mr. Harper had added a few words on the same side. This aroused Hartland.

"These new-fangled, sentimental notions," he said, "may suit squeamish people, but the old-fashioned scriptural morality is good enough for me. A rod is for the back of him who is void of understanding! If that text is not plain enough, there are others plainer yet—direct injunctions: 'Thou shalt beat the child with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' Gentlemen will not, I think, deny the authority."

"The texts are correctly quoted," said Sydenham, quietly: "we know that this has been said by them of old time, but we know also that the word *rod* does not occur even once in all the recorded teachings of Christ."

A bitter reply rose to Hartland's lips, but he restrained himself. "What is the use?" he thought. "A man who will encourage a son to rebel against his father's will!"

In this spirit it was that Hartland had hitherto treated his niece—with judicious firmness he called it; acting a father's part, he thought, when he thwarted her inclinations and pressed Cranstoun's suit. She was now afraid to encounter him. She found Mr. and Mrs. Hartland both out when she returned from

her ride, and it was with fear and trembling she resolved, that same evening, to disclose all to her formidable uncle, not having had an opportunity previously to converse with her aunt alone. She expected her Cousin Ethan to go out, as he often did, after tea, but he remained. "He is good and kind," she thought: "they may as well all hear it at once: then it will be over." Yet she shivered, like some faint-hearted swimmer about to take the first plunge. Even in her distress she had a droll sense that she was going to break the ice about as willingly as a poor wretch might who had risen before sunrise in a fireless bed-room, some morning when the thermometer was below zero, and found the water in his pitcher frozen hard.

Hartland's first surprise almost equaled Sydenham's, but the two men took the disclosure differently. The uncle felt keenly the social disgrace that had overtaken his niece, and thought bitterly and resentfully of his dead brother-in-law's offence. Yet toward the poor girl herself the better part of his nature came out now.

Celia began her relation with hesitation and in an unsteady voice, but she gathered confidence as she proceeded. We often lament that the first keen relish of a new pleasure fades in proportion as it is repeated: we forget that, by the same law of our nature, the sting of a fresh misfortune abates as, by recurrence, the idea of it becomes familiar. Even the lapse of a single day had dulled the edge of Celia's sorrow; and the fortitude with which she met her fate, and the composure with which she declared to Mr. Hartland her resolve to earn her own living in the future by teaching, won his esteem. He had been far from giving her credit for so much spirit and independence, and he did not guess the share Sydenham had had in sustaining and encouraging her.

Celia's newly-acquired equanimity gave way for a time, however, before the burst of grief and the tender endearments of her aunt. Alice, who had drilled herself to repress all manifestations of deep emotion or outbursts of affection in the

presence of her husband, sat at first with fixed eyes and clasped hands and in breathless silence, scarcely taking in the full import of Celia's appalling communication, but when the latter came to the expression of her resolution to be a burden to no one, it seemed all to burst upon her at once. Unable longer to restrain herself, she fell on her niece's neck, her tears and sobs attesting her grief and sympathy; called her her dear child and her darling daughter; and then, forgetting the presence of the master of the house, protested against the idea of her working for a livelihood, asking her if she did not know that she would always have a home with them, whatever might betide.

This unwonted encroachment on his domestic authority, which nothing but his wife's ungovernable excitement would have tempted her to commit, almost upset Hartland's favorable disposition to his niece, but he tried to restrain himself.

"Alice," he said, "Celia shows more sense than you do. You spoil the child when you ought to encourage her." Then to Celia, who had released herself from her aunt's embraces, and was drying her own eyes: "I never had much sympathy with your father, but he is gone to his account, and it is wrong to speak ill of the dead. At all events, your mother was not to blame, and neither are you. I have thought you obstinate sometimes, disposed to take your own way more than a young person should; but you deserve credit for the manner in which you have stood this blow: it is more than I expected of you. If you see fit to teach so as to procure pocket-money for your little expenses, I see no objection; I suppose it would be pleasanter for you than to take the money from me. But I hope you knew, before your aunt thought it necessary to tell you, that the orphan of my sister-in-law will always find a home and a welcome in her uncle's house."

Celia's acknowledgments would have been more cordial but for the tone Hartland had assumed toward her aunt. Yet she was grateful, and did thank him, adding:

"If my health should fail, or if by teaching I cannot earn enough to pay all my expenses, then, dear uncle, I shall accept your kindness without scruple. But while I am well and able to work, it is my duty to pay my own way, if I can. And you have always told me that I ought to act up to my highest ideas of duty."

"Well, Celia, you are a good girl, and I shall stand by you through this matter. The first thing to be done is to ascertain its exact legal bearings. Did Cranstoun give you Mr. Dunmore's address?"

"I asked for it, and this is his answer," handing him the letter she had received the day before.

Hartland read it twice, his face darkening the while. "The impertinent scoundrel!" was all the comment he made; then to his son: "Ethan, step down to Mr. Creighton's and tell him I wish to see him, on important business, as early after breakfast to-morrow as he can spare me an hour or two. Lucky that he settled here!"

There was a school-committee meeting that evening, which Hartland had to attend. Thus, as Ethan had gone on his father's errand to Creighton, the aunt and niece were left alone.

Both had restrained themselves, by a strong effort, in Hartland's presence; and the first thing after he went was to have a hearty cry together, which did them good. Then Alice said: "It was very wrong in your father, no doubt, Celia dear; but then his first wife may have been a high, haughty dame, who made no true home for him; and it's so hard to live with a famished heart! Then your mother was a woman that any man might risk his soul for; and they did love one another so dearly! Don't think I excuse him, my darling: it was a great sin, and see what it has brought upon his child! But you know that I stayed at your house for five years before I was married—five years!—and there was not a day in all that time but he made me feel that it was a pleasure, as well to him as to your mother, to have me there. He was a sinner, but he was very, very kind to me!" Then

she looked at her niece, and with a passionate burst of tears she added: "And oh, Celia, Celia, you mustn't be hard on us now!"

"Hard upon you, mother?"

"Hard upon me. After others had made me feel that I was a burden to them, I sat for years an honored guest at your father's table, and half an hour ago his daughter told us—you never thought how cruel that was, Celia!—you told us that you must pay us if you sat any longer at mine."

"But you know, auntie, what a comfort, and what a help too, you always were to mamma. You know what care you took of me: you were always doing something for me. And what have I been? A useless idler that has never done anything for anybody. But that's over, now."

"Never done anything for anybody! God forgive me the thought, but I've felt—I'm glad you don't know how often, Celia—that life would not be worth having if it were not for you—and for Ethan, maybe. You've been the best joy in my life—the greatest comfort I've had—always, always, cruel child, until now!"

When the fountains of the great Deep of feeling are broken up and the windows of the soul are opened, hidden things come to light upon which the heart has set jealous guard through half a lifetime. Celia was so amazed at the glimpse which her aunt unwittingly gave her beneath the placid flow of a quiet, regulated life that, for a moment, she had not a word in reply: then her aunt added:

"But there's one comfort still: your uncle will never take money from you—never! He's hard, Celia—I won't deny it—but he's just."

The girl, quite overcome, was about to throw her arms around her aunt's neck, and tell her she would do anything in the world she wished if she would not cry so, when Ethan entered.

He saw that both the women were deeply moved, and stopped as if, uncertain whether he was an intruder or not, he was about to leave the room. Celia broke the pause that ensued.

"Sit down, Cousin Ethan," she said. "Let us refer the matter to him, mother: he is kind and wise."

Ethan smiled: "Pray don't make a Nestor of me, Celia. Tell me if I can help you: that's better."

"Yes, you can help us to decide—can't he, mother?—what is right to be done." And, taking her aunt's silence for consent, she stated the case.

Ethan reflected for a little; then he asked:

"You are anxious not to be a burden on your uncle?"

"Yes."

"Celia, Celia!" said her aunt, imploringly.

"It is best so, dear mother," said Ethan—"best for her."

"Best that my own sister's child should go on paying us board and lodging as if she were a stranger?"

"No, that is not my opinion."

Both Celia and Mrs. Hartland looked up surprised.

"Do you happen to know," Ethan asked Celia, "how much your uncle has been charging you for board and lodging? You need not blush if you have been looking: it was right you should."

"I *have* been looking—a hundred and ninety-five dollars a year."

What Ethan said next must, in maintenance of historical truth, be set down just as he said it, even though he lose caste in consequence. Deal not too hardly with a villager's ignorance, O fair young aristocrat, reading these pages, perhaps, in the boudoir of a Fifth Avenue palace! You know better than to mistake a poor forty thousand dollars for riches; but plain people, with country ways, who find that one can obtain all one needs or desires in this world for that paltry pittance, should be forgiven if they rise not to the level of your enlightened views, and forget to add on the right hand of the sorry sum that additional cipher which would make it worth talking about. When Celia stated the rate at which her uncle had charged her for maintenance, Ethan, simple fellow! not at all in jest, said:

"By a guardian who has a rich heiress

for ward the charge is moderate enough. Good board and lodging can scarcely be had in Chiskauga under four dollars a week."

"But the dear child," interrupted Alice, "does not cost Mr. Hartland half that sum. Her chamber would stand empty if she did not occupy it. We should not have one servant the less. We have our own washing done in the house: what matters it whether her's is thrown in or not? Does the butcher, even, send us one pound of meat the more on her account?"

"Perhaps not," said Ethan. "Yet an additional person in a family must, necessarily, add to the expense, were it but in the consumption of tea, coffee, sugar, flour and the like; lamplight also, and many trifling incidentals."

"While you're about it, Ethan," said Alice, half amused, half indignant, "I think you'd better take out your pencil and make a nice calculation how much ought to be charged against the poor child for wear and tear of our carpets and door-mat."

"I have the fear of Walter Scott before my eyes," replied Ethan, laughing. "Who has a right to say that Celia is heavier-footed than Ellen Douglas? But you know

'E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.'

I'm a poor hand at calculating infinitesimals."

"I'm glad you've so much conscience."

"But, seriously, I don't think father pays out a hundred additional dollars because of Celia being one of the family."

"Surely you don't want Mr. Hartland to make money out of the poor child, now that all her fortune is gone."

"No, nor would he consent to that; but if Celia gets a good situation as teacher, and finds that she can afford it, I think a hundred dollars a year for her maintenance would be a fair compromise between uncle and niece. You are not so savagely independent, I hope, Celia, as to refuse from father and mother such kindness as they can offer you without actual cost to themselves."

Celia smiled: "Since I endorsed your character for wisdom, Cousin Ethan, I suppose I must accept your decision."

"You are as bad as she is, Ethan," said Alice: "you encourage one another in foolish notions."

But they coaxed her, at last, to use her influence with her husband to allow Celia, besides furnishing her own pocket-money, to pay him a hundred dollars a year as her contribution to the expenses of the household. And so, at last, it was settled, with some grumbling from the uncle about the niece's stiff-necked unwillingness to accept his hospitality, and a condition attached that the hundred dollars was to be received only if Celia found that, after clothing herself and paying other incidentals, she could spare the amount without any inconvenience whatever.

This was a great satisfaction to Celia, both because it relieved her, on the one hand, from a painful consciousness of dependence, and—truth to say—because, on the other hand, it unexpectedly lightened the burden which her new and untried task of self-maintenance imposed.

Next morning Mr. Hartland, Sr., was closeted for two hours with Eliot Creighton.

Lawyers learn to look with a quiet eye on the calamities of life. Surprised, deeply concerned at the unexpected tidings Creighton undoubtedly was, but he did not take them to heart, as the uncle and guardian expected.

"My first impression is," he said, "that it will not be proper or even safe to give up your ward's property until compelled by law."

"You doubt the previous marriage? Celia says her father's letters which she inspected were conclusive on that point."

"That may be: Cranstoun can readily prove it to us if it is so. But there are questions back of that. There may have been a will."

"Mrs. Pembroke knew of none. None, of course, was offered for probate, either in this county or in Philadelphia, where part of Celia's property lies."

"Still, there may have been a will: possibly left in Cranstoun's hands, and—I beg his pardon if I suspect him unjustly—suppressed."

"But why not shown by Pembroke to his wife during his lifetime?"

"He may have been living under an assumed name. Those who risk the punishment of bigamy generally take that precaution against detection. He would, of course, be unwilling to show Mrs. Pembroke a will executed under his real name; and Cranstoun, for his own purposes, may have persuaded him that a will signed by him as Frederick Pembroke would be valueless."

"If your conjecture is right, such a document would be worthless, would it not?"

"No. One not versed in law, like Mr. Pembroke, would be likely to suppose so. But a will is valid if the identity of the signer with the person entitled to dispose of the property be established."

"Yet if such a will has been suppressed or destroyed, of what avail that it was executed?"

"It must have been witnessed, and we may discover by whom?"

"By Cranstoun himself, perhaps?"

"Likely enough; but in this State two witnesses are required."

"If there was a prior marriage, and if no will can be found, then, I suppose, the English heir-at-law takes the property."

"The statute law of Ohio, unfortunately for Miss Pembroke, permits an alien to inherit real estate as well as personal property; but there are law-points involved in your question which I must study before I can reply to it. The cruel rule of the Common Law is that one born out of wedlock is *filius nullius*—nobody's child—and as such can inherit neither the property of his father nor—strange to say!—of his mother. Our statute law remedies the latter injustice. Under what circumstances—indeed whether at all—it affords relief under the former I cannot yet say, never having had occasion to examine that point. Indeed, I am not as familiar with

the Ohio statutes as I ought to be. I studied law chiefly in Pennsylvania. Did Cranstoun speak positively on the subject?"

"He told Celia that, being illegitimate, she could not inherit a farthing of her father's property."

Creighton looked grave. "Cranstoun is too shrewd," he said after a pause, "to make such an assertion except on plausible authority; and he is doubtless far better acquainted with the law of this State, and the decisions under it, than I am. With so much depending on it under his rascally calculation of profit to himself as informer, he has, in all probability, sifted the matter to the bottom. To be frank with you, I don't like the look of it; yet I am not entirely convinced even of Miss Pembroke's illegitimacy."

"It surely must be, if her father was a bigamist."

"Not necessarily. Under the old Spanish law, once prevalent in Florida and Texas, as I happen to know, she would have been legitimate."

"But our laws are not so lax. With a former wife alive, the marriage of Mrs. Pembroke must have been null and void."

"Yes; at all events at the time it was solemnized, and probably as long as it lasted. The rest seems a natural deduction. The case is probably against us; and I beg of you not to mention to Miss Celia the doubts I have expressed, which may be entirely without foundation. It would be cruel to raise hopes only to be disappointed. How does she stand this?"

"The disgrace of her birth affects her seriously. Otherwise, I must say, she bears it well. She is gone this morning to talk to Miss Ethelridge about a partnership in her school. And the gypsy is too proud to stay in her uncle's house without paying for it."

Creighton's face brightened. "I was not deceived in thinking there was character beneath that soft exterior."

"She is obstinate enough, certainly."

"She will come out all right, even if we are beaten, Mr. Hartland: you will

see. But if you think fit to entrust the case to me—"

"That is what I have been thinking about."

"You do me honor. It is a great responsibility for one so young in the profession as myself. Yet it will go hard but I shall deserve your confidence. If industry and painstaking may avail, we shall not be defeated. And this at least I may promise you—that I will work up the case as faithfully as if the young lady were my own sister, as faithfully as if life and death were on the issue."

Self-confidence breeds confidence in others, as young and small and slender General Bonaparte, taking command of the army of Italy, shingly proved. Hartland agreed with Creighton on politics, and found in him a patient and interested listener when speaking on natural history and expatiating on his (Hartland's) favorite pursuits. On the other hand, the young man often startled him, and sometimes shocked his conservative proclivities, by coming out with some daring radicalism; so that he had hesitated a little about putting his ward's interests in his hands. But Creighton's bold assurance awoke faith in his powers as an advocate, and Hartland hesitated no longer.

"You shall have the management of the case, at all events," he said; "and if you desire to have other counsel associated with you, let me know."

CHAPTER XXVI.

JEAN'S SERVICES NOT NEEDED.

"And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent-eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either."

TENNYSON'S *Enoch Arden*.

"No, Miss Celia—not jist exactly at home. Miss Ellinor went out to Betty Carson's on some business for the madame. A half hour she said she'd be gone, and it's mor'n that already. Won't ye step into the parlor?"

"Yes, Nelly, I'll wait for her; but don't tell Madame Meyrac I'm here, I know she's always busy at this hour."

Beyond the parlor was a small extension-room, used by the doctor as office and library. The door that communicated with it standing open, so that Celia saw it was vacant, she sauntered thither in an absent mood and sat down by an eastern window, looking out on the lake; for Dr. Meyrac's dwelling was on the eastern edge of the village, not far from the Elm Walk. At another time Celia would have rejoiced in that sunny spring morning and admired the graceful little sail-boat that was just leaving the wharf. But her mind was preoccupied, and the bright scene was lost upon her. Business was in her thoughts. She was congratulating herself that this was Saturday, and that she would probably find her friend at leisure for a long talk. Mechanically she picked up and opened a book from a small table that stood near. It was that wonderful story of *Jane Eyre*, instinct with pathos drawn from the very depths of sorrow; and she had opened it at the incident of the wedding in the dim village church, so nearly solemnized, by such startling disclosure interrupted. "And she married him, after all," the girl thought. "And I remember I was so much afraid she would marry that handsome, pious St. John; and so glad when she found Rochester, blind and lame, in that gloomy parlor. Ought she to have kept away from him? Ought she to have married the missionary?" Her thoughts were in a maze, and she dipped into the absorbing volume, reading page after page, till she was interrupted by voices in the adjoining room. It was Madame Meyrac and some one who had entered with her, unnoticed by Celia in her abstraction. A voice said:

"It would be a great accommodation, madame, if you could give me up Betty for Monday. I have friends coming from Mount Sharon on Wednesday, and I must absolutely get through house-cleaning before they come."

How that harsh, sharp voice grated on Celia's ear! Well she knew who was the speaker! She could not make up her mind to encounter her just then; and so, unwilling to become privy to

a conversation not intended for her ear, she stepped lightly across the library, intending to go up to Ellinor's room. But the door that opened on the passage was locked outside; so that she was fain to remain a prisoner. "It can only be for a few moments," she thought as she reseated herself; "and it is a mere matter of every-day business."

"I much grieve, Madame Volfgang," was what she heard next. "Ah, if the woman Carson might aid me Tuesday, or, vell, Vendesday, very good. But no, she has said me she is retained for these days there by Madame Hartland."

"I don't think sister Hartland cares about having her house cleaned this week. I could speak to her about it. She has something else to think of—something not very pleasant."

"Is monsieur ill? He has not sent to seek my husband."

"My brother is not ill, but in great trouble."

"I am much afflicted to hear it."

"Mrs. Hartland's sister made a pretty mess of it when she married Frederick Pembroke."

"A praty mase! Vat is happen? He is dead, there are ten, eleven years—is he not?"

"When Eliza married him he had another wife living in England."

"My God! vat you tell me?"

"It was no marriage at all. She was no more his wife than you or I."

"Ah, vat unhappy ting! And that charmante Célie! Poor litel mignonne! She is not—she is one—"

"A bastard, of course, and not entitled to a cent of her father's property."

"Is it that the first vife lives still?"

"No: she died three years before her husband; but that's of no consequence."

"Your law says it so? Ve have much better in our Code Civile. If de second vife know noting and marry all of good faith, then if de first vife come to die, de children of de oder can have de goods—vat you call propertay."

"It's just as likely as not that Mrs. Pembroke knew it all the time. Of course she kept the secret. She was

dying to have him before he married her. Everybody could see that."

"But if de poor soul did truly not know anything?"

"Whose fault was that? It was her business to find out whether he was married or not before she took him; but she didn't care if she was his kept mistress. It served her just right."

Celia choked down her sobs, pride coming to her aid. She was terribly afraid now of being detected. The next words she heard were:

"You are one very hard voman."

"Hard! I see no hardship in it. That mawkish fop of a Pembroke was a felon, yet he wasn't sent to hard labor in the penitentiary—the more's the pity: you won't deny that the bigamist deserved it. Well, the daughter will suffer for it, that's one comfort."

"Madame Volfgang—"

"Mr. Cranstoun told me that just such a case as hers had lately been decided—I forget in what county of this State—and not a penny were the bastards allowed to inherit. The saucy minx is a beggar."

"I will not hear—"

"There's no need for my brother to trouble himself about John Mowbray now. The Mowbrays stand on their dignity, and don't marry beggars. Ellen Tyler always was a prettier girl than that whey-face, and now she's a far better match. Her mother was an honest married woman, and the old miller can spare a son-in-law three or four thousand hard dollars if he likes him. The Pembroke girl hasn't a ghost of a chance."

"Madame Volfgang!"

Such a menace was there in the tone that Celia, beaten down as her very soul had been by that malignant outburst of abuse, started to her feet, expecting a blow to follow the words. She need not have feared.

"Madame Volfgang! I have de honor to remind you dat Mademoiselle Célie is my vary excellent friend. I did tell you I would not hear, but you speak, speak, ever more. Jean is digging in my garden at dis moment—it is a moch strong young man, is Jean—and what I say to

him, he do it. It vill make talk de world to turn some lady out of my house. But what to do? If you say only one litel vord more, I vill make seek Jean, and he shall have you in his arms, and I vill make him descend the front steps and set you down outside de litel door of de garden, in de street: den I shall say you, 'Good-morning, madame!'"

What a world is this!—tragedy one moment, comedy the next. The hot tears were already dry on Celia's cheeks: she saw, in imagination, the stout young Frenchman picking up, at his mistress' bidding, Mrs. Wolfgang's solid weight of a hundred and sixty or seventy pounds. But his prowess was not called into requisition. The lady shook with rage, but she moved quickly to the door without a word. Celia saw Madame Meyrac sweep out after her with an air that would have graced the stage, and heard her say, as Mrs. Wolfgang stepped out on the gravel walk: "Ah, madame shows herself sage at de last. Dat is much better, for vy should one make talk the world?" Then Celia heard her muttering to herself, as she passed up stairs to her domestic duties: "Dieu mercie, elle s'est en allé à la fin, cette diablesse-là!"*

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GLIMPSE INTO A LIFE.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

Hood.

CELIA ascended to her friend's chamber, and ten minutes afterward Ellinor entered. She went up to Celia without a word, kissed her tenderly, and then, the tears rising to her eyes, passed her hand caressingly over the auburn tresses.

"Ah! you know all?" said Celia.

"My darling, yes—from Betty Carson this morning."

"All the world knows my disgrace already!" was the poor girl's bitter thought.

* "Thank God, she's gone at last, that she-devil!"

Ellinor added :

"That odious Mrs. Wolfgang had been trying to poison the poor creature's mind against you : but Betty — brave soul ! — is a champion of yours. She washed for your family, it seems, when you were a mere child, and your father and mother seem to have been objects of her veneration."

"Dear, good Betty !" — her eyes filling with tears.

"She told me what an angel of goodness your father had been to her when her children were sick and her husband raving with delirium tremens."

"Ah, if others could feel so about him !"

"Your father's misconduct is the worst blow. Is it not, little pet ?"

"I can't bear to think of it, Ellie !" shuddering as she said it.

"Do you doubt that he repented of his misdeed !"

"No, indeed, no," eagerly. "As I remember dear papa, sad, depressed, like one bearing a secret grief, his life with mamma must have been one long repentance."

"Yet you mourn as without hope. Do you remember the words of One who needed no forgiveness himself, touching the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth ? Joy, Celia—joy because of the repentance, not sorrow because of the sin. How often I have thought of that !"

"Papa *was* a good man, Ellie : I wish you had known him."

Ellinor took down a small volume from a book-shelf. "I like 'Vivien,'" she said, as she turned the leaves over, "less than any other of the *Idyls*, yet it has some of the finest lines Tennyson ever wrote. Here, for example :

'The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.'"

"Dear Ellie ! No one like you to come to, when one is miserable and needs to be comforted ! You are merciful."

"Am I ?" — a sudden, solemn look shadowing her face—"am I ? Thank God ! The merciful, we are told, shall obtain mercy."

The two girls sat silent for a minute or two : then Celia took one of Ellinor's hands in both hers, and the expressive features, as she looked up to them, brightened again. "I came to talk to you about business, Ellie dear, but I have almost lost heart. That Mrs. Wolfgang was here this morning, and I heard—I could not help hearing — oh such terrible things ! The full sense of my position never came home to me before. Name, fortune, good repute, all lost ! Everything, everything gone !"

"Everything ? There are these little dimpled hands left—" kissing one of them—"and they have not forgotten their cunning. The eyes are somewhat dimmed, I admit, but they can still read Liszt's music at a glance, and win hearts besides, provided they are worth the winning. I hear the very voice that charmed us all—and Mr. Creighton especially—in Schubert's 'Ave Maria,' the other night. These golden curls are the same I used to admire, and this little brain beneath them has just as much French and German and history and logic and literature, and just as many kind thoughts and generous sentiments, stowed away in its delicate cells, as there were there a week ago." The look from those brilliant eyes spoke deep affection more strongly even than the words as Ellinor proceeded: "Everything gone ! Why every bit of my own precious Celia, who stole my heart in spite of all I could do to keep it, is here still. That money, if *it* be gone, was no part of her. As little any name the law may assign her. Like Juliet's rose, she is just as sweet under one as another. Young girls *will* change their names, you know, and do their dearest friends think the less of them for that ?"

"I am so glad you don't despise me."

"Naughty child ! What sort of love is it you give me credit for ? A weed, that has root among dollars and titles, and withers when these are plucked up ? Do you take me for one of those who mistake money or a name for the chief part of that 'noblest work of God' that Pope talks about ? *You* are unmerciful. Come, Celia, I'm not so bad as that : tell me

what business it was you had almost lost heart to talk to me about."

Celia disclosed her plans. At first Ellinor listened eagerly, well pleased it seemed. Then, as if some painful thought had swept over her, her face saddened and her manner betrayed nervous excitement.

"It does not suit you, dear: never mind," said Celia, struggling bravely to conceal sad disappointment.

Ellinor's quick apprehension detected the feeling instantly. "Dear, good Celia!" she said after a moment's pause, "it is cruel to say a word to you of my misfortunes when you are overtaken by your own. But between the closest friends there should be the most scrupulous good faith in matters of business." Then she hesitated, adding, at last: "Did you ever notice anything peculiar about my eyes?"

"Never—" bewildered by the sudden question—"never, except that I think they are love-eyes, that I should have lost my heart to if I had been a man."

"They told *you* the truth, at all events," faintly smiling, "yet they are not trustworthy eyes, for all that."

"Good Heavens! It can't be, Ellinor—" and Celia turned deadly pale.

"You have guessed it. If I were to accept your offer, you might have a blind partner on your hands one of these days."

When Cranstoun came out with that terrible announcement: "Your father had a wife living in England," it was scarcely a greater blow to Celia than this. She gazed at her friend, unable at first to utter a single word. Then she fell on her neck, sobbing, "Ellie, Ellie!"

Miss Ethelridge had spoken quite calmly, but under this uncontrollable burst of sympathy her equanimity also gave way.

Celia was the first who broke silence: "Don't cry, darling. I'll try to be as brave as you. But your eyes—you see me, Ellie?"

"Yes, little pet, quite well."

"Your eyes are weak, that is all?"

"Come on this sofa, beside me;" and

she put one arm round her and took a hand in hers. "I said you *may* have a blind partner. Till darkness comes there is hope. God may spare me this, but I do not think it is His will."

"Is it only a presentiment, Ellie?"

"No. I must tell you a little bit out of a sad, sad story. I hope I was not bad—though I sometimes think I was—but I never intended to be, or I would not have let you love me, Celia. I was in cruel hands—cruel and powerful hands"—Celia felt her shudder convulsively—"and at times I scarcely knew what I did or what I ought to do. I promised to tell you all about it some day, and I will, but not now. I left my friends—what the world called so, I mean. I dare say they considered me dishonored; and they would probably disown me if I showed my face among them again, which I never will—God be my witness!—never will. I'm afraid I thought of doing a very wrong thing, for when one is forsaken by all the world, there's such a temptation to slip out of it. But when all the world forsook me, God sent—" she hesitated. "I think there are those on this earth who will be angels in the next world; and some of them act an angel's part here. Such an one—God bless him! as He surely will—saved me from myself, and found for me such home as was within his power. I accepted life from him: I could not accept money. To preserve the life he rescued, I had to win my daily bread. I am usually considered a skillful needlewoman, but others had to make profit of my labor. The miserable pittance they left me—well, it is the fate of thousands: I was not worse off than they. You know that fearful 'Song of the Shirt,' Celia: I hardly dare read it now: it terrifies me. I don't think the English language was ever wrought into another such picture: it conjures phantoms that haunt me still, yet it scarcely exaggerates what was my lot. The summer's earliest light often found me bending over my work. Perhaps even such labor as that would not have seriously injured my eyes, for they were strong, had it not been—you mustn't cry, Celia

dear: nothing so weakens the eyes as tears."

"But at last?" was all Celia could say.

"At last, when sight had almost failed, an old gentleman—he was a Quaker and from your country—found me out. He spoke to me of America, of green fields and summer skies in a land where labor was honored and brought fair reward. Even then, though his words were like tidings from Paradise, my pride revolted against pecuniary obligation. Then he spoke to me as one of Christ's apostles might have spoken: 'Pride is sinful and goes before destruction: suicide is a crime. In another month thee will probably be quite blind: then thee will die a miserable death. Thee has no right thus to cast life away, for thee may employ it still to benefit, maybe to bless, our fellow-creatures. Thee may be able to repay them a hundredfold the trifle I offer thee.'"

"Ah, Ellie, how true that was!"

"I dared not reply to it. I accepted money enough to pay for a second-class passage across the Atlantic. In Philadelphia I remained six months in the house of a charming old lady, sister of my benefactor, as governess to her niece. An eminent oculist restored comparative strength to my eyes, but warned me against ever again taxing them severely, especially by artificial light, and strongly recommended country air and exercise. Mr. Williams—that was the good man's name—gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Sydenham; and here too, I think, as in that London garret, I have been ministered to by angels unawares."

"But your eyes, Ellie—they are beautiful as they can be. Surely the danger is past. Do they pain you?"

"Don't grieve, dear, but I have no right to conceal the truth from you. They have been gradually failing—more, I think, this year than ever before. I *must* use them a good deal, sometimes by lamplight. But they do not pain me much."

"What does Dr. Meyrac say?"

"He is a faithful friend and speaks the truth. What a sigh was that! Don't

trouble yourself about me, poor child. You have burden enough. You have your own affairs—your own way to make. You may find some one else as a partner; or perhaps—who knows, Celia, whether it may not be all for the best that I should become blind and give up school? Somebody must take my place."

"Hush, Ellie! I want to talk to you about something else."

"Well, dear?"

"Had you ever a sister?"

"Never."

"Nor a brother?"

"Nor a brother. I was an only child."

"So was I. Would you like to have a sister, Ellie?"

Such a look of love! but not a word in reply; and Celia went on: "I need a sister; and then—you and Dr. Meyrac may both be wrong; God may not intend that you should suffer this. But if He does, Ellie—if He does—you will need a sister, too." And with that she threw her arms round her friend's neck, and after a time all that she felt and all that she meant came home to Ellinor—warm kisses say so much more than words.

After they had become a little more calm, Celia spoke again: "I have complained for such small cause: I have so little fortitude in suffering. I am a poor, weak creature compared with you, Ellie—little worth your love except because I love you so; but then you have no other sister; and besides—there is a secret I must tell you, Ellie."

"Well, darling child?"

"Do you believe in magnetism—human magnetism, I mean?"

Ellinor started with an expression almost of terror, but she controlled herself, answering calmly, "Yes, I do believe in it."

"Because—you will scarcely credit me, Ellie—but when you first came this morning I had been trembling all over: that woman's venomous words had got hold of me, so that I was scarcely myself. I think my nerves were shattered: I could not keep my hands still, and when you opened the door I could hard-

ly restrain a scream. But when you came up to me and kissed me, and passed a hand over my hair, I felt quieter and able to sit still. Then, afterward, when you bid me come and sit beside you on the sofa, and put your arm round me and took my hand in yours, it all gradually passed away—the fear, the nervousness, the restlessness: even that odious vituperation seemed to drop off from me like some soiled garment, and I began to feel stronger, braver, more hopeful, and then, after a time, almost like a soothed child that could go to sleep in your arms. I have often felt something of the kind before when I was near you, but never anything like that dreamy luxury of to-day. I know this must all seem fanciful to you, ridiculous perhaps—”

“Far from it, dear child. It is real.”

“Then see, Ellie! For my sake we ought to be sisters and partners, so that I can be often with you. I am weak, and through you I gain strength; I am nervous and irritable, and near you I find solace and peace. Then after a time, maybe, I may get to be better worth living with, more like you—brave, energetic, self-possessed. You'll never find a sister you can do so much good to, Ellie, nor one that will honor and love you more. Will you have me, darling, just as I am?”

“Just as you are?—God forgive me, if I am selfish in this—yes, Celia, just as you are.”

There are many more estimable and more meritorious people in this world than Celia Pembroke; but toward those she loved there was a witchery about her that few hearts, save very cold ones, could resist. It almost silenced Ellinor's misgivings, and before evening partnership articles between the two orphans were agreed upon.

Before leaving Madame Meyrac's, Celia took an opportunity of apologizing to that lady for having been an unwilling listener to Mrs. Wolfgang's tirade, speaking in French, as she always did to her.

“Ah, poor little one!” replied madame, sympathetically, “you heard it, then? It afflicts me that you should have been so cruelly wounded. But what would you have? That sort of creature has neither sense nor common decency. Without these, one becomes brutal. Dogs will bite and cats scratch. One can guarantee one's self only by selecting for associates bipeds and quadrupeds that are too well bred to do either. For the rest, I owe to you much, my dear: through you I shall obtain relief from ennui and disgust, for I do not think that madame will trouble me again very soon.”

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MILLENNIUM.

THE housekeeper's great want of to-day is servants—not simply good servants, but in many instances servants at all. With a constant tide of immigration that pours its tens of thousands of laborers into our country every week, the cry arises, “Good help is very difficult to get.”

Hired help is difficult to get—good, bad or indifferent. The complaint does not prevail in one portion of the country

alone, but in all—new and old, city and country alike. Wages have increased from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. within the last six years, but that makes the matter no better for the employers. Help is now more difficult to get than when work was paid for at half its present price. Girls in the kitchen now prescribe not only their own work, but also what their mistresses may not, or must, do. One girl in a family of but

six would not wash, her mistress told me, and her wages were three times the amount I paid when first I became a housekeeper. From Iowa, from Michigan, from Canada, from New York, comes the housekeeper's cry, "I don't know what I am going to do for help. I cannot accomplish all the work, and I can get almost nobody."

Reapers and mowers, and rakers and binders, and loaders and milkers perform the services of scores of laborers for the farmer; cheese-factories and butter-factories lessen the labor of his wife; but in the house of the merchant, the mechanic, the banker and the miller no machine bakes and cooks, makes beds, sweeps, washes or irons.

A year or two ago, Mrs. Stowe, in her "Chimney Corner" articles, and the *Evening Post* in a series, canvassed this question. The latter advised the women of to-day to hoist the "*No Drudgery*" flag over their houses; and Mrs. Stowe thought the model American village of the future would possess a laundry, a cook-house and a bake-house; at the first of which clothes would be washed better and cheaper than is now done at home with each family using separate fire, tubs, barrels, boards, boilers, soap, starch and blueing: at the second, soup or a roast could be ordered free from waste and as reasonable as now gotten up at home; and at the latter, good, home-like bread or biscuit of varieties of flour and make could be obtained.

Since that time I have waited impatiently for some wealthy philanthropist to arise who would in some village start the experiment, but so far in vain. Not even the most distant speck, less than the size of a man's hand, yet appears upon the horizon.

Communities originated from this very need of leisure, but they have failed, and reasonably too; for, in my estimation, no house can be built large enough for more than one family.

This lack of servants, this burden of over-care and over-work which now falls upon American housewives, is overthrowing our custom of fixed habitations, and driving us into a species of nomad-

ism. Thousands of families each year break up housekeeping and go to boarding, thus destroying all home feeling, all the sacred quietude and privacy of a family, and making of life mere existence, instead of *living* in the highest sense of the word.

The American housewife of the present day, who does for her family at all according to the demands of the times, works harder than the woman of fifty years ago, who spun and wove all the cloth used in her family, and had no hired help throughout the year, unless during a few weeks' time at childbirth. Let us look through her house. The floors, nicely sanded, had no carpets to be taken up once or twice a year, and swept every day, with severe strain upon the muscles of the chest, back and arms, and the raising of clouds of dust to penetrate the eye, the throat and the delicate structure of the lungs. The windows had no finely-worked lace curtains, the doing up of which was a long and very particular task. No elaborately-upholstered chairs had to be watched for moths, for common Windsor or painted rush-bottomed ones, that a damp cloth would effectually clean, were the only use.

In many families the work of the table was little or nothing. A huge platter in the centre, with the meat ready cut in mouthfuls, or a pan of hasty pudding and milk into which all alike dipped, constituted the food and furniture.

Girls ran about in pressed flannel dresses, neck collarless, hands and feet alike destitute of covering, but one or two under-garments on, and but one of those white. The boys and their fathers alike knew nothing of starched shirt-bosoms, or of wristbands and collars that must be ironed faultlessly or again thrown into the wash.

No gas-fixtures to be cared for, or multitude of lamps each day to be trimmed, added to the work, but in their stead stood a tall iron candlestick to hold the solitary evening light, and which soap and water would quickly cleanse. The family did not require their separate washstands, with ewer, basin, towels and slop-jar complete. An

iron skillet in the wood-house or outside the door, with one homespun towel a week, was deemed good enough for the whole family, from the aged grandsire down to the two-year old baby.

How is it now? Let every man look into his own house and answer. Carpet and curtains, white paint, upholstery, light chamber furniture, with bathing facilities and needed paraphernalia, all complete; servers, ice-pitchers, silver knives and forks, cake-baskets, shining glassware, cups, saucers, soup-plates, dinner-plates, breakfast-plates, tea-plates, a salt-cellar by each plate, a polished castor, fruit and table napkins, and the thousand and one other present *necessities*, will rise to mind unbidden.

Skirts, hose, drawers, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, laces—all founced and tucked and embroidered—go into the wash each week for the daughters of the house; nor are the husband and sons one whit behind. The old-fashioned bandana handkerchief, which did duty for a week, has been left far behind, and in its place have come fresh white linen ones each day, or those with daintily worked crest or border, that must be so watchfully scalded without boiling. Nicely-ironed shirts, with every plait carefully loosened, are donned from three times a week to every day, with collars, cuffs and night-shirt in addition. Dainty white cravats, starched and folded with due precision, white vests, linen coats and pants, with frequent change of hose, are deemed impossible to be done without.

Then the sewing that brought these garments into being has required tenfold the amount of time spent on clothing at the period above referred to.

Look at the work for the table alone—the dainties, the combinations and the variety demanded by the customs of society and the tastes of the individual.

Not even in the poorest family can now be found the one large pan of pudding and milk, or single plate of pork and potatoes. No matter how humble the fare, each one has his own plate, knife, fork and cup.

All this variety of work is the imme-

diate care of the wife and mother in the family, and much of it is the product of her hands. Do you wonder she sighs for relief? Do you wonder she breaks and grows old and haggard before her time? Do you wonder she boards, and advises her young married daughter to do so too?

American girls of the poorer class years ago left housework, with its multitudinous variety of cares and unending toil, for factories with their one kind of work and limited hours. Then Irish girls, ignorant and untrained as they were, were looked upon as a godsend, and housekeepers willingly taught them to cook and bake and iron, passed lightly over their mistakes, and with unwearied patience pointed out not only the greater but the lesser duties of the polished home.

Irish girls were strong, and no amount of daily toil tried them. But look at the change a few years has wrought! They, too, are leaving housework, as their American predecessors did, and sharply up comes the cry of broken health, overwork, too much to do; and they are going into the trades.

Whence is to come *our* relief? The Western coast cries Chinese—and doubtless the time will come when we shall have relief from that source—but just now they are too far off and too uncertain. Even should they settle in the country permanently, they would soon rise into means above servitude. The constitution, size and customs of our country all ensure the commonest laborer an independence if he but seeks it. Service for another is the means, not the end.

We are not England, with a class trained from father to son, from mother to daughter, to look at service as its highest aim: we cannot in one house find that there the daughters, the mother and the grandmother have all served.

I see but one hope in the future, and that is, to find out the law through which our wills affect inanimate objects, and by which we are in a measure reciprocally affected by them.

Since so-called Spiritualism has arisen,

we have all heard of tables that walk, chairs and doors that mysteriously knock, dishes that raise themselves in the air, and untouched remove to some other point; of musical instruments that play unfingered, of glass over which the laws of attraction and cohesion seem suddenly to lose power, and of many other phenomena as yet unexplained by any known law. They are simply mysterious; and as what is unexplainable and undefinable has always been regarded with awe, and because misunderstood usually misrepresented, many persons have settled themselves upon the belief that these phenomena are caused by the returned spirits of the dead.

It is not in the province of this article to point out the simply human conditions invariably requisite to their production, as well as their positive accord with the belief or conditions of one or more living persons present—their fallacies, puerilities and contradictions, all of which could be accounted for did we give the agency of human beings yet in this world alone credit for their manifestations: these and many other objections to the departed-spirit theory have already been made.

Nearly twenty years have gone by since the modern phase of these phenomena has become common, and now, to crown all, comes Planchette, which like the others, following no known scientific law in its workings, wanders about in answer to the will that charges it.

Good men and great men alike have been obliged to own their ignorance of the power which makes inanimate objects move in obedience to the will of man. The law by which they are governed being unknown, their movements are erratic and accidental; but in them I see a glimmering of the housekeeper's millennium. Let us once learn the law and its regular mode of action, and we need care not a fig for human servants. Our bread shall be baked, our steak cooked, our clothes washed, and our household affairs glide smoothly on by the action of our wills on these inanimate objects, which, by the advancing march of civilization, have become no longer luxuries, but necessities. The sanctity and privacy of home will once more be restored, leisure for social intercourse and education will be found, and our millennium take place.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ABSURDITY.

NOBODY had a better appreciation of the philosophy of absurdity than Charles Lamb. There is nothing more in character than his singular trick of passing off fictitious lives of Munden and Liston on the public as true bits of biography. Some people have never been able to find out the humor of this imposition; and they are equally at a loss to understand what he meant by writing letters to distant friends full of news of how well-known acquaintances, commonly understood to be methodical and settled, had lately come out on the stage in high comedy. But Lamb's was

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a rare genius, and his humor the most delicate in the world. It was his way of playing a practical joke. He certainly did not esteem it an exhibition of low wit, any more than he thought punning an eighth capital sin. He would have defended a practical joke or an absurd answer just as he defended his bad puns, by declaring that the worst were the best. Indeed, in his practice he was always upholding such things. "You come very late in the mornings," goes the old story of the officer in the India House to him. "Yes, but then, you know," he answers, "I go away very

early in the afternoons." In this reply the ridiculous is the paramount feature, and is easily to be accounted for on the most philosophical grounds.

Leigh Hunt also could say something in the same tone sometimes. Wordsworth, all pompousness and dignity, came to see him once in prison. After a while he asked, "Will you have something to eat, Mr. Wordsworth?" A cart passes in front of them. "Anything that is going forward," replies the author of the *Excursion*, with a dignified wave of his hand. "Will you take a piece of the cart?"

An absurd rejoinder is nothing more than a practical joke in words. The virtue of both, like that of any other description of wit, lies in their power to create surprise and unexpected laughter. Sheridan was fond of all kinds of practical jokes. Who has not heard of his planting quantities of crockery in a dark corridor, leaving a secret passage for himself, and then inducing his poor friend to make chase until he fell into the trap and was bruised from head to foot? Who has not heard of his contrivance to pay the fare of a cab he had used all day?—how he inveigled a well-known disputant to get in with him, engaged him in a violent argument, declared he would not listen to his monstrous language, got out in an apparent passion, and left the unsuspecting gentleman to settle the account with the cabman? This is no better than a similar performance of Theodore Hook's. Hook, the most careless of mortals, has a cab all the afternoon in the country, but night coming on and having no money, he bethinks himself of a method to pay the hire. His talent, in such business never failing, suggests the most peculiar means imaginable. By his order he is driven to the door of a famous physician. He alights and rings the bell furiously. Upon being let in he hears that the doctor is at dinner, and immediately makes his way, with a horrified look, to the dining-room. He tells the amazed practitioner that there is no time for words—that all will be lost if Lady Blackace is not immediately at-

tended; and without further ado forces the physician, almost in deshabille and positively hatless, to the cab, plunges him violently in, and directs the driver to take him to a certain residence immediately; of course all is found out in fifteen minutes afterward, and the physician pays the bill, vowing vengeance, and saying now and then, with an involuntary laugh, "But it was confoundedly well done!"

Hook spent all his life making songs and concocting practical jokes. Charles Matthews, the actor and mimic, was his assistant in his freaks, and admirably they carried them out together. In the memoirs of the former by Barham, in his own work of *Gilbert Gurney*, and in the memoirs of the latter by Mrs. Matthews, will be found some narratives vastly amusing, and, in many cases, it must be confessed, incredible.

Hook had a French prototype who has not been dead many months. This strange creature had a most singular fancy for the absurd from boyhood to even—as an anecdote of him proves—beyond the grave. He spent all his leisure in his strange and fascinating amusement. He would call at certain houses, manage to be let in, and when the person in charge came to find out his business, he would astonish him by speaking unknown languages and acting in such a whimsical manner that very often he was put out as a madman. He frequently stopped passengers in the streets, and affected to be deaf and dumb and unable to find his way. One night he appeared to be searching for something in front of a large store on one of the boulevards. A crowd collected of course, and the shopman came out and asked what he was looking for. "I am looking for a purse containing a thousand francs, and will give half to the person who finds it for me." This report being spread about, the street became crowded. All was eagerness and excitement. Presently the shopman, with the appearance of a man of forethought and cunning, drew our friend apart and said, "I think I see a way to our mutual gain. In what spot do you

think you lost your purse of a thousand francs?" "Oh!" answered the other, "I did not lose any purse at all. I was only looking for one!" And with this he ran off as fast as he could.

Monsieur was very fond of writing ridiculous letters. Of course he could only imagine their effect, but that was quite enough for him. For instance: he wrote to the Bishop of N——, a very holy and studious man, in the name of a celebrated English prize-fighter, proposing an international match for five thousand francs a side, and stating that several well-known gentlemen (who were mentioned) had been induced to take the matter in hand and were eagerly awaiting his reply. This letter had the London postmark and all the appearances of being in good faith; and its effect upon the very quiet and harmless person to whom it was addressed may be easily conjectured. Other strange epistles were sent about almost every week—one to a distinguished Minister, as coming from a Spanish sailor, offering for sale a fierce and extraordinary species of the ourang-outang; another to a certain grave professor of philosophy and mathematics, under the signature of Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of a London theatre, containing a proposition that the learned recipient should perform a comic part in the original Greek, in Plautus' *Manecmus*, at a consideration of twenty pounds per night; another to the celebrated Dr. Pusey, stating that the writer was a murderer by profession, but having been driven from Italy by force of circumstances, he had come to Paris in the hope of finding employment; and having understood that Doctor P. was a liberal man, he would plainly and respectfully state that he was ready to do any private business in his line upon easy terms. He begged to mention, however, that he would engage in nothing where any other parties were employed who were unknown to himself. These letters, and hundreds of others of the same ludicrous character, were gotten up in such a manner, and with so many marks of genuineness, that, as has

been discovered, they were nearly always received in good faith. The wonderment and alarm they occasioned must have been thoroughly laughable.

This Parisian Theodore Hook died nearly a year since. One of his last acts was to set free a macaw he had been training for years. It could say only one sentence: "I am very well—how are you?" His theory was, that it would fly to the woods and one day it would be shot. When it had fallen to the ground the sportsman would probably go to pick it up, and it would have just sufficient life to gasp out, all bleeding and wretched, "I am very well—how are you?" The sportsman would be rather amazed, to say the least. Monsieur was the gentleman who is described as having secretly ordered pyrotechnic candles for his funeral, which went off, to the consternation of everybody, at the exact moment when the priest was reciting the burial service. This was a practical joke indeed, and well worthy of a man who had such an excellent idea of the philosophical beauties of absurdity.

Americans are as fond of practical jokes as the French or English. There is an amusing story, never printed, of a gentleman in one of the large cities wagering with a very unsuspecting and guileless person that he would be able to successfully compete with him in a foot-race. The one who made the proposition, being very stout and apparently not active, the other eagerly agreed to the terms; and upon a very warm Sunday afternoon, when the streets were full of people, the event came off. The fat gentleman kept ahead for a moment and then fell back: the other sped past him like the wind: instantly one or two lookers-on, who were in the secret, set up the cry of "Stop thief!" and ran after the fleeting gull with all the signs of men in eager pursuit of stolen property. The alarm was instantly taken in every quarter, and hundreds joined in the chase. The pursued, hearing the shouts and afraid of losing time by turning to see what headway his antagonist was making, kept steadily on. In the

end he was brought up by a vigorous knock on the head from a policeman, and dragged to the station-house. When the joke came out he did not join in the laugh at first, but he soon confessed that it was very cleverly done, and enjoyed it as much as anybody else.

Washington Irving was fond of ludicrous rejoinders. "Do you sing?" said he one evening to a gentleman who had called. "I sometimes join in a chorus," replied the other, in an important way. "Then give us a chorus." Mr. Madison Morton has put this jest into one of his many farces. On another occasion some person asked, "Do you know Hebrew, Mr. Irving?" "Yes," he answered with the utmost gravity, "but I can't speak it a great deal better than I can speak it."

Who will believe this of one of New England's poets? It is related by Cibber of Joe Haines, the famous vagabond and droll in the days of King Charles the Second; but somebody else tells it of Percival, who, it must be admitted, had a nature so foreign to such imposture that, as far as he is concerned, the story is doubtful. One day he was arrested in the street for debt. Espying an acquaintance, in the person of a clergyman, approaching in a carriage, he said to the bailiff, who was named Flaherty, "My friend, here comes my cousin, Dr. S. I will speak to him and be relieved of this disagreeable business."

He signaled Dr. S., and went up to his vehicle. "Doctor," said he, in a tone of confidence and gravity, "I have a poor friend here who thinks of joining church. Of course *I* could not undertake his conversion, so I was just on my way to your house to place him in your hands. What say you?" Dr. S. was delighted. He insisted that the man should go home with him in his carriage at once. The poet beckoned to the fellow, and in a whisper instructed him to join the clergyman in the coach and the debt would be paid. Flaherty obeyed, and the doctor drove off with him. What the *dénouement* was may be readily conceived. Some will say that Percival could not have been guilty of such a trick, and that his mode of thought was totally foreign to anything fanciful or facetious. But the same might be said of Shelley, who, nevertheless, engaged with the most intense delight in whimsical freaks, as may be seen in *Hogg's Life*, vol. i.

Many profound characters will very probably laugh at the title of this paper, and sneer at the anecdotes which illustrate its signification. But we use to them the language of Thackeray, who, on being told, frankly and candidly, by a certain remarkably intellectual lady that she did not like his book, answered, with the same engaging frankness and candor, "Well, ma'am, I don't care."

WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

PRINCESS AND PAGE.

I.

SPRING in France is sunny and fair,
Spring's sweet odors enchant the air.

Into the Louvre's casement wide
Poureth the sunshine's golden tide.

Princess Marguerite standeth there,
Jeweled daisies amid her hair.

She glances down and whispers low,
 "Who is the page that waits below?"

"Yon handsome youth with joyous air,
 With broad white brow and shining hair."

The page looks up—his eager glance
 Rests on the fairest face in France.

Glance answers glance with meaning sweet:
 Fair page—fair Princess Marguerite.

II.

The summer's scented zephyrs glide
 Into the Louvre's casement wide.

Summer sunshine in golden sheen
 Glimmers around Queen Catharine.

"What handsome page," she mutters low,
 "Is he that waiteth now below?"

"The velvet cap that crowns his curls
 Is clasped with a daisy wrought of pearls.

"Last night he sang an old song sweet,
 'Si douce, si douce, est la Marguerite.'

"I hear and heed; so have a care,
 My handsome page—my daughter fair."

III.

The autumn winds chant wild refrain
 Above the dark and sullen Seine.

A pallid moon with spectral light
 Changes to ghostly day the night.

Over the river's bosom spread,
 Widens a stain of fearful red:

Out of the depths there rises now
 A pale dead face with cloven brow,

And tangled 'mid the blood-stained curls
 There gleams a daisy wrought of pearls.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ONLY NO LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY MRS. A. L. WISTER.

THE LOVERS.

LET us leave Annette to forget in the sound sleep of youth and health all the anxieties of her first day at the parsonage, and raise the curtain upon another scene.

We have before described the family aunt. Now, not only do such excellent creatures exist in many large old families, but in the great national circle there is very apt to be some one province occupying just such a retired position—full, nevertheless, of the consciousness of its own importance, and looking down rather peevishly upon its contemporaries, who outstrip it, in the eyes of the world, in the march of improvement.

Thus the province which is the scene of our story might well be called the family aunt of Germany, for the character of its inhabitants bore the same stamp of respectability and piety, the same obstinacy, the same inclination to preserve its grandmother's brocades and its grandfather's perukes, to collect and venerate the perishable glories of ancient times, the same self-glorifying consciousness of money-bags and title-deeds, and, lastly, the same firm conviction that nothing modern is worth much: in all things, you see, perfectly resembling the family aunt, even to the possession of a quiet nook in the land looking out upon the Gothic church steeple where the clock strikes both the hours and the quarters.

But all these features of family auntship pale before the influence of the nineteenth century, and would fade entirely, were it not that they retain a strong hold in various old fortresses and castles, where they reign supreme. In these the gates can be barred, the drawbridge raised, the portcullis lowered, and a stout rag of our grandmother's brocade flout above the battlements—a glorious ensign for all travelers who long to exchange the world of to-day for the

poetry of ivied turrets, moss-grown walls and all the romance of the past.

Just such a castle we now turn to—built like the solid rock, with battlements and turrets, drawbridge, portcullis and all. From behind a thicket of laurels and hemlocks, towering above their topmost branches, it commands a wide expanse of country—the range of mountains where stands Castle Massenbach, and the rich meadow watered by the stream along whose banks we have seen Annette wandering, and which empties its waters into the river which bounds the horizon. The old fortress was mainly distinguished for this charming view; nor does the gentleman in a green hunting-coat, who is now riding along a bridle-path on his way to the castle, find aught else worthy his attention, either in the narrow, dark gateway or in the confined courtyard, whence a winding staircase leads to the upper story of a round tower—dating, according to tradition, from the time of the Romans—which had been converted into a belvedere. Just as little is he interested to observe, as he enters unannounced, the contrast between the ruinous and somewhat weather-beaten walls without and the exceeding elegance of the appointments within. A multitude of unnecessary luxuries, invented by the fancy and caprice of leisure and taste, meet his eye on every hand in these odd little tapestried rooms, increasing in profusion as he approaches and finally enters the boudoir of the castellane, who lays aside the book she is reading upon the reading-desk in front of her couch, and advances to meet him with a friendly “Ah, Salentin!” He kisses her hand, and takes a seat in an arm-chair at the window, whence he looks forth upon the finest prospect that the castle commands.

“I cannot ascend your Elfenburg, Adrienne,” said he, after a pause, “with-

out being filled with melancholy. Something is wanting in my life. I am full of undefined longing. I have experienced this sensation at times from my earliest youth, and it is always called up by anything, like your castle here, reminding me of the past. This prospect does not cure me: it is too sadly fair."

Adrienne, with an air of suppressed irritation, threw back her head—which, let us remark by the way, was a remarkably pretty one, and well deserved to be carried proudly—and resting it upon her arm, which lay upon the cushions of the couch, replied:

"You are quite right. I, too, often experience the sensation which you describe, without being able to discover whence it arises."

"In your case it is undoubtedly the effect of loneliness, the result of your separation from all your accustomed occupations and enjoyments, which you have so kindly relinquished for my sake, Adrienne."

"That, Salentin," said the lady, "is a most manly, or rather mannish, speech. The same sensation, then, which argues deep feeling in a man, is the result in a woman of ungratified vanity. You know I detest the excitement to which you allude: indeed it is none to me, but insufferably wearisome," she hastily added.

"Don't be angry, my dear Adrienne," rejoined Count Guolfing, smiling; continuing in a tone of rather patronizing superiority as he kissed her brow: "You think you can easily forget all your former life, its interests and employments—that society—its soirées and its gossip? Good Heavens! how you deceive yourself! They are worth everything to you: they are necessary to your happiness, inseparable from it; not indeed for their own sake—not as they are the life of every superficial coquette who must dance and flatter and be flattered. No: that would be too preposterous. And not for the sake of the more cultivated members of those circles—those characters, distinguishable above the level of surrounding insipidity, always to be met with—about whom everything of talent and intellect in the atmosphere of

general society crystallizes, until they form a society within society where one may be really amused and entertained—not, I say, because intellectual friction with these people is necessary for you: no, not for that reason. But because society is the pedestal upon which stands your philosophy of life—that charming theory, always coquetting with itself, which looks just like you, Adrienne—the same mischief-loving eyes and pure profile—the same proud bearing, and full, nevertheless, of such unconscious maidenly naïveté. Oh this philosophy is charming in its negligence!—this youthful sage in long, fair, silken hair! From its heights of mental grandeur it looks down in disdain upon the empty life around it, and hugs its superiority in being able to despise what so few women can despise. This is its pride. But remove it from all this emptiness and folly, place it in solitude, and nothing remains in despising which it may daily be conscious of its own superiority. For example: in order to enjoy a quiet evening, you no longer need to refuse the hundred invitations that seek to draw into society one of the most brilliant of its members, but you will tire of enjoying it without the trouble by which you purchased it, for this very trouble nourished your self-consciousness—you will be miserable in not being obliged to contend with others for your happiness. You are not vain of the homage paid you, of the admiration which you excite: that you are not so feeds your self-satisfaction—you know that therein consists your superiority. But when you are far from all those who do you homage, and above whom you know you stand, upon what can this feeling of superiority, which has become a charming habit with you, exist? Why the foundation is snatched from your excellence—the pedestal from your philosophy."

"Delightful!" cried Adrienne, laughing, by no means irritated by this tirade, however unflattering parts of it might appear. "I can at least always have an opportunity of thinking myself superior to these characteristics, which my sharp-sighted husband will be perpetually de-

pecting. But do you know, Salentin, that parts of what you have just said sounded marvelously like a declaration of love? But have no fear," she continued, as Salentin started and a shade of evident annoyance flitted across his countenance: "I am perfectly well aware, to-day, at least, that I have nothing of the kind to fear from you."

There was a pause for a few minutes. To resume the conversation seemed rather an embarrassing task for both. Adrienne broke the silence by asking, with well-assumed indifference, "Do you know anything of the pastor of Lodorf, the village that looks so picturesque in that blue distance?"

Salentin shot one keen glance at his betrothed before he replied, which he did without a shade of embarrassment, and with an evident desire to display a genuine indifference: "Yes; he is a very old friend of mine—a man of considerable learning, and really remarkable force of character. I see him frequently, and Fräulein von Keppel, who rents part of the parsonage, is a distant connexion of my family. But how did you happen to hear of the pastor of Lodorf?"

"That is my secret."

Again a pause ensued, which Salentin employed in watching Adrienne narrowly, without appearing to do so. She had never seemed to him so lovely as now, when, as she sat looking out upon the charming landscape, the shade of melancholy deepened upon her face until it became almost sorrow. At length he said: "You have had letters to-day, Adrienne—one from the Countess von Trossenheim?"

"Yes: how did you know that?"

"That is *my* secret."

Here a servant announced Baron Hartung.

"Admit him immediately," said Adrienne; adding, as the man left the room, "You know he is with the Duke at Massenbach."

"Your Peter von Alcantara," said Salentin, rising. "I am going." And with a sensation of jealousy which he would not have acknowledged to himself, he thought, "She betrays herself;"

while Adrienne, with all a woman's instinct divining this jealousy, thought, "He betrays himself;" and all sadness vanished from her features for the moment.

He kissed her hand and took his leave, while Adrienne, who was really anxious to see Hartung alone, trusting to him for some enlightenment with regard to Annette, made no effort to detain him.

We cannot affirm that Count Guolfing's thoughts, as he slowly rode down the ascent to Elfenburg, were entirely satisfactory to himself. He was dissatisfied with the interview with his betrothed, which had begun so charmingly. He was annoyed at Adrienne's want of confidence in him. That her suspicions were aroused was beyond a doubt, although whether aroused or confirmed by her friend Christine had not been sufficiently well defined, and he hoped he had taken his revenge by affecting extreme indifference in speaking of the pastor of Lodorf. His evident desire to appear indifferent must have strengthened her suspicions: then, again, he was vexed at the readiness that she had shown to allow their *tête-à-tête* to be interrupted by Hartung; and, worse than all, he feared that he had not possessed sufficient self-control to conceal his vexation.

"She has my note to Hardenstein, that's clear," he soliloquized, "or the Trossenheim has told her of its contents. Hardenstein tells me that she is spreading them far and wide in the city, thorough gossip that she is. And—*ma foi!*—I respect Adrienne for not reproaching me with regard to Annette. But how the deuce could this exchange of letters have come about?"

He was obliged to confess to himself that he was by no means indifferent to the consequences of this exchange of letters, however unimportant it might at first have seemed. "It must not be allowed to make too deep an impression upon Adrienne," he thought. "In such a case I should have no support but the consciousness of rectitude, and it would not content me."

In the mean time, Hartung was with Adrienne—not indeed for the first time since he had read her letter. A month had elapsed since then, and he had seen her frequently, and yet each time that he was with her he was strangely agitated. He was no longer in love with her: that place in his fancy and his heart which had formerly been hers was now filled by another: he loved Annette; that is, he both loved and hated her. He was every day passing through terrible struggles with himself.

His heart was filled with a passion for her, for which he could have torn it out and cast it from him. He determined, with all the force of his reason and will, not to love her, and yet in her presence his will melted like snow before the sun in the consuming flame of his affection for her.

He compared Adrienne with Annette—Annette as she appeared to him in moments of intoxicating forgetfulness, pure and unsoiled by all by which he believed her degraded. How far below her pure poetic temperament did he rank Adrienne, with all her brilliancy, her highly-cultivated intellect and her talents, all owing their development to the most careful and studied training!

Heaven-high above all this were the indescribable grace, the unconscious magnanimity, the placid simplicity of the child of Nature. What a contrast there was between the two women!—the contrast between brilliant prose and musical, melancholy poetry. Adrienne was the sparkling prose, elaborating and educing from the depths of the human soul many a striking but often bitter truth. Annette was a poem spun of all a poet's finest fancies—like the song of the nightingale, full of soothing, harmonious melancholy. Nay, he went farther: he even accused Adrienne of his own faithlessness toward her: he thought her now heartless, incapable of self-sacrificing devotion, and therefore destitute of true womanliness. The flash of her wit was uncanny: she seemed a witch, an Undine who could become possessed of a soul only through the love and embrace of a mortal. There was some-

thing noisy and imposing about her, and in her most interesting moments he thought of what the ancient sage said to Venus: "*Nil sacri es.*"

Still, he had loved her, and he was faithful to his determination to rescue her from an entanglement into which she had been so shamefully enticed.

To this end he had been a constant visitor at Lodorf, that by acquaintance with Annette he might, if possible, procure certain proof that Count Salentin Guolfing was treacherously deceiving his betrothed, and thus convince the latter of this deceit, if, as he feared, it might chance that Frau von Trossenheim should send Salentin's letter to Hardenstein at the first glance, without reading it.

But this fear was unfounded. Hartung was convinced to-day, after the first few words that he exchanged with Adrienne, that the treacherous note was in her possession. She was not only absent, preoccupied and melancholy; she also began with a studied caution, that could not escape Hartung's penetration, to lead the conversation to the parsonage at Lodorf and its tenants, and finally to Annette in particular. Hartung informed her of his intimacy there, and could not forbear the triumph of portraying Annette in the most attractive colors, so that Adrienne naturally expressed a desire for an opportunity of seeing her.

"Nothing can be easier," he said: "we will ride to the parsonage some afternoon, and inquire of the pastor about the ancient title-deeds of your estate. He is, you know, an enthusiastic antiquarian, and knows by heart every bit of yellow parchment in the dukedom."

"Oh no, not that, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Adrienne. "I have certain reasons for wishing to remain invisible."

Hartung promised to arrange everything as she desired it, and to come soon again to undertake the expedition with her. She pressed his hand gratefully for his discretion in manifesting no surprise or curiosity to discover the reasons for her extraordinary interest in Annette, and he took his leave.

ANTECEDENTS.

COUNT SALENTIN GUOLFING was, apparently, the very man whom sentimental young German authoresses of the present day adopt as their hero. The necessary requirements for this post are, in the first place, a tall, imposing figure, dark curls, a moustache in which no single hair inclining to red can be detected (oh no, not for the world: this hair would be death to his magnificence, as one thrust from Roland's spear annihilated the handsomest and bravest knight), and a noble Grecian profile, such as we are all familiar with from Canova's chisel. His expression is one of melancholy enthusiasm; an oath never escapes his lips, nor has he ever been known to kick his dog; but while exposed to every trial that can beset mankind, from those which shatter the soul down to a stupid dog or obstinate horse, he has always preserved the loftiest magnanimity.

He has fought one duel, in witness whereof the scar on his white forehead is most becoming. In society he always stands lonely in the deep embrasure of a window or leans in a state of pensive abstraction against the mantelpiece, where he is always appealed to at the end of any discussion for his opinion, which in every case discloses an unfathomable depth of intellect.

But neither the unfathomable depth of his intellect, nor the unattainable loftiness of his imagination, hinders him from finally falling as desperately and humiliatingly in love as the most sentimental poetaster with a lady naturally possessed of the rarest and heavenliest attractions. The melancholy and expressive glances of his dark eyes, which continually rest upon her, inform her of his passion; but for the sake of these same glances, that must be introduced some way, he plays the tyrant for a while and does not declare himself. She nibbles at the bait of his incredible excellences for a while, until at last he throws off the lion's skin and soothes the lady like the clown in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Oh Heavens! how touching are these

weak, trite delineations by women of the character of a man!—not indeed as he is or should be, but as the secret wish, the ever-unfulfilled desire of a woman's heart would create him. Does it not shame us with the knowledge of how much in us is and must be concealed from woman?

Salentin Guolfing was well qualified, by a nature possessed of much gentleness and intellectual significance, and by a careful education, to play the principal part in a modern novel by a German woman. But he also possessed characteristics utterly disqualifying him for such a rôle—characteristics wherein lay his strength and his weakness, which, if they made him less a creature of romance, made him far more interesting as a man—part and parcel of the realities around us, pursuing with us the same high road of existence.

He was ambitious—very ambitious: his pride was great, and his intellectual capacity sufficient to enable him to justify to his own judgment whatever measures pride or ambition induced him to adopt—to justify them by a sophistry which would have been dangerous had his character not been founded upon thorough honesty of purpose, with great power of self-control.

Early in life he had entered upon a diplomatic career: now, having withdrawn from it for a while, he was devoting himself to study, traversing in his researches a wide field of observation and knowledge, while he nourished a secret intention of attaining to one of those political eminences in the German principality to which he belonged, which ensure the occupant's omnipotence in state affairs.

He had had a bitter disappointment in love while he was yet very young, and he was still, after many years, an obstinate satirist of womankind. But during the last winter in the capital, in the light of the newly-risen star of Adrienne von Traunstein, he had undergone a metamorphosis, and all the world had wondered, not that Adrienne's charms were not thought worthy of his homage: no, on the contrary, the wonder was

that the proud Guolfing should do homage to what was so universally admired. Adrienne was, whether envied, applauded or hated, the centre and queen of society, besieged by admiration which she received as queens generally receive it. Accustomed to such incense from her cradle, she regarded it almost as a necessity of existence. Perhaps if it had threatened to desert her, she might not have scorned employing any innocent coquetry to make it her own again, although she was of course safe from the evil effects which unaccustomed homage and flattery so often produce. Indeed, she had entered upon her twenty-sixth year without experiencing any impression upon her heart beyond a very fleeting inclination shortly after her entrance into society. Enchanting and enchaining all around her, she remained herself cold and impassive. And was Count Salentin enchanted and enchained? So it would seem, and Adrienne herself had not a doubt upon the subject.

She liked to meet him—thought him very amiable: yes, she preferred him above all others, but she had the same nameless dread of a declaration from him that she had of every declaration of love. This dread sometimes caused a constraint in her manner that did not escape Salentin. He found her one morning alone in her boudoir. The conversation turned upon a marriage lately concluded, in which every worldly requisition for happiness was wanting.

“How can a man be so enamored of folly! What madness to ruin all his prospects for the future for the sake of love!” cried Salentin.

There was something in this exclamation that nettled Adrienne: she was decidedly annoyed by it, but she answered immediately: “I agree with you entirely, Count Guolfing: there is no insanity to compare with the folly that makes such a sacrifice to a fleeting sensation—a sensation generally produced by artificial and accidental circumstances—at best of questionable importance, possessing by no means the weight in life which enthusiasts attach to it.”

When one begins in a strain like this

of Adrienne's, there is a miserable deal to say: there are the fields of prudence, reason and materialism to be traversed, all plentifully stocked with arguments. One is tempted to go still farther and gird on the weapons of irony and satire, because, after all, with all this reasoning, one is never sure of his cause. The case is argued all the more violently as the speaker is constantly conscious of a point within sadly in need of fortification, and by no means impregnable to the assaults of the very enemy under denunciation.

Thus it happened that in this *tête-à-tête*, Adrienne and Salentin so vied with each other in fierce assaults upon love that they gradually became excited, and at last rather angry.

In fact each was piqued that the other should utter so decided an opinion without making a single exception, and so each stormed away all the more violently at poor Love, the divine child, in hopes of irritating the other.

When both had reached a most lofty point of angry denunciation, Count Salentin Guolfing offered Adrienne von Traunstein his hand.

“Let us have no love,” he said, “but a marriage contracted in order that we may accomplish together the loftier and nobler aims of existence—a marriage founded upon mutual esteem and the truest sympathy of aims. I shall never annoy you by a declaration of love, nor desire love from you; but I will do all that lies in my power to make your life brilliant and happy—happy as it can be made only when protected by a husband possessed of your esteem and confidence. I shall entreat of you in return to make my interests your own, and to support me in the path which I see fit to tread in order to attain my aims in life, which, by the way, shall never be mean or unworthy of you. I know that we shall be happy: our dispositions have a certain affinity in their tastes, our minds in their aims. Each will have need of the other, for I do not think that there exists a stronger bond than communion in exertion which shall nobly employ existence. A community of thought and purpose, even although the purpose be, like mine,

egotistical, the fruit of ambition, contains in its essence much more of a guarantee for its continuance than can be found in a community of sentiment, which may vanish to-morrow. Decide, then, upon my future, Adrienne: you can create my happiness, for I know no other human being capable of assisting me as you can. Let us be happy, but not in love, not childish."

After several days for deliberation, Adrienne accepted Count Guolfing's hand. She had, in fact, determined immediately to do so; for, in the first place, she believed him possessed of all those amiable qualities which she required in the man to whom she could entrust her future; in the second place, she felt sure that, in spite of his cold philosophy and even unconsciously to himself, he really loved her; and lastly, she was firmly convinced that he must love her when she belonged to him. Her vanity precluded all possibility of a doubt as to that, even although she had failed as yet to triumph over his heart.

And could there be a more charming and flattering position for egotism and vanity than to be loved by a noble husband, before whom lay a splendid future, and yet never to be conscientiously impelled to give anything in return; for had he not stipulated for no love in the matter? Besides, Salentin's proposal, however strangely cold and indifferent it might sound, was a tribute to her all the more valuable from its novelty. He had not told her—what she knew already—that she was beautiful or charming, but he had given her credit for intellectual capacity to assist him in his ambitious plans for the future. In imagination she saw herself the star of an influential political circle—another De Longueville or De Stael.

She was now, in accordance with Salentin's desire, passing the summer upon her estate of Elfenburg, which was in the vicinity of Castle Guolfing. But, at the end of several months, what was the result of this engagement, entered into with such sublime self-conceit—this pattern arrangement of pru-

dence and sagacity? We have seen the result above. Salentin was desperately in love with Adrienne, and Adrienne with Salentin. Neither would be guilty of the inconsistency of making this confession, but would have given worlds to have extracted it from the other. There was a narrow inspection, a perpetual self-tormenting, a jealous oversight going on, which none but lovers could ever have survived; and now they stood formally opposed to each other, armed to the teeth. When Salentin learned from his friend Hardenstein that his letter to the latter had been opened and read by Frau von Trossenheim, while he himself had received the one from Adrienne to her friend, he knew that the postscript concerning Annette must provoke a crisis, and therefore he rejoiced in the exchange. Adrienne, in the mean time, wounded as a woman, mortified as a lady, had recourse in her need to Hartung to bring on that crisis to which she also now anxiously looked forward.

ANNETTE.

AFTER a few days' residence at the parsonage, Annette became quite accustomed to her new home. 'Tis true, the inmates were still strangers to her, in especial the pastor, of whom she saw least. From old Fräulein von Keppel she now and then received a few words of kindness and sympathy, which inspired her with a certain degree of confidence, but it was very difficult to please or even satisfy her, as she expected to have her advice asked upon every possible occasion, and yet, when asked, the usual reply was, "Lord, child! how can you ask such a silly question?" or something of the kind to show how weary she grew of always advising and assisting. Then, too, she continually betrayed her consciousness of Annette's dependent condition, and this consciousness is never graceful, even in the best of us.

Therefore, Annette was forced to make friends of her inanimate surroundings—house, fields and garden, which last she took under her special protection. She tended the young flowers, and trained

the growing peas and beans as if she had planted them herself, although she knew well enough, poor child! that the flowers plucked with her own hands from garden and hedge were likely to be the only ones that would adorn her pathway through life. The animals, too, about the place soon recognized her kindly care: the doves would alight on her shoulder, and the house dog, a rather cross old fellow, was her perpetual attendant.

In her labors in the garden she was usually assisted by the former pastor of Steinheim. The old man was (Heaven only knew why) a bitter enemy of Fräulein von Keppel; and in proportion as Annette suffered from her old relative's caprice, she rose in the strange old man's good graces, for she was a living witness to his mind of the fact that everything and everybody in the parsonage suffered under the Fräulein's staid, despotic rule. So, whenever he was not inclined to be ill—an inclination that generally took possession of him in wet weather—he went with Annette into the garden—he was an enthusiastic gardener—and would place his ladder against some tree or wall near which Annette was working, and entertain her to the best of his ability while trimming and pruning his favorites. Sometimes, however, she was obliged to check his garrulity, when he began to abuse her old relative or indulge in too free discussions.

"Fräulein Annette," said he one afternoon, hobbling up to her upon his thickly-swathed feet to help her lift the watering-pot, and casting a particularly sly glance at her flushed face—"Fräulein Annette, who is your patron saint?"

"I have none," she replied. "Surely I ought to be content with my blessed patroness, St. Anna."

"Oh no, silly child! Never be content with only a patroness: a patron you must have; and as I could not sleep last night, I employed my time in selecting one for you. I assure you I had a hard time of it, there is such a host of them, all gifted with peculiar power and beneficence. You see I wanted to find an

unusually mighty and faithful saint for you, a very refuge in time of trouble. Guess whom I have chosen."

"I cannot tell: I should have to look through the whole calendar."

"Why, the blessed Peter of Alcantara," cried the old man, bursting into a chuckling fit of laughter.

Annette's face grew more crimson than it had been with the exertion of drawing the water: she seized the watering-pot and hastened away, without, in her confusion, replying a single word. The secret which she had believed hidden from all the world had been discovered by this mischievous old man, who, notwithstanding his good humor, was so fond of teasing her. It was too mortifying! And was it not humiliating that, although so few weeks had elapsed since her first interview with him to whom the old man had just so coarsely alluded, he was so perpetually in her thoughts, where never before had room been found for any man; and that every day not enriched by his presence and his words was as a lost day to her? And withal she was so young—too simply educated to interest one so greatly her superior as Hartung; and, besides, mourning the loss of a dear mother, whose memory should have entirely filled her mind and heart.

Had she not already taken herself severely to task for her folly, and inwardly vowed always to leave the room during his constant visits at the parsonage? But what had been the result? He had always followed her into garden or lane: it was impossible to avoid him. Not for the world would she have hinted to herself that his visits were made solely upon her account, although a suspicion that such was the fact was forcing itself upon her mind in spite of herself. Certain it was, that no word of love addressed to her had ever passed his lips, but she had often noticed how, when speaking to others, his glance would perpetually seek her out and rest upon her—sometimes fondly, and then again so searchingly and sadly that it terrified and confused her. Then, too, when he spoke to her, his voice would sometimes tremble with

what seemed to be anger—what could it mean?—although his words were always kind, so kind that he had inspired her with a confidence in him never reposed by her before in any one but her dead mother. This it was that attracted her, that made him so noble in her eyes—his bearing so quietly dignified, and his manner so full of grace. He was to her a creature of another sphere, looking down like a king upon all the meanness and uncharitableness that degrade this life.

And, indeed, since the beginning of his sojourn at the court of the Duke of Hetzendorff, Hartung had imagined that he experienced a thorough change in himself. A quiet content had taken possession of him; he was gentle and prudent: no longer, he flattered himself, could there be any foundation for Adrienne's former unfavorable opinion of him. His former life might, he thought, be not unjustly compared to Adrienne herself—founded upon vain superficialities, and fluttering like a butterfly around the frivolities of the world: his present existence was as calm and peacefully content as—Annette.

But let us return to her. She was seriously angry with the old man, who had rudely attempted to drag forth into daylight the secret she had so carefully hidden—who had so coarsely revealed, in the mantling blush upon her cheek and brow, the crimson hue of the mystic rose of passion which had hitherto reposed, a closely-folded bud, in her inmost heart. She bitterly resented his entering her holy of holies with a jest.

Meanwhile, he had mounted a ladder placed against the wall of the house to tie up some straggling wreaths of grapevine, and as she passed the spot she said softly to the great dog always following her, "Lie down, Tiger!" He instantly stretched himself obediently just at the foot of the ladder, and resting his huge head upon his extended fore paws, lay blinking in the sunshine, lazily following with his eyes the mistress of his affections, who betook herself to a distant part of the garden. Now the worst possible relations existed between the dog

at the foot of the ladder and the old man above, who, hating dogs in general, did most especially abhor this one in particular, whose bristling hair and white teeth caused him such continual dread. Thus, when, upon desiring to descend from his perch, he became aware of his enemy below, he roared loudly, "Fräulein Annette! Fräulein Annette!" and when Fräulein Annette maliciously refrained from answering, he shouted all the more vigorously for the servant: "Martin! Martin! where the deuce are you?"

Now, the shouts which entirely failed to bring either Annette or Martin to his aid produced their effect upon Tiger, who raised his head and growled; then stood up and showed his formidable row of glistening teeth; and at last, utterly outraged by the obstinate want of confidence in him displayed by the old pastor, who redoubled his shrieks for help, broke out into most furious barking, and began making frantic leaps toward the upper rounds of the ladder.

Annette, in her concealment, laughed merrily at the success of her childish plot, when suddenly a window just above the head of the terrified gardener was opened, and the face of the old Fräulein appeared flushed with anger, while in tones more terrible than Tiger's she berated the unfortunate man, as if the howling and barking of the accursed brute below were all his fault. He was certainly exposed to the hottest cross-fire: beneath him leaped a savage brute, gnashing his teeth and roaring for his prey, and above the Fräulein scolded shrilly. It was too much: Annette came to his assistance, and pacifying Tiger, helped the disconsolate florist to descend and seek refuge in the house.

A few minutes afterward she heard the quick strokes of a horse's hoofs upon the village highway. Her heart beat loud and fast. Could it be he? Yes. The sound died away before the gate, and Hartung came directly through the house and into the garden where she was. He greeted her with formal courtesy, as if embarrassed by thus finding her alone, asked after the pastor, evi-

dently without any intention of going to seek him, and finally stood still, gazing at her with eyes before which her own sought the ground as he took her hand, kissed it and said,

"Annette, I must see you alone without witnesses, without fear of interruption. My happiness is in your hands. Can you refuse me? No, no, you cannot. Say you will be in the myrtle arbor in the grove to-morrow afternoon at this hour. I pray you do not disappoint me."

Annette was so embarrassed by his manner that she could not speak; and as she looked up at him without a word, he took her silence for consent, kissed her hand once more, and was gone before a sound had passed her lips.

Perhaps you imagine that she passed a sleepless night, wondering whether she ought to receive Hartung in the myrtle arbor on the morrow. I assure you you are mistaken. She slept the happiest sleep that she had known since her arrival at Lodorf. Why should she hesitate to accede to Hartung's request? She knew he would say nothing to wound her — nothing but what was kind and true-hearted—and she might safely trust in him. Was she thus secure in her mind only because such a conviction would permit her to follow the dictates of her heart, and be at the appointed spot when Hartung should await her there? I think this last is hardly likely, for in a pure and placid nature like Annette's, trust must exist before love is born: only with a more impulsive and sensuous temperament does confidence follow love.

When he asked Annette for this *l'été-à-tête*, Hartung had a twofold object in view.

In the first place, he wished to afford Adrienne Traunstein the opportunity for observation that he had promised her; and then he was determined to ascertain the true relation in which she (Annette) stood to Count Salentin Guolfing. He should certainly be able to discover, either from her words themselves or from her manner in replying to him, whether he were dishonored or not by his affection for her. The more he saw

of her the more improbable — nay, impossible — did it appear that any stain could rest upon her loveliness. In his case, confidence was born of love; and as he became convinced that he had no cause to dread the truth, he was filled with a burning desire to know it. Was she perhaps the destined prey of the Count, ah, how she should be snatched from destruction! He reproached himself bitterly for not having already warned her, and was sure that he had been selected in the strangest manner by fate to rob Count Salentin at once of a mistress and a wife.

Long before the appointed hour, Annette sat alone in the arbor in the grove, and as the minutes slowly passed she found herself becoming restless and at last painfully excited. To allay this excitement, she sang aloud. Into the tones of her glorious contralto she threw her whole soul: the sound was as clear as the ring of a jewel dropped into a golden goblet. She sang a simple, quaint old song of her mother's, and unconsciously threw into the words more meaning than they had been intended to express:

"In the still, lonely bower I wait, love, for thee:
When twilight falls softly then come, love, to me.
Come when the light fades into night,
With the nightingale's song, with the first star:
Let me be sure that thou lovest me truly;
But if thou love me not, stay then afar.

"That I was lovelier—didst thou not say?—
Than the loveliest flowers that come with the May.
Yet shouldst thou now repent thy vow,
What though I long for thee, come not again—
Though I should weep for thee, come not again."

She thought herself alone as she sung each verse twice, clearly and distinctly. But no: Adrienne was listening from her concealment close at hand. She had not for an instant reflected whether she were wise in undertaking this expedition with Hartung—her desire to see Annette was too intense—but had left the castle with him on horseback at the appointed hour, and leaving her horse with a groom, had entered the grove through a hedge which bounded it at the back. Hartung had then conducted her to a spot whence, unobserved, she could both see and hear Annette.

The sight of that fair, graceful creature giving utterance in such pure tones to a feeling as pure and true, her figure framed by the clustering myrtle branches, while one spray drooping from the bough above her rested upon her innocent brow, produced upon Adrienne an opposite effect to any which Hartung had intended or expected. He had thought she would be filled with jealous scorn and contempt — that she would turn away coldly, resolved as to her future course toward Salentin. He dreaded the next few moments, for he well knew that he could not endure to hear one hard, derogatory word applied to Annette. But his fears were unfounded. Adrienne leaned more and more heavily upon his arm, and pointed to a rustic seat a short distance from where they stood. Thither he conducted her: she sank down upon it, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, while Annette's song floated on the breeze toward them.

Yes, she was utterly annihilated in her own eyes. She knew herself betrayed by Salentin, but she had no right to reproach him. Had she not expressly stipulated that no love was to be required from him or from her? All this was her work.

And now she understood how monstrous had been this stipulation. She had wickedly trifled with the sacredness of love, and when punishment thus found her out, she had no right to complain.

Ah, how powerful was the might of this love which she had affected to despise! It was sounding loudly in her ears, borne upon the tones of Annette's full voice—the beauty, power and enduring glory of love. All petty jealousies and vanities were forgotten. Of what could she be vain? She, a woman without love—hers was indeed an empty and worthless existence. Her heart seemed to become ice: she wept no more.

In the mean time, another had entered the garden—Count Salentin himself. After a short interview with the Fräulein in the parsonage, he had asked for Annette, and, refusing the officious offers of the old pastor of Steinheim,

who had limped away, promising to call her, had set off himself in search of her. Following one of the winding garden paths he at last struck into a narrow, shaded walk which he pursued for a short distance, until, turning a corner, he came suddenly in sight of a most extraordinary group. There, in a lonely spot, upon a grassy mound from which he was separated only by a narrow rivulet and rustic bridge, he beheld his betrothed bride, Adrienne von Traunstein, while her former admirer, Peter von Alcantara Hartung, stood before her offering her his arm, which, rising, she accepted with every appearance of the utmost familiarity. Salentin hastened toward them and stood before her.

Count von Guolfing was too well bred a man not to shrink instinctively from anything like a scene, but for a moment jealous rage entirely mastered all his aristocratic self-possession.

"Adrienne," he faltered with quivering lips, while his face grew white, "I am perfectly aware that I have no claim upon your affection, but I can demand that you should respect my honor, and require you to have some consideration for your own reputation."

"Salentin"—she interrupted him here in a cold and hopeless voice—"what a reproach is this to me! How, how can you address me thus in sight of that young girl?"

She pointed as she spoke to Annette, who at this moment approached, preceded by the old pastor.

"Of that girl!—of my niece! Why not?"

"Your niece!" exclaimed Hartung.

Adrienne looked at her betrothed with an expression in her fine eyes which it would be useless to try to describe. For an instant she was happy, for she clearly perceived that his emotion proceeded from no mortification hiding behind a mask of injured innocence and anger, but that it was a genuine outburst of jealous love.

And what a strife possessed her heart upon this discovery! Love prompted her to relieve his jealousy and tell him everything; but pride, all quick again,

prevented her from what seemed so humiliating—the desertion of the principles and opinions which she had only shortly before so zealously advocated. No: she must first become quite sure that her confession would be received in the same spirit in which it was made.

She begged him to accompany her by a retired path to the midst of the grove, and was obliged to take his arm, for her knees refused their support.

“Is that young girl your niece?” she asked, gently.

“Yes: she is the daughter of my only brother, who when very young married a girl far beneath him in social standing, and so fell into disgrace with my father, who disinherited him. He was obliged to accept an insignificant official appointment in a small town about two miles hence, where he died soon after his marriage. I can hardly remember him, for I was a mere boy when he left home for his university career, but ever since I came of age I have supported his widow and child; and upon the death of the mother, not long since, I judged it best to place the daughter here at the parsonage, in charge of her and my distant relative, the Canoness von Keppel.”

“Why did you never tell me all this before?”

“Because the whole matter is so unpleasant to me. I cannot bear to think of my brother’s sad fate, when, but for his youthful folly, he might have had as fair a future as my own.”

“Salentin,” said Adrienne, “it was wrong to conceal this from me; and through this error I have, in thought, been guilty of great injustice toward you. I would entreat your forgiveness—would tell you what brought me here with Hartung this afternoon—but that there is another weight upon my mind from which it must first be relieved. Salentin, I am not what I was: I recognize my former folly. I cannot marry you. Noble, chivalrous as I know you to be, you will not distress me by questions or reproaches. Give me back my freedom; or give me”—she added as she saw Salentin regard her with an ex-

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pression of the intensest anguish—“or give me, I pray—”

“What? what? For God’s sake speak, Adrienne!”

“—Your whole and undivided heart for ever.”

He clasped her in his arms with a joy far beyond any that triumphant vanity could produce. She felt a tear fall upon her brow as her head reclined upon his breast.

“How miserably hollow was our wisdom!” said he: “how lamentably conceited our shallow sophistry!”

In the mean time, Annette and Hartung had been left to mutual explanations. She told him, as she saw Count Guolfing walk away with the stranger lady, that it was her uncle, who had lately told her of his approaching marriage, but what Hartung said, and how she made reply, why should I write it here? It would serve no purpose but to supply the old pastor of Steinheim with new matter for jesting at Annette’s expense; and really I love the girl too well to expose her to anything of the kind.

The memory of his late distressing position, which he rightly attributed to Annette, was still fresh, and he was provoked, besides, at being left entirely alone by every one.

“The only part left for me to play, as far as I can see,” he said peevishly, “is to tuck the old Fräulein (Heaven bless her!) under my arm and lose myself in a third of these romantic paths.”

Three months afterward the marriage of Baron Hartung was solemnized in the castle of the Duke of Massenbach. The Duke had insisted upon doing honor to his private Secretary by undertaking every arrangement for this important event himself. The guests were invited under his own ducal hand and seal—among them the Countess and Count von Guolfing—and His Highness took part in the festivities with every appearance of great interest and the most condescending amiability.

In the evening the roll-call of his body-guard was beaten, and there was a grand display of fireworks. An immense number of people had assembled

before the castle, who, when the rockets had blazed their last, distributed themselves through the park, whistling, singing, dancing and joking, enjoying the delicious summer evening and the music of the band which reached them through the open windows of the illuminated saloons. The Duke suddenly became aware of these crowds as he looked casually from one of the windows, and quickly called Hartung to his side:

"Look, Hartung! what is all this? What does it mean? a revolution, eh?"

Without waiting for an answer, he hurried away and immediately appeared in the ball-room with his sword by his side.

"Gentlemen, follow me!" he shouted; and preceding them, he strode gravely down the castle steps into the park.

The people rushed toward him from every side.

"See to it," he turned and cried to his followers, "that no one hinders me from crushing in the dust with my own hand the hydra of insurrection!"

The instant that the gathering crowd heard the voice of their national father, they tore off their caps and threw them into the air, shouting, "Long live our Duke of Hetzendorff-Massenbach!"

There was shouting and noise without end.

The Duke returned his sword to its scabbard with a sigh. "It can't be done," he said in a tone of melancholy resignation.

"No, your Highness," said Hartung, smiling. "All things have their day: revolutions are out of fashion."

THE DEVIL'S CAVE.

THESE is a peculiar interest attaching to any information regarding our sister republic of Mexico, both on account of the romantic character of her early history, and on account of the apparent partiality with which Nature has favored her by the lavish expenditure of her richest gifts upon her soil—an interest which the more recent developments in her history have tended to intensify. In view of this fact, the writer of the subsequent narrative, who spent the greater part of his life among the descendants of the Aztecs, feels induced to give publicity to an episode of his Mexican experiences, which he thinks may throw some light upon one of the most remarkable phenomena of that country—a phenomenon which thus far has eluded all the attempts of science to explain, and the explanation of which receives an additional interest from the importance which the recent occurrence of some of the most destructive earthquakes on record—both on our own

continent and elsewhere—have taught us anew to attach to these mighty subterranean revolutions. Foregoing, therefore, any further apology, he proceeds with his narrative.

The city of Mexico is surrounded by ditches, which discharge their waters into Lake Tezcoco, north of the city. All the water coming from the mountains north of the capital, as well as that which flows from the numerous artesian wells so common in the city and its environs, is carried to this lake, which covers an area of about one hundred square miles with salt water. None of the many efforts that have been made to obtain a regular outlet for this lake, and for which many millions of dollars have been spent, have proved successful, and thus the city is constantly exposed to inundation, caused by the heavy rains which every year pour down in torrents, and for a time convert the streets into rivers. Early in this century an overflow occurred,

during which the water reached the height of seven feet, in memory of which event porcelain tablets were inserted into the walls of houses to indicate the highest water-mark.

Mexican annals assert that the Spaniards expended over forty millions of dollars in endeavoring to procure an outlet for this lake; and under the viceroyalty of Bucareli three thousand Indians were employed to excavate a tunnel through the mountain of San Andres, by which the water was to be carried to the other side of the ridge; but before its consummation the tunnel caved in and was abandoned. The cause of this trouble is the topographical character of this side of the Valley of Mexico, since—with the exception of the sites upon which the villages of Tacubaya and San Miguel are situated—it is almost perfectly level, having a declivity of scarcely eight feet toward the side of the lake.

For a long time it was a scientific problem by what means the lake discharges the immense quantity of water with which the mountains and artesian wells constantly supply it, and for which apparently there is no outlet. Yet, although the lake lies on a level with the city, and therefore seems to threaten the latter and the entire valley constantly with the danger of an inundation, the actual occurrence of such an event is very rare, and never takes place except in consequence of extraordinarily heavy freshets. Although many have attempted to solve this problem, no satisfactory theory has been proffered thus far in explanation of this singular phenomenon, with the exception perhaps of one. According to this hypothesis, the burning rays of the tropical sun shining over the large extent of the area covered by the lake cause the evaporation of a quantity of water sufficient to counterbalance the amount which is supplied by the various tributaries of the lake, and to keep the latter—at least under ordinary circumstances—within its limits. Plausible, however, as this explanation at the first glance may appear to many, it never has proved conclusive to me; for al-

though it cannot be doubted that the evaporation is very great, yet this evaporation cannot be assumed to be proportionate to the vast quantity of water which is incessantly carried into the lake.

Favored by a peculiar coincidence of circumstances, I was once enabled to satisfy myself beyond doubt that my hesitation in admitting the correctness of this theory was well justified. In the following narrative I will relate how—by accident and without any merit of my own—I became acquainted with some facts which tend to show clearly how far the Mexican savans who had attempted the solution of this interesting problem had come short of the truth, and how often superstition clothes in mystery and romance facts which may easily be traced to the most natural causes.

The distance from the city of Mexico to Tezcoco is six leagues, and can be traversed either by land or water. The ditches which surround the capital lead to a principal one at the garita of San Lazaro, and thence to a canal which empties into the lake. At this garita or toll-gate barges are found (nine feet wide by forty-five feet long) which are employed as conveyances between the city and Tezcoco. The conveniences which they furnish are of a somewhat rustic and primitive style, as they consist of nothing but two rows of hard, uncushioned benches which serve as seats, and are partly sheltered by a dilapidated awning of sailcloth from the burning rays of the sun, to which the passengers are exposed from morning until night. The fare for these by no means very comfortable accommodations is twenty-five cents. Nine Indians constitute the crew, one of whom steers the barge, while the others propel it by means of poles eighteen feet long, which they push to the bottom of the canal, running at the same time by turns the length of the boat. In this manner the barge is moved through the canal, which is about six miles long, but hardly wide enough to allow another boat to pass.

While the scenery on both sides of the canal is in no way interesting, as the

soil is marshy and devoid of vegetation, this part of the journey becomes decidedly disagreeable from the fact that the water of the canal is infected by the drainage of a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, which imparts to it an odor easier to be imagined than endured. This source of annoyance, however, ceases as soon as the barge arrives at the lake, when the eye of the traveler is struck here and there by compact tracts of floating moss, which probably in olden times gave rise to the tales of the floating gardens of the Moctezumas, and some of which can easily be cut by the barge, while others offer greater resistance, and compel the bargemen to take a circuitous route in order to avoid them. These patches of floating vegetation are sometimes half a mile in length and of differing widths, and do by no means contribute to render the journey more pleasant, particularly when a heavy north wind is blowing.

On the occasion of the trip which forms the subject of this narrative I constructed out of my cane and coat a tent to protect myself against the burning rays of the sun, and lying down upon the bottom of the barge tried to make myself as comfortable as possible until we should arrive at the other side of the lake, where there is another canal. There was a perfect calm, and the silence which prevailed, as all the passengers, overcome by the scorching heat, had dropped asleep, was interrupted only by the steady tread of the Indian propellers and the splashing of their poles as they raised them from the water.

Suddenly we were aroused by the hoarse voices of our crew, who burst into a kind of chant in which all those aboard joined, springing at the same time from their hard couches and prostrating themselves, while they repeated three times these words: "*Santa Maria, salva nos!*"—Holy Mary, save us! At the same moment the barge came to a halt, and all on board, with bare heads and prostrate forms, made the sign of the cross. Aroused from my drowsiness, and bewildered by what was going on around me, I glanced with an inquiring

look at my fellow-passengers. Nobody, however, seemed to pay the least attention to me, for, after having risen, the crew resumed their monotonous work, while the passengers again stretched themselves to sleep, and everything relapsed into stillness, leaving me at a loss what to think of this strange scene.

Under these circumstances I ventured to address one of the passengers nearest to me by saying,

"Señor, can you explain to me what this means?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but we are too near yet for me to dare give you any explanation: wait until we are far enough away and there is no longer any risk."

"Risk!" I exclaimed—"of what?"

But in reply he only made the sign of the cross and turned away, leaving me politely to my own conjectures as to this mystery.

Since the passenger whom I had addressed appeared to be the most civilized of all those around me, I gave up any further attempt at inquiry, and resolved to restrain my curiosity until we should arrive in Tezcoco, hoping that there I should be able to obtain the desired information. Yet so completely absorbed had I become in this singular adventure that I actually forgot the principal object of my journey, and kept continually repeating to myself the words, "*Santa Maria, salva nos!*"

As we now were approaching Tezcoco, I prepared myself for the disembarkation, when the captain of the barge politely asked me for my fare. I could not let this opportunity for gratifying my curiosity pass without asking him for an explanation of what I had witnessed during our journey. Taking my arm, he led me to the helm of the barge, and after uncovering his head and making the sign of the cross, he pointed toward the east, where I could distinguish a huge cross in the centre of the lake.

"There," he said, "is the Devil's Cave."

"What about it?" was my quick inquiry, but my informant had already turned away to resume the collection of the fares, and my hope of having my

curiosity gratified was again doomed to disappointment.

Before the conquest of Mexico by Herman Cortes, Tezcoco was the capital of a mighty republic of that name, and was tributary to the empire of Moctezuma. Its population must have been very large, for it is recorded that at one time, when the empire was engaged in war, the republic of Tezcoco furnished three hundred thousand warriors to the army of Moctezuma. However that may be, the people of Tezcoco were among the most enlightened of the Indian nations, and far advanced in art, science and general civilization. At every step the observer meets in Tezcoco with relics which are most interesting as monuments of the civilization of the earliest inhabitants of America.

In the vicinity of Tezcoco there are two celebrated pyramids called, "El Sol y la Luna" (the Sun and the Moon), which, in spite of their remarkable structure, have but little attracted the attention of travelers. In Xumitla, a small village near the city, the high priests of the republic resided, as is proved not only by the celebrated stone of sacrifice, but also by the numerous graves which were discovered here, and the appearance of which bears evidence of their being the burial-places of the high dignitaries of the republic, who were always interred at the place where the high priest resided.

On my arrival at Tezcoco I visited the cacique, an Indian with whom I had some business to transact, upon the conclusion of which I took occasion to ask for information regarding the "Devil's Cave." In reply he furnished me with the following, which I give in his own words:

"At the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, their well-known cupidity and avarice induced the Aztecs to take every precaution in order to prevent their highly-revered idols and precious treasures from falling into the hands of the invaders. Thus, during the night before the entrance of the latter into the city of Mexico, the slaves of the reigning emperor were actively

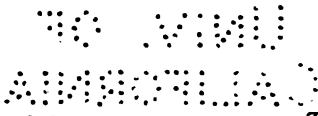
employed in carrying away all these riches and throwing them into Lake Tezcoco, since they preferred to see them destroyed to having them become the plunder of the conquerors. The unfortunate nephew of the conquered ruler of the Aztecs, who assisted at this operation and superintended it, was seized by the enraged Spaniards and subjected to the excruciating torture of having his feet roasted upon a red-hot gridiron, in order to extort from him a confession; but as the victim of their cruelty died under this severe ordeal, the rapacity of his executioners remained unsated.

"This incident gave rise to the popular legend regarding the Devil's Cave; according to which, every evening at sundown a bluish vapor was seen hovering over the spot where these treasures lay buried, which was believed to be the spirit of the ill-fated royal victim, who had perished in his attempt to ensure the preservation of the revered idols from the defiling hands of the invaders.

"At the introduction of Christianity into Mexico by the Spaniards, the first archbishop of the capital proceeded to the place in solemn procession, and amid many benedictions planted a huge cross here to mark the spot, and to drive away the evil spirit haunting it. After this ceremony the vapor was no longer seen, but in its place a whirlpool appeared, which proved most dangerous to the boatmen plying upon these waters, and drew many of them into its treacherous current, where they disappeared for ever. For this reason, even until this day, all boatmen who pass the spot prostrate themselves and fervently repeat the Ave Maria, hoping thus to avert the dreaded danger."

This, then, was the story of the Devil's Cave, as related to me by my Indian friend; and after having heard it, I resolved to further investigate the facts regarding it, since I felt sure that such investigation would result if not in benefiting science, at least in gratifying my own curiosity, which was far from being satisfied by this tale.

Yet time and circumstances were not



favorable to carrying out this resolution—so much the less, as there was no hope for an immediate lucrative gain to be derived from it, and as the mutability and instability of affairs prevailing in Mexico impress the adage, “Time is money,” more forcibly than anywhere else upon the foreigner, and compel him to take Time by the forelock in making the most he can of the present moment. The country was just then in a state of feverish excitement, as the allied governments of France, Spain and England had landed their forces on the shores of Vera Cruz; and I therefore abandoned the project of my investigation for a more appropriate season.

A year had elapsed, and I had nearly forgotten what I had heard in regard to the Devil's Cave, when a peculiar incident invested the subject with even a greater interest for me than it had previously possessed. The emperor of the French had sent out with his expedition a corps of scientific men for the purpose of investigating the natural resources of the country, until then almost entirely unknown; among whom were the celebrated Abbé Brasseur and other scientific Frenchmen. The corps was organized in the capital, and to it were added many natives, as well as foreigners who had long resided in Mexico, and who were supposed to be acquainted with its resources. I was myself among these latter, and was honored with an invitation to join this scientific expedition and give to it the benefit of the experience which I had acquired during a long residence in the country, especially in the departments of zoology and botany, to which personal taste had particularly attracted me; and as I possessed very extensive botanical and zoological collections, these departments were especially assigned to me.

Accordingly, in the month of July I started upon a tour of investigation, and remembering from the reports of earlier travelers that in the Tierra Caliente, so called, grew many plants containing remedial properties not yet fully known to the scientific world, I directed my first journey toward that region.

To that corps which was confided to my direction a German engineer was attached, who, however, was more especially interested in chemistry than in anything else, and who had very extensively traveled throughout the country.

At the end of our first day's journey we rested at Mecca-mecca, situated at the foot of the volcano Popocatepetl, where the temperature never rises beyond 50°, but is generally between 20° and 24°. From here it is but a short distance to Cuatla, yet the atmospheric change is so distinct that while at the former place a Siberian temperature prevails, the latter is decidedly tropical. Near Mecca-mecca the Northern pine is the only tree found, while Cuatla abounds in coffee, bananas, pine-apples, and all the fruits characteristic of tropical climes, although the distance between the two places is not greater than six leagues, or eighteen miles.

While we were sitting around a large wood-fire in a so-called hotel at Mecca-mecca and discussing various topics, I incidentally alluded to the story of the Devil's Cave, when my German friend, the engineer, who was of rather an eccentric turn of mind, started up as if touched by magic, and took up the subject with such a vehemence of passion that we all turned to him and listened with more than ordinary interest.

From his remarks we learned that he had made Lake Tezococo a subject of especial study for many years, and during the time of General Comonfort's presidency had proposed a plan to the government for giving an outlet to the lake, so as to protect the city against any danger of inundation. Yet his plan met with no approbation, since all improvements in Mexico receive at best but little governmental encouragement. He enunciated the theory that there really was a whirlpool in the centre of the lake, which must have some subterranean outlet; but as the currents of the water centre toward the pool, all the rubbish coming from the city through the canal is naturally carried in the same direction, and has, by an accumulation of many years, if not entirely stopped up, at least

obstructed the opening of the whirlpool to such an extent as to considerably lessen the flow of the water through the same. By cleaning out this whirlpool, forming around it a vertical shaft, and covering the same with an iron grating, he expected not only to obtain an outlet sufficiently large to reduce the amount of water contained in the lake, but also to circumscribe the lake within narrower limits, and thus to make the lands which are generally overflowed by it so productive to the city government as to ensure to it a more than sufficient compensation for the expenses that such a vast enterprise would naturally involve.

To this I raised the objection that the sinking of a shaft would be justified only by the firm conviction of the actual existence of a subterranean outlet, while the facts thus far established did not exclude the possibility of a partial absorption of the water of the lake by the ground beneath, without there being an actual outlet. He refuted my objection by most positively asserting his conviction that there was a fissure in the earth beneath the whirlpool sufficiently large, if cleaned out, to absorb all the water of the lake in one day.

Professor Reyes, one of our party, admitted the plausibility of this theory, yet insisted upon the necessity of a practical test of its correctness, and thought that such a test would involve too great an amount of outlay, which would not be justified unless stronger facts were brought to bear upon the evidence for this theory than those thus far adduced.

"I am in possession of such facts!" exclaimed our German friend; "and you all shall see them to-morrow, on our way to the 'Tierra Caliente,' not far from Cuatla. I will show you the proof for my assertion, and I am convinced that it will compel you all to admit the correctness of my theory."

Knowing the eccentricity of my friend and traveling companion, I had not much confidence in his theory; yet it set me thinking. What gave rise within me to the strongest doubts as to the sufficiency of his proof was the fact that he had promised to give it to us the next morn-

ing in the Tierra Caliente, at a distance of from thirty to forty miles from the lake. No objection to his theory, however, was of any avail, for from that time he became completely absorbed in that one thought, and just before we retired for the night he expressed to me his thankfulness for my having broached the subject, since he felt sure that the emperor Maximilian would approve of his plan and assist him in carrying it into execution.

On the next morning, after our cavalcade had been en route for more than two hours, we descended into the valley of Cuatla, and here we realized the most sublime contrast of scenery. With the crossing of the summit of the range of mountains of which Popocatepetl is the culminating point, we left the extreme cold region for its other extreme, entering a part of Mexico which surprised us by the glorious luxuriance of its vegetation. The surprise is so much greater and more agreeable as the change is so sudden. Just now we were climbing over barren rocks, with but a few miserable bushes, and in the very next moment we descend into the valley, which appears a perfect paradise, and in which Nature, unrestrained by the hand of man, has given full vent to her creative capriciousness by calling into life a world of vegetation varied in design and color, and beautiful beyond anything that man can imagine.

The majestic mango, with its bright green and lustrous foliage, beneath which the delicious fruit hangs like the many thousand bells of a Chinese pagoda; the golden fruit of the orange, mingling the whole year round with its white and fragrant blossoms, which spread their delightful perfume far and wide; the red and single blossom of the banana, resembling in shape the heart of an animal, and its bunches of fruit, shaded by those splendid bronze leaves that probably furnished to our primal parents their first garments; the aguacate, the cherimoya, the zapote—all fruits unknown to the North—vie with each other in the luxuriance of their beauty, affording cool shade to the weary traveler,

while serving at the same time to quench his burning thirst and to satisfy his hunger after a fatiguing journey.

Wide and extensive sugar-fields wave their high canes at the slightest breeze, and resemble at a distance a green sea, while millions of coffee trees, with their red beans, form a beautiful contrast to far-stretching plantations of pine-apples overshadowed by the broad leaf of the banana; and here and there comes forth the warbling song of the "ruiseñor" (nightingale) and the "clarin de selva" (bugle of the forest), trying to outvie the chattering of the parrots, guazamayos and a hundred different kinds of birds, highly prized for the dazzling beauty of their richly-variegated plumage; and not unfrequently the traveler may witness the gymnastic exhibitions of the different kinds of monkeys, jumping from tree to tree, especially when disturbed in the quiet enjoyment of their forest home. This is but an imperfect sketch of the impression the traveler receives at the first glance when stepping over the threshold of the Tierra Caliente.

The first place that strikes our attention is the Hacienda de Buena Vista, a stone-wall enclosure of an area of some four hundred square yards surrounding the principal building, the church and the granaries of the plantation. Its origin dates back to the time of the conquest by Cortes, when a tract of land was given to a Spanish captain by the name of Joaquin Gonzalez, who built this stone wall around the hacienda—a feature peculiar to all haciendas in Mexico, and necessitated by the frequent attacks to which they were formerly exposed on the part of the Indians.

Here we halted for breakfast, and, although we were all strangers to the proprietor, we were greeted on entering the large, commodious hall with that kind hospitality for which the Mexican land-owner is so well known. But the unprecedented kindness with which we were here received was attributable not only to the general hospitality of the Mexicans, but to an exceptional reason, inasmuch as our German friend, of whom we had lost sight in some unaccountable

way, had preceded us, and, being an old friend of the family, had prepared them for our coming.

A sumptuous repast was spread before us, of which, as a matter of course, the inevitable pulque* formed a part. After having freely partaken of it, and while preparing, in accordance with our intention, to proceed on our journey, we were interrupted by the engineer, for whom the hour of triumph had now arrived. With the consent of the landlord, which he solicited with a glance that indicated a previous understanding, he absented himself for a moment, and soon returned with a piece of plank in his hand, which he carried like a trophy, exclaiming at the same time, "Here is the proof I promised you for my theory—a fact that cannot be denied. This trophy which you see here, although but a piece of plank, would tell a sad tale if it could speak, but I will try to interpret its silent yet eloquent language."

We all wondered what it might mean, as we could discover nothing of particular interest in this piece of wood which he had laid upon the table, except that it looked like a fossil encrusted with salt. In the mean while our German friend proceeded as follows:

"Some years ago I was invited by the proprietor of this hacienda to make a survey of his estate, and while thus engaged I frequently discovered objects which attracted my attention and curiosity, so as to induce me to pick them up and take them home, until after a while I found myself the possessor of a collection of rare fossils and plants, which incited within me a real thirst for curiosities, for the gratification of which I left nothing unobserved.

"One morning, while taking a survey of the eastern part of these lands, I noticed a spring from which came gush-

* The fermented juice or sap of the *Agave Americana*, obtained by removing the heart of the plant, and allowing the sap to exude from the leaves into the cavity thus formed. Although to the foreigner, at first introduction, the most nauseous of drinks in smell and taste, it becomes, upon further acquaintance, the best friend he can possess, for its tonic and febrifuge qualities. Vast quantities are consumed in all parts of the republic.

ing forth a large and continuous stream of pure salt water. In reply to the inquiries I made in the evening with regard to this spring, Mr. Gonzalez related to me that in the year 1807, at the time of the celebrated earthquake which caused so much damage to this section of the country, this spring appeared and threw many objects to the surface, which, on account of their peculiarity, were collected and preserved by his father, and among which was this piece of plank." At these words he turned it over, and we could plainly distinguish on it the name of "Juanita," but before we could follow up the new train of thought to which this discovery gave rise within us, our friend resumed his narrative as follows: "Two months afterward I had to meet an engagement at Tezcoco, and as, in consequence of some accidental remarks I overheard regarding the whirlpool in the lake, generally known as the 'Devil's Cave,' I made further inquiries, I was informed that many boats which had come too near that whirlpool had been submerged, and that, among others, according to the records of the place, on the seventh day of November, 1806, a barge loaded with grain, and bearing the name of Juanita, had been lost. Linking this piece of information with the story of this piece of wood, I came to the conclusion that the latter formed part of that ill-fated barge. Trying then to solve the mystery involved in the question how it could have been thrown up by the spring here, at such a distance from the place where the vessel was wrecked, I reasoned thus: In former times, as is known, Lake Tezcoco covered an extent of nearly double its present area, and therefore after heavy rains its waters generally entered the city and overflowed its suburbs. All efforts to prevent these occurrences, and to restrain the waters of the lake within their limits, proved unsuccessful, until at the time of the earthquake in the year 1807 the waters of the lake sensibly re-

ceded and began to disappear, so that after three days the lake was reduced to half its size, and ever since has remained within its narrower limits. As now, according to reliable information which I obtained, on the very day of that earthquake a fissure was observed at this place where now the salt spring is, from which originally a heavy stream of water issued, I am led to believe that this fissure, produced by this earthquake, extends through the whole Valley of Mexico, even to Lake Tezcoco; that the water of the lake is absorbed by that fissure, and forces its way through it, until it gushes forth through this spring; and that, as other pieces of wood, known to grow only in the Valley of Mexico, were discovered here to have been thrown up by this spring, and preserved by the father of our host, so likewise this piece of wood, which no doubt formed a part of the barge Juanita, found its way through this fissure until it was thrown up here, furnishing thus an irresistible argument in favor of the actual existence of a fissure in the earth, which—according to my firm conviction—may easily be made available as a natural outlet for the water of Lake Tezcoco, and a protection for the city of Mexico against inundations, by sinking a vertical shaft at the place of the whirlpool and surrounding it with an iron grating, so as to prevent the rubbish accumulating from the drainage of the city from blocking it up again."

His argument appeared indeed so strong to all his hearers that none of us felt able to resist its convincing force; and as I do not know that any one of those who listened to it, or the narrator himself, has ever given it any greater publicity, I hope to be justified in having tried by the foregoing narrative to preserve it from oblivion, and in the interest of science, as well as for utilitarian reasons, to contribute my mite toward solving the mystery of "The Devil's Cave."

FANCY SIGNATURES.

THE question must sometimes occur to a reader of general literature, How did the practice of adopting fictitious names, instead of real ones, become so prevalent? One obstacle at the outset of our inquiry is the difficulty of finding a title for its subject-matter. The proper word is *pseudonym*: writings published without any name attached to them are *anonymous*; those which bear a feigned name are *pseudonymous*. But this, the only proper *English* word, is so caviare to the general that, in deference to the popular weakness, we usually have recourse to a foreign phrase—*nom de plume*—the classicality of which is open to doubt. Whether good or bad French, it is evidently formed by analogy from the older *nom de guerre*. In those times when absence from the service of one's country was a serious offence, there existed a very strong motive for concealing one's identity, besides those which still lead many a scapegrace in California or Australia to sink his family name.

During the Middle Ages, and for some time after the revival of letters, it was rather the rule for an author not to publish under his real name. Some have derided the mock modesty of these ancient worthies, "who little thought," says one writer, "that in a few years their real names would be the best symbols of obscurity." But there were substantial reasons then for *noms de plume* as well as for *noms de guerre*. Such disagreeable little accidents as death at the stake or a dungeon for life sometimes befell the author who displeased a priest or a prince. Where no such peril existed, a different motive often produced what was not exactly an intentional disguise, but had the practical effect of one. While all serious works were written in Latin, Teutonic and even Gallic names had an awkward appearance among Ciceronic adjectives. They were therefore softened by Latinizing or Hellen-

izing them. But there were two ways (at least) of doing this: When the name was obviously significant, it might be literally translated—*e. g.*, *Melanchthon* from *Schwartzertdt*. Or, whether the name had a plain meaning or not, it might be merely Latinized in form. Hence great confusion in the literature of the period, and much unnecessary trouble to subsequent investigators. Thus, one librarian or commentator would turn the name of the French historian Duchesne into *Quercetanus*, translating it literally; another, merely giving it a classical termination, would write *Duchesnius*; and a third, not regarding the article as properly part of the name, would put down *Chesnius*.

Modesty, curiosity, the greater dramatic facility afforded—all sorts of motives, down to the ignoble necessity of dodging one's creditors—have kept up the practice of writing under a feigned name to our day. The French are very fond of the pseudonym: the English make much less use of it, their reserve and absence of vanity leading them to prefer the anonymous. Yet England in another century produced the most successful pseudonymist on record—"old *Nominis Umbra*," as Byron calls him. Our own people, in this as in some other fashions, take more after the Gauls.

Twenty years ago there was a great run upon alliterative signatures. Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Judson, two of the most opposite persons possible, set the fashion as "Frank Forrester" and "Fanny Forrester." This mode has nearly run out, though some of the original specimens are still extant. "Fanny Fern" continues to make one of Bonner's team; "Timothy Titcomb" wears the proud title of the American Tupper, with profit to himself and satisfaction to his multitudinous readers; and "Grace Greenwood," supposed to be buried somewhere in the West, recently gave signs of remaining vitality by

“pitching into” a younger pseudonym, the sparkling and saucy “Gail Hamilton.”

Mention of whom brings up the main theme of our somewhat desultory paper—the mistakes, *contretemps* and general inconveniences resulting from this fashion of fancy signatures, and hardly separable from it. When Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, residing at Hamilton, Massachusetts, adopted the *nom de plume* “Gail Hamilton,” she made a hit in several respects. But the pseudonym had one defect: it did not indicate the author’s sex, which some English reviewers consequently mistook.

“Carl Benson” was a very passable signature for a fugitive contributor, till there arose a real Eugene Benson, writing upon nearly the same subjects. The latter also had *his* fancy signatures for different newspapers, which worse confounded the confusion, and made the two gentlemen a sort of Janus-Proteus, something far beyond Mrs. Malaprop’s Cerberus. Poor Leutze at one time believed that all the adverse criticisms upon himself and any other prominent artists were inspired by Eugene Benson.

In this connection we are tempted to give a full history of the ingenious mystification by which (*more suo*) a distinguished author persuaded no small part of the British literary public that the “Manhattan” of the London *Standard* during our civil war was the same “Manhattan” who used to write in *Fraser*; but, *Nil de mortuis*, etc.

It is in France that the confusion arising from the use of fancy signatures reaches its height. There are three classes in France of whom it may be said that persons belonging to the first are never known by their real name; those to the second very rarely; those to the third not often. The three classes are lorettes, actors and minor authors. Many of the real names of French *littérateurs* have a foreign origin (usually German), which gives them an outlandish look, while the *noms de plume* are generally made to resemble real names (such signatures as “Nemo,” “Timothée Trim,” “Sir Francis Trollope,” are rare exceptions): the result

is, for any stranger—that is, to say for any one not thoroughly posted in the current literary gossip of the capital—an utter uncertainty as to the authorship of any *feuilleton* or *brochure* he reads. The pseudonyms of many writers have fairly displaced their real names. Few persons know that “Gerard de Nerval” was only the mask of La Brunie, and “Gabriel Feny” might have passed off in the same manner had not an editor parenthesized the real Louis de Belle-maire on his cover. Beyle (pronounced “Bell”), a writer who holds a very high and probably exaggerated place in the estimation of one school of French criticism, is so much better known to literature by his signature “Stendhal” that a recent contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* assumed it to be the real, and Beyle the fictitious name. Great authors, like great actresses, have rarely disguised themselves. Victor Hugo was always Hugo, as Rachel Felix was always Rachel. Since George Sand’s family have adopted the new appellation, she may almost be said to have changed her family name rather than taken a pseudonym.*

Sometimes the newspaper critic uses both his own name and a fancy one. The practice is not unknown in Anglo-Saxondom, but (O triumph of French art!) the Parisian has been known to turn it to account by securing a double share of black-mail from a new actress or singer. Thus did Fiorentino, the ablest of Dumas’ many contributors, and probable author of *Monte Christo*.

The real name of M. Flaubert (whom some of our newspaper writers will persist in confounding with “Fanny” Feydeau, the two authors being about as much alike as Hawthorne and Willis) is said to be Flaugrange. But this is merely an euphonic modification, which can hardly be called a *nom de plume*.

Considering the numerous confusions and mistakes to which fictitious signatures give rise, we cannot help thinking that it would be for the better if the

* How about the *Georges*, then? Well, there are plenty of male *Annes* and *Maries*: why not a female *Georges*?

world of fugitive writers could agree to abandon them. Those who have them already can hardly get rid of them: a *nom de plume* sticks to a man like a bad habit; but beginners, if they have good reasons for concealing their names, would do well to write anonymously rather than pseudonymously. Still, if, from fashion or caprice, they *will* use fancy signatures, a choice yet remains open to them. Let them adopt a *nom de plume* in accordance with certain rules of art and taste.

Many of the pseudonyms in vogue seem to have been constructed with a deliberate aim at vulgarity, and their effect on the general tone and reputation of our literature is anything but elevating. Think of a man who bears the agreeable and aristocratic name of Holland deliberately dubbing himself "Timothy Titcomb!" Fancy the feelings of an educated Englishman when he reads that among the prominent humorists of America are "Josh Billings," "Bill Arp," "Doesticks," etc., etc.! Not but that the English once had a style of signature nearly as vulgar as any of these. It consisted in spelling the real name backward, and was probably taken from the costermongers' dialect.

Purists in equine nomenclature will tell you that the best name for a horse is one that recalls his ancestry, and the next best one that refers you to his birth-place. Singularly enough, these rules are also very good ones, though not absolutely the best, in choosing signatures. Take some name or part of a name belonging to the writer or one of his family, due attention being paid to euphony in any changes made from the original. Or if the place of his birth or residence be a village or hamlet, let him adopt that. It is often possible to combine the two, as in the case of "Gail Hamilton," which would be a perfect signature but for the equivocal of sex.

Still better is a punning signature, if the pun is original and somewhat far-

fetched, as in Newall's "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Office-seeker), or Mr. Grant White's "U. Donough Outis" (You don't know who 'tis). In this latter the double joke is so recondite, and at the same time so clever when you have dug it out, as to be worth explaining in detail. The *Donough* pointed by its spelling to one of the many New Yorkers suspected of writing the *New Gospel*; the *Outis* instantly called up in the mind of every classical reader Ulysses and his trick on the Cyclops—poking fun into him after poking his eye out.

A signature analogous to the punning, and made by *spelling the real initials*, was in vogue among our students thirty years ago. We believe the *Yale Literary* started it. This boyish fancy would be scarcely worth mentioning, had it not recently cropped up in England, where a writer whose initials are H. N. B., published last year a novel "by Mr. Aitchenee."

What may be called the dramatic signature is a favorite, and, *when good*, a very good form. Of this class are "Hosea Bigelow" and "Hans Breitmänn;" also, perhaps, "Miles O'Reilly," though the last had the defect of being also a real name, though not the writer's. "Geoffrey Crayon" was not a dramatic signature, or, if intended to be, it was a failure; the bold execution of the crayon being utterly untypical of Irving's elaborate elegance. "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" is probably the best example of this class. Titmarsh is supposed to be an artist not able to support himself by high art, and obliged to give lessons. Now, an English artist of this grade is very apt to be a snob, and so you have both elements of the character in the name—*Michael Angelo* for the aspirations, and *Titmarsh* for the reality.

Nearly all good signatures may be brought within the limits of these four classes. But, after all, the best pseudonym is—none at all.

CARL BENSON.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

THE prompt and decisive and well-nigh unanimous rejection by the Senate of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's treaty with England, accompanied by Mr. Sumner's speech as a commentary and illustration of that rejection, has undoubtedly made a profound impression upon the English mind. It has, too, awakened renewed attention among our own people to the subject—and a grave subject it is—of our relations with that power. It is vastly important that it should be considered in the light of general principles, and determined on high and statesmanlike grounds. Passion and embittered feelings are uncertain and dangerous guides, even for private individuals, but for nations they point and they lead inevitably to war.

What, then, are the sources of our criminations against England? They are twofold—moral and legal. The American people complain that when a formidable rebellion was organized against their government, the ruling classes of England showed eager sympathy with the rebels, encouraged and supported them with their Godspeed, and in every form and mode of speech vindicated their cause; that they did this after having for more than a quarter of a century stimulated the agitation upon the subject of slavery which brought on the tremendous contest between the North and the South; and that then, false to their professed principles, and only solicitous for the disruption of a friendly power, they rejoiced at and applauded the probable establishment of a great slaveholding confederacy. This complaint of the American people is undoubtedly well founded: it is the source of much of the ill-feeling that exists in this country against England; and should teach us that it is vain to rely on the professed friendship of a kindred people in those great emergencies which, as they come on all nations, are likely, in the future as in the past, to come on us also. But is

it a ground for international action or reclamation? Who ever heard of a nation being legally accountable for the misapplied sympathy of its subjects or citizens? True, a war might be waged on that ground, but how impotent in the forum of conscience and before the tribunal of public opinion would be its justification!

Apart, then, from the moral aspect of the case, What is the foundation of our legal claim? Is it the Queen's proclamation of neutrality "between the government of the United States of America and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America?"

Mr. Sumner terms this a "tremendous concession," "a fatal proclamation, which insulted our national sovereignty and struck at our unity as a nation," and which requires from England "that proper satisfaction which a nation loving justice cannot hesitate to offer."

But can the case be thus assumed? Is there no counter-statement? It is easily averred, but can it be successfully maintained, that the British proclamation was unauthorized by international law? Can it, indeed, be truthfully asserted that no precedent can be found for it in the action of our own government? We think not. And if international law and our own example justify the attitude which England assumed toward the respective parties in our civil war, then, on that ground, we are estopped from making any claim or from demanding any satisfaction.

That the proclamation of neutrality was unexpected, that it was a surprise, a startling event in the progress of our troubles, that it mortified and irritated our pride, and that it inflamed the hopes of the enemy, need not be dwelt upon here, because it is not a question whether the act was agreeable to us, but whether it was justified by law and established precedent? Besides, would it have been less unexpected, less startling at any

later period of the war? Mr. Sumner complains that the proclamation was "launched when the rebellion was still undeveloped;" but would he have preferred it after Bull Run, or after the battles before Richmond, or after Pope's campaign, or after Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville? But in point of fact was the rebellion undeveloped at the date of the proclamation? It had formed a government, commanded the willing support of eight States, had suppressed the authority of the United States within its jurisdiction, had captured their dockyards, forts, troops and munitions of war, and exhibited a spirit, a power and resources which showed to European statesmen more clearly than to our own apprehension that the war was to be desperate and long-continued. What the Supreme Court said of it in their judgment in the prize cases at the December term, 1862, was applicable to it in May, 1861: "It is," said Judge Grier, speaking as the organ of the Court, "no loose, unorganized insurrection, having no defined boundary or possession. It has a boundary marked by lines of hostile bayonets, and which can be crossed only by force: south of this line is enemies' territory, because it is claimed and held in possession by an organized, hostile and belligerent power."

Here, then, was a case of hostilities between a government *de jure* and a government *de facto*. And England was to determine whether the seasonable time had arrived to recognize this condition of things, and to prescribe the rule for the conduct of her subjects in their relations, present and future, with the parties to the strife. To those among us who with sanguine hearts supposed that the so-called Southern Confederacy would be overwhelmed and disappear in sixty or ninety days, her action seemed precipitate, premature and uncalled-for; and that original impression has even survived the close of a gigantic war of more than four years' duration. But the English Cabinet judged more coolly: they perceived the magnitude of the contest and foresaw its long continuance, though not, as the event showed, its certain result. They had to determine a

rule of action with regard to the blockade of the Southern ports, and it was for the interest of their commercial marine that this should be done promptly. Undoubtedly, it would have been more deferential to the American government if they had stayed their action until after the arrival of our Minister, but, apart from this, we are persuaded it would have wounded our sensibilities much more deeply had the proclamation been withheld, and been issued at almost any subsequent period of the war. In the hour of disaster it would have seemed an offensive intervention and a mock at our calamities.

All writers on the subject admit—Mr. Adams in his official correspondence with Earl Russell admits—that after the lapse of a reasonable period a neutral state is justified in recognizing the parties to a civil war as belligerents. Indeed, there is no principle of the law of nations more clearly established than this, that foreign powers are entitled to remain indifferent spectators of the contest, and to allow impartially both belligerents the free exercise of those rights which war gives to public enemies against each other—such as the right of search, the right of blockade, the right of capturing contraband of war, as well as enemies' property laden in neutral vessels. And England, in acting on this principle, avoided an implication in the struggle; relieved us of all responsibility for acts done or omitted to be done in the insurgent territory with respect to the rights or interests of her subjects; acknowledged the validity of our blockade, and by consequence our right of belligerent capture, and thus relieved us of the embarrassing questions that might otherwise have arisen as to our right under existing treaties to close the Southern ports to her commerce. As was said by the Supreme Court in the prize cases, "After such an official recognition by the sovereign, a citizen of a foreign State is estopped from denying the existence of a war, with all its consequences, as regards neutrals. They cannot ask a court to affect a technical ignorance of the existence of a war which all the

world acknowledges, and thus cripple the arm of the government and paralyze its power by subtle definitions and ingenious sophisms."

To Mr. Sumner's demand, therefore, of "proper satisfaction," England can retort the law of nations, and moreover illustrate her position by our own practice.

Let us recur, for example, to the case of Texas. In the year 1835 she was a State of Mexico, with a meagre population, composed in good part of emigrants from the United States. Being dissatisfied with certain organic changes which Santa Anna had effected in the government of Mexico, the Texans took up arms to restore that government to its original condition. In other words, they *pronounced* for the constitution of 1824. On the 3d day of October, 1835, the first collision with the Mexican troops took place in the neighborhood of Gonzales on the Guadalupe. The Texans assembled an army(!) on that occasion of one hundred and sixty-eight men—one hundred and eighteen infantry, fifty cavalry—and one brass six-pounder. The Mexicans claimed a force of one hundred men—all cavalry. The historian of Texas (Yoakum) tells us that "the Texans opened the battle with their artillery, and charged upon the enemy. The latter soon fled in the direction of Bexar, and the Texans returned to Gonzales, where they arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, well satisfied with this first rencontre, and without the loss of a man. The Mexicans had a few killed. The ball of revolution was now fairly put in motion." At this time, it will be observed, Texas had not declared its independence, and had not even organized a provisional government, the different districts merely acting under the direction of Committees of Safety. Her independence was not declared until the 2d of March, 1836, and a provisional government was not established until the 13th of November, 1835. Yet in this very month of November the government of the United States recognized this loose, unorganized State—which had not yet proclaimed

ed its independence, and was only fighting for the restoration of its former privileges under the government of Mexico—as a belligerent power. This "tremendous concession," to use the language of Mr. Sumner, "was general, being applicable to the ocean and the land, so that by (our) fiat they became ocean belligerents as well as land belligerents."

And apparently the first use they made of their ocean belligerency was to capture one of our own vessels. For it appears that in the following April the American brig Pocket was arrested on the high seas by the armed schooner *Invincible* sailing under the flag of Texas, and, on the allegation that she was laden with provisions, stores and munitions of war destined for the use of the Mexican army under the command of Santa Anna, was carried into Galveston, where the cargo was landed and the vessel released. The American owners and insurers looked upon this act of the insurgent State as piracy, and they appealed to Commodore Downs, who commanded our naval forces in the Gulf, to intercept the dangerous career of the *Invincible*. The commodore, not yet awake to the belligerent rights of Texas, yielded to the suggestions that were made to him, and gave orders to Commandant Taylor of the United States ship *Warren* to cruise for the *Invincible*, and, if he fell in with her, to capture her as a pirate and send her to New Orleans for adjudication. Pursuant to these orders, the *Invincible* was captured on the 29th of April, with the principal part of her crew. Both vessel and men were sent to New Orleans, and delivered to the civil authorities to be proceeded against on the charge of piracy. Under these circumstances the case was referred to the government at Washington, and the Attorney-General, in his official letter to the President, thus disposes of it:

"When a civil war breaks out in a foreign nation, and part of such nation erects a distinct and separate government, and the United States, although they do not acknowledge the independ-

ence of the new government, do yet recognize the existence of a civil war, our courts have uniformly regarded each party as a belligerent nation in regard to acts done *jure belli*. . . . The existence of a civil war between the people of Texas and the authorities and people of the other Mexican States was recognized by the President of the United States at an early day in the month of November last. Official notice of this fact, and of the President's intention to preserve the neutrality of the United States, was soon after given to the Mexican government. This recognition has been since repeated by numerous acts of the Executive, several of which had taken place before the capture of the Pocket. On the assumption that the actors were aliens, the case is, therefore, fairly brought within the principle above stated, and the charge of piracy cannot be sustained."

Such was the action of the government of the United States in according belligerent rights to Texas. It may be considered, indeed, an extreme example, but it is undeniable that the United States have always been foremost to promptly assume the attitude of neutrality between the parties to a civil war. They were the first to recognize the belligerent rights of the States of South America when they revolted from Spain and entered upon their war of independence. Their position with respect to the parent State and the insurgents was thus stated by the Supreme Court in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad*: "The government of the United States has recognized the existence of a civil war between Spain and her colonies, and has avowed her intention to remain neutral between the parties, and to allow to each the same rights of asylum and hospitality and intercourse. Each party is therefore deemed by us a belligerent nation, having, so far as concerns us, the sovereign rights of war, and entitled to be respected in the exercise of those rights. We cannot interfere to the prejudice of either belligerent without making ourselves a party to the contest and departing from the posture of neu-

trality. All captures made by each must be considered as having the same validity, and all the immunities which may be considered by public ships in our ports under the law of nations, must be considered as equally the right of each, and as such must be recognized by our courts of justice until Congress shall prescribe a different rule. This is the doctrine heretofore asserted by this Court, and we see no reason to depart from it."

Such are the principles of law, and such the practice of our own government, with respect to the recognition of the parties to a civil war; and it seems to follow as a necessary and certain deduction from those principles and that practice that we are precluded from calling in question England's neutral position during the progress of our fierce domestic strife.

But she gave welcome and hospitality in her colonial ports to rebel cruisers! It may be so. But by the law of nations belligerent ships of war, with their prizes, enjoy asylum in neutral ports for the purpose of obtaining supplies or undergoing repairs, according to the discretion of the neutral sovereign, who may refuse the asylum or grant it, under such conditions of duration, place and other circumstances as he shall see fit, provided he be strictly impartial in this respect toward all the belligerent powers.

But the blockade-runners! Have we no ground of reclamation here? Mr. Sumner says Yes. "There is one form that this war assumed," he says, "which was incessant, most vexatious and costly, besides being in itself a *positive alliance with the rebellion*. It was that of blockade-runners, openly equipped and supplied by England under the shelter of that baleful proclamation. Constantly leaving English ports, they stole across the ocean and then broke the blockade. These active agents of the rebellion could be counteracted only by a network of vessels stretching along the coast at great cost to the country. Here is another distinct item, the amount of which may be determined at the Navy Department."

As the blockade was instituted before the proclamation was issued, and therefore not in consequence of it, and as in order to be valid it had to be effective, we are unable to perceive on what ground England could be held responsible for the cost of maintaining it. If Mr. Sumner means to suggest that if neutrals had forborne to trade we might have forborne to blockade, the suggestion would be intelligible, but at the same time absurd. For it is well established by the law of nations and by universal usage that neutrals are under no moral obligation to abandon or abridge their trade with the parties to a war. They have a right to trade and the belligerents a right to capture. If captured in an attempt to enter a blockaded port, the only penalty a neutral trader incurs is the judicial condemnation of his ship and cargo. A trade by a neutral, therefore, to a blockaded port, or in articles contraband of war, is a lawful trade, though a trade, from necessity, subject to inconvenience and loss. As was justly observed by that distinguished jurist, Dr. Lushington, in the case of the *Helen*: "A belligerent has not a shadow of right to require more than universal usage has given to him, and has no pretence to say to the neutral, 'You shall help me to enforce my belligerent right by curtailing your own freedom of commerce, and making that illegal by your own law which was not so before.'" The Supreme Court and the executive government of the United States have in repeated instances asserted the same doctrine—namely, the unrestricted right of neutrals to trade with the powers at war.

When, during the civil war between Spain and Buenos Ayres, the Spanish consul at Norfolk intervened in our courts and claimed that certain Spanish property, which had been captured and brought within the jurisdiction of the United States by the *Independencia del Sud*, a public vessel sailing under the flag and commission of Buenos Ayres, should be restored, on the ground that the belligerent cruiser had been originally equipped, armed and manned as a

vessel of war in the port of Baltimore, the Supreme Court, speaking through Judge Story, said: "There is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation."

When Mexico complained of the aid given by our citizens to Texas, Mr. Webster, in his official character of Secretary of State, thus replied: "If it be true that citizens of the United States have been engaged in a commerce by which Texas, an enemy of Mexico, has been supplied with arms and munitions of war, the government of the United States nevertheless was not bound to prevent it, could not have prevented it without a manifest departure from the principles of neutrality, and is in no wise answerable for the consequences."

Subsequently, during the Crimean war, when the trade of the United States with all the belligerents was both active and profitable, it became necessary for the then Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Caleb Cushing, again to define our neutral rights of trade. In an official opinion on that occasion he says: "It is no departure from neutrality for the citizens of a neutral State to sell to belligerents gunpowder, arms, munitions, or any articles of merchandise contraband of war, or for the merchant ships of a neutral State to transport the troops or military munitions of either belligerent; and in the present war supplies of gunpowder or other articles contraband of war, and military transportation, have been furnished of lawful right by citizens of the United States to each of the belligerents, but more especially and in larger proportions to Great Britain and France."

If we are to challenge England to a contest, let it be on grounds that we can maintain, and not on grounds where the law of nations and our own practice would alike condemn us. Her proclamation of neutrality and her contraband

trade, however rank and offensive they may seem in the eye of rhetoric, are in the light of law and usage perfectly defensible. The weak point in her armor is the building, equipment and escape of the Alabama. That vessel was not built with a view to be sent to a Southern port as a commercial adventure, but as a warlike agent to be employed forthwith as a belligerent cruiser. This was in violation of the municipal law of England—a violation of her neutrality which she was bound to prevent, and which it would seem she might have prevented, had it not been for the tardy and feeble and ineffectual action of her authorities. On this ground we seek reparation; and although our courts have held that where vessels have been illegally fitted out in our ports by a belligerent, or have illegally augmented their force therein, the United States fulfilled their duty if they restored any prizes such vessels brought within their jurisdiction, yet this is not the whole duty of the neutral State where the neutral government itself is implicated in the escape of vessels fitted and equipped in its ports in violation of its neutrality.

We insist that in the escape of the Alabama there was such negligence on the part of the British government as makes that government responsible for the subsequent depredations of that vessel.

England, on the contrary, maintains

that her government acted in good faith and with reasonable diligence in enforcing her laws for the preservation of her neutrality, and that if her subordinate officials failed in capacity or diligence, she cannot be held responsible for acts done by the Alabama out of her jurisdiction.

Here is a case involving questions of law and questions of fact, and it seems to us a case eminently proper for arbitration. If, however, we who proposed arbitration now reject it, and advance preposterous pretensions, such as that England is responsible not only for the actual losses sustained by our shipping from the career of the Alabama, but for all the indirect, remote and possible consequences which passion may attribute to that career, then we may set our house in order, and, having just emerged from a terrible civil war, prepare again to lay our offerings upon the altar of that tremendous divinity. But we should weigh well the pretext and the consequences of such a momentous act. "War," in the language of Henry Clay, "is such a dreadful scourge, and so shakes the foundations of society, overturns or changes the character of governments, interrupts or destroys the pursuit of private happiness—brings, in short, misery and wretchedness in so many forms—and at last is, in its issue, so doubtful and hazardous, that nothing but dire necessity can justify an appeal to arms."

HENRY FLANDERS.

THE ART OF GETTING TO SLEEP.

I HAVE suffered so much, occasionally, throughout life from inability to go to sleep that I propose to give the results of my experiments to correct this infirmity; which experiments have sometimes been successful.

I heartily concur with Sancho Panza in his ejaculation: "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! It covereth one

all over like a blanket;" yet I would add, "Thrice blessed be he that shall invent a way of getting to sleep!" To the weary and wretched, calm, quiet, profound sleep is the most desirable and indispensable of all Nature's gifts; while to be vexed and tantalized with inability to sleep, when both mind and body require that gentle restorative, is the most

harassing and intolerable of all pains. Almost every great poet of ancient and modern times has eulogized sleep in glowing and beautiful language; and many of them have depicted with great power and admirable felicity the torturing anguish of long-continued, restless wakefulness. No author, however, I believe, has proposed moral remedies for the infirmity of wakefulness where it has become a mere habit, not traceable or referable either to moral or physical causes. One-third of life is, or should be, spent in sleep, and sleeping is quite as indispensable to our health, happiness and very existence as eating. The subject has certainly not received the attention which it merits. 'Tis true, metaphysicians and physiologists have written a great many very ingenious and entertaining essays on sleep and dreams, but none have treated the subject in a practical, common-sense, useful way.

I suffered more in youth from the infirmity of wakefulness than I have in more advanced life, because I am less carried away by elation at good fortune and less depressed by bad fortune, and hence less the slave of either agreeable or painful thought.

I had in early life a friend and neighbor much older than myself, who was remarkable for his naïve simplicity of character, and equally remarkable for the variety and multiplicity of his attainments, or, to speak more accurately, of his pretensions to knowledge. He was ever ready, earnest and sincere in giving advice to everybody on every subject and in every calling, although he signally failed in all his own undertakings, because, having learned a little of everything, he had not had time to bestow sufficient attention on any one thing to acquire a practical mastery of it. Yet he was a man of decided genius, and the least suspicious, most candid and most unsophisticated human being I ever knew. He is no more, and I shall ne'er see his like again! I cannot add, "We could have better spared a better man," for in many respects I never knew a better man.

To proceed with my story. While

yet a boy, being often troubled with wakefulness, I used to resort to this *factotum* friend to prescribe for me a preventive or a remedy. He readily undertook my case, and his first advice was, that when troubled with my infirmity I should count a hundred or more, slowly and deliberately. I tried the prescription, and at first it succeeded admirably in putting me to sleep, but after a while I counted unconsciously and instinctively, without effort of attention or exercise of the will, and was as much troubled with harassing thoughts on other subjects as if I was not engaged at all in counting.

I went back to my friend, and again laid before him the state of my case. He was as ready with advice as on the former occasion: "You must count hundreds backward, descending to the unit, instead of beginning at it." I at once saw the philosophy of the advice, and resolved to follow it. For a long while the effort of attention exercised in counting backward kept off all other thoughts, yet was not in itself of so disturbing a nature as to keep off sleep. Indeed, like the monotonous sound of a mill, of gentle rain or the falls of a river, it invited and allured to sleep. But when I became proficient at counting backward, and could begin at a thousand and count back to the unit without thought, effort or conscious attention, my old trains of disturbing and harassing thought again obtruded themselves, and I was as wakeful as ever.

Again I laid my complaint before my learned friend. He was not at all nonplussed or at a loss on the occasion, although he admitted my case was a hard one. "When disagreeable thoughts harass you and keep you awake, expel them by resolutely determining to think of nothing but your big toes." Well, now I thought I had found out a sure specific, for any man who could think of nothing but his big toes (provided they were not diseased) ought to be able to fall to sleep as easily as Sancho Panza, or a darkey on a sunny hillside in harvest-time. For a while the effort to follow this novel prescription was of some

service in diverting my mind from more disquieting and painful reflections; but the thing was too ridiculous to be practiced long. At this time I had begun to practice at the bar with a distinguished jurist, who could sleep where, when and as long or short a time as he pleased. He slept as sweetly amid the noise of a court-room, when he was not engaged in the business going on, as on his pillow at midnight; and habitually took cat-naps in his buggy as he drove to and from courts. Surely, I thought, he at least can teach me the art of getting to sleep. At almost every court I was engaged in argument on the same side, or on different sides of the same cause. We usually slept at night in the same room, or rather went to bed in the same room—he to fall instantly to sleep, and I to toss and turn all night, tormented with useless trains of argument about causes already decided and disposed of.

Bonaparte himself had not more perfect command of his attention and train of thought than had our learned friend. When done with a subject, he never indulged in useless regrets, but at once concentrated all thought on the next business that claimed his attention, and, like Napoleon, when it was time to go to sleep he seemed to dismiss all thought and go to sleep off-hand, by merely willing to do so. Indeed, he was the Napoleon of the bar; and this facility of going to sleep was only one of the exemplifications of his great self-control and wonderful power of concentrating thought and attention on such subjects only as he pleased. To cite a favorite saying of Napoleon's, "Extremes meet:" great men go to sleep readily because, at pleasure, they can command and banish thought. Weak men go to sleep with equal readiness, because they scarcely think at all. He who sleeps readily, healthfully and soundly is a happier and more fortunate man than the king on his throne who is tortured by continued watchfulness.

"Then, happy low, lie down :
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

I asked my friend how he managed

always to fall asleep so easily. He said : "Nothing is more easy if you but firmly resolve, after going to bed, to remain perfectly quiet, and never turn from side to side or move a limb." I tried to follow his advice, and succeeded sometimes in getting to sleep by the prescribed means, but at other times found it impossible to lie still, although I perceived that the oftener I turned in bed the more restless and wakeful I became, until each limb seemed to have a distinct vitality, and every fibre of my flesh to be harassed and perturbed by restless care and anxiety. How hopeless we become when we hear the cocks crowing and see the day breaking after a sleepless night! We feel that we must spend a day of nervous wretchedness, and that we are equally unfitted for business and for taking our part in cheerful associations. We look, for all the world, as if we were oppressed with a guilty conscience, or had lost a fortune or a friend. And, worst of all, everybody is wondering at us, and whispering suspicions that something dreadful has suddenly befallen us. We thus not only suffer at night from wakefulness, but suffer still more the succeeding day from nervousness and dejection of spirits.

One thing I learned from keeping still in bed and watching my limbs to prevent their moving, which was an advance in the art of getting to sleep. I discovered that my limbs went to sleep first, and my brain and mind last. Soothing and delightful is the sensation when quietude, repose and sleep take the place of restlessness in my limbs. Attention to my sensations will enable me to tell readily when sleep has fallen upon my legs and arms, and one may trace it as it spreads and diffuses over the whole body, until it finally settles upon the brain, when sleep becomes complete and thought and attention cease. It is easy and agreeable to think of nothing but my limbs when I find that they have fallen, or are falling, asleep; and then the absence of all disturbing thought is apt to superinduce perfect sleep and "steep my senses in forgetfulness." On reference to scientific works, I find that

this theory of mine is sustained by learned authority.

Not only do my limbs go to sleep first, but they also awake first. When disengaged from business, and wrapt in thought or reverie, I often unconsciously keep up a quivering, vibratory motion with my right foot. Very commonly, when I awake in the morning, I find that this foot has preceded me, and is assiduously engaged "in cutting the pigeon wing," or, to speak more accurately, "the humming-bird wing," for its rapid vibratory motion much resembles that of the wings of that bird as it rests in mid-air while sipping honey from every flower.

Except under the influence of opiates or intoxicating liquors, or of great fatigue and physical exhaustion, I doubt whether sleep ever wholly suspends the operations of the mind. It is only under such circumstances, in my opinion, that I cease to dream. Sleep then becomes a sort of asphyxia, or suspension at least of intellectual life as well as of animal life. Volition ceasing, nothing remains but man's vegetable life; for respiration, circulation of the blood and other involuntary movements, belong equally to plants and animals. In sleep-walking and sleep-talking the whole body is often awake, and many of the faculties of the mind; for men thus affected will carry on conversations, conduct arguments, and some have been known to write learned and able essays; yet when they awake they never recollect what they did or said in their sleep. Their sleep, in some respects, is of the most perfect and profound character, although all the faculties of their bodies, and most of those of the mind, are wide awake. This brings me to another consideration. Is it not possible, by effort and long practice, to keep some of the faculties of the mind awake and standing sentinel over the rest of the mental faculties and over the body while they sleep, but ready to arouse them at the approach of danger, or when duty requires that they shall awake? I think that savages and servants at hotels, and soldiers and sailors,

can learn to sleep in this partial way. Indeed, any one who predetermines on going to sleep to awake at a certain but unusual hour is almost certain to succeed in doing so. Who ever was asleep when the servant called him to prepare to leave by an early stage? The "art of getting to sleep" should include the art of sleeping lightly and partially when occasion requires.

Power of self-control, more than anything else, distinguishes those who succeed in life from those who fail, and especially distinguishes the truly great man from the mere wayward child of genius, who is the slave of passion and propensity. He who learns to go to sleep by resolutely controlling his thoughts and movements has acquired a mastery over himself that will be of infinite service throughout the whole conduct of life. Wakefulness is often a mere moral or mental infirmity, which any healthy man, by resolute exertion, may mitigate, if not entirely correct. Yet the attempt to cure this weakness or infirmity should not be postponed until manhood. It should begin in youth as a part of education, while mind and body are yet in the plastic state. Children should be taught how to get to sleep, how to regulate the hours of sleep, and how to sleep on a plank as well as on the most downy bed surrounded "with all the means and appliances to boot."

Those who never suffer from want of sleep know not the luxury of sleep. Those who never slept on the cold, wet, hard earth, with a stone for a pillow, cannot enjoy a warm room and feather bed. All such will think that I have chosen a very trivial and uninteresting subject. But those who, from any cause, have been deprived in great measure of the blessing of sleep, will be attracted by the title of my subject, however much they be disappointed in my want of ability in its treatment. As a branch of philosophy and a part of educational training it merits some attention. As yet, so far as I know, it has received none.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE able article in the present Number on the annexation feeling in Nova Scotia will convince the reader that the dissatisfaction felt by our neighbors on the north and east with their present unnatural position is neither slight nor temporary. The extent of the movement is indicated not only by the facts presented in the paper referred to, but also by the number of newspapers which favor the idea of independence and ultimate incorporation with the United States. They are as follows: in Nova Scotia, the *Eastern Chronicle*, *Free Press*, *Unionist* and *Morning Chronicle*; in New Brunswick, the *St. John Globe* and the *St. Croix Courier*; in Prince Edward Island, the *North Star* and *Progress*; and in Canada, all the French papers, without, we believe, a single exception. In Nova Scotia, where the desire for annexation is strongest, a convention was called to meet in Halifax about the middle of June, 1869, the nominal object of which was to consult upon the policy to be pursued by the party which advocates a repeal of the union with Canada. The effect of this meeting will probably be to rouse such a desire for annexation that in the next election in the Province it will be the issue before the people. Suppose that a majority should decide for a repeal of the union with Canada and for the independence of the Province, with a view to applying for admission into the United States—what would happen? Simply, that they would be received here with open arms; and the United States would gain a territory unsurpassed in natural resources by any of equal extent on this continent, and inhabited by three hundred and fifty thousand freemen of the same blood and language as ourselves. England, though she would properly resent the forcible annexation of her colonies, would probably interpose no ob-

jection to their voluntary incorporation into the United States. The question is emphatically one to be settled by the people of Nova Scotia themselves; and should they settle it in the affirmative, the world may make up its mind that the marriage will take place. It is the young folks on this side of the Atlantic, and not the old ones, who decide these questions. In the present case, though the lassie feels a natural reluctance to quit her father's house, Nova Scotia is apparently framing her lips to sing a certain ballad taught her by Auld Scotia:

"Though father and mither and a' should gang mad,
Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!"

In plain words, there is reason to think that only a little encouragement from this side is needful to induce that Province to take the momentous step. Shall the United States give her that encouragement? Yes! a thousand times, yes! Let the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick understand that if they ask admission into the Union they will be heartily welcomed.

. . . We think the inquirer into the causes of American Anglophobia need seek no farther than the immutable law of human nature. Nations, like individuals, are far more prone to resent personal insults than real injuries. A man will be slow to forgive the person who has mocked at his calamity and jeered at him in the hour of trouble, while in the depths of his magnanimity he might yet find pardon for the foe who defrauded him of his wealth or thwarted his plans of ambition. It is not the action of the British government so much as the attitude of the British people that has exasperated the popular mind in America. When we recall the gratuitous gibes leveled at us by most of the leading English newspapers, and some of the

leading English statesmen, the cartoons of *Punch* and *Fun*, the mockery and insults that were heaped upon our country and our cause at every turn, we must indeed be more than mortal did we not now remember and somewhat resent the past. The friendly feeling and warm cordiality that exist in this country toward Russia do not spring from the actual benefits bestowed on us by that power, but are born of a thousand acts of graceful courtesy and kindness to individual travelers, as well as to the representatives of the nation. Now it is a painful fact that during the disastrous years of the war, travelers from the Northern States, whose fortune it was to sojourn in England, were subjected to a myriad petty insults, which from their very minuteness it was equally impossible to resent or to endure with patience. The British government, it is true, refused to recognize the Confederacy, and on that one virtue of omission the London journals greatly plume themselves, and would fain see their many sins of commission forgotten. But who that was in Great Britain during the bitter days of 1864 can doubt that if a popular vote had then been taken on the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, the result would have shown a large and enthusiastic majority in favor of such recognition?

If any one wishes to obtain a correct idea of the state of public feeling in Great Britain during our late civil war, let him turn to the contemporaneous pages of *Punch*. The speeches of prominent statesmen and the editorials of the leading newspapers may to-day be disclaimed as the utterances of party prejudice or the effusions of an exasperated and privileged class. But *Punch* is nothing if not the mirror held up to public opinion—on all questions of foreign policy especially. No one can turn the pages over which presides the grinning hunchback of Fleet street without seeing therein displayed the state of popular feeling respecting Poland, Italy, Denmark, Russia, and, above all, the United States. From the first cartoon

of the series relating to the war in America, wherein "Miss Carolina" (depicted as a raw-boned virago) "asserts her right to wollop her nigger," down to the last, wherein the Northern gladiator, equipped as a *retiarus*, throws his net over his adversary and cries "Habet!" there is no real sympathy or kindly feeling for either side expressed therein. The Northerners are fratricides, cowards, liars, braggarts, naughty boys, whom Mother Britannia intends to whip some day—impertinent blusterers whom John Bull will shortly feel called upon to chastise soundly; while the Southerners are negro-whippers and ruffians; and both sides are madmen and fools fighting about the universal nigger. In one picture, the American gladiators stand equipped for combat before a negro emperor and a grinning circle of negro spectators; in another, entitled the "American Juggernaut's Car," the Americans are depicted as flinging themselves to be crushed under the mighty wheels of a monster cannon. Here John Bull calls to the two bad boys, the North and the South, "I don't care twopence for your noise, but if you throw stones at my windows, I must *thrash you both*," and there Columbia gazes mournfully on a map of the United States rent hopelessly in twain, while Britannia remarks: "You will find it very hard to join *that* neatly." The wish was father, England, to that thought! Occasionally, as the varying fortune of War bids victory incline to one or the other of the combatants, a gentle pat is given to the more successful of the two, but a vicious dig is pretty sure to follow immediately thereafter. Late in the summer of 1864, Lord Palmerston is represented as looking smilingly on Jefferson Davis, while *Punch* jogs his elbow and says, significantly, "Don't you mean to recognize him?" Yet before the spring of 1865 is over *Punch* calls on Britannia to weep with Columbia over the corpse of Lincoln, and becomes highly sympathetic when sympathy is no longer either useful or welcome.

The fact is, that the attitude of John Bull during the late civil war resembled very strongly that of Iago anti-

pating the encounter between Cassio and Roderigo :

“ Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain.”

Shall we carry the simile farther, and speak of the half-drawn sword held ready to give a mortal thrust to the weaker of the two combatants ?

In the long run the truth is always wholesome, and it is only after a full statement of the causes of offence on either side that a basis of permanent reconciliation can be reached. Just now the exasperation is great on both sides of the Atlantic, but there is no danger of war. The English have no desire for hostilities, and, though our claims for payment for the damage done by the Alabama will never be abandoned, we can afford to wait. Time works always in our favor. Our first and most pressing duties are to recuperate our energies after an exhausting civil war, to bring about a more cordial and perfect union among ourselves, and, above all, to restore the national finances to a healthy condition.

. . . In the latter work gratifying progress is making. The enormous volume of demand liabilities of the government having been safely funded, with the exception of fifty or sixty millions of three per cent. certificates, Secretary Boutwell has very properly commenced the purchase of United States securities, with a view of establishing a sinking fund. This is indeed his duty under the law, the appropriation to this object out of the customs duties of a sum equal to one per cent. per annum of the principal of the debt being a part of the contract with the national creditor. In view of this fact, we were a little surprised to see in *The Nation* a reflection upon the Secretary of the Treasury for selling gold, “ simply because the coin accumulation in the Treasury frightens him, or because he thinks an absurd (?) law of Congress relating to an impossible (?) sinking fund, never put in practice, never understood by those who made it, must be more imperative on him than on his predecessors, who disregarded it with

the unanimous (?) consent of the people.” The Law is imperative on all ; and if it was disregarded by Secretary McCulloch, it was because of the embarrassments of the Treasury, and the overwhelming importance of providing for the seventhies and the compound-interest notes. These having been funded, and a surplus revenue existing, there is no excuse for not establishing the sinking fund, though in the absence of law it would certainly be more desirable to apply the savings of the nation to the cancellation of the three per cent. certificates. The Secretary of the Treasury will probably attack these next. Indeed it is for the interest of the banks themselves that the amount of the certificates should be gradually reduced. The interest-bearing reserve of the National banks is too large in proportion to their greenback reserve, and it is high time that both they and the government should get into a stronger position. If the nation is to be prepared for foreign complications, such as are always liable to arise, it is indispensable to make some movement, however slow, toward contraction and a return to specie payments.

Art and artists afford generally matter for a little gossip, and there seems to be in the antagonism now existing between the Philadelphia artists and the Academy of Fine Arts a fair field for a few honest words, gossip or otherwise. It is claimed by those most interested in the pecuniary success of the Academy that there are now on exhibition in its galleries “dozens of first-class pictures” by our artists. Notoriously, this is not the case : Philadelphia’s best men are hardly represented at all, and there is scarcely a *good* picture now hanging in the Academy halls by a Philadelphia artist. Most of those exhibited are not worth the frames in which they are hung. This may be an unpalatable truth, but truth it is. If the progress of Art in this city be there fully represented, woe betide poor Art ! The Directors seem desirous to place the artists in the position of ungrateful children, who, after having been reared and trained in the Academy,

now desert her, the "Alma Mater" of their youthful days. Such does not seem to be (after a careful investigation of the history of our artists) the truth: no artist whose name adds to the lustre of our city, or whose works are known beyond its limits, has ever drawn or studied in the Academy. All have made their studies abroad or in private studios in this city. The efforts of the artists hitherto exhibiting, the result of many years of painful study, have been used by the Directors as a means (given by the artists *gratuitously*) to swell the importance of the annual exhibitions and the amount of the annual receipts. But they are carefully excluded from the management of the affairs of the institution, and have no sufficient voice in its councils. Their pictures are accepted and hung anyhow and where, and the galleries of the Academy, except during the spring exhibition, let to salesmen who profit by the inexperience of our picture-buyers. This is a scandal. Good foreign art is ever welcome, and most of all to artists, but *bad* foreign work should never have a place on the walls of an Academy devoted "to the advancement of Art in Pennsylvania." So far Gossip says. He has not a wish but to increase the love of Art among us, and to see an advance in the appreciation of good Art by its patrons and producers.

. . . The triumphs of the ballet and the Opera Bouffe are at an end, and such many-legged monsters as the *White Fawn* no longer frisk over the stages of our theatres and opera-houses. The realm of dramatic art sees its legitimate sovereign restored to the throne, and the lively usurpers who have swayed the sceptre there so long are folding away their disused robes and laying aside their crowns, preparatory to vacating the scene of their former triumphs. Burlesque maintains a feeble sway in New York, by reason of the army of golden-haired Amazons it has summoned to its aid; but even the grace, the beauty and the vivacity of Lydia Thompson will not long render tolerable the stupid jokes and inane vulgarities of this very silly species of dramatic enter-

tainment; which, lacking the wit, the sparkle, the lively music and inimitable acting of the opera bouffe, and the grace and poetic element of the ballet, has contrived to combine all their objectionable features.

It is a significant fact that, last month, the largest income returned by any of the New York theatres was that given in by Booth's theatre, and this in spite of the rival attractions of British blondes, French can-can and cosmopolitan legs. A few weeks ago a mere handful of people were assembled to witness Tostée's farewell performance of Boulotte in *Barbe Bleue*, while a few blocks away a crowded and enthusiastic audience applauded the Othello of Edwin Adams and the Iago of Edwin Booth.

The production of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Othello* at Booth's theatre has been an era in the history of the drama in America. All that taste, intellect and lavish expenditure could effect has been done to give these gems of Shakespeare's genius as worthy a setting as possible. In the latter play, from the splendid council-chamber, thoroughly Venetian in architecture and decorations, where a royally-robed and majestic Doge together with a grave, imposing-looking Senate listened to Othello's defence, to the last scene of all, the dim, tapestried apartment, with the moonlight streaming through the gilded lattice, and one lamp flinging its faint rays on the couch where slumbered Desdemona, the scenic effects were marvelously artistic and illusory. The acting was beyond all praise. The artist hand of the master had filled in the subordinate figures as carefully and as well as the gorgeous background, and Cassio, Rodorigo and Brabantio were each perfect in his way. The Othello of Edwin Adams was superb, and Miss McVickers as Desdemona was charming in her womanly sweetness and tenderness. The Iago of Edwin Booth is the finest on the modern stage. He brings to his personation of the Italian fiend the same physical fitness that lends such a charm to his Hamlet, and the dusky, expressive eyes, graceful form and mobile features adapt themselves as easily to the em-

bodiment of the wily "ancient" as to that of the melancholy Dane. It is a fearful picture, terrible in its perfection, its intensity and its awful reality; and we shrink before the baleful glitter of those flashing eyes, the serpent hiss that lingers in those silken tones, the panther suppleness of that gliding form, as though the evil soul of Iago really inhabited the shape before us. Booth has changed his mode of acting the finale. Formerly, Iago, fainting, dying, but still unconquered, was led from the apartment at the words, "Come, bring him away." Now, more in accordance with the text, the officers lead Iago to the back-ground, where he remains, drooping and motionless and almost unseen, till Othello stabs himself. Then life seems to return to his failing frame in one fierce rush of gratified hate and satiate vengeance. He breaks from his guards, rushes forward, and, as Othello falls dead at his feet, he towers over him erect, awful and exulting, terrible and malignant as a triumphing demon.

"This is better than *Fleur de Thé* and the *Forty Thieves*," said a friend to us as we withdrew. And we agreed with him.

One of Philadelphia's oldest and most respected citizens, Dr. James Rush, son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died on the 26th May last, at the age of eighty-four. Dr. Rush was known elsewhere by his original and valuable treatise on the *Philosophy of the Human Voice*. He was also the author of some poems, and in 1865 he published in two volumes his *Analysis of the Human Intellect*. Personally, he was an agreeable companion, fond of speculative reasoning, and a good converser: his habits of late were retired, though during the lifetime of Mrs. Rush, who was well known for her far-reaching and splendid hospitalities, he mingled genially at his own house with the best society which could be brought together from every section of this country and from abroad. The writer remembers Dr. Rush when he was a young practitioner in his full

career as a popular physician, driving his well-appointed yellow gig, with his colored servant in a gay hat and rosette. He married a daughter of Jacob Ridgway, then one of two or three Philadelphia millionaires. Mr. Ridgway had been American consul at Antwerp during a portion of Bonaparte's mad career, and had opportunities of trade which he embraced to the great advantage of his firm, then Smith & Ridgway. His daughters and son thus resided and were educated abroad. On Mr. Ridgway's return to this country he engaged largely in the purchase of real estate and in building; the property thus acquired has vastly increased in value, and at Mrs. Rush's death she devised her estate to her husband.

It is of Dr. Rush's disposal of this splendid estate that we wish more particularly to speak: it is the most munificent donation to a literary institution which we can recall—not equal in amount to Girard's for his college, but one which will always be quoted, among the lovers of books, as evidence of liberality no less than of a scholarly appreciation of the value of literature. It amounts to about a million of dollars, invested mainly in improving real estate. The Doctor purchased, a short time before his death, a square of ground, on Broad street, for the site of a fire-proof building of granite, in the Doric style of architecture, for the use of the *Library Company of Philadelphia*, founded by Franklin and his friends of the Junto. Our city must now take its proper position as the students' home.

We may fairly take it for granted that many of our readers have never even met with the name of RAMIE. We can assure them, however, that it is well worthy their attention. When properly prepared for the loom or the spinner, this new fibre is beautifully white, soft and glossy, closely resembling floss silk; longer and finer in the staple than Sea Island cotton, and as strong, it is said, as the best flax: it receives readily the most brilliant dyes. It has been repeatedly spoken of as an usurper likely

to dethrone King Cotton; but ladies pronounce it rather more apt to intrude itself among the webs of silk and alpaca and the finest wools. It has indeed been used extensively in making the elegant and lustrous goods known as Japanese silk. Within two years past several firms in England, and especially Messrs. Wade & Son, of Bradford, have succeeded in bringing the fibre into a state resembling the best mohair or finest worsted. One of our country editors, who seems to know as much of the matter as we do, says: "We understand the new spring fabric for ladies' wear, leno (what is leno?), is in part of this new fibre." The plant belongs to the hemp and nettle tribe, and ought not to be confounded, as it has been, with the China grass. Its botanical name is *Bahmeria tenacissima*. A native of Java, it was carried to the Garden of Plants in Paris, where it attracted in the hothouse the attention of M. Rozel, who conceived an enthusiastic idea of its capabilities and value. He went to Java, and spent a year in studying its nature and culture. Struggling with great difficulties, he at last succeeded in getting up a thriving plantation of it in Mexico: he makes five crops in a year, and has invented machinery by which the stalks are converted within twenty-four hours after cutting into skeins of pure white and silk-like fibres, ready for spinning—"stronger than hemp, as fine and white and twice as durable as linen, and produced more abundantly than cotton." In 1865, M. Rozel took to England over five thousand pounds, which he sold at double the price of the best cotton. It has been introduced into the United States, and it is said to be suited to the climate of all the South as far as the Potomac. Some experiments in raising it have been made by Mr. Deitz, we are told, of Chambersburg, and a few roots are under the care of a gentleman in Delaware. If it will bear our winter, it will be invaluable. Mr. Bruckner, who cultivates it in Louisiana, and keeps a depôt for it in New Orleans, says that "our fibre is even finer than that of Java, and the yield per acre is greater.

It can be harvested three times a year," bids defiance to worms and weather, and is "the most profitable of all crops to the planter." An experiment is making this year with it in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where the climate resembles that of the seaboard of the Middle States. It is cut with an ordinary sugar-cane knife, a little below the ground, when the stem is about six or eight feet high. The planter makes his crop marketable by hackling it with a simple machine similar to the ordinary flax-breaker, does it up in hanks and packs it in bales like cotton. To prepare it for the spinner, some chemical processes and special machinery are required. A manufactory for this purpose is now being erected in New Orleans. We trust that ramie will constitute a profitable addition to our list of American staples.

Unwilling Nature is conquered at last. Within the past month the banners of enterprising civilization have been crowned with a double victory. First, the Pacific Railroad is completed. Second, and greatest triumph, Cuffee's wool is to be straightened out. Read, O ye incredulous! the following advertisement from a Washington paper, and tell us, if you can, what niche in her temple of Fame shall the grateful nation reserve for a statue of this capillary Columbus? What alcove, in that mausoleum of human ingenuity, the Patent Office, shall preserve this precious panacea?—

E U T H U N I K A . COLORED PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

The design of this article is to

RENDER WOOLLY HAIR PLIABLE.

Three applications will so soften and

STRAIGHTEN THE KNOTTIEST HAIR

That it can be parted and dressed in any desired fashion. A continued use of it will cause the same suit of hair to grow out in beautiful glossy waves and preserve the scalp in a perfectly healthy condition.

There are no injurious ingredients in the compound, and it is composed entirely of Animal and Vegetable Materials.

Retail Price, 50 cents per bottle.

Agents for the Southern States wanted.

Apply to **HOWLETT & CO.,**

Old Intelligencer Office,

D street, near Seventh.

What next?

From the numerous pleasant poetical trifles with which we are favored by correspondents, we select this month the following :

ANACREONTIC.

"Give me a cup made of the clay from which I came, and under which I shall lie when dead."—
DIODORUS ZONAS.

Give me a goblet made of clay—
Not silver white, nor ruddy gold ;
If good, what matters it, I pray,
What cup the wine may hold?
At silver and at gold I laugh
When I the sparkling liquid quaff.

Give me a goblet made of clay,
For there first came this flame of mine ;
And when Death shall have drained some day
The soul within, like wine,
Then will the empty cup, my frame,
Return to that from which it came.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

LOVE'S WAY.

The day that my lover bade me adieu
In at my door rose-petals flew,
Lavishing fragrance on the air—
Balmy fragrance on the air.

Faint sighs of the west-wind followed the rose !
Were they my lover's words? who knows?
Sweets, and then sighs? is that Love's way?
And then sighs; is that Love's way?

Dark clouds, passing swiftly over the sky,
Sent down great tear-drops from on high—
Tears for the fall of roses sweet—
Sweet rose-petals—at my feet.

Now, desolate silence reigns in my home :
Never again my love will come.
Sweets, sighs and tears; that is Love's way ;
Sighs and tears—through life's long day.

ADELAIDE CILLEY.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck.
By James Grant Wilson. New York : D.
Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 607.

It would be quite useless to attempt a characterization of the poetry of Halleck : by general consent his best productions have received an award which posterity will surely endorse. His life, too, has been so often the subject of encomium by his friends that little is left to the reviewer. The pages of this Magazine have afforded much insight into his inner life and habits. Suffice it, then, now to quote some of the pleasant incidents so well recorded by General Wilson in a volume that will have many readers, and descend to future generations as the portraiture of an American poet and true gentleman.

Some previously unappropriated verses of Halleck are here collected : in the main, they do not add to his fame, nor would Halleck himself now claim them. Be it our pleasing task to pick up some crumbs of pleasant badinage from among the many which present themselves, to show how the poet lived. "Marco Bozzaris" stands among the foremost of the poet's productions : regarding it the following amusing story is told :

"Another incident connected with this

poem, of a grotesque character, any allusion to which never failed to elicit a groan from the poet, occurred several years after its first publication. At Villegrand's, in Church street, near West Broadway, where the poet lived for so many years, they had a dinner-party, at which it was expected that each gentleman present would sing a song or make a speech. Among the persons living there at the time was a Dutch Jew, whose English was execrable, and, for a joke, Villegrand persuaded him, as he could neither sing nor make a speech, to commit to memory 'Marco Bozzaris,' and, when called upon at the dinner, to recite that very popular poem, which would gratify the author's friends no less than the poet himself. He did as advised by the waggish Frenchman ; and, when the day came round and he was called upon, rose and said : 'Shentlemans, I can neither make de speech nor sing de shong, but vill deliver von grand poem ;' whereupon, to the indescribable disgust of the astonished poet, he fairly crucified him by reciting in his damnable Dutch every line of his exquisite composition. For a long time Halleck remained in ignorance as to the real perpetrator of this joke, and when he met, in after years, Edmund Coffin,

a fellow-lodger with himself at Villegrand's at the time, would invariably shake his finger at him in a playful manner, and say, "You did it!"

"In the *Evening Post* of November 16, 1830, appeared an 'Epistle to Robert Hogbin,' being the last 'Croaker' written by the surviving partner of the poetical firm of Croaker & Co. Philip J. Forbes, at that time librarian of the New York Society Library, remembers meeting Mr. Halleck at the office of the *Post* on that day and conversing with him on various topics while they were waiting for the afternoon paper. When Mr. Forbes reached the library and looked over the *Post*, he saw the 'Epistle to Robert Hogbin, Esq.,' and felt assured in his own mind, from words that dropped from the poet during their interview, while speaking of Hogbin, that Halleck was indeed, as Cooper called him, 'The Admirable Croaker.' Two days later, the following paragraph appeared in the *Evening Post*: 'Several inquiries having been made of us respecting the name of the author of an "Epistle to Mr. Hogbin," published a day or two since in our paper, we took measures to acquaint him with the fact, in order that, if there was no objection on his part, we might satisfy the curiosity of those who had applied to us. This morning we received from him the following note in reply: The author of the "Epistle to Mr. Hogbin" has, unfortunately, no name. His father and mother, in that season of life in which children are generally named, took advantage of his youth and inexperience, and declined giving him any. He is therefore compelled to imitate the Minstrel of Yarrow, in *Leyden's Scenes of Infancy*, and like him he

Saves others' names, but leaves his own unsung.'"

Fanny Kemble, with her appreciation of all that is original or remarkable, seems to have been on intimate terms with the subject of the memoir:

"Describing to me his first dinner with Fanny Kemble, Halleck gave me a most ludicrous account of the manner in which she amused herself with a cat upon retiring with the other ladies present from the dining-hall to the drawing-room, and not a word could be extracted from her till the gentlemen, having finished their wine and cigars, made their appearance. Among the poet's stories of 'Fanny,' as he invariably called her, was one of a curious character, arising entirely from a typographical error of a single letter. A distinguished *littérateur* of New York, and a very particular friend and admirer of the

gifted lady, in a notice which he wrote of one of her performances for an evening paper, stated that she had 'a dark flashing eye, when roused in any degree, that streams with fiery rays, and, diamond-like, lights up the tints that show themselves through a brunette *shin*.' If the careless compositor had substituted 'skin' for the italicised word of the quotation, it would, of course, have been what the unlucky and exasperated poet wrote."

With Mrs. Rush, too, the poet corresponded, and we find the following *jeu d'esprit* on page 436:

"ON BEING REQUESTED BY MRS. RUSH TO SEND HER MY AUTOGRAPH FOR A YOUNG LADY.

"There wanted but this drop to fill
The wifeless poet's cup of fame.
Hurrah! there lives a lady still
Willing to take his name.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

Wit and humor were prominent characteristics of Mr. Halleck's mind. He writes to Miss Day:


"GUILFORD, CONN., March 4, 1863.


"MY DEAR MISS DAY: I take great pleasure in granting the request so courteously conveyed to me in your note of the 27th instant, and am delighted to find that the 'willingness to be acquainted with me' of the father and mother of twenty years ago has been inherited by the daughter of to-day, making me trebly proud and grateful.

"I hope the father and mother, in accepting my present remembrance of them, will, on looking at the enclosed, console me by telling you that my style of beauty does not appear to advantage in a photograph. For my own part, I think that the sun, since he commenced taking likenesses for a living, has been more successful in his hats and great-coats than in the 'human face divine.'"

There are so many old favorites commemorated in the book that it is difficult to cull from the many characteristic anecdotes: though a little long, we cannot refrain from quoting the following letter from "Jack Downing." He writes from the house of Burns to Halleck, who had portrayed so admirably the Scotch Shakespeare:

"2d July, 1845.

"MY DEAR HALLECK: Do you see that ? Well, though I am now in Glasgow, I was last evening and all this morning *just there*, and in a beautiful little cottage, called 'Doon-

* This index [] refers to the engraved view of Alloway Kirk.

brae Cottage.' Near the kirk on Doon side lives one David Auld, and didn't he and I crack away about Burns and that 'wild rose of Alloway, my thanks!' He was quite charmed at learning that I knew you. I went so far as to tell him that most of the farms and places about New York you and I held equal titles to, and that was no untruth. I write this mainly to say that he has made me the bearer of a tin case, containing a very excellent engraving of an admirable picture of the entire scenery around. I believe the monument has been erected since you were there. I have been now over most of the scenes consecrated by Scott, but none of them touched me so closely as this of Burns, to which your genius seems to come in as a *clincher*, 'a real hug-me-tight' (but that is not 'a merry thought'). The fact is, you are about as well known 'hereabouts' as Burns. I can't tell you how many agreeable things David Auld says of you. He kens all about you, and regards your lay, though on 'a rose,' the best since Burns. I told him you did that with your left hand, and when he came to read other matter, done with t'other hand, he would go into a fit. I could not wait for him to pack the parcel, so he brought it to Ayr after me, and I'll bring it home to you. It is a clumsy companion, but I put it to the debit side of the account, the only chance I have had in return for the pleasure your pen has given me.

"I have been for the last few days amid scenes of magic, and how I shall get driven again to pig iron, etc., in Broad street, it is hard for me to tell. I have not room or time to dilate, but, when I take you by *the hand* (a dangerous thing coming from Scotland), I'll tell you all. I am quite sure I have seen much more than any other 'living critter,' and what I have not seen I can *talk of* quite as well as others.

"Your friend,
"CH. AG. DAVIS."

If not all new, the following, with which our notice of a most readable book must close, will be acceptable. Oh that one could always have Irving and Halleck biographies ready for every-day reading!—

"In June, Mr. Halleck spent a few days in New York, and on one evening we sat until past midnight. Of this meeting he might have said, as he once remarked of a conversation he held with Hawthorne, 'We happened to sit together at a dinner-table, and I assure you that for an hour we talked incessantly, although *Hawthorne said nothing*.'

Halleck could keep up a torrent of conversation for hours, and it may be said of his continuous monologues, as was written by De Quincey of Coleridge's conversation, that it was not *colloquium*, but *alloguium*.

"Having mentioned to Halleck that a certain person had recently applied to Mr. Seward for the Austrian mission, and, being refused this modest request, expressed a desire to go to Mexico, then vacant, or, if he could not have that place, a position as consul somewhere, or a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship in the State Department, and finally concluded by requesting the loan of five dollars! he matched it with the case of a gentleman who applied to the Duke of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept a bishopric, or a regiment of horse, or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 'However,' added Halleck, 'both requests were surpassed in modesty by that of the humane English jailer, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: My good friend, I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your exceedingly obliging disposition, I feel quite sure you will grant. You are ordered to be hanged on Friday week. I have a dinner-engagement on that day: if it makes no difference to you, would you, *would* you say next Friday instead?'"

The same publishers have issued a companion volume, of Halleck's poems, including all the "Croakers;" and very pleasant reading they are. In spite of a well-written critique in *The Nation*, it may not be doubted that Halleck's fame will survive.

Planchette; or, The Despair of Science: Being a Full Account of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena and the Various Theories Regarding it; with a Review of French Spiritism. Boston: Roberts Bros. 18mo. pp. 404.

The outside title of this little volume seems to restrict it to a notice of what most persons regard as an amusing plaything, but the book itself, as its sub-title tells us, treats of a vast subject—namely, the inquiry whether occasional interferences from another world in this be reality or delusion.

A fair—indeed a most important—subject of inquiry, this matter, in our day, has usually fallen into unskilled and incompetent hands. With honorable exceptions, the literature of what, for the last twenty years, has gone by the name of Spiritualism has been so vapid in character as to give point to the witty

Saxe's squib, addressed to some alleged spirit-communicators :

" If in your new estate ye cannot rest,
But must return, oh grant us this request :
Come with a noble and celestial air,
And prove your title to the names ye bear ;
Give some clear token of your heavenly birth ;
Speak as good English as you spoke on earth ;
And, what were once superfluous to advise,
Don't tell, I beg you, such egregious lies !"

This is the more to be regretted, because no study brings us into contact with alleged phenomena of so startling and marvelous a character. But the passion of surprise and wonder being an agreeable emotion, there is, as Hume has remarked, a tendency in the human mind toward the belief of those events from which it is derived. The trained mind only is on its guard against this.

The truth or the fallacy of the pretensions set forth in this little work will be determined to the satisfaction of the public only when the best talent of the country thinks it worth patient investigation. When such men as De Gasparin and Charles Beecher, while opposing modern Spiritualism, admit the reality of its phenomena, it is too late to pooh-pooh these as charlatanism. In proportion to the danger of their being falsely interpreted, is the importance of their being thoroughly sifted.

The subject is one deserving clerical study : indeed, it appertains especially to the clergy. The Scriptures undoubtedly teach that, in early ages, there was communication with the Invisible World, and we do not call to mind any text which declares that such manifestations shall cease. If they have ceased, and these alleged influences from another phase of being are a delusion, it is a dangerous and mischievous delusion that ought to be exposed. And if, on the other hand, they still continue, we ought to have some reliable tests by which to separate the genuine from the spurious, for wherever there is sterling coin there will also be counterfeits.

But whoever labors in this field must not overlook either its antiquity or its extent. It would be a fatal mistake to restrict an inquiry into the nature of spiritual manifestations to such phenomena as appear in so-called "circles," public or private, expressly convened to obtain them. The spontaneous phenomena infinitely outnumber the evoked. They are the phenomena not of two decades nor of a few nations, but of all tribes and tongues, and of all time. There are the hypnotic phenomena—the dreams, for example, mentioned in the Bible as of Jacob, of Laban, of

Pharaoh, of Saul, of Solomon, of David ; and, later, of the Wise Men of the East, of Joseph, of the wife of Pilate ; not forgetting the vision of Paul—whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell. Then there are apparitions, as of three men before Abraham's tent ; of Samuel to Saul ; of Moses and Elias to Peter, James and John. Again, in profane history, of his evil genius to Brutus, and to Nero of his murdered mother. There were haunted houses, deserted and shunned, among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Socrates had his tutelary *Daimon* ; and Pliny the Younger and the skeptical Lucian tell us of spectres that appeared to their friends ; the former asserting that it was to the philosopher Athenodorus. There is any amount of chaff, but the question remains whether there are no grains of sound wheat to be sifted therefrom. If we adopt that test of truth in popular beliefs prominently put forward by Herbert Spencer — namely, that whatever opinion has received through a succession of ages the common consent of mankind, has a great verity underlying it—we shall be disposed to grant that the wheat, in some proportion or other, may be there.

Planchette is the production of an educated man—Epes Sargeant, we understand, though his initials only are signed to the preface. It is written in a good spirit and with considerable ability ; and it furnishes much material for thought. Its chief fault, we think, is, that it throws together too many proofs too loosely authenticated. The authorities are often omitted, and specifications of time and place are given in the minority of instances only. Many of the examples furnished are evidently apocryphal, and detract from, instead of adding to, the general weight of testimony. It would, no doubt, have been a work of much greater labor to give us one-tenth the number of incidents, and to fortify each with minute attestations and scrupulous proofs of authenticity, but the result would have been much more satisfactory and convincing.

We add, in conclusion, that a chapter of nearly fifty pages is devoted chiefly to the modern French version of the old doctrine of transmigration of souls. It assumes the shape of a belief that we have all pre-existed, and that the human soul passes through an unlimited series of existences, whether on this earth or in other worlds — a doctrine which the author seems to favor, though he has not, to our thinking, adduced a single satisfactory proof or reliable argument in support of it.

Books Received.

- Farm Implements and Farm Machinery, and the Principles of their Construction and Use ; with Simple and Practical Explanations of the Laws of Motion and Force, as Applied on the Farm. By John J. Thomas. Illustrated. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 302.
- The Mississippi Valley : Its Physical Geography, including Sketches of its Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, etc. By J. W. Foster, LL.D. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago : S. C. Griggs & Co. 8vo. pp. xvi., 443.
- Black Forest Village Stories. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepp. Author's Edition. Illustrated with facsimiles of the original German Woodcuts. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 377.
- Parsons on the Rose : A Treatise on the Propagation, Culture and History of the Rose. By Samuel B. Parsons. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 215.
- Works of Charles Dickens. Globe Edition. Illustrated from Designs by Darley and Gilbert. The Uncommercial Traveller, Master Humphrey's Clock, etc. Two volumes in one. 16mo. pp. 604.
- Vanity Fair : A Novel without a Hero. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 332.
- Mental Photographs : An Album for the Confession of Tastes, Habits and Convictions. Edited by Rob. Saxton. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Square 4to.
- Problematic Characters : A Novel. By Fred. Spielhagen. From the German, by Professor Schele de Vere. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 507.
- The Malay Archipelago : The Land of the Orang-Utan and Bird of Paradise. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 638.
- The Dodge Club ; or, Italy in MDCCCLIX. By Jas. D. Mille. With one hundred Illustrations. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 183.
- New American Farm-Book. Originally by R. L. Allen ; revised and enlarged by Lewis F. Allen. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 526.
- Views of Life. Addresses on the Social and Religious Questions of the Age. By W. T. Moore. Cincinnati : R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. pp. 351.
- Salt-Water Dick. By May Mannering. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 230.
- The Old Testament History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. With Maps and Woodcuts. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 715.
- Songs of Gladness. For the Sabbath-school, Prayer-meeting and Choir. By J. E. Gould. Philadelphia : J. E. Gould. 4to., paper, pp. 176.
- Italy : Florence and Venice. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. x., 385.
- The Mystery of Iniquity Unveiled. By Chandler Curtis. New York : Protestant Publication Society. 12mo. pp. 417.
- The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries. By Edw. J. Wood. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 299.
- No Sects in Heaven, and other Poems. By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland. New York : Clark & Maynard. 24mo. pp. 95.
- The Gates Wide Open ; or, Scenes in Another World. By George Wood. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 354.
- Dotty Dimple Stories. By Sophie May. Dotty Dimple at School. Illustrated. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 168.
- That Boy of Norcott's. By Charles Lever. Illustrated. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 73.
- Minnesota : Then and Now. By Mrs. Harriet E. Bishop. St. Paul : Merrill, Randall & Co. : 12mo. pp. 100.
- For Her Sake. By Fred. W. Robinson. Illustrated. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 191.
- Beautiful Snow, and other Poems. By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia : Turner Brothers & Co. 16mo. pp. 96.
- Kathleen. By the Author of Raymond's Heroine. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 183.
- The Curse of Gold. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 406.
- Woman in Prison. By Caroline H. Woods. New York : Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. viii., 193.
- Oldtown Folks. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. viii., 608.
- On the Physical Basis of Life. By T. H. Huxley, *College Courant*, New Haven : 8vo. pp. 24.
- How Lisa Loved the King. By Geo. Eliot. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 48.
- Poems. By Theophilus H. Hill. New York : Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. vi., 155.

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LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1869.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X.

CRUNCH'EM CAN'T BE HAD.

MR. FENWICK had intended to have come home round by Market Lavington, after having deposited Miss Lowther at the Westbury station, with the view of making some inquiry respecting the gentleman with the hurt shoulder, but he had found the distance to be too great and had abandoned the idea. After that there was not a day to spare till the middle of the next week; so that it was nearly a fortnight after the little scene at the corner of the vicarage garden wall before he called upon the Lavington constable and the Lavington doctor. From the latter he could learn nothing. No such patient had been to him. But the constable, though he had not seen the two men, had heard of them. One was a man who in former days had frequented Lavington—Burrows by name, generally known as Jack the Grinder, who had been in every prison in Wiltshire and Somersetshire, but who had not (so said the constable) honored Lavington for the last two years till this his last appearance. He had, however, been seen there in company with another man, and had evidently

been in a condition very unfit for work. He had slept one night at a low public house, and had then moved on. The man had complained of a fall from the cart, and had declared that he was black and blue all over; but it seemed to be clear that he had no broken bones. Mr. Fenwick, therefore, was all but convinced that Jack the Grinder was the gentleman with whom he had had the encounter, and that the Grinder's back had withstood the swinging blow from the life-preserver. Of the Grinder's companions nothing could be learned. The two men had taken the Devizes road out of Lavington, and beyond that nothing was known of them. When the parson mentioned Sam Brattle's name in a whisper, the Lavington constable shook his head. He knew all about old Jacob Brattle. A very respectable party was old Mr. Brattle in the constable's opinion. Nevertheless the constable shook his head when Sam Brattle's name was mentioned. Having learned so much, the parson rode home.

Two days after this, on a Friday, Fenwick was sitting after breakfast in his study, at work on his sermon for next Sunday, when he was told that old Mrs. Brattle was waiting to see him.

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He immediately got up and found his own wife and the miller's seated in the hall. It was not often that Mrs. Brattle made her way to the vicarage, but when she did so she was treated with great consideration. It was still August, and the weather was very hot, and she had walked up across the water mead, and was tired. A glass of wine and a biscuit were pressed upon her, and she was encouraged to sit and say a few indifferent words, before she was taken into the study and told to commence the story which had brought her so far. And there was a most inviting topic of conversation. The mill and the mill premises were to be put in order by the landlord. Mrs. Brattle affected to be rather dismayed than otherwise by the coming operations. The mill would have lasted their time, she thought, "and as for them as were to come after them—well! she didn't know. As things was now, perhaps it might be that after all Sam would have the mill." But the trouble occasioned by the workmen would be infinite. How were they to live in the mean time, and where were they to go? It soon appeared, however, that all this had been already arranged. Milling must of course be stopped for a month or six weeks. "Indeed, sir, feyther says that there won't be no more grinding much before winter." But the mill was to be repaired first, and then, when it became absolutely necessary to dismantle the house, they were to endeavor to make shift, and live in the big room of the mill itself, till their furniture should be put back again. Mrs. Fenwick, with ready good nature, offered to accommodate Mrs. Brattle and Fanny at the vicarage, but the old woman declined with many protestations of gratitude. She had never left her old man yet, and would not do so now. The weather would be mild for a while, and she thought that they could get through.

By this time the glass of wine had been supped to the bottom, and the parson, mindful of his sermon, had led the visitor into his study. She had come to tell that Sam at last had returned home.

"Why didn't you bring him up with you, Mrs. Brattle?"

Here was a question to ask of an old lady whose dominion over her son was absolutely none! Sam had become so frightfully independent that he hardly regarded the word of his father, who was a man pre-eminently capable of maintaining authority, and would no more do a thing because his mother told him than because the wind whistled. "I axed him to come up—not just with me, but of hisself, Mr. Fenwick—but he said as how you would know where to find him if you wanted him."

"That's just what I don't know. However, if he's there now, I'll go to him. It would have been better far that he should have come to me."

"I told 'un so, Mr. Fenwick—I did, indeed."

"It does not signify. I will go to him. Only it cannot be to-day, as I have promised to take my wife over to Charlicoats. But I'll come down immediately after breakfast to-morrow. You think he'll still be there?"

"I be sure he will, Mr. Fenwick. He and feyther have taken on again, till it's beautiful to see. There was none of 'em feyther ever loved liked he—only one." Thereupon the poor woman burst out into tears and covered her face with her handkerchief. "He never makes half so much account of my Fan, that never had a fault belonging to her."

"If Sam will stick to that, it will be well for him."

"He's taken up extr'ordinary with the repairs, Mr. Fenwick. He's in and about and over the place, looking to everything; and feyther says he knows so much about it he b'lieves the boy could do it all out of his own head. There's nothing feyther ever liked so much as folks to be strong and clever."

"Perhaps the squire's tradesmen won't like all that. Is Mitchell going to do it?"

"It ain't a-doing in that way, Mr. Fenwick. The squire is allowing two hundred pounds, and feyther is to get it done. Mr. Mitchell is to see that it's done proper, no doubt."

"And now tell me, Mrs. Brattle, what has Sam been about all the time that he was away?"

"That's just what I cannot tell you, Mr. Fenwick."

"Your husband has asked him, I suppose?"

"If he has, he ain't told me, Mr. Fenwick. I don't care to come atween them with hints and jealousies, suspecting like. Our Fan says he's been out working somewhere, Lavington way; but I don't know as she knows."

"Was he decent-looking when he came home?"

"He wasn't much amiss, Mr. Fenwick. He has that way with him that he most always looks decent; don't he, sir?"

"Had he any money?"

"He had a some'at, because when he was working, moving the big lumber as though for bare life, he sent one of the boys for beer, and I see'd him give the boy the money."

"I'm sorry for it. I wish he'd come back without a penny, and with hunger like a wolf in his stomach, and with his clothes all rags, so that he might have had a taste of the suffering of a vagabond's life."

"Just like the Prodigal Son, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Just like the Prodigal Son. He would not have come back to his father had he not been driven by his own vices to live with the swine." Then, seeing the tears coming down the poor mother's cheeks, he added in a kinder voice, "Perhaps it may be all well as it is. We will hope so at least, and to-morrow I will come down and see him. You need not tell him that I am coming, unless he should ask where you have been." Then Mrs. Brattle took her leave, and the parson finished his sermon.

That afternoon he drove his wife across the county to visit certain friends at Charlicoats, and both going and coming could not keep himself from talking about the Brattles. In the first place, he thought that Gilmore was wrong not to complete the work himself. "Of course he'll see that the money is spent and all

that, and no doubt in this way he may get the job done twenty or thirty pounds cheaper; but the Brattles have not interest enough in the place to justify it."

"I suppose the old man liked it best so."

"The old man shouldn't have been allowed to have his way. I am in an awful state of alarm about Sam. Much as I like him—or, at any rate, did like him—I fear he is going, or perhaps has gone, to the dogs. That those two men were housebreakers is as certain as that you sit there; and I cannot doubt but that he has been with them over at Lavington or Devizes, or somewhere in that country."

"But he may, perhaps, never have joined them in anything of that kind."

"A man is known by his companions. I would not have believed it if I had not found him with the men, and traced him and them about the county together. You see that this fellow whom they call the Grinder was certainly the man I struck. I tracked him to Lavington, and there he was complaining of being sore all over his body. I don't wonder that he was sore. He must be made like a horse to be no worse than sore. Well, then, that man and Sam were certainly in our garden together."

"Give him a chance, Frank."

"Of course I will give him a chance. I will give him the very best chance I can. I would do anything to save him, but I can't help knowing what I know."

He had made very little to his wife of the danger of the vicarage being robbed, but he could not but feel that there was danger. His wife had brought with her, among other plenishing for the household, a considerable amount of handsome plate—more than is, perhaps, generally to be found in country parsonages—and no doubt this fact was known, at any rate, to Sam Brattle. Had the men simply intended to rob the garden, they would not have run the risk of coming so near to the house windows. But then it certainly was true that Sam was not showing them the way. The parson did not quite know what to think about

it, but it was clearly his duty to be on his guard.

That same evening he sauntered across the corner of the churchyard to his neighbor the farmer. Looking out warily for Bone'm, he stood leaning upon the farm gate. Bone'm was not to be seen or heard, and therefore he entered and walked up to the back door, which indeed was the only door for entrance or egress that was ever used. There was a front door opening into a little ragged garden, but this was as much a fixture as the wall. As he was knocking at the back door it was opened by the farmer himself. Mr. Fenwick had called to inquire whether his friend had secured for him, as half promised, the possession of a certain brother of Bone'm's, who was supposed to be of a very pugnacious disposition in the silent watches of the night.

"It's no go, parson."

"Why not, Mr. Trumbull?"

"The truth is, there be such a deal of talk o' thieves about the country that no one likes to part with such a friend as that. Muster Crickly, over at Imber, he have another big dog, it's true—a reg'lar mastiff—but he do say that Crunch'em be better than the mastiff, and he won't let 'un go, parson—not for love nor money; I wouldn't let Bone'm go, I know, not for nothing."

Then Mr. Fenwick walked back to the vicarage, and was half induced to think that as Crunch'em was not to be had, it would be his duty to sit up at night and look after the plate-box himself.

CHAPTER XI.

DON'T YOU BE AFEARD ABOUT ME.

ON the following morning Mr. Fenwick walked down to the mill. There was a path all along the river, and this was the way he took. He passed different points as he went, and he thought of the trout he had caught there or had wished to catch, and he thought also how often Sam Brattle had been with him as he had stood there delicately throwing his fly. In those days Sam

had been very fond of him, had thought it to be a great thing to be allowed to fish with the parson, and had been reasonably obedient. Now he would not even come up to the vicarage when he was asked to do so. For more than a year after the close of those amicable relations the parson had behaved with kindness and almost with affection to the lad. He had interceded with the squire when Sam was accused of poaching, had interceded with the old miller when Sam had given offence at home, and had even interceded with the constable when there was a rumor in the wind of offences something worse than these. Then had come the occasion on which Mr. Fenwick had told the father that unless the son would change his course evil would come of it; and both father and son had taken this amiss. The father had told the parson to his face that he, the parson, had led his son astray; and the son in his revenge had brought housebreakers down upon his old friend's premises.

"One hasn't to do it for thanks," said Mr. Fenwick, as he became a little bitter while thinking of all this. "I'll stick to him as long as I can, if it's only for the old woman's sake, and for the poor girl whom we used to love." Then he thought of a clear, sweet young voice that used to be so well known in his village choir, and of the heavy curls which it was a delight to him to see. It had been a pleasure to him to have such a girl as Carry Brattle in his church, and now Carry Brattle was gone utterly, and would probably never be seen in a church again. These Brattles had suffered much, and he would bear with them, let the task of doing so be ever so hard.

The sound of workmen was to be already heard as he drew near to the mill. There were men there pulling the thatch off the building, and there were carts and horses bringing laths, lime, bricks and timber, and taking the old rubbish away. As he crossed quickly by the slippery stones, he saw old Jacob Brattle standing before the mill looking on, with his hands in his breeches pockets. He was too old to do much at

such work as this—work to which he was not accustomed—and was looking up in a sad, melancholy way, as though it were a work of destruction, and not one of reparation.

“We shall have you here as smart as possible before long, Mr. Brattle,” said the parson.

“I don’t know much about smart, Muster Fenwick. The old place was a’most tumbling down, but still it would have lasted out my time, I’m thinking. If t’ squire would a’ done it fifteen years ago, I’d a’ thanked ‘un; but I don’t know what to say about it now; and this time of year and all, just when the new grist would be coming in. If t’ squire would a’ thought of it in June, now! But things is contrary—a’most allays so.” After this speech, which was made in a low, droning voice, bit by bit, the miller took himself off and went into the house.

At the back of the mill, perched on an old projecting beam, in the midst of dust and dirt, assisting with all the energy of youth in the demolition of the roof, Mr. Fenwick saw Sam Brattle. He perceived at once that Sam had seen him, but the young man immediately averted his eyes and went on with his work. The parson did not speak at once, but stepped over the ruins around him till he came immediately under the beam in question. Then he called to the lad, and Sam was constrained to answer:

“Yes, Mr. Fenwick, I am here—hard at work, as you see.”

“I do see it, and wish you luck with your job. Spare me ten minutes, and come down and speak to me.”

“I am in such a muck now, Mr. Fenwick, that I do wish to go on with it, if you’ll let me.”

But Mr. Fenwick, having taken so much trouble to get at the young man, was not going to be put off in this way. “Never mind your muck for a quarter of an hour,” he said. “I have come here on purpose to find you, and I must speak to you.”

“Must!” said Sam, looking down with a very angry lower on his face.

“Yes—must. Don’t be a fool now.

You know that I do not wish to injure you. You are not such a coward as to be afraid to speak to me. Come down.”

“Afeard! Who talks of being afeard? Stop a moment, Mr. Fenwick, and I’ll be with you—not that I think it will do any good.” Then slowly he crept back along the beam and came down through the interior of the building. “What is it, Mr. Fenwick? Here I am. I ain’t a bit afeard of you, at any rate.”

“Where have you been the last fortnight, Sam?”

“What right have you to ask me, Mr. Fenwick?”

“I have the right of old friendship, and perhaps also some right from my remembrance of the last place in which I saw you. What has become of that man, Burrows?”

“What Burrows?”

“Jack the Grinder, whom I hit on the back the night I made you prisoner. Do you think that you were doing well in being in my garden about midnight in company with such a fellow as that—one of the most notorious jailbirds in the county? Do you know that I could have had you arrested and sent to prison at once?”

“I know you couldn’t do nothing of the kind.”

“You know this, Sam—that I’ve no wish to do it, that nothing would give me more pain than doing it. But you must feel that if we should hear now of any depredation about the county, we couldn’t—I at least could not—help thinking of you. And I am told that there will be depredations, Sam. Are you concerned in these matters?”

“No, I am not,” said Sam, doggedly.

“Are you disposed to tell me why you were in my garden, and why those men were with you?”

“We were down in the churchyard, and the gate was open, and so we walked up: that was all. If we’d meant to do anything out of the way, we shouldn’t a’ come like that, nor yet at that hour. Why, it warn’t midnight, Mr. Fenwick!”

“But why was there such a man as Burrows with you? Do you think he was fit company for you, Sam?”

"I suppose a chap may choose his own company, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Yes, he may, and go to the gallows because he chooses it, as you are doing."

"Very well: if that's all you've got to say to me, I'll go back to my work."

"Stop one moment, Sam. That is not quite all. I caught you the other night where you had no business to be, and for the sake of your father and mother, and for old recollections, I let you go. Perhaps I was wrong, but I don't mean to hark back upon that again."

"You are a-harking back on it ever so often."

"I shall take no further steps about it."

"There ain't no steps to be taken, Mr. Fenwick."

"But I see that you intend to defy me, and therefore I am bound to tell you that I shall keep my eye upon you."

"Don't you be afeard about me, Mr. Fenwick."

"And if I hear of those fellows—Burrrows and the other—being about the place any more, I shall give the police notice that they are associates of yours. I don't think so badly of you yet, Sam, as to believe you would bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by turning thief and housebreaker; but when I hear of your being away from home and nobody knowing where you are, and find that you are living without decent employment, and prowling about at nights with robbers and cut-throats, I cannot but be afraid. Do you know that the squire recognized you that night as well as I?"

"The squire ain't nothing to me; and if you've done with me now, Mr. Fenwick, I'll go back to my work." So saying, Sam Brattle again mounted up to the roof, and the parson returned discomfited to the front of the building. He had not intended to see any of the family, but as he was crossing the little bridge, meaning to go home round by the Privets, he was stopped by Fanny Brattle.

"I hope it will be all right, now, Mr. Fenwick," the girl said.

"I hope so too, Fanny. But you and your mother should keep an eye on him, so that he may know that his goings and comings are noticed. I dare say it will be all right as long as the excitement of these changes is going on, but there is nothing so bad as that he should be in and out of the house at nights, and not feel that his absence is noticed. It will be better always to ask him, though he be ever so cross. Tell your mother I say so."

CHAPTER XII.

BONE'M AND HIS MASTER.

AFTER leaving the mill, Mr. Fenwick went up to the squire, and, in contradiction as it were of all the hard things that he had said to Sam Brattle, spoke to the miller's landlord in the lad's favor. He was hard at work now at any rate, and seemed inclined to stick to his work. And there had been an independence about him which the parson had half liked, even while he had been offended at him.

Gilmore differed altogether from his friend: "What was he doing in your garden? What was he doing hidden in Trumbull's hedge? When I see fellows hiding in ditches at night, I don't suppose that they're after much good."

Mr. Fenwick made some lame apology even for these offences. Sam had, perhaps, not really known the extent of the iniquity of the men with whom he had associated, and had come up the garden probably with a view to the fruit. The matter was discussed at great length, and the squire at last promised that he would give Sam another chance in regard to his own estimation of the young man's character.

On that same evening—or rather after the evening was over, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night—Fenwick walked round the garden and the orchard with his wife. There was no moon now, and the night was very dark. They stopped for a minute at the wicket leading into the churchyard, and it was evident to them that Bone'm from the farmyard at



“I hope it will be all right now, Mr. Fenwick,” the girl said.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XI.]

TO YOU
ANGOLIA

the other side of the church had heard them, for he commenced a low growl, with which the parson was by this time well acquainted.

"Good dog, good dog!" said the parson, in a low voice. "I wish we had his brother, I know."

"He would only be tearing the maids and biting the children," said Mrs. Fenwick. "I hate having a savage beast about."

"But it would be so nice to catch a burglar and crunch him. I feel almost bloodthirsty since I hit that fellow with the life-preserver, and find that I didn't kill him."

"I know, Frank, you're thinking about these thieves more than you like to tell me."

"I was thinking just then that if they were to come and take all the silver, it wouldn't do much harm. We should have to buy German plate, and nobody would know the difference."

"Suppose they murdered us all?"

"They never do that now. The profession is different from what it used to be. They only go where they know they can find a certain amount of spoil, and where they can get it without much danger. I don't think housebreakers ever cut throats in these days. They're too fond of their own."

Then they both agreed that if these rumors of housebreakings were continued, they would send away the plate some day to be locked up in safe-keeping at Salisbury. After that they went to bed.

On the next morning—the Sunday morning—at a few minutes before seven, the parson was awakened by his groom at his bed-room door. "What is it, Roger?" he asked.

"For the love of God, sir, get up: they've been and murdered Mr. Trumbull!" Mrs. Fenwick, who heard the tidings, screamed, and Mr. Fenwick was out of bed and into his trousers in half a minute. In another half minute Mrs. Fenwick, clothed in her dressing-gown, was up stairs among her children. No doubt she thought that as soon as the poor farmer had been despatched the

murderers would naturally pass on into her nursery. Mr. Fenwick did not believe the tidings. If a man be hurt in the hunting-field, it is always said that he's killed. If the kitchen flue be on fire, it is always said that the house is burned down. Something, however, had probably happened at Farmer Trumbull's, and down went the parson across the garden and orchard and through the churchyard as quick as his legs would carry him. In the farmyard he found quite a crowd of men, including the two constables and three or four of the leading tradesmen in the village. The first thing that he saw was the dead body of Bone'm, the dog. He was stiff and stark, and had been poisoned.

"How's Mr. Trumbull?" he asked of the nearest bystander.

"Laws, parson! ain't ye heard?" said the man. "They've knocked his skull open with a hammer, and he's as dead—as dead."

Hearing this, the parson turned round and made his way into the house. There was not a doubt about it. The farmer had been murdered during the night, and his money carried off. Up stairs Mr. Fenwick made his way to the farmer's bed-room, and there lay the body. Mr. Crittenden, the village doctor, was there, and a crowd of men and an old woman or two. Among the women was Trumbull's sister, the wife of a neighboring farmer, who, with her husband, a tenant of Mr. Gilmore's, had come over just before the arrival of Mr. Fenwick. The body had been found on the stairs, and it was quite clear that the farmer had fought desperately with the man or men before he had received the blow which despatched him.

"I told 'um how it be—I did, I did—when he would 'a all that money by 'um." This was the explanation given by Mr. Trumbull's sister, Mrs. Boddle.

It seemed that Trumbull had had in his possession over a hundred and fifty pounds, of which the greater part was in gold, and that he kept this in a money-box in his bed-room. One of the two servants who lived in his service—he himself had been a widower

without children—declared that she had always known that at night he took the box out of his cupboard into bed with him. She had seen it there more than once when she had taken him up drinks when he was unwell. When first interrogated, she declared that she did not remember at that moment that she had ever told anybody—she thought she had never told anybody: at last she would swear that she had never spoken a word about it to a single soul. She was supposed to be a good girl, had come of decent people, and was well known by Mr. Fenwick, of whose congregation she was one. Her name was Agnes Pope. The other servant was an elderly woman, who had been in the house all her life, but was unfortunately deaf. She had known very well about the money, and had always been afraid about it: had very often spoken to her master about it, but never a word to Agnes. She had been woken in the night—that was, as it turned out, about two A. M.—by the girl, who slept with her, and who declared that she had heard a great noise as of somebody tumbling—a very great noise indeed, as though there were ever so many people tumbling. For a long time, for perhaps an hour, they had lain still, being afraid to move. Then the elder woman had lighted a candle and gone down from the garret in which they slept. The first thing she saw was the body of her master in his shirt upon the stairs. She had then called up the only other human being who slept on the premises—a shepherd who had lived for thirty years with Trumbull. This man had thrown open the house and had gone for assistance, and had found the body of the dead dog in the yard.

Before nine o'clock the facts as they have been told were known everywhere, and the squire was down on the spot. The man—or, as it was presumed, men—had entered by the unaccustomed front door, which was so contrived as to afford the easiest possible mode of getting into the house; whereas the back door, which was used by everybody, had been bolted and barred with all care. The men must probably have entered by the

churchyard and the back gate of the farmyard, as that had been found to be unlatched, whereas the gate leading out on to the road had been found closed. The farmer himself had always been very careful to close both these gates when he let out Bone'm before going to bed. Poor Bone'm had been enticed to his death by a piece of poisoned meat, thrown to him probably some considerable time before the attack was made.

Who were the murderers? That of course was the first question. It need hardly be said with how sad a heart Mr. Fenwick discussed this matter with the squire. Of course inquiry must be made of the manner in which Sam Brattle had passed the night. Heavens! how would it be with the poor family if he had been concerned in such an affair as this? And then there came across the parson's mind a remembrance that Agnes Pope and Sam Brattle had been seen by him together on more Sundays than one. In his anxiety, and with much imprudence, he went to the girl and questioned her again:

“For your own sake, Agnes, tell me, are you sure you never mentioned about the money-box to—Sam Brattle?”

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then said that she was quite sure she never had. She didn't think she had ever said ten words to Sam since she knew about the box.

“But five words would be sufficient, Agnes.”

“Then them five words was never spoke, sir,” said the girl. But still she blushed, and the parson thought that her manner was not in her favor.

It was necessary that the parson should attend to his church, but the squire, who was a magistrate, went down with the two constables to the mill. There they found Sam and his father, with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. No one went to the church from the mill on that day. The news had reached them of the murder, and they all felt—though no one of them had so said to any other—that something might in some way connect them with the deed that had been done. Sam had hardly spoken since he

had heard of Mr. Trumbull's death; though when he saw that his father was perfectly silent, as one struck with some sudden dread, he bade the old man hold up his head and fear nothing. Old Brattle, when so addressed, seated himself in his arm-chair, and there remained without a word till the magistrate and the constables were among them.

There were not many at church, and Mr. Fenwick made the service very short. He could not preach the sermon which he had prepared, but said a few words on the terrible catastrophe which had occurred so near to them. This man who was now lying within only a few yards of them, with his brains knocked out, had been alive among them, strong and in good health, yesterday evening! And there had come into their peaceful village miscreants who had been led on from self-indulgence to idleness, and from idleness to theft, and from theft to murder! We all know the kind of words which the parson spoke, and the thrill of attention with which they would be heard. Here was a man who had been close to them, and therefore the murder came home to them all, and filled them with an excitement which, alas! was not probably without some feeling of pleasure. But the sermon—if sermon it could be called—was very short; and when it was over the parson also hurried down to the mill.

It had already been discovered that Sam Brattle had certainly been out during the night. He had himself denied this at first, saying that though he had been the last to go to bed, he had gone to bed at about eleven, and had not left the mill-house till late in the morning; but his sister had heard him rise, and had seen his body through the gloom as he passed beneath the window of the room in which she slept. She had not heard him return, but when she arose at six had found out that he was then in the house. He manifested no anger against her when she gave this testimony, but acknowledged that he had been out—that he had wandered up to the road; and explained his former denial frankly—or with well-assumed frank-

ness—by saying that he would, if possible, for his father's and mother's sake, have concealed the fact that he had been away, knowing that his absence would give rise to suspicions which would well-nigh break their hearts. He had not, however—so he said—been any nearer to Bullhampton than the point of the road opposite to the lodge of Hampton Privets, from whence the lane turned down to the mill. What had he been doing down there? He had done nothing, but sat on a stile and smoked by the roadside. Had he seen any strangers? Here he paused, but at last declared that he had seen none, but had heard the sound of wheels and of a pony's feet upon the road. The vehicle, whatever it was, must have passed on toward Bullhampton just before he reached the road. Had he followed the vehicle? No: he had thought of doing so, but had not. Could he guess who was in the vehicle? By this time many surmises had been made aloud as to Jack the Grinder and his companion, and it had become generally known that the parson had encountered two such men in his own garden some nights previously. Sam, when he was pressed, said that the idea had come into his mind that the vehicle was the Grinder's cart. He had no knowledge, he said, that the man was coming to Bullhampton on that night, but the man had said in his hearing that he would like to strip the parson's peaches. He was asked also about Farmer Trumbull's money. He declared that he had never heard that the farmer kept money in the house. He did know that the farmer was accounted to be a very saving man, but that was all that he knew. He was as much surprised, he said, as any of them at what had occurred. Had the man turned the other way and robbed the parson, he would have been less surprised. He acknowledged that he had called the parson a turncoat and a meddling telltale in the presence of three men.

All this ended, of course, in Sam's arrest. He had himself seen from the first that it would be so, and he had bade his mother take comfort and hold up her

head. "It won't be for long, mother. I ain't got any of the money, and they can't bring it nigh me." He was taken away to be locked up at Heytesbury that night, in order that he might be brought before the bench of magistrates, which would sit at that place on Tuesday. Squire Gilmore for the present committed him.

The parson remained for some time with the old man and his wife after Sam was gone, but he soon found that he could be of no service by doing so. The miller himself would not speak, and Mrs. Brattle was utterly prostrated by her husband's misery.

"I do not know what to say about it," said Mr. Fenwick to his wife that night. "The suspicion is very strong, but I cannot say that I have an opinion one way or the other."

There was no sermon in Bullhampton church on that Sunday afternoon.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN MARRABLE AND HIS FATHER.

ONLY that it is generally conceived that in such a history as is this the writer of the tale should be able to make his points so clear by words that no further assistance should be needed, I should be tempted here to insert a properly illustrated pedigree tree of the Marrable family. The Marrable family is of very old standing in England, the first baronet having been created by James I., and there having been Marrables—as is well known by all attentive readers of English history—engaged in the Wars of the Roses, and again others very conspicuous in the religious persecutions of the children of Henry VIII. I do not know that they always behaved with consistency, but they held their heads up after a fashion, and got themselves talked of, and were people of note in the country. They were Cavaliers in the time of Charles I. and of Cromwell—as became men of blood and gentlemen—but it is not recorded of them that they sacrificed much in the cause; and when William III. became king they submitted

with a good grace to the new order of things. A certain Sir Thomas Marrable was member for his county in the reigns of George I. and George II., and enjoyed a lucrative confidence with Walpole. Then there came a blustering, roystering Sir Thomas, who, together with a fine man and gambler as his heir, brought the property to rather a low ebb; so that when Sir Gregory, the grandfather of our Miss Marrable, came to the title in the early days of George III., he was not a rich man. His two sons, another Sir Gregory and a General Marrable, died long before the days of which we are writing—Sir Gregory in 1815, and the general in 1820. That Sir Gregory was the second of the name—the second, at least, as mentioned in these pages. He had been our Miss Marrable's uncle, and the general had been her father and the father of Mrs. Lowther, Mary's mother. A third Sir Gregory was reigning at the time of our story—a very old gentleman with one single son, a fourth Gregory. Now the residence of Sir Gregory was at Dunripple Park, just on the borders of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, but in the latter county. The property was small, for a country gentleman with a title—not much exceeding three thousand a year—and there was no longer any sitting in Parliament or keeping of race-horses, or indeed any season in town for the present race of Marrables. The existing Sir Gregory was a very quiet man, and his son and only child, a man now about forty years of age, lived mostly at home, and occupied himself with things of antiquity. He was remarkably well read in the history of his own country, and it had been understood for the last twenty years by the antiquarian, archæological and other societies that he was the projector of a new theory about Stonehenge, and that his book on the subject was almost ready. Such were the two surviving members of the present senior branch of the family. But Sir Gregory had two brothers—the younger of the two being Parson John Marrable, the present rector of St. Peter's, Lowtown, and the occupier of the house within the

heavy slate-colored gates, where he lived a bachelor life, as had done before him his cousin the late rector; the elder being a certain Colonel Marrable. The Colonel Marrable again had a son who was a Captain Walter Marrable; and after him the confused reader shall be introduced to no more of the Marrable family. The enlightened reader will have by this time perceived that Miss Mary Lowther and Captain Walter Marrable were second cousins; and he will also have perceived, if he has given his mind fully to the study, that the present Parson John Marrable had come into the living after the death of a cousin of the same generation as himself, but of lower standing in the family. It was so; and by this may be seen how little the Sir Gregory of the present day had been able to do for his brother; and perhaps it may also be imagined from this that the present clergyman at Loring Lowtown had been able to do very little for himself. Nevertheless, he was a kindly-hearted, good, sincere old man—not very bright indeed, nor peculiarly fitted for preaching the gospel, but he was much liked, and he kept a curate, though his income out of the living was small. Now it so happened that Captain Marrable—Walter Marrable—came to stay with his uncle the parson about the same time that Mary Lowther returned to Loring.

“You remember Walter, do you not?” said Miss Marrable to her niece.

“Not the least in the world. I remember there was a Walter when I was at Dunripple. But that was ten years ago, and boy cousins and girl cousins never fraternize.”

“I suppose he was nearly a young man then, and you were a child?”

“He was still at school, though just leaving it. He is seven years older than I am.”

“He is coming to stay with Parson John.”

“You don’t say so, Aunt Sarah! What will such a man as Captain Marrable do at Loring?” Then Aunt Sarah explained all that she knew, and perhaps suggested more than she knew. Walter Marrable had quarreled with his father

the colonel—with whom, indeed everybody of the name of Marrable had always been quarreling, and who was believed by Miss Marrable to be the very — mischief himself. He was a man always in debt, who had broken his wife’s heart, who lived with low company and disgraced the family, who had been more than once arrested, on whose behalf all the family interest had been expended, so that nobody else could get anything, and who gambled and drank and did whatever wicked things a wicked old colonel living at Portsmouth could do. And indeed, hitherto, Miss Marrable had entertained opinions hardly more charitable respecting the son than she had done in regard to the father. She had disbelieved in this branch of the Marrables altogether. Captain Marrable had lived with his father a good deal—at least so she had understood—and therefore could not but be bad. And moreover, our Miss Sarah Marrable had throughout her whole life been somewhat estranged from the elder branches of the family. Her father, Walter, had been—so she thought—injured by his brother Sir Gregory, and there had been some law proceedings, not quite amicable, between her brother the parson and the present Sir Gregory. She respected Sir Gregory as the head of the family, but she never went now to Dunripple, and knew nothing of Sir Gregory’s heir. Of the present Parson John she had thought very little before he had come to Loring. Since he had been living there she had found that blood was thicker than water—as she would say—and they two were intimate. When she heard that Captain Marrable was coming because he had quarreled with his father, she began to think that perhaps it might be as well that she should allow herself to meet this new cousin.

“What do you think of your cousin, Walter?” the old clergyman said to his nephew one evening, after the two ladies, who had been dining at the rectory, had left them. It was the first occasion on which Walter Marrable had met Mary since his coming to Loring.

“I remember her as well as if it were

yesterday, at Dunripple. She was a little girl then, and I thought her the most beautiful little girl in the world."

"We all think her very beautiful still."
 "So she is; as lovely as ever she can stand. But she does not seem to have much to say for herself. I remember when she was a little girl she never would speak."

"I fancy she can talk when she pleases, Walter. But you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I won't, if I can help it."

"In the first place, I think she is as good as engaged to a fellow with a very pretty property in Wiltshire, and in the next place she hasn't got one shilling."

"There is not much danger. I am not inclined to trouble myself about any girl in my present mood, even if she had the pretty property herself and wasn't engaged to anybody. I suppose I shall get over it some day, but I feel just at present as though I couldn't say a kind word to a human being."

"Psha! psha! that's nonsense, Walter. Take things coolly. They're more likely to come right, and they won't be so troublesome, even if they don't." Such was the philosophy of Parson John; for the sake of digesting which the captain lit a cigar and went out to smoke it, standing at one of the open slate-colored gates.

It was said in the first chapter of this story that Mr. Gilmore was one of the heroes whose deeds the story undertakes to narrate, and a hint was perhaps expressed that of all the heroes he was the favorite. Captain Marrable is, however, another hero, and as such some word or two must be said of him. He was a better-looking man, certainly, than Mr. Gilmore, though perhaps his personal appearance did not at first sight give to the observer so favorable an idea of his character as did that of the other gentleman. Mr. Gilmore was to be read at a glance as an honest, straightforward, well-behaved country squire, whose word might be taken for anything—who might, perhaps, like to have his own way, but who could hardly do a cruel or an unfair thing. He was just such a man to look

at as a prudent mother would select as one to whom she might entrust her daughter with safety. Now Walter Marrable's countenance was of a very different die. He had served in India, and the naturally dark color of his face had thus become very swarthy. His black hair curled round his head, but the curls on his brow were becoming very thin, as though age were already telling on them, and yet he was four or five years younger than Mr. Gilmore. His eyebrows were thick and heavy, and his eyes seemed to be black. They were eyes which were used without much motion; and when they were dead set, as they were not unfrequently, it would seem as though he were defying those on whom he looked. Thus he made many afraid of him, and many who were not afraid of him disliked him because of a certain ferocity which seemed to characterize his face. He wore no beard beyond a heavy black moustache, which quite covered his upper lip. His nose was long and straight, his mouth large and his chin square. No doubt he was a handsome man. And he looked to be a tall man, though in truth he lacked two full inches of the normal six feet. He was broad across the chest, strong on his legs, and was altogether such a man to look at that few would care to quarrel with him, and many would think that he was disposed to quarrel. Of his nature he was not quarrelsome, but he was a man who certainly had received much injury. It need not be explained at length how his money affairs had gone wrong with him. He should have inherited—and indeed did inherit—a fortune from his mother's family, of which his father had contrived absolutely to rob him. It was only within the last month that he had discovered that his father had succeeded in laying his hands on certainly the bulk of his money, and it might be upon all. Words between them had been very bitter. The father, with a cigar between his teeth, had told his son that this was the fortune of war; that if justice had been done him at his marriage the money would have been his own; and that, by G—, he was very

sorry, and couldn't say anything more. The son had called the father a liar and a swindler; as indeed was the truth, though the son was doubtless wrong to say so to the author of his being. The father had threatened the son with his horsewhip; and so they had parted within ten days of Walter Marrable's return from India.

Walter had written to his two uncles, asking their advice as to saving the wreck, if anything might be saved. Sir Gregory had written back to say that he was an old man, that he was greatly grieved at the misunderstanding, and that Messrs. Block & Curling were the family lawyers. Parson John invited his nephew to come down to Loring Lowtown. Captain Marrable went to Block & Curling, who were by no means consolatory, and accepted his uncle's invitation.

It was but three days after the first meeting between the two cousins, that they were to be seen one evening walking together along the banks of the Lurwell, a little river which at Loring sometimes takes the appearance of a canal, and sometimes of a natural stream. But it is commercial, having connection with the Kennet and Avon navigation; and long, slow, ponderous barges, with heavy, dirty, sleepy bargemen, and rickety, ill-used barge-horses, are common in the neighborhood. In parts it is very pretty, as it runs under the chalky downs, and there are a multiplicity of locks, and the turf of the sheep-walks comes up to the towing-path; but in the close neighborhood of the town the canal is straight and uninteresting, the ground is level, and there is a scattered community of small, straight-built, light-brick houses, which are in themselves so ugly that they are incompatible with anything that is pretty in landscape.

Parson John—always so called to distinguish him from the late parson, his cousin, who had been the Rev. James Marrable—had taken occasion on behalf of his nephew to tell the story of his wrong to Miss Marrable, and by Miss Marrable it had been told to Mary. To both these ladies the thing seemed to be

so horrible—the idea that a father should have robbed his son—that the stern ferocity of the slow-moving eyes was forgiven, and they took him to their hearts—if not for love, at least for pity. Twenty thousand pounds ought to have become the property of Walter Marrable when some maternal relation had died. It had seemed hard that the father should have none of it, and on the receipt in India of representations from the colonel, Walter had signed certain fatal papers, the effect of which was that the father had laid his hands on pretty nearly the whole, if not on the whole, of the money, and had caused it to vanish. There was now a question whether some five thousand pounds might not be saved. If so, Walter would stay in England: if not, he would exchange and go back to India, "or," as he said himself, "to the devil."

"Don't speak of it in that way," said Mary.

"The worst of it is," said he, "that I am ashamed of myself for being so absolutely cut up about money. A man should be able to bear that kind of thing, but this hits one all round."

"I think you bear it very well."

"No, I don't. I didn't bear it well when I called my father a swindler. I didn't bear it well when I swore that I would put him in prison for robbing me. I don't bear it well now, when I think of it every moment. But I do so hate India, and I had so absolutely made up my mind never to return. If it hadn't been that I knew that this fortune was to be mine, I could have saved money, hand over hand."

"Can't you live on your pay here?"

"No!" He answered her almost as though he were angry with her. "If I had been used all my life to the strictest economies, perhaps I might do so. Some men do, no doubt, but I am too old to begin it. There is the choice of two things—to blow my brains out, or go back."

"You are not such a coward as that."

"I don't know. I ain't sure that it would be cowardice. If there were anybody I could injure by doing it, it would be cowardly."

"The family," suggested Mary.

"What does Sir Gregory care for me? I'll show you his letter to me some day. I don't think it would be cowardly at all to get away from such a lot."

"I am sure you won't do that, Captain Marrable."

"Think what it is to know that your father is a swindler. Perhaps that is the worst of it all. Fancy talking or thinking of one's family after that. I like my uncle John. He is very kind, and has offered to lend me one hundred and fifty pounds, which I am sure he can't afford to lose, and which I am too honest to take. But even he hardly sees it. He calls it a misfortune, and I've no doubt would shake hands with his brother to-morrow."

"So would you, if he were really sorry."

"No, Mary: nothing on earth shall ever induce me to set my eyes on him again willingly. He has destroyed all the world for me. He should have had half of it without a word. When he used to whine to me in his letters, and say how cruelly he had been treated, I always made up my mind that he should have half the income for life. It was because he should not want till I came home that I enabled him to do what he has done. And now he has robbed me of every cursed shilling! I wonder whether I shall ever get my mind free from it?"

"Of course you will."

"It seems now that my heart is wrapped in lead."

As they were coming home she put her hand upon his arm, and asked him to promise her to withdraw that threat.

"Why should I withdraw it? Who cares for me?"

"We all care: my aunt cares—I care."

"The threat means nothing, Mary. People who make such threats don't carry them out. Of course I shall go on and endure it. The worst of all is, that the whole thing makes me so unmanly—makes such a beast of me. But I'll try to get over it."

Mary Lowther thought that upon the whole he bore his misfortune very well.

CHAPTER XIV.

COUSINHOOD.

MARY LOWTHER and her cousin had taken their walk together on Monday evening, and on the next morning she received the following letter from Mrs. Fenwick. When it reached her she had as yet heard nothing of the Bullhampton tragedy:

"VICARAGE, Monday, Sept. 1, 186-.

"DEAREST MARY:

"I suppose you will have heard before you get this of the dreadful murder that has taken place here, and which has so startled and horrified us that we hardly know what we are doing even yet. It is hard to say why a thing should be worse because it is close, but it certainly is so. Had it been in the next parish, or even farther off in this parish, I do not think that I should feel it so much; and then we knew the old man so well; and then again—which makes it worst of all—we all of us are unable to get rid of a suspicion that one whom we knew, and we liked, has been a participator in the crime.

"It seems that it must have been about two o'clock on Sunday morning that Mr. Trumbull was killed. It was, at any rate, between one and three. As far as they can judge, they think that there must have been three men concerned. You remember how we used to joke about poor Mr. Trumbull's dog. Well, he was poisoned first—probably an hour before the men got into the house. It has been discovered that the foolish old man kept a large sum of money by him in a box, and that he always took this box into bed with him. The woman who lived in the house with him used to see it there. No doubt the thieves had heard of this, and both Frank and Mr. Gilmore think that the girl, Agnes Pope, whom you will remember in the choir, told about it. She lived with Mr. Trumbull, and we all thought her a very good girl, though she was too fond of that young man, Sam Brattle.

"They think that the men did not mean to do the murder, but that the old man fought so hard for his money that they were driven to it. His body was

not in the room, but on the top of the stairs, and his temple had been split open with a blow of a hammer. The hammer lay beside him, and was one belonging to the house. Mr. Gilmore says that there was great craft in their using a weapon which they did not bring with them. Of course they cannot be traced by the hammer.

"They got off with one hundred and fifty pounds in the box, and did not touch anything else. Everybody feels quite sure that they knew all about the money, and that when Mr. Gilmore saw them that night down at the churchyard corner they were prowling about with a view of seeing how they could get into the farmer's house, and not into the vicarage. Frank thinks that when he afterward found them in our place, Sam Brattle had brought them in with a kind of wild idea of taking the fruit, but that the men, of their own account, had come round to reconnoitre the house. They both say that there can be no doubt about the men having been the same. Then comes the terrible question whether Sam Brattle, the son of that dear woman at the mill, has been one of the murderers. He had been at home all the previous day, working very hard at the repairs — which are being done in obedience to your orders, my dear—but he certainly was out on the Saturday night.

"It is very hard to get at any man's belief in such matters, but, as far as I can understand them, I don't think that either Frank or Mr. Gilmore do really believe that he was there. Frank says that it will go very hard with him, and Mr. Gilmore has committed him. The magistrates are to sit to-morrow at Heytesbury, and Mr. Gilmore will be there. He has, as you may be sure, behaved as well as possible, and has quite altered in his manner to the old people. I was at the mill this morning: Brattle himself would not speak to me, but I sat for an hour with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. It makes it almost the more melancholy having all the rubbish and building things about, and yet the work stopped.

"Fanny Brattle has behaved so well! It was she who told that her brother

had been out at night. Mr. Gilmore says that when the question was asked in his presence, she answered it in her own quiet, simple way, without a moment's doubt; but since that she has never ceased to assert her conviction that her brother has had nothing to do either with the murder or with the robbery. If it had not been for this, Mrs. Brattle would, I think, have sunk under the load. Fanny says the same thing constantly to her father. He scolds her and bids her hold her tongue, but she goes on, and I think it has some effect even on him. The whole place does look such a picture of ruin! It would break your heart to see it. And then, when one looks at the father and mother, one remembers about that other child, and is almost tempted to ask why such misery should have fallen upon parents who have been honest, sober and industrious. Can it really be that the man is being punished here on earth because he will not believe? When I hinted this to Frank, he turned upon me and scolded me, and told me I was measuring the Almighty God with a foot-rule. But men were punished in the Bible because they did not believe. Remember the Baptist's father. But I never dare to go on with Frank on these matters.

"I am so full of this affair of poor Mr. Trumbull, and so anxious about Sam Brattle, that I cannot now write about anything else. I can only say that no man ever behaved with greater kindness and propriety than Harry Gilmore, who has had to act as magistrate. Poor Fanny Brattle has to go to Heytesbury to-morrow to give her evidence. At first they said that they must take the father also, but he is to be spared for the present.

"I should tell you that Sam himself declares that he got to know these men at a place where he was at work, brick-making, near Devizes. He had quarreled with his father, and had got a job there, with high wages. He used to be out at night with them, and acknowledges that he joined one of them, a man named Burrows, in stealing a brood of pea-fowl which some poulterers wanted to buy.

He says he looked on it as a joke. Then it seems he had some spite against Trumbull's dog, and that this man Burrows came over here on purpose to take the dog away. This, according to his story, is all that he knows of the man; and he says that on that special Saturday night he had not the least idea that Burrows was at Bullhampton till he heard the sound of a certain cart on the road. I tell you all this, as I am sure you will share our anxiety respecting this unfortunate young man, because of his mother and sister.

"Good-bye, dearest! Frank sends ever so many loves; and somebody else would send them too, if he thought that I would be the bearer. Try to think so well of Bullhampton as to make you wish to live here. Give my kindest love to your aunt Sarah.

"Your most affectionate friend,
"JANET FENWICK."

Mary was obliged to read the letter twice before she completely understood it. Old Mr. Trumbull murdered! Why she had known the old man well—had always been in the habit of speaking to him when she met him either at the one gate or the other of the farmyard—had joked with him about Bone'm, and had heard him assert his own perfect security against robbers not a week before the night on which he was murdered! As Mrs. Fenwick had said, the truth is so much more real when it comes from things that are near. And then she had so often heard the character of Sam Brattle described—the man who was now in prison as a murderer! And she herself had given lessons in singing to Agnes Pope, who was now in some sort accused of aiding the thieves. And she herself had asked Agnes whether it was not foolish for her to be hanging about the farmyard, outside her master's premises, with Sam Brattle. It was all brought very near to her!

Before that day was over she was telling the story to Captain Marrable. She had of course told it to her aunt, and they had been discussing it the

whole morning. Mr. Gilmore's name had been mentioned to Captain Marrable, but very little more than the name. Aunt Sarah, however, had already begun to think whether it might not be prudent to tell Cousin Walter the story of the half-formed engagement. Mary had expressed so much sympathy with her cousin's wrongs that Aunt Sarah had begun to fear that that sympathy might lead to a tenderer feeling, and Aunt Sarah was by no means anxious that her niece should fall in love with a gentleman whose chief attraction was the fact that he had been ruined by his own father, even though that gentleman was Marrable himself. This danger might possibly be lessened if Captain Marrable were made acquainted with the Gilmore affair, and taught to understand how desirable such a match would be for Mary. But Aunt Sarah had qualms of conscience on the subject. She doubted whether she had a right to tell the story without leave from Mary; and then there was in truth no real engagement. She knew indeed that Mr. Gilmore had made the offer more than once; but then she knew also that the offer had at any rate not as yet been accepted, and she felt that on Mr. Gilmore's account, as well as on Mary's, she ought to hold her tongue. It might indeed be admissible to tell a cousin that which she would not tell to an indifferent young man; but nevertheless she could not bring herself to do, even with so good an object, that which she believed to be wrong.

That evening Mary was again walking on the towing-path beside the river with her cousin Walter. She had met him now about five times, and there was already an intimacy between them. The idea of cousinly intimacy to girls is undoubtedly very pleasant; and I do not know whether it is not the fact that the better and the purer is the girl the sweeter and the pleasanter is the idea. In America a girl may form a friendly intimacy with any young man she fancies, and though she may not be free from little jests and good-humored joking, there is no injury to her from such intimacy. It is her acknowledged right

to enjoy herself after that fashion, and to have what she calls a good time with young men. A dozen such intimacies do not stand in her way when there comes some real adorer who means to marry her and is able to do so. She rides with these friends, walks with them and corresponds with them. She goes out to balls and pic-nics with them, and afterward lets herself in with a latch-key, while her papa and mamma are abed and asleep, with perfect security. If there be much to be said against the practice, there is also something to be said for it. Girls on the continent of Europe, on the other hand, do not dream of making friendship with any man. A cousin with them is as much out of the question as the most perfect stranger. In strict families a girl is hardly allowed to go out with her brother, and I have heard of mothers who thought it indiscreet that a father should be seen alone with his daughter at a theatre. All friendships between the sexes must, under such a social code, be looked forward to as post-nuptial joys. Here in England there is a something betwixt the two. The intercourse between young men and girls is free enough to enable the latter to feel how pleasant it is to be able to forget for a while conventional restraints, and to acknowledge how joyous a thing it is to indulge in social intercourse in which the simple delight of equal mind meeting equal mind in equal talk is just enhanced by the unconscious remembrance that boys and girls when they meet together may learn to love. There is nothing more sweet in youth than this, nothing more natural, nothing more fitting—nothing, indeed, more essentially necessary for God's purposes with his creatures. Nevertheless, here with us, that is the restriction, and it is seldom that a girl can allow herself the full flow of friendship with a man who is not old enough to be her father, unless he is her lover as well as her friend. But cousinhood does allow some escape from the hardship of this rule. Cousins are Tom and Jack and George and Dick. Cousins probably know all or most of your little family secrets. Cousins perhaps have

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romped with you and scolded you and teased you when you were young. Cousins are almost the same as brothers, and yet they may be lovers. There is certainly a great relief in cousinhood.

Mary Lowther had no brother. She had neither brother nor sister—had since her earliest infancy hardly known any other relative save her aunt and old Parson John. When first she had heard that Walter Marrable was at Loring, the tidings gave her no pleasure whatever. It never occurred to her to say to herself, "Now I shall have one who may become my friend, and be to me perhaps almost a brother?" What she had hitherto heard of Walter Marrable had not been in his favor. Of his father she had heard all that was bad, and she had joined the father and the son together in what few ideas she had formed respecting them. But now, after five interviews, Walter Marrable was her dear cousin, with whom she sympathized, of whom she was proud, whose misfortunes were in some degree her misfortunes—to whom she thought she could very soon tell this great trouble of her life about Mr. Gilmore, as though he were indeed her brother. And she had learned to like his dark staring eyes, which now always seemed to be fixed on her with something of real regard. She liked them the better, perhaps, because there was in them so much of real admiration; though if it were so, Mary knew nothing of such liking herself. And now at his bidding she called him Walter. He had addressed her by her Christian name at first as a matter of course, and she had felt grateful to him for doing so. But she had not dared to be so bold with him till he had bade her do so, and now she felt that he was a cousin indeed. Captain Marrable was at present waiting, not with much patience, for tidings from Block & Curling. Would that five thousand pounds be saved for him, or must he again go out to India and be heard of no more at home in his own England? Mary was not so impatient as the captain, but she also was intensely interested in the expected letters. On this day, however, their conversation chiefly ran

on the news which Mary had that morning heard from Bullhampton.

"I suppose you feel sure," said the captain, "that young Sam Brattle was one of the murderers?"

"Oh no, Walter."

"Or at least one of the thieves?"

"But both Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Gilmore think that he is innocent."

"I do not gather that from what your friend says. She says that she thinks that they think so. And then it is clear that he was hanging about the place before with the very men who have committed the crime; and that was a way in which he might have heard, and probably had heard, of the money; and then he was out and about that very night."

"Still, I can't believe it. If you knew the sort of people his father and mother are!" (Captain Marrable could not but reflect that, if an honest gentleman might have a swindler for his father, an honest miller might have a thief for his son.) "And then if you saw the place at which they live! I have a particular interest about it."

"Then the young man, of course, must be innocent."

"Don't laugh at me, Walter."

"Why is the place so interesting to you?"

"I can hardly tell you why. The father and the mother are interesting people, and so is the sister. And in their way they are so good! And they have had great troubles—very great troubles. And the place is so cool and pretty, all surrounded by streams and old pollard willows, with a thatched roof that comes in places nearly to the ground; and then the sound of the mill-wheel is the pleasantest sound I know anywhere."

"I will hope he is innocent, Mary."

"I do so hope he is innocent! And then my friends are so much interested about the family! The Fenwicks are very fond of them, and Mr. Gilmore is their landlord."

"He is the magistrate?"

"Yes, he is the magistrate."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"A very good sort of fellow—such a

sort that he can hardly be better; a perfect gentleman."

"Indeed! And has he a perfect lady for his wife?"

"Mr. Gilmore is not married."

"What age is he?"

"I think he is thirty-three."

"With a nice estate and not married! What a chance you have left behind you, Mary!"

"Do you think, Walter, that a girl ought to wish to marry a man merely because he is a perfect gentleman, and has a nice estate, and is not yet married?"

"They say that they generally do; don't they?"

"I hope you don't think so. Any girl would be very fortunate to marry Mr. Gilmore if she loved him."

"But you don't?"

"You know I am not talking about myself, and you oughtn't to make personal allusions."

These cousinly walks along the banks of the Lurwell were not probably favorable to Mr. Gilmore's hopes.

CHAPTER XV.

THE POLICE AT FAULT.

THE magistrates sat at Heytesbury on the Tuesday, and Sam Brattle was remanded. An attorney had been employed on his behalf by Mr. Fenwick. The parson on the Monday evening had been down at the mill, and had pressed strongly on the old miller the necessity of getting some legal assistance for his son. At first, Mr. Brattle was stern, immovable and almost dumb. He sat on the bench outside his door, with his eyes fixed on the dismantled mill, and shook his head wearily, as though sick and sore with the words that were being addressed to him. Mrs. Brattle the while stood in the doorway and listened to what was said without uttering a sound. If the parson could not prevail, it would be quite out of the question that any word of hers should do good. There she stood, wiping the tears from her eyes, looking on wishfully, while her husband did not even know that she

was there. At last he rose from his seat, and hallooed to her. "Maggie!" said he—"Maggie!" She stepped forward and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Bring me down the purse, mother," he said.

"There will be nothing of that kind wanted," said the parson.

"Them gentlemen don't work for such as our boy for nothin'," said the miller. "Bring me the purse, mother, I say. There aren't much in it, but there's a few guineas as 'll do for that, perhaps. As well pitch 'em away that way as any other."

Mr. Fenwick, of course, declined to take the money. He would make the lawyer understand that he would be properly paid for his trouble, and that for the present would suffice. Only, as he explained, it was expedient that he should have the father's authority. Should any question on the matter arise, it would be better for the young man that he should be defended by his father's aid than by that of a stranger. "I understand, Mr. Fenwick," said the old man—"I understand; and it's neighborly of you. But it'd be better that you'd just leave us alone to go out like the snuff of a candle."

"Father," said Fanny, "I won't have you speak in that way, making out our Sam to be guilty before e'er a one else has said so." The miller shook his head again, but said nothing further, and the parson, having received the desired authority, returned to the vicarage.

The attorney had been employed, and Sam had been remanded. There was no direct evidence against him, and nothing could be done until the other men should be taken, for whom they were seeking. The police had tracked the two men back to a cottage about fifteen miles distant from Bullhampton, in which lived an old woman who was the mother of the Grinder. With Mrs. Burrows they found a young woman who had lately come to live there, and who was said in the neighborhood to be the Grinder's wife.

But nothing more could be learned of the Grinder than that he had been at

the cottage on the Sunday morning, and had gone away according to his wont. The old woman swore that he slept there the whole of Saturday night, but of course the policemen had not believed her statement. When does any policeman ever believe anything? Of the pony and cart the old woman declared she knew nothing. Her son had no pony and no cart, to her knowing. Then she went on to declare that she knew very little about her son, who never lived with her, and that she had only taken in the young woman out of charity about two weeks since. The mother did not for a moment pretend that her son was an honest man, getting his bread after an honest fashion. The Grinder's mode of life was too well known for even a mother to attempt to deny it. But she pretended that she was very honest herself, and appealed to sundry brandy-balls and stale biscuits in her window to prove that she lived after a decent, honest, commercial fashion.

Sam was of course remanded. The head constable of the district asked for a week more to make fresh inquiry, and expressed a very strong opinion that he would have the Grinder and his friend by the heels before the week should be over. The Heytesbury attorney made a feeble request that Sam might be released on bail, as there was not, according to his statement, "the remotest shadow of a tittle of evidence against him." But poor Sam was sent back to jail, and there remained for that week. On the next Tuesday the same scene was re-enacted. The Grinder had not been taken, and a further remand was necessary. The face of the head constable was longer on this occasion than it had been before, and his voice less confident. The Grinder, he thought, must have caught one of the early Sunday trains and made his way to Birmingham. It had been ascertained that he had friends in Birmingham. Another remand was asked for a week, with an understanding that at the end of the week it should be renewed if necessary. The policeman seemed to think that by that time, unless the Grinder were be-

low the sod, his presence above it would certainly be proved. On this occasion the Heytesbury attorney made a very loud demand for Sam's liberation, talking of habeas corpus and the injustice of incarceration without evidence of guilt. But the magistrate would not let him go. "When I'm told that the young man was seen hiding in a ditch close to the murdered man's house only a few days before the murder, is that no evidence against him, Mr. Jones?" said Sir Thomas Charleys of Charlicoats, the Cranmer of the bench.

"No evidence at all, Sir Thomas. If I had been found asleep in the ditch, that would have been no evidence against me."

"Yes, it would—very strong evidence; and I would have committed you on it, without hesitation, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones made a spirited rejoinder to this, but it was of no use, and poor Sam was sent back to his jail for the third time.

For the first ten days after the murder nothing was done as to the works at the mill. The men who had been employed by Brattle ceased to come, apparently of their own account, and everything was lying there just in the state in which the men had left the place on the Saturday night. There was something inexpressibly sad in this, as the old man could not even make a pretence of going into the mill for employment, and there was absolutely nothing to which he could put his hands, to do it. When ten days were over, Gilmore came down to the mill and suggested that the works should be carried on and finished by him. If the mill were not kept at work, the old man could not live and no rent would be paid. At any rate, it would be better that this great sorrow should not be allowed so to cloud everything as to turn industry into idleness, and straitened circumstances into absolute beggary. But the squire found it very difficult to deal with the miller. At first, old Brattle would neither give nor withhold his consent. When told by the squire that the property could not be left in that way, he expressed himself willing to go out into the road and lay himself down and

die there, but not until the term of his holding was legally brought to a close. "I don't know that I owe any rent over and beyond this Michaelmas as is coming, and there's the hay on the ground yet." Gilmore, who was very patient, assured him that he had no wish to allude to rent—that there should be no question of rent even when the day came, if at that time money was scarce with the old man. But would it not be better that the mill, at least, should be put in order?

"Indeed it will, squire," said Mrs. Brattle. "It is the idleness that is killing him."

"Hold your jabbering tongue!" said the miller, turning round upon her fiercely. "Who asked you? I will see to it myself, squire, to-morrow or next day."

After two or three further days of inaction at the mill, the squire came again, bringing the parson with him; and they did manage to arrange between them that the repairs should be at once continued. The mill should be completed, but the house should be left till next summer. As to Brattle himself, when he had been once persuaded to yield the point, he did not care how much they pulled down or how much they built up. "Do it as you will," he said: "I ain't nobody now. The women drives me about my own house as if I hadn't a'most no business there." And so the hammers and trowels were heard again; and old Brattle would sit perfectly silent, gazing at the men as they worked. Once, as he saw two men and a boy shifting a ladder, he turned round with a little chuckle to his wife, and said, "Sam'd 'a see'd hisself d—d afore he'd 'a asked another chap to help him with such a job as that."

As Mrs. Brattle told Mrs. Fenwick afterward, he had one of his erring children in his thoughts morning, noon and night. "When I tell 'un of George" (who was the farmer near Fordingbridge), "and of Mrs. Jay" (who was the ironmonger's wife at Warminster), "he won't take any comfort in them," said Mrs. Brattle. "I don't think he cares for them, just because they can hold their own heads up."

At the end of three weeks the Grinder was still missing, and others besides Mr. Jones the attorney were beginning to say that Sam Brattle should be let out of prison. Mr. Fenwick was clearly of opinion that he should not be detained if bail could be forthcoming. The squire was more cautious, and said that it might well be that his escape would render it impossible for the police ever to get on the track of the real murderers. "No doubt he knows more than he has told," said Gilmore, "and will probably tell it at last. If he be let out, he will tell nothing." The police were all of opinion that Sam had been present at the murder, and that he should be kept in custody till he was tried. They were very sharp in their manœuvres to get evidence against him. His boot, they had said, fitted a footstep which had been found in the mud in the farmyard. The measure had been taken on the Sunday. That was evidence. Then they examined Agnes Pope over and over again, and extracted from the poor girl an admission that she loved Sam better than anything in the whole wide world. If he were to be in prison, she would not object to go to prison with him. If he were to be hung, she would wish to be hung with him. She had no secret she would not tell him. But, as a matter of fact—so she swore over and over again—she had never told him a word about old Trumbull's box. She did not think she had ever told any one, but she would swear on her deathbed that she had never told Sam Brattle. The head constable declared that he had never met a more stubborn or a more artful young woman. Sir Thomas Charleys was clearly of opinion that no bail should be accepted. Another week of remand was granted, with the understanding that if nothing of importance was elicited by that time, and if neither of the other two suspected men was by that time in custody, Sam should be allowed to go at large upon bail—a good, substantial bail—himself in one thousand pounds, and his bailsmen in two hundred pounds each.

"Who'll be his bailsmen?" said the

squire, coming away with his friend the parson from Heytesbury.

"There will be no difficulty about that, I should say."

"But who will they be—his father for one?"

"His brother George, and Jay, at Warminster, who married his sister," said the parson.

"I doubt them both," said the squire.

"He sha'n't want for bail: I'll be one myself, sooner. He shall have bail. If there's any difficulty, Jones shall bail him; and I'll see Jones safe through it. He sha'n't be persecuted in that way."

"I don't think anybody has attempted to persecute him, Frank."

"He will be persecuted if his own brothers won't come forward to help him. It isn't that they have looked into the matter and that they think him guilty, but that they go just the way they're told to go, like sheep. The more I think of it, the more I feel that he had nothing to do with the murder."

"I never knew a man change his opinion so often as you do," said Gilmore.

During three weeks the visits made by Head Constable Toffy to the cottage in which Mrs. Burrows lived were much more frequent than was agreeable to that lady. This cottage was about four miles from Devizes, and on the edge of a common about half a mile from the high road which leads from that town to Marlborough. There is, or was a year or two back, a considerable extent of unenclosed land thereabouts, and on a spot called Pycroft Common there was a small collection of cottages, sufficient to constitute a hamlet of the smallest class. There was no house there of greater pretensions than the very small beershop which provided for the conviviality of the Pycroftians; and of other shops there were none save a baker's, the owner of which had seldom much bread to sell, and the establishment for brandy-balls which was kept by Mrs. Burrows. The inhabitants were chiefly laboring men, some of whom were in summer employed in brickmaking; and there was an idea abroad that Pycroft generally was not sustained by regular labor and sober

industry. Rents, however, were paid for the cottages, or the cottagers would have been turned adrift; and Mrs. Burrows had lived in hers for five or six years, and was noted in the neighborhood for her outward neatness and attention to decency. In the summer there were always half a dozen large sunflowers in the patch of ground called a garden, and there was a rose tree, and a bush of honeysuckle over the door, and an alder stump in a corner which would still put out leaves and bear berries. When Head Constable Toffy visited her, there would be generally a few high words, for Mrs. Burrows was by no means unwilling to let it be known that she objected to morning calls from Mr. Toffy.

It has been already said that at this time Mrs. Burrows did not live alone. Residing with her was a young woman who was believed by Mr. Toffy to be the wife of Richard Burrows, alias the Grinder. On his first visit to Pycroft no doubt Mr. Toffy was mainly anxious to ascertain whether anything was known by the old woman as to her son's whereabouts; but the second, third and fourth visits were made rather to the younger than to the older woman. Toffy had probably learned in his wide experience that a man of the Grinder's nature will generally place more reliance on a young woman than on an old; and that the young woman will, nevertheless, be more likely to betray confidence than the older—partly from indiscretion, and partly, alas! from treachery. But if the presumed Mrs. Burrows, Junior, knew aught of the Grinder's present doings, she was neither indiscreet nor treacherous. Mr. Toffy could get nothing from her. She was sickly, weak, sullen and silent. "She didn't think it was her business to say where she had been living before she came to Pycroft. She hadn't been living with no husband, and hadn't got no husband, that she know'd of. If she had, she wasn't going to say so. She hadn't any children, and she didn't know what business he had to ask her. She came from Lunnun. At any rate, she came from there last, and she didn't know what business he had to ask her where

she came from. What business was it of his to be asking what her name was? Her name was Anne Burrows, if he liked to call her so. She wouldn't answer him any more questions. No; she wouldn't say what her name was before she was married."

Mr. Toffy had his reasons for interrogating this poor woman, but he did not for a while let any one know what those reasons were. He could not, however, obtain more information than what is contained in the answers above given, which were, for the most part, true. Neither the mother nor the younger woman knew where was to be found, at the present moment, that hero of adventure who was called the Grinder, and all the police of Wiltshire began to fear that they were about to be outwitted.

"You never were at Bullhampton with your husband, I suppose?" asked Mr. Toffy.

"Never," said the Grinder's wife; "but what does it matter to you where I was?"

"Don't answer him never another word," said Mrs. Burrows.

"I won't," said the Grinder's wife.

"Were you ever at Bullhampton at all?" asked Mr. Toffy.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the younger woman.

"I think you must have been there once," said Mr. Toffy.

"What business is it of your'n?" demanded Mrs. Burrows, Senior. "Drat you! get out of this! You ain't no right here, and you sha'n't stay here. If you ain't out of this, I'll brain yer. I don't care for pelrice nor anything. We ain't done nothing. If he did smash the gen'leman's head, we didn't do it—neither she nor me."

"All the same I think that Mrs. Burrows has been at Bullhampton," said the policeman.

Not another word after this was said by Mrs. Burrows, Junior, and Constable Toffy soon took his departure. He was convinced, at any rate, of this: that wherever the murderers might be—the man or men who had joined Sam Brattle in the murder, for of Sam's guilt he was

quite convinced—neither the mother nor the so-called wife knew of their whereabouts. He, in his heart, condemned the constabulary of Warwickshire, of Gloucestershire, of Worcestershire and of Somersetshire because the Grinder was not taken. Especially he condemned the constabulary of Warwickshire, feeling almost sure that the Grinder was in Birmingham. If the constabulary in those counties would only do their duty as they in Wiltshire did theirs, the Grinder and his associates would soon be taken. But by him nothing further could be learned, and Mr. Toffy left Pycroft Common with a heavy heart.

“D—and b—’im!” said the old woman, as soon as he was gone.

“Ah me! I wish that they would kill me,” said the young one.

“That he should have risked hisself coming all the way here to see such a lily-livered thing as thou art! And it warn’t he as did it.”

“Who says it was?” asked the young woman.

“I knows who did it,” said the old one.

“So do I,” said the younger.

“It was Sam,” said the elder.

“You lie!” said the younger woman, getting up. “You know you lie. Sam never did it. You lie! you lie! you lie!”

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS LOWTHER ASKS FOR ADVICE.

ALL these searchings for the murderers of Mr. Trumbull, and these remandings of Sam Brattle, took place in the month of September, and during that same month the energy of other men of law was very keenly at work on a widely different subject. Could Messrs. Block & Curling assure Captain Marrable that a portion of his inheritance would be saved for him, or had that graceless father of his in very truth seized upon it all? There was no shadow of doubt but that if aught was spared, it had not been spared through any delicacy on the part of the colonel. The colonel had gone to work paying creditors who were

clamorous against him the moment he had got his hand upon the money, and had gone to work also gambling, and had made assignments of money, and done his very best to spend the whole. But there was a question whether a certain sum of five thousand pounds, which seemed to have got into the hands of a certain lady, who protested that she wanted it very badly, might not be saved. Messrs. Block & Curling thought that it might, but were by no means certain. It probably might be done if the captain would consent to bring the matter before a jury; in which case the whole story of the father’s iniquity must, of course, be proved. Or it might be that by threatening to do this the lady’s friends would relax their grasp on receiving a certain present out of the money. “We would offer them fifty pounds, and perhaps they would take five hundred,” said Messrs. Block & Curling.

All this irritated the captain. He was intensely averse to any law proceedings by which the story should be made public. “I won’t pretend that it is on my father’s account,” said he to his uncle. Parson John shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, meaning to imply that it certainly was a bad case, but that as Colonel Marrable was a Marrable, he ought to be spared if possible. “It is on my own account,” continued the captain, “and partly, perhaps, on that of the family. I would endure anything rather than have the filth of the transaction flooded through the newspapers. I should never be able to join my mess again if I did that.”

“Then you’d better let Block & Curling compromise and get what they can,” said Parson John, with an indifferent and provoking tone, which clearly indicated that he would regard the matter when so settled as one arranged amicably and pleasantly between all the parties. His uncle’s calmness and absence of horror at the thing that had been done was very grievous to Captain Marrable.

“Poor Wat!” the parson had once said, speaking of his wicked brother: “he never could keep two shillings together. It’s ever so long since I had to

determine that nothing on earth should induce me to let him have half a crown. I must say that he did not take it amiss when I told him."

"Why should he have wanted half a crown from you?"

"He was always one of those thirsty sandbags that swallow small drops and large alike. He got ten thousand pounds out of poor Gregory about the time that you were born, and Gregory is fretting about it yet."

"What kills me is the disgrace of the connection," said the young man.

"It would be disagreeable to have it in the newspapers," said Parson John. "And then he was such a pleasant fellow, and so handsome! I always enjoyed his society when once I had buttoned up my breeches pocket."

Yet this man was a clergyman, preaching honesty and moral conduct, and living fairly well up to his preaching, too, as far as he himself was concerned! The captain almost thought that the earth and skies should be brought together, and the clouds clap with thunder, and the mountains be riven in twain, at the very mention of his father's wickedness. But then sins committed against one's self are so much more sinful than any other sins!

The captain had much more sympathetic listeners in Uphill Lane; not that either of the ladies there spoke severely against his father, but that they entered more cordially into his own distresses. If he could save even four thousand five hundred pounds out of the wreck, the interest on the money would enable him to live at home in his regiment. If he could get four thousand pounds, he would do it. "With one hundred and fifty pounds per annum," he said, "I could just hold my head up and get along. I should have to give up all manner of things, but I would never cry about that." Then, again, he would declare that the one thing necessary for his happiness was that he should get the whole business of the money off his mind. "If I could have it settled and have done with it," said he, "I should be at ease."

"Quite right, my dear," said the old

lady. "My idea about money is this, that whether you have much or little, you should make your arrangements so that it is no matter of thought to you. Your money should be just like counters at a round game with children, and should mean nothing. It comes to that when you once get things on a proper footing."

They thus became very intimate, the two ladies in Uphill Lane and the captain from his uncle's parsonage in the Lowtown; and the intimacy on his part was quite as strong with the younger as with the elder relative—quite as strong, and no doubt more pleasant. They walked together constantly, as cousins may walk, and they knew every turn that took place in the correspondence with Messrs. Block & Curling. Captain Mar- rable had come to his uncle's house for a week or ten days, but had been pressed to remain on till this business should be concluded. His leave of absence lasted till the end of November, and might be prolonged if he intended to return to India. "Stay here till the end of November," said Parson John. "What's the use of spending your money at a London hotel. Only don't fall in love with Cousin Mary." So the captain did stay, obeying one half of his uncle's advice, and promising obedience to the other half.

Aunt Sarah also had her fears about the falling in love, and spoke a prudent word to Mary.

"Mary dear," she said, "you and Walter are as loving as turtle doves."

"I do like him so much," said Mary, boldly.

"So do I, my dear. He is a gentleman and clever, and, upon the whole, he bears a great injury well. I like him. But I have a reason why I sha'n't fall in love with him."

"What is your reason?" said Mary, laughing.

"I don't think people ought to fall in love when there is a strong reason against it."

"Certainly not, if they can help it."

"Psha! That's missish nonsense, Mary, and you know it. If a girl were to tell me she fell in love because she

couldn't help it, I should tell her that she wasn't worth any man's love."

"But what's your reason, Aunt Sarah?"

"Because it wouldn't suit Walter; and your reason should be that it wouldn't suit Mr. Gilmore."

"I am not bound to suit Mr. Gilmore."

"I don't know about that. And then, too, it would not suit Walter himself. How could he marry a wife when he has just been robbed of all his fortune?"

"But I have not the slightest idea of falling in love with him. In spite of what I said, I do hope that I can help it. And then I feel to him just as though he were my brother. I've got almost to know what it would be to have a brother."

In this Miss Lowther was probably wrong. She had now known her cousin for just a month. A month is quite long enough to realize the pleasure of a new lover, but it may be doubted whether the intimacy of a brother does not take a very much longer period for its creation.

"I think, if I were you," said Miss Marrable, after a pause, "that I would tell him about Mr. Gilmore."

"Would you, Aunt Sarah?"

"I think I would. If he were really your brother, you would tell him."

It was probably the case that when Miss Marrable gave this advice her opinion of Mr. Gilmore's success was greater than the circumstances warranted. Though there had been much said between the aunt and her niece about Mr. Gilmore and his offers, Mary had never been able quite to explain her own thoughts and feelings. She herself did not believe that she could be brought to accept him, and was now stronger in that opinion than ever. But were she to say so in language that would convince her aunt, her aunt would no doubt ask her, Why then had she left the man in doubt? Though she knew that at every moment in which she had been called upon to act she had struggled to do right, yet there hung over her a half conviction that she had been weak and almost selfish. Her dearest friends wrote to her and spoke to her as though she would certainly take Mr. Gilmore at

last. Janet Fenwick wrote of it in her letters as of a thing almost fixed; and Aunt Sarah certainly lived as though she expected it; and yet Mary was very nearly sure that it could not be so. Would it not be better that she should write to Mr. Gilmore at once, and not wait till the expiration of the weary six months which he had specified as the time at the end of which he would renew his proposals? Had Aunt Sarah known all this—had she been aware how very near Mary was to the writing of such a letter—she would not probably have suggested that her niece should tell her cousin anything about Mr. Gilmore. She did think that the telling of the tale would make Cousin Walter understand that he should not allow himself to become an interloper; but the tale, if told as Mary would tell it, might have a very different effect.

Nevertheless, Mary thought that she would tell it. It would be so nice to consult a brother! It would be so pleasant to discuss the matter with some one that would sympathize with her—with some one who would not wish to drive her into Mr. Gilmore's arms simply because Mr. Gilmore was an excellent gentleman with a snug property! Even from Janet Fenwick, whom she loved dearly, she had never succeeded in getting the sort of sympathy that she wanted. Janet was the best friend in the world—was actuated in this matter simply by a desire to do a good turn to two people whom she loved—but there was no sympathy between her and Mary in the matter.

"Marry him," said Janet, "and you will adore him afterward."

"I want to adore him first," said Mary.

So she resolved that she would tell Walter Marrable what was her position. They were again down on the banks of the Lurwell, sitting together on the slope which had been made to support some hundred yards of a canal, where the river itself rippled down a slightly rapid fall. They were seated between the canal and the river, with their feet toward the latter, and Walter Marrable

was just lighting a cigar. It was very easy to bring the conversation round to the affairs of Bullhampton, as Sam was still in prison, and Janet's letters were full of the mystery with which the murder of Mr. Trumbull was shrouded.

"By the by," said she, "I have something to tell you about Mr. Gilmore."

"Tell away," said he, as he turned the cigar round in his mouth to complete the lighting of the edges in the wind.

"Ah, but I sha'n't, unless you will interest yourself. What I am going to tell you ought to interest you."

"He has made you a proposal of marriage?"

"Yes."

"I knew it."

"How could you know it? Nobody has told you."

"I felt sure of it from the way in which you speak of him. But I thought also that you had refused him. Perhaps I was wrong there."

"No."

"You have refused him?"

"Yes."

"I don't see that there is very much story to be told, Mary."

"Don't be so unkind, Walter. There is a story, and one that troubles me. If it were not so, I should not have proposed to tell you. I thought that you would give me advice and tell me what I ought to do."

"But if you have refused him you have done so—no doubt, rightly—with-out my advice; and I am too late in the field to be of any service."

"You must let me tell my own story, and you must be good to me while I do so. I think I shouldn't tell you if I hadn't almost made up my mind; but I sha'n't tell you which way, and you must advise me. In the first place, though I did refuse him, the matter is still open, and he is to ask me again if he pleases."

"He has your permission for that?"

"Well—yes. I hope it wasn't wrong. I did so try to be right."

"I do not say you were wrong."

"I like him so much, and think him so good, and do really feel that his affec-

tion is so great an honor to me, that I could not answer him as though I were quite indifferent to him."

"At any rate, he is to come again?"

"If he pleases."

"Does he really love you?"

"How am I to say? But that is missish and untrue. I am sure he loves me."

"So that he will grieve to lose you?"

"I know he will grieve—I shouldn't say so. But I know he will."

"You ought to tell the truth, as you believe it. And you yourself—do you love him?"

"I don't know. I do love him, but if I heard he was going to marry another girl to-morrow, it would make me very happy."

"Then you can't love him."

"I feel as though I should think the same of any man who wanted to marry me. But let me go on with my story. Everybody I care for wishes me to take him. I know that Aunt Sarah feels quite sure that I shall at last, and that she thinks I ought to do so at once. My friend, Janet Fenwick, cannot understand why I should hesitate, and only forgives me because she is sure that it will come right, in her way, some day. Mr. Fenwick is just the same, and will always talk to me as though it were my fate to live at Bullhampton all my life."

"Is not Bullhampton a nice place?"

"Very nice: I love the place."

"And Mr. Gilmore is rich?"

"He is quite rich enough. Fancy my inquiring about that, with just twelve hundred pounds for my fortune!"

"Then why, in God's name, don't you accept him?"

"You think I ought?"

"Answer my question—why do you not?"

"Because—I do not love him—as I should hope to love my husband."

After this Captain Marrable, who had been looking her full in the face while he had been asking these questions, turned somewhat away from her, as though the conversation were over. She remained motionless, and was minded so to remain till he should tell her that it

was time to move that they might return home. He had given her no advice, but she presumed she was to take what had passed as the expression of his opinion that it was her duty to accept an offer so favorable and so satisfactory to the family. At any rate, she would say nothing more on the subject till he should address her. Though she loved him dearly as her cousin, yet she was in some slight degree afraid of him. And now she was not sure but that he was expressing toward her, by his anger, some amount of displeasure at her weakness and inconsistency. After a while he turned round suddenly and took her by the hand.

"Well, Mary!" he said.

"Well, Walter!"

"What do you mean to do, after all?"

"What ought I to do?"

"What ought you to do? You know what you ought to do. Would you marry a man for whom you have no more regard than you have for this stick, simply because he is persistent in asking you? No more than you have for this stick, Mary. What sort of a feeling must it be when you say that you would willingly see him married to any other girl to-morrow? Can that be love?"

"I have never loved any one better."

"And never will?"

"How can I say? It seems to me that I haven't got the feeling that other girls have. I want some one to love me—I do. I own that. I want to be first with some one, but I have never found the one yet that I cared for."

"You had better wait till you find him," said he, raising himself up on his arm. "Come, let us get up and go home. You have asked me for my advice and I have given it you. Do not throw yourself away upon a man because other people ask you, and because you think you might as well oblige them and oblige him. If you do, you will soon live to repent it. What would you do if, after marrying this man, you found there was some one you could love?"

"I do not think it would come to that, Walter."

"How can you tell? How can you

prevent its coming to that, except by loving the man you do marry? You don't care two straws for Mr. Gilmore, and I cannot understand how you can have the courage to think of becoming his wife. Let us go home. You have asked my advice, and you've got it. If you do not take it, I will endeavor to forget that I gave it you."

Of course she would take it. She did not tell him so then, but of course he should guide her. With how much more accuracy, with how much more delicacy of feeling, had he understood her position than had her other friends! He had sympathized with her at a word. He spoke to her sternly, severely, almost cruelly. But it was thus that she had longed to be spoken to by some one who would care enough for her, would take sufficient interest in her, to be at the trouble so to advise her. She would trust him as a brother, and his words should be sweet to her were they ever so severe.

They walked together home in silence, and his very manner was stern to her, but it might be just thus that a loving brother would carry himself who had counseled his sister wisely, and had not as yet been assured that his counsel would be taken.

"Walter," she said, as they neared the town, "I hope you have no doubt about it?"

"Doubt about what, Mary?"

"It is quite a matter of course that I shall do as you tell me."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARQUIS OF TROWBRIDGE.

By the end of September it had come to be pretty well understood that Sam Brattle must be allowed to go out of prison unless something in the shape of fresh evidence should be brought up on the next Tuesday. There had arisen a very strong feeling in the county on the subject—a Brattle feeling and an anti-Brattle feeling. It might have been called a Bullhampton feeling and an anti-Bullhampton feeling, were it not

that the biggest man concerned in Bullhampton, with certain of his hangers-on and dependants, were very clearly of opinion that Sam Brattle had committed the murder, and that he should be kept in prison till the period for hanging him might come round. This very big person was the Marquis of Trowbridge, under whom poor Farmer Trumbull had held his land, and who now seemed to think that a murder committed on one of his tenants was almost as bad as insult to himself. He felt personally angry with Bullhampton, had ideas of stopping his charities to the parish, and did resolve, then and there, that he would have nothing to do with a subscription in the repair of the church, at any rate for the next three years. In making up his mind on which subject he was, perhaps, a little influenced by the opinions and narratives of Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister in the village.

It was not only that Mr. Trumbull had been murdered. So great and wise a man as Lord Trowbridge would no doubt know very well that in a free country, such as England, a man could not be specially protected from the hands of murderers or others by the fact of his being the tenant or dependant—by his being, in some sort, the possessed—of a great nobleman. The marquis' people were all expected to vote for his candidates, and would soon have ceased to be the marquis' people had they failed to do so. They were constrained also, in many respects, by the terms of their very short leases. They could not kill a head of game on their farms. They could not sell their own hay off the land, nor indeed any produce other than their corn or cattle. They were compelled to crop their land in certain rotation, and could take no other lands than those held under the marquis without his leave. In return for all this they became the marquis' people. Each tenant shook hands with the marquis perhaps once in three years; and twice a year was allowed to get drunk at the marquis' expense—if such was his taste—provided that he had paid his rent. If the duties were heavy, the privileges were great. So the mar-

quis felt himself; and he knew that a mantle of security, of a certain thickness, was spread upon the shoulders of each of his people by reason of the tenure which bound them together. But he did not conceive that this mantle would be proof against the bullet of the ordinary assassin or the hammer of the outside ruffian. But here the case was very different. The hammer had been the hammer of no outside ruffian. To the best of his lordship's belief—and in that belief he was supported by the constabulary of the whole county—the hammer had been wielded by a man of Bullhampton—had been wielded against his tenant by the son of "a person who holds land under a gentleman who has some property in the parish." It was thus the marquis was accustomed to speak of his neighbor, Mr. Gilmore, who, in the marquis' eyes, was a man not big enough to have his tenants called his people. That such a man as Sam Brattle should have murdered such a one as Mr. Trumbull was, to the marquis, an insult rather than an injury; and now it was to be enhanced by the release of the man from prison, and that by order of a bench of magistrates on which Mr. Gilmore sat!

And there was more in it even than all this. It was very well known at Turnover Park—the seat of Lord Trowbridge, near Westbury—that Mr. Gilmore, the gentleman who held property in his lordship's parish of Bullhampton, and Mr. Fenwick, who was vicar of the same, were another Damon and Pythias. Now the ladies at Turnover, who were much devoted to the Low Church, had heard, and doubtless believed, that our friend Mr. Fenwick was little better than an infidel. When first he had come into the county they had been very anxious to make him out to be a High Churchman, and one or two stories about a cross and a candlestick were fabricated for their gratification. There was at that time the remnant of a great fight going on between the Trowbridge people and another great family in the neighborhood on this subject; and it would have suited the Ladies Stowte—John Augustus Stowte was the Marquis of Trowbridge—

to have enlisted our parson among their enemies of this class ; but the accusation fell so plump to the ground, was so impossible of support, that they were obliged to content themselves with knowing that Mr. Fenwick was—an infidel ! To do the marquis justice, we must declare that he would not have troubled himself on this score if Mr. Fenwick would have submitted himself to become one of his pupils. The marquis was master at home, and the Ladies Sophie and Caroline would have been proud to entertain Mr. Fenwick by the week together at Turnover had he been willing, infidel or believer, to join that faction. But he never joined that faction, but only was the bosom friend of the “gentleman who owned some land in the parish ;” but he was twice more rebellious than that gentleman himself. He had contradicted the marquis flat to his face—so the marquis said himself—when they met once about some business in the parish ; and again, when, in the vicar’s early days in Bullhampton, some gathering for school-festival purposes was made in the great home-field behind Farmer Trumbull’s house, Mrs. Fenwick misbehaved herself egregiously.

“Upon my word, she patronized us !” said Lady Sophie, laughing. “She did, indeed ! And you know what she was. Her father was first a common builder at Loring, who made some money by a speculation in bricks and mortar.”

When Lady Sophie said this she was no doubt ignorant of the fact that Mr. Balfour had been the younger son of a family much more ancient than her own, that he had taken a double first at Oxford, had been a member of half the learned societies in Europe, and had belonged to two or three of the best clubs in London.

From all this it will be seen that the Marquis of Trowbridge would be disposed to think ill of whatever might be done in regard to the murder by the Gilmore-Fenwick party in the parish. And then there were tales about, in which there was perhaps some foundation, that the vicar and the murderer had been very dear friends. It was certainly

believed at Turnover that the vicar and Sam Brattle had for years past spent the best part of their Sundays fishing together. There were tales of rat-killing matches in which they had been engaged, originating in the undeniable fact of a certain campaign against rats at the mill, in which the vicar had taken an ardent part. Undoubtedly the destruction of vermin—and, in regard to one species, its preservation for the sake of destruction—and the catching of fish, and the shooting of birds, were things lovely in the vicar’s eyes. He perhaps did let his pastoral dignity go a little by the board when he and Sam stooped together, each with a ferret in his hand, groveling in the dust to get at certain rat-advantages in the mill. Gilmore, who had seen it, had told him of this.

“I understand it all, old fellow,” Fenwick had said to his friend, “and know very well I have got to choose between two things. I must be called a hypocrite, or else I must be one. I have no doubt that as years go on with me I shall see the advantage of choosing the latter.”

There were at that time frequent discussions between them on the same subject, for they were friends who could dare to discuss each other’s modes of life, but the reader need not be troubled further now with this digression. The position which the vicar held in the estimation of the Marquis of Trowbridge will probably be sufficiently well understood.

The family at Turnover Park would have thought it a great blessing to have had a clergyman at Bullhampton with whom they could have cordially co-operated ; but, failing this, they had taken Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister, to their arms. From Mr. Puddleham they learned parish facts and parish fables which would never have reached them but for his assistance. Mr. Fenwick was well aware of this, and used to declare that he had no objection to it. He would protest that he could not see why Mr. Puddleham should not get along in the parish just as well as himself, he having, and meaning to keep

to himself, the slight advantages of the parish church, the vicarage-house and the small tithes. Of this he was quite sure, that Mr. Puddleham's religious teaching was a great deal better than none at all; and he was by no means convinced — so he said — that for some of his parishioners Mr. Puddleham was not a better teacher than he himself. He always shook hands with Mr. Puddleham, though Mr. Puddleham would never look him in the face, and was quite determined that Mr. Puddleham should not be a thorn in his side.

In this matter of Sam Brattle's imprisonment, and now intended liberation, tidings from the parish were doubtless conveyed by Mr. Puddleham to Turnover — probably not direct, but still in such a manner that the great people at Turnover knew to whom they were indebted. Now Mr. Gilmore had certainly, from the first, been by no means disposed to view favorably the circumstances attaching to Sam Brattle on that Saturday night. When the great blow fell on the Brattle family, his demeanor altered toward them, and he forgave the miller's contumacy; but he had always thought that Sam had been guilty. The parson had from the first regarded the question with great doubt, but nevertheless his opinion, too, had at first been adverse to Sam. Even now, when he was so resolute that Sam should be released, he founded his demand, not on Sam's innocence, but on the absence of any evidence against him.

"He's entitled to fair play, Harry," he would say to Gilmore, "and he is not getting it, because there is a prejudice against him. You hear what that old ass, Sir Thomas, says."

"Sir Thomas is a very good magistrate."

"If he don't take care, he'll find himself in trouble for keeping the lad locked up without authority. Is there a juryman in the country would find him guilty because he was lying in the old man's ditch a week before?"

In this way Gilmore also became a favorer of Sam's claim to be released; and at last it came to be understood that on the next Tuesday he would be

released unless further evidence should be forthcoming.

And then it came to pass that a certain very remarkable meeting took place in the parish. Word was brought to Mr. Gilmore on Monday, the 5th of October, that the Marquis of Trowbridge was to be at the Church Farm — poor Trumbull's farm — on that day at noon, and that his lordship thought that it might be expedient that he and Mr. Gilmore should meet on the occasion. There was no note, but the message was brought by a sub-agent, one of the marquis' people, with whom Mr. Gilmore was very well acquainted.

"I'll walk down about that time, Packer," said Mr. Gilmore, "and shall be very happy to see his lordship."

Now the marquis never sat as a magistrate at the Heytesbury bench, and had not been present on any of the occasions on which Sam had been examined; nor had Mr. Gilmore seen the marquis since the murder; nor, for the matter of that, for the last twelve months. Mr. Gilmore had just finished breakfast when the news was brought to him, and he thought he might as well walk down and see Fenwick first. His interview with the parson ended in a promise that he, Fenwick, would also look in at the farm.

At twelve o'clock the marquis was seated in the old farmer's arm-chair in the old farmer's parlor. The house was dark and gloomy, never having been above a quarter opened since the murder. With the marquis was Packer, who was standing, and the marquis was pretending to cast his eyes over one or two books which had been brought to him. He had been taken all over the house; had stood looking at the bed where the old man lay when he was attacked, as though he might possibly discover, if he looked long enough, something that would reveal the truth; had gazed awestruck at the spot on which the body had been found, and had taken occasion to remark to himself that the house was a good deal out of order. The marquis was a man nearer seventy than sixty, but very hale and

with few signs of age. He was short and plump, with hardly any beard on his face, and short gray hair, of which nothing could be seen when he wore his hat. His countenance would not have been bad, had not the weight of his marquisate always been there; nor would his heart have been bad, had it not been similarly burdened. But he was a silly, weak, ignorant man, whose own capacity would hardly have procured bread for him in any trade or profession, had bread not been so adequately provided for him by his fathers before him.

"Mr. Gilmore said he would be here at twelve, Packer?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And it's past twelve now?"

"One minute, my lord."

Then the peer looked again at poor old Trumbull's books: "I shall not wait, Packer."

"No, my lord."

"You had better tell them to put the horses to."

"Yes, my lord." But just as Packer went out into the passage for the purpose of giving the order, he met Mr. Gilmore, and ushered him into the room.

"Ha! Mr. Gilmore—yes, I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gilmore;" and the marquis came forward to shake hands with his visitor. "I thought it better that you and I should meet about this sad affair in the parish—a very sad affair, indeed."

"It certainly is, Lord Trowbridge; and the mystery makes it more so."

"I suppose there is no real mystery, Mr. Gilmore. I suppose there can be no doubt that that unfortunate young man did—did—did bear a hand in it at least?"

"I think that there is very much doubt, my lord."

"Do you, indeed? I think there is none—not the least. And all the police force are of the same opinion. I have considerable experience of my own in these matters; but I should not venture, perhaps, to express my opinion so confidently if I were not backed by the police. You are aware, Mr. Gilmore,

that the police are—very—seldom wrong?"

"I should be tempted to say that they are very seldom right, except when the circumstances are all under their noses."

"I must say I differ from you entirely, Mr. Gilmore. Now, in this case—" The marquis was here interrupted by a knock at the door, and before the summons could be answered the parson entered the room. And with the parson came Mr. Puddleham. The marquis had thought that the parson might perhaps intrude, and Mr. Puddleham was in waiting as a make-weight, should he be wanting. When Mr. Fenwick had met the minister hanging about the farmyard, he had displayed not the slightest anger. If Mr. Puddleham chose to come in also, and make good his doing so before the marquis, it was nothing to Mr. Fenwick. The great man looked up as though he were very much startled and somewhat offended, but he did at last condescend to shake hands, first with one clergyman and then with the other, and to ask them to sit down. He explained that he had come over to make some personal inquiry into the melancholy matter, and then proceeded with his opinion respecting Sam Brattle. "From all that I can hear and see," said his lordship, "I fear there can be no doubt that this murder has been due to the malignity of a near neighbor."

"Do you mean the poor boy that is in prison, my lord?" asked the parson.

"Of course I do, Mr. Fenwick. The constabulary are of opinion—"

"We know that, Lord Trowbridge."

"Perhaps, Mr. Fenwick, you will allow me to express my own ideas. The constabulary, I say, are of opinion that there is no manner of doubt that he was one of those who broke into my tenant's house on that fatal night; and, as I was explaining to Mr. Gilmore when you did us the honor to join us, in the course of a very long provincial experience I have seldom known the police to be in error."

"Why, Lord Trowbridge—!"

"If you please, Mr. Fenwick, I will go on. My time here cannot be long, and I have a proposition which I am de-

sirous of making to Mr. Gilmore as a magistrate acting in this part of the county. Of course it is not for me to animadvert upon what the magistrates may do at the bench to-morrow."

"I am very sure your lordship would make no such animadversion," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I do not intend it, for many reasons. But I may go so far as to say that a demand for the young man's release will be made."

"He is to be released, I presume, as a matter of course," said the parson.

The marquis made no allusion to this, but went on: "If that be done—and I must say that I think no such step would be taken by the bench at Westbury—whither will the young man be take himself?"

"Home to his father, of course," said the parson.

"Back into this parish, with his paramour, to murder more of my tenants!"

"My lord, I cannot allow such an unjust statement to be made," said the parson.

"I wish to speak for one moment; and I wish it to be remembered that I am addressing myself especially to your neighbor, Mr. Gilmore, who has done me the honor of waiting upon me here at my request. I do not object to your presence, Mr. Fenwick, or to that of any other gentleman," and the marquis bowed to Mr. Puddleham, who had stood by, hitherto, without speaking a word; "but, if you please, I must carry out the purpose that has brought me here. I shall think it very sad indeed if this young man be allowed to take up his residence in the parish after what has taken place."

"His father has a house here," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I am aware of the fact," said the marquis. "I believe that the young man's father holds a mill from you, and some few acres of land?"

"He has a very nice farm."

"So be it. We will not quarrel about terms, Mr. Gilmore. I believe there is no lease?—though, of course, that is no business of mine."

"I must say that it is not, my lord,"

said Mr. Gilmore, who was waxing wrothy and becoming very black about the brows.

"I have just said so; but I suppose you will admit that I have some interest in this parish? I presume that these two gentlemen, who are God's ministers here, will acknowledge that it is my duty, as the owner of the greater part of the parish, to interfere?"

"Certainly, my lord," said Mr. Puddleham. Mr. Fenwick said nothing. He sat, or rather leant, against the edge of a table, and smiled. His brow was not black, like that of his friend; but Gilmore, who knew him and who looked into his face, began to fear that the marquis would be addressed before long in terms stronger than he himself, Mr. Gilmore, would approve.

"And when I remember," continued his lordship, "that the unfortunate man who has fallen a victim had been for nearly half a century a tenant of myself and of my family, and that he was foully murdered on my own property—dragged from his bed in the middle of the night, and ruthlessly slaughtered in this very house in which I am sitting—and that this has been done in a parish of which I own, I think, something over two-thirds—"

"Two thousand and two acres out of two thousand nine hundred and ten," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I suppose so. Well, Mr. Puddleham, you need not have interrupted me.

"I beg pardon, my lord."

"What I mean to say is this, Mr. Gilmore—that you should take steps to prevent that young man's return among our people. You should explain to the father that it cannot be allowed. From what I hear, it would be no loss if the whole family left the parish. I am told that one of the daughters is a—prostitute."

"It is too true, my lord," said Mr. Puddleham.

The parson turned round and looked at his colleague, but said nothing. It was one of the principles of his life that he wouldn't quarrel with Mr. Puddleham; and at the present moment he

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“How dare you, sir, mention my daughters?”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XVII.]

certainly did not wish to waste his anger on so weak an enemy.

"I think that you should look to this, Mr. Gilmore," said the marquis, completing his harangue.

"I cannot conceive, my lord, by what right you dare to dictate to me in such a matter," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I have not dictated at all: I have simply expressed my opinion," said the marquis.

"Now, my lord, will you allow me for a moment?" said Mr. Fenwick. "In the first place, if Sam Brattle could not find a home at the mill—which I hope he will do for many a long year to come—he should have one at the vicarage."

"I dare say," said the marquis. Mr. Puddleham held up both his hands.

"You might as well hold your tongue, Frank," said Gilmore.

"It is a matter on which I wish to say a word or two, Harry. I have been appealed to as one of God's ministers here, and I acknowledge my responsibility. I never in my life heard any proposition more cruel or inhuman than that made by Lord Trowbridge. This young man is to be turned out because a tenant of his lordship has been murdered! He is to be adjudged to be guilty by us, without any trial, in the absence of all evidence, in opposition to the decision of the magistrates—"

"It is not in opposition to the magistrates, sir," said the marquis.

"And to be forbidden to return to his own home, simply because Lord Trowbridge thinks him guilty! My lord, his father's house is his own, to entertain whom he may please, as much as is yours. And were I to suggest to you to turn out your daughters, it would be no worse an offence than your suggesting to Mr. Brattle that he should turn out his son."

"My daughters?"

"Yes, your daughters, my lord."

"How dare you, sir, mention my daughters?"

"The ladies, I am well aware, are all that is respectable. I have not the slightest wish that you should ill-use them. But if you desire that your family

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concerns should be treated with reserve and reticence, you had better learn to treat the family affairs of others in the same way."

The marquis by this time was on his feet, and was calling for Packer—was calling for his carriage and horses—was calling on the very gods to send down their thunder to punish such insolence as this. He had never heard of the like in all his experience. His daughters! And then there came across his dismayed mind an idea that his daughters had been put upon a par with that young murderer, Sam Brattle—perhaps even on a par with something worse than this. And his daughters were such august persons—old and ugly, it is true, and almost dowerless in consequence of the nature of the family settlements and family expenditure. It was an injury and an insult that Mr. Fenwick should make the slightest allusion to his daughters; but to talk of them in such a way, as though they were mere ordinary human beings! The marquis had hitherto had his doubts, but now he was quite sure, that Mr. Fenwick was an infidel—"And a very bad sort of infidel, too," as he said to Lady Caroline, on his return home. "I never heard of such conduct in all my life," said Lord Trowbridge, walking down to his carriage. "Who can be surprised that there should be murderers and prostitutes in the parish?"

"My lord, they don't sit under me," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I don't care who they sit under," said his lords'hip.

As they walked away together, Mr. Fenwick had just a word to say to Mr. Puddleham. "My friend," he said, "you were quite right about his lordship's acres."

"Those are the numbers," said Mr. Puddleham.

"I mean that you were quite right to make the observation. Facts are always valuable, and I am sure Lord Trowbridge was obliged to you. But I think you were a little wrong as to another statement."

"What statement, Mr. Fenwick?"

"What you said about poor Carry Brattle. You don't know it as a fact."

"Everybody says so."

"How do you know she has not married, and become an honest woman?"

"It is possible, of course. Though, as for that, when a young woman has once gone astray—"

"As did Mary Magdalen, for instance!"

"Mr. Fenwick, it was a very bad case."

"And isn't my case very bad—and yours? Are we not in a bad way, unless we believe and repent? Have we not all so sinned as to deserve eternal punishment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Fenwick."

"Then there can't be much difference between her and us. She can't deserve more than eternal punishment. If she believes and repents, all her sins will be white as snow."

"Certainly, Mr. Fenwick."

"Then speak of her as you would of any other sister or brother—not as a thing that must be always vile because she has fallen once. Women will so speak, and other men. One sees something of a reason for it. But you and I, as Christian ministers, should never allow ourselves to speak so thoughtlessly of sinners. Good-morning, Mr. Puddleham."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLANK PAPER.

EARLY in October, Captain Marrable was called up to town by letters from Messrs. Block & Curling, and according to promise wrote various letters to Mary Lowther, telling her of the manner in which his business progressed. All of these letters were shown to Aunt Sarah, and would have been shown to Parson John, were it not that Parson John declined to read them. But though the letters were purely cousinly—just such letters as a brother might write—yet Miss Marrable thought that they were dangerous. She did not say so, but she thought that they were dangerous. Of late Mary had spoken no word of Mr. Gilmore; and Aunt Sarah, through all this silence, was able to discover that Mr. Gilmore's prospects were not be-

coming brighter. Mary herself, having quite made up her mind that Mr. Gilmore's prospects, as far as she was concerned, were all over, could not decide how and when she should communicate the resolve to her lover. According to her present agreement with him, she was to write to him at once should she accept any other offer, and was to wait for six months if this should not be the case. Certainly there was no rival in the field, and therefore she did not quite know whether she ought or ought not to write at once in her present circumstances of assured determination. She soon told herself that in this respect also she would go to her new-found brother for advice. She would ask him, and do just as he might bid her. Had he not already proved how fit a person he was to give advice on such a subject? But before she could do this he was up in London, and this was a matter on which she could hardly consult him by letter.

After an absence of ten days he came home, and nothing could exceed Mary's anxiety as to the tidings which he should bring with him. She endeavored not to be selfish about the matter, but she could not but acknowledge that, even as regarded herself, the difference between his going to India or staying at home was so great as to affect the whole color of her life. There was, perhaps, something of the feeling of being subject to desertion about her, as she remembered that in giving up Mr. Gilmore she must also give up the Fenwicks. She could not hope to go to Bullhampton again, at least for many a long day. She would be very much alone if her new brother were to leave her now. On the morning after his arrival he came up to them at Uphill, and told them that the matter was almost settled: Messrs. Block & Curling had declared that it was as good as settled. The money would be saved, and there would be, out of the twenty thousand pounds which he had inherited, something over four thousand pounds for him; so that he need not return to India. He was in very high spirits, and did not speak a word of his father's iniquities.

"Oh, Walter, what a joy!" said



“AND NOW WHAT IS IT?”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XVIII.]

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Mary, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

He took her by both her hands and kissed her forehead. At that moment Aunt Sarah was not in the room.

"I am so very, very happy!" she said, pressing her little hands against his.

Why should he not kiss her?—was he not her brother? And then, before he went, she remembered she had something special to tell him—something to ask him. Would he not walk with her that evening? Of course he would walk with her.

"Mary dear," said her aunt, putting her little arm round her niece's waist, and embracing her, "don't fall in love with Walter."

"How can you say anything so foolish, Aunt Sarah?"

"It would be very foolish to do."

"You don't understand how completely different it is. Do you think I could be so intimate with him as I am if anything of the kind were possible?"

"I do not know how that may be."

"Do not begrudge it me, because I have found a cousin that I can love almost as I would a brother. There has never been anybody yet for whom I could have that sort of feeling."

Aunt Sarah, whatever she might think, had not the heart to repeat her caution; and Mary, quite happy and contented with herself, put on her hat to run down the hill and meet her cousin at the great gates of the Lowtown Rectory. Why should he be dragged up the hill to escort a cousin down again? This arrangement had, therefore, been made between them.

For the first mile or two the talk was all about Messrs. Block & Curling and the money. Captain Marrable was so full of his own purposes, and so well contented that so much should be saved to him out of the fortune he had lost, that he had perhaps forgotten that Mary required more advice. But when they had come to the spot on which they had before sat, she bade him stop and seat himself.

"And now what is it?" he said, as he

rolled himself comfortably close to her side.

She told her story and explained her doubts, and asked for the revelations of his wisdom.

"Are you quite sure about the propriety of this, Mary?" he said.

"The propriety of what, Walter?"

"Giving up a man who loves you so well, and who has so much to offer?"

"What was it you said yourself? Sure! Of course I am sure. I am quite sure. I do not love him. Did I not tell you that there could be no doubt after what you said?"

"I did not mean that my words should be so powerful."

"They were powerful; but, independently of that, I am quite sure now. If I could do it myself, I should be false to him. I know that I do not love him." He was not looking at her where he was lying, but was playing with a cigar-case which he had taken out, as though he were about to resume his smoking. But he did not open the case or look toward her, or say a word to her. Two minutes had perhaps passed before she spoke again: "I suppose it would be best that I should write to him at once?"

"There is no one else, then, you care for, Mary?" he asked.

"No one," she said, as though the question were nothing.

"It is all blank paper with you?"

"Quite blank," she said, and laughed. "Do you know I almost think it always will be blank."

"By G—, it is not blank with me!" he said, springing up and jumping to his feet. She stared at him, not in the least understanding what he meant—not dreaming even that he was about to tell her his love-secrets in reference to another. "I wonder what you think I'm made of, Mary—whether you imagine that I have any affection to bestow?"

"I do not in the least understand."

"Look here, dear," and he knelt down beside her as he spoke: "it is simply this, that you have become to me more than all the world—that I love you better than my own soul—that your beauty and

sweetness and soft, darling touch are everything to me ; and then you come to me for advice ! I can only give you one bit of advice now, Mary."

"And what is that ?"

"Love me."

"I do love you."

"Ay, but love me and be my wife."

She had to think of it, but she knew from the first moment that the thinking of it was a delight to her. She did not quite understand at first that her chosen brother might become her lover, with no other feeling than that of joy and triumph, and yet there was a consciousness that no other answer but one was possible. In the first place, to refuse him anything, asked in love, would be impossible. She could not say No to him. She had struggled often in reference to Mr. Gilmore, and had found it impossible to say Yes. There was now the same sort of impossibility in regard to the No. She couldn't blacken herself with such a lie. And yet though she was sure of this, she was so astounded by his declaration, so carried off her legs by the alteration in her position, so hard at work within herself with her new endeavor to change the aspect in which she must look at the man, that she could not even bring herself to think of answering him. If he would only sit down near her for a while—very near—and not speak to her, she thought that she would be happy. Everything else was forgotten. Aunt Sarah's caution, Janet Fenwick's anger, poor Gilmore's sorrow—of all these she thought not at all, or only allowed her mind to dwell on them as surrounding trifles, of which it would be necessary that she, that they (they two who were now all to each other) must dispose, as they must also of questions of income and such like little things. She was without a doubt. The man was her master, and had her in his keeping, and of course she would obey him. But she must settle her voice, and let her pulses

become calm, and remember herself, before she could tell him so.

"Sit down again, Walter," she said at last.

"Why should I sit ?"

"Because I ask you. Sit down, Walter."

"No. I understand how wise you will be, and how cold ; and I understand, too, what a fool I have been."

"Walter, will you not come when I ask you ?"

"Why should I sit ?"

"That I may try to tell you how dearly I love you."

He did not sit, but he threw himself at her feet and buried his face upon her lap. There were but few more words spoken then. When it comes to this, that a pair of lovers are content to sit and rub their feathers together like two birds, there is not much more need of talking. Before they had arisen, her fingers had been playing through his curly hair, and he had kissed her lips and cheeks as well as her forehead. She had begun to feel what it was to have a lover and to love him. She could already talk to him almost as though he were a part of herself, could whisper to him little words of nonsense, could feel that everything of hers was his, and everything of his was hers. She knew more clearly now even than she had done before that she had never loved Mr. Gilmore, and never could have loved him. And that other doubt had been solved for her. "Do you know," she had said, not yet an hour ago, "that I think it always will be blank ?" And now every spot of the canvas was covered.

"We must go home now," she said at last.

"And tell Aunt Sarah ?" he replied, laughing.

"Yes, and tell Aunt Sarah, but not to-night. I can do nothing to-night but think about it. Oh, Walter, I am so happy !"

HEROES.

IN rich Virginian woods
 The scarlet creeper reddens over graves,
 Amongst the solemn trees enlooped with vines :
 Heroic spirits haunt the solitudes—
 The noble souls of half a million braves—
 Amidst the murmurous pines.

Ah ! who is left behind,
 Earnest and eloquent, sincere and strong,
 To consecrate their memories with words
 Not all unmeet ?—with fitting dirge and song
 To chant a requiem purer than the wind
 And sweeter than the birds ?

Here—though all seems at peace,
 The placid, measureless sky serenely fair,
 The laughter of the breeze among the leaves,
 The bars of sunlight slanting through the trees,
 The reckless wild flowers blooming everywhere,
 The grasses' delicate sheaves,—

Nathless each breeze that blows,
 Each tree that trembles to its leafy head
 With nervous life, revives within our mind,
 Tender as flowers of May, the thoughts of those
 Who lie beneath the living beauty, dead—
 Beneath the sunshine, blind.

For brave dead soldiers these :
 Blessings and tears of aching thankfulness,
 Soft flowers for their graves in wreaths enwove—
 The odorous lilac of dear memories,
 The heroic blossoms of the wilderness
 And the rich rose of love.

But who has sung their praise
 Not less illustrious, who are living yet ?
 Armies of heroes, satisfied to pass
 Calmly, serenely from the whole world's gaze,
 And cheerfully accept, without regret,
 Their old life as it was,

With all its petty pain,
 Its irritating littleness and care ;
 They who have scaled the mountain, with content
 Sublime descend to live upon the plain ;
 Steadfast as though they breathed the mountain air
 Still, wheresoe'er they went.

They who were brave to act,
 And rich enough their action to forget—
 Who, having filled their day with chivalry,
 Withdraw, and keep their simpleness intact,
 And all unconscious add more lustre yet
 Unto their victory.

On the broad Western plains
 Their patriarchal life they live anew—
 Hunters as mighty as the men of old ;
 Or harvesting the plenteous yellow grains,
 Gathering ripe vintage of dusk branches blue,
 Or working mines of gold ;

Or toiling in the town,
 Armed against hindrance, weariness, defeat,
 With dauntless purpose not to swerve or yield,
 And calm, defiant strength : they struggle on,
 As sturdy and as valiant in the street
 As in the camp and field.

And those condemned to live,
 Maimed, helpless, lingering still through suffering years—
 May they not envy now the restful sleep
 Of the dear fellow-martyrs they survive ?
 Not o'er the dead, but over these, your tears,
 O brothers ! ye may weep.

New England fields I see—
 The lovely, cultured landscape, waving grain,
 Wide haughty rivers and pale English skies ;
 And lo ! a farmer ploughing busily,
 Who lifts a swart face, looks upon the plain.
 I see in his frank eyes

The hero's soul appear.
 Thus in the common fields and streets they stand :
 The light that on the past and distant gleams
 They cast upon the present and the near,
 With antique virtues from some mystic land
 Of knightly deeds and dreams.

E. L.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

NOT many weeks since the writer enjoyed the privilege of looking over a manuscript volume entitled *Jeffersoniana*, handsomely illuminated by one of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's friends. With the assistance of such recollections as are retained in this interesting keepsake, facts gleaned from other sources, and a tolerable familiarity with the career of the present Mr. Jefferson, it is hoped that this sketch may find readers among a people with whom its principal subject has become so great a favorite.

There have been four Jeffersons in the field. If the American imagination can travel backward as readily and swiftly as it can travel forward, and restore the past as vividly as it pictures the future, it will find Jefferson the First in the palmy days of Old Drury, along with Garrick, and ranking with Barry, Mossop and Sheridan. He lived in the golden age of the Drama, which loyal sons of conservative fathers still revere as infinitely superior to all that they can ever experience. Playing Mirabel in *The Way of the World* for Mrs. Abington's benefit; the King to Garrick's Hamlet; Don Frederick to Garrick's Don John in *Chances*; Gloster to Garrick's Shore and Mrs. Canning's Jane Shore; as Col. Rivers in *False Delicacy*; with the English Roscius as his leader, and Sam Foote, and Barry, and Holland, and Wilkinson, and Mrs. Abington, and Kitty Clive, and Susanna Cibber as his companions; with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Horace Walpole, Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson, William Hogarth and Edmund Burke as auditors;—all actors will agree that Jefferson the First was fortunate to live in such an age.

It is not difficult, knowing the present Jefferson, and with the accounts that have been handed down to us, to form an agreeable acquaintance with Jefferson the First. An old-school English actor and an old-school English gentleman, "all of the olden time," polite and gal-

lant off the stage and naturally observing the etiquette of society on the stage, beloved of his friends and respected by his associate actors, he was a man whose artistic merits may never have excited envy, but whose personal graces always inspired love. Yet a scale of merits on the Irish stage, made by a prominent critic of the day, placed him only fourth on the list which included Barry and Mossop; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in an obituary notice which appeared in the March number of the year 1807, speaks of him as "Mr. Jefferson, comedian, the friend, contemporary and exact prototype of the immortal Garrick." But, however decided his success may have been in comedy or tragedy—for he played both—the frank and honest nature of Jefferson the First raised him above all the petty jealousies which find room behind the scenes now-a-days, and which, we may safely conclude, were not wanting in his own days; for there are cycles in the theatrical world, as in the social and political worlds, where certain weaknesses, common to human nature, repeat themselves. There is a paragraph in Tom Weston's will, which bears witness to this popularity. It reads: "*Item.* I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond, and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

There is equally good proof that Jefferson had the faculty of inspiring love as well as friendship. Victor's *Secret History of the Green-Room* informs us that, "conversant in amours, Mrs. Abington was resolved to separate her lovers into two different classes: the first, those whose liberality might enable her to live in splendor; and the second those whom her humor pitched upon;" and that Jefferson was one of the latter. Better evidence still in these days is in the fact

that he married a sweet, virtuous and accomplished woman—a Miss May. "She had one of the best dispositions," says Tate Wilkinson, "that ever harbored in a human breast; and, more extraordinary, joined to that meekness, she was one of the most elegant women I ever beheld." Miss May was a prize whom the handsome Jefferson did not win all too easily. The lady's father was opposed to the match, and especially abhorred the idea of her going upon the stage. There may have been a mercantile spirit underlying old Mr. May's opposition, however; for when he finally gave his assent to the marriage, it was under a penalty of five hundred pounds, payable when the lady made her first appearance in public. As a matter of course, the penalty was assumed; as a matter of course, the lady soon went upon the stage; and as a matter of course the penalty was never paid. Her first appearance was at an amateur entertainment for a charitable purpose, when Mrs. Jefferson played in *The Funeral*, and when Mr. May had to give way to the universal demand of the profession, the friends of the family and the whole public to see this accomplished lady in a sphere for which she was a destined ornament.

From that first appearance till the day of her death, Mrs. Jefferson added lustre to the name that shines so brilliantly in the annals of the Drama. Speaking of one of the old masques of the day in his *Life of Garrick*, Davies says: "In this masque (*Britannia, 1755*) Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. The good woman (for she was virtuous as fair) was so unaffected and simple in her behavior that she knew not her power of charming." The lady died suddenly after an active life, in which the harmony of her domestic circle was never marred.

Jefferson the First was a great friend of Garrick. Now we hear of him supporting that actor in his leading rôles; now Mrs. Clive writes to Garrick that she is about playing at Jefferson's bene-

fit; again, an actor named Catherley takes the pains to explain by a letter to Garrick the cause of his not appearing at Jefferson's benefit, and says that some one, "envious of the happiness I enjoyed in your friendship, has been endeavoring to injure me in your opinion." That Jefferson the First endeared himself to all who knew him, and possessed in an eminent degree that good nature which has been inherited and Americanized by our own Jefferson, might be attested by a dozen different incidents. "When I acted at Bayes," Tate Wilkinson tells us, "and spoke a speech or two in the manner of old Andrew Brice (a printer of that city and an eccentric genius), it struck the whole audience like electricity. Mr. Jefferson, who performed Johnson, was so taken by surprise that he could not proceed for laughter." This magnanimous trait of readily and heartily recognizing the merit of others is one that has been bequeathed to Jefferson the Fourth—Joseph Jefferson, the American comedian. The writer knows of an instance which happened in one of our Western cities. Mr. Jefferson had been playing his celebrated character of Rip Van Winkle four consecutive weeks—an unusually long run for a Western city—when the public demanded to see him in some other of the characters in which he has been almost equally successful. In canvassing the repertory of comedies, the manager suggested that the character of Dr. Pangloss should be chosen. "No," said Mr. Jefferson, although he has received many handsome compliments for his portraiture of the greedy pedagogue; "there is only one man in the country that can play Dr. Pangloss, and that is William Warren." Though Jefferson the First was gathered unto his fathers more than sixty years ago, his generous spirit still finds a home in the breast of his great-grandson.

The life of the first Jefferson, though roseate with the social and artistic charms that brightened his whole career, was not wanting in the darker episodes that seem to be incidental to the actor's vocation. He managed the Exeter Theatre and the Plymouth Theatre in

Dublin for many years ; but in spite of the public satisfaction which he gave, he was not ignorant of the ups and downs of theatrical management. The accomplishments of Mrs. Jefferson were not unfrequently subjected to the trying vicissitudes of an itinerant company of actors, where she played, as occasion demanded, juvenile lady parts or those of decrepid old men. Mr. Jefferson died in 1807, at a ripe old age and at the home of his daughter in Yorkshire, but he owed the chief support of his later days to the dramatic fund which he, with Mr. Hull—with whom he divided his reputation as father of the British stage—had established.

About twelve years before the death of the first Jefferson, who founded the dramatic family which we hope may extend down several generations of actors to lead and share the progressive prosperity of the American stage, Jefferson the Second came to America. He retained the paternal characteristics which are still so notably prominent in his grandson. He was a better actor than his father, developing fully the humorous talent of the family. "He was then (February, 1796) a youth," we read in *Dunlap's History of the American Stage*, "but even then an artist. Of a small and light figure, well formed, with a singular physiognomy, a nose perfectly Grecian, and blue eyes full of laughter, he had the faculty of exciting mirth to as great a degree by power of feature, although handsome, as any ugly-featured low comedian ever seen." N. P. Willis has remarked the striking resemblance which the present Joseph Jefferson bears to his grandfather, and at the same age the above description would answer for one as well as for the other. Besides the personal appearance, there are other curious points of resemblance. Jefferson the Second was great in his delineation of old age: Jefferson the Fourth has achieved his greatest artistic success in his presentment of old Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep. Jefferson the Second was a greater actor than his father, and there are still living those whose fond recollections of him make

him the greatest of all comedians: Jefferson the Fourth is a greater actor than was his father, and the present generation of theatre-goers will scarcely admit another comedian to claim an equality in rank and ability. It is a curious fact that the autograph of the second Jefferson was a prototype of the fourth Jefferson's autograph, both being a graceful succession of parallel curve lines, from which it is difficult to make out the name; and that the latter had never seen a specimen of the former's penmanship until many years after his own signature had become stereotyped in form.

The second Jefferson had a prosperous career of thirty-six years in this country. He was the companion and friend of the elder William Warren. He died in 1832, while playing an engagement at his son's theatre in Harrisburg. He had virtually retired from the stage some time before, his farewell benefit in Philadelphia, after which he spent most of his time in rest, having been one of the saddest episodes in a bright professional life. Ten years after his death, an old friend and admirer (Chief Justice Gibson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania) paid an eloquent tribute to his memory by marking his grave with a handsome slab and an appropriate epitaph. Wemyss has left us the following portrait: "Mr. Joseph Jefferson was an actor formed in Nature's merriest mood—a genuine son of Momus. There was a vein of rich humor running through all he did, which forced you to laugh despite of yourself. He discarded grimace as unworthy of him, although no actor ever possessed a greater command over the muscles of his own face or the faces of his audience, compelling you to laugh or cry at his pleasure. His excellent personation of old men acquired for him before he had reached the meridian of life the title of 'Old Jefferson.' The astonishment of strangers at seeing a good-looking young man pointed out on the street as Old Jefferson, whom they had seen the night previous at the theatre tottering apparently on the verge of existence, was the greatest compliment that could be paid to the talent of the actor. His

versatility was astonishing—light comedy, old men, pantomime, low comedy, and occasionally juvenile tragedy. Educated in the very best school for acquiring knowledge in his profession, his father having been an actor of no mean repute at Drury Lane Theatre during the reign of Garrick, Jefferson was an adept in all the trickery of the stage, which, when it suited his purpose, he could turn to excellent account. . . . In his social relations, he was what a gentleman should be—a kind husband, an affectionate father, a warm friend and a truly honest man."

The second Jefferson left a son and a daughter. Miss Jefferson made her *début* at the benefit of her father, as Rosina in *The Spanish Barber*. Though her first appearance is recorded as having been a failure, she was afterward, as Mrs. Chapman, one of the leading actresses of her day, occupying a prominent position in the old Park Theatre. His son Joseph—Jefferson the Third—was born in Philadelphia in 1804. His career was a short one, as death overtook him at the age of thirty-eight years, and just at the time when he was at the turning-point of his theatrical reputation.

Jefferson the Third was not a great actor, and perhaps he never would have been such had he lived to a greater age. He inherited the family art, but in his case it took another direction. He developed an early taste and an ardent love for painting, and was placed under the instruction of Coyle, a celebrated English scenic artist. But Jefferson loved his art too well to be successful in this most practical branch of it. His application was not equal to his fondness, and his work, like his character, was sketchy. It showed talent, but it lacked finish. The man and the artist were too much merged together to achieve great things. The family connection with the stage, and Jefferson's own familiarity with life behind the scenes, attracted him from the art which he should have made the study and practice of his life. Yet his excessive modesty, in spite of serious application, kept him from making his appearance

for several years, although he became a theatrical manager in the mean time. Perhaps he never would have made an appearance in character, had it not been for a circumstance which involved his keeping faith with the public—a matter in which he was strictly conscientious. This circumstance occurred in 1832, when he was managing a theatre in Washington. An unusually large audience assembled one evening, when a play was to be given in which the comedian of the company was cast for the leading part. While the orchestra played the customary overture, and everything seemed quiet and pleasant in front of the curtain, there was great commotion behind the scenes. The comedian was nowhere to be found, and Manager Jefferson was in despair. Waiting until the last, unwilling to make an apology or dismiss the audience, and urged to do so by all of the company, Mr. Jefferson resolved to play the part of the missing comedian. The part was one which Jefferson had studied before, but in which, with the best preparation, he could never make up his mind to appear. Yet, with no preparation, but under the excitement of the moment, he made his *début*, and attained a marked success.

Jefferson the Third was too improvident and careless in business matters to succeed in management. This hereditary misfortune, which at last had the effect of closing his Washington theatre, was off-set by the most complacent acceptance of reverses and the most genial disposition in the world. The day after his failure in Washington a personal friend called at Jefferson's house to offer condolence. He was informed that Mr. Jefferson had gone out fishing. Troubled with an apprehension lest Jefferson, overcome by his losses, had resolved to do away with himself, the friend went in search of him. He found the ex-manager quietly reclining on the banks of the Brandywine, his sketch-book lying open at his side and his fishing-rod stretched out over the water.

"Why, Jefferson," asked the friend, in surprise, "how can you devote yourself to the pleasures of art when your

recent misfortunes ought to be driving you to the verge of despair?"

"Confound it, old boy!" was the answer: "I have lost everything, and am so poor, as a consequence, that I can't even afford to let anything trouble me."

This characteristic love of art and nature, this fondness for sport and this imperturbable ease of mind, were all bequeathed to Jefferson the Fourth, the American comedian of to-day, who is the son of Jefferson the Third and Mrs. Burke, the celebrated vocalist, and a half-brother of Charles Burke, who was also a famous comedian of much the same style of acting. A couple of incidents will serve to illustrate the fact to which allusion is made. Jefferson is what some of his professional friends call "spooney on art." He too sketches, and, without making any pretensions, sketches passably well. His vacations from professional duty are always spent in the open country, and his companions are his gun, his fishing-rod and his sketch-book. Some time ago, and before good old John Sefton passed to that bourne where he will probably never play Jemmy Twitcher again, Jefferson saw him near his home in Paradise Valley, whither the latter had gone upon one of his summer trips. He found Sefton with his breeches and coat sleeves both rolled up, and standing in the middle of a clear and shallow stream, where one could scarcely step without spoiling the sports of the brook-trout which sparkled through the crystal waters. Sefton stood in a crouching attitude, watching with mingled disappointment and good-humor a little pig which the stream was carrying down its current, and which, pig like, had slipped from the hands of its owner in its natural aversion to being washed. Jefferson, with the true instinct of an artist, dropped his fishing-tackle and took his sketch-book to transfer the ludicrous scene to paper. Sefton appreciated the humor of the situation, and only objected when Jefferson began to fill in the background with a dilapidated old barn, at which the old gentleman demurred on account of its wretched appearance. The artist in-

sisted that it was picturesque, however, and proceeded to put it down. Sefton had to submit, but he had his revenge by writing back to New York that "Jefferson is here, drawing the worst 'houses' I ever saw."

That Jefferson's love of art and indifference to profit are as largely developed as were his father's, is proved by many of his investments. Not many months since he bought a panorama because he admired it, and put it in charge of an agent who had been with him a long time. The panorama failed to attract in spite of its merits, and the agent wrote back that he despaired of ever doing anything with it besides losing money. "Never mind," was Jefferson's answer: "it will be a gratification for those who do go to see it, and you may draw on me for what money you need." But the result was, that the panoramic beauties now blush unseen in the garret of a Philadelphia theatre. The Philadelphia public have not forgotten the tribute which Jefferson paid to art in the production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The piece was afterward produced in the West, newly appointed and in every way as complete, but it did not meet with a patronage equal to the money that had been expended upon it. "It is all right," said Jefferson to the manager when the attendance began to fall off: "we have done our duty and have made an artistic success of the piece. If the people will not come to see it, it is more their misfortune than ours."

It would be pleasant for the writer to dwell upon the personal characteristics of Joseph Jefferson as illustrated in similar incidents, and he believes that it would not be uninteresting to the reader. But this sketch could scarcely plead the apology of a conscientious record did it not enter upon the professional career of the fourth and greatest actor in the Jefferson family. This career was begun very early in life, young Jefferson appearing in a combat scene at a benefit in Park Theatre when he could not have been more than six years old. His first appearance as a man was in Chanfrau's National Theatre in 1849, and already in

1857, having had considerable success at Niblo's Garden in the mean time, he was regarded as the best low comedian of the day. This reputation he had won by faithful application, and it was confirmed by his admirable performance of Asa Trenchard in *Our American Cousin*, which he played for one hundred and fifty consecutive nights, along with Soth-ern as Lord Dundreary. Since that time he has enjoyed the most gratifying success in England, Australia and throughout the United States in "star-ring" tours, and with the speciality of *Rip Van Winkle*, the present version of which he played first in London, where it kept the boards of the Adelphi Theatre nearly two hundred consecutive nights.

The abuse of the "star" system is a common and favorite theme for the critics. In effect, this abuse is not altogether unlike the Pope's bull against the comet. It will be about as difficult a matter to abolish the former as it was to impede the course of the latter. The critics of to-day are not the only ones to whom the system has been one of great concern. Kind-hearted Charles Lamb refused it his usually genial sanction, and Addison's grace was turned to force in opposing it. The discerning and critical Goethe set his face against it obstinately. When he was manager at Weimar, and the public demanded to have actors from abroad, his answer was a pointed one: "No; if they are worse actors than ours, you will not come to see them; if better, you shall not." Yet, in spite of a unanimity of adverse opinion which is as rarely found among critics as among doctors, the system has prevailed with growing popularity ever since the revival of the English drama. Shakespeare tells us how the public of his day demanded it when he makes the comparison:

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious."

How popular the system is in our own day the general custom and the experience of managers attest. Indeed, however desirable a change might be, it is

difficult to understand how a change could be satisfactorily accomplished. Of course, it is the duty of every manager to make up his entire company of efficient material, and he who succeeds best in doing this succeeds best with the theatre-going public. But the strict observance of this rule can scarcely break down the custom of "starring." One theatre in a large city, where there are many and various dramatic entertainments, like Wallack's in New York or Selwyn's in Boston, may be handsomely sustained without the additional attractions of star actors. But it would be simply impossible, from the present supply and calibre of dramatic people, to furnish a dozen such theatres in New York or half a dozen in Boston.

We have all imagined, perhaps, a dramatic elysium where each play should unite in itself several Rip Van Winkles for as many Jeffersons, several Hamlets for several Booths, an Elizabeth or two for a Ristori or two, Mary Stuart for Janauschek, while a few generations of William Warrens, Burtons, Mary Gannons and some others would supply their respective provinces. But this is not merely impracticable—it is unnatural. If it be the province of the actor to hold the mirror up to nature, it would not answer to have developed genius doing good service as a supernumerary, or graceful elocution restricted to an announcement of dinner. Romance has its heroes, Society its particular ornaments, Literature its idols, and the Drama its stars. Do and say what we may, all people find their level. It is a fact, however, and worthy of remark, that until within a few years the "bright, particular star" has always been found in the tragic sphere. Melodrama has at times shone brilliantly, but while the former may be regarded as the "Big Dipper" and the latter as the "Little Dipper" in the theatrical firmament, comedy has generally presented the anomaly of a gloomy prospect—something like "most lamentable comedy." The reason of this may be found partly in the tastes of the people and partly in the custom of the dramatists. The way to

the sympathies of the people is shorter and straighter in tragedy and melodrama. The weeping muse is the favorite. People would rather cry than laugh. The satisfaction to be found in sympathetic misery is much deeper than that of sympathetic mirth. Shakespeare himself set the example of bringing out the tragic star and making him eclipse the comic. With the single exception of Falstaff, all his humorous characters are overshadowed by the greater importance of the serious characters, as are the Gravedigger, Launcelot Gobbo, Dogberry and the rest. Those of light comedy are grouped in such a way that there is no single prominent and central figure. There are not, and there scarcely could be, the equals, in point of prominent position, of a Lear, a Hamlet, a Richard, a Richelieu, or even a Claude Melnotte, in comedy. *A School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Married Life*, and almost all of our standard comedies, depend on the harmony of the whole, and not upon any single character. It is only since comedians have taken to specialties that they have been able to command positions equal to those occupied by leading tragedians. Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Owens' Solon Shingle, Mr. Sothorn's Dundreary have done for them what equally good acting had failed to do. The want of a specialty was a misfortune in the career of Burton and that of Reeves. Brougham should have made a specialty of Micawber, and Warren one of Dr. Pangloss or the old French tutor in *To Parents and Guardians*. Such acting should succeed at least as well and as generally as the Irish caricatures which have secured fortune and fame for no other reason than because they are specialties. But specialties in comedy were avoided for a long time by both dramatists and actors, and specialties in tragedy and melodrama cultivated, because the relations of the stage and the audience are such as to discourage attempts at the former and lighten the labors of the latter. It has been customary for the leading members of the profession to

regard comedy as a flirtation and tragedy as a serious life engagement.

But the subject of this sketch has courted the merry damsel and won her. He has taken Brobdignagian comic strides far beyond many Lilliputian tragic struts: he has been content to insinuate himself into the affections of the people, rather than storm the public citadel: quietly, modestly, easily and gracefully has he glided into his position, and his conscience is troubled by no murdered kings and his dreams are haunted by no gory heads nor weeping hearts. Joseph Jefferson was destined to be a star and destined to be a comedian. He has accomplished within the range of comedy more than most of his contemporaries have accomplished with all the advantages of tragedy. He shines alone in his sphere. Belonging to a gentle family of actors, he has added the American quality, and is an American gentleman and an American actor, to whom universal homage has been paid, and of whom we of America may be justly proud.

Mr. Jefferson is a thorough American actor. He is a man in whom intellectuality and culture are combined to work a refining influence upon the stage and upon the tastes of the dramatic public. He inspires that good, contented feeling which contrasts so strangely with the morbid excitement incident to an interest in the sensational dramas of the day. He is the most able exponent, if not the leader, of that natural school which reproduces without caricature, acts without exaggeration—is, and not merely seems to be. He blends French wit with English humor, so that it is impossible to mark where the one begins and the other ends. His lithe figure and nervous organization, peculiarly American, give him a telling mobility of limb as well as of feature, to which a characteristic quickness of apprehension is a corresponding mental trait. His expression follows the thought with the truthness and rapidity of perception. His appreciation is apt, his taste is excellent, and he is wary in availing himself of every means that may be legitimately used for stage effect;

yet he realizes fully the principle of that superlative art which conceals art. One of the most remarkable properties of Mr. Jefferson's acting is that he accomplishes everything in the most quiet and unpretentious way, which inspires so genuine a sympathy for the character itself that no one pauses to inquire by what means the effect is produced. If this has never been done before in comedy—and the writer knows of no instance—it is not too much to say that Mr. Jefferson has established a school of his own, and not too much to hope that this will be the American school.

After all that has been said about the lack of dramatic element in *Rip Van Winkle*, there is something quaintly beautiful in the legend, which we must appreciate and sympathize with as soon as we see it realized on the stage. It is a picture of the Kaatskill Mountains in the good old days of yore, when the jolly-melancholic spirits of Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the Half Moon used to play nine-pins and drink schnapps in the valley. It is the portrait of a simple, good-natured man and a disobedient and henpecked husband. On the principle that a termagant wife may be a blessing in teaching the virtue of patience, Irving pronounces Rip Van Winkle to have been thrice blessed. The assiduity with which he devoted himself to playing with the village children, and his insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor; the meekness with which he bore the whippings of Dame Van Winkle's voluble tongue inside the house, and the alacrity with which he sought the outside, "the only side that belongs to a henpecked husband;" the sympathy between him and his lank-jawed dog; the village tavern sign of the rubicund face, which served first for George the Third, and afterward for George Washington, but always loyal; the lightness of Rip's twenty years' sleep and the wonder of his awaking;—all enter into the ingenious composition of a glowing and harmonious tableau. That there is a strong dramatic element in it is sufficiently proved by the corresponding superstitions that are found among

almost all people, dating from the "Seven Sleepers," by the fact that half a dozen different dramas and one opera have been composed upon the theme, and that many leading comedians have essayed the part, among whom have been Chanfrau, Hackett and Charles Burke. That no one has ever made a great success in the part before must be accounted for by the fact that no one has ever before realized the original conception to the satisfaction of the public. With Mr. Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle the case is one of mutual adaptation. The actor does not deny to the dramatist of his version great credit for his ingenious arrangement of the situations. He says that Boucicault understands the secret and appreciates the influence of dramatic action better than any man since Shakespeare. He says that his version of *Rip Van Winkle* has a beginning and an end, which it never had before, and is finished, while the other versions were sketchy. The original beauties of the sketch are retained, but they have not been left as a sketch—they have been embodied in a drama.

If there is something especially charming in the ideal of Rip Van Winkle that Irving has drawn, there is something even more human, sympathetic and attractive in the character reproduced by Jefferson. A smile that reflects the generous impulses of the man; a face that is the mirror of character; great, luminous eyes that are rich wells of expression; a grace that is statuesque without being studied; an inherent laziness which commands the respect of no one, but a gentle nature that wins the affections of all; poor as he is honest, jolly as he is poor, unfortunate as he is jolly, yet possessed of a spontaneity of nature that springs up and flows along like a rivulet after a rain;—the man who cannot forget the faults of the character which Jefferson pictures, nor feel like taking good-natured young Rip Van Winkle by the hand and offering a support to tottering old Rip Van Winkle, must have become hardened to all natural as well as artistic influences. It is scarcely necessary to enter into the de-

tails of Mr. Jefferson's acting of the Dutch Tam O'Shanter. Notwithstanding the fact that the performance is made up of admirable points that might be enumerated and described, the picture is complete as a whole and in its connections. Always before the public; preserving the interest during two acts of the play after a telling climax; sustaining the realities of his character in a scene of old superstition, and in which no one speaks but himself,—the impersonation requires a greater evenness of merit and dramatic effect than any other that could have been chosen. Rip Van Winkle is imbued with the most marked individuality, and the identity is so conscientiously preserved that nothing is overlooked or neglected. Mr. Jefferson's analysis penetrates even into the minutæ of the part, but there is a perfect unity in the conception and its embodiment. Strong and irresistible in its emotion, and sly and insinuating in its humor, Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle is marked by great vigor as well as by an almost pre-Raphaelite finish.

The bibulous Rip is always present by the ever-recurring and favorite toast of "Here's your goot healt' and your family's, and may dey live long and prosper." The meditative and philosophic Rip is signaled by the abstract "Ja," which sometimes means *yes* and sometimes means *no*. The shrewd and clear-sighted Rip is marked by the interview with Derrick Van Beekman. The thoughtful and kind-hearted Rip makes his appearance in that sad consciousness of his uselessness and the little influence he exerts when he says to the children, talking of their future marriage: "I thought maybe you might want to ask me about it," which had never occurred to the children. The improvident Rip is discovered when Dame Van Winkle throws open the inn window-shutter, which contains the enormous score against her husband, and when Rip drinks from the bottle over the dame's shoulder as he promises to reform. The most popular and the most thriftless man in the village; the most intelligent and the least ambitious; the best-hearted and

the most careless;—the numerous contrasts which the *rôle* presents demand versatility in design and delicacy in execution. They are worked out with a moderation and a suggestiveness that are much more natural than if they were presented more decidedly. The sympathy of Mr. Jefferson's creation is the greatest secret of its popularity. In spite of glaring faults, and almost a cruel disregard of the family's welfare, Rip Van Winkle has the audience with him from the very beginning. His ineffably sad but quiet realization of his desolate condition when his wife turns him out into the storm, leaves scarcely a dry eye in the theatre. His living in others and not in himself makes him feel the changes of his absence all the more keenly. His return after his twenty years' sleep is painful to witness; and when he asks, with such heart-rending yet subdued despair, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" it is no wonder that sobs are heard throughout the house. His pleading with his child Meenie is not less affecting, and nothing could be more genuine in feeling. Yet all this emotion is attained in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner. Jefferson's sly humor crops out at all times, and sparkles through the veil of sadness that overhangs the later life of Rip Van Winkle. His wonder that his wife's "clapper" could ever be stopped is expressed in the same breath with his real sorrow at hearing of her death. "Then who the devil am I?" he asks with infinite wit just before he pulls away at the heartstrings of the audience in refusing the proffered assistance to his tottering steps. He has the rare faculty of bringing a smile to the lips and a tear to the eye at the same time. From the first picture, which presents young Rip Van Winkle leaning carelessly and easily upon the table as he drinks his schnapps, to the last picture of the decrepid but happy old man, surrounded by his family and dismissing the audience with his favorite toast, the character, in Mr. Jefferson's hands, endears itself to all, and adds another to the few real friendships which one may enjoy in this life.

Although Mr. Jefferson has made his great reputation as an actor in the part of Rip Van Winkle, and has become identified with that character before the public, his range of characters is very large, and unites the most refined comedy with the broadest farce. In all his acting, however, there is the same care, study and deliberation, and the same peculiar power of producing the strongest effects by the simplest means. Even in burlesque, in which Mr. Jefferson formerly played with great success, there is a strict abstinence from everything coarse or offensive. As Caleb Plummer he unites in another way the full appreciation of mingled humor and pathos—the greatest delicacy and affection with rags and homely speech. As Old Phil. Stapleton he is the patriarch of the village and the incarnation of content. As Asa Trenchard he is the diamond in the rough, combining shrewdness with simplicity, and elevating instead of degrading the Yankee character. As Dr. Ollapod, and Dr. Pangloss, and Tobias Shortcut he has won laurels that would make him a comedian of the first rank. His Bob Acres is a picture. There is almost as much to look at as in his Rip Van Winkle. There is nearly the same amount of genius, art, experience and intelligence in its personation. Hazlitt says that the author has overdone the part, and adds that "it calls for a great effort of animal spirits and a peculiar aptitude of genius to go through with it." Mr. Jefferson has so much of the latter that he can—and to a great extent does—dispense with the former requisite. His quiet undercurrent of humor subserves the same purpose in the rôle of Bob Acres that it does in other characters. It is full of points, so judiciously chosen, so thoroughly apt, so naturally made and so characteristically preserved that the

part with Jefferson is a great one. The man of the "oath referential or sentimental swearing" makes the entire scope of the part an "echo to the sense." Even in so poor a farce as that of *A Regular Fix*, Mr. Jefferson makes the eccentricities of Hugh de Brass immensely funny. The same style is preserved in every character, but with an application that gives to each a separate being.

In private life, Mr. Jefferson is an affable gentleman, who endears himself to all who are associated with him, and probably no man has more or more steadfast friends. He has been married twice. His first wife was a Miss Lockyer, of New York, who left him a son and a daughter, the former of whom is now about seventeen years of age, and has inherited the salient characteristics of the Jefferson family. This young man has already manifested a decided preference for his father's profession, has appeared in amateur entertainments with great credit, and promises to be a worthy successor in this family of actors. The present Mrs. Jefferson was a Miss Warren, a niece of William Warren, the actor. She was married to Mr. Jefferson something more than a year ago in Chicago—is an amiable lady, never has been, and probably never will appear, on the stage. Mr. Jefferson has acquired a considerable fortune during his successful career, and now acts less than the greater number of our hard-working American stars. But as an actor *con amore*, he never slights anything, and he retains all his original interest in his profession. Still a comparatively young man and with a laudable ambition, he will accomplish much in the future for the best interests of the American stage and for the culture of dramatic taste.

JAMES B. RUNNION.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SNOW.

IN the winter of 1861-2, the writer of this was detailed, with a number of other non-commissioned officers from his regiment, to proceed to A—— (a considerable inland city in New York) on recruiting service. The regiment had been raised there a few months previously, and hurried to "the front" to guard the threatened Capital. Our colonel being an accomplished artillery officer, and holding a captain's commission in the regular service, we were assigned to permanent duty in the defences of Washington, so raising earthworks and mounting heavy siege and garrison guns was the most dangerous duty we were called upon to perform. Just previous to my detail upon recruiting service our regiment had been transferred, by an order of the Secretary of War, from infantry to heavy artillery, and this required our filling up from nine hundred men to eighteen hundred strong. This being in the early part of the war, and the military strength of the country having been hardly drawn upon, we found our business a thriving one; and early in February the officer in command of the party was notified from the Adjutant-General's Office that our regiment was now full, and he was ordered to settle up his business and rejoin his command with his detail with the least practicable delay.

Previous to returning to camp I obtained a ten days' furlough, in order to visit my wife and children, who had gone to stay with their friends in the northern part of the State during the term of my enlistment. Taking the Central Vermont train, I reached Rouse's Point in the afternoon of February 14, 1862. Here I hoped to make connection with the train going north to Ogdensburg, but to my great vexation I found that the regular mail and passenger train was not to leave that afternoon. During our journey from Rutland to St. Alban's the wind had been blowing quite freshly, but on our arriving at this border town it had

increased to a fearful hurricane. The weather had grown intensely cold too, and the blast having uninterrupted sweep across the broad bosom of Lake Champlain, it seemed to have acquired increased rigor from the icy surface it swept over. Discharging its fury upon the bleak coast, it drove every living creature within-doors for shelter. The heaviest-woven fabric seemed like gossamer before its rude assaults; and no violence of exercise and no extent of animal spirits would suffice to preserve natural warmth in the human being exposed to its intolerable rigor. The ancients, having observed that it was very cold in front of the north wind, fancied it must be correspondingly warm on the other side of it; therefore they assumed that the blessed land inhabited by the Hyperboreans was mild and equable, because it was beyond the north wind. This blast came from the south-west, and the region at the other side of it might have been halcyon and delightful; but it is certain that in front of it the cold was so extreme that no person could expose himself to it with safety. The atmosphere had assumed a dull leaden hue, and the inhabitants predicted a heavy fall of snow as soon as the gale abated.

My leave was but a short one, and my anxiety to greet my family was so great that I was willing to run any risks if I could only reach my destination without delay. I learned from the station-agent that a special accommodation train would leave at six o'clock that evening for Mooer's Junction, to meet the passengers and mails arriving there from Plattsburg, returning with them to Rouse's Point the same evening. This carried me but a few miles on my way certainly, and I should have to pass the night at this way station. But there was a fever of restlessness in my veins which impelled me to keep moving, and any conveyance which should lessen the dis-

tance between myself and my loved ones, even by a few miles, seemed to afford some measure of relief.

Punctually at six the train started. The wind had abated somewhat, and a heavy fall of snow had set in. The train was light, consisting of but four freight cars consigned to Plattsburg, and one passenger and baggage car. The engineer was an old and experienced hand, who had fought many a hard battle with the snow in those regions. He gave it as his opinion that we were "in for a night of it," and he would not be surprised if the road were blocked up before morning; but he thought that by running fast he could make Mooer's Junction without much trouble. Starting under a heavy pressure of steam, we accomplished seven or eight miles without apparent difficulty, but here the train came to a halt. The snow continued to fall quite freely, and the wind blew it in heavy drifts upon the track. The train was then backed, and a desperate lunge made at the rapidly-accumulating snow-drift. This carried us forward a few rods, and then we came to another standstill. The engine puffed and snorted and labored, and appeared to expend a vast amount of effort, but farther progress seemed effectually barred. We had but eight miles more to make, being about midway between Rouse's Point and the Junction, and our indefatigable engineer kept at his labors for upward of an hour, exhausting all the resources at his command in his determined efforts to push through. But he had to succumb at last. The air was one sheet of blinding snow, which whirled and eddied in the blast, congealing on the eyelashes, impeding the respiration, and rendering all human efforts to contend with it a mere futility. At length all motion ceased, and we concluded that the engineer had given up his labors in despair. The cars were completely buried in the snow, and it was evident that no help could reach us that night: nothing remained for us, therefore, but to make the best of our position till morning. Communication with the engineer was entirely cut off, and we were

in utter ignorance how matters fared with him and the fireman; but as danger generally makes us selfish, our anxiety in regard to them was, perhaps, not very excruciating. We all regarded our situation with some degree of apprehension, and each seemed to think that he had enough to do to take care of himself. Anxious inquiries were made with regard to the supply of fuel on hand, and it was found that the box half-filled with wood which stood at one end of the car was the entire store within reach. There might be wood in the tender, but it was no more available for our use than if standing in the forest. We numbered seventeen passengers, besides the conductor and brakeman, and of these three were ladies. American gallantry first prompted us to make the best arrangements possible for their comfort, and they were accordingly placed in seats nearest the stove, and well protected with spare cloaks and blankets. Being thus thrown upon each other for entertainment, and isolated from the world by a wide desolation of snow, we dismissed that reserve that keeps us strangers in life to each other, and became conversational and unconstrained as at a social party. We kept up a warm fire while the fuel lasted, and enlivened the long hours with pleasant narrative and much sprightly humor; but the cold draft which circulated freely through the car so numbed our limbs that to keep up our spirits cost continued effort.

Toward midnight our wood began to run low, and the conductor suggested that an attempt be made to reach the tender. He was also desirous to hear from the engineer and fireman, being apprehensive that some evil might have befallen them. A couple of hardy young Vermonters volunteered to make the attempt with him. Providing themselves with shovels and a basket to hold the much-coveted fuel, the forward door of the car was opened and they stepped out upon the platform into the fury of the storm. The snow had drifted up to the car windows, and it was still falling heavily. The wind blew in furious gusts, filling the air with whirling drifts, and

surrounding the men outside with a constant shower of snow-spray. They shouted in concert, but the wind blew the sound of their voices back in their faces. To attempt to shovel a path would have been on a par with Mrs. Partington's endeavor to keep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. One of the young men sprung off the platform, determined to wade to the engine by main force, but he could make no forward progress, and becoming quickly numbed by the intense cold, his companions lost no time in dragging him into the car in a semi-conscious condition. He was divested of his outer clothing, his boots pulled off, and two or three set vigorously to work chafing him. Fortunately, one of the company had some brandy in a pocket-flask, and by the aid of these restoratives he was shortly brought back to consciousness. This painful episode impressed us with a vivid sense of our danger, and we wished for the dawn of the morrow with the utmost fervency.

The night wore through at length, and the winter day dawned upon a magnificent scene. As far as the eye could reach in every direction was one crystalline surface of dazzling whiteness. Not an object was visible to relieve the glittering landscape save the forest trees which skirted the horizon and a thin thread of telegraph poles marking the railroad track north and south. The storm had subsided, and the sun arose on our right with all the brilliancy of the "sun of Austerlitz." This revived our spirits, and gave us some heart to make exertions toward extricating ourselves from our unpleasant situation. On closely scanning the country around, we perceived a thin column of smoke arising from a hut, completely snowed under, which stood about five hundred yards to the right of the track. This might be a farm-house, and our imaginations were ready to invest the abode with an ample store of inviting luxuries smoking upon the table. Not one of the passengers was provided with any food, and we were all as hungry as soldiers after a heavy march. To procure a supply of fuel

from the tender and a warm breakfast from the farm-house were duties to perform without any delay and at any reasonable risk. The platforms were cleared off, and an expedition undertaken to reach the tender; but imagine our dismay when the hardy adventurers returned with the information that the locomotive and tender were nowhere within sight! This seemed to add to our feeling of isolation, and the necessity of reaching the farm-house became more urgent than ever. Outside of the drift which covered the track we found the snow to stand on a level of five feet. If the ground was even, this could be waded through and supplies obtained until assistance reached us from Champlain City or Rouse's Point. But in attempting the journey it was found that the country was of a broken, uneven character, and the party who essayed the task, after floundering into several ravines and gullies which buried them completely under, were glad to return, thoroughly worn-out and dispirited. Matters becoming thus desperate, and the intensity of the cold numbing us through, a raid was made upon the baggage compartment, and seats and boxes were split up to make a fire. If we could only keep our limbs from freezing, we felt a conviction that assistance would be rendered us before long, but our condition was so desperate that we felt a natural unwillingness to abandon all endeavor and confess that our lives were dependent upon help from without. The three lady passengers kept up their spirits bravely, and two of them appeared to suffer no worse distress than their rougher companions; but the third (a young student at the St. Alban's Academy) showed such symptoms of drowsiness that we feared there was danger of her limbs becoming frosted. A drink of brandy was administered to her, her gaiters and stockings taken off and her feet and ankles well rubbed, and by dint of occasional exercise and encouraging assurances we succeeded in arousing her from her chilled stupor, and keeping warmth and animation in her frame until assistance reached us.

For this we had not much longer to

wait. About ten o'clock a couple of good Samaritans hove in sight, skimming over the surface of the snow in snow-shoes, and bearing each a basket covered with a white cloth. It required no prophet to describe to us the store of delicacies concealed within. The eager and the nipping air to which we had been exposed had sharpened our appetites to starvation-point, and, as is the case with all people in such a condition, our imaginations had begun to revel in every conceivable dainty. The men were welcomed as visitors from another world, and the well-prepared stores they had brought despatched with the keenest avidity. They made themselves known to us as the station-agent and restaurateur at Mooer's Junction, and brought us the cheerful intelligence that the track was blockaded clear through to Ogdensburg. The division superintendent, however, they assured us, "was a live man, used to this kind of thing," and he already had a force of men at work who would dig us out in a twinkling. Our locomotive and tender, they informed us, were half a mile along the line, and the engineer laid up at the Junction, seriously injured by scalding and frost. It appeared that finding it impossible to get the train through, he had detached his engine with the intention of running to the Junction to obtain aid, but when he had proceeded about half a mile his feed-pipe burst, and while engaged in repairing the breach an escape of steam badly scalded his arms and hands. This injury, added to the inclemency of the storm, had overpowered him, and he sank into the deep snow-drift, unable to extricate himself. Goldsby, the Amphytrion above mentioned (a man, we learned, deserving of King Charles' commendation—"Never in the way and never out of the way"), supposing there might be some trouble on the road, had sallied forth the evening preceding, and finding the poor fellow in this terrible plight, and the fireman unable to aid him, assisted the latter in conveying him to the Junction, where he was put comfortably to bed and his injuries attended to. The brave fellow assured us we should not

want for creature comforts during our detention here, and for fuel indicated a spot some twenty rods to our left, where, by shoveling away the snow, we could come upon some chestnut fence-rails which would soon furnish us "a rousing fire." After a pleasant stay of an hour, our visitors left us, promising to return in the afternoon with a warm supper and a report of the progress made toward our delivery.

Fortunately, the conductor had brought a dozen shovels along, and we lost no time in acting upon Goldsby's directions toward obtaining firewood. A dozen vigorous hands were soon at work on the spot indicated, and before a great while their labors were rewarded by obtaining a supply sufficient to answer our needs. With a warm fire to sit by, and a generous meal to fortify the inner man, we dismissed all apprehensions of impending danger, and devoted ourselves to whiling away the time as best we could until our communication with the outside world was again established. The day was truly delicious, the noontide sun imparting to the unbroken solitude unspeakable radiance. It seemed like a pause in life. We were remote from the world and all its cares, with unconfined space before us: we suffered nothing, now that a source of supply was opened, and all we could do was to abandon ourselves to the novelty of the scene and calmly bide the issue of events. Attracted outside by the cheery sun's rays, I seized a shovel and worked away at the snow until my companions and I had cleared quite a piece along the track. Meanwhile, the railroad authorities had not been idle. Several hundred laborers had been set to work shoveling snow, and the heaviest engines were at work with snow-ploughs forcing a passage through.

Toward five o'clock in the afternoon our indefatigable little friend visited us again, bringing another excellent meal: he reported the track two-thirds cleared from the Junction hitherward, and four locomotives at work for the purpose of reaching us that evening. We could perceive their smoke a distance in ad-

vance, and watched, as a wrecked seaman would a distant sail, for their approach. But no deliverance came to us that night. After having promised ourselves a cheerful room and a refreshing night's rest at the station, it was with extreme disgust that we found the shades of evening again closing around us, and ourselves doomed to another cold and dreary night in the car. During the day we had succeeded in providing ourselves with fuel enough to last through the night; and as sleep was impossible with our feet numbed and teeth chattering, we passed the long night away with telling stories, discussing the probabilities of the war, and passing our pipes from one mouth to another. The ladies were not forgotten or neglected, it must be understood. Everything that could be done to promote their comfort was cheerfully performed, and much pleasing and polite attention was shown them; but all ceremony was dispensed with. We were in a border region, we were sharing one common danger, and we conformed to Shakespeare's injunction of being familiar, but by no means vulgar: this, we found, conduced to the comfort of all.

Betimes in the morning our deliverers set to work in real earnest. A large number of skirmishers were deployed in advance, who tossed the snow aside in square blocks, cutting it with their shovels like sponge-cake. Four locomotives, coupled together, the foremost carrying a heavy snow-plough, came up to the work, and plunging into the snow with prodigious momentum, tossed it on either side like spray dashed from a ship's prow. Reaching our locomotive and tender, they coupled on to them and bore them to the junction out of their way. The shovel brigade meanwhile arrived at our train, having cleared the snow to within two feet of the track; and now we stood anxiously by to witness the grand dash that was to open the path through. The four ponderous locomotives—like a train of war elephants—came thundering along, and at their approach the body of laborers sprung upon the snow-bank to witness

the charge. With irresistible force they ploughed into the solid snow, sending a gleaming rift right and left into the air, like spurts from a whale's nostrils. It was a noble sight, and the delighted spectators cheered vociferously. On they came, spurning the impediment from their path like mere sea-foam; and as the engines came opposite to the line of workmen on the bank, the column of snow dashed into the air from the right of the track struck a section of the men in the midst of their jubilation, and laid them as suddenly prostrate as if the line had been raked by a cannon-ball. They were on their feet in an instant, and the puffing engines halted in close contiguity to our snow-bound train. Congratulations were exchanged between the passengers and their deliverers, and very shortly we were on our way to the station, with the sturdy shovelmen clustering on our car like a swarm of bees. Arriving there, we were entertained with a good warm meal, and the energy and hospitality of our host were spoken of in the highest terms.

By this change of base we had secured a more eligible position, but we had not raised the blockade. No trains were yet in from the North, and it was doubtful whether an opening could be effected under two or three days. A strong wind had again sprung up, which filled up the track almost as fast as it was cleared, and the immense amount of snow which had to be removed rendered the task a very laborious one. Having so many mouths to fill, provisions at the station completely ran out, and the road being now opened to Malone, our host telegraphed to that city for commissary stores. Receiving nothing in return, he telegraphed two or three orders. He afterward learned that they were all promptly filled; but the ravenous appetites of the large force of shovelmen engaged along the track had induced them to appropriate every ounce of comestibles that came within their reach. There happened, fortunately, to be a large lot of keg oysters in the freight-house, and any quantity of excellent Canadian flour. These were made

free use of, and though our table betrayed a marked sameness of fare at all hours of the day, we had enough, and felt duly thankful for our good fortune. By noon on the 18th the road was opened through to Ogdensburg, and a train was expected down that evening. Word was sent on in advance for meals for two hundred passengers and workmen, to be prepared by six o'clock. This far exceeded our host's capacity of accommodation, and the inroad of rude famishing men with which he was threatened drove him almost to distraction. He begged of us, if we valued his labors in our behalf, to stay by him till this vandalic invasion was over, and he had every oven and housewife within reach busy at work making bread or biscuits and stewing down kettle after kettle of oysters. By seven the train arrived, bringing all the railroad officials of the division, three car-loads of passengers (a number of them, like ourselves, snowed in for thirty-six hours) and over a hundred workmen.

The superintendent stationed a strong guard at the doors of the car containing the workmen, to hold them there until the passengers had partaken of their meal; but if hunger will break down stone walls, certainly the flimsy panels of a railroad car are not capable of confining it. They demanded food: they were told to wait. This did not pacify them: the food was within reach, and the ravenous cravings of their stomachs rendered them perfectly unmanageable.

Bursting open the doors, they poured over the guard, who struggled manfully to hold them back, and rushing frantically into the dining-room, they commenced an indiscriminate attack upon everything eatable, even clearing the plates of those seated at the tables. They seemed to be animated by no mischievous or wanton spirit: they were simply hungry, and with the unreasoning instinct which such a craving prompts, they were doggedly determined to take no chances and put up with no delay. As you would throw the carcass to pursuing wolves to quiet them, so basket after basket of bread was laid before these men to appease their fury. The scene was one of indescribable confusion for upward of an hour, and considerable table-ware and other property was destroyed. On the departure of the train these unwelcome customers were got rid of, and the rueful countenance of our host showed how little satisfaction he derived from the result of his day's labors. At nine the next morning a train from the South arrived, upon which those going northward were prompt to take their seats, having liberally recompensed the restaurant-keeper for his entertainment. I reached my family that same day without further mishap, and after spending a week, surrounded with the unspeakable comforts of home, I bade adieu to all the endearments of civic life and returned to the dull and monotonous routine of camp duties.

FREDERICK LOCKLEY.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

THIS nation should be one from the Pole to the Isthmus of Panama, and should dominate the Caribbean Sea by the possession of the chain of the Antilles. The purpose of the present article is to demonstrate that this "Manifest Destiny" is not only entirely practicable, but that its attainment would be eminently sound political economy, and that it can be secured without the echo of a cannon, except in salutes, while it would be attended by the spontaneous and enthusiastic support of the vast majority of contiguous populations.

To commence with Canada. The common impression that the Dominion is intensely English is an error: the mass of the people there see their own interests as clearly as similar communities do elsewhere. The traveler through the country, particularly if admitted into local society, sees but one side of the question, and may gather altogether erroneous impressions of general sentiment. This is especially the case through Central and Eastern Canada. Each town or city has a local aristocracy, composed of members of government, of the Parliament, retired officers of the army and navy, and civilians who emigrate to the Provinces to obtain higher interest on small capital, and with cheaper living to maintain a better position in social life than they could afford in the mother country. These, with the officials, officers of the garrisons and a remnant of the descendants of the old Loyalists who emigrated from the American colonies during the war of the Revolution, constitute a very minute but exceedingly pronounced aristocracy, and are naturally firm in loyalty and apprehensive of any change which would tend to bring all classes of the population to a common level of political equality. But underlying this class is the vast multitude of producers—the lumbermen, millers, farmers, manufacturers and traders—to whom

free intercourse with the neighboring republic is a matter of vital necessity. They possess loyalty to the Crown to a certain extent. With many of them it is strong, and with full reciprocity of trade with their neighbors they would remain in their present political status possibly for generations to come; but without it, union with the States is in the near future.

By the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Great Britain the burdens of restricted intercourse have been again laid upon Canadian producers, and the result is manifest in a strong and growing sentiment in favor of political union with the great republic; to counteract which the government of the Dominion is using every effort to bring about another convention for reciprocity of trade.

Canada is not Utopia yet. Its taxation is high, and its facilities for procuring loans for internal improvements limited, owing to the extravagant system adopted by its authorities in administering previous trusts: the government of the Dominion is cumbrous and costly, and its people see that the scheme was projected for the benefit of but a few politicians anxious to perpetuate their power and bask in the sunshine of semi-royal splendor. In 1861, one of its prominent officials informed the writer that the debt of the two Provinces—East and West—amounted to eight dollars per acre upon the entire amount of land then actually under cultivation. Immigration merely passes through it on its way to the prairies of the North-western States and Territories of this republic, and at the present time a formidable exodus is taking place among that excellent class, the hardy, industrious, economical French of Canada East.

It is curious to observe, upon public occasions—agricultural dinners, etc., etc.—when the citizens of French and English descent are brought together, a cer-

tain overstrained courtesy, the superficial gloss of compliment which only half conceals a deep antipathy of race. This jealousy continually crops out in the halls of legislation. If an internal improvement is projected for Western or Central Canada, a rider to the bill is immediately attached in the shape of a pier, a half a mile or a mile long, to be built out into the St. Lawrence from some small French-Canadian village down below Quebec, or some other expensive and unnecessary work, to equalize the appropriations. Under the Dominion these antagonisms have become still deeper and the dissatisfaction still more decided, particularly through Canada West. There the burdens of non-reciprocity are more seriously experienced; and owing to the character of the inhabitants, their proximity to the border, and the identity of their interests with those of their neighbors, under wise political action upon this side the overtures for annexation will first come from Ottawa, and the card-house of the Dominion tumble to pieces by the removal of its base of support.

It is self-interest, and that alone, which will decide the question. Conversing with a prominent Canadian, some one remarked that the day after annexation property in the Dominion would advance in value twenty per cent. "Yes," was the reply—"nearer fifty." Hence the question may safely be left to the arbitration of time. Given, ten years, possibly five, of the existing commercial status, and Canada West will be in the American Union. How long the remainder can stay out does not require much consideration.

The sentiment throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is still more decided. These Provinces were always prosperous, out of debt and progressive: they were dragooned into the Confederation, and in Nova Scotia the first act of the Dominion authorities was to take possession of the surplus in the Provincial treasury, while increased taxation was imposed to meet its proportion of the common debt—an obligation incurred

for the great sums squandered by the Canadian administration for its purely local purposes, and now distributed upon these new and independent members. The writer, in a tour through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in 1867, was surprised at the bitterness of public sentiment against incorporation in the Dominion, and the eagerness and favor with which annexation to the republic was almost generally entertained.

The present efforts in these Provinces to throw off the shackles of Canadian authority are still more indicative of the final result, and we may soon expect the acquisition of a coast line to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which will give us the valuable fisheries, forests and mines belonging to the included territories, and the navigation of the St. Lawrence river. The same identity of interest will bring in the Hudson's Bay possessions, and the authority of the republic will extend to the Arctic Ocean.

Leaving the North, we find Cuba in the convulsion of insurrection, the prelude to its ultimate destiny; Mexico, almost ready for the protectorate which will be synonymous with its incorporation; and a large and growing party throughout the States of Central America urging the extension of the power and influence of the great republic down to the Isthmus of Panama.

An eminent professor of this country, just returned from a scientific exploration of the island of St. Domingo, brings with him a letter from one of the most influential of its statesmen, in which he says, "Tell General Grant that if he wants this island, he can have it."

Porto Rico will undoubtedly follow the lead of Cuba sooner or later, and with most of the Antilles it is but a question of time. The necessity for dominating the Caribbean Sea is absolute and immediate for this country, and the effort for the acquisition of St. Thomas by the Administration of President Johnson was a far-sighted and statesmanlike movement. In the present condition of naval improvements, steam will exercise a controlling influ-

ence in the event of war; and a war vessel leaving our naval stations, even from as far South as Pensacola, will have exhausted much of her coal before reaching the meridian of St. Thomas; hence the necessity of a strong station and post of supply and refit well up to windward. Nothing but the malignity of partisan opposition, joined perhaps to gross ignorance on the part of Congressional committees, frustrated the appropriations necessary to carry into effect the treaty of cession negotiated with the government of Denmark.

Great Britain holds four powerful positions of constant menace to this nation—Halifax, Bermuda, Barbados and Jamaica, with the small naval station at Antigua besides. All these places are fortified and stocked with warlike material, and conveniences for supply and repairs. Halifax and Bermuda are immensely powerful both for defence and offence: all the stations are within easy steaming distance of each other, and within this chain of posts we need to secure and maintain a substantial foothold.

There is a marked deficiency in the information of the public at large concerning the real condition of the West Indian islands. Some general idea prevails of the injuries inflicted upon the British Islands by the arbitrary action of the home government in the emancipation of the slaves and the abolition of differential duties in favor of colonial sugars, whereby the industry of these once-important colonies was for a time entirely prostrated, and the whole system of their labor absolutely demoralized. But since the perpetration of these positive wrongs, the policy pursued by the government has been almost equally disastrous, in its neglect and in the influence accorded to pseudo philanthropists in regulating to so great an extent all action respecting the prosperity of the colonies. These two conditions, neglect and prejudiced administration, have alienated to a great degree the affections of the colonists as respects their government, and induced them to look to the elements of prosperity existing in other systems, and their results upon the interests

of their people. In 1853, when the writer passed through the islands on a mission to one of the South American republics, he found the sentiment in favor of affiliation with the United States not only strong in many of the colonies, but in some decidedly demonstrative. Planters in British Guiana, commenting upon the injuries inflicted by the course of the home government, did not hesitate to assert that if the United States would hold out the necessary encouragement, they would run up the flag at once; and a leading legal officer at Trinidad remarked, "You are a young man, in the opening of your official life, and you can in no way secure for yourself a higher fame, nor engage in a work of such permanent usefulness, as to devote yourself to the annexation of these islands to the United States."

Repeated visits since to the different colonies have but confirmed these views, and the reason is evident. All of them suffer from a want of labor: they need a firm policy with that useless mass of negro population now left in their midst as an encumbrance, and for which they cannot legislate effectually. At present the tide of emigration passes away from them, and their magnificent soil, climate and natural position are almost wasted. They produce articles of prime necessity to mankind—sugar, cotton, tobacco, cocoa and coffee—yet from the scarcity of labor are obliged to import food from America. The British Provinces send cargoes of salt fish, rice is brought from India to feed the coolie laborers, and lumber, flour, butter, lard, salt beef, pork, biscuit, hay and oats from the United States. Incorporated into the American Union as States, money would flow in upon them for internal improvements, their labor would be regulated, immigration attracted, and their produce reaching its principal consumers free of duties, every plantation would at once appreciate in value to an immense extent, and all their production be stimulated and expanded. The advantages are too obvious to need recapitulation, and force themselves upon the attention of every reflecting mind.

There are some of the islands of no particular value, except as completing the claim of possession—such as the Virgin group and the Dutch colonies—but these could be purchased for moderate amounts and with the hearty assent of their limited populations. The French islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique, are so well governed and generally prosperous that only the superior commercial privileges, and an augmentation of the value of their estates arising from the free market for their products, would influence the choice of their planters; but the English possessions would soon enter by an open door, particularly those where the energy and wisdom of local administration have re-established agriculture by the introduction of coolie labor. Antigua is something like a Canadian town in its sentiment of local aristocracy, and consequent loyalty; and in Barbados the English prejudice remains as a consequence of uninterrupted prosperity arising from its unique position as respects the control of its labor subsequent to emancipation; but Barbados is exclusively a sugar-producing island, and self-interest would swamp national prejudice; while St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana would undoubtedly welcome political union as soon as its full attendant advantages became generally appreciated by their planters and merchants.

Dominica is almost abandoned to an idle negro population, and Jamaica is passing through a political transformation which is still uncertain as to its results upon the white residents of the island. Both are remarkably valuable as possessions, and to each the same general benefits would become apparent in the course of time.

In Santa Cruz, upon the promulgation of the treaty of cession of St. Thomas by Denmark, strong manifestations of

disappointment were made by the people that it had not also been included in the transfer, the resultant advantages being great in view of its extended cultivation, and the effect upon the values of its tropical produce, and consequent appreciation in the worth of its properties and commercial expansion.

The principle of severely letting the colonies alone has been firmly established in Great Britain, as well as their freedom of choice to a large extent in seeking new political alliances upon the expression of the popular will. I have shown the tendency of inclination toward union with the republic: I do not say that the sentiment is strong everywhere, but it exists, is strengthening, and may be cultivated by a sound and farsighted course of national policy. We know that other European powers are prepared to sell isolated West Indian possessions; so that there is no difficulty in the future for the republic to extend its domain from the Arctic Ocean to the Caribbean Sea, and to hold the latter as an inland lake. The day is past when mere national origin will permanently control political alliances: the greatest interests of peoples will decide them, and Manifest Destiny can be so attained that its processes will be entirely peaceable and harmonious, while accompanied with the enthusiastic support of whole populations. There is a natural tendency among neighboring States to merge their individual existence in this great homogeneous power, the position of which is continental, its opportunities for expansion unlimited, and its future grand and magnificent beyond calculation. As it was the idea of the founders of the republic, so let its realization become the study and effort of the wise and patient of the generation which may witness its triumph.

J. B. AUSTIN.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN EVELYN MOWBRAY.

"Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'"

WHITTIER.

EARLY in the afternoon of the next day, Ethan and Celia were standing at Mr. Hartland's front gate.

"Are you going toward Mr. Sydenham's, cousin?" Celia asked.

"No. I—I thought of calling on Dr. Meyrac."

"Give him my kindest regards, and—shall you see Ellinor Ethelridge?"

"Probably."

"Tell her I hope to be with her this evening."

The cousins separated, Celia taking the road to Rosebank. She passed the house, however, and a little way beyond turned into a path to the right, which ran outside the west fence of the vineyard, and was bordered by a light fringe of shrubbery. It led her to that rustic bridge over Kinshon Creek already mentioned, and she crossed it, entering the village cemetery beyond.

Nature had done much for this little secluded spot. Its surface, some eight or ten acres in extent, was gently undulating, with a slope to the east. It was bounded on the north and west by the forest, on the south by Kinshon Creek, and was open eastward toward the village. A few of the handsomest forest trees had been left: there had been planted cedars, willows and graceful weeping birches, and around the whole was a hedge of laurel, thick set, the lower line of this hedge reaching Kinshon Creek just above the fall. Over a simple arched entrance on the east, built of the same warm gray freestone that Sydenham had selected for his residence, was the inscription:

"Why should not He whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on His robes of beauty when He comes
As a Deliverer?"

The memorials to the dead were, with

few exceptions, quite simple and unpretending: some were of the same gray stone as the entrance, others of white marble: here and there a touching inscription, usually from some well-known author. Celia paused before one of these, over the grave of her aunt Alice's only child, which had died when but five years old. Selected by Alice herself, but only faintly depicting the desolation that fell on the mother as she laid her little one to rest on that hillside, it read:

"Above thee wails thy parents' voice of grief;
Thou art gone hence: Alas, that aught so brief
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence: the light, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee."

A little farther on she passed a marble slab which she had not seen before, for it had been but recently placed. It recalled to her a melancholy incident. A few weeks before a German professor and his wife, friends of the Meyracs, had spent a few days at the doctor's house, on their way to Iowa. Their infant died there suddenly, of croup, and this was the grave. The inscription was in German; and Celia, struck with its grace, translated it:

"Ephemera all die at sunset, and no insect of this class ever sported in the rays of the rising sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye play in the ascending beam and in the early dawn and in the eastern light; drink only the first sweet draughts of life; hover, for a little while, over a world of freshness and blossoms, and then fall asleep in innocence, ere ever the morning dews are exhaled."

Celia glanced around the cemetery: she was its only visitor. Slowly she passed on to where, under the shade of an old oak of the forest, lay the remains of her father and mother. The sight of the spot awoke a new train of thought: "She knows it all now, and she has forgiven him." Celia was as sure of that

as if her mother had suddenly appeared before her, there by her grave, in robes of white, and told her so. "On earth as it is in heaven," were the next words that occurred to her. But *was* it on earth as in heaven? What is forgiven there must be punished here. Her father had saved himself from the penalty of penitentiary labor only by years of deception. And if his crime had come to light during his life, what a frightful blow for her mother! How *could* he risk the happiness of one he loved so much! Herself, too, his child: she had escaped being a convict's daughter by mere accident—through the lie that her father had lived.

And not a man or woman, or child even, in Chiskauga but knew it now, or would know it all before another week had passed. Was she justified in proposing that partnership to Ellinor? What if the mothers of Ellinor's pupils should object to send their daughters to the child of a malefactor—a girl, too, who was—oh the vile epithet from that horrid Mrs. Wolfgang's lips! It had seared like burning steel. Could mothers be blamed if they sought to preserve their daughters from contamination?

Evelyn Mowbray!—his name swept over her next. A man must protect his children—from reproach as much as from any other injury. Children living in fear that others should know who their mother was! Had she a right to marry at all? One thing was clear as noonday. It was her duty to absolve Evelyn from his promise to make her his wife. If he did not come to see her, she must seek him, to tell him that.

The murmur of the waterfall, wafted up by a soft southern breeze, had soothed her when she first reached the spot, but her ear was deaf to it now: bitter thoughts overpowered Nature's soothing. Impatient of inaction, she retraced her steps.

As she passed along the vineyard, she had one of those dim premonitions which sometimes intimate the approach of a person to whom the thoughts have been directed. Looking down the road by

which Sydenham's house was approached, she saw some one ascending it. The villagers often passed that way, it being the most direct route for foot-passengers from the village to Tyler's mill. Celia *felt* who this was, but it did not occur to her that he might be on his way to visit a rival. Stern feelings engrossed her, excluding all inklings of jealousy: she forgot Ellen's existence. Her thought was: "Shall I accost him or avoid a meeting?" She saw him now distinctly, but the high paling and the shrubbery which fringed the path on the side next the forest afforded protection sufficient if she resolved to escape observation. She was too restless, however, to delay the issue. With a sort of desperate feeling she quickened her steps, confronting Mowbray as she turned the corner of the vineyard fence.

When a man occupied by secret thoughts of a friend or a foe—thoughts which he would fain hide from all the world—comes suddenly and unexpectedly on the object of his cogitations, he must be an adept in dissimulation if he can wholly conceal what he has been thinking. Celia read in her lover's face a conflict of feelings—embarrassment, hesitation. He rallied quickly, however, greeted her cordially and asked after her health.

"Which way were you going?" Celia asked, after replying to his inquiries.

"I sauntered out for exercise, and my good angel must have guided me here. Where have you been?"

"In the cemetery."

A pause; then Mowbray said: "Shall we walk a little way into the woods, they are so fresh and beautiful?"

Celia turned in assent. Mowbray walked by her side a few steps; then added: "I see you so seldom now, Celia. I feel as if it would be an intrusion to enter Mr. Hartland's house, he is such a crabbed old fellow. What a pity you have such a guardian! We might have been married before this if he had behaved like a decent man."

"Probably."

"Do you think, dear, he will ever get over that grudge he has against me?"

"I cannot tell: it is not likely. But he will not press Cranstoun upon me any more: he considers him a scoundrel."

"That is one point gained."

"My uncle is a strict, austere man, subject to prejudices, but he is a man to trust in time of trial; and that is a good deal in this world. He is upright, and means to be kind."

"Let us hope, then, that he will change his opinion of me, as much as he has of Amos Cranstoun."

"Would that be important?"

Something in the steady tone, more than the words, startled Mowbray. The look of embarrassment came over his face again. Celia turned very pale, but she asked him quietly: "Have you ever thought about choosing a profession, Evelyn?"

"Yes, often, but I've never been able to make up my mind what it is best for me to do. I'm not as clever as you, Celia dear."

"I don't see that. You're as far advanced in German as I am; and if you would only cultivate Dr. Meyrac's acquaintance, you would soon speak French fluently."

"But how would French and German help me to a profession?"

Another pause. Celia broke it, saying: "I hear your mother is not as well as usual."

"No; mother's health is certainly failing. I tell her she works too hard, and that she ought to give up some of her pupils, but she thinks she can't afford it. She has been in the habit of doing our ironing, so as not to make it too hard on Susan—you know we have only one girl—but I persuaded her to get Betty Carson for half a day each week. Betty's so busy she had only Saturday afternoons to spare, but we made that suit."

"You had Betty yesterday afternoon, then?"

"Yes."

They had reached the forest by this time. Here a footpath, diverging to the left from the direct road to the mill, led, in a circuit through the woods, back to the village. "Let us return home by

this path," said Celia: "I am a little tired."

As they walked on, she looked up in the face of the man she had loved so dearly and trusted so utterly, and had always thought so generous and kind. It was as much as she could do to restrain her tears, but she did restrain them, and commanded her voice so as to say, in a steady tone: "You know what has happened to me, Evelyn. I'm sure Betty Carson must have told it to your mother yesterday."

Mowbray blushed scarlet, like a girl. "I believe"—he stammered—"I think I heard mother say—Betty told her—"

"What did Betty tell her?"

"It was some difficulty about your father's marriage, as I understood."

"That he had a wife living in England—was that it?"

"I think that was the story, as far as I made it out."

"Did you believe it?"

"I hope it is not true, dear Celia. I should be so glad to hear from you that it is all a fabrication."

"You didn't say a word to me about it when we met?"

"Why should I repeat to you such a scandalous report?"

"You expected, then, that we should meet day after day, and pass it all over, without any explanation, without any consultation?"

"Your denial is sufficient."

"My denial? Every word of it is true, Evelyn—every word. My father was a bigamist. A bigamist is a felon. If he had been found out, he would have worked in the penitentiary, a convict. I am a felon's daughter. I am—" She caught her breath, but hesitated only for a moment: "I am a bastard—a bastard! I heard myself called so yesterday. I heard my mother called my father's kept mistress. Do you hear that? Do you think we can live on and say nothing about such things to one another—you and I, lovers, two people who are engaged to be married—engaged to stand up and take each other for better, for worse, till death part us?"

Mowbray was weak, of facile nature,

inconstant, but he had a certain generosity withal, and Celia had roused it. He turned to address her, but stopped, fearing she was about to faint. By the side of the path, close by, there lay a large poplar that had been blown over a few days before. He begged her to sit down, supporting her toward it, but she recovered herself, saying, "Never mind, Evelyn—I'm better: let us walk on slowly."

"Surely, my darling Celia," Evelyn said, offering her his arm—"Surely you know how much I love you. What difference can it make to me whether your father behaved ill or not?"

"What difference? You don't care whether your children might live to be ashamed of one of their parents or not? You wouldn't care if, some day, it should be thrown up to a girl of yours that her grandfather was a felon, who cruelly wronged the one he loved dearest on earth, and that her mother was an illegitimate child? You *would* care, Evelyn: you could not help it. You once told me the Moubrays were in *Domesday Book*. You stand on the honor of the name."

He was about to protest, but she stopped him: "One word more. I must think for you, dear friend, as well as for myself. You have no profession. You have never seriously thought—you don't think now—of studying one. Your mother is barely able, faithfully as she works, to support herself. If her health gives way, she cannot continue to do that; and then to whom can she look but to her son? I saw all this before, when we were first engaged; but I knew then that I had enough for both, and that your mother could always have a home with us—"

"Dear Celia, how unjust is fortune to disinherit one so generous as you!"

"I thought then that, in any event, neither you nor your mother would suffer; but now—I'm not a beggar, Evelyn, though a woman (my uncle's sister) said I was: it was in Dr. Meyrac's parlor; I heard her; her words haunt me—but I'm not a beggar: those who have health and friends and good-will to

work need never beg; but I *am* a poor orphan, without power to help any one, only too happy if I can earn my own support."

"And you think I am dishonorable enough to desert you in your adversity?"

"Your father left your mother and you little but an honorable name and an unblemished reputation. You must guard these—you must take care of your mother, and—" the color left her cheeks as she added firmly, but in a low voice—"you must find some other wife than me."

"Celia, Celia!" said Mowbray earnestly, "I would marry you, in spite of everything that has passed—I'd marry you to-morrow and brave it all, if your uncle would only consent."

Now, for the first time, the tears filled Celia's eyes, and she could scarcely reply. They had come to a turn in the path whence a vista opened down on the village and distant lake. Sydenham had caused a rustic seat to be placed there, whence to enjoy the view. This time she was persuaded to rest: the agitation she had passed through had unnerved her.

"It's very kind of you, Evelyn," she answered, after they were seated, "to say that you would marry me still, but it cannot be. Your mother would not wish it. We have not the means of supporting a household: that will confirm my uncle in his opposition. He is certain, now, to adhere to his refusal so long as my promise to mamma gives him the right to do so; and I'm glad of it."

"You, Celia!—glad of it?"

"Yes, glad."

"Then the hints Cranstoun threw out to me about Creighton's frequent visits to your uncle's house were true, after all? *He* has a profession—he can support a wife. He is an orator, and the ladies always admire orators. Mr. Sydenham speaks highly of him, too. You and Leoline Sydenham called on his mother last week. I see it all. I have nothing to say to it: it's all right. Only you might have told me honestly, Celia, how the land lay, instead of fooling me with these long stories about your father and

mother. You had only to give me a hint that another was preferred, and I would have released you at any time. I might have known—”

Mowbray stopped, amazed at the effect of his words. Celia had dried her eyes and had spoken to him quietly, kindly, in reply to that offer of marriage. But now hot tears burst forth without restraint—convulsive sobs shook her frame from head to foot. Long and bitterly she wept, covering her face with her hands. Mowbray, repentant, began in humble tone to apologize for his suspicions. She did not intimate, by reply or gesture, that she heard him. Then he spoke to her tenderly, using terms of endearment: still, not a word, not a sign, but the passion of grief seemed gradually to wear itself out. As she became quieter he gently took one of her hands: she left it passively in his grasp. Then he put an arm around her waist. The touch seemed to awake her at once. She rose to her feet, confronting him. He rose too. They stood there for a minute or two, neither speaking—Mowbray actually afraid; poor Celia struggling desperately for composure. At last she spoke, faintly at first, but gathering courage as she went on:

“I used to think we had so much in common. It seemed to me we suited each other. I thought you understood me, Evelyn. Eight months ago you asked me to marry you. Did you take me for a girl who would say yes, as I did, and then leave you bound by the promise you made to me in return, after I had changed my mind and preferred another? I loved you, Evelyn: I thought so much of you.”

“Forgive me—oh forgive me!” he broke in.

“Slanderers tried to poison my mind against you. They sent me an anonymous letter telling me that you met Ellen Tyler and made love to her, secretly, at a lonely spot in the woods near her father’s mill, and that her father had surprised one of your interviews.”

“Did you believe all that of me, Celia?”

“Not a word of it. If I had, I should have spoken to you about it that very day. I burned the letter, and have scarcely thought of it since—till now. I trusted you.”

“How nobly you have acted!”

“Have *you* trusted *me*? Do you know what you have just been telling me?—that, after I had solemnly promised to be your wife, and without ever asking to be released from that promise, I played you false, secretly encouraging another because he was better able to support a wife than you. You accuse me of this—on whose authority? On the authority of a villain who traduced yourself (I’m certain that anonymous letter was from him)—on the say-so of a scoundrel who took ten thousand dollars from poor papa—hush-money to conceal the English marriage—and who has just written to the heir-at-law in England, offering to bring suit against me and recover the property for him, on half shares. You set his lies against your faith in me, and they outweigh it?”

“Spare me, Celia, spare me.”

“I am sorry—*very* sorry, Evelyn—” in a softened tone—“but you force me to defend myself. And the truth *must* be told: the happiness of both our lives depends upon it.”

“I absolve you from all blame, Celia.”

“As to Mr. Creighton, he is a brave, generous man: any woman might be proud of him as a husband. I do honor him—you touched the truth there—because he selected a profession and works hard at it, as every young man should. He has a right to ask any woman in marriage, and I hope he will find one worthy to be his wife. But he is nothing to me. I do not love him, and I never shall. He does not love me. I don’t even think he likes me. He thinks me purse-proud, I believe: at least his manner has seemed to say so. When I told you that I was glad my uncle persisted in refusing assent to our marriage, I had forgotten there was such a man as Mr. Creighton in the world. I was thinking of you—not of him. I was thinking that if I had been free to marry, and you had proposed to make me your wife

to-morrow, it would have been wrong in me to accept the offer. I was glad that, if you did persist in seeking me, two years and a half would intervene, so that you could make no sacrifice on the impulse of the moment. If you had understood anything about me, you would have felt that at once."

"Celia, Celia, leave me hope yet."

"It is too late. We have not the power of trusting whom we will. If I had my property back, I would give it all—freely, joyfully—to regain the faith in you that I have lost. Oh, Evelyn, you have uttered suspicions—you have spoken words to-day—that will stand up for ever a barrier between us. You said"—she trembled, reseating herself and pausing, as if to gain courage—"you said that I had dealt falsely by you, and that, to conceal my encouragement of Mr. Creighton's addresses, I was fooling you with tales about my father and mother. It was an insult—an insult to their memory and to me. I know it was caused by a petulant burst of anger. But the words were said, and can never, in this world, be recalled."

"Is this your final decision?"

"Yes, final and irrevocable. I shall never marry. I don't want any man to brave reproach for me. I can bear my own burden. I release you from all promise, and you shall have a witness in proof. I shall see your mother to-night, and tell her that her son is free."

"And you throw me over, without more ado, like that, as if I were a worthless scapegrace. What am I to think of your love, Celia?"

"Do not let us part in anger, Evelyn. I don't think you worthless. I think we are unsuited to each other, and that we should be unhappy together if we married. And it is not you who have to fear insinuations about being thrown over, as you call it. It is not a rich girl jilting a poor man. I accepted you when I was able to offer a competency. A penniless girl, I reject you—a penniless and nameless girl, whom nobody would care to own. You ask what you are to think of my love"—again that tremble in the tones: "it may be a

comfort to you some day, Evelyn, to remember that a young girl once loved you dearly, trusted you implicitly, would have given her life for yours. I am not ashamed to own it, even now that you and I—" If she could have arrested her tears, how gladly she would have done it! but tears are tyrants and will have their way. "We must part friends, dear Evelyn: that may be, and ought to be, and shall be, unless you reject my friendship. You will not do that?"

Mowbray gave her both his hands; and long afterward, when he was far away and at the head of a household in which Celia was a stranger, the girl remembered, with feelings of tender regard, that when they rose to walk home—nevermore to enter these woods as lovers again—hers were not the only eyes that were wet. The man had been touched to the soul at last; and all he could say was, "Can you ever forgive me, noble girl?"

"I have forgiven everything, dear friend. Do not let us say a word more about it."

And they walked home—these two—talking quietly and amicably of commonplace things, attracting the inquiring looks of many villagers whom they met, until, near to Hartland's dwelling, they reached the cross street that led to Mrs. Mowbray's cottage on the lake. There Mowbray wrung Celia's hand in silence, parted from her—and it was all over!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE LAKE SHORE.

"I do believe it,
Against an oracle."

SHAKESPEARE—*The Tempest*.

WHEN Celia parted from her cousin at her uncle's front gate that afternoon, some tone or look of his suggested to her that his projected visit was to Ellinor only, not to Dr. Meyrac. Yet it seems she was mistaken. When Ethan called at the house he asked for the doctor, and was closeted with him for some time. Afterward, it is true, he inquired for Miss Ethelridge, and she came to the parlor.

"It is a charming afternoon," he said, "soft and balmy, like a day of early summer. I thought, perhaps, you would not object to a stroll on the banks of the lake."

She hesitated for a moment, and Ethan added: "You are so much confined during the week, Miss Ellinor—"

"I'll put on my hat and shawl and go with pleasure," rising to prepare for the walk.

April is proverbially inconstant, yet in temperate latitudes, when the sun shines out and a southern breeze stirs the air, what more delightful days, fresh and inspiring! — all the fresher and brighter that they shine upon us, like joy succeeding sorrow, after a season of murky clouds and drifting rains. No days in all the year when hearts, if they be true and warm, so gratefully yield to tender and trustful influences. The anniversaries are they of Faith and Hope and Love.

These two, Ellinor and Ethan, were faithful and cordial; and as they passed down the shady avenue, and thence to the left along the pleasant lake shore, there came over them, with genial glamour, the spirit of the hour and the place.

Ethan had been a frequent visitor of the Meyracs, whom he liked: he had often joined their walking-parties when Ellinor was of the number; occasionally he had accompanied his cousin and her friend when they rode out together; but this was the first time he had ever invited Miss Ethelridge to walk with him alone. Ellinor felt that it was, and the consciousness of it embarrassed Ethan. After a little commonplace talk, they walked on for some time in silence. Then Ellinor was the first to speak.

"What a beautiful spot for building!" she said, as they passed a certain six-acre lot that our readers wot of. "Has it been bought?"

"No. Mr. Sydenham had instructed me not to sell it."

"How prettily it is laid out! Is it for sale now?"

"No."

"Somebody has shown much taste

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there. Mr. Sydenham entrusted the laying of it out to you, did he not, Mr. Hartland?"

"Yes. I'm glad it pleases you. I like to lay out pretty spots, and this always took my fancy. It's embellishment was a labor of love."

"I have not seen a more charming site for a picturesque cottage for many a day."

Then they relapsed into silence again. After a time Ethan said: "Cousin Celia tells me you and she are to be partners in carrying on the 'Chiskauga Institute.' I am very glad of it—glad for her sake, for, though she is a dear, good, willing girl, she is inexperienced, while your management and method are excellent; and glad for yours, Miss Ethelridge, because the labor and the responsibility are too much for you alone: your brain and your eyes have been overtaken."

Ellinor looked up quickly: "Did Celia speak to you about my being overtaken?"

"No: she only spoke to me of her great love for you, and of her joy that you were willing to receive her."

"Dear child! It was your own idea, then?"

"Forgive me, dear Miss Ethelridge. I have no right to interfere—" he paused in search of an expression—"to interfere in what regards your welfare. But I have remarked—it has seemed to me sometimes—that when you have used your eyes long in school, you felt pain or uneasiness."

"I do occasionally. But is that your only reason for supposing my eyes weak?"

"No. I fear that I shall appear presumptuous, but—I wanted so much to know the truth, and I spoke to Dr. Meyrac about it."

"And he said—?"

"That it was important you should not overwork your eyes, especially at night."

"Nothing more?"

"No. You are not offended by my intermeddling?"

"Offended! I have met with much kindness—more than I expected—far

more than I had any right to expect—since I came here; but no one has treated me more thoughtfully and generously than you. I am too dependent on my friends to quarrel with kindness; and if I have said little about yours, Mr. Hartland, don't think I am ungrateful."

"I am ashamed to hear you speak of it. What little I have been able to do for you by taking that German class was done during time that belonged to Mr. Sydenham and at his desire."

"You suggested it to him?"

Ethan did not reply to this.

Ellinor saw through it all now. She understood why he had sought to relieve her from the senior class, two hours a week, by the German lessons; why he had offered to read to her of evenings; why he so often proposed, to Madame Meyrac and herself, to translate to them passages he had selected from his German favorites. She understood why he had volunteered a thousand little services that saved her eyes from strain. "You are a good man, Mr. Hartland," she said, warmly. "God requite you! for I never can."

Ethan's face—not a handsome one, if one looked to regularity of feature, but a face in which one read firmness, benevolence, honesty—Ethan's face lit up with joy. But he changed the subject, speaking of details connected with the projected partnership. Thus conversing, they passed the fair-ground, where, the day before, there had been a baseball match between rival clubs, and reached a spot where a footpath ascending in zigzag the face of the hillside, through thick underbrush of laurel bushes, led up to the summit of the cliff, which, as our readers know, rose precipitously from the shore of the lake a little way beyond its north-western extremity.

Here, in a grove of pines near the verge of the cliff, the villagers had erected a summer-house, sheltered from the north, but open on the side next the lake. The view thence was quite equal to that which had struck even Cassidy with admiration on his arrival.

The sweep of low hills, from one of

which that worthy had first caught sight of the village, could be traced, trending off to the south for several miles, till the outline was lost in the forest. The lake, seen from this spot throughout its full extent, lay, like some huge creature in lazy beauty, at their feet; its banks, on the village side beyond the Elm Walk, dotted with pretty cottages, spacious gardens behind them. The valley-land beyond, chequered throughout with a carpeting of fresh green, spoke of teeming harvests and a bounteous summer to come. Over all—valley and village and placid lake—shone the slanting rays of the sun, now declining to the west. One might light on a thousand more striking aspects of nature, but on few more suggestive of peace and cheerfulness and rural comfort.

They found the summer-house vacant, and seated themselves in full view of the quiet scene. Ellinor's glance wandered over it, a tender melancholy gradually shading her face. She was seeking to stamp each feature of the landscape on waning sense; laying up, in store for possible years of darkness to come, bright memories of a glorious world.

"You regret, sometimes," said Ethan in a low voice, "that you have settled, here out of the world, among us? You look back, with sadness, do you not, on far different life in Europe?"

"With sadness, yes, but never with regret. Do you regret, after spending some years in the Old World, that you have returned to Chiskauga?"

"I? Oh no! But that is quite different. I was born in New England, but I came here so young that Chiskauga seems to me almost my native place. I like it more and more day by day. If—if the good fortune that has followed me so far endures, I should be willing to live and die here."

"Your engagement with Mr. Sydenham is a permanent one, is it not?"

Ethan hesitated—coloring and showing unwonted agitation. When he spoke something in the tone of his voice caused Ellinor to breathe more quickly—in the low, pleading tone it was, not in the simple words: "Will you let me tell you

something of my life and my prospects, Miss Ethelridge, and not think me egotistical?"

Ellinor smiled: "We were speaking, a little while ago, of my plans and prospects. Did that strike you as egotism in me?"

"How kind you are! It shall not be a long story. I wish you had known my mother—my own mother. She was as gentle and warm-hearted as my step-mother is; and I think there never was any one who so forgot herself in her child as she in all she did for me. It is very sad to think of it, but I know now that she must have accepted my father from motives of respect and esteem—her love was all lavished on me."

"I have heard those who knew her well speak of her in terms of high praise."

"I never realized till I lost her what she had been to me. I was very lonely then, but after a few years I went to Germany; and then new scenes and hard work filled my thoughts. On my return I couldn't find employment as civil engineer; so I accepted from Mr. Sydenham the post of land-agent. Of his own accord he has gradually increased my salary from seven hundred and twenty dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year. Last year—but you know how generous he is—he gave me what you were admiring to-day—that building site with the Elm Walk on one side and the lake in front. You were right, Miss Ellinor: there is not a more choice spot for a modest residence on the whole property. Last week he told me that just as long as I could find no more eligible situation he wished me to retain the position I hold as manager of his Chiskauga estate, were it for life: he even offered me a further increase of salary, in case"—he hesitated—"in certain contingencies. I have saved, while in his service, enough to build—perhaps not to furnish—as handsome a house as I desire." Ethan paused.

"I am not surprised," said Ellinor, "that you like Chiskauga and are satisfied with your lot."

"I am not satisfied with my lot,

though I may lose your good opinion by saying so. I am ambitious."

"I should never have thought it: you seemed content to live and die here. Are you sorry to have lost the chance of distinction as engineer? or have you political aspirations, as my friend Mr. Creighton has had?"

At the name a shade of disappointment crossed Ethan's face. He replied gravely: "My ambition rises higher than a seat in Congress or an engineer's post with a ten-thousand dollar salary."

"I didn't guess that," said Ellinor, smiling.

"No wonder. I doubt if there be a man or woman or child in Chiskauga that would guess it, or that would not laugh at me if they did," a little bitterly.

Had Ellinor an inkling of what was coming? It seemed probable that some shadow of the truth was stealing over her, for that color in her cheeks came somewhat too suddenly and brightly to be due merely to air and exercise. Yet it could have been a very vague intuition only, or she would not have said: "You are reticent, Mr. Hartland: you don't share your plans with your friends."

Some undefined suasion in the tone or in the words, or perhaps it was the heightened color, gave him courage. "You think me reticent," he said. "If I had ever believed that I could confess to you how far my ambition reaches, without incurring—no, not your contempt, you are too noble for that—but your displeasure, the confession should have been made long ago."

Then he told her what had lain hidden for years in that shy heart of his—how he had taken himself to task for aspiring to one so far above him—one who had always seemed to him to have come down from some upper sphere: how the feeling of that disparity between them had grown and strengthened the more he had seen of her, the better he had learned to know her. "God is my witness," he said, "it's not of rank nor of social position I'm talking: these have no oppression for me. If I were to be presented to a queen to-morrow, it would be without anything akin to abasement:

we learn independence of feeling here in the West. But there is a subtle something that enshrines you; an atmosphere of delicate culture and refinement, that is partly due no doubt to lifelong seclusion from all rude agencies."

"Seclusion from all rude agencies? If you only knew, Mr. Hartland, what has befallen me!"

"I do not know. I do not ask. The past is nothing to me. It's of the future I wanted to speak. I think I should not have had courage for it to-day, if you hadn't said those kind words—far, far beyond my desert. I feel that I am country-bred, rudely nurtured, and with a mere humble competence to offer. I have no claims—but none of us have any claims on God for mercy and love."

"You say this to a poor, penniless country teacher?"

"I say it to Ellinor Ethelridge. I knew I should have to say it some day or other. It's too strong for me. I thought perhaps I might escape it by throwing every energy into my work: I used to like that for its own sake; but I've come to feel that work without care for something beyond oneself has no life in it—is nothing but a task. It was a little thing, that bit of land to build on: how the magnates of this world would laugh if they knew what joy I felt when Sydenham's generosity threw it into my hands! But for me its charm was in hope, not in possession. The solitary feeling I had when I lost my mother had come again; and one night I dreamed that the pretty cottage I had been thinking of stood there in the early sunshine, and—that I was no longer solitary. Dreaming still, I went out to work, not for myself alone and impatient till evening came: then, when I returned, in the moonlight—there on the lake shore, all in white—I knew it was not a spirit, yet I approached it with misgiving. But I *was* welcomed, as some poor wanderer, when earth-life has passed, may be received in heaven. Now you know all the extravagance of my ambition. You know on what conditions I'm willing to live and to die in this little village of ours. My life is dark, my work is irksome,

that pretty home-spot is a mockery, without you, Ellinor. You may not care for my love—perhaps you love another: then you shall never be pained by one troublesome word from me. I cannot live in sight of Paradise and feel that its gates are closed against me for ever. But the world is wide, and every man must do what God allots to him till the day of release comes."

These undemonstrative creatures who walk through life with heart in check and feelings "like greyhounds in the slips," have sometimes, under the frigid surface, a humble well-spring of enthusiasm that will overflow on occasion. To-day Ethan's time had come; the hidden fount was stirred. It was a new revelation to Ellinor.

Though her cheeks were flushed and the tears had stolen to her eyes, she sat quiet and silent, gazing dreamily on the placid landscape before her. Ethan said not a word more—half-hoping when he saw her hesitate—content, for the moment, that his temerity had not called forth sudden rejection. At last the answer came in a subdued tone: "Mr. Hartland, I think the highest honor one human being can confer on another is the homage of a faithful heart. But I owe you more than this. You trust me implicitly, knowing nothing, asking nothing, of my past life. Yet my position might well create doubts, even in those least inclined to suspicion, whether misconduct might not have had something to do with this exile from my native land."

The lover thought he felt his way clear now. His tongue was loosed: his heart spoke from his eyes. Ellinor did not recognize the Ethan she had known for years as he replied: "Whatever concerns you must interest me. But you know little how I love you if you think it necessary to say one word in exculpation—in explanation, I mean—of your coming here among us to do us good. Can love be faithful and have no faith?—a pitiful imposture without it! It is not in the power of human being—not even in yours—to convince me that you have ever knowingly, willfully, done

anything that God or good men will remember against you for judgment; but I don't care—I mean, that except for the pain which sad memories may give you, I don't care—what you have been. I know, as I know my existence, what you are. I think—God forgive me!—that I couldn't believe in Divine Goodness itself if I lost belief in you. My faith in you is like my faith in the beauty of God's world—in His stainless sunshine—in the pure stream He sends for blessing—in His very promises of immortality. See!" he added in a low, reverent tone: "if every particle of historical truth set up in support of the Christian scheme of morals and eternal life were swept away to-morrow, it would still be to me the revelation of love and light it is—its own witness. And you are my revelation of human excellence and gracious refinement: if I have you, Ellinor, I have holier evidence than all human testimony can give about you. But it's no use," he broke out after a moment's pause—"it's not a bit of use to go on. I can feel it all—how it comes over me!—but to tell it—"

She was touched to the heart-core. "I did not know," she said, "that there was such nobility of faith in the world." Then she relapsed into what seemed sad thoughts, sighing. At last: "There is an obstacle. Do not fear," she said, earnestly. "I am not going to conceal anything from you: trust like yours must not be all on one side. Do you think I would let you speak to me as you have spoken to-day, and then keep back one sin I may have committed? Do you think I would hide from you now what reduced me to poverty and dependence? I meant to pass my life here in this quiet place, God and my own heart the only judges of the past. But you shall know all."

Then, after a pause, she told him of her early life while her mother, a widow, yet lived; of what befell her, in a cold home, at cruel hands, after her mother's death; of a terrible crisis in her life that led her to the brink of despair; then—what she had already told Celia—of her bitter sufferings and her final rescue.

Ethan listened as one might listen to tidings from the next world, his very soul in the fascinating story, now moved to pity, now stirred to hot indignation. And when Ellinor closed her narrative by saying, with a deep sigh of relief, "I have kept nothing from you, and now—thank God!—I am here, never, never to return," Ethan broke forth:

"And is that the obstacle? The world is faithless and heartless: Love's name is profaned by the base, the treacherous, the inhuman; and that's to be a reason why you can't marry me! I knew it beforehand—what it must all amount to—though that infamous plot passes imagination. What of it? Can you never be my wife because worthless creatures close their doors against you?"

"No, that's not it. God, who sees secret causes and influences, may justify where men condemn. At all events, now that I've told you the whole truth, I am willing to abide by your judgment."

"Thank God!"

"But if you don't think it cause enough to desist from seeking me, that my relatives regard me as outcast—"

"I entreat you—"

"Well, I shall not say another word about it; but that is not the obstacle I spoke of."

"It's some one else?"

She shook her head.

Such a sigh of relief! Then, eagerly: "What is it, Ellinor?"

"If ever man deserved a good wife, you do—one who would make you a bright, cheerful home—one who would see to all your wants and comforts—one who should be care-taker, it may be, of your children, looking to their habits, watching their shortcomings; in short, overseeing and providing for your household."

"And you, with your business tact and admirable judgment—you can't do this?"

"Had God so willed, it might have been. Possibly, possibly—but I mustn't shrink from looking in the face what may be the inevitable."

"The inevitable?"

"Dr. Meyrac was less honest to you than he has been to me."

Ethan hung on her words, scarcely breathing. Could it be? Ellinor went on: "The good man knew that the truth is always best, and he told me that any day there might be paralysis of the optic nerve. A blind wife—"

"Hush, Ellinor. It is in God's hands: Shall we rebel against Him?"

"I do not. Once, in the extremity of misery, I might have done so: then there came to me, as if some angel had stooped down and spoken, the words: 'Adversity never crushes except those who rebel against it.' I do not rebel. But God intends this affliction for me alone. It must never fall upon you."

"It's hazardous to say what God's intentions are. We see His doings—that's all. He brought you here. It was His will that I should be near you year after year. It was His will that out of all this glorious world of His I should crave one blessing, weighed against which all else is dust in the balance. I know that hearts have hungered until Death stilled the yearning, but if—" He paused, adding at last: "You are the soul of truth, Ellinor. If what seems to you an obstacle did not exist—"

"You shall have more than an answer to your question. If in one year from this time Dr. Meyrac thinks the danger has passed—" she gave him her hand.

* * * * *

The sunset was one of those gorgeous manifestations of coloring that seem, as we gaze into their magic depths, revelations from another world—an effulgence of which no human skill has ever transferred to canvas even the shadow. A consciousness of its unearthly beauty gushed over Ethan's heart as never in all his life before—as if some new sense had that moment been born within him. He turned to Ellinor: "Have you charity for extravagance?"

She looked up inquiringly, and he added: "I have had, of late: there is often wisdom underneath it." He took from an inner pocket and handed to her a scrap of paper. It contained but a single stanza:*

* From a fugitive poem by Mrs. SARAH T. BOLTON, of Indiana.

"There was no music in the rippling stream,
No fragrance in the rose or violet,
No warmth, no glory in the noontide beam,
No star in heaven, dear love, until we met."

"Is it absurd?" pursued Ethan, when he saw she had read it. "Is it ridiculous? Yet I never knew what the glory of sunset was till now."

As they walked slowly home they gradually came back to earth. They had passed the age of thoughtlessness. Ellinor was twenty-five and Ethan six years older, and they were business people, if they were lovers.

They agreed that, except to Celia, nothing should be said of their engagement and its proviso. Ethan could not help touching on that proviso: "Whom would you cherish the more dearly, Ellinor—one of your pupils who enjoyed all her senses, or one who, by loss of sight, doubly needed your protection?"

"A year, a year!" she persisted: "let us await the decree of God." Then, as they passed on, nearing the Elm Walk, her eyes following his wistful gaze to a small clump of shrubbery, the soft voice added in a lighter tone: "Dream-cottages are pretty things in the moonlight, but there are rainy days, you know, Ethan."

Ethan! He started.

"Besides," she went on, "even if all else result—result as we hope—there's the furniture: I've a small purse at home that perhaps in another year might be heavy enough—"

"In another year, then. Since you've found out my scriptural name, darling Ellinor, I am content to work and to wait, for I know now—if we both live—what the will of God is."

It was a cheerful party that evening at Dr. Meyrac's tea-table.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN ARRIVAL

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."
—ROMANS.

"An' is it you, Terence dear, at last? What's the matter? Ye look as if ye'd seen a spook."

"Worse nor that, Norah. Did ye ever hear of a spook stealin' a man's money and sendin' him to jail?"

Norah turned pale: "Sure and it isn't—?"

"Yes it is—that very black-souled, infernal— Ye needn't grip the babe, mavourneen: don't scare the childher. It's me that has the whip-hand o' the scoundrel now."

The time of this dialogue was three days after that on which the two cousins parted at Mr. Hartland's gate—one to return with crushed heart and saddened life; the other with exultation, in a tumult of wildering joy. The place was a room in the Chiskauga "Hotel."

No Inns now. No unpretending, homely nooks of shelter where, when one has been exposed without to cold and hunger and a long day's fatigues, man and horse may be taken *in* to warmth and quiet, and the rider may stretch his limbs and say, "Shall I not take mine ease?" We don't care about ease in these days of rush and railroad-ing, except such as is to be had in a sleeping-car, and we hate simple names. Glasgow, the most populous town in Scotland, has her Green, and Boston, the modern Athens, her Common; but these are examples of extinct rusticity. Modern cities rejoice only in Hotels, noisy and glittering, where "distinguished guests" are entertained; and in Parks, gotten up at a cost of millions. And why should not Chiskauga—village if it was—be allowed, in this land of liberty, to pick a French term (once designating the stately mansions of the great) from the fashionable vocabulary, and appropriate the same to her humble house of entertainment?

It was at the Chiskauga Hotel, then, that our old friends, Terence and Norah, with their two children, Dermot and Kathleen, now found themselves. Kullen had kept his promise as to the letter of recommendation. It was to Mr. Sydenham, whose acquaintance he had made while traveling, three years before, as temperance lecturer in Ohio. Terence had given up his tavern, spent a week with his father-in-law in Cumber-

land county, and as soon as he reached Chiskauga had presented his credentials. It was on his return from Rosebank, and just before reaching the hotel, that he met a plain but nicely-kept carriage drawn by two sorrels.

"But are ye sure it was him?" Norah asked, under her breath.

"Am I sure that's you, acushla? Am I sure this is little Kathy?" taking her on his knee. "D'ye think them poor cratur's that's burnin' in hell don't know the Devil when they catch a sight of him?"

"Ye scare the babe, Teddy, with sich talk."

"Well, thin, I won't." To the child: "There isn't no ugly black man comin' to take daddy or my Kathy: they don't have ugly black men here. We're goin' to a garden a'most as nice as grand-pap's, where ye kin play to yer heart's contint, my little darlint. And, Derry, there's a stream o' water right convenient—Kinshon Creek's the name it goes by—where ye kin sail that boat o' yours."

Dermot clapped his hands.

"So ye've settled it all, Terence. Ye saw Mr. Sydenham?"

"Didn't I? A gentleman, every inch of him. He 'minds me o' the Ould Country, barrin' he's as civil-spoken as though he was nobody at all—"

"Did ye tell him about the trial and the jail and all?"

"An'. what for shouldn't I tell him the whole, out o' the face? It's no more nor right for him to know where I've been; and then maybe Mr. Kullen wrote to him a'ready. So I tould everything, both about me and you. Says I: 'Mr. Sydenham, if she don't make the beautifullest butter that's ever been set on your table, we don't want a cint, nayther she nor me.' That settled it."

"So ye'r to manage the farm and me the dairy, and we're to have the place?"

"The house and the garden and a potato patch and a cow's milk, wood to keep the pot boilin' and the childher warm, and sixty dollars a month. It don't pay like the bar, Norah, but then, ye know, I promised Mr. Kullen—"

"Oh, Teddy, to talk of the bar! an' me and the childher goin' to live wi' the flowers and the green fields round us, and the blessed cows to milk and the lovely butter to make, and everything just like it used to be when you came over from ould Mr. Richards' in the gloamin'! But ye've forgot that."

Not quite, it seemed. And it was very well there was nobody there just then but the children—nobody to laugh at the foolish fellow when he dropped Kathleen in a hurry and stopped short his wife's panegyric on farm-life by a kiss very much of the old Cumberland county savor.

"Thin it's all jist right, mavourneen," he said. "I was sort o' tired o' them stone pavements and brick walls and white shutters, any way. It's snug shealin' enough, Norah—four good rooms, forby the kitchen. The ould coachman had it, but his wife died last month, and he's sort o' lonely, and we'll have to give him a room. Mr. Sydenham's to pay us four dollars a week for his board; that'll help some, and maybe the poor man won't eat no great dale. I think he takes it hard, the ould woman's death. I'm not misdoubtin' but what we've done the right thing, if that divil *is* here."

The farm faded from Norah's imagination, the bright look from her face, and anxious misgivings about Cassidy, the perjured witness, clouded countenance and thought.

"Ye came here to please me, Teddy asthore, and ye haven't forgot them times when ye used to set by the kitchen fire and tell father stories about ould Ireland to please him for my sake. Maybe ye'll do somethin' more for me."

"Ye're a darlint, Norah, and so was yer ould father to let me have ye. Sorra thing can ye ask me—in rason, that is—but what I'll do."

"It's for your sake, Teddy, and the childher's. I dreamed last night about them days when ye was in jail, and me like a bird wi' a broken wing that wanted to go off somewhere and die: it's awful to think of; but then—ye can

niver tell—it might be God that sint ye there: Mr. Kullen thought He did, to keep ye from helpin' on drinkin', and from keepin' company wi' bad men like that Cassidy, and to bring ye out here where ye can hear the birds sing, and where ye can let them childher run out and not find them, the next minit, wi' the riff-raff of the street, playin' in the gutter. Who knows but what it was the Lord put it in that bad man's heart to harm ye—all for yer good?"

"Sure, an' it wouldn't be God that would put sich a thought in a man: that's the Divil's work."

"I do' know," said Norah, thoughtfully: "He tould Moses he was goin' to harden King Pharaoh's heart and them Egyptians, afore they got drowned; and he did harden it awful; and that was the way the childher o' Israel got to the promised land. I was readin' it last week, and there's nothin' about the Divil there."

Norah was getting out of her depth in the Red Sea of theology, and Terence was afraid to follow her. He tried to bring her back to the dry land of practical business: "An' what was it ye wanted me to do for ye?"

But Norah was not quite ready to answer that question yet. "Cassiday was a desperate wicked man," she said, "but I don't think he was wickeder nor Pharaoh: he niver wanted to kill Derry nor nobody else, that I hearn of; but Pharaoh, he tried to murder all the boys them Israel women had jist as soon as the poor babes was born, and niver to leave them nothin' but the girls. Ef it had been Derry, what would ye have done, Terence?"

"Sure an' wouldn't I have shot the bloody blackguard, ef I could?"

"I expect ye would. But ye see God niver tould the childher o' Israel to shoot Pharaoh. He took it in hand himself, and drowned him. So you jist let that vagabone alone, Terence. Ef God wants him drowned, it's easy done. There's plenty o' them steamboats blows up every day; or maybe he'll go sailin' on that bit water we saw as we came in, and the boat 'll tip over. Any way, it's

good the rascal's done ye, though he was minded to do ye harm : ef he hadn't sworn agin ye, ye'd niver have got to no promised land like this. I'm sure it's far better here nor it was in the wilderness, with nothin' but manna, or maybe some birds, to eat all day. We're to have a cow's milk, and they say there's bee trees in them woods out here in the West, that a man can cut down ef he wants a bucket o' nice honeycomb ;—and thin, ye know, there's the garden besides, and the potato-patch. And sure the Israelites niver had no potatoes, and niver came to nothin' better, after they got done with the wilderness, nor milk and honey. Now, Teddy—there's a darlint !—let bygones be bygones : let the ugly spalpeen go, and let God have his own way, and don't ye be getting yerself into another scrape for nothin' at all, at all : that's what I wanted to ax ye."

Terence reflected : "It's nothin' better nor to be kilt over the head with a good shillalah the rascal deserves ; but thin ef we all got our desarts, maybe there's some of us might come out sort o' badly. I don't niver like to think much about keepin' them men drinkin' half the night, instead o' comin' decently to bed to you, Norah, an' you lyin' there wakin' and waitin' for me. I don't jist think God liked that. So maybe, as ye say, I'd best leave Him to manage Cassidy, or Delorny, or whatever name the Devil's cub has picked up by this time.

But it's mighty aggravatin'-like to see the mansworn rowdy set up there wi' a bran-new coat and hat, drivin' the prettiest pair o' sorrels ye ever set eyes on, Norah ; and me that knows all the time where the money came from that made him a dacent man to look at."

"But ye niver can get back that money without you go into them law-courts again ; and I think that would kill me," said Norah, with a shudder.

"Sure an' didn't I tell ye, acushla, I'd let the scoundrel run, for your sake and the babes ? Thin I've got no time to go after him wi' the shillalah ; for that house of ourn's is all ready, and I made a fire in the kitchen, and the ould coachman said he'd see to it till we came on. I'll go seek a dray to take the trunks and the plenishin'."

"There ain't no drays here, daddy," said that observant young urchin, Dermot, who had been exploring Chiskauga while his father was gone.

"Well, thin, a cart or a wagon, or whatever they carry things with in these parts."

Before evening they were installed in their new habitation. And Derry was sailing his boat on the creek, and Kathleen, with gaze of infant delight, was watching Norah milk "them blessed cows," warm recollections of a homestead in Pennsylvania flushing the mother's cheek and tears of pleasure dimming her eyes the while.

IS IT A GOSPEL OF PEACE?

IT would be doing injustice to the excellent clergy of this country not to admit that, prior to the war of the rebellion, they were as a body very well disposed toward the cause of Peace. Perhaps, in fairness, it ought to be said that the clergy were, by professional bent, more than usually friendly—more friendly even than the mass of the community

—to the ideas of good-will among men and peace between nations.

So peaceful had been our national habits and conditions for more than a generation that no class or sort of men had any interest, selfish or romantic, in the occurrence of war. The clergy of New England, especially, were overwhelmingly Whig in politics ; and the

course of our political history had not tended to make war a favorite theme with gentlemen of that persuasion. There was no reason why Federal ministers, of the type of the zealous divine who so bitterly emphasized the closing words of the annual proclamation of fasting, humiliation and prayer — "ELBRIDGE GERRY, Governor: God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"—*should* look with favor on Democratic wars, whether for conquest or defence. It was hardly to be expected that while Governor Strong was refusing to allow his militia to march, his clerical adherents would be advocating war from their pulpits; nor is it strange that the village pastors of New England restrained their instinctive admiration for the heroes of the Mexican war—until they had become available Whig candidates. Whigism in those days had possession of the colleges, the reviews and the theological schools; and it was the fate of the Whig party, while sometimes talking a little loudly about honor or boundary, in the main to represent, if not the Christian love of peace, at least the factious opposition to war.

It would be uncharitable to suppose that the teachings of the New Testament had not also something to do with the attitude of the clergy, or that their partisan predilections were not reinforced by religious principle in their opposition to Democratic campaigns and their disapprobation of Democratic victories. The New Testament certainly contained many passages that appeared, on their face, designed to discourage strife and bloodshed, and fully justified, as a first impression, the simple belief of the Jaalem villagers, how

"Christ *went agin* war and pillage."

Such even was the tradition of the learned; and nothing had yet occurred to make the clergy review their interpretation of the Scriptures on this point, to discover that long-suffering was a duty merely for the days of heathen persecution; that non-resistance was a provincial virtue, meritorious only in Judea; and that a Christ-like love and patience is

perfectly compatible with walloping "my neighbor" on the slightest provocation.

But whatever may have been the public attitude or private feeling of the clergy ten years ago, it is certain that the war has pretty much spoiled our ministers. Unfortunately disposed by theological training, and by their habits of professional thought and speech, to go to extremes upon all subjects, and to disregard conditions and degrees "on principle"—rather proud of their loyalty as a body during the rebellion, as well, perhaps, as fond of the opportunities such causes offer for strong preaching—the clergy of the country are to-day as prone and prompt to suggestions of war and violence as any class in the community. The writer is a pretty constant attendant upon public worship, and, partly from choice and partly by the force of circumstances, has indulged in a considerable variety of ministrations, having heard, in the past five years, sermons from at least fifty pulpits and by twice that number of ministers; yet he solemnly avers that in that time he has not heard a single discourse which was devoted to the primitive Christian idea of Peace, or which contained a perceptible strain of argument or appeal for international good-will. And what is true in his experience he ventures to think will approve itself to the recollection of the great majority of his readers. The unquestionable fact is, the clergy are the most demoralized body in the community in this respect, for they have no sympathy with the economical principles which are violated by war, while the course of the past few years has thrown them completely out of their proper moral relations to the subject.

Three incidents, not casual nor exceptional, will suffice to illustrate the present temper of too many ministers of religion. In the year following the close of the war, a preacher distinguished in two widely-separated sections of the country made the tour of New England with a lyceum lecture upon "Our Relations with England." The writer of these lines had just returned from the field, after a tolerably good experience of

the splendid parts of war, yet with a profound conviction that its evils had never been, nor could be, adequately portrayed, and that enough could not be done, consistently with honor and self-respect, to avert its occurrence. In this frame of mind, it may be imagined with what anger and disgust he listened to a passionate and unreasonable harangue upon the outrages of England, in which the real wrongs we had suffered were set out with every rhetorical device, and the measures of redress were discussed with a mixture of silly brag and angry bluster. There was, to be sure, a proviso, intended to save the clerical conscience. We were to talk up right sharp, and press our claim for apology and damages without any discount or delay; but of course England would not fight, and would give up everything rather than encounter us; which was, perhaps, on the whole, the *most* irritating and offensive form in which the matter could be put. Now, was this not a pretty theme for a minister of the Gospel to take? and was not this a pretty way to treat it? Yet this lecture was delivered widely throughout New England; and if it called out any remonstrances from his clerical brethren or from the religious press, they did not meet the writer's eyes.

For the second example, take the following choice bits of Christian philosophy and Christian morality, from the report of the remarks of an eminent doctor of divinity at the recent Presbyterian Assembly in New York: "He believed that in the present state of the world, war sometimes is a direct necessity, and it must be gone through with. While the American people were drunk with the crime of slavery, the rods of God's wrath were laid upon them; and he believed now, as we had taken our dose, England ought to have hers. He believed it would serve England greatly to get a good drubbing from some one." If this is Christianity, was there not, pray, a great loss of good morals and good manners when Paganism went out of fashion?

The third instance is even more offen-

sive. At a convention of ministers in Boston, held just prior to the outbreak of the German war, one of the officers of the American Peace Society proposed a resolution that the convention unite in prayer that God would avert hostilities and bring about a peaceful solution—not a strange suggestion, surely, in an assemblage of men professing to believe in the blessings of peace and in the efficacy of prayer. It is just possible that the gentleman who offered the resolution may have been the slightest suggestion of a bore, but the cause he pleaded should have protected him from insult. As it was, the proposal was received with open and scandalous indignity by the presiding officer, who, on the strength of his service as a chaplain in the army, felt called upon to vindicate the honor and usefulness of war; and did so in a speech which for bad temper and bad morality could hardly be equaled. Peace was scoffed at in terms strangely unbecoming a minister of Christ, and war was exalted as the great agent of human progress. The poor peace-maker, anything but blessed, was morally hustled out of the convention, and victory remained with the fighting parson.

Now it is doubtless true that, in the retrospect, we seem to see that

"Civilization does get forrid,
Sometimes, upon a powder cart;"

but no man may know that the consequences of a war which can in any way be averted will be in any way productive of good. He audaciously, criminally and blasphemously usurps the function of the Almighty who assumes, or acts upon the assumption, that he can make slaughter and devastation minister to human happiness and well-being. War is, and remains, utterly unjustifiable until it becomes actually inevitable. Nor can there be any worse condition for judging of its necessity than a readiness to accept it as something grand and heroic. The great fact is, that with the native and ineradicable combativeness of men, the conservative force is habitually too weak. Without going into a discussion of the necessity, policy or rightfulness of war

under exceptional circumstances, it is certainly conclusive of the question as to the duty of the clergy, in the imminence or pendency of hostilities, that, setting aside wars for territorial aggrandizement or martial glory—for which no excuse can, of course, be urged—not one in ten of wars fought honestly in the spirit of defence, and from a sense of national necessity, has been approved as such by the judgment of history. The Crimean war, to take a recent example, was accepted by the English nation from a genuine belief in its necessity. No people was ever more fully persuaded—as people are persuaded of such things—that the threatening advance of a semi-barbarous power must be met and checked in the interest of civilization. Yet there is a frankness that is almost whimsical in the admissions of the leading statesmen of the kingdom to-day—and especially of those who were most largely responsible—that the war was fought not only under a mistaken sense of necessity, but that the mistake was one of those for which there is, at the time, no excuse; that the nation, to use the phrase of an eminent fighting Premier, “drifted into war;” and that it was simply from the want of an independent and vigorous resistance at home that all this loss of life and money was incurred.

If this is true, it is no less desirable from the standpoint of the statesman than of the divine that all the influences which make for peace should be strengthened to their maximum, and the largest amount of resistance secured to the warlike impulses of administrations, of parties and of the people at large. And this cause the clergy, by an eminent fitness, and much more by a divine reason, should represent and defend. So long as any considerable body of wise and patriotic men can be found to declare for peace, so long should the whole profession of the ministry be unanimous and earnest in the same behalf. This they should do, not by a stupid iteration of texts, nor by disingenuously disparaging the occasions of dispute, nor by weakly sentimentalizing upon the horrors of war; but by giving the whole force

of their personal and official character, their public opportunities and private influence, to the side of moderation, conciliation and adjustment, holding and proclaiming that it is hardly possible any evil can be so grievous as the evil of war. After all, perhaps, this is only another argument why the ministry should be instructed in that science of which, at present, they know least—namely, Political Economy. No man has so little sympathy with war, or can urge so many and so strong reasons against it, as the financier; and if the schools would dock a little from their course in dogmatic theology, and instruct their students in the science which shows how it is that war-taxation grinds the faces of the poor, and war-debts strengthen the hands of corrupt and wrongful power, they would better fit their charges for the work of serving the Prince of Peace in this practical and common-sense age.

It will not do to say that clergymen are equally citizens with the laity, and that no duty can be charged on them which does not equally bind the conscience of all. What has been said of the responsibility of the clergy for the event of war holds true in its degree of all who bear the name of Christians. But, as there is an eminent fitness in the minister of religion presenting and urging the considerations which make for peace, so it is a monstrous perversion of moral relations when he becomes the noisy and ill-conducted advocate of war.

I may be as hot-headed as I please, as ready to take offence, as prompt to blows, but I claim the right, as a sinful man prone to evil, to have the consecrated minister of Christ at my side, suggesting the motives of forbearance and charity, explaining away, so far as honestly may be, the occasions of dispute, and standing across my path with entreaty, persuasion and solemn warning to prevent my wrath and wrong. At the least, I may reasonably demand that it shall not be the professed and professional servant of the Prince of Peace who talks the loudest of “honor” in my hearing, cocks

the hat the jauntiest, and is readiest with suggestions of apologies and "satisfaction."

In saying that it is the duty of the Christian minister, always and everywhere, to exert his influence to postpone and diminish the causes of offence and to present the motives of conciliation, I do not mean that he is to keep incessantly and aimlessly repeating the maxims of forbearance—even the Beatitudes may become platitudes if urged without regard to circumstance or season—nor that he shall disparage injuries which are real and deep, than which nothing is more irritating; nor that he shall discuss the matter with anything less than the full spirit of a man, quick, sensitive and self-respectful.

Sir Walter Scott has given a noble picture of the Swiss Landamman, who "had never bent a knee but to Heaven," suing with tears at the feet of Charles of Burgundy for "that blessed peace so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man." Such are the sentiments of the patriot. The Christian is bound, by infinitely stronger considerations, to look to every means of adjustment by turns; to conciliate to his cause every argument for peace; to welcome the earliest disposition in his adversary toward reparation; to concede all that may be conceded with safety and with honor—and that not after the punctilious code of the

duelist, or the politician's cold-blooded calculations of possible danger—before he suffers the dismal arbitrament of war. And this he must do, not out of meanness or tameness of spirit, not because he fears the issue of arms, or is insensible to the wild attractions of battle, but in Christian compassion for those that must die and those that must mourn, and in an honest horror of the waste and riot and devastation which follow in the train of armies.

A minister of the Gospel has no right to know anything of the reasons why angry claims should be made, or why war should be declared. There may be such reasons, but they do not appeal to him. There will be enough, and more than enough, who will be prompt and eager to resort to menace and violence. His business is to present the motives—the sacred, the urgent motives—which make for peace. There will be too few, far too few, who will take heed of these in times of great excitement and irritation; and such considerations will be found none too powerful even if ministers of religion should drop their sportsmanlike interest in the prowess of armies and the comparative merits of breech-loading muskets, and devote their time and thought to preaching "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

WAIFS FROM MONTICELLO.

MR. JEFFERSON'S particularity in matters of business, both public and private, rivaled that of General Washington. Those who are at all familiar with the personal history of the author of the Declaration of Independence will need no proof of his attention to the minutest details of business. Indeed, his scrupulous regard for matters seemingly of trivial interest has been

made the subject of ridicule even by those who profess to be his greatest admirers. Such ridicule could come only from persons who are neglectful of their own affairs, for it is a characteristic of great minds, as Emerson says of the "perfect sphere," to

"Thank the atoms that cohere."

But if additional proof of Mr. Jeffer-

son's particularity be wanting, it will be found in certain original papers which were found by Captain Levy, of the U. S. Navy, when he came into possession of Monticello, the country-seat of Mr. Jefferson in the county of Albemarle, Va. Captain Levy presented them to a gentleman, from whom they were obtained by the present writer. It may not be amiss to state here that Monticello was left as a bequest to the United States in Captain Levy's will; that the property was confiscated during the war by the Confederate States, as they were then called; that, at the close of the war, it reverted to the United States, is now in charge of a tenant, and, if the writer is not misinformed, is in a dilapidated and almost ruinous condition.

Of the authenticity of these waifs from Monticello there can be no doubt whatever. The peculiar texture of the paper, the discoloration produced by age, the well-known handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, and the direct channels through which the papers came into the writer's possession, make the evidence of their genuineness quite conclusive. The first paper consists of the last three leaves (embracing pages 33-4-5-6 and 7) of a full and minute inventory of stock of various kinds, brood mares, private and State papers, directions in reference to accounts—where to find and what use to be made of them—together with a descriptive list of the kind and quantity of sawed plank which he wished to be "laid up in the scantling-house, and not to be touched for any purpose, that it may be seasoning." This inventory was doubtless made out just before Mr. Jefferson's departure for France, and left behind him as a guide to his overseers and managers. That it was done in a hurry we may infer from the chirography and from the incorrect spelling, as, for example, on page 37, where we find the word "clear" spelt "clar" in two different places. Here and there, in the original MS., a word almost undecipherable is found, but in the main the writing is easily made out. Hurried as he was, the great statesman found time to interject a little satire into his inventory, and

in page 36 puts it very naïvely: "There is a good deal due to me which probably will never be got. Should any client be honest enough to apply to pay his account," etc., etc. A county-court lawyer in Virginia at the present day might write the first of these sentences, but it would hardly occur to him to write the second. Two other sentences will be noted by the reader as characteristic of Mr. Jefferson. Where he could not enter the articles particularly, he explains in notes "the principles on which the account is to be settled," and he has been "very exact in keeping a cash account," but "all entries of this kind will be found in small pocket-books," in which "I sometimes entered contracts and other memorandums of account." Here his Virginianism seems to crop out. Very exact, and careful always to carry a pocket-book in which to enter promptly all payments of cash as soon as they were made, he nevertheless could not find time to post up his cash account in one convenient book, and did not think it worth while to employ a clerk for that purpose. Why should he, when the pocket-books (number not given, nor the place in which they are to be found) are all there, and "every one of them indexed?"

The names "Monticello," "Shadwell," "Poplar Forest," etc., which will be found on the margin of page 33 of the MS., are the names of Mr. Jefferson's several plantations and farms—names which are retained to the present day.

The second waif, headed "Spinning, Weaving, etc.," in the original MS., consists of pages 1, 2, 3 and 4, possibly, but not certainly, the first four pages of the inventory, the concluding pages of which have been already noticed. If they *are* the first of the inventory, the fact is valuable, for it shows that on leaving home the first thought of the great statesman and slaveholder (albeit he was in theory a thorough abolitionist) was for the welfare of his slaves, and particularly his slave-women. They are to spin the finest cotton and the finest thread. Aggy winds, Old Juno picks cotton, but "we have usually required

all the negroes to pick a pound a week till ^{the} whole is picked." "Lewis keeps the wheels in order. My cloth is loom free. My sister Car's to be considered as mine, and not charged to her." How minute and circumstantial all this is! And then, in case there should be more spinners than are needed, some may be "hired out to kind masters *in the neighborhood*"—not far off, where possible

maltreatment might not be promptly reported and redressed, but within easy reach, and subject to recall "on my return, be that when it will." He wants them all at home when he gets back. What a reminder of the dead days—the "good old days," as some will for ever esteem them — that will return nevermore!

GEORGE W. BAGBY.

PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

IF we could only keep them apart! But they will not thus be kept. Into the parlor, with its soft cushions and carpets, its mist of lace at the windows, its flowers and books and pictures, intrudes the kitchen—not as an humble friend, but as a phantom that will not be charmed away. Airs from Erin or Africa or the "Faderland" invade the luxurious atmosphere of the parlor, until often its occupants in sheer despair forsake it and take refuge in some hotel or boarding-house, where, though of course there is a kitchen, they hope to avoid personal acquaintance with it. Said a weary house-mother to me just before the election: "I suppose I ought to be more patriotic and womanly than I am, but really I feel less concerned about Grant or Seymour than I do about Bridget and her bread." Poor thing! I understood her perfectly. To her, in her little world of home, it did not half so much import who guided the Ship of State as how, in the event of the bread's failing to rise, she was to satisfy the appetites of her husband and boys. And she could not make the bread herself, because of her back and her arms, which were weak and aching through constant carrying of baby. Our grandmothers, it is my belief, were never conscious of their backs or their arms. They were not given to headache; and as for dyspepsia, it was a malady which they held

in utter scorn. How sweet are the memories that linger over their kitchens! Don't you remember them—wide, spacious, sunny, with the great fire leaping like a glad live thing in the fireplace, with the cozy chairs in the corner for the aged, and the broad, high-backed settle for the young; the household rooms where fun and frolic and all homely virtues reigned, and where such abortions as heavy bread and ill-cooked meats and muddy coffee were unknown? They belonged to the era of the hearth, and they have gone; and, alas! all our modern improvements have as yet failed to give us anything in their place. Of course we are not like our grandmothers, and they pervaded their kitchens. We have not their health nor their unflinching spirits, or do we go to bed or rise so early. We have gas, and they had candles. We have furnaces, and they had open fires. Our houses have double windows, and all sorts of contrivances for keeping out the cold: theirs had cracks and crannies and crevices without number. We wear more dresses, and change the fashions oftener, than they did. In their time, a sleeve was a sleeve, a silk dress was a possession, and a shawl was an heirloom. We have a dozen hats a year, and all ephemeral. They had two—one for winter and one for summer—and they lasted years. And we have our Bridgets and Rosas, and in

the South our Aunt Chloes and Nannies and Sues; and with them all trouble that turns our hair gray before we are forty.

A great deal has been said and written upon the imperfect domestic education of our girls. How they are to learn everything included in the curriculum of the schools — to become linguists and musicians, to acquire the art of good housekeeping, in itself a profession, and to be wives and mothers at twenty—is a mystery that I cannot fathom. They have not time for all, and the very persons who are most anxious that they should know all about puddings would be quite unwilling to dispense with piano or palette. But I think the root of the strife lies not here. Few and far between are the sensible, educated ladies who cannot soon become familiar with the mysteries of the spoon and the oven—who cannot emancipate themselves from the fetters of the cookery-book, and achieve desirable results. Culture, the deepest and widest, is not incompatible with excellent housekeeping, and “sweetness and light” are never more nobly employed than when they dignify and bless a home. Knowledge of books will never keep our daughters from acquiring all necessary knowledge of pots and pans. If they but feel it “worthy of their steel,” they can conquer every difficulty that lies in their path—every material difficulty at least. The contest between parlor and kitchen would have ceased long ere this to be a contest, had the only trouble been that the ladies did not know how to direct and instruct.

Occasionally, one sees in the daily record of deaths a notice like this: “At S——, on such a day, Sarah J——, for many years a faithful and beloved domestic in the family of ——.” It is a pity that such an announcement should be so rare as to attract surprise and detain observation. Our domestics ought to be faithful, and their fidelity ought to awaken love and regard as a rule, and not as a once-in-a-while exception. That they are not generally faithful, nor we especially loving, is a fact that nobody will deny. And perhaps the fault is with

us, for it is love that challenges and holds prompt and pleasant service, far oftener than service begets abounding love.

The parlor must step down from its pedestal and meet the kitchen. The lady of the house must not disdain to use, nor think wasted in the using, the arts of pleasing which make her the idol of her set in society. Let her win, first of all, the admiration of the untutored peasant-girl whom she has taken into her house, and she can, in many instances, bind her fast with cords that shall be strong enough to hold under the daily strain and stress of living together. Let her sympathize with the troubles of the woman whose home is in her house, but whose household goods are huddled together, away over the sea, in a little cabin whose broken roof lets in the rain, and whose floor is the mud and the clay. Sometimes let her ask gently and pleasantly for the old father and the young children whom the emigrant dreams of at night; and let her not frown nor be greatly angered at company sometimes in the kitchen. A merry laugh or a ripple of song will not make half so much mischief as the clouded brow and the muttered undertone which show the chafing of the spirit under repression. Servants should be considered a part of the family, under the control of the heads thereof, and having a right to due consideration and care. A lady should know how to repress that familiarity which the old proverb says “breeds contempt.” What greater danger of this is there in living heartily and pleasantly with servants than in living with children, or friends, or one’s husband? Keep the balances even with steady hand and clear-seeing eye, and the right relations will exist and adjust themselves, imperceptibly to others and greatly to the comfort of her who is responsible for so much of the happiness of home.

It has come to be an accepted idea with many mistresses that impudence is never to be passed over. All other sins may be forgiven a servant. She may be more than suspected of surreptitiously appropriating sugar and tea, of wearing your clothes to the party at Mrs.

O'Hara's, of breaking the dishes and slapping the children. These may be borne, as being among the legitimate "ills to which the flesh is heir"—that, never. One impudent reply will outweigh months of well-doing. Again and again I have heard ladies say, "Impudence must be put down. No servant should be allowed to stay a day after being saucy."

Certainly nothing is more provoking, more irritating, than impertinence, particularly from a subordinate. But why it should be selected as the one black and unpardonable transgression is at least mysterious. Our children are impertinent, and we punish or pardon them. On occasion we have ourselves given replies which have not been the most respectful. It is curious that the law which sends an impudent servant packing should be the Medo-Persian law of nine out of every ten households. For, it works in this way.

One of those days dawns—washing-day it may be—when everything seems to go awry. The father is grave and unapproachable; the mother cross; the children, naturally feeling the infection of the evil spirit that has invaded the home, develop different degrees of naughtiness. Before breakfast is over the smouldering fire begins to burn, and Bobby or Fred commits some overt act which brings a penalty upon his head. Susie cries for buttered cakes, and is sent up stairs to regale herself on bread and water. By the time the uncomfortable meal is over, and the family has dispersed in its various directions, the mistress finds her morning dimmed by a wretched feeling of ill-temper, which she tries conscientiously to calm and control. Only half succeeding, she goes into her kitchen, where on this particular day she discovers half a dozen legitimate subjects of fault-finding. She speaks of them to Bridget in a manner which makes Bridget consider herself ill-treated and quickly arouses *her* temper. A few moments more, and the fatal words of dismissal are spoken. Bridget, who has really been good "help," goes away, ready to take offence

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with greater ease in some other house, and to begin a crusade from family to family, until she becomes a pest instead of an acquisition. In her place arrives Ellen, who is migratory in her habits, and only stays a week; and after her comes Catharine, who is far from clean; and for weeks Noras and Marys and Lucys are coming and going, till the last state of that house is worse than the first. How much better it would have been for the mistress to have hushed the improper words by a dignified "Silence! you must not speak in that way;" and after the lapse of some hours, when both had had time to grow cool, to have remonstrated quietly and seriously with her handmaid upon the matter and manner of her speech!

It is assumed by some persons that it will not do ever to appear ignorant of anything in the presence of a servant. "Pretend you know all about it, whether you do or not," and get yourself in a tangle of circumstances from which you cannot gracefully get out. With servants, as with every one, is it not best to be true? If you honestly don't know how a certain thing should be done, why honestly say so, and if your domestic cannot aid you, ask some experienced friend. Sooner or later all subterfuges are found out, and there can be no real respect where there is not a foundation of perfect truthfulness. This idea is beautifully brought out in *Mistress and Maid*—a book, by the way, which ought to lie in every lady's chamber, somewhere near the table on which she keeps her favorite books of devotion. Few authors have succeeded as Mrs. Craik has in bringing down the Bible rules in their simple grandeur and strength, and adapting them to our daily life. If any one who reads this has not read the chronicle of the three Misses Leaf and their little maid, Elizabeth Hand, I advise her to purchase the volume at once. It will be an investment which will never be regretted.

One word more. The religion of the kitchen is not often the religion of the parlor. Is intolerance confined to the Church of Rome? I fear not, for too

often are Romanists spoken of in terms almost of hatred by other Christians. Worshipers of a common God, children of a common Father, pilgrims to the home wherein are many mansions, let us not quarrel by the way. If the mistress in her closet kneel and pray with greater intelligence than the maid who counts her beads and repeats her "Hail Marys" in the upper room above, both acknowledge one Saviour. By one blood-sprinkled way both must find access to Him who hears all prayer—alike the cry of the desolate and the captive, and the lisp of the child who kneels by his mother's knee.

Sometimes I am touched when I think how much to her poor ignorant children the "Church" is. She is father, mother, brother, sister and home to the poor things when they land, strangers and homesick, in this wonderful America. She unites in one word the associations of a life to every exile. The bleak sunshine that has fallen upon days often not far removed from starvation glows warm and golden around mass and vespers in the dear church at home, the one beautiful poetic element in their lives. Let us be tolerant, and not assume, on account of differing religious forms, that there can come nothing good from out the Papal Nazareth.

The long-suffering ladies of the North would doubtless smile did they see the envy with which their Southern sisters regard their white help. "One white servant would do as much work as three of these lazy negroes," is an observation frequently heard. So far as the doing is concerned it is true, for nothing will induce Dinah to hurry her steps, and method is unknown to the race. But one shall go far to find servants who shall be so polite, so courteous and so capable, in some departments, as the colored servants of the South. They are slow, but they are civil. They wait upon you with a patience that never tires,

with a lovingness that touches your heart. It is quite safe to say to your cook, as one of my friends did when hers came to inquire about the dressing of a pig: "Dear me, Aunt Hannah! how should I know? I never cooked one. Your business is to cook and mine to eat." So the lady comfortably settled herself with her book, and where auntie obtained her information I know not. But the roast pig that graced the dinner-table that day would have charmed "Elia" himself.

Aunt Hannah was a character. I can see her now, a bright yellow woman, tall and straight as an arrow, holding up her turbaned head with a pride that would have been befitting an empress, the result in her case of much "toting" of burdens. Her kitchen would have made a neat New England woman wild. It was full of odds and ends—broken bits of china, strings of peppers, muffin-rings, tea-kettles and flat-irons hobnobbing in the strangest confusion. A breakfast cooked by Aunt Hannah at her best was a feast for the gods. Her rolls, brown on the top and flaky in the centre, were perfect of their kind, and her waffles were a poem.

O Parlor! have I preached too much to you? I have felt for your woes: I have suffered with you, as what American housekeeper has not? Between you and the kitchen there is a great social gulf, which you must bridge over. Stoop from your brighter lot to those in whose lives there is not the ease and leisure which you in the mere fact of your parlorhood assert. Lift them up. No greater mission calls for the energies and efforts of my countrywomen than this—to make of kitchen and parlor "friends and fast allies." When that consummation shall be reached, many a worn face will brighten and many a heavy heart be filled with joy.

M. E. M.

MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ON the confines of a little town in Middle Germany lay the old convent. It was a strange-looking building, with its deeply-embedded windows, its creaking weather-cocks, and its flocks of jays ever circling above its gray old summit. From the crevices in the walls sprang thick tufts of grass, and a little forest of young saplings grew between the crumbling stone carvings over the arched doorway. Like two aged comrades lending mutual aid, each to the other, so did the old building and a portion of the primeval town-wall support one another; and very sensible it was on the part of the cloister, for the wall was very strong and thick. The broad surface of the latter had been covered with earth, and now verdure was sprouting and blooming as luxuriantly up there as though no hard granite lay beneath the thin layer of soil. The whole was like a long flower-bed, traversed by a very narrow footpath. It was kept in the most exquisite order. On the edges of the path bloomed a whole garland of white sweet-williams; lilies and rock-ets were growing in the beds, and the glowing fruit of the strawberry and its broad-notched leaves mingled with the wild thyme, which, clambering on the edge of the wall, placed its fine twigs carefully in the crevices between the stones. Behind the wall lay what had formerly been the cloister garden, now a waste, uncared-for plat of grass, on which the few goats possessed by the inhabitants of the building gained a scanty subsistence. Close to the wall grew a wilderness of lilac and hazel bushes, which formed a green, impenetrable hedge around the little enclosure. In spring-time the lilacs drooped their clusters of purple and white flowers over a solitary wooden bench, and an old chestnut tree spread its broad branches over

the wall and out into the road, whose row of wretched houses terminated here, thus displaying the windowless back wall of the last dwelling. Few footsteps would have marked the pathway to this distant and very uninviting portion of the town, had it not been for a jewel which stood near the old cloister—an exquisite relic of days long buried—the church of Notre Dame, around whose two slender towers a whole legendary world clustered and bloomed. The church was closed and unused: never since the last "Miserere" of the nuns had holy sounds echoed through the long forest of its pillars. The eternal lamp was extinguished; the organ lay in ruins on the pavement; around the deserted altar swallows and bats were fluttering; whilst the proud, pretentious monuments of families now long extinct were covered with a thick layer of dust.

Only the bells, whose marvelously harmonious chimes were renowned in the whole vicinity, rang every Sabbath over the deserted halls, but their melancholy sweetness could not recall the faithful who once had worshiped there.

That the old convent was allowed to stand beside this splendid building with its granite walls and pillars, was explained by the wise economy of the town authorities. For a long time it had ceased to be used for the purpose for which it had been designed. Here, too, Luther's mighty voice had burst the bolts. The town, in spite of its conversion to new opinions and teachings, had suffered the presence of the heaven-devoted virgins till they all had sunk into their last long slumber: then the cloister reverted to the city, and was appropriated as an asylum for a portion of its poor.

Now, behind the grated windows, instead of the pale faces of the nuns, appeared bearded figures, or the head of a matron scolding some culprit or busily

engaged in mending; while a whole tribe of wild, ragged children were tumbling about on the unwashed stone slabs of the court, formerly touched only by the light feet and trailing gowns of the holy sisters.

But, besides the little garden on the wall, there was another attractive side to the old building, on which the eye could rest when wearied out by sight of the human misery here crowded together. The corner where it joined the stone wall displayed four nicely-washed, white-curtained windows, the last of which opened on the garden, and could easily be used as a door, which was sometimes done, for on certain days in the week it was always wide open. A line full of fine linen extended from the corner to the old chestnut tree, and a female figure—its gathered-up apron full of clothes-peg—went industriously to and fro.

That was the old maid Hartmann. Her real name was "Suschen," but she had been called the "Dragon-fly" by the whole town for so long that actually many people had forgotten what her name in reality was. The title had been given her, not on account of her beauty of coloring and airy grace—which are rarely remarkable in one's sixtieth year—but because of her peculiar exterior, and the strange, shy way in which the long, slender figure hurried through the streets. Otherwise, she much more resembled a bat, in her hooked, thin, almost transparent nose, her ash-colored complexion and her great, lustreless eyes, which were generally hidden under the thin eyelids. The resemblance was augmented by the black *bürger-cap* which, fitting closely to the head, completely concealed the hair on the brow, and which was ornamented on the sides with stiff lace trimmings. The "Dragon-fly" was the child of a very poor cobbler, who had brought up the girl and her brother, a little older than herself, sternly and piously; and cherished no higher ambition for his two children than that Suschen, when old enough, should earn her bread honestly in service, and that his first-born should one day sit opposite to him on the bench

and carry on the honorable trade of shoe-making. The quiet, gentle Suschen, for whose circle of thought the narrow walls of the work-room enclosed a sphere abundantly sufficient, was perfectly contented with the object in life placed before her by her father. But young Leberecht's visions were much grander than those of his sister: he actually aspired to the study of theology.

The youth possessed brilliant mental capabilities, joined to an iron perseverance, and finally, with the help of a stipend, attained his darling wish. He passed his examination with great credit, and had already preached several most eloquent sermons to crowded congregations in his native town, when he fell a victim to his unceasing mental exertions and sank upon a sick bed, from which he never rose: he died of pulmonary consumption.

Suschen, who had looked upon her brother as a sort of superior being, was almost overcome with grief; but she had a motherless child to bring up and care for, and therefore was obliged to control herself, which she did, most nobly. Her connection with the child was as follows: Once, when young Leberecht went daily to his lectures, and Suschen had for some time been entitled "old maid" by the honest wives of the town, it happened that the stork, "very unnecessarily, and late in the day," as the amazed cobbler declared, alighted once more upon the roof of the latter. Nine years had passed since his last visit, when he had brought a dead child.

With a heavy heart and a troubled brow the cobbler's wife drew the worm-eaten cradle from a dark corner of the garret, drove the frightened spiders from the little couch, wiped with a damp cloth the narrow sides, on which triumphant angels' heads, with fiery-red cheeks and sky-blue eyes were rudely painted, and placed it tenderly near her own bed, not far from the old bench on which the cobbler was seated hammering furiously at an unhappy shoe-sole.

But it was of no avail. He couldn't hammer the cradle to pieces; and probably a little later he would not have de-

sired to do so if he could, for something most lovely lay within.

But it seemed as though the ancient stork must suddenly have become dim-sighted, and have mistaken the lasts hung around the workshop for the armorial bearings of some proud, illustrious family; for the child in the cradle did not at all resemble its decidedly ugly relations, and was not in the least like a cobbler's child. The dazzling white skin, the fine, light, golden hair, and the great blue eyes reposing upon the coarse pillow, seemed rather the property of some baby princess.

She became her father's idol—the mother had died when the little one was born—and was an object of unceasing admiration to her brother and sister. While the young Latin scholar was writing his translation with nimble pen, his foot kept the cradle in gentle motion: all the female beauties of classic antiquity were endowed by his youthful fancy with the delicate features of his little sister, and the child's first smile inspired him to verse.

Suschen, on her part, took the greatest care of the little one's bodily wants. She always kept her spotlessly clean, and never went out without the child on her arm, for people would stop still on the street in admiration, and seem never to weary of gazing on the exquisite little blonde. When brother Leberecht was dead, and the cobbler also (he breathed his last a short time after the decease of his son), Suschen took possession of the asylum in the old convent kindly bestowed upon her, and established herself as a clear-starcher. She brought nothing with her but her little sister, the few articles which she had inherited, and her industrious hands. But what excited attention as well as blame in the curiously-gaping inhabitants of the cloister was a neat little press, with green woolen curtains, which the "Dragon-fly" had brought to her new home. This little press contained the books which had belonged to her dead brother. To Suschen herself these literary treasures could, it is true, be of little value, for she understood nothing of their contents;

but she had often noticed with what heartfelt fondness her brother had regarded these favorites—how he would spare and stint himself to buy this or that much-desired work. On that title-page was his name in the graceful handwriting which she had always so much admired; from this book peeped strips of paper which he had placed to mark noteworthy passages; many were still enclosed in protecting paper covers carefully fastened with wafers. They were to Suschen veritable relics, which she would not have parted with for anything in the world, but would rather have died of hunger than sell them. And therefore she flew into a passion for the first time in her life when the neighbors advised her to "sell the useless things."

The "Dragon-fly" now lived only for her work and for the care of her little sister, Magdalena, who in the course of time blossomed into a strikingly beautiful young woman. Suschen often gazed on her with secret delight, and saw her, in imagination, the handsome wife of an equally handsome bürger and guild-master.

But Destiny, as well as young, loving hearts, cares nothing for the plans laid by motherly prudence and affection; and so it happened that Suschen was suddenly and rudely awakened from her dream of Magdalena's settlement in life.

Not far from the town in which the scene of this little tale is laid dwelt a lonely, widowed princess in an equally lonely castle: in her service (for she was a devotee to art) lived an Italian sculptor. It was this Neapolitan who drew a line through Suschen's plans for her sister's future. He was a handsome man, with dark, fiery eyes and coal-black hair.

One day he saw the fair-haired Magdalena Hartmann walking through the castle garden, with a basket full of fine linen poised upon her head. He fell deeply in love with her, and when, a few weeks later, after several conversations with her, he declared his passion in the shady linden avenue of the princely castle, she could not resist his pleading,

and promised, though trembling and tearful, to follow him, to his beautiful Southern home.

It was a terrible blow for the "Dragon-fly" when Magdalena announced her decision, and declared that she would die if she might not accompany her beloved. Suschen would have plead and lamented if it had not been for this last threat—which forced her to swallow her tears—and she made no opposition to her sister's betrothal; so one morning, after a quiet wedding, the sculptor Beroaldo placed his fair young wife in the carriage and led her from her German home, never to return.

For fourteen years letters came regularly from Italy, telling sometimes of joy, sometimes of sorrow. But in the fifteenth a thick package arrived one morning from Naples. It was not in Magdalena's handwriting; but when Suschen opened it a note from her sister fell out, in which she implored the "Dragon-fly" to watch over her only child, for she felt herself near unto death. A legal document accompanied the note, announcing that Giuseppe Beroaldo and his wife had both died of a malignant fever, leaving a daughter eight years old. A friend of the deceased would take the orphan child as far as Vienna, where her aunt must come and seek her, unless she desired her to be sent to some public institution. Thus Suschen learned that the parents had been entirely penniless, and that their child had not even the smallest inheritance.

At first, the "Dragon-fly" wept bitterly, but then recovered her self-command with marvelous rapidity, and displayed an unusual amount of energy and decision. She took a pair of earrings which had belonged to her dead mother, and another pair which she herself had received as a present from her godmother on her confirmation-day, from the so-called "jewel-box," an old bandbox filled with wadding: then she took the gold-embroidered crown from the peculiar white cap worn by the *bürger wives*, which had been her mother's most highly-prized ornament: her father's thick silver watch and twelve silver vest-but-

tons were added. She carried all to the goldsmith and sold them. Then she opened the little bookcase, and with trembling hands and tearful eyes took out no book, but a small, heavy bundle. A piece of white paper was folded around it, and on the paper the following words were written, in large, stiff letters and very extraordinary orthography: "I should like for this money to have a decent burial, and a tombstone, on which shall be inscribed JUNGFER SUSANNA HARTMANN." In the package were thirty bright thalers, which, with the proceeds of the articles sold, amounted to five-and-forty thalers. One morning the inhabitants of the cloister noticed, instead of the white muslin curtains before the "Dragon-fly's" windows, closely-fitting blue paper blinds, and the flower-pots on the sills had disappeared. Suschen, to the inexpressible amazement of the neighbors, had gone to seek the child of her dead sister. She was absent for three weeks: one Saturday afternoon she reappeared in the cloister-yard, coming as noiselessly as she had gone. Old and young rushed from the rooms and surrounded the new arrival, who, shy and taciturn as usual, only replied to all the questions of the pushing crowd that she had been to Vienna, and as proof thereof pointed to a little girl, who was hiding her head timidly in the "Dragon-fly's" skirts.

A remarkable little creature it certainly was that the old woman had brought home with her—"a regular gypsy child," the neighbors said—"a changeling, of whom one might almost be afraid;" so that it seemed impossible this tawny little creature could be the child of the snow-white and golden-haired Magdalena. The "Dragon-fly" had been deceived, they said: a child could see that.

And in fact the brown face of the little one, the rather large nose and the mass of coal-black hair falling over the low brow, all had quite frightened the "Dragon-fly." But she could not share the doubts of the neighbors, for the orphan bore most unmistakably the features of her Italian father. And she had his wondrously deep, beaming eyes,

though their beauty was now somewhat impaired by the too strongly-marked black eyebrows which took from the face every trace of childishness.

After a few days of repose, which were principally employed in giving the little stranger as clean and attractive an appearance as possible, the "Dragon-fly" took her charge to school, with the aid of the usual bribe of sugar-plums.

The first introduction turned out most brilliantly, as the timid old woman had expected and feared. The child clung convulsively to her aunt's hand, and when the teacher addressed her, hid her head passionately under the cloak of the latter. The gentle entreaties of the "Dragon-fly" and the impressive words of the master had no further effect than to make the child bury her head deeper, till at last he lost patience and scoldingly drew her from beneath her aunt's mantle. The whole class burst into a peal of laughter, for the mass of hair, which, by vigorous use of pomade and comb, had been with difficulty reduced to order, had, by the child's violent resistance, again become ruffled, and was staring stiffly to the four points of the compass. At the same moment the little one raised such a dolorous cry that the teacher, red with anger, put his hands to his ears and the "Dragon-fly" trembled all over with fright.

From that day the orphan stranger was outlawed, so to speak, in the eyes of the other children. They unanimously changed her own musical name, Magdalena, into "Gypsy;" whereupon the child became furious, showed her white teeth and stamped her little foot. She generally ran home from school in terror, the noisy swarm of children after her, till the hunted creature fled to the corner of some house, held her thin arms crossed over her face and remained motionless. Then only the little heaving breast showed that life was in her: she never moved, even when the wild children pulled at her clothes or sprinkled water over her, but waited patiently till sensible older people came to her rescue and sent her little tormentors home.

From the teachers she received but lit-

tle protection: they felt no sympathy for the uncanny little being who at every question raised her wild, dark eyes, frightened, to their faces, and only very rarely (and least of all by threats or rough words) was to be beguiled into an answer. It is true that these answers, when given, always displayed remarkable powers of comprehension and a clear understanding of the questions propounded by the teacher; but the few words which she uttered were harsh and in strange-sounding German, and accompanied by such violent gestures that a general laugh followed.

CHAPTER II.

ALMOST twelve years had passed since the momentous evening on which the little orphan from the South had first entered the asylum of the miserable—and just here begins this story—when on a Whit-Sunday, and as the great bells spoken of were pealing forth the afternoon chimes in their deep, powerful tones, a young man appeared at the entrance of the little street which led to the convent. Evidently he had followed the sound this far. He stood still for a moment, overcome, as it were, by the marvelous harmony. Two gray-haired matrons, adorned in their festal garments, silver-embroidered caps and wrapped in their circular cloth mantles, walked past to church and gave him a friendly greeting. Various windows opened, from which protruded the curious faces of men in shirt sleeves and women with coffee-cups in their hands. But the young man remarked nothing of all this. He walked slowly on to the little garden on the wall, his eyes fixed on the tower, through whose openings the swinging bells were seen. He passed under the shadow of the chestnut tree, leaned against the wall and listened motionless. A gentle breeze arose: a white leaf of paper floated from the wall above down to his feet, and at the same moment a female figure passed through the garden and vanished in the open window. The apparition had glided

along as swiftly and noiselessly as a shadow. The young man had only seen the back of a finely-formed head, with a mass of splendid blue-black hair, and a bare rounded arm thrown around the window-bar while the slender form bent into the room; but in the one movement lay so much youthful grace, so much serpentine suppleness, that the observer on the pavement below at once decided that a lovely face must belong to the graceful figure, and gazed at each one of the row of windows in succession, though nothing was visible behind them save the sharp profile of the "Dragon-fly," who was reading the evening service, with her spectacles pressed tightly down on her nose, and her hymn-book held off at a long distance from her eyes.

The stranger picked up the piece of paper which lay before him on the ground. It contained a hasty but correct pencil-sketch of a woman—an exquisite but purely German face, surrounded by light hair, and covered with the linen head-dress of the Neapolitan women.

The leaf had fallen from a stone table up yonder on the wall, covered with various papers: several books also lay thereon. These traces of a higher mental occupation, and the improvised lofty garden on the wall full of the hum of insects and odor of flowers, looked remarkable enough in the midst of the miserable, ruinous surroundings—almost like a stray romance which had wandered into the kingdom of stern reality.

Meantime, the peals had taken a more and more lofty flight—a sign that their end was approaching. The young man looked once more up at the tower window, but this time, instead of the swinging bells, a bright figure appeared in the narrow opening. It was the same apparition which a short time before had passed so rapidly over the wall. The stranger had no sooner remarked this than he too walked around the cloister and the church, and mounted the well-worn old stone steps which led to the belfry. His first glance, when he arrived at the top, was directed at the figure in

the window: he remained transfixed with surprise.

A young girl was seated on the sill, hushed, motionless and with folded hands. The Gothic window, with its fine-chiseled arabesques, encircled her like a narrow frame: a perfect profile, pure and faultless, and animated by a lovely expression, was traced against the deep blue heaven without, which lost itself in the tender violet of a distant, gracefully-outlined range of mountains.

The stranger's gaze, which rested fixedly and in surprise on the girl's face, seemed to possess some magnetic influence, for she turned her head suddenly. Her dark eyes opened wide and stared at him for a moment, as though he were a visitor from the spirit world: then she sprang down from the sill with a cry, hid her face in both her hands, and ran up and down the narrow space between the bells and the wall, seeking some means of escape, as if in deadly fear. It seemed as though, in her distraction, there was danger of her throwing herself between the roaring bells; so an old man ran to her, and seizing her arm, cried something in her ear in a loud tone, so as to make himself heard above the mighty peals; but she tore herself free, and hurrying past the stranger with averted face and with the rapidity of lightning, vanished in the gathering gloom below.

All this had been the work of a moment. At this instant the last stroke of the bells rang forth with almost deafening power, but soon died away in a weak, irregular ringing sound, which at last floated out into the evening air in sorrowful whisperings. There they hung, dark and still, the bells—mourning that the melody within them must be silent at the bidding of the weak mortals below.

But even long after the sound had ceased, even after the last echo had trembled away, it seemed as though an invisible life were floating from them—as though the spirits of the departed tones were following the stream which had flowed out so mightily, and with thousand hands were knocking at human bosoms;

rousing hardened natures, which angrily writhe and resist under the monition, and echoing musically over the mirror-like stream which we call "a pure soul."

Several of the bell-ringers now descended from the belfry, and greeted the stranger as they paused to put on their coats. But the old man who had spoken to the girl took off his cap courteously before the younger one, displaying a venerable, snow-white head, and said, with a peculiarly good-natured tone of voice—

"Why, what in the world did you do to Lenchen, sir, that she behaved so wildly? A moment more and she would have been killed by the bells!"

"Do I look so much like a libertine, old Jacob?" asked the young man, laughing. The old man looked up in surprise.

"You know me, sir?" asked he, and gazed inquiringly in the face of the stranger, drawing his thick white eyebrows together, and shading his eyes with his hand to see the better.

"It seems I have a more faithful memory for my old friends than you have. But how could I forget the man who helped me in all my boyish scrapes, shook down apples from the tree for me, and let me mount behind him on my father's brown mare when he rode to watering?" replied he, reaching his hand kindly to the old man.

"Ah, how could I have been so blind?" cried the latter. "Old age! old age! Ah, this is indeed a happiness! I never thought to see young Herr Werner again in my old days. But how tall and handsome you have grown! If only your blessed mother was alive, wouldn't she open her eyes to see her own flesh and blood? Are you going to stay with us now?"

"For the present, yes. But now tell me—who was the girl who was sitting here in the window?"

"That was Lenchen, the 'Dragon-fly's' niece."

"What! the 'Gypsy'!"

"Why, do you remember that, too? Yes, the naughty children gave her that name, but the 'Gypsy' has become a

beautiful maiden. People don't know it, for she always keeps in a corner, and then in poor clothes one doesn't look the same. And there are stupid folks who say she is not quite right, because she sometimes says odd things. It is true she does make remarks that such as we are cannot understand, but is that any proof of her being unsettled? You see, Herr Werner," continued the old man, passing his large, hard hand over his eyes, "the poor thing has always been so alone—no father, no mother! At first I didn't notice her particularly when she came to the tower: the others called her the 'toad,' because she always crouched so quietly in the corner. But once I observed her lay her little head against one of the bells that had just ceased ringing, and she patted and caressed it as though it was a living creature. That touched me. So I went up and spoke to her. She opened her great, frightened eyes at me, and shot down the steps like a wild-cat. But afterward she got over her fear of me. We became good friends; and I have grown so fond of the foolish little thing that my wife always has to bring my pot of coffee here on Sundays, for it is sure to be cold before I get home; and you may be certain the little one always has her share."

"Then I have prevented your coffee-drinking, for it seems the girl is not coming back," said Werner, leaning out of the tower window. Far below lay the garden on the wall, but both there and in the street reigned a death-like silence. The sunlight was glowing on the little corner, and every living thing had fled from its fiery might.

"I think not," said the old man: "she won't be back to-day—she was too much frightened. I'd like to know what was the matter with her. She always keeps out of people's way, it is true, but she generally does it so quietly that they hardly remark it. I can't imagine what got into her. You don't look so very frightful, Herr Werner."

The old man glanced, well pleased, as he spoke, at the extremely handsome, imposing figure of the young gentleman.

The latter drew out his pocket-book and showed Jacob the pencil-sketch he had found.

"Ah, that is Lenchen's mother: she drew it herself, from memory."

"What!" cried Werner, in amazement—"the young girl drew it!"

"Yes indeed. She paints beautifully. 'Sit down, Jacob,' she often says to me. 'Look, there's a bright sunbeam falling upon your head: I must draw your picture.' And in less than a quarter of an hour there I am on the paper, and everybody laughs outright when they see it, it's so much like me. An old painter lived for ever so many years in the cloister: he must have understood his business very well; but he was out of fashion, I believe—the grand folks said he didn't put intelligence enough in their faces. That's all very well, but it must have been hard to know what to do; for to paint something that isn't there to be painted must be as great an art as to ring bells with no clappers. The old painter noticed what a turn Lenchen had for drawing. He took her and showed her how paintings are made, and before long she was able to help him with wedding-verses and letters of invitation, which the common people like to have nicely illuminated. The old man has been dead for several years, and Lenchen inherits his custom: she earns a good deal of money thereby."

While talking with Werner, old Jacob closed several of the windows, shook the dust from his coat and cap—for here it whirled up in clouds at every step—and then, passing his hand caressingly over the great, magnificent bells, he and young Werner left the tower together.

They walked through several streets, and then paused before a large and somewhat gloomy-looking building—Werner's house. Here the young man said:

"You are too old now, dear Jacob, to ride to the stream, and I can get apples from the tree for myself, for I have, as you see, a pair of good, strong arms; but a faithful overseer of my house and garden, and a true, honest face that at every glance recalls my joyful childhood,

will ever be welcome to me. If you are willing, good old man, you and your wife can move this very day to the comfortable lodge of my dwelling. It is a pleasant thing to me thus to provide for your old days. But you can always go on Sundays to take care of the bells and to see your shy favorite in the tower."

Jacob looked at him as though in a dream. Trembling, he took Werner's hand, but in his delight could only ejaculate,

"If I am willing! With a thousand thanks, yes, yes. But let me run home. What will my old woman say? Why she'll jump up to the ceiling with joy, even if it makes an end of her old legs."

And he ran down the street at full speed. Werner grasped the bright brass bell-handle and rang. Immediately a woman's face, with proud, hard features and surrounded by a stiff, snow-white cap, appeared in the reflector in the window above. It disappeared as quickly, and the door swung back with the dignified, heavy motion with which the massive gates of old, wealthy mansions usually open.

Young Werner was the only child of very wealthy and respected parents, both of whom he lost in his fifteenth year. An old uncle, a clergyman, living in a distant city, became his guardian, and took the boy home with him. He there received an excellent education, attended the Gymnasium, went, later, to the University, and afterward took a trip to Italy—the object of his warmest youthful aspirations. He had a remarkable talent for painting, and lived there only for Art, as his large fortune rendered him entirely independent.

After six years' sojourn in the South he suddenly grew homesick, and returned to Germany, to dwell, for a time at least, on the spot where he had been a happy and dearly beloved child. An old widowed aunt had occupied and kept in order his paternal mansion during his long absence; so on his return he found a comfortable home awaiting its master, though no faithful mother-heart was there to greet him, and though the love-

light of the mother-eye, which had glorified all his childhood, was now gone out for ever.

CHAPTER III.

ANY one who wished to visit the "Dragon-fly" had to pass through the gloomy cloister court, which was surrounded by half-ruined buildings. In the wing on the right was a door whose lofty arch still bore beautiful traces of an artistic chisel, but several boards of the door itself had shrunk and become disjointed, contrasting strangely with the huge lock and the iron mouldings, which looked as though they would last to all time.

This entrance led into a kind of cellar-like vault. At the end of this deep passage a steep, break-neck staircase ascended to the story above. Here lived the "Dragon-fly;" and here all was clear and sunlit, though small and narrow. One forgot the uncomfortable entrance immediately in the clean room, with the huge Dutch-tile stove and the well-scoured pine furniture.

At the open window, which led out into the garden, sat Magdalena. Near her feet stood a basket with newly-ironed linen, which the thimble on her finger and the work on her lap showed that she was engaged in mending. But her needle was still. On looking at the tall, womanly figure involuntarily one glanced inquiringly at the ceiling of the room, as though to ask, "Is it possible that such a roof, so low, so crooked, so smoky, will always be the only one possessed by the beautiful head placed proudly upon the slender neck, by the expressive brow and the wondrous eyes beneath it?"

The old-fashioned book-closet, with the glass doors and the green woolen curtains, stood open. The rows of books within no longer looked new: some of them, in fact, seemed quite wornout; and they did not stand in stiff, exact order, like the troops of most libraries—elegantly uniformed, it is true, but rarely called into active service.

Many were hastily half thrust in, as though to be instantly at hand in case of sudden necessity. Revered names appeared upon the little red vignettes on the backs—names before which all mankind bend; but they shed the whole blessing of their influence here, in this poor corner of the globe, upon a being cut off from all that is called "the world."

The old artist who had instructed Magdalena in painting had been, in many ways, a well-educated man. He had been the first to call the maiden's attention to the priceless treasure in the old press, and himself gave the books into her hand, in strict succession as he considered they would be most useful to her brilliant and quickly-developing mind. In accordance with a secret agreement between the "Dragon-fly" and himself, he used to spend the long winter evenings in the warm, comfortable room, and read aloud to Magdalena, with the hum of Suschen's unwearied spinning-wheel as a cozy accompaniment, or explained to the young girl the portions which she had been unable to understand. One of those forgotten by an ungrateful world, he was somewhat embittered toward it. A decided enemy of most social conventionalities, he often entered the lists against them armed with the most cutting sarcasm, or brought to light clearly all their absurdities and contradictions. That this seed should take root quickly in a heart with hot emotions everywhere repressed by the high barriers of the world, and thus forced to prey upon itself, was not at all surprising. Thus it happened that while the spirit of the maiden trod joyfully the realms of the Ideal opened before her by her old friend in the works of the great masters, her heart was possessed by a gloomy demon—a deep distrust of her fellow-beings, created from the life-experience of the embittered old man and the recollections of her own sad childhood.

Magdalena had leaned her head against the window frame. She did not notice that a little vine branch from without had stolen in and lay caressingly on her hair: she did not see the pert little sparrow which tripped along near her

shoulder, looking for the crumbs which she was accustomed to strew for him. She was gazing dreamily far away, and held in her hand, which was hanging carelessly down, several papers fastened together.

They were old yellow leaves, containing a number of graceful verses written by the dead Leberecht—poems full of fire and softness—full of deep suffering and bitter resignation. On the title-page was written, "*To Friederika.*"

Slow footsteps on the rattling stairs without roused the young girl from her reverie. She hurried to the door, took off the cloak of the "Dragon-fly," who was just coming in, and relieved her of the basket which she held in her hand. She hung the mantle carefully on a nail, pushed the old chair which had belonged to the shoemaker up for her aunt, and then took the afternoon coffee from the stove.

The "Dragon-fly" observed the girl's industry well pleased, but a certain annoyed, dissatisfied expression about her mouth was nevertheless very apparent. Therefore, after carefully changing the black *bürger-cap* for a bright-colored cotton house-cap, she began:

"Listen, Lenchen: I met Frau Schmidt just now. She wanted to give me ten groschen, because you positively refused to take them, she says. You know, my daughter, the Bible says, 'Deal thy bread to the hungry.' My dear father used to say that often enough to me, though it never once happened that others carried out the commandment toward us, and we often were actually in want. But that made no difference, for all my life I have tried to obey the Holy Book as far as I could. But there must be some limit to everything. You worked steadily for a whole day on those funeral-verses for Frau Schmidt's child; you painted just as beautiful roses and ornaments on them as you do for much richer people; and now you won't even take money that you earned hardly enough. Ten groschen is a good deal to us, Lenchen, and Frau Schmidt's child would have been just as happy if she had placed a bunch of box upon its

coffin, instead of texts and flowers—painted on white silk, too."

"Aunt, you don't mean what you are saying," replied the girl, and her features, animated at first by a soft gentleness, assumed a stern expression. "Look at me a moment, aunt. Don't you remember how Frau Schmidt wrung her hands and wept and moaned despairingly when the good God took the little child, the light of her eyes, her whole happiness, to himself? Don't you think that when we must bury what we love out of our sight—for the time at least—there is some slight comfort, some melancholy satisfaction, in loading it with the highest outward honors that we can give, with every visible token of our affection? And does not the poor mother feel this as well as the rich one? Don't be angry, aunt: I could not take money on which the poor woman's tears had fallen."

"There you talk like a book again, and such folks as we are can't answer you. But, Lenchen, if you always do this way, you will never earn anything."

"Don't trouble yourself, aunt," replied Lenchen with a trace of bitterness. "You know very well that I have been paid for many funeral-verses already without feeling the slightest compunction at receiving the money. You didn't accept Frau Schmidt's offer, aunt, I hope?"

"Why, if you wouldn't take it, of course I couldn't. But I was angry about it, and so I said to Jacob, who came up just then. But he's not a bit better than you. 'Lenchen is right,' said he, and left me standing there."

The "Dragon-fly's" eye fell upon the manuscript which now was lying on the table.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Some of Uncle Leberecht's poetry," replied the girl. "It was in a book on the very top of the bookcase. I had never examined it before, but to-day, when I was cleaning out the case, it tumbled down and the manuscript fell out."

"Yes," said the old woman with an expression of deep emotion, "they are some beautiful song-verses: I expect

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TO MY
AUNT



MAGDALENA AND THE "DRAGON-FLY."

[Magdalena.]

Leberecht copied them from some of his books. He often asked me, during his illness, to lay this book on his bed, and just the day before he died placed it with his own hand in that large volume where you found it."

"Aunt Suschen, was Uncle Leberecht ever in love?" asked Magdalena, suddenly.

The "Dragon-fly," who, in spite of her emotion, was just raising a piece of bread to her lips, stopped midway, as much surprised as if she had been asked, "Was the earth blue and the sky green?"

"What foolish questions you ask!" said she, finally. "Leberecht—the quiet, grave Leberecht, who never looked to the right nor to the left, but trod his path purely and sedately! No!"

"But that's no reason why he should not have been in love!"

"With whom? It is true there were pretty girls enough, and the women's benches were almost ready to break down whenever he preached; but he never paid any attention to them. He never visited any one, but always stayed at home, except two or three times a week, when he went to the worshipful Herr Bürgermeister Werner's, where he gave the young man lessons."

"Had the Herr Bürgermeister any daughters?"

"Yes—one. Why, you wouldn't be so foolish as to think that Leberecht was in love with Friederika, the proudest maiden in the whole town? No, no! Leberecht never did that. Even when he became a clergyman he was only a shoemaker's son for all, and he never forgot it. But he had a hard time, for all the Werner blood were very proud and haughty. Well, well! They were rich and aristocratic enough to be proud. Dear life! they are said to have lived high in that house. Often on Saturday afternoons the servant-man would come and invite the 'Herr Candidate to a plate of soup on Sunday.' Leberecht always went, and always took his violin with him. I think he must have played well: I don't know much about such things. After dinner they would ask him to play, and Friederika

sang. But he had a good deal of trouble there, for the youth to whom he taught Latin gave him enough to do: he was a naughty, worthless lad, but he grew up into a distinguished man, and became Bürgermeister."

"Was Friederika handsome?"

"Was she handsome? I should think so! You have seen her often: she is old Frau Rätin Bauer. It is true her beauty is almost gone now. Her face is as wrinkled as mine—'A pretty young girl, an ugly old woman,' says the proverb—but formerly! formerly! I saw her as she was going to her wedding, and I shall never forget it. She had on a dress of stiff silk, as blue as the sky, and with a tremendously long train, that rustled so! Her hair was dressed very high, and was all ornamented with roses fresh from the stem, just as they grew in the garden. Ah! I remember it was the day before Leberecht died! I wanted to give him a little pleasure; so I seated myself by his bed and told him all about the wedding; and about Werner's Friederika, whom he knew so well; and how proud and happy she looked; and what a handsome man the bridegroom was. He looked at me with an expression I remember to this day: then he buried his head in the pillow, and the next day he died. I have always believed he was thinking of how much trouble her good-for-naught brother had caused him."

Magdalena gazed, deeply touched, at the old woman as she recounted, so calmly and unsuspectingly, how she had given the death-blow to her dearly beloved brother. During the narration the "Dragon-fly" placed her spectacles on her nose, and slipping a much-damaged stocking upon her hand, attacked it valiantly with needle and thread.

"Friederika Werner married the Rätin Bauer"—the "Dragon-fly" proceeded with her narrative—"and there was such a talk made about the bridegroom that no king or emperor could have caused more excitement. But pride comes before a fall, and one shouldn't call till they're out of the wood. The Herr Rätin couldn't keep money: it burnt holes in his pocket. So when he

died he left nothing, and the mice frolicked in Friederika's great money-chests. And then came a new misfortune: her daughter died at the birth of her first child, and her son-in-law fled the country in consequence of some wicked things that he had done. Then I pitied her, but misfortune has not made her softer. She holds herself as stiff and straight as ever, and even in her mourning she looked precisely the same."

"I used to know her granddaughter, Antonie, when I went to school," said Magdalena, with a hard look about her mouth. "She always sat in her place so stiffly laced up in her spotless clothes! Her yellow hair was smoothed so glossily over her temples that it shone like a looking-glass; and she affected so much superiority that the other children looked up to her in positive awe. I hated her, for she always informed the teacher of the smallest misdemeanor that was committed in the school, and smiled so contentedly when really severe punishments were decreed. It made me furious when she was held up to us as a pattern of a well-behaved child."

"Yes, Lenchen, that's the way of the world. In my time it was just the same—the Râth's daughter was always the best and the cleverest. There must be something in the title that causes it. Believe me, if the Frau Râthin hasn't made her young nephew Herr Werner—"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and she would much sooner have expected the sky to fall than to see what she now saw. The very man whose name was just on her lips entered the little room, bending under the low door, and after a pleasant greeting requested the key of the church, which he was informed that Jungfer Hartmann had in charge. The "Dragon-fly" courtésied and snatched off her glass eyes. The girl did not cry out this time, as she had done a few days before on the tower, and made no movement to quit the room: slowly the slender figure rose from the chair—it almost seemed as though she grew to the very sight. Her face had become snow-white, even to the close-

shut lips, but an angry light gleamed in her eyes, which were fixed on the young man.

While the "Dragon-fly" hurried into the next room to seek the desired key, Werner approached Magdalena. The evening sunshine fell at this moment on his handsome features: they seemed carved in marble, so noble, firm, and yet so calm and cold. He did not appear to notice the maiden's haughty manner, but said, courteously,

"I caused you alarm not long since, as it troubled me to see."

"I was dreaming of glory, and was not prepared to see a human being."

"It is painful to be awakened so rudely."

"I have been accustomed to such awakenings ever since I can remember."

"So young and yet so bitter?"

"So rich in experience, you mean."

"No, no; I don't mean that. I must first learn in what this experience consists. Of your past life I know but little."

"It is not in the least worth the trouble to seek to know more."

"But what if I am willing to take that trouble?"

"You would find that you have already been talking with me much too long."

"One might almost take your bitterness for rudeness, which shows me the door."

"If you, perhaps, are aware that even a poor unknown girl may possess knowledge of propriety, I need not tell you that such rudeness is not at this moment to be thought of."

Magdalena had placed her hand during the conversation on the framework of the window. She stood half turned away, and bent her head only proudly toward the speaker.

To everything he said her reply was instantaneously given: only her eye and the sudden changes of color betrayed her agitated thoughts and inward emotion; otherwise her face remained perfectly calm.

The "Dragon-fly" had fluttered timidly about meanwhile, casting from time to time a shy glance at the visitor. Mag-

dalena's bearing and curt answers displeased her. Where in the world did this young thing get the courage to treat in such a brief, cold manner a young gentleman so handsome and with such a fine coat on? Of what passed between them the unhappy old woman did not hear a word. She only caught the sounds of their voices, till suddenly the momentous words, "Show me the door," threw a light upon Lenchen's unlucky conduct.

Suschen left in haste the friendly shadow of the stove, behind which she had taken refuge, and said, with an attempt at sternness, which, however proved a decided failure,

"Why, Lenchen, what makes you so rude to the gentleman?"

"Don't be uneasy, Jungfer Hartmann," said Werner, smiling composedly and fixing his large blue eyes on Magdalena. "I'm a sort of treasure-seeker, and am not so easily discouraged when there is a hope of finding gold."

"Why, he talks more strangely even than Lenchen! 'A treasure-seeker,' he said! One who deals in the black art!"

Poor "Dragon-fly!" Her head swam, and she drew quickly back into her retreat, for her trial was not yet at an end.

"If you seek gold"—Magdalena took the word, with an ironical glance at the smoky ceiling and whitewashed walls of the little room—"you must be convinced by this time that your divining-rod has directed you badly. But perhaps you are not ignorant of the legend that this convent has subterranean passages, in which the Twelve Apostles in massive silver are concealed, till some lucky discoverer brings them once more to the light of day. If I might advise you—"

"I thank you for your friendly hint. However, as until now I have never had the slightest hankering after buried treasure, I will confine myself to that apostle whose marvelous teachings give new life—who in all ages wanders through the world bearing good tidings with him, and kindles instantly a glorious light in human souls, which, till his coming, languished in gloom."

The "Dragon-fly," in her corner be-

hind the stove, thought this a very impious speech, for the Twelve Apostles (whose names every good Christian had learned by heart in school) long ago had left this world for a better, and signs and wonders come to pass no more. She was prudent enough, however, to keep her opinion to herself, and endeavored to find consolation in her seclusion in rubbing the thick coating of rust from the old church-key—a restoration which, later, on calm reflection, she bitterly repented of, as it cost her a brand-new apron.

Magdalena gazed at the young man as he spoke in his deep, well-toned voice. A remarkable frankness and repose lay on his brow, broad rather than high, arched, firm and smooth as bronze. The whole face bore the same impression, and only a slight quiver of the finely-cut, sensitive nostrils, and an occasional trembling of the resolute mouth, now and then betrayed unusual excitement under the calm exterior. The strange expression appeared as he was speaking; and Magdalena, who in spite of all her endeavors, was utterly at a loss to imagine the meaning of his last words, found, as she supposed, the key to what he had said in this look: it was sarcasm, pure sarcasm. He spoke purposely in this figurative style, to which she could give no reply, so as to make her do penance for the sharp, quick answers which she had at first given. Her Southern blood boiled. She turned hastily and angrily away, and said, as she tore off the impertinent little vine branch which had crept in—

"Your apostle seems very partial in the distribution of his favors. At all events, he has thus far passed our poor old cloister by; and yet many a heavily-laden heart here has really need of a little sunshine."

Now a mischievous smile actually did appear on the face of the young man.

"Indeed! He has thus far always passed by, you say?" he asked. "Well, I assure you that I hope with my whole heart that he may enter here as soon as possible."

He bent down at these words to gaze in her face.

She rose quickly: her long tresses became loosened and caught on the window frame.

"See what you have done to your beautiful hair!" said Werner, releasing her.

A deep flush rose on Magdalena's face. She cast a glance sparkling with anger at the young man, and was out of the door in an instant. Werner gazed after her in amazement. But the "Dragon-fly" came from her corner and said, shy and embarrassed as she held the key out to him—

"Don't take it ill, Herr Werner, that Lenchen ran off in that way. But such things as 'beautiful hair' no one ever ventures to say to her. She knows well enough that from her very childhood she has always been the poor, ugly 'Gypsy,' and a raven can never change to a dove. The neighbors cannot forget the golden hair of my sainted sister—nor indeed can I—and so it has happened that Lenchen often hears them say how different she is from her mother. She cannot bear her jet black hair, and if a lock of it happens to fall over her face, it really quite frightens her. She don't look in the glass once in a year: we haven't one in the whole house. And why should we? If I put on my Sunday cap awry when I go to church, Lenchen always pulls it straight for me."

Werner smiled and took the key from her hand. The "Dragon-fly" accompanied him to the head of the steps, and courtesied till he disappeared in the dark passage-way below. At the same moment Magdalena entered the room. Her cheeks were glowing, and her features were in excited motion. The "Dragon-fly" glanced sideways at her, timidly. The girl seated herself at the window and endeavored to resume her work, but her usually firm hand trembled, and thimble, work and scissors fell in all directions down from the table. As she bent to pick them up, murmuring something about "awkward," the aunt said,

"Let them alone, Lenchen: you can't do anything right just now. But what

made you so wild all at once? He didn't do anything to you."

"He mocked me!" cried the girl, with an outburst of vehemence and tears sparkling in her glowing eyes. "He derided me! Oh these heartless ones! They enthrone themselves on their gold-chests, and look proudly and scornfully down on those who, as they imagine, drag on in the dust their miserable existences. Because I must labor with these hands to earn my daily bread, for that reason I am worse than those whom fortune lays in a golden cradle, who gaze admiringly at their delicate fingers, and think they have been given to them only to complete their aristocratic bodies. Does the rich, lace-enveloped child weep or laugh differently from the one in the rude cradle? Do the dying eyes of the millionaire see a different heaven from that which the beggars see? I can gaze in reverence at mighty Genius; I can bend admiringly before Virtue; I can honor Talent; but never will I do homage to Mammon, who strives to plant his heavy foot rudely upon the neck of each and every one, and enters coldly and carelessly the warmest, softest spot in the poor man's heart. And therefore I will defend myself to the last breath when such a tyrant comes hither and strives to insult me."

After this passionate outbreak, Magdalena was silent for a moment. The "Dragon-fly," who generally allowed all that the girl said in such moments of excitement to sound uncomprehended in her ears (and indeed her words scarcely seemed to be addressed to the old woman), had taken up her work, and improved this quiet moment by saying,

"Yes, Lenchen, so it always happens when one tries to reply boldly to aristocratic people. If you only had made your courtesy humbly and prettily! So it was in my day, and nobody ever was rude to me."

"Aunt," cried the girl, as though beside herself, "if you have any love for me, don't say such things! Don't you know it wounds me deeply? What provocation did I give the man? I re-

plied as I was forced to reply. Why did he seek our poor dwelling? No gentleman has ever before come in person to get the key from you. He came to gaze at our poverty, so as to describe it more correctly. Only look in his face! So must his aunt, the old R athin Bauer, have looked at his age. Features of bronze and ice, from which the glowing emotions of other hearts are dashed back unfelt, uncomprehended!"

"It may be as you say. I know nothing about it," observed the "Dragon-fly."
"But he's a handsome man, for all that ;

and he's very kind to old Jacob, too," she continued. "The old man is half out of his wits with delight over his new lodge, and I promised him I would come there this evening, and bring you with me. He says he can't rest until we have seen all."

Magdalena did not reply. She laid Leberecht's poems gently back in the large book : as she shut the clasps some hot tears fell on the old folio ; and in them lay the whole pent-up bitterness of an aching heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER CRISP'S SPECTACLES.

PETER CRISP had something the matter with his eyes : he needed spectacles to help him to see. But this was no uncommon misfortune ; hundreds of people, who do ten good hours' work every day of their lives, use glasses and cannot get along without them. No ; the chief trouble in Peter's case was not in wanting glasses : it was in the particular sort of glasses that he used. He had several pairs, which he always kept on hand, nobody knew exactly where : they seemed to be hidden somewhere about the head of his bed, for he often got them on before he was up in the morning.

One pair was what I should call smoked glasses, such as persons use in looking at the sun : they do very well for that purpose, preventing the bright rays from hurting the eyes. But Peter did not put them on to look at the sun with : he looked at everything through them. And as this made everything look dark and ugly, he was made to feel accordingly.

"I could iron these collars better myself!" he exclaimed one morning as he was dressing, after getting up with those glasses on. And a few minutes later, "Not a pin in the cushion as usual ;"

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and presently again, "Who *has* taken my comb and brush?"

Had any of the children chanced to come into the room about that time, it would have been worse for them.

When he sat down to breakfast there was a deep wrinkle between his eyes, caused by the weight of the glasses upon his brow.

"That Polly Ann never did make a good cup of coffee in her life," he remarked. "My dear," turning to his wife, "I do wish you would take the trouble to go down once—just once, *only* once—and show her how."

Mrs. Crisp ventured to say in a low voice that she went down every morning. Peter had no reply to make to this, but he puckered his lips as if he had been taking quinine, frowned yet more severely and pushed the cup away from him.

After this cheerful breakfast he put on his hat to go to the store, but turned back from the front door and came to the foot of the stairs, where he stood calling out in a loud voice that he really felt ashamed of the black around the door-knob and bell-handle. In the street, a few moments afterward, a gentleman joined him, to whom he was as pleasant

as possible. But when he got into the counting-room, it was plain he had the smoked glasses on still. Not one person about the concern worked as he should do, he said—none of them were worth a cent. It used to be different when he was a boy. Then he went out with a look of general disgust. As soon as he was gone the bookkeeper was cross to the clerk, and the clerk scolded the boy, and the boy went out and abused the porter.

A few mornings after that, Peter had on what might be called his blue glasses. He was in a milder frame, but low in spirits. He was sorry to see the chamber carpet wearing out, for he did not know where another would come from. At breakfast he watched all the children taking butter, and took scarcely any himself. He begged Mrs. Crisp to put less sugar in his coffee. The frown was gone from his face, but a most dejected look had come in its place. Spying a hole in the toe of his boy's shoe, he took a long breath, and hearing that the dress-maker was engaged a day next week for his daughters, he sighed aloud. Walking down the street, he looked as if he had lost a near relative, and at the store all day he felt like one on the eve of breaking.

He had one more pair of glasses, the color of which could never be distinctly made out: they seemed more of a mud-color than anything else. He did not wear them so often as either of the others, but when he did they had a very singular effect. It was thought by many that they befogged him, rather than helped him see; for after putting them on of a morning he would get up and dress hardly speaking a word. At breakfast he would say nothing, and not seem to want anybody else to; consequently the whole family would sit and munch in silence; then he would rise from the table and walk out of the front door as if he was dumb; and although it was a relief when he had gone and made matters something better, still a chilling influence remained behind him the whole morning.

Peter had been wearing these glasses a good many years, when it occurred to

him one day that things never looked very cheerful in his eyes, that he was never very happy, and that perhaps his spectacles had something to do with it.

"I wish I could get another and a better pair," said he. Then he remembered that his neighbor, Samuel Seabright, had to wear glasses also, but he always appeared to see well and to have a pleasant face on. Meeting him the next morning, he said,

"Neighbor, if it is not making too free, may I ask where you get your spectacles?"

"Certainly," replied Samuel. "I am glad to tell you. They are good ones, and I wish every man with poor eyes had a pair like them."

"I would be willing to pay a good price for a pair," said Peter.

"That is not needful," replied Samuel: "they are the cheapest glasses you can get."

"Pray tell me where I can find them," said Peter.

"I got mine," said Samuel, "by the help of a certain Physician whose house you pass every day: and if you are truly anxious to get them, I know he will tell you how you can get a pair for the asking."

"I don't want them in charity," replied Peter.

"Then you cannot have them," said Samuel.

"Well," replied Peter, in a humbler voice, "I'll take them for nothing, or I'll pay a big price for them, for I want them above all things."

"Ah," said Samuel, "that sounds more like getting them. You go to him and tell him how you feel, and he will attend to your case."

Then Peter did as he was told. The Doctor looked at his eyes, and said that the disease in them was one which kept him from seeing the good in things about him: all he could see was the evil.

"And those glasses you have been wearing," he continued, "have only made them worse, till there is a danger of your getting beyond cure."

"And is there no hope for me?" asked Peter.

"Oh yes," replied the Doctor, "if you will follow the directions."

"I will do so," said Peter.

"In the first place, then," he continued, "you must wear those glasses no more. Throw them away or put them in the fire, so that you will never see them again."

"I promise to do so," replied Peter.

"In the next place, when you are given a new pair," continued the Doctor, "you must always walk in the way which they show you to be right."

"I will try not to depart from it," said Peter.

At this there came an invisible hand that took off his old smoked glasses and put on new ones, made of pure crystal, which let the light through just as it came down from the sky. But oh what a change they made to Peter! He went home, and as soon as he entered the door his house seemed like another place to him: it seemed filled with blessings.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that

those glasses have kept me from seeing all these before?"

The next morning when he got up he told his wife what had befallen him and how he felt in consequence.

"But," said she, with a loving smile, "how about those badly-ironed collars and the pins and the weak coffee?"

"Oh," he cried, "how could I ever let such trifles trouble me?"

"And then," she continued, "here is the carpet wearing out, and the boys' shoes and the girls' dresses."

"As for them," he said, "we will hope to get more when they are gone. But even if we should not have half our present comforts and indulgences, with you, my dearest, and our precious children, about me, I trust I may feel too rich ever again to utter one complaining word."

So the sunshine came into Peter Crisp's house, and he and all his family led a happier life because of his new glasses, which were a thankful heart.

SOLOMON SOBERSIDE.

THE OLD STORY.

"THE sails are set and the breeze is up,
And the prow is turned for a northern sea:
Kiss my cheek and vow me a vow
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheek, and I kiss your lips:
Never a change this heart shall know,
Whatever betide—come life, come death—
Darling, darling, I love you so!"

Oh, but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds:
A kiss burns hot through his dreams of home,
And his heart goes south with the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate—
Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!
Kisses fall on her lips and hair,
And the world goes on as it went before.

CHARLES E. HURD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE new administration is redeeming its promises of retrenchment in expenditure and of reform in the collection of the revenue. The doubt which existed in the minds of many, whether the corruption of the internal revenue system, especially, had not proceeded too far to allow of any other remedy than excision, must give way to the demonstrations of figures. The prompt and rapid increase of receipts from all sources is a guarantee that the last two years are to remain a miserable and shameful fact by themselves.

It is well that it should be so. Another such two years might have sunk the vice of official corruption too deeply into the constitution of the public body for any peaceful remedy. There has, indeed, been reason to fear that the country was approaching the condition where legal penalties and executive vigilance are helpless to prevent fraud and speculation, and that the President of the United States might become as impotent as formerly was the Czar of all the Russias, to bring the proceeds of a tax into the Treasury, secure the honest performance of a contract to victual a ship-of-war, or devise bonds and conditions effectual for the execution of any public trust. We seemed in the way to illustrate the melancholy lesson of Rome in her last days, and of Russia in the Crimean war—that nothing is so helpless as corrupt strength. The increase in the Treasury receipts is a matter of gratulation therefore, not because the Treasury balance is at present of great consequence, but as indicating that the floods of corruption are at last fairly stayed.

The receipts from the internal revenue have not yet been announced for the first complete fiscal quarter of the new administration, but enough is known to establish the fact of a growth of conscientiousness in the breasts of revenue

officials all over the country. The receipts for March, from *identical sources* of revenue, amounted to eleven millions, against seven and a half in the corresponding period of 1868; in April the receipts rose to eleven millions, against nine and a half from the same sources last year; while in May the receipts amounted to twenty millions, against sixteen in 1868. So unexpectedly full have been the collections in every quarter that, notwithstanding the general discouragement of business and the extensive reduction of inland taxes, the internal revenue—which in the first six months of the financial year exhibited a loss of a million—is now reasonably certain to have exceeded the estimates by thirteen millions of dollars. The greatest improvement has naturally been in the article of spirits. In April of 1868, only \$1,555,843 65 was received on this account: in 1869 the receipts reached \$4,451,634 52. A portion of this improvement, however, must be attributed to the necessity of withdrawing spirits in bond. For the fiscal year (ended July 1) 1868 the total collections on spirits were but little in excess of eighteen millions. For 1869, they will reach forty millions, the tax on distilled spirits, at only fifty cents a gallon, yielding largely in excess of thirty millions, while the two-dollar tax in 1868 yielded less than thirteen and a half. This astonishing result—more than twice as much revenue produced by a duty fixed at only a fourth of the former rate—is the measure of the improvement in the character of the revenue service from the change in administration, conjointly with the wise and salutary reduction of the whisky-tax within limits which allow of collection. It will be strange if a continuance of this efficiency in the collection of the revenue does not soon place United States bonds at par in gold.

Representing no party but that of the

country, we are happy thus to be able to give praise where praise is due. At the same time, the Administration ought to know that the people have not seen without regret several instances of honest and capable men turned out of office for political reasons only. In the civil service of the United States party claims should have no more weight than in the military and naval service; and perfect efficiency will not be attained until permanence in office is the rule instead of the exception.

The deaths of Dr. Dunglison and Dr. Rush have been but recently recorded in these pages, and this month we have to mention that of Dr. Charles D. Meigs, a fellow-professor with Dunglison in Jefferson College—a highly-accomplished gentleman and a popular physician, whose writings are well known the world over. Doctor Meigs leaves many sincere and attached friends: his amiability was truly remarkable, and his learning, both in and out of his profession, may be said to have been profound. In medical knowledge and an acquaintance with the writings of the fathers of medicine, which he read in the original languages with the same ease as the mass of his patients read the news of the day, Dr. Meigs stood on a pedestal not usually reached. The writer of this too imperfect notice experienced the Doctor's unbounded kindness in Paris, where he paid three visits each day to an almost attic apartment, and in a warm season, to relieve an alarming fever and save life: the patient improved and the Doctor carried him to a meeting of the French Institute, then presided over by Arago: here Dr. Meigs read a paper on an abstruse and scientific subject, that astonished the members by its research and learning. Arago said on that occasion that no foreigner he had ever met spoke the French language with such purity; and this was not a mere compliment, as it was simultaneously repeated all round the room. Beyond doubt, a memoir of Dr. Meigs will issue from the Philosophical Society. We can only give our recognition and remembrance

of his many virtues and his peculiar sweetness of temper: there are hundreds living who are in debt to him for acts of kindness who will read our brief but sorrowing record of the death of a good man, a conscientious physician, the friend and benefactor of his race.

The Nineteenth Century is the suggestive title of a new monthly magazine published in Charleston. The mere fact of such an enterprise being started is a cheering sign of the reviving fortunes and spirit of the South, but in the healthy, good-natured tone which pervades the magazine we find a happy augury for that cordial understanding between the two sections of our common country which is the great want of the time. A paper entitled "The North in the South" invites immigration, and points out the "signs of amity, cordiality and co-operation" which are beginning to appear on all sides, while the editor's remarks are in a cheerful and hopeful vein. We defy anybody, no matter what his politics, to keep from laughing at the woodcuts entitled "Sooty-graphs from the South Carolina Legislature." They comprise portraits of the "Rev. and Hon. Plenty Small (by trade a blacksmith—once worth about twelve hundred dollars, but ruined by the war—a candidate for the Chair of Natural History in the South Carolina University); Hon. Scipio Scraggs (formerly owned in Charleston, heavy on finance, and very logical, but spoiled in the making); Hon. Tony Johnson (invaluable about a stable—youthful and patriotic, but very indiscreet); Julius Cæsar Sumner (late a respectable Boston barber); Hon. Sancho Brown (late an Edisto field-hand); Hon. Fortune Flanders (very vehement and ungrammatical); Hon. January Jones (who stands on the dignity of his office); Rev. and Hon. Peter Bills (an old-fashioned plantation preacher) and the Hon. Cudjo Hardens (an old-time darkey, sensible, but slightly weak in the knees; another lamentable ruin)." The following is the speech of the last-named gentleman:

"It stan' for tru dat de bottom rail

am on de top now, but when de smash kum, who gwine tek kare o' we?

"Whar's de cullud man gwine ef de white folks enty fren'? Das' de qeshun we natib ob de State hab for konsider. De emygrashun am kummin in fas, an de cullud popylashun am dyin', an' dyin', an' dyin', an' tendin' funeral. In two or tree yeer de peeple dat own de lan' will mek de law, an' dem dat now hole de joocy orfices, an' snap de party whips roun' de leg ob we pore members ob dis House, an' pull de wool ober our eye, will be trablin' back to de Norf wid dar pockits stuff full ob State bon's and greenback. Wha' kum ob we den? I like to ax dat.

"I enty ben born in de wood to be skere by no owl, but I tink I see de writin' on de wall; an' ef he be troo, de dooty ob ebery Souf Ca'llina gem'lum on dis flo' am to stan from ondur."

We would respectfully suggest to the editor a little revision of accepted contributions before they are given out to the printer. Young writers are sometimes grateful for it, and old ones always.

. . . Some most extraordinary revelations are made in St. Clair's recently-published *Residence in Bulgaria* respecting the demoralization of the Greek clergy in Turkey. On one occasion "the conversation turned upon Papasses and religion, and N—— was much astonished to learn that the clergy of Europe are not in the habit of lending out money to their flocks at sixty per cent. interest. . . . 'How fortunate you are,' concluded he, as he drank off his *yaghli* wine, 'to have priests who don't walk off with your last fowl!'" Padre D——, "a most excellent man and true Christian, whose life is spent in deeds of self-abnegation and charity," said to the author: "I have lived many years in the East, and I assure you that I have seen the Christian name so uniformly profaned by its professors that when I hear any one in the street say of me, 'That is a Christian,' old man and Cappucino monk as I am, I feel inclined to go up and hit him with my stick."

There is a Turkish and Bulgarian tradition that when religions were given

out to the different nations of the earth, the recipients cut their several creeds upon stone, engraved them upon wood or metal, or printed them in books (the Franks, for instance): the Gypsies, however, wrote their canons upon the leaves of a cabbage, which was shortly afterward seen and eaten by a Turkish donkey: this is the reason that the Chinguinés have neither religion nor God of their own.

. . . Although in its later volumes some important papers are purposely omitted, the publication of the *Correspondance de Napoleon I.*, of which the twenty-sixth volume has just been issued by the French government, is of great historical importance. The new volume relates to the campaign of Moscow. The Emperor in his advance rested from the 28th of July to the 13th of August at Vitebsk. On the 7th of August, Meneval, the Emperor's secretary, writes to Barbier, the Imperial Librarian, at Paris, as follows: "The Emperor would like to have some amusing books. If there are any good new novels, or older ones that he is not acquainted with, or pleasant memoirs, you would do well to send them, for we have some leisure moments here that it is not easy to fill up." On the retreat from Moscow the most striking feature of the great captain's letters is his firmness under misfortune. Six days after the awful passage of the Berezina he writes to Bassano, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Vilna: "We are horribly fatigued and very hungry. Provide bread, meat and brandy against we meet. I have one hundred thousand men scattered about looking for something to eat, who are no longer with their colors: this makes us run shocking risks. Only my Old Guard is united, but famine is gaining there also. *Talk cheerfully (ayez bon langage): don't let anything leak out. Ten days of repose and plenty of provisions will restore subordination.*" Such is the stuff of which heroes are made.

. . . In a recently-published pamphlet, entitled *An Account of the Sufferings of Friends of North Carolina Yearly Meeting in Support of their Testimony*

against War, from 1861 to 1865, it is stated that "among all those who steadily refused to bear arms, and of whom many were imprisoned, not one suffered a violent death."

. . . Mr. Froude, the historian, has recently become the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, very much to the benefit of that periodical, which has had some striking papers in it within the past year.

. . . An Egyptian novel of the date of the Exodus having been translated from the original hieroglyphics into German by Dr. Brugsch, and published in 1864, an English version of the latter, by Mr. J. P. Lesley, was recently read before the American Philosophical Society. The resemblance of one of the incidents to the temptation of Joseph, as given in the Pentateuch, will strike every mind. In the one, however, we have the story of the amours of a court told by the great lawgiver to the Hebrew people—in the other the tale of a peasant's love, written by a scribe named Annana for the amusement or instruction of the young prince Seti Menephta, son of Sesostris. Mr. Lesley is of opinion that the love-story as now recovered is used to convey priestly traditions, such as that of the introduction of sun-worship from Syria into Egypt.

. . . In the *Epicure's Year Book* for 1869 there is a dialogue worth quoting:

Host. Taste this sherry, sir, magnificent! Bought it at the sale of Bishop —

Guest (having tasted). Colenso, I presume.

. . . Prof. Huxley, in a recent paper in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is hard on merely literary men: "There is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and more revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres." "Sensual caterwauling" is good. The Pro-

fessor is obviously thinking of —, and —, and —.

. . . In a recent number of the *New York World* occurs the following: "Bishop Odenheimer has caused to be denied the story that he refused to impose his episcopal hands upon false hair." If the story is untrue, one may still allow that it is *ben trovato*; for we know that the bishops of the early Church were likewise puzzled by the chignons and waterfalls of the ladies of Rome. Mr. Leckey, in his new work, *The History of European Morals*, tells us that "Clement of Alexandria questioned whether the validity of certain ecclesiastical ceremonies might not be affected by wigs; for, he asked, when the priest is placing his hand on the head of the person who kneels before him, if that hand is resting upon false hair, who is it he is really blessing? Tertullian shuddered at the thought that Christians might have the hair of those who were in hell upon their heads, and he found in the tiers of false hair that were in use a distinct rebellion against the assertion that no one can add to his stature; and in the custom of dyeing the hair, a contravention of the declaration that man cannot make one hair white or black."

. . . In a copy, now lying before us, of the well-known Revolutionary pamphlet entitled *A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies*, published in New York in 1775, there occurs the following curious note in the handwriting of Tench Tilghman: "Mr. G——y [Galloway] has said that the delegates from Virginia and Massachusetts [to the Continental Congress] talked of reviving their old charters and dividing the continent between them." The Middle States had then, as they have now, something to say about the ambitious projects entertained by the extremists.

Some fifteen years ago, in the days before the *demi-monde* became a power in the world of fashion—in those good old times when it was not considered seemly for a modest woman to make the dress, the manners and the personal charms of

the Anonymas and the Cora Pearls of the day the subjects of her conversation—there flourished in London a beautiful woman of the *lorette* species who was known by the name, real or assumed, of Laura Bell. This creature contrived to secure a box at the Royal Italian Opera directly opposite to that occupied by the Queen, and whatever toilette Victoria might wear on Opera nights, Miss Bell was sure to appear in a fac-simile of it the next evening. This adroit species of annoyance was kept up during the entire season, and it is said so great was Her Majesty's vexation that she consulted her lawyers to know if legal measures could not be taken to put a stop to the *lorette's* exasperating and insolent conduct. Her legal advisers informed her, however, that Miss Bell had a perfect right to take whatever box she pleased at the Opera, and to wear any decent costume that suited her therein. English law was powerless in that instance to protect the English sovereign against annoyance. But while one fully sympathizes with the outraged feelings of the indignant Queen, one feels that the crime must have brought its own punishment, as Victoria, though the best queen, was not exactly the best-dressed woman in Europe before she subsided into an eternity of crape and bombazine.

... One of our prominent German citizens was one day reproached by an ardent fellow-Teuton with having forgotten his native country in his love for his adopted one. The answer was a noble one: "Germany is the land of my birth—my mother—and as such I revere her and hold her in grateful remembrance; but America is the land of my manhood's love and choice—my *wife*—and my first duty, my fondest affections, I therefore owe to her."

... In some of the more thinly-settled and primitive portions of our country there still exist churches where the clergyman reads out two lines of a hymn at a time for the choir to sing; which being sung, he proceeds to read two more, and so on until the hymn is finished. This is called "deaconing out"

the hymn. In one of these churches the pastor, one Sunday, rose to give out the hymn, but finding that he had forgotten his glasses, he remarked, "My eyes are dim—I cannot see: I've left my specs at home." Greatly to his astonishment the choir at once went to work and sung his remark. When they paused, he said, "I did not mean that you should sing the words I spoke just now." The choir struck up again and sung that. Whereupon the irate old man closed the hymn-book with a bang and sat down, the services that day having been opened with a very short and rather peculiar hymn.

... A lively Philadelphia belle was one day describing to a witty gentleman the exhaustion endured by herself and family after a long series of balls. "My sister called to see me one afternoon," she said, "and fell asleep on the sofa, whereupon I retired with a book to my own room and there fell asleep also." "That is the only instance I ever heard of, Miss L.," remarked her hearer, "wherein your room was better than your company."

... The Abbé Correa used to say he liked bad children the best, because they had to be sent away. Mr. S. was an eccentric old gentleman, who formerly lived in Philadelphia. The infirmities attendant on old age made it a matter of difficulty for him to turn rapidly, so as to look at objects behind him. Besides, he considered children a nuisance. "Oh, Mr. S.," said a lady, who came running after him in the street one day, "do look at my baby! Is it not a dear little thing?" Mr. S. turned slowly and painfully round, scowled at the baby a while—it was very young, very small, and looked as much like a dish of sweet-breads as anything else—then informed the happy mother, as he went on his way, with a parting grunt, "Humph, madam! *I suppose it is not any nastier than other babies!*"

... If young gentlemen of middle age who have to dye their whiskers will consult Byron, Plautus and Menander, they will find, to their consolation, that "whom the gods love dye young."

. . . There was an old Scotch gentleman who was very exemplary in his observance of religious duties, and made it a constant practice to read a portion of the Scripture every morning and evening before addressing the Throne of grace. It happened one morning that he was reading the chapter which gives an account of Samson's catching three hundred foxes, when the old lady, his wife, interrupted him by saying, "John, I'm sure that canna' be true, for our Isaac was as good a fox-hunter as there ever was in the country, and he never caught but about twanty." "Hoot! Janet," replied the old gentleman; "ye mauna' always tak' the Scripture just as it reads. Perhaps in the three hundred, there might ha' been aughteen, or maybe twanty, that were raal foxes: the rest were all skunks and woodchucks."

. . . After Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville, a story became current among the Confederate legions—which the soldiers loved to repeat over the fires of their bivouac—that, on account of his extreme piety, when their famous chieftain fell a detachment of angels left the heavenly gates to visit the battlefield and escort the hero's soul to heaven. The celestial squadron searched the corse-strewn plain, but without effect. He whom they sought could not be found, and they returned mournfully to heaven to report their want of success. But lo! behold! on arriving they found the spirit of the immortal warrior there already. *Stonewall Jackson had made a flank march, and got to heaven before them!*

. . . Once upon a time, down in ole Virginny, there flourished a veteran Ethiopian, who was known far and wide by the high-sounding cognomen of "Uncle Cæsar Pomp." Now, Uncle Cæsar Pomp was a preacher, something of a sensation preacher, and popular accordingly. On one occasion he undertook to give his hearers an account of the creation of man, and a singular jumble of Genesis and the Indian legends he made of it: "You see, bred'ren, when de Almighty fust make man, he make him out of de dust of de earf—dat

is, out of mud, for it had been a rainin' some now dat time, I 'spec. Yas, my bred'ren, he make him out ob de mud in de furro', and den lay him on de top rail ob de fence to dry in de sun." Here an eager little pickanniny in the audience jumped up and interrupted with the trenchant query, "Hallo, Uncle Cæsar Pomp, whar de wood cum from dat fence made of?" Now, when Uncle Cæsar Pomp was "riled," it is the painful duty of this historian to record that he was apt to make use of expressions hardly consistent with his duty as a preacher of the word. On this particular occasion he was not only riled, but sore puzzled for a moment, but he soon retrieved himself. Fixing his keen old eye on the delinquent, and emphasizing every word with a shake of his long, bony finger, he roared out: "You — sassy little nigga! In de last day, when you'se a burnin' up in de flames ob eternal absolution, *you won't ask whar de wood cum from dat fire made of—you won't! No, sir-e-e-e-e!*"

. . . The blunders of the telegraph in press despatches over long lines, and with inexperienced operators, are sometimes fearful. One morning in the telegraphic column of a Montgomery newspaper appeared the gratifying but startling announcement from New York, "The Devil is dead;" and it was only some days after that it was ascertained that the item was meant by the sender to chronicle the death of Mr. Devlin of New York.

A valued correspondent sends the following interesting paper:

I wonder if any of your readers have ever seen a child's book with the following title?—"The History of the Holy Jesus, containing a brief and plain account of his birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension into heaven; and his coming again at the great and last day of Judgment. Being a pleasant and profitable companion for children; compos'd on purpose for their use. By a lover of their precious souls. Boston: printed by J. Bushell and J. Green, 1749." Though its title is so long, the book itself is very small, measuring about two and a half by three and a half inches. It contains twenty-four leaves, dat

is written entirely in verse, and is illustrated with sixteen woodcuts, almost all of which are the size of the page. This edition is the sixth, and I think that the first-known woodcuts made in this country are contained in this little volume, which, besides this claim to attention, is of great value as illustrative of the history of art here in America. The woodcuts were evidently designed by the artist who engraved them. One of them is signed, in a square, at the left upper corner, J. T., being doubtless the initials of James Turner, who was an engraver on copper in Boston in 1752, this being the date of an edition of the Psalms, the notes for which were engraved by him. The earliest known engraving executed in America is a likeness of Cotton Mather, engraved by Peter Pelham on copper, and dated 1727. I have been able to find nowhere any mention of as early wood-engravings as these in this little volume. Their execution is of the roughest kind. Opposite the title is a portrait, intended probably for that of the anonymous author. It represents a man in the dress of the period, with a wig curled in horizontal rows of curls, engaged in writing. Then, backing the title, is a full-page picture of Adam and Eve—Eve taking the fruit with one hand from the serpent coiled about the tree, and with the other offering an apple to Adam. The picture of the wise men represents, on a black background, any quantity of stars, a moon and a comet, while in the foreground the wise men, in the dress of the time, big wigs, great coats, etc., are consulting the stars through a telescope supported on a regular stand, while one of them is also looking through a spy-glass. The picture of Herod slaying the innocent children is the one which is signed. It represents Herod, in the middle foreground, mounted on a black horse, in the dress of an officer, with top boots, ruffled shirt, a cap on his head, and a drawn sword in his right hand. Under his horse's feet are the corpses of two children, and two guns and a dagger. The distance is occupied by two armies of children, one on the right armed apparently with guns, and bearing three British flags; the one on the left, armed with pikes, some of them fleeing, while the flags they carry have only stripes. The illustration which, I presume, is intended to represent Christ in the temple, depicts a New England pulpit occupied by a parson, dressed with his band and gown, and holding up an open book in his left hand; on the right are three men standing with open books, and on

the left three women with books. The descriptions will serve to give an idea of the singular naïveté of design which all the illustrations possess. The first verse of the introduction will serve to give an idea of the rest :

“ The great eternal God, who made
The World and all therein,
Made Man also upright and just
And wholly free from Sin.”

The little book ends with the Child's Body of Divinity, which, as I have never seen it elsewhere, I will copy a portion of. The first letters make the alphabet :

“ Adam by's Fall bro't Death on all.”
“ By his foul Sin we've ruin'd been.”
“ Christ Jesus come to ransom some.”
“ Dare any say this ain't the Way ?”

This little book, I know, is rare, for of all those who are interested in our early history, and whom I have consulted, no one has ever seen or heard of it; yet I can hardly dare hope that it is unique. The increasing interest, however, taken in our early literature, from which, in reality, the best comprehension and understanding of our early history is to be gained, induces me to write you this description of the little volume, which, next to the Bay State Psalm-book, is the most interesting and instructive I have seen, in order to ask thus publicly whether any one knows anything further about it—either of its author, or the designer and engraver of its woodcuts, which are as yet the earliest specimens of this art known in this country?

E. H.

. . . Professor Coppée, in a note to the editor, says : A friend has just sent me the following, which I beg you to publish as an addendum, and, doubtless, an erratum, to my paper on “ Derivatives : ” “ In a *Book about Lawyers*, by John Cordy Jeffreason, question is raised about the antiquity of guineas and half-guineas as legal fees. It is asserted, on the authority of Sergeant Manning, that gold coins called ‘ *guianois d'or*, ’ issued from the ducal mint at Bordeaux, by authority of the Plantagenet sovereigns of Guienne, were, by the same authority, made current among their English subjects; and it may be suggested that those who have gone to the coast of Africa for the origin of the modern

guinea, need not have carried their searches beyond the Bay of Biscay. *Quære*: Whether the Guinea Coast itself may not owe its name to the 'guianois d'or,' for which it furnished the raw material?"

. . . We are always glad to receive contributions from our Southern friends. Here is a neat translation from the French of Maurice de Guérin, for which we are indebted to a fair correspondent in Mobile:

THE ROCK OF ONELLE.

Here in the aged rock the years have delvèd deep
These limpid hollows where the raindrops sleep;
And here at eve the vagrant bird returns
To plunge his eager beak in these pure urns.
Onelle, upon thy rock I sit and mourn
My early love, of its illusion shorn;
And here my heavy heart expends its woe
In tears that gather in the font below.
O wandering doves that hither fly, beware
Th' alluring wave, for bitter tears are there!

E. W. B.

MR. EDITOR: I write, from memory, a Latin hymn, or rather, prayer in verse, of Mary Queen of Scots. It was composed in prison, but at what date, or how it has been

preserved, I do not know. The translation I subjoin is almost literal, but cannot express the ringing and tolling of the Latin rhymes of the original. I should be very glad to be informed of its history:

O Domine Deus, speravi in te,
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me,
In dura catena,
In misera pœna,
Speravi in te.
Languendo, gemendo et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro ut liberet me.

O Lord God Almighty!
My hope is in Thee:
O Jesus, thou dear One!
Now liberate me.
In the hard chain,
In misery and pain,
I have looked unto Thee—
Fainting and groaning,
Kneeling and moaning,
Adoring, imploring:
Oh now set me free!

MR. EDITOR: What is the meaning of this proverb?—

"When the black ox has trodden on her foot."—BURTON'S *Anatomy*.

"At last the black ox trod o' my foot."—*Eastward Hoe*, by CHAPMAN, JOHNSON and MARSTON. D.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), consisting of Odes, Poems, Sonnets, Epics and Lyrical Effusions, which have not heretofore been collected together. With a Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 352.

When General Halpine died, the world lost one of its most genial spirits. Fond of society, and one of its most brilliant ornaments, he was, nevertheless, a hard worker—a combination of rare occurrence, the temptations of the one generally preventing the development of the other character. His claims to remembrance by those who knew him, by the present generation and by posterity, are various. As regards his numerous friends and acquaintances, little need be said as to the reasons they have for remembering

him: they are not likely to forget or disavow them. An admirable portrait of him, prefixed to this elegant little volume, will recall the past vividly to those who knew him, while it will, at the same time, give to those who knew him not a characteristic idea of the man. Poet, artist, journalist, satirist, soldier, lawyer, scholar and gentleman, few men ever equaled him in versatility of talent. His brain was continually at work: he would frequently compose articles and poems as he walked along the street: he was accustomed to write several hours a day; and besides fulfilling his daily editorial duties, which, of course, involved the study of that most intricate of sciences, the local politics of New York, he was in constant communication with the leading politicians of the day. It was an exciting life to lead, and General Halpine was exposed to all the temptations which be-

set those who are mixed up with wire-pullers; but he bore himself bravely through all his trials. No wonder that in the whirl of the great commercial metropolis, and prized as he was for his social qualities, his brain became so nervously excited that he could no longer sleep. Insomnia took possession of him, and to expel this troublesome visitant he had recourse to opiates, especially chloroform; and it was to an overdose of the latter, taken by mistake, that he owed his death. He was but thirty-nine years of age when he died, but he had made his mark before leaving the world. The American public is familiar with his "Miles O'Reilly," a *nom de plume* which he assumed in order to give effect to a series of humorous sketches written while he was serving in the Union army under General Hunter in South Carolina. It is not our intention to sketch his life, however: that has been done by a friendly hand in this volume. We are here concerned more immediately with his poems as now presented to the world, though this collection does not purport to be a complete one. The "Miles O'Reilly" effusions, the "Baked Meats of the Funeral," the "Lyrics by the Letter H.," and several others which are still in manuscript, will not be found in this work.

We fear that some of the characteristics of General Halpine's poetry will not secure its favorable reception with the Republican party, and especially with that portion of it who recognize Lloyd Garrison and Gerrit Smith as leaders. He had little love for the negro, and despised the colored men as soldiers. Turn to the poems headed respectively, "My Sambo of the Kom-heraus" and "Sambo a Bad Egg," and the reader will see how strong were General Halpine's sentiments on this point. We will content ourselves with quoting the last stanza of "Sambo a Bad Egg." There were thousands, however, in New York City who entertained prejudices quite as strong, at one time, against the colored race:

" You may work for us white folks, my Sambo,
Black boots and shake carpets, my Sambo,
Steal chickens and do some whitewashing
When our kitchens are Nix-kom-heraus;
But you cannot vote with us, my Sambo,
You had nothing to fight for, my Sambo,
In the war, and you gallantly won it—
Hip! hip! for the Nix-kom-heraus!"

Still more bitter is he in his lines on "Black Loyalty," wherein he ridicules the assertion that we won the contest by "black

valor." His own loyalty might by some be called in question for the concluding lines—

" To my heart with you, Longstreet and Hill,
Johnston, Lee—every man in the fight:
You were rebels, and bad ones, but still
You share my misfortune—you're white!"—

though, rightly understood, there is no treason in them.

Another offence against Republicanism is his advocacy of General McClellan and of President Johnson's "policy." He misses few opportunities of putting this forward. Of the two hundred and seventy poems comprised in this collection, a very large proportion are political, and these are essentially ephemeral in their nature, yet they contain many admirable hits at the leading actors in the world of politics, and may have a value hereafter, similar to that which attaches to the Cavalier songs of the great English Civil War. General Halpine, however, compensates for his advocacy of Johnson and McClellan by his unqualified admiration for General Sheridan and his praise of General Grant. Perhaps his Irish blood made him take more kindly to the former than to the latter. He was a red-hot Fenian: his hatred of England is loudly expressed over and over again. One would almost wonder, on reading his fierce denunciations of "the robber nation," that he did not head a crusade for the liberating of his native land from English rule. Another Halpine did, and was rewarded by the ungrateful and unsympathizing British government with twenty years' imprisonment.

General Halpine's forte was in humorous and satirical odes and epigrams. His political pieces are excellent, but mostly ephemeral from the very nature of their subjects; yet for many years they will possess an interest of their own. The best of them is that headed "Things that I seen and heerd in Buckin'ham Palace while clainin' the windies in the red dhrawin'-room, by Garland O'Halloran, Deputy Assistant Sub-deputy Glazier." It is also the longest, and professes to report a conversation between the Queen and Lord Palmerston respecting the Crimean war and the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to England. This is very amusing, and is written in the very best style of burlesque. To Lord Palmerston's malicious suggestion that, as Prince Albert took no part in the fighting, he should give up his pay as a field marshal and colonel of a regiment, the Queen replies in horror—

" That the man who does quarterly dhraw," sez she,
" In accordious with militihary law," sez she,

' The highest pay
Should take part in the fray !
Och ! he'd faint away
From the blessed light of day !
Me poor Albert 'ud fall, rowled up in a ball,
His bowels 'ud turn into wather an' gall—
An' I know widows' caps don't become me at all."

This satirical sketch is full of humor and spirit from beginning to end. So are his hits at the managers of the ball given at New York to the Prince of Wales, at the Japanese Embassy, Fernando Wood, Horace Greeley, the election of Morrissey as Representative of New York in Congress, and at the New York politicians. General Halpine undertook a much harder task than the suppression of the Southern rebellion—viz., the suppression of corruption in New York—when he became editor of *The Citizen* newspaper, to which he contributed many of the political squibs contained in this volume. Such a task was beyond human strength, and he failed. Unfortunately, he broke his health down in the attempt, and his lyrics, many of them, remain a protest against the abuses which prevail in Gotham.

The sentimental songs and odes do not soar above mediocrity. They are neatly turned; the versification is smooth and flowing; the rhythmical construction very varied, showing the hand of the scholar; but they lack the divine *afflatus*, the soul of poetry. We feel that he exhausted his brain unprofitably in these effusions. Had he stuck to his comic lyrics, he would have done better. His parodies on the "Ancient Mariner," "Hohenlinden," and other well-known pieces, are very good. The best of these is the parody on the well-known song, "St. Patrick was a Jintleman" (in itself a quiz on the believers in that venerable personage's miracles). It is an ode to Irish Astronomy, explaining the true origin of the constellation of O'Ryan (Orion). It is worthy of Lever or of Sam Lover :

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'Ryan was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation,
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was :
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.

" O'Ryan," says the saint, " avick !
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

" No rasher will I cook for you
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, " Good luck atind you !
And when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
" Them tidin's is thransportin';
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin' ?"
St. Patrick said, " A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
" Bedad," says Mick, " the huntin's rare ;
St. Patrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

As a specimen of Halpine's epigrammatic powers we quote the following epigram " To a young lady who asked him for his name in her album :"

" You ask for my name ! Ah ! dear madame, you
palter
With the hopes I have felt, as you well understand :
If you wish for my name, it is yours at the altar ;
I'll give you my name when you give me your
hand."

The best of his lyrics of the sentimental, or, rather, philosophical, order is the following on woman's rights :

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Oh, ladies, will you hear a truth,
Or late too seldom told to you,
Nor deem—he begs it of your ruth—
The writer over-bold to you ?
For, by the pulses of his youth,
He never yet was cold to you,
And therefore 'tis in sober sooth
That he would now unfold to you
What may—apart from rhythmic flights—
Be called the sum of " Woman's Rights."

For you the calm sequestered bowers,
For us to kneel and sue to you ;
Your feet upon the path of flowers
We struggle still to strew to you ;
For you to drop the healing showers
Of kindness—gentle dew to you—
On failing health and wasted powers—
The task is nothing new to you :
" Oh, these, indeed"—'tis Love indites—
" These are unquestioned Woman's Rights."

All hail! we cry, the stormiest hours,
 If thus a joy we woo to you :
 For us, of life's drugged bowl, the sours,
 If so the sweets ensue to you.
 When many a heavy hap was ours,
 Fond retrospection flew to you ;
 Good husbands and unstinted dowrs,
 And smiling babes accrue to you ;
 And, let me ask, what maiden slights
 These latter-mentioned "Woman's Rights?"

The faithfulness, the grace, the high,
 Pure thoughts of life we gain by you ;
 The vision of a softer eye,
 The finer touch attain by you ;
 Weak hopes that unto death are nigh
 Out-leaving, we sustain by you ;
 And when misfortune sweeps the sky,
 Our anchored hearts remain by you.
 Long days of toil and feverish nights
 Would ill repay these "Woman's Rights."

Why quit the calm and holy hearth
 That is heaven's antepast to us,
 To face the sterner scenes of earth,
 The troubles that are cast to us?
 Why change your soul's unsullied mirth
 For woes that rush so fast to us,
 That we would daily curse our birth
 Were not your sphere at last to us
 That sphere of home, which well requites
 The loss of these unsexing rights?

It is a beautiful tribute to the female sex, but perhaps will not be appreciated by Mrs. Cady Stanton and Mrs. Antoinette Brown as it ought to be. While this volume contains several gems which deserve to live, it contains much that cannot hope for lasting popularity.

English Photographs. By an American [Stephen Fiske]. London: Tinsley Brothers. 8vo. pp. 292.

Mr. Fiske, having desired to reveal to an admiring public his familiarity with English life, has gratified himself by publishing a volume of some three hundred pages; and as an uncomfortable consequence of this exercise of individual liberty on his part we are called upon to review the book. We do not mean to say very hard things about Mr. Fiske. In the task he has assumed are inherent difficulties of so great a magnitude that one feels inclined to give way to a weak feeling of pity for the rash adventurer who essays to overcome them.

An American realizes in part how hard a thing it is to gather up the varied phases of national life into a picture that shall fully represent the salient features of the whole, without distorting their true proportions or losing that general tone by which nations as well as individuals are best recognized, when

he remembers the dreadful efforts of our English cousins to enlighten their countrymen by the results of their experience in this land of "isms" and inexplicable contradictions. Indeed, by comparison with these shocking miscarriages Mr. Fiske deserves credit for being safely delivered of anything that is not an absolute monstrosity. And the child of Mr. Fiske's brain is not altogether repulsive. The *English Photographs*, although taken from an American negative of rather inferior quality, are still photographs, and have a certain homely truth in them that is not to be despised. Then, too, Mr. Fiske has with great courtesy selected for illustration many points of English inferiority in a manner that cannot fail to delight every true American. The harrowing recital of the agonies experienced in English railway travel is very soothing to a citizen of the country to whose genius the world owes the "brass check," and the American bosom swells with pride at the immeasurable superiority of our theatres over those of our Transatlantic cousins. It is inexpressibly comforting to know that English hotels are very bad, and that the conveniences of ordinary life in this country are, in England, not to be found outside of "princes' houses." Our tendency to great humility—that marked characteristic of American nationality—needs to be checked by occasional reference to the evidences of our better civilization so plentifully strewn through the *English Photographs*. The "soaring eagle" is seen too rarely in these degenerate days, and there seems some reason to fear lest that distinguished emblem of our freedom has gone into a hopeless decline.

Unfortunately for Mr. Fiske, his subject no longer possesses sufficient interest to atone for the lack of artistic perceptions in his pictures of it. We of this generation do not turn with the same eagerness as did our great-grandfathers to English customs and manners as models for our own. Into some sort of individuality we have at last grown. Whether the national character is a particularly desirable one is a delicate question, but such as it is, it is *our own*, and we no longer seek as a nation to liken ourselves to the people of other countries. Nor does the modern Englishman inspire in our depraved breasts the admiration he knows himself to deserve. A slight skepticism touching the loveliness of English character is one of the melancholy signs of the times. It is not that we hate our "dear cousins"—indeed we rather like them—but they *bore* us. While yet we were

in the admiring mood any representation of England had its charms for us. What man would stoop to criticise a description of the place where dwelt the idol of his soul? But now that we have discovered of how very much clay our idol is made, we are wearied with a great weariness by the never-ending accounts of what she does and how she does it; and the book that is simply descriptive of English life and character must be a very charming book indeed, or American publishers will not reprint it and Americans will not read it.

Now, Mr. Fiske's book is *not* a very charming book, though it is quite a pleasant and bright one. One who knows England and her magnificent virtues and vices may look over Mr. Fiske's *Photographs* with no serious injury. One who does not know England will learn nothing that is important to know, by his most careful examination. And it is just this peculiarity that makes any review seem unnecessarily severe. To read the book after dinner is not hard work, but to test its real worth is an ungrateful task, in which the conclusion reached is a painful example of the unreliability of post-prandial judgments. It is to be regretted that men will put these things into book form. In a newspaper or magazine the *English Photographs* would be entitled to a fair share of praise, but in a book they must be judged by a different standard. We protest against Mr. Fiske's attempted justification of his reprehensible conduct by referring in his preface to dear old Uncle Toby's fly. If Uncle Toby had been forced to pass judgment upon every loud-buzzing bluebottle, we fear that the miserable angel who weeps over human profanity would have found a vast deal of additional work on his hands. The chief fault of Mr. Fiske's book is the absence in it of anything in particular. A dead level of undeniably respectable and not unpleasant commonplace is maintained with such unbroken monotony that the reader, growing hopeless of finding anything very good, longs with a fiendish desire for something very bad. In the absence of any ideas in the book, one turns in bitterness of spirit to parsing the sentences, and goes away with refreshed recollections of English grammar, and a very lively remembrance of all the little offences against that disagreeable science of which Mr. Fiske has been guilty.

Recurring to the author's reference to Uncle Toby and the fly, and in obedience to the precedent there established, we feel justi-

fied in opening the window and placing Mr. Fiske and his book upon the outside of the ledge.

Our Admiral's Flag Abroad. The Cruise of Admiral D. G. Farragut, commanding the European Squadron in 1867-8, in the Flagship Franklin. By James Eglinton Montgomery, A. M., of the Admiral's Staff. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 8vo. pp. 282.

It must be a jolly thing (though expensive) to run into every port of every kingdom in a national ship under a great and famous commander, and be welcomed everywhere by emperor, king, queen, admiral, or whoever happens before you arrive to be "the authorities;" for, construe it as you may, there is somehow a prestige in office: the owner of the title may be a great goose or otherwise, but his office is a good or a great thing, inasmuch as it commands salutes, big receptions and a sort of high life which most people like. To sniff the cologne from the Queen of Greece's handkerchief is to have a near view of royalty, and, though the young lady is not half so good-looking as "the lass you left behind you," *is* better than the dose from your own bottle in the middy's berth. Then to dance with duchesses, to hear "Yankee Doodle" from the Caliph's band, to hobnob with royalty, and chat with the Pope! Who would not be an American officer under such auspices if he had the pocket-money to spare? for Uncle Sam is a little stingy, unless it be in burning gunpowder: he hates bills for champagne, ices and luncheon, so that the cost of a return of civilities comes, too often, from the private purse of the entertained.

Mr. Montgomery was fortunate: Farragut's right-hand man, and ready for all that turned up, he well describes all he saw. If he does not add very much to our general stock of information, he has included nice portraits and pictures, and reminds one agreeably of what one has himself seen, though perhaps not quite in so near proximity to thrones, where we find human nature much the same as at home. Mr. M. is good-humored, not too learned, talks little of Homer, Virgil or Marathon; and in short has accomplished a difficult task: he has made a proper and agreeable record of a remarkable voyage and series of receptions by the great. The hero of the tale seems as much at home with the grandees as in the roar of battle and on the topmast: his character comes out to

advantage. Without flattery, he is well described, and is declared to be a religious and good man. The voyage was altogether a gala one, such as few have ever enjoyed, and such as will not very soon be repeated.

Extracts regarding great dinners and receptions have become familiar to the readers of the daily press, and we will not make them. It is pleasant, however, to meet with such a man as Lever, now consul at Trieste: the following is Mr. Montgomery's too brief account of his acquaintance with this admirable author of *Charles O'Malley*:

"On the day succeeding, Lieutenant-Commander Hoff and the author had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Charles Lever and family at their lovely villa, Gasteiger, and were joined during the evening by Lieutenant-Commander Harris.

"It is needless to detail the enjoyments of this occasion. Those acquainted with Mr. Lever know how delightful his society is; and in all our frequent interviews with him and his charming family, we always enjoyed that fund of good-humor which characterizes his works, and that unbounded hospitality for which his people are proverbial. I recall many anecdotes which he told me with an irresistible manner that would have brought down any house; and I can conceive of no surer remedy for those afflicted with melancholy than one hour's companionship with that accomplished novelist."

Why not have brought him to this country in the Franklin? Just the thing to have done with "Harry Lorrequer!"

Books Received.

- The Sacristan's Household: A Story of Lippe-Detmold. By the author of "Mabel's Progress," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 158.
- Our New Way Around the World. By Chas. Carleton Coffin, author of "Winning His Way," etc. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 8vo. pp. 524.
- Malbone: An Oldport Romance. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 244.
- Stories in Verse. By Henry Abbey. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 12mo. pp. 128.
- My Daughter Elinor: A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 257.
- The Newcomes, and The Virginians. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 412, 411.
- The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Author's Edition. Part IV. (conclusion) and Vol. II. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo.
- The Habermeister: A Tale of the Bavarian Mountains. From the German of Herman Schmid. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 379.
- Five Acres Too Much. By Robert B. Roosevelt, author of "Game Birds," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 296.
- Elements of Astronomy. Designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 254.
- Sights and Sensations in France, Germany and Switzerland. By Edward Gould Buffum. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 310.
- Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life: An Autobiography. By John Neal. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 431.
- Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 118.
- Hans Breitmann About Town, and other New Ballads. By C. G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 62.
- Stretton: A Novel. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Illustrated. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. 250.
- Women's Suffrage: The Reform Against Nature. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 184.
- Leonora Casaloni; or, The Marriage Secret. By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 311.
- He Knew He was Right. By Anthony Trollope. Part II. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.
- The Changed Brides. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 503.
- Three Seasons in European Vineyards. By William J. Flagg. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 332.
- Married: A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 8vo. pp. 132.

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SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAM BRATTLE RETURNS HOME.

THE Tuesday's magistrates' meeting had come off at Heytesbury, and Sam Brattle had been discharged. Mr. Jones had on this occasion indignantly demanded that his client should be set free without bail, but to this the magistrates would not assent. The attorney attempted to demonstrate to them that they could not require bail for the reappearance of an accused person when that accused person was discharged simply because there was no evidence against him. But to this exposition of the law Sir Thomas and his brother magistrates would not listen. "If the other persons should at last be taken, and Brattle should not then be forthcoming, justice would suffer," said Sir Thomas. County magistrates, as a rule, are more conspicuous for common sense and cool instincts than for sound law; and Mr. Jones may perhaps have been right in his view of the case. Nevertheless, bail was demanded, and was not forthcoming without considerable trouble. Mr. Jay, the ironmonger at Warminster, declined. When spoken to on the subject by Mr. Fenwick, he declared that

the feeling among the gentry was so strong against his brother-in-law that he could not bring himself to put himself forward. He couldn't do it, for the sake of his family. When Fenwick promised to make good the money risk, Jay declared that the difficulty did not lie there. "There's the marquis, and Sir Thomas, and Squire Greenthorne, and our parson, all say, sir, as how he shouldn't be bailed at all. And then, sir, if one has a misfortune belonging to one, one doesn't want to flaunt it in everybody's face, sir." And there was trouble, too, with George Brattle from Fordingbridge. George Brattle was a prudent, hard-headed, hard-working man, not troubled with much sentiment, and caring very little what any one could say of him as long as his rent was paid; but he had taken it into his head that Sam was guilty, that he was at any rate a thoroughly bad fellow, who should be turned out of the Brattle nest, and that no kindness was due to him. With the farmer, however, Mr. Fenwick did prevail, and then the parson became the other bondsman himself. He had been strongly advised—by Gilmore, by Gilmore's uncle, the prebendary at Salisbury, and by others—not to put himself

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forward in this position. The favor which he had shown to the young man had not borne good results, either for the young man or for himself; and it would be unwise (so said his friends) to subject his own name to more remark than was necessary. He had so far assented as to promise not to come forward himself if other bailsmen could be procured. But when the difficulty came, he offered himself, and was, of necessity, accepted.

When Sam was released, he was like a caged animal, who, when liberty is first offered to him, does not know how to use it. He looked about him in the hall of the court-house, and did not at first seem disposed to leave it. The constable had asked him whether he had means of getting home, to which he replied, that "it wasn't no more than a walk." Dinner was offered to him by the constable, but this he refused, and then he stood glaring about him. After a while, Gilmore and Fenwick came up to him, and the squire was the first to speak.

"Brattle," he said, "I hope you will now go home, and remain there working with your father for the present."

"I don't know nothing about that," said the lad, not deigning to look at the squire.

"Sam, pray go home at once," said the parson. "We have done what we could for you, and you should not oppose us."

"Mr. Fenwick, if you tells me to go to—to—to—" (he was going to mention some very bad place, but was restrained by the parson's presence)—"if you tells me to go anywheres, I'll go."

"That's right. Then I tell you to go to the mill."

"I don't know as father'll let me in," said he, almost breaking into sobs as he spoke.

"That he will, heartily. Do you tell him that you had a word or two with me here, and that I'll come up and call on him to-morrow." Then he put his hand into his pocket, and, whispering something, offered the lad money. But Sam turned away and shook his head, and walked off. "I don't believe that that

fellow had any more to do with it than you or I," said Fenwick.

"I don't know what to believe," said Gilmore. "Have you heard that the marquis is in the town? Greenthorne just told me so."

"Then I had better get out of it, for Heytesbury isn't big enough for the two of us. Come, you've done here, and you might as well jog home."

Gilmore dined at the vicarage that evening, and of course the day's work was discussed. The quarrel, too, which had taken place at the farmhouse had only yet been in part described to Mrs. Fenwick. "Do you know I feel half triumphant and half frightened?" Mrs. Fenwick said to the squire. "I know that the marquis is an old fool—imperious, conceited and altogether unendurable when he attempts to interfere. And yet I have a kind of feeling that because he is a marquis, and because he owns two thousand and so many acres in the parish, and because he lives at Turn-over Park, one ought to hold him in awe."

"Frank didn't hold him in awe yesterday," said the squire.

"He holds nothing in awe," said the wife.

"You wrong me there, Janet. I hold you in great awe, and every lady in Wiltshire more or less; and I think I may say every woman. And I would hold him in a sort of awe too, if he didn't drive me beyond myself by his mixture of folly and pride."

"He can do us a great deal of mischief, you know," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"What he can do, he will do," said the parson. "He even gave me a bad name, no doubt; but I fancy he was generous enough to me in that way before yesterday. He will now declare that I am the Evil One himself, and people won't believe that. A continued, persistent enmity, always at work, but kept within moderate bounds, is more dangerous now-a-days than a hot fever of revengeful wrath. The marquis can't send out his men-at-arms and have me knocked on the head or cast into a dungeon. He can only throw mud at me,

and the more he throws at once the less will reach me."

As to Sam, they were agreed that, whether he were innocent or guilty, the old miller should be induced to regard him as innocent, as far as their joint exertion in that direction might avail. "He is innocent before the law till he has been proved to be guilty," said the squire.

"Then of course there can be nothing wrong in telling his father that he is innocent," said the lady. The squire did not quite admit this, and the parson smiled as he heard the argument, but they both acknowledged that it would be right to let it be considered throughout the parish that Sam was to be regarded as blameless for that night's transaction. Nevertheless, Mr. Gilmore's mind on the subject was not changed.

"Have you heard from Loring?" the squire asked Mrs. Fenwick, as he got up to leave the vicarage.

"Oh yes—constantly. She is quite well, Mr. Gilmore."

"I sometimes think that I'll go off and have a look at her."

"I'm sure both she and her aunt would be glad to see you."

"But would it be wise?"

"If you ask me, I'm bound to say that I think it would not be wise. If I were you, I would leave her for a while. Mary is as good as gold, but she is a woman; and, like other women, the more she is sought the more difficult she will be."

"It always seems to me," said Mr. Gilmore, "that to be successful in love a man should not be in love at all—or at any rate he should hide it." Then he went off home alone, feeling on his heart that pernicious load of a burden which comes from the unrestrained longing for some good thing which cannot be attained. It seemed to him now that nothing in life would be worth a thought if Mary Lowther should continue to say him nay; and it seemed to him, too, that unless the yea were said very quickly all his aptitudes for enjoyment would be worn out of him.

On the next morning, immediately

after breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick went down to the mill together. They went through the village, and thence by a pathway down to a little foot-bridge, and so along the river side. It was a beautiful October morning—the 7th of October—and Fenwick, as he went, talked of the pheasants. Gilmore, though he was a sportsman, and shot rabbits and partridges about his own property, and went occasionally to shooting-parties at a distance, preserved no game. There had been some old unpleasantness about the marquis' pheasants, and he had given it up. There could be no doubt that his property in the parish, being chiefly low-lying land and water meads unfit for coverts, was not well disposed for preserving pheasants, and that in shooting he would more likely shoot Lord Trowbridge's birds than his own. But it was equally certain that Lord Trowbridge's pheasants made no scruple of feeding on his land. Nevertheless, he had thought it right to give up all idea of keeping up a head of game for his own use in Bullhampton. "Upon my word, if I were Gilmore," said the parson, as a bird rose from the ground close at their feet, "I should cease to be nice about the shooting after what happened yesterday."

"You don't mean that you would retaliate, Frank?"

"I think I should."

"Is that good parson's law?"

"It's very good squire's law. And as for that doctrine of non-retaliation, a man should be very sure of his own motives before he submits to it. If a man be quite certain that he is really actuated by a Christian's desire to forgive, it may be all very well; but if there be any admixture of base alloy in his gold—if he allows himself to think that he may avoid the evils of pugnacity, and have things go smooth for him here and become a good Christian by the same process—why then I think he is likely to fall to the ground between two stools." Had Lord Trowbridge heard him, his lordship would now have been quite sure that Mr. Fenwick was an infidel.

They had both doubted whether Sam would be found at the mill, but there he

was, hard at work among the skeleton timbers when his friends reached the place. "I am glad to see you at home again, Sam," said Mrs. Fenwick, with something, however, of an inner feeling that perhaps she might be saluting a murderer. Sam touched his cap, but did not utter a word or look away from his work. They passed on amidst the heaps in front of the mill, and came to the porch before the cottage. Here, as had been his wont in all these idle days, the miller was sitting with a pipe in his mouth. When he saw the lady he got up and ducked his head, and then sat down again. "If your wife is here, I'll just step in, Mr. Brattle," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"She be there, ma'am," said the miller, pointing toward the kitchen window with his head. So Mrs. Fenwick lifted the latch and entered.

The parson sat himself down by the miller's side: "I am heartily glad, Mr. Brattle, that Sam is back with you here once again."

"He be there, at work among the rest o' 'em," said the miller.

"I saw him as I came along. I hope he will remain here now."

"I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"But he intends to do so?"

"I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"Would it not be well that you should ask him?"

"Not as I knows on, Mr. Fenwick."

It was manifest enough that the old man had not spoken to his son on the subject of the murder, and that there was no confidence—at least no confidence that had been expressed—between the father and the son. No one had as yet heard the miller utter any opinion as to Sam's innocence or his guilt. This of itself seemed to the clergyman to be a very terrible condition for two persons who were so closely united, and who were to live together, work together, eat together and have mutual interests. "I hope, Mr. Brattle," he said, "that you give Sam the full benefit of his discharge."

"He'll get his vittles and his bed, and a trifle of wages, if he works for 'em."

"I didn't mean that. I'm quite sure you wouldn't see him want a comfortable home as long as you have one to give him."

"There ain't much comfort about it now."

"I was speaking of your own opinion of the deed that was done. My own opinion is, that Sam had nothing to do with it."

"I'm sure I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"But it would be a comfort to you to think that he is innocent."

"I hain't no comfort in talking about it—not at all; and I'd rayther not, if it's all one to you, Muster Fenwick."

"I will not ask another question, but I'll repeat my own opinion, Mr. Brattle. I don't believe that he had anything more to do with the robbery or the murder than I had."

"I hope not, Muster Fenwick. Murder is a terrible crime. And now, if you'll tell me how much it was you paid the lawyer at Heytesbury—"

"I cannot say as yet. It will be some trifle. You need not trouble yourself about that."

"But I mean to pay 'un, Muster Fenwick. I can pay my way as yet, though it's hard enough at times." The parson was obliged to promise that Mr. Jones' bill of charges should be sent to him, and then he called his wife and they left the mill. Sam was still up among the timbers, and had not once come down while the visitors were in the cottage. Mrs. Fenwick had been more successful with the women than the parson had with the father. She had taken upon herself to say that she thoroughly believed Sam to be innocent, and they had thanked her with many protestations of gratitude.

They did not go back by the way they had come, but went up to the road, which they crossed, and thence to some outlying cottages which were not very far from Hampton Privets House. From these cottages there was a path across the fields back to Bullhampton, which led to the side of a small wood belonging to the marquis. There was a good deal

of woodland just here, and this special copse, called Hampton Bushes, was known to be one of the best pheasant coverts in that part of the country. Whom should they meet, standing on the path, armed with his gun, and with his keeper behind him, armed with another, but the Marquis of Trowbridge himself! They had heard a shot or two, but they had thought nothing of it, or they would have gone back to the road. "Don't speak," said the parson, as he walked on quickly with his wife on his arm. The marquis stood and scowled, but he had the breeding of a gentleman, and when Mrs. Fenwick was close to him he raised his hat. The parson also raised his, the lady bowed, and then they passed on without a word. "I had no excuse for doing so, or I would certainly have told him that Sam Brattle was comfortably at home with his father," said the parson.

"How you do like a fight, Frank!"

"If it's stand up and all fair, I don't dislike it."

CHAPTER XX.

I HAVE A JUPITER OF MY OWN NOW.

WHEN Mary Lowther returned home from that last walk with her cousin which has been mentioned, she was quite determined that she would not disturb her happiness on that night by the task of telling her engagement to her aunt. It must, of course, be told, and that at once; and it must be told also to Parson John; and a letter must be written to Janet; and another, which would be very difficult in the writing, to Mr. Gilmore; and she must be prepared to hear a certain amount of opposition from all her friends; but for the present moment she would free herself from these troubles. To-morrow, after breakfast, she would tell her aunt. To-morrow, at lunch-time, Walter would come up the lane as her accepted lover. And then, after lunch, after due consultation with him and with Aunt Sarah, the letter should be written.

She had solved, at any rate, one doubt,

and had investigated one mystery. While conscious of her own coldness toward Mr. Gilmore, she had doubted whether she was capable of loving a man—of loving him as Janet Fenwick loved her husband. Now she would not admit to herself that any woman that ever lived adored a man more thoroughly than she adored Walter Marrable. It was sweet to her to see and to remember the motions of his body. When walking by his side she could hardly forbear to touch him with her shoulder. When parting from him it was a regret to her to take her hand from his. And she told herself that all this had come to her in the course of one morning's walk, and wondered at it that her heart should be a thing capable of being given away so quickly. It had, in truth, been given away quickly enough, though the work had not been done in that one morning's walk. She had been truly honest, to herself and to others, when she said that her cousin Walter was and should be a brother to her; but had her new brother, in his brotherly confidence, told her that his heart was devoted to some other woman, she would have suffered a blow, though she would never have confessed even to herself that she suffered. On that evening when she reached home, she said very little. "She was so tired! Might she go to bed?" "What! at nine o'clock?" asked Aunt Sarah. "I'll stay up if you wish it," said Mary. But before ten she was alone in her own chamber, sitting in her own chair, with her arms folded, feeling, rather than thinking, how divine a thing it was to be in love. What could she not do for him? What would she not endure to have the privilege of living with him? What other good fortune in life could be equal to this good fortune? Then she thought of her relations with Mr. Gilmore, and shuddered as she remembered how near she had been to accepting him. "It would have been so wrong. And yet I did not see it. With him I am sure that it is right, for I feel that in going to him I can be every bit his own." So she thought and so she dreamed; and then the morning came and she had to

go down to her aunt. She ate her breakfast almost in silence, having resolved that she would tell her story the moment breakfast was over. She had, over night and while she was in bed, studiously endeavored not to con any mode of telling it. Up to the moment at which she rose her happiness was, if possible, to be untroubled. But while she dressed herself she endeavored to arrange her plans. She at last came to the conclusion that she could do it best without any plan.

As soon as Aunt Sarah had finished her breakfast, and just as she was about to proceed, according to her morning custom, down stairs to the kitchen, Mary spoke: "Aunt Sarah, I have something to tell you. I may as well bring it out at once. I am engaged to marry Walter Marrable." Aunt Sarah immediately let fall the sugar-tongs and stood speechless. "Dear aunt, do not look as if you were displeased. Say a kind word to me. I am sure you do not think that I have intended to deceive you."

"No; I do not think that," said Aunt Sarah.

"And is that all?"

"I am very much surprised. It was yesterday that you told me, when I hinted at this, that he was no more to you than a cousin or a brother."

"And so I thought—indeed I did. But when he told me how it was with him, I knew at once that I had only one answer to give. No other answer was possible. I love him better than any one else in all the world. I feel that I can promise to be his wife without the least reserve or fear. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I know I am right in this." Aunt Sarah still stood silent, meditating. "Don't you think I was right, feeling as I do, to tell him so? I had before become certain—quite, quite certain—that it was impossible to give any other answer but one to Mr. Gilmore. Dearest aunt, do speak to me."

"I do not know what you will have to live upon."

"It is settled, you know, that he will save four or five thousand pounds out of his money, and I have got twelve hun-

dred. It is not much, but it will be just something; of course he will remain in the army, and I shall be a soldier's wife. I shall think nothing of going out to India if he wishes it, but I don't think he means that. Dear Aunt Sarah, do say one word of congratulation."

Aunt Sarah did not know how to congratulate her niece. It seemed to her that any congratulation must be false and hypocritical. To her thinking, it would be a most unfitting match. It seemed to her that such an engagement had been most foolish. She was astonished at Mary's weakness, and was indignant with Walter Marrable. As regarded Mary, though she had twice uttered a word or two intended as a caution, yet she had never thought it possible that a girl so steady in her ordinary demeanor, so utterly averse to all flirtation, so little given to the weakness of feminine susceptibility, would fall at once into such a quagmire of indiscreet love-troubles. The caution had been intended rather in regard to outward appearances, and perhaps with the view of preventing the possibility of some slight heart-scratches, than with the idea that danger of this nature was to be dreaded. As Mr. Gilmore was there as an acknowledged suitor—a suitor as to whose ultimate success Aunt Sarah had her strong opinions—it would be well those cousinly-brotherly associations and confidences should not become so close as to create possible embarrassment. Such had been the nature of Aunt Sarah's caution; and now, in the course of a week or two, when the young people were in truth still strangers to each other—when Mr. Gilmore was still waiting for his answer—Mary came to her and told her that the engagement was a thing completed! How could she utter a word of congratulation?

"You mean, then, to say that you disapprove of it?" said Mary, almost sternly.

"I cannot say that I think it wise."

"I am not speaking of wisdom. Of course, Mr. Gilmore is very much richer, and all that."

"You know, Mary, that I would not counsel you to marry a man because he was rich."

"That is what you mean when you tell me I am not wise. I tried it, with all the power of thought and calculation that I could give to it, and I found that I could not marry Mr. Gilmore."

"I am not speaking about that now."

"You mean that Walter is so poor that he never should be allowed to marry."

"I don't care twopence about Walter."

"But I do, Aunt Sarah. I care more about him than all the world besides. I had to think for him."

"You did not take much time to think."

"Hardly a minute, and yet it was sufficient." Then she paused, waiting for her aunt, but it seemed that her aunt had nothing further to say. "Well," continued Mary, "if it must be so, it must. If you cannot wish me joy—"

"Dearest, you know well enough that I wish you all happiness."

"This is my happiness." It seemed to the bewildered old lady that the whole nature of the girl was altered. Mary was speaking now as might have spoken some enthusiastic young female who had at last succeeded in obtaining for herself the possession—more or less permanent—of a young man, after having fed her imagination on novels for the last five years; whereas, Mary Lowther had hitherto, in all moods of her life, been completely opposite to such feminine ways and doings. "Very well," continued Mary, "we will say nothing more about it at present. I am greatly grieved that I have incurred your displeasure, but I cannot wish it otherwise."

"I have said nothing of displeasure."

"Walter is to be up after lunch, and I will only ask that he may not be received with black looks. If it must be visited as a sin, let it be visited on me."

"Mary, that is both unkind and ungenerous."

"If you knew, Aunt Sarah, how I have longed during the night for your kind voice—for your sympathy and approval!"

Aunt Sarah paused again for a moment, and then went down to her domestic duties without another word.

In the afternoon Walter came, but Aunt Sarah did not see him. When Mary went to her, the old lady declared that for the present it would be better so. "I do not know what to say to him at present. I must think of it, and speak to his uncle, and try to find out what had best be done." She was sitting as she said this up in her own room, without even a book in her hand: in very truth passing the hour in an endeavor to decide what, in the present emergency, she ought to say or do. Mary stooped over her and kissed her, and the aunt returned her niece's caresses. "Do not let you and me quarrel, at any rate," said Miss Marrable. "Who else is there that I care for? Whose happiness is anything to me except yours?"

"Then come to him, and tell him that he also shall be dearer to you."

"No; at any rate not now. Of course you can marry, Mary, without any sanction from me. I do not pretend that you owe to me that obedience which would be due to a mother. But I cannot say—at least not yet—that such sanction as I have to give can be given to this engagement. I have a dread that it will come to no good. It grieves me. I do not forbid you to receive him, but for the present it would be better that I should not see him."

"What is her objection?" demanded Walter, with grand indignation.

"She thinks we shall be poor."

"Shall we ask her for anything? Of course we shall be poor. For the present there will be but a poor three hundred a year, or thereabouts, beyond my professional income. A few years back, if so much had been secured, friends would have thought that everything necessary had been done. If you are afraid, Mary—"

"You know I am not afraid."

"What is it to her, then? Of course we shall be poor, very poor. But we can live."

There did come upon Mary Lowther a feeling that Walter spoke of the neces-

sity of a comfortable income in a manner very different from that in which he had of late been discussing the same subject ever since she had known him. He had declared that it was impossible that he should exist in England as a bachelor on his professional income, and yet surely he would be poorer as a married man, with that three hundred a year added to it, than he would have been without it, and also without a wife. But what girl that loves a man can be angry with him for such imprudence and such inconsistency? She had already told him that she would be ready, if it were necessary, to go with him to India. She had said so before she went up to her aunt's room. He had replied that he hoped no such sacrifice would be demanded from her. "There can be no self-sacrifice on my part," she replied, "unless I am required to give up you." Of course he had taken her in his arms and kissed her. There are moments in one's life in which not to be imprudent, not to be utterly, childishly forgetful of all worldly wisdom, would be to be brutal, inhuman and devilish. "Had he told Parson John?" she asked.

"Oh yes!"

"And what does he say?"

"Just nothing. He winced his eyebrows, and suggested 'that I had changed my ideas of life.' 'So I have,' I said. 'All right!' he replied. 'I hope that Block & Curling won't have made any mistake about the five thousand pounds.' That was all he said. No doubt he thinks we're two fools, but then our folly won't embarrass him."

"Nor will it embarrass Aunt Sarah," said Mary.

"But there is this difference. If we come to grief, Parson John will eat his dinner without the slightest interference with his appetite from our misfortunes, but Aunt Sarah would suffer on your account."

"She would, certainly," said Mary.

"But we will not come to grief. At any rate, darling, we cannot consent to be made wise by the prospect of her possible sorrows on our behalf."

It was agreed that on that afternoon

Mary should write both to Mr. Gilmore and to Janet Fenwick. She offered to keep her letters and show them, when written, to her lover, but he declared that he would prefer not to see them. "It is enough for me that I triumph," he said as he left her. When he had gone she at once told her aunt that she would write the letters, and bring that to Mr. Gilmore to be read by her when they were finished. "I would postpone it for a while, if I were you," said Aunt Sarah. But Mary declared that any such delay would be unfair to Mr. Gilmore. She did write the letters before dinner, and they were as follow:

"LORING, October 15, 1868.

"MY DEAR MR. GILMORE: When last you came down to the vicarage to see me, I promised you, as you may perhaps remember, that if it should come to pass that I should engage myself to any other man, I would at once let you know that it was so. I little thought then that I should so soon be called upon to keep my promise. I will not pretend that the writing of this letter is not very painful to me, but I know that it is my duty to write it, and to put an end to a suspense which you have been good enough to feel on my account. You have, I think, heard the name of my cousin, Captain Walter Marrable, who returned from India two or three months ago. I found him staying here with his uncle, the clergyman, and now I am engaged to be his wife.

"Perhaps it would be better that I should say nothing more than this, and that I should leave myself and my character and name to your future kindness—or unkindness—without any attempt to win the former or to decry the latter; but you have been to me ever so good and noble that I cannot bring myself to be so cold and short. I have always felt that your preference for me has been a great honor to me. I have appreciated your esteem most highly, and have valued your approbation more than I have been able to say. If it could be possible that I should in future have your friendship, I should value it more

than that of any other person. God bless you, Mr. Gilmore! I shall always hope that you may be happy, and I shall hear with delight any tidings which may seem to show that you are so.

"Pray believe that I am

"Your most sincere friend,

"MARY LOWTHER.

"I have thought it best to tell Janet Fenwick what I have done."

—
"LORING, Thursday.

"DEAREST JANET: I wonder what you will say to my news? But you must not scold me. Pray do not scold me. It could never, never have been as you wanted. I have engaged myself to marry my cousin, Captain Walter Marrable, who is a nephew of Sir Gregory Marrable, and a son of Colonel Marrable; you will remember all about him, and, I dare say, knew him years ago. We shall be very poor, having not more than three hundred a year above his pay as a captain; but if he had nothing, I think I should do the same. Do you remember how I used to doubt whether I should ever have that sort of love for a man for which I used to envy you? I don't envy you any longer, and I don't regard Mr. Fenwick as being nearly so divine as I used to do. I have a Jupiter of my own now, and need envy no woman the reality of her love.

"I have written to Mr. Gilmore by the same post as will take this, and have just told him the bare truth. What else could I tell him? I have said something horribly stilted about esteem and friendship, which I would have left out, only that my letter seemed to be heartless without it. He has been to me as good as a man could be; but was it my fault that I could not love him? If you knew how I tried—how I tried to make believe to myself that I loved him; how I tried to teach myself that that sort of very chill approbation was the nearest approach to love that I could ever reach; and how I did this because you bade me! If you could understand all this, then you would not scold me. And I did almost believe that it was so. But now—! Oh dear! How would it have

been if I had engaged myself to Mr. Gilmore, and that then Walter Marrable had come to me? I get sick when I think how near I was to saying that I would love a man whom I never could have loved.

"Of course I used to ask myself what I should do with myself. I suppose every woman living has to ask and to answer that question. I used to try to think that it would be well not to think of the outer crust of myself. What did it matter whether things were soft to me or not? I could do my duty. And as this man was good and a gentleman, and endowed with high qualities and appropriate tastes, why should he not have the wife he wanted? I thought that I could pretend to love him till after some fashion I should love him. But as I think of it now, all this seems to be so horrid! I know now what to do with myself. To be his from head to foot! To feel that nothing done for him would be mean or distasteful! To stand at a washtub and wash his clothes if it were wanted! Oh, Janet, I used to dread the time in which he would have to put his arm round me and kiss me. I cannot tell you what I feel now about that other he.

"I know well how provoked you will be, and it will all come of love for me; but you cannot but own that I am right. If you have any justice in you, write to me and tell me that I am right.

"Only that Mr. Gilmore is your great friend, and that therefore just at first Walter will not be your friend, I would tell you more about him—how handsome he is, how manly and how clever. And then his voice is like the music of the spheres. You won't feel like being his friend at first, but you must look forward to his being your friend: you must love him, as I do Mr. Fenwick; and you must tell Mr. Fenwick that he must open his breast for the man who is to be my husband. Alas, alas! I fear it will be long before I can go to Bullhampton. How I do wish that he would find some nice wife to suit him!

"Good-bye, dearest Janet. If you are really good, you will write me a sweet,

kind, loving letter, wishing me joy. You must know all. Aunt Sarah has refused to congratulate me because the income is so small, nevertheless we have not quarreled. But the income will be nothing to you, and I do look forward to a kind word. When everything is settled, of course I will tell you.

"Your most affectionate friend,
"MARY LOWTHER."

The former letter of the two was shown to Miss Marrable. That lady was of opinion that it should not be sent, but would not say that, if to be sent, it could be altered for the better.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARSON JOHN THINKS ABOUT IT.

ON that same Thursday—the Thursday on which Mary Lowther wrote her two despatches to Bullhampton—Miss Marrable sent a note down to Parson John, requesting that she might have an interview with him. If he were at home and disengaged, she would go down to him that evening, or he might, if he pleased, come to her. The former she thought would be preferable. Parson John assented, and very soon after dinner the private brougham came round from the Dragon, and conveyed Miss Marrable down to the rectory at Lowtown. "I am going down to Parson John," said she to Mary: "I think it best to speak to him about the engagement." Mary received the information with a nod of her head that was intended to be gracious, and Aunt Sarah proceeded on her way. She found her cousin alone in his study, and immediately opened the subject which had brought her down the hill.

"Walter, I believe, has told you about this engagement, Mr. Marrable."

"Never was so astonished in my life! He told me last night. I had begun to think that he was getting very fond of her, but I didn't suppose it would come to this."

"Don't you think it very imprudent?"

"Of course it's imprudent, Sarah.

It don't require any thinking to be aware of that. It's downright stupid—two cousins, with nothing a year between them, when no doubt each of them might do very well. They are well-born, and well-looking, and clever, and all that. It's absurd, and I don't suppose it will ever come to anything."

"Did you tell Walter what you thought?"

"Why should I tell him? He knows what I think without my telling him; and he wouldn't care a pinch of snuff for my opinion. I tell you because you ask me."

"But ought not something to be done to prevent it?"

"What can we do? I might tell him that I wouldn't have him here any more, but I shouldn't like to do that. Perhaps she'll do your bidding."

"I fear not, Mr. Marrable."

"Then you may be quite sure he won't do mine. He'll go away and forget her. That'll be the end of it. It'll be as good as a year gone out of her life, and she'll lose this other lover of hers at— What's the name of the place? It's a pity, but that's what she'll have to go through."

"Is he so light as that?" asked Aunt Sarah, shocked.

"He's about the same as other men, I take it; and she'll be the same as other girls. They like to have their bit of fun now, and there'd be no great harm, only such fun costs the lady so plaguey dear. As for their being married, I don't think Walter will ever be such a fool as that."

There was something in this that was quite terrible to Aunt Sarah. Her Mary Lowther was to be treated in this way—to be played with as a plaything, and then to be turned off when the time for playing came to an end! And this little game was to be played for Walter Marrable's delectation, though the result of it would be the ruin of Mary's prospects in life! "I think," said she, "that if I believed him to be so base as that I would send him out of the house."

"He does not mean to be base at all.

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WHAT PARSON JOHN THINKS ABOUT IT.

[Vicar of Bullhampton.]

He's just like the rest of 'em," said Parson John.

Aunt Sarah used every argument in her power to show that something should be done, but all to no purpose. She thought that if Sir Gregory were brought to interfere, that perhaps might have an effect, but the old clergyman laughed at this. What did Captain Walter Marrable, who had been in the army all his life, and who had no special favor to expect from his uncle, care about Sir Gregory? Head of the family, indeed! What was the head of the family to him? If a girl would be a fool, the girl must take the result of her folly. That was Parson John's doctrine—that and a confirmed assurance that this engagement, such as it was, would lead to nothing. He was really very sorry for Mary, in whose praise he said ever so many good-natured things; but she had not been the first fool, and she would not be the last: it was not his business, and he could do no good by interfering. At last, however, he did promise that he would himself speak to Walter. Nothing would come of it, but, as his cousin asked him, he would speak to his nephew.

He waited for four-and-twenty hours before he spoke, and during that time was subject to none of those terrors which were now making Miss Marrable's life a burden to her. In his opinion it was almost a pity that a young fellow like Walter should be interrupted in his amusement. According to his view of life, very much wisdom was not expected from ladies, young or old. They, for the most part, had their bread found for them, and were not required to do anything, whether they were rich or poor. Let them be ever so poor, the disgrace of poverty did not fall upon them as it did upon men. But then, if they would run their heads into trouble, trouble came harder upon them than on men, and for that they had nobody to blame but themselves. Of course it was a very nice thing to be in love. Verses and pretty speeches and easy-spoken romance were pleasant enough in their way. Parson John had no doubt tried

them himself in early life, and had found how far they were efficacious for his own happiness. But young women were so apt to want too much of the excitement. A young man at Bullhampton was not enough without another young man at Loring. That we fear was the mode in which Parson John looked at the subject; which mode of looking at it, had he ever ventured to explain it to Mary Lowther, would have brought down upon his head from that young woman an amount of indignant scorn which would have been very disagreeable to Parson John. But then he was a great deal too wise to open his mind on such a subject to Mary Lowther.

"I think, sir, I'd better go up and see Curling again next week," said the captain.

"I dare say. Is anything not going right?"

"I suppose I shall get the money, but I shall like to know when. I am very anxious, of course, to fix a day for my marriage."

"I should not be over-quick about that, if I were you," said Parson John.

"Why not? Situated as I am, I must be quick. I must make up my mind, at any rate, where we're to live when we're married."

"You'll go back to your regiment, I suppose, next month?"

"Yes, sir. I shall go back to my regiment next month, unless we may make up our minds to go out to India."

"What! you and Mary?"

"Yes, I and Mary."

"As man and wife?" said Parson John, with a smile.

"How else should we go?"

"Well, no. If she goes with you, she must go as Mrs. Captain Marrable, of course. But if I were you, I would not think of anything so horrible."

"It would be horrible," said Walter Marrable.

"I should think it would. India may be all very well when a man is quite young, and if he can keep himself from beer and wine; but to go back there at your time of life with a wife, and to look forward to a dozen children there, must

be an unpleasant prospect, I should say." Walter Marrable sat silent and black. "I should give up all idea of India," continued his uncle.

"What the deuce is a man to do?" asked the captain. The parson shrugged his shoulders. "I'll tell you what I have been thinking of," said the captain. "If I could get a farm of four or five hundred acres—"

"A farm!" exclaimed the parson.

"Why not a farm? I know that a man can do nothing with a farm unless he has capital. He should have ten or twelve pounds an acre for his land, I suppose. I should have that and some trifle of an income besides if I sold out. I suppose my uncle would let me have a farm under him."

"He would see you — farther first."

"Why shouldn't I do as well with a farm as another?"

"Why not turn shoemaker? Because you have not learned the business. Farmer, indeed! You'd never get the farm, and if you did you would not keep it for three years. You've been in the army too long to be fit for anything else, Walter." Captain Marrable looked black and angry at being so counseled, but he believed what was said to him, and had no answer to make to it. "You must stick to the army," continued the old man; "and if you'll take my advice, you'll do so without the impediment of a wife."

"That's quite out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?"

"How can you ask me, Uncle John? Would you have me go back from an engagement after I have made it?"

"I would have you go back from anything that was silly."

"And tell a girl after I have asked her to be my wife that I don't want to have anything more to do with her?"

"I should not tell her that, but I should make her understand, both for her own sake and for mine, that we had been too fast, and that the sooner we gave up our folly the better for both of us. You can't marry her—that's the truth of it."

"You'll see if I can't."

"If you choose to wait ten years, you may."

"I won't wait ten months, nor, if I can have my own way, ten weeks." (What a pity that Mary could not have heard him!) "Half the fellows in the army are married without anything beyond their pay, and I'm to be told that we can't get along with three hundred a year! At any rate, we'll try."

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," said Uncle John.

"According to the doctrines that are going now-a-days," said the captain, "it will be held soon that a gentleman can't marry unless he has got three thousand a year. It is the most heartless, damnable teaching that ever came up. It spoils the men, and makes women, when they do marry, expect ever so many things that they ought never to want."

"And you mean to teach them better, Walter?"

"I mean to act for myself, and not be frightened out of doing what I think right because the world says this and that." As he so spoke the angry captain got up to leave the room.

"All the same," rejoined the parson, firing the last shot, "I'd think twice about it, if I were you, before I married Mary Lowther."

"He's more of an ass, and twice as headstrong as I thought him," said Parson John to Miss Marrable the next day, "but still I don't think it will come to anything. As far as I can observe, three of these engagements are broken off for one that goes on. And when he comes to look at things, he'll get tired of it. He's going up to London next week, and I sha'n't press him to come back. If he does come, I can't help it. If I were you, I wouldn't ask him up the hill, and I should tell Miss Mary a bit of my mind pretty plainly."

Hitherto, as far as words went, Aunt Sarah had told very little of her mind to Mary Lowther on the subject of her engagement, but she had spoken as yet no word of congratulation; and Mary knew that the manner in which she proposed to bestow herself was not received with favor by any of her relatives at Loring.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE FENWICKS THINK ABOUT IT.

BULLHAMPTON unfortunately was at the end of the postman's walk, and as the man came all the way from Lavington, letters were seldom received much before eleven o'clock. Now this was a most pernicious arrangement, in respect to which Mr. Fenwick carried on a perpetual feud with the Post-office authorities, having put forward a great postal doctrine that letters ought to be rained from heaven on to everybody's breakfast-table exactly as the hot water was brought in for tea. He, being an energetic man, carried on a long and angry correspondence with the authorities aforesaid, but the old man from Bullhampton continued to toddle into the village just at eleven o'clock. It was acknowledged that ten was his time, but, as he argued himself, ten and eleven were pretty much of a muchness. The consequence of this was, that Mary Lowther's letters to Mrs. Fenwick had been read by her two or three hours before she had an opportunity of speaking on the subject to her husband. At last, however, he returned, and she flew at him with a letter in her hand.

"Frank," she said—"Frank, what do you think has happened?"

"The Bank of England must have stopped, from the look of your face."

"I wish it had, with all my heart, sooner than this. Mary has gone and engaged herself to her cousin Walter Marrable."

"Mary Lowther?"

"Yes, Mary Lowther—our Mary. And from what I remember hearing about him, he is anything but nice."

"He had a lot of money left to him the other day."

"It can't have been much, because Mary owns that they will be very poor. Here is her letter. I am so unhappy about it! Don't you remember hearing about that Colonel Marrable who was in a horrible scrape about somebody's wife?"

"You shouldn't judge the son from the father."

"They've been in the army together,

and they're both alike. I hate the army. They are almost always no better than they should be."

"That's true, my dear, certainly, of all services, unless it be the army of martyrs; and there may be a doubt on the subject even as to them. May I read it?"

"Oh yes: she has been half ashamed of herself every word she has written. I know her so well. To think that Mary Lowther should have engaged herself to any man after two days' acquaintance!"

Mr. Fenwick read the letter through attentively, and then handed it back. "It's a good letter," he said.

"You mean that it's well written?"

"I mean that it's true. There are no touches put in to make effect. She does love the one man, and she doesn't love the other. All I can say is, that I'm very sorry for the it. It will drive Gilmore out of the place."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I never knew a man to be at the same time so strong and so weak in such a matter. One would say that the intensity of his affection would be the best pledge of his future happiness if he were to marry the girl; but, seeing that he is not to marry her, one cannot but feel that a man shouldn't stake his happiness on a thing beyond his reach."

"You think it is all up, then—that she really will marry this man?"

"What else can I think?"

"These things do go off sometimes. There can't be much money, because, you see, old Miss Marrable opposes the whole thing on account of there not being money enough. She is anything but rich herself, and is the last person in all the world to make a fuss about money. If it could be broken off—"

"If I understand Mary Lowther," said Mr. Fenwick, "she is not the woman to have her match broken off for her by any person. Of course I know nothing about the man, but if he is firm, she'll be as firm."

"And then she has written to Mr. Gilmore," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"It's all up with Harry, as far as this goes," said Mr. Fenwick.

The vicar had another matter of moment to discuss with his wife. Sam Brattle, after having remained hard at work at the mill for nearly a fortnight—so hard at work as to induce his father to declare that he'd bet a guinea there wasn't a man in the three parishes who could come nigh his Sam for a right-down day's work—after all this, Sam had disappeared, had been gone for two days, and was said by the constable to have been seen, at night even, on the Devizes side, from which were supposed to come the Grinder and all manner of Grinder's iniquities. Up to this time no further arrest had been made on account of Farmer Trumbull's murder, nor had any trace been found of the Grinder or of that other man who had been his companion. The leading policeman, who still had charge of the case, expressed himself as sure that the old woman at Pycroft Common knew nothing of her son's whereabouts; but he had always declared, and still continued to declare, that Sam Brattle could tell them the whole story of the murder if he pleased; and there had been a certain amount of watching kept on the young man, much to his own disgust and to that of his father. Sam had sworn aloud in the village—so much aloud that he had shown his determination to be heard by all men—that he would go to America, and see whether any one would dare to stop him. He had been told of his bail, and had replied that he would demand to be relieved of his bail—that his bail was illegal, and that he would have it all tried in a court of law. Mr. Fenwick had heard of this, and had replied that as far as he was concerned he was not in the least afraid. He believed that the bail was illegal, and he believed also that Sam would stay where he was. But now Sam was gone, and the Bullhampton constable was clearly of opinion that he had gone to join the Grinder. "At any rate, he's off somewhere," said Mr. Fenwick, "and his mother doesn't know where he's gone. Old Brattle, of course, won't say a word."

"And will it hurt you?"

"Not unless they get hold of those other fellows and require Sam's appearance. I don't doubt but that he'd turn up in that case."

"Then it does not signify."

"It signifies for him. I've an idea that I know where he's gone, and I think I shall go after him."

"Is it far, Frank?"

"Something short of Australia, very luckily."

"Oh, Frank!"

"I tell you the truth. It's my belief that Carry Brattle is living about twenty miles off, and that he's gone to see his sister."

"Carry Brattle!—down here!"

"I don't know it, and I don't want to hear it mentioned; but I fancy it is so. At any rate, I shall go and see."

"Poor, dear, bright little Carry! But how is she living, Frank?"

"She's not one of the army of martyrs, you may be sure. I dare say she's no better than she should be."

"You'll tell me if you see her?"

"Oh yes."

"Shall I send her anything?"

"The only thing to send her is money. If she is in want I'll relieve her—with a very sparing hand."

"Will you bring her back—here?"

"Ah, who can say? I should tell her mother, and I suppose we should have to ask her father to receive her. I know what his answer will be."

"He'll refuse to see her."

"No doubt. Then we should have to put our heads together, and the chances are that the poor girl will be off in the mean time—back to London and the devil. It is not easy to set crooked things straight."

In spite, however, of this interruption, Mary Lowther and her engagement to Captain Marrable was the subject of greatest interest at the vicarage that day and through the night. Mrs. Fenwick half expected that Gilmore would come down in the evening, but the vicar declared that his friend would be unwilling to show himself after the blow which he would have received. They knew that he would know that they had

received the news, and that therefore he could not come either to tell it, or with the intention of asking questions without telling it. If he came at all, he must come like a beaten cur with his tail between his legs. And then there arose the question whether it would not be better that Mary's letter should be answered before Mr. Gilmore was seen. Mrs. Fenwick, whose fingers were itching for pen and paper, declared at last that she would write at once; and did write, as follows, before she went to bed:

"THE VICARAGE, Friday.

"DEAREST MARY: I do not know how to answer your letter. You tell me to write pleasantly and to congratulate you; but how is one to do what is so utterly in opposition to one's own interests and wishes? Oh dear! oh dear! how I do so wish you had stayed at Bullhampton! I know you will be angry with me for saying so, but how can I say anything else? I cannot picture you to myself going about from town to town and living in country-quarters. And as I never saw Captain Marrable to the best of my belief, I cannot interest myself about him as I do about one whom I know and love and esteem. I feel that this is not a nice way of writing to you, and indeed it would be nice if I could. Of course I wish you to be full of joy—of course I wish with all my heart that you may be happy if you marry your cousin; but the thing has come so suddenly that we cannot bring ourselves to look upon it as a reality."

("You should speak for yourself, Janet," said Mr. Fenwick, when he came to this part of the letter. He did not, however, require that the sentence should be altered.)

"You talk so much of doing what is right! Nobody has ever doubted that you were right both in morals and sentiment. The only regret has been that such a course should be right, and that the other thing should be wrong. Poor man! we have not seen him yet, nor heard from him. Frank says that he will take it very badly. I suppose that men do always get over that kind of

thing much quicker than women do. Many women never can get over it at all; and Harry Gilmore, though there is so little about him that seems to be soft, is in this respect more like a woman than a man. Had he been otherwise, and only half cared for you, and asked you to be his wife as though your taking him was a thing he didn't much care about and quite a matter of course, I believe you would have been up at Hampton Privets this moment, instead of going soldiering with a captain.

"Frank bids me send you his kindest love and his best wishes for your happiness. Those are his very words, and they seem to be kinder than mine. Of course you have my love and my best wishes, but I do not know how to write as though I could rejoice with you. Your husband will always be dear to us, whoever he may be, if he be good to you. At present I feel very, very angry with Captain Marrable, as though I wish he had had his head blown off in battle. However, if he is to be the happy man, I will open my heart to him; that is, if he be good.

"I know this is not nice, but I cannot make it nicer now. God bless you, dearest Mary!

"Ever your most affectionate friend,
"JANET FENWICK."

The letter was not posted till the hour for despatch on the following day, but up to that hour nothing had been seen at the vicarage of Mr. Gilmore.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT MR. GILMORE THINKS ABOUT IT.

MR. GILMORE was standing on the doorsteps of his own house when Mary's letter was brought to him. It was a modest-sized country gentleman's residence, built of variegated, uneven stones, black and gray and white, which seemed to be chiefly flint, but the corners and settings of the windows and of the doorways and the chimneys were of brick. There was something sombre about it, and many perhaps might call it dull of

aspect, but it was substantial, comfortable and unassuming. It was entered by broad stone steps, with iron balustrades curving outward as they descended, and there was an open area round the house, showing that the offices were in the basement. In these days it was a quiet house enough, as Mr. Gilmore was a man not much given to the loudness of bachelor parties. He entertained his neighbors at dinner perhaps once a month, and occasionally had a few guests staying with him. His uncle, the prebendary from Salisbury, was often with him, and occasionally a brother who was in the army. For the present, however, he was much more inclined, when in want of society, to walk off to the vicarage than to provide it for himself at home. When Mary's letter was handed to him with his *Times* and other correspondence, he looked, as everybody does, at the address, and at once knew that it came from Mary Lowther. He had never hitherto received a letter from her, but yet he knew her handwriting well. Without waiting a moment, he turned upon his heel and went back into his house, and through the hall to the library. When there he first opened three other letters—two from tradesmen in London, and one from his uncle, offering to come to him on the next Monday. Then he opened the *Times*, and cut it and put it down on the table. Mary's letter meanwhile was in his hand, and any one standing by might have thought that he had forgotten it. But he had not forgotten it, nor was it out of his mind for a moment. While looking at the other letters, while cutting the paper, while attempting, as he did, to read the news, he was suffering under the dread of the blow that was coming. He was there for twenty minutes before he dared to break the envelope; and though during the whole of that time he pretended to deceive himself by some employment, he knew that he was simply postponing an evil thing that was coming to him. At last he cut the letter open, and stood for some moments looking for courage to read it. He did read it, and then sat himself down in his chair, telling him-

self that the thing was over and that he would bear it as a man. He took up his newspaper and began to study it. It was the time of the year when newspapers are not very interesting, but he made a rush at the leading articles and went through two of them. Then he turned over to the police reports. He sat there for an hour, and read hard during the whole time. Then he got up and shook himself, and knew that he was a crippled man, with every function out of order, disabled in every limb. He walked from the library into the hall, and thence to the dining-room, and so backward and forward for a quarter of an hour. At last he could walk no longer, and closing the door of the library behind him, he threw himself on a sofa and cried like a woman.

What was it that he wanted, and why did he want it? Were there not other women whom the world would say were as good? Was it ever known that a man had died or become irretrievably broken and destroyed by disappointed love? Was it not one of those things that a man should shake off from him and have done with it? He asked himself these and many such-like questions, and tried to philosophize with himself on the matter. Had he no will of his own by which he might conquer this enemy? No: he had no will of his own, and the enemy would not be conquered. He had to tell himself that he was so poor a thing that he could not stand up against the evil that had fallen on him.

He walked out round his shrubberies and paddocks, and tried to take an interest in the bullocks and the horses. He knew that if every bullock and horse about the place had been struck dead, it would not enhance his misery. He had not had much hope before, but now he would have seen the house of Hampton Privets in flames, just for the chance that had been his yesterday. It was not only that he wanted her, or that he regretted the absence of some recognized joys which she would have brought to him, but that the final decision on her part seemed to take from him all vitality,

all power of enjoyment, all that inward elasticity which is necessary for an interest in worldly affairs.

He had as yet hardly thought of anything but himself—had hardly observed the name of his successful rival, or paid any attention to aught but the fact that she had told him that it was all over. He had not attempted to make up his mind whether anything could still be done—whether he might yet have a chance—whether it would be well for him to quarrel with the man—whether he should be indignant with her, or remonstrate once again in regard to her cruelty. He had thought only of the blow and of his inability to support it. Would it not be best that he should go forth and blow out his brains, and have done with it?

He did not look at the letter again till he had returned to the library. Then he took it from his pocket, and read it very carefully. Yes, she had been quick about it. Why, how long had it been since she had left their parish? It was still October, and she had been there just before the murder—only the other day! Captain Walter Marrable! No, he didn't think he had ever heard of him. Some fellow with a moustache and a military strut—just the man that he had always hated; one of a class which, with nothing real to recommend it, is always interfering with the happiness of everybody. It was in some such light as this that Mr. Gilmore at present regarded Captain Marrable. How could such a man make a woman happy—a fellow who probably had no house nor home in which to make her comfortable? Staying with his uncle, the clergyman! Poor Gilmore expressed a wish that the uncle, the clergyman, had been choked before he had entertained such a guest. Then he read the concluding sentence of poor Mary's letter, in which she expressed a hope that they might be friends? Was there ever such cold-blooded trash? Friends indeed! What sort of friendship could there be between two persons, one of whom had made the other so wretched, so dead, as was he at present?

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For some half hour he tried to comfort himself with an idea that he could get hold of Captain Marrable and maul him—that it would be a thing permissible for him, a magistrate, to go forth with a whip and flog the man, and then perhaps shoot him, because the man had been fortunate in love where he had been unfortunate. But he knew the world in which he lived too well to allow himself long to think that this could really be done. It might be that it was a better world where such revenge was practicable, but, as he well knew, it was not practicable now; and if Mary Lowther chose to give herself to this accursed captain, he could not help it. There was nothing that he could do but to go away and chafe at his suffering in some part of the world in which nobody would know that he was chafing.

When the evening came, and he found that his solitude was terribly oppressive to him, he thought that he would go down to the vicarage. He had been told by that false one that her tidings had been sent to her friend. He took his hat and sauntered out across the fields, and did walk as far as the churchyard gate, close to poor Mr. Trumbull's farm—the very spot at which he had last seen Mary Lowther; but when he was there he could not endure to go through to the vicarage. There is something mean to a man in the want of success in love. If a man lose a venture of money, he can tell his friend, or be unsuccessful for a seat in Parliament, or be thrown out of a run in the hunting-field, or even if he be blackballed for a club; but a man can hardly bring himself to tell to his dearest comrade that his Mary has preferred another man to himself. This wretched fact the Fenwicks already knew as to poor Gilmore's Mary, and yet, though he had come down there hoping for some comfort, he did not dare to face them. He went back all alone, and tumbled and tossed and fretted through the miserable night.

And the next morning was as bad. He hung about the place till about four, utterly crushed by his burden. It was a Saturday, and when the postman called

no letter had yet been even written in answer to his uncle's proposition. He was moping about the grounds, with his hands in his pockets, thinking of this, when suddenly Mrs. Fenwick appeared in the path before him. There had been another consultation that morning between herself and her husband, and this visit was the result of it. He dashed at the matter immediately. "You have come," he said, "to talk to me about Mary Lowther."

"I have come to say a word, if I can, to comfort you. Frank bade me to come."

"There isn't any comfort," he replied.

"We knew that it would be hard to bear, my friend," she said, putting her hand within his arm, "but there is comfort."

"There can be none for me. I had set my heart upon it, so that I cannot forget it."

"I know you had, and so had we. Of course there will be sorrow, but it will wear off." He shook his head without speaking. "God is too good," she continued, "to let such troubles remain with us long."

"You think, then," he said, "that there is no chance?" What could she say to him? How, under the circumstances of Mary's engagement, could she encourage his love for her friend? "I know that there is none," he continued. "I feel, Mrs. Fenwick, that I do not know what to do with myself or how to hold myself. Of course it is nonsense to talk about dying, but I do feel as though if I didn't die I should go crazy. I can't settle my mind to a single thing."

"It is fresh with you yet, Harry," she said. She had never called him Harry before, though her husband did so always, and now she used the name in sheer tenderness.

"I don't know why such a thing should be different with me than with other people," he said; "only that perhaps I am weaker. But I've known from the very first that I have staked everything upon her. I have never questioned to myself that I was going for all or nothing. I have seen it be-

fore me all along, and now it has come. Oh, Mrs. Fenwick, if God would strike me dead this moment, it would be a mercy!" And then he threw himself on the ground at her feet. He was not there a moment before he was up again. "If you knew how I despise myself for all this—how I hate myself!"

She would not leave him, but stayed there till he consented to come down with her to the vicarage. He should dine there, and Frank should walk back with him at night. As to that question of Mr. Chamberlaine's visit, respecting which Mrs. Fenwick did not feel herself competent to give advice herself, it should become matter of debate between them and Frank, and then a man and horse could be sent to Salisbury on Sunday morning. As he walked down to the vicarage with that pretty woman at his elbow, things perhaps were a little better with him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REV. HENRY FITZACKERLEY CHAMBERLAIN.

IT was decided that evening at the vicarage that it would be better for all parties that the reverend uncle from Salisbury should be told to make his visit and spend the next week at Hampton Privets: that is, that he should come on the Monday and stay till the Saturday. The letter was written down at the vicarage, as Fenwick feared that it would never be written if the writing of it were left to the unassisted energy of the squire. The letter was written, and the vicar, who walked back to Hampton Privets house with his friend, took care that it was given to a servant on that night.

On the Sunday nothing was seen of Mr. Gilmore. He did not come to church, nor would he dine at the vicarage. He remained the whole day in his own house, pretending to write, trying to write—with accounts before him, with a magazine in his hand, even with a volume of sermons open on the table before him. But neither the accounts, nor the



“We knew that it would be hard to bear, my friend,” she said, putting her hand within his arm.

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magazine, nor the sermons could arrest his attention for a moment. He had staked everything on obtaining a certain object, and that object was now beyond his reach. Men fail often in other things—in the pursuit of honor, fortune or power—and when they fail they can begin again. There was no beginning again for him. When Mary Lowther should have married this captain she would be a thing lost to him for ever; and was she not as bad as married to this man already? He could do nothing to stop her marriage.

Early in the afternoon on Monday the Rev. Henry Fitzackerley Chamberlaine reached Hampton Privets. He came with his own carriage and a pair of post-horses, as befitted a prebendary of the good old times. Not that Mr. Chamberlaine was a very old man, but that it suited his tastes and tone of mind to adhere to the well-bred ceremonies of life, so many of which went out of fashion when railroads came in. Mr. Chamberlaine was a gentleman about fifty-five years of age, unmarried, possessed of a comfortable private independence, the incumbent of a living in the fens of Cambridgeshire, which he never visited, his health forbidding him to do so; on which subject there had been a considerable amount of correspondence between him and a certain right reverend prelate, in which the prebendary had so far got the better in the argument as not to be disturbed in his manner of life; and he was, as has been before said, the owner of a stall in Salisbury Cathedral. His lines had certainly fallen to him in very pleasant places. As to that living in the fens, there was not much to prick his conscience, as he gave up the parsonage-house and two-thirds of the income to his curate: the other third he expended on local charities. Perhaps the argument which had most weight in silencing the bishop was contained in a short postscript to one of his letters. "By the by," said the postscript, "perhaps I ought to inform your lordship that I have never drawn a penny of income out of Hardbedloe since I ceased to live there." "It's a bishop's

living," said the happy holder of it to one or two clerical friends, "and Dr. ——— thinks the patronage would be better in his hands than in mine. I disagree with him, and he'll have to write a great many letters before he succeeds." But his stall was worth eight hundred pounds a year and a house, and Mr. Chamberlaine, in regard to his money matters, was quite in clover.

He was a very handsome man—about six feet high, with large, light-gray eyes, a straight nose and a well-cut chin. His lips were thin, but his teeth were perfect, only that they had been supplied by a dentist. His gray hair encircled his head, coming round upon his forehead in little wavy curls, in a manner that had conquered the hearts of spinsters by the dozen in the cathedral. It was whispered, indeed, that married ladies would sometimes succumb, and rave about the beauty and the dignity and the white hands and the deep rolling voice of the Rev. Henry Fitzackerley Chamberlaine. Indeed, his voice was very fine when it would be heard from the far-off end of the choir during the communion service, altogether trumping the exertion of the other second-rate clergyman who would be associated with him at the altar. And he had, too, great gifts of preaching, which he would exercise once a week during thirteen weeks of the year. He never exceeded twenty-five minutes, every word was audible throughout the whole choir, and there was a grace about it that was better than any doctrine. When he was to be heard the cathedral was always full, and he was perhaps justified in regarding himself as one of the ecclesiastical stars of the day. Many applications were made to him to preach here and there, but he always refused. Stories were told of how he had declined to preach before the Queen at St. James', averring that if Her Majesty would please to visit Salisbury, every accommodation should be provided for her. As to preaching at Whitehall, Westminster and St. Paul's, it was not doubted that he had over and over again declared that his appointed place was in his own stall, and that he did not consider that he was

called to holding forth in the marketplace. He was usually abroad during the early autumn months, and would make sundry prolonged visits to friends, but his only home was his prebendal residence in the Close. It was not much of a house to look at from the outside, being built with the plainest possible construction of brick, but within it was very pleasant. All that curtains, and carpets, and arm-chairs, and books, and ornaments could do, had been done lavishly, and the cellar was known to be the best in the city. He always used post-horses, but he had his own carriage. He never talked very much, but when he did speak people listened to him. His appetite was excellent, but he was a feeder not very easy to please: it was understood well by the ladies of Salisbury that if Chamberlaine was expected to dinner, something special must be done in the way of entertainment. He was always exceedingly well dressed. What he did with his hours nobody knew, but he was supposed to be a man well educated at all points. That he was such a judge of all works of art that not another like him was to be found in Wiltshire, nobody doubted. It was considered that he was almost as big as the bishop, and not a soul in Salisbury would have thought of comparing the dean to him. But the dean had seven children, and Mr. Chamberlaine was quite unencumbered.

Henry Gilmore was a little afraid of his uncle, but would always declare that he was not so. "If he chooses to come over here, he is welcome," the nephew would say; "but he must live just as I do." Nevertheless, though there was but little left of the '47 Lafitte in the cellar of Hampton Privets, a bottle was always brought up when Mr. Chamberlaine was there, and Mrs. Buncher, the cook, did not pretend but that she was in a state of dismay from the hour of his coming to that of his going. And yet Mrs. Buncher and the other servants liked him to be there. His presence honored the Privets. Even the boy who blacked his boots felt that he was blacking the boots of a great man. It

was acknowledged throughout the household that the squire, having such an uncle, was much more of a squire than he would have been without him. The clergyman, being such as he was, was greater than the country gentleman. And yet Mr. Chamberlaine was only a prebendary, was the son of a country clergyman who had happened to marry a wife with money, and had absolutely never done anything useful in the whole course of his life. It is often very curious to trace the sources of greatness. With Mr. Chamberlaine I think, it came from the whiteness of his hands, and from a certain knack he had of looking as though he could say a great deal, though it suited him better to be silent and say nothing. Of outside deportment no doubt he was a great master.

Mr. Fenwick always declared that he was very fond of Mr. Chamberlaine, and greatly admired him. "He is the most perfect philosopher I ever met," Fenwick would say, "and has gone to the very centre depth of contemplation. In another ten years he will be the great Akinetos. He will eat and drink, and listen, and be at ease, and desire nothing. As it is, no man that I know disturbs other people so little." On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlaine did not profess any great admiration for Mr. Fenwick, whom he designated as one of the smart "windbag" tribe—"clever, no doubt, and perhaps conscientious, as a friend of his own knows, but shallow, and perhaps a little conceited." The squire, who was not clever and not conceited, understood them both, and much preferred his friend the vicar to his uncle the prebendary.

Gilmore had once consulted his uncle—once in an evil moment, as he now felt—whether it would not be well for him to marry Miss Lowther. The uncle had expressed himself as very adverse to the marriage, and would now, on this occasion, be sure to ask some question about it. When the great man arrived the squire was out, still wandering round among the bullocks and sheep; but the evening after dinner would be very long. On the following day, Mr. and Mrs.

Fenwick, with Mr. and Mrs. Green-thorne, were to dine at the Privets. If this first evening were only through, Gilmore thought that he could get some comfort, even from his uncle. As he came near the house, he went into the yard and saw the prebendary's grand carriage, which was being washed. No, as far as the groom knew, Mr. Chamberlaine had not gone out, but was in the house then. So Gilmore entered and found his uncle in the library.

His first questions were about the murder. "You did catch one man and let him go?" said the prebendary.

"Yes, a tenant of mine; but there was no evidence against him. He was not the man."

"I would not have let him go," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

"You would not have kept a man that was innocent?" said Gilmore.

"I would not have let the young man go."

"But the law would not support us in detaining him."

"Nevertheless, I would not have let him go," said Mr. Chamberlaine. "I heard all about it."

"From whom did you hear?"

"From Lord Trowbridge. I certainly would not have let him go." It appeared, however, that Lord Trowbridge's opinion had been given to the prebendary prior to that fatal meeting which had taken place in the house of the murdered man.

The uncle drank his claret in silence on this evening. He said nothing, at least, about Mary Lowther. "I don't know where you got it, Harry, but that is not a very bad glass of wine."

"We think there's none better in the country, sir," said Harry.

"I should be very sorry to commit myself so far, but it is a good glass of wine. By the by, I hope your *chef* has learned to make a cup of coffee since I was here in the spring. I think we'll try it now." The coffee was brought, and the prebendary shook his head—the least shake in the world—and smiled blandly.

"Coffee is the very devil in the coun-

try," said Harry Gilmore, who did not dare to say that the mixture was good in opposition to his uncle's opinion.

After the coffee, which was served in the library, the two men sat silent together for half an hour, and Gilmore was endeavoring to think what it was that made his uncle come to Bullhampton. At last, before he had arrived at any decision on this subject, there came first a little nod, then a start and a sweet smile, then another nod and a start without the smile, and after that a soft murmuring of a musical snore, which gradually increased in deepness till it became evident that the prebendary was extremely happy. Then it occurred to Gilmore that perhaps Mr. Chamberlaine might have become tired of going to sleep in his own house, and that he had come to the Privets, as he could not snore with comfortable self-satisfaction in the houses of indifferent friends. For the benefit of such a change it might perhaps be worth the great man's while to undergo the penalty of a bad cup of coffee.

And could not he, too, go to sleep—he, Gilmore? Could he not fall asleep—not only for a few moments on such an occasion as this—but altogether, after the Akinetos fashion, as explained by his friend Fenwick? Could he not become an immovable one, as was this divine uncle of his? No Mary Lowther had ever disturbed that man's happiness. A good dinner, a pretty ring, an easy-chair, a china tea-cup might all be procured with certainty, as long as money lasted. Here was a man before him superbly comfortable, absolutely happy, with no greater suffering than what might come to him from a chance cup of bad coffee, while he, Harry Gilmore himself, was as miserable a devil as might be found between the four seas, because a certain young woman wouldn't come to him and take half of all that he owned! If there were any curative philosophy to be found, why could not he find it? The world might say that the philosophy was a low philosophy; but what did that matter if it would take away out of his breast that horrid load which was more than he could bear? He declared to himself

that he would sell his heart with all its privileges for half a farthing, if he could find anybody to take it with all its burden. Here, then, was a man who had no burden. He was snoring with almost harmonious cadence—slowly, discreetly, one might say artistically—quite like a gentleman; and the man who so snored could not but be happy. “Oh, d—n it!” said Gilmore, in a private whisper, getting up and leaving the room, but there was more of envy than of anger in the exclamation.

“Ah! you’ve been out,” said Mr. Chamberlaine when his nephew returned.

“Been to look at the horses made up.”

“I never can see the use of that, but I believe a great many men do it. I suppose it’s an excuse for smoking generally.” Now, Mr. Chamberlaine did not smoke.

“Well! I did light my pipe.”

“There’s not the slightest necessity for telling me so, Harry. Let us see if Mrs. Buncher’s tea is better than her coffee.” Then the bell was rung, and Mr. Chamberlaine desired that he might have a cup of black tea; not strong, but made with a good deal of tea and poured out rapidly, without much decoction. “If it be strong and harsh I can’t sleep a wink,” he said. The tea was brought, and sipped very leisurely. There was then a word or two said about certain German baths, from which Mr. Chamberlaine had just returned; and Mr. Gilmore began to believe that he should not be asked to say anything about Mary Lowther that night.

But the Fates were not so kind. The prebendary had arisen with the intention of retiring for the night, and was already standing before the fire, with his bedroom candle in his hand, when something—the happiness probably of his own position in life, which allowed him to seek the blessings of an undivided couch—brought to his memory the fact that his nephew had spoken to him about some young woman—some young woman who had possessed not even the merit of a dowry. “By the by,” said he, “what has become of that flame of

yours, Harry?” Harry Gilmore became black and glum. He did not like to hear Mary spoken of as a flame. He was standing at this moment with his back to his uncle, and so remained without answering him. “Do you mean to say that you did ask her after all?” asked the uncle. “If there be any scrape, Harry, you had better let me hear it.”

“I don’t know what you call a scrape,” said Harry. “She’s not going to marry me.”

“Thank God, my boy!” Gilmore turned round, but his uncle did not probably see his face. “I can assure you,” continued Mr. Chamberlaine, “that the idea made me quite uncomfortable. I set some inquiries on foot, and she was not the sort of girl that you should marry.”

“By G—,” said Gilmore, “I’d give every acre I have in the world, and every shilling, and every friend, and twenty years of my life, if I could only be allowed at this moment to think it possible that she would ever marry me!”

“Good heavens!” said Mr. Chamberlaine. While he was saying it Harry Gilmore walked off, and did not show himself to his uncle again that night.

CHAPTER XXV.

CARRY BRATTLE

ON the day after the dinner-party at Hampton Privets, Mr. Fenwick made his little excursion out in the direction toward Devizes of which he had spoken to his wife. The dinner went off very quietly, and there was considerable improvement in the coffee. There was some gentle sparring between the two clergymen, if that can be called sparring in which all the active pugnacity was on one side. Mr. Fenwick endeavored to entrap Mr. Chamberlaine into arguments, but the prebendary escaped with a degree of skill—without the shame of sullen refusal—that excited the admiration of Mr. Fenwick’s wife. “After all, he is a clever man,” she said, as she went home, “or he could never slip about as he does,

like an eel, and that with so very little motion."

On the next morning the vicar started alone in his gig. He had at first said that he would take with him a nondescript boy, who was partly groom, partly gardener and partly shoeblack, and who consequently did half the work of the house, but at last he decided that he would go alone. "Peter is very silent, and most meritoriously uninterested in everything," he said to his wife. "He wouldn't tell much, but even he might tell something." So he got himself into his gig and drove off alone. He took the Devizes road, and passed through Lavington without asking a question; but when he was halfway between that place and Devizes, he stopped his horse at a lane that led away to the right. He had been on the road before, but he did not know that lane. He waited a while till an old woman whom he saw coming to him reached him, and asked her whether the lane would take him across to the Marlborough road. The old woman knew nothing of the Marlborough road, and looked as though she had never heard of Marlborough. Then he asked the way to Pycroft Common. Yes, the lane would take him to Pycroft Common. Would it take him to the Bald-faced Stag? The old woman said it would take him to Rump-end Corner, "but she didn't know nowt of t'other place." He took the lane, however, and without much difficulty made his way to the Bald-faced Stag, which in the days of the glory of that branch of the Western Road used to supply beer to at least a dozen coaches a day, but which now, alas! could slocken no drowth but that of the rural aborigines. At the Bald-faced Stag, however, he found that he could get a feed of corn, and here he put up his horse, and saw that the corn was eaten.

Pycroft Common was a mile from him, and to Pycroft Common he walked. He took the road toward Marlborough for half a mile, and then broke off across the open ground to the left. There was no difficulty in finding this place, and now it was his object to discover the

cottage of Mrs. Burrows without asking the neighbors for her by name. He had obtained a certain amount of information, and thought that he could do it. He walked on to the middle of the common, and looked for his points of bearing. There was the beer-house, and there was the road that led away to Pewsey, and there were the two brick cottages standing together. Mrs. Burrows lived in the little white cottage just behind. He walked straight up to the door, between the sunflowers and the rosebush, and, pausing for a few moments to think whether or no he would enter the cottage unannounced, he knocked at the door. A policeman would have entered without notice, and so would a poacher knock over a hare on its form; but whatever creature a gentleman or a sportsman be hunting, he will always give it a chance. He rapped, and immediately heard that there were sounds within. He rapped again, and in about a minute was told to enter. Then he opened the door and found but one person within. It was a young woman, and he stood for a moment looking at her before he spoke. "Carry Brattle," he said, "I am glad that I have found you."

"Laws, Mr. Fenwick!"

"Carry, I am so glad to see you!" and then he put out his hand to her.

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I ain't fit for the likes of you to touch," she said. But as his hand was still stretched out she put her own into it, and he held it in his grasp for a few seconds. She was a poor, sickly-looking thing now, but there were the remains of great beauty in the face—or rather the presence of beauty—but of beauty obscured by flushes of riotous living and periods of want, by ill-health, harsh usage, and, worst of all, by the sharp agonies of an intermitting conscience. It was a pale, gentle face, on which there were still streaks of pink: a soft, laughing face it had been once, and still there was a gleam of light in the eyes that told of past merriment, and almost promised mirth to come, if only some great evil might be cured. Her long flaxen curls still hung down her face, but they were larger, and, as Fen-

wick thought, more tawdry, than of yore; and her cheeks were thin and her eyes were hollow; and then there had come across her mouth that look of boldness which the use of bad, sharp words, half wicked and half witty, will always give. She was dressed decently, and was sitting in a low chair, with a torn, disreputable-looking old novel in her hand. Fenwick knew that the book had been taken up on the spur of the moment, as there had certainly been some one there when he had knocked at the door.

And yet, though vice had laid its heavy hand upon her, the glory and the brightness and the sweet outward flavor of innocence had not altogether departed from her. Though her mouth was bold, her eyes were soft and womanly, and she looked up into the face of the clergyman with a gentle, tamed, beseeching gaze, which softened and won his heart at once. Not that his heart had ever been hard against her. Perhaps it was a fault with him that he never hardened his heart against a sinner, unless the sin implied pretence and falsehood. At this moment, remembering the little Carry Brattle of old, who had sometimes been so sweetly obedient and sometimes so willful under his hands—whom he had petted and caressed and scolded and loved—whom he had loved, undoubtedly in part, because she had been so pretty—whom he had hoped that he might live to marry to some good farmer, in whose kitchen he would ever be welcome, and whose children he would christen,—remembering all this, he would now, at this moment, have taken her in his arms and embraced her if he dared, showing her that he did not account her to be vile, begging her to become more good, and planning some course for her future life.

"I have come across from Bullhampton, Carry, to find you," he said.

"It's a poor place you're come to, Mr. Fenwick. I suppose the police told you of my being here."

"I had heard of it. Tell me, Carry, what do you know of Sam?"

"Of Sam?"

"Yes—of Sam. Don't tell me an

untruth. You need tell me nothing, you know, unless you like. I don't come to ask as having any authority, only as a friend of his and of yours."

She paused a moment before she replied. "Sam hasn't done any harm to nobody," she said.

"I don't say he has. I only want to know where he is. You can understand, Carry, that it would be best that he should be at home."

She paused again, and then she blurted out her answer: "He went out o' that back door, Mr. Fenwick, when you came in at t'other."

The vicar immediately went to the back door, but Sam, of course, was not to be seen.

"Why should he be hiding if he has done no harm?" said the vicar.

"He thought it was one of them police. They do be coming here a'most every day, till one's heart faints at seeing 'em. I'd go away if I'd e'er a place to go to."

"Have you no place at home, Carry?"

"No, sir—no place."

This was so true that he couldn't tell himself why he had asked the question. She certainly had no place at home till her father's heart should be changed toward her.

"Carry," said he, speaking very slowly, "they tell me that you are married. Is that true?" She made him no answer. "I wish you would tell me, if you can. The state of a married woman is honest, at any rate, let her husband be who he may."

"My state is not honest."

"You are not married, then?"

"No, sir."

He hardly knew how to go on with his interrogations, or to ask questions about her past and present life, without expressing a degree of censure which, at any rate for the present, he wished to repress.

"You are living here, I believe, with old Mrs. Burrows?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I was told that you were married to her son."

"They told you untrue, sir. I know



“Carry,” he said, coming back to her, “it wasn’t all for him that I came.”

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nothing of her son, except just to have see'd him."

"Is that true, Carry?"

"It is true. It wasn't he at all."

"Who was it, Carry?"

"Not her son; but what does it signify? He's gone away, and I shall see 'un no more. He wasn't no good, Mr. Fenwick, and if you please we won't talk about 'un."

"He was not your husband?"

"No, Mr. Fenwick: I never had a husband, nor never shall, I suppose. What man would take the likes of me? I have just got one thing to do, and that's all."

"What thing is that, Carry?"

"To die and have done with it," she said, bursting out into loud sobs. "What's the use o' living? Nobody 'll see me or speak to me. Ain't I just so bad that they'd hang me if they knew how to catch me?"

"What do you mean, girl?" said Fenwick, thinking for the moment that from her words she too might have had some part in the murder.

"Ain't the police coming here after me a'most every day? And when they hauls about the place and me too, what can I say to 'em? I have got that low that a'most everybody can say what they please to me. And where can I go out o' this? I don't want to be living here always with that old woman."

"Who is the old woman, Carry?"

"I suppose you knows, Mr. Fenwick."

"Mrs. Burrows, is it?" She nodded her head. "She is the mother of the man they call the Grinder?" Again she nodded her head. "It is he whom they accuse of the murder?" Yet again she nodded her head. "There was another man?" She nodded it again. "And they say that there was a third," he said—"your brother Sam?"

"Then they lie!" she shouted, jumping up from her seat. "They lie like devils. They are devils; and they'll go—oh down into the fiery furnace for ever and ever!"

In spite of the tragedy of the moment, Mr. Fenwick could not help joining this terribly earnest threat and the

Marquis of Trowbridge together in his imagination.

"Sam hadn't no more to do with it than you had, Mr. Fenwick."

"I don't believe he had," said Mr. Fenwick.

"Yes—because you're good and kind, and don't think ill of poor folk when they're a bit down. But as for them, they're devils."

"I did not come here, however, to talk about the murder, Carry. If I thought you knew who did it, I shouldn't ask you. That is business for the police, not for me. I came here partly to look after Sam. He ought to be at home. Why has he left his home and his work while his name is thus in people's mouths?"

"It ain't for me to answer for him, Mr. Fenwick. Let 'em say what they will, they can't make the white of his eye black. But as for me, I ain't no business to speak of nobody. How should I know why he comes and why he goes? If I said as how he'd come to see his sister, it wouldn't sound true, would it, sir, she being what she is?"

He got up and went to the front door, and opened it and looked about him. But he was looking for nothing. His eyes were full of tears, and he didn't care to wipe the drops away in her presence. "Carry," he said, coming back to her, "it wasn't all for him that I came."

"For who else, then?"

"Do you remember how we loved you when you were young, Carry? Do you remember my wife, and how you used to come and play with the children on the lawn? Do you remember, Carry, when you sat in church, and the singing, and what trouble we had together with the chants? There are one or two at Bullhampton who never will forget it."

"Nobody loves me now," she said, talking at him over her shoulder, which was turned to him.

He thought for a moment that he would tell her that the Lord loved her; but there was something human at his heart—something perhaps too human—which made him feel that were he down

low upon the ground, some love that was nearer to him, some love that was more easily intelligible, which had been more palpably felt, would in his frailty and his wickedness be of more immediate avail to him than the love even of the Lord God.

"Why should you think that, Carry?" he said.

"Because I'm bad."

"If we were to love only the good, we should love very few. I love you, Carry, truly. My wife loves you dearly."

"Does she?" said the girl, breaking into low sobs. "No, she doesn't: I know she doesn't. The likes of her couldn't love the likes of me. She wouldn't speak to me. She wouldn't touch me."

"Come and try, Carry."

"Father would kill me," she said.

"Your father is full of wrath, no doubt. You have done that which must make a father angry."

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I wouldn't dare to stand before his eye for a minute. The sound of his voice would kill me straight. How could I go back?"

"It isn't easy to make crooked things straight, Carry, but we may try; and they do become straighter if one tries in earnest. Will you answer me one question more?"

"Anything about myself, Mr. Fenwick."

"Are you living in sin now, Carry?" She sat silent—not that she would not answer him, but that she did not comprehend the extent of the meaning of his question. "If it be so, and if you will not abandon it, no honest person can love you. You must change yourself, and then you will be loved."

"I have got the money which he gave me, if you mean that," she said.

Then he asked no further questions about herself, but reverted to the subject of her brother. Could she bring him in to say a few words to his old friend? But she declared that he was gone, and that she did not know whither—that he might probably return this very day to the mill, having told her that it was his purpose to do so soon. When he

expressed a hope that he held no consort with those bad men who had murdered and robbed Mr. Trumbull, she answered him with such naïve assurance that any such consorting was quite out of the question, that he became at once convinced that the murderers were far away, and that she knew that such was the case. As far as he could learn from her, Sam had really been over to Pycroft with the view of seeing his sister, taking probably a holiday of a day or two on the way. Then he again reverted to herself, having, as he thought, obtained a favorable answer to that vital question which he had asked her.

"Have you nothing to ask of your mother?" he said.

"Sam has told me of her and of Fan."

"And would you not care to see her?"

"Care, Mr. Fenwick! Wouldn't I give my eyes to see her? But how can I see her? And what could she say to me? Father'd kill her if she spoke to me. Sometimes I think I'll walk there all the day, and so get there at night, and just look about the old place, only I know I'd drown myself in the mill-stream. I wish I had. I wish it was done. I've seed an old poem in which they thought much of a poor girl after she was drowned, though nobody wouldn't think nothing at all about her before."

"Don't drown yourself, Carry, and I'll care for you. Keep your hands clean—you know what I mean—and I will not rest till I find some spot for your weary feet. Will you promise me?" She made him no answer. "I will not ask you for a spoken promise, but make it to yourself, Carry, and ask God to help you to keep it. Do you say your prayers, Carry?"

"Never a prayer, sir."

"But you don't forget them? You can begin again. And now I must ask for a promise. If I send for you, will you come?"

"What—to Bullhampton?"

"Whencesoever I may send for you? Do you think that I would have you harmed?"

"Perhaps it'd be for a prison, or to live along with a lot of others. Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I could not stand that."

He did not dare to proceed any farther, lest he should be tempted to make promises which he himself could not perform; but she did give him an assurance before he went that if she left her present abode within a month, she would let him know whither she was going.

He went to the Bald-faced Stag and got his gig, and on his way home, just as he was leaving the village of Lavington, he overtook Sam Brattle. He stopped and spoke to the lad, asking him whether he was returning home, and offering him a seat in the gig. Sam declined the seat, but said that he was going straight to the mill.

"It is very hard to make crooked things straight," said Mr. Fenwick to himself, as he drove up to his own hall door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TURNOVER CORRESPONDENCE.

It is hoped that the reader will remember that the Marquis of Trowbridge was subjected to very great insolence from Mr. Fenwick during the discussion which took place in poor old Farmer Trumbull's parlor respecting the murder. Our friend, the vicar, did not content himself with personal invective, but made allusion to the marquis' daughters. The marquis, as he was driven home in his carriage, came to sundry conclusions about Mr. Fenwick. That the man was an infidel he had now no matter of doubt whatever; and if an infidel, then also a hypocrite, and a liar, and a traitor, and a thief. Was he not robbing the parish of the tithes, and all the while entrapping the souls of men and women? Was it not to be expected that with such a pastor there should be such as Sam Brattle and Carry Brattle in the parish? It was true that as yet this full-blown iniquity had spread itself only among the comparatively small number of tenants belonging to the objectionable "person"

who unfortunately owned a small number of acres in his lordship's parish; but his lordship's tenant had been murdered! And with such a pastor in the parish, and such an objectionable person owning acres to back the pastor, might it not be expected that all his tenants would be murdered? Many applications had already been made to the marquis for the Church Farm; but as it happened that the applicant whom the marquis intended to favor had declared that he did not wish to live in the house because of the murder, the marquis felt himself justified in concluding that if everything about the parish was not changed very shortly, no decent person would be found willing to live in any of his houses. And now, when they had been talking of murderers and worse than murderers—as the marquis said to himself, shaking his head with horror in the carriage as he thought of such iniquity—this infidel clergyman had dared to allude to his lordship's daughters! Such a man had no right even to think of women so exalted. The existence of the Ladies Stowte must no doubt be known to such men, and among themselves probably some allusion in the way of faint guesses might be made as to their modes of life, as men guess at kings' and queens', and even at gods' and goddesses'. But to have an illustration, and a very base illustration, drawn from his own daughters in his own presence, made with the object of confuting himself—this was more than the marquis could endure. He could not horsewhip Mr. Fenwick, nor could he send out his retainers to do so; but, thank God, there was a bishop! He did not quite see his way, but he thought that Mr. Fenwick might be made at least to leave that parish. "Turn my daughters out of my house, because— Oh, oh!" He almost put his fist through the carriage window in the energy of his action as he thought of it.

As it happened, the Marquis of Trowbridge had never sat in the House of Commons, but he had a son who sat there now. Lord St. George was member for another county, in which

Lord Trowbridge had an estate, and was a man of the world. His father admired him much, and trusted him a good deal, but still he had an idea that his son hardly estimated in the proper light the position in the world which he was called to fill. Lord St. George was now at home at the castle, and in the course of that evening the father, as a matter of course, consulted the son. He considered that it would be his duty to write to the bishop, but he would like to hear St. George's idea on the subject. He began, of course, by saying that he did not doubt but that St. George would agree with him.

"I shouldn't make any fuss about it," said the son.

"What! pass it over?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Do you understand the kind of allusion that was made to your sisters?"

"It won't hurt them, my lord; and people make allusion to everything now-a-days. The bishop can't do anything. For aught you know, he and Fenwick may be bosom friends.

"The bishop, St. George, is a most right-thinking man."

"No doubt. The bishops, I believe, are all right-thinking men, and it is well for them that they are so very seldom called on to go beyond thinking. No doubt he'll think that this fellow was indiscreet, but he can't go beyond thinking. You'll only be raising a blister for yourself."

"Raising a what?"

"A blister, my lord. The longer I live the more convinced I become that a man shouldn't keep his own sores open."

There was something in the tone of his son's conversation which pained the marquis much, but his son was known to be a wise and prudent man, and one who was rising in the political world. The marquis sighed and shook his head, and murmured something as to the duty which lay upon the great to bear the troubles incident to their greatness; by which he meant that sores and blisters should be kept open if the exigencies of rank so required. But he ended the

discussion at last by declaring that he would rest upon the matter for forty-eight hours. Unfortunately, before those forty-eight hours were over, Lord St. George had gone from Turnover Castle, and the marquis was left to his own lights. In the mean time, the father and son and one or two friends had been shooting over at Bullhampton; so that no farther steps of warfare had been taken when Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick met the marquis on the pathway.

On the following day his lordship sat in his own private room thinking of his grievance. He had thought of it and of little else for now nearly sixty hours. "Suggest to me to turn out my daughters! Heaven and earth! my daughters!" He was well aware that, though he and his son often differed, he could never so safely keep himself out of trouble as by following his son's advice. But surely this was a matter *per se*—standing altogether on its own bottom; very different from those ordinary details of life on which he and his son were wont to disagree. His daughters! The Ladies Sophie and Caroline Stowter! It had been suggested to him to turn them out of his house because— Oh! oh! The insult was so great that no human marquis could stand it. He longed to be writing a letter to the bishop: he was proud of his letters. Pen and paper were at hand, and he did write:

"RIGHT REV. AND DEAR LORD BISHOP:

"I think it right to represent to your lordship the conduct—I believe I may be justified in saying the misconduct—of the Reverend — Fenwick, the vicar of Bullhampton." (He knew our friend's Christian name very well, but he did not choose to have it appear that his august memory had been laden with a thing so trifling.) "You may have heard that there has been a most horrid murder committed in the parish on one of my tenants, and that suspicion is rife that the murder was committed in part by a young man, the son of a miller who lives under a person who owns some land in the parish. The family is very bad, one of the daughters being, as I

understand, a prostitute. The other day I thought it right to visit the parish with the view of preventing, if possible, the sojourn there among my people of these objectionable characters. When there I was encountered by Mr. Fenwick, not only in a most unchristian spirit, but in a bearing so little gentlemanlike that I cannot describe it to you. He had obtruded himself into my presence, into one of my own houses, the very house of the murdered man; and then, when I was consulting with the person to whom I have alluded as to the expediency of ridding ourselves of these objectionable characters, he met me with ribaldry and personal insolence. When I tell your lordship that he made insinuations about my own daughters so gross that I cannot repeat them to you, I am sure that I need go no farther. There were present at this meeting Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister, and Mr. Henry Gilmore, the landlord of the persons in question.

"Your lordship has probably heard the character, in a religious point of view, of this gentleman. It is not for me to express an opinion of the motives which can induce such a one to retain his position as an incumbent of a parish. But I do believe that I have a right to ask your lordship for some inquiry into the scene which I have attempted to describe, and to expect some protection for the future. I do not for a moment doubt that your lordship will do what is right in the matter.

"I have the honor to be, Right Reverend and dear Lord Bishop, your most obedient and faithful servant,

"TROWBRIDGE."

He read this over thrice, and became so much in love with the composition that on the third reading he had not the slightest doubt as to the expediency of sending it. Nor had he much doubt but that the bishop would do something to Mr. Fenwick which would make the parish too hot to hold that disgrace to the Church of England.

When Fenwick came home from Pycroft Common, he found a letter from

the bishop awaiting him. He had driven forty miles on that day, and was rather late for dinner. His wife, however, came up stairs with him in order that she might hear something of his story, and brought his letters with her. He did not open that from the bishop till he was half dressed, and then burst out into loud laughter as he read it.

"What is it, Frank?" asked Mrs. Fenwick, through the open door of her own room.

"Here's such a game!" said he. "Never mind: let's have dinner, and then you shall see it."

The reader, however, may be quite sure that Mrs. Fenwick did not wait till dinner was served before she knew the nature of the game.

The bishop's letter to the vicar was very short and very rational, and it was not that which made the vicar laugh; but inside the bishop's letter was that from the marquis. "My dear Mr. Fenwick," said the bishop, "after a good deal of consideration, I have determined to send you the enclosed. I do so because I have made it a rule never to receive an accusation against one of my clergy without sending it to the person accused. You will, of course, perceive that it alludes to some matter which lies outside of my control and right of inquiry; but perhaps you will allow me, as a friend, to suggest to you that it is always well for a parish clergyman to avoid controversy and quarrel with his neighbors, and that it is especially expedient that he should be on good terms with those who have influence in his parish. Perhaps you will forgive me if I add that a spirit of pugnacity, though no doubt it may lead to much that is good, has its bad tendencies if not watched closely.

"Pray remember that Lord Trowbridge is a worthy man, doing his duty on the whole well, and that his position, though it be entitled to no veneration, is entitled to much respect. If you can tell me that you will feel no grudge against him for what has taken place, I shall be very happy.

"You will observe that I have been

careful that this letter shall have no official character.

"Yours, very faithfully,
" &c., &c., &c."

The letter was answered that evening, but before the answer was written the Marquis of Trowbridge was discussed between the husband and wife, not in complimentary terms. Mrs. Fenwick on the occasion was more pugnacious than her husband. She could not forgive the man who had hinted to the bishop that her husband held his living from unworthy motives, and that he was a bad clergyman.

"My dear girl," said Fenwick, "what can you expect from an ass but his ears?"

"I don't expect downright slander from such a man as the Marquis of Trowbridge, and if I were you I should tell the bishop so."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind. I shall write about the marquis with the kindest feelings."

"But you don't feel kindly?"

"Yes I do. The poor old idiot has nobody to keep him right, and does the best he can, according to his lights. I have no doubt he thinks that I am everything that is horrid. I am not a bit angry with him, and would be as civil to him to-morrow as my nature would allow me, if he would only be civil to me."

Then he wrote his letter, which will complete the correspondence, and which he dated for the following day :

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Oct. 23, 1868.
"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP :

"I return the marquis' letter with many thanks. I can assure you that I take in proper spirit your little hints as to my pugnacity of disposition, and will endeavor to profit by them. My wife tells me that I am given to combativeness, and I have no doubt that she is right.

"As to Lord Trowbridge, I can assure your lordship that I will not bear any malice against him, or even think ill of him because of his complaint. He and I probably differ in opinion about almost everything, and he is one of those who pity the condition of all who are so

blinded as to differ from them. The next time that I am thrown into his company I shall act exactly as though no such letter had been written, and as if no such meeting had taken place as that which he describes.

"I hope I may be allowed to assure your lordship, without any reference to my motives for keeping it, that I shall be very slow to give up a living in your lordship's diocese. As your letter to me is unofficial—and I thank you heartily for sending it in such form—I have ventured to reply in the same strain.

"I am, my dear Lord Bishop,

"Your very faithful servant,

"FRANCIS FENWICK."

"There!" said he, as he folded it and handed it to his wife. "I shall never see the remainder of the series. I would give a shilling to know how the bishop gets out of it in writing to the marquis, and half a crown to see the marquis' rejoinder." The reader shall be troubled with neither, as he would hardly prize them so highly as did the vicar. The bishop's letter really contained little beyond an assurance on his part that Mr. Fenwick had not meant anything wrong, and that the matter was one with which he, the bishop, had no concern; all of which was worded with most complete episcopal courtesy. The rejoinder of the marquis was long, elaborate and very pompous. He did not exactly scold the bishop, but he expressed very plainly his opinion that the Church of England was going to the dogs, because a bishop had not the power of utterly abolishing any clergyman who might be guilty of an offence against so distinguished a person as the Marquis of Trowbridge.

But what was to be done about Carry Brattle? Mrs. Fenwick, when she had expressed her anger against the marquis, was quite ready to own that the matter of Carry's position was to them of much greater moment than the wrath of the peer. How were they to put out their hands and save that brand from the burning? Fenwick, in his ill-considered zeal, suggested that she might be brought

to the vicarage, but his wife at once knew that such a step would be dangerous in every way. "How could she live and what would she do? and what would the other servants think of it?"

"Why would the other servants mind it?" asked Fenwick. But his wife on such a matter could have a way of her own, and that project was soon knocked on the head. No doubt her father's house was the proper place for her, but then her father was so dour a man.

"Upon my word," said the vicar, "he is the only person in the world of whom I believe myself to be afraid. When I get at him I do not speak to him as I would to another; and of course he knows it."

Nevertheless, if anything was to be done for Carry Brattle, it seemed as though it must be done by her father's permission and assistance.

"There can be no doubt that it is his duty," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"I will not say that as a certainty," said the husband. "There is a point at which, I presume, a father may be justified in disowning a child. The possession of such a power, no doubt, keeps others from going wrong. What one

wants is, that a father should be presumed to have the power, but that when the time comes he should never use it. It is the comfortable doctrine which we are all of us teaching—wrath and abomination of the sinner before the sin, pardon and love after it. If you were to run away from me, Janet—"

"Frank, do not dare to speak of anything so horrible."

"I should say now probably that were you to do so, I would never blast my eyes by looking at you again, but I know that I should run after you and implore you to come back to me."

"You wouldn't do anything of the kind, and it isn't proper to talk about it; and I shall go to bed."

"It is very difficult to make crooked things straight," said the vicar, as he walked about the room after his wife had left him. "I suppose she ought to go into a reformatory. But I know she wouldn't, and I shouldn't like to ask her after what she said."

It is probably the case that Mr. Fenwick would have been able to do his duty better had some harsher feeling toward the sinner been mixed with his charity.

SONNETS.

I.

I WALKED among the solemn woods to-day—
 The pines, whose sigh, so like a human heart's,
 With one long, lingering monotone departs,
 A mournful minor wailing far away—
 And stern foreboding phantasies held sway
 O'er all my being: something undefined,
 In that weird, grieving, melancholy wind,
 Those ghost-like trees, and the cold shuddering play
 Of their drooped leaves funereal, told of death—
 Death and decay, that know no after bloom,
 No marvelous Resurrection's morning glow,
 No second birth of rapt, celestial breath,
 But dust, and rain, and the desolate tomb,
 Round which, sweet Faith! no flowers of thine shall blow.

II.

But while this morbid fancy on my soul
 Pressed with dull weight, along the forest verge
 Remote I heard a murmur like the surge
 Of gentle waters—a soft musical roll
 Of fairy thunder, such as that which swells
 Up the fair Southland coast when days are calm.
 A blissful voice it was, a wind of balm,
 Wave-born, and brightening all the shadowy dells:
 Oh how it thrilled my spirit! how it spake
 In homelike yet majestic harmony
 Of that lone shore whereon the billows break
 Melodious o'er mine own beloved sea!—
 Of joy and childhood's hope, whose splendors take
 A strange, fresh radiance from Infinity!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

GROUSE-SHOOTING

"The Moors! all hail, ye changeless, ye sublime!
 That seldom hear a voice save that of Heaven;
 Scorners of Chance and Fate and Death and Time,
 But not of Him whose viewless hand hath riven
 The chasm through which the mountain stream is
 driven!
 How like a prostrate giant, not in sleep,
 But listening to his beating heart, ye lie!
 With woods and winds dread harmony ye keep!
 Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky;
 Ye speak, are mute, and there is no reply."
 EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *Corn-Law Rhymes*.

HURRAH for the Moors! and welcome, thrice welcome, the long-looked-for twelfth of August! At last the great day, no longer at hand, is here, and what a glorious morning it is! The sun is not yet an hour high, and his light is over all the earth. The gray clouds are sailing grandly in seas of azure and gold, their crests tossing in the breeze and flooded with crimson fire. All the eastern sky is full of glory and color, of pomp and solemnity, like the vision of a painted window in some vast cathedral of immensity. The heavy mists have roved away from the black moorlands, and the great dumb mountains stand out piteous and lonely against the pitiless blue of heaven. They are to me the very embodiments of inexplicable and unfathomable sorrow. But

then how finely they harmonize with the lonely moors!—lonely, but *not* sad, for behold how they deck themselves with the garlands and singing robes of Nature! How gayly they flaunt to the breeze or dally with the gentle winds in their summer mantles of flowers! Only a month ago and they were all green, and gold, and purple, the gorse and the heather blossoms flashing like jewels upon their tumultuous and passionate bosoms, as if they were celebrating the bridal of the earth and sky, and wishing they were their own.

Look at them on this bright, delicious morning—how the dews sparkle over them, turned into diamonds by the sun's alchemy! How proud they look! how free, joyous and happy! Hark! there is music too in the sky—such music as our instruments made by hands cannot approach for wildering ecstasy and ravishment. That is the lark's song—the lowly, bonny lark, whose speckled breast, which also glitters with the pearly drops of morning, is so full of melody and joyousness that he must soar away up to Heaven's gate to charm the angels, and tell God how happy he is, and what a grateful heart beats and

burns in his tender little bosom. Oh how wondrously he trills and thrills up yonder! Surely there is no song like his—none that, of the earth, is less earthy;—none that speaks to us of such unspeakable things, as if it appealed to a new passion in the soul, and opened the windows of a new world that we dreamed not of.

“Up, up he mounts, to heaven away,
The bird of lowly nest:
Hark to his wildly-gushing lay!
The dew is on his breast.

“He meets the morning in the skies,
Upon his dappled wings:
It seems to rain down melodies
In the glad song he sings.

“Over the landscape green and brown
Bright golden shadows fall;
But oh the lark’s song cometh down
More golden than them all!

“The forest minstrels all are mute;
No other sound is heard,
Save low wind-breathings like the lute,
With which the leaves are stirred.

“He singeth yet a wilder strain,
As nearer heaven he soars:
What visions float within his brain
That these fresh notes he pours?”

Alas! no one can tell. He is joy and love on wings, to teach man how impious are repining and despair. At any rate, we may be sure that there is a divine meaning to his song and in all melody. Shall we pity the lark, therefore, that he cannot speak English! His language is universal—known alike to beast and bird, as well as to man, I doubt not. So sing away, thou merry little heart! The morning, glorious as it is, would be less bright, beautiful and welcome without thy song, and that is the reason I have allowed thee to occupy so much space in the picture of the landscape.

As I stand here, before the old stone house, the simple hostelry of the moors where I have passed the night, that I might be up betimes—on the Twelfth, any way, if never again—and mine eyes greet the sun rising, I seem to be present at a new creation. The old world, at all events, is a renovated world. It shows itself in a spick and span new

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dress, and so fresh in looks that sin appears to be but a harmless myth, lying far away back among the traditions of impossible things. Indeed, so very lonely is this region that for aught I know I may be the only man alive in it, barring my friend, whom I left asleep by the way—in unbleached linen, it is true, but linen sheets which smelt sweet last night of wild thyme and lavender. There is no sign of any human habitation as far as the eye can reach in any direction. A few small birds flit and chirp from shrub to shrub, and the ever-present sparrow, that so dearly loves the English homesteads, and builds his nest in the most open and exposed places—even in the spouts and holes of the house—makes a social twittering round about me; but that is all the life that shows itself in these green wilds. The silence is intense. I see the long, meandering roads, trailing white through the moorlands, now lost to view, and now glittering again in the surrounding blackness; descending into deep valleys, and rising up the sides of frowning mountains to their very summits, and then vanishing beyond them: great fragments of gray rock are scattered at intervals along the roadside, or half buried in the black peat-bog through which it runs. Muddy pools lie about, and in the ravines which abound on the moors there is sure to be a stream of crystal water flowing slowly or swiftly over a rocky bottom, according to the volume and violence of the cataract which hurls its roaring waters through the mountain gorge above.

And then I think of the many happy days I have spent in rambling over this wild country, both with and without my dogs and gun, and my one companion. The ghosts too of many a dead Twelfth loom up before my imagination, weary and heavy-laden with grouse, woodcock, snipe, partridge and hares; and I wonder what this new day will bring forth that I have looked for so long, and come so many miles to try and make as memorable as those of the past. And whilst I am indulging in these pleasant morning reflections, I hear the dogs bark in the stables, eager for liberty and sport;

and presently my friend comes down the stone stairs which lead from his chamber with its composition floor, as hard as any stone and much harder than wood, and joins me to get a breath of fresh air, as he says, to give him an appetite for breakfast. We are both dressed in tip-top style: a velveteen shooting-jacket, with pockets wide and deep enough to carry a brace of hares and two or three brace of grouse; a vest of the same material, containing at least four more pockets; and corduroy breeches, with buckskin gaiters, and a pair of water-tight boots, lacing above the ankles. This is our rig for the day and the season, and we congratulate each other upon the fine morning and the prospect of a good day's sport. My friend is a thoroughbred hunter, a crack shot and a most excellent good fellow; but Nature is nothing to him but a great game preserve. He is a man of senses and appetites, to whom poetry is "all d—d stuff," as John Clare called it, poor fellow! when he could no longer sing in tune in that Northamptonshire asylum for lunatics. I knew better than to talk of flowers, and birds, and "wee moist bits," and vast cartoons of mountains in his presence. It would have been like throwing the pearls of Osiris before the swine of Typhos—"simply this and nothing more." He could understand anything that related to shooting or the natural history of birds, but as for what the woods and clouds and waters and singing birds say to the heart of an understanding man who is intimate with Nature, he was as green as a lizard. He had not yet rubbed the drowsiness of slumber from his eyes, and came to me rubbing them with foolish fingers.

"For shame, Bob," quoth I, "to have overslept yourself this bright morning of the Twelfth—the brightest of all the year! Why, man, I have been up this hour, and have already made myself acquainted with the landscape around us, and with its invisible, innumerable intelligences, who have whispered to me such secrets as I dare not so much as hint at to you, on pain of a perpetual

excommunication henceforth and for ever."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bob: "what can you see in the landscape more than I can? I can see all that there is to see, and if you can see anything more, you ought to let yourself out to some show-folks and go on exhibition at fairs, marts and wakes. You would earn a pretty penny, I can tell you."

"No doubt," quoth I; "only I prefer to keep the secrets which have been entrusted to me until I get a full audience to listen to them. You, Bob, were born with a caul over your face, and you have the epidermis of a rhinoceros; so that you can neither see nor feel the things that I speak of. But when you go to the dog-kennels, and the question is a matter of breeding—or when you go to the moors, and the question turns about game and the best manner of hunting and shooting—I will back you against the world."

"And you would be sure to win!" replied Bob. "Moreover, I should like you to tell me what else is worth knowing," he added. "Will your poetry and stuff make you shoot better to-day than I shall shoot? Will they fill the game-bag, or make the dogs behave better? Not a bit of it, my fine fellow! So you shall have your satisfaction out of the moors, and I will have mine."

"Why, Bob," said I, "you are a reprobate! You abjure things sacred and unseen. You might just as well have been a heathen. You rob Nature of her poetry and beauty when you say there is nothing else but point-blank knowledges, and that a man's soul can live and get fat on external experience, without looking for an arcanum."

"Fiddle-de-dee with your arcanums!" he cried out in a rage. "Will they fill a hungry man's belly? Will they put dollars into his pocket, or make him a good shot and a dog-master? If they won't, what's the good of arcanums?"

"Bob," said I, "there was once a man who lived in the palace of a poet's mind, and his name was Peter Bell. He used to drive a donkey on these very moors before the poet aforesaid picked him up,

and he lived like a wild Ishmaelite, in a tent, and had a dozen wedded wives, which was bigamy multiplied by twelve. Now leave out the bigamy, and you are just such another chap as Peter Bell was. He could see nothing but matters of fact, and he had the impudence to call a spade a spade.

' A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more ! '

"And," said Bob, "in the name of common sense and all his policemen, what else was it but a primrose? That rascal piece of rhyme means to impute it as a sin against righteousness and all manner of godliness in Peter Bell because, being possessed with a pair of ordinary inspectors, he could only see a primrose in a primrose! Would the fool of a poet have had him see a bullock in it? or a windmill? or a flock of sheep? Isn't a thing a thing, I should like to know?"

"Certainly," quoth I, "O thou well-reasoning autocthon! A thing is a thing, undoubtedly; and being a thing, it must have qualities, faculties, potentialities, and a sufficient reason for its existence, if we could only come at it. This primrose, for example—"

"Ah, this *yellow* primrose!" said he, interrupting the argument. "Where are its qualities, and what are they? A yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and that's all about it!"

"Hold on!" said I: "that's flat profanity; and let me tell you, Bob, that you inherit the blasphemy of Peter Bell the potter."

"Oh, he was a potter, was he?" said Bob. "I am glad of it. That's a far more respectable trade than a poet's. But, come now, to't! To the quality, I say. What of the quality?"

"Well, Bob, you must own that the primrose in early spring, when you come upon it at unawares in the woods, nodding its golden flowers over a bed, perhaps, of purple violets, whilst the throstle sings hard by in a thorn-bush which is spangled all over with white blossoms just tinged with carmine and full of delicious odors—you must own that at

such a time the yellow primrose is very beautiful."

"Ah!" said he, interrupting me again; "it *is* kind o' pretty, certainly, but what's that to do with a quality?"

"Well, being beautiful, it must have the quality of beauty in it; and therefore it is something more, by this expression of beauty, than a yellow primrose; just as your nose, Bob—pardon me for using the *argumentum ad hominem* in this case—being red at the nob of it, must possess the quality of redness in its interiors, and so be, by that expression, something more than a common and ordinary nose,

' Which is the grace
And proscenium of your face '

I hope that is good chop-logic, Bob?"

"It's d—d personal, any way you like to fix it, old fellow; and if my olfactories did not scent out a much more odorously kind of chop than your logic is to me, I should be inclined to say it is particularly offensive. But my breakfast always puts me into a good-humor, and I now smell it in the making."

With this his lips watered and his eyes brightened, for indeed the odor of cooking had very grossly by this time polluted the morning air; and presently a buxom, rosy-cheeked Yorkshire lass came outside to call us in to breakfast. Bob rubbed his hands briskly at the goodly sight which the table presented. "What's so pretty as a chop nicely cooked?" said he—"done brown, in the true sense, with all its juices inside it—juices of long life and strong limbs and steady nerves! Talk of 'yellow primroses' and such twaddle! Why, it's a sin against the flesh, a crime against the stomach, when a good mutton-chop is set before a hungry man. So, I pray you, let's have no more of it, but address ourselves, with proper decorum, to the materialities, leaving all the spiritualities to women and fairies, and such-like."

Thus ended our talk; and I must confess that we did honor to the breakfast. It was a noted house for good eating, was the house with the sign of "Dog and Gun." The landlord was a jolly, red-faced farmer, who was also

addicted to sport, and loved it for its own sake—a fellow of mirth and wit, who drank strong ale, ate heartily and cared for nobody. The landlady was a busy, bustling woman, as clean as a silver penny, and looked charming in her pretty white cap and snow-white apron. She and her maids had prepared us a breakfast—not a miserable Roman *jentaculum*, but a solid Yorkshire breakfast, fit to set before Prince Albert, or any other good man who loves shooting and the twelfth of August. Our host and hostess sat with us at meat on this occasion, by our own particular request. At each end of the table there was a large silver tankard of foaming ale, which the landlord pushed round with a will and a welcome the moment we were seated, praising the brew as his best, his very best. “A year old, come October, and no slop, sir, but five gallons to the bushel—what I call ‘knock-’um-down,’” he said. I confess we were powerfully refreshed by it. It was a genuine malt liquor, and had a mighty relish to it. Clear, fine and clean it was, like an old wine. Pelusium itself—that city by Nilus’ mouth, or rather by one of his mouths, and I forget which—so famous for its good ale, would have smacked its lips approvingly over the liquor in these tankards; for assuredly if, as Herodotus says, the art of brewing was discovered by Isis, the wife of Osiris, our Yorkshire friend had considerably improved upon the first mash, which was as thick and glutinous, no doubt, as the Pelusium *carmi*, and could hardly have been so good as the *zythum* of that city, which was an expensive liquor and much affected by the nob. A man’s appetite comes to him strangely in a strange place. He eats with a gusto unknown to city gourmards, and so did we on this occasion. The coffee was delicious, and its flavor was increased by the rich, sweet cream, like pale gold in color, and odorous with the dainty moorland herbs and grass. And then the hot cakes and sweet, sweet butter, and the plenteous new-laid eggs! It was a treat to be remembered. There was no stinginess at this Yorkshire table. The tankards were

no sooner emptied than they were filled again; and this time our pretty waiting-maid brought in also a dozen sheets of oaten cake and a fat cream cheese, rich, rare and old. The host and hostess insisted upon it, after we had each devoured food enough for half a dozen ordinary breakfast-men, that we had not eaten anything, forsooth, and ordered in the “cold ham that was cooked yesterday,” they said.

But in truth we laid in a solid foundation for the day, and were soon ready for work. We had with us four dogs, two of which had been sent off in advance, with a guide on pony-back, to meet us at noon some six miles off, at a place on the edge of the moors called “Cook’s Study”—a rude stone hut which a certain clerical recluse had built for his own private meditations, some miles away from Holmfirth. The other two dogs we took with us, and a boy to ride the pony, upon whose back a couple of panniers had also been placed, well stocked with provisions and that Yorkshire ale. We hoped, if we had good luck, to bring them back filled with grouse. All being now in readiness, off we set, although at a much later hour than we had intended. We had some distance to travel before we reached the ground over which we had received permission to shoot; for even the moors are preserved in England, and no one has any right to shoot over them unless by the sanction of the lord of the manor. It often happens, however, that these petty lords let their rights over hundreds, and even thousands, of acres to sporting men, who build what they call a “hunting-box” upon them, and make this place their headquarters, being more convenient in all respects, they think, than an inn. Here they lodge at night and entertain their sporting friends, the house being usually well appointed, and having good stables and kennels attached. We had to wend our way along the wearisome road for nearly three miles before we came to “Preacher’s Nab,” a high hill, or mountain as it was called, where our range began. Here and there, like a speck on the wild landscape, we saw

the stone hut of a poor shepherd; and presently on a mountain burn, and scattered far and wide over the moors, we beheld for the first time a great number of black sheep and a few horned cattle cropping the sweet, short grass.

At last we reached the summit of the long road, and had to descend by a ravine to the left, through which a mountain stream was rushing and tumbling over the rocks to its bed below. There was not a tree visible. A few stunted shrubs grew on the sides of the savage gully, which, narrow at the top where the torrent descended, gradually widened into a little valley paved with flat rocks. We came out presently upon the moors, but were not yet on "our own land," so we did not attempt to hunt, although the dogs were greatly excited, and we had more than enough to do to keep them quiet.

The moors are unlike any other uncultivated lands. Our own prairies are the best external image of them, but they are mostly dry and contain good pasturage, and the soil is unequaled. But the moors, which from this part of Yorkshire run without a break into North Britain, are boggy, wet, unproductive, and literally terrible in their grim barrenness. If a man wants to know what the solitude of desolation is, let him go alone on these moors. And yet to me there is in them a wondrous fascination. It is like the surface of some old geological world in the times of the monsters—the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, and the rest of that fish-lizard creation. One might almost fancy that he had a right to see the brutes wallowing and tumbling about in the muddy waters. It is a new experience one gets there, and all the aspects of Nature are new. One can hardly hear the little birds sing when they are close to him for the great loneliness that aches around him. Their voices are lost in the voids of the air. But there is a strange, grand beauty in the savage features of these moorlands, nevertheless—something African and mysterious about them; and they seem lorded over by the mountains. Much, too, as they look alike—and there

is undoubtedly a characteristic sameness in them—there is an infinite variety in the surface and in all objects upon it. Here are tiny hillocks, bulges of peat soil, covered with rank sere grass; knolls, too, of delicious green, and hummocks crowned with purple heather; and little garden-like patches with outlying pools of water, starred all over with flowers of every color and hue. Now you come to a solid piece of earth, brown and parched; now to a treacherous morass, whose ugly depths of mud, descending fathomless, are veiled over as with rich, bright-green velvet. Then, again, the fires of last autumn, surging over immeasurable acres in one vast sea of flame, have left the earth black and scraggy, the grass and heather burnt up like a scroll. You can trace the windings and eddies of the all-devouring element for acres and acres; and the charred and ruined gorse bushes stand out like the skeletons of unknown birds and wild animals, twisted and shriveled against the sky. And yet most ravishing colors delight the eye on the grassy knolls. The prevalence of the young heather gives a marvelous beauty to the landscape. It is as if Nature had dropped her jewel-box over the land as she came from her toilet at some mountain pool. Gay, bright flowers are scattered all around, and the earth is flush with amethysts, rubies, sapphires and gold wherever the young broom is in blossom. The contrasts are charming. Look what a deep tawny russet prevails where the old vegetation has been! See those yellow stalks and their brown dead leaves! And behold, farther on, how the intent beauty of Nature sweetly threatens to encroach upon that oasis of desolation and cover it with the green furze, which already approaches its borders, with all its banners of gold flying in the triumph of life and the glory of immortal youth! Who would believe that there was such a series of bright pictures in the dark galleries of these moorlands? I was always lagging behind, if only for a few moments, to admire them, whilst my matter-of-fact friend could think of nothing but the game he meant to kill,

and see nothing but a good game-cover on these moors.

As we passed along we started many a bevy of quails, which rose with a whirr of thunder on their wings, and made off with great daubs of sunlight on their beautiful brown backs, thus increasing their chances of death within the range of the sportsman's gun. A solitary hare got up under the very feet of the pony from a bit of dry grass, and galloped away in a zig-zag course for some distance, when he struck out in a straight line for a cover he knew of some distance off, his white tail bobbing up and down as he tore over the uneven ground. I examined his "form," as his resting-place is called. It was simply a piece of dry grass, as I said, that fitted his body like a skin, so snug it was and so warm. There were two or three bits of bloody fur on the stalks which told a tale. He had been shot at and hit by some clumsy gunner who ought to have killed him. I know, however, that he will get away with a "deal of shot" in him, but he rarely lives in such cases; and, if he be too far from his "form," he will ensconce himself in the first hedge-bottom among the dry leaves, or the first secure place he can find, and lie down to die. "What a spanking shot!" said my friend, as the hare went away. "What a chance for a good course," said I, "if we only had leave to run him down and the greyhounds were at hand!" Coursing, indeed, is quite as much the vogue in England as shooting, and, with the exception of fox-hunting, it is the most exciting of all field sports. Some gentlemen hunt hares with a pack of harriers, the harrier being a smaller kind of foxhound, but not nearly so handsome as his big brother, although he is of much the same color, being usually marked with yellow and brown—yellow head and ears and legs, and a great brown mark, like a saddle, on his back—and a heavy white tail. I do not care for this sort of hunting: it is too slow, although a pack in full cry, with the horsemen in red coats galloping after them, and every now and then the sound of the huntsman's bugle round the woods

or on the uplands, is a cheering, exhilarating sight, and purely English.

We met with the wee little tit-lark every now and then—a bird not much bigger than a humming-bird—and the little creature seemed to be sadly out of his place in these savage wilds. At a short distance he looked no larger than a humble-bee; and the idea of these mighty moors ever having been in labor to bring forth such a midge of a bird seemed to me profoundly comical. Amongst the swampy places, and at the well-heads, and along the larger water-courses near the hills, we started several snipes and woodcocks, and the curlews wheeled around us, shamming lameness and broken wings—now almost dropping to the ground, and anon shriering off in rapid sweeps and circles, trying hard to make us believe that we could put some salt on their tails, an we would; and all, I suppose, because they had a nest hard by.

As we neared the foot of the Nab, where we were to begin our sport, the lad who rode the pony called out, "Yon's the squire's ston' wall, maesters; and yon's his sheeps wi' the black facens! There's plenty of red grouse at bottom o' t' Nab. I've been there afore, and I allus knows, when there's black sheeps about, that there's plenty o' game near by. 'Cause why? They both likes the same soort of eatings. See yonder! the sheeps is all pecking away at the young, tender heather, which has growed up in the places where the fires has been; and its nist eating too for the red grouse all about yonder, maesters. Plenty of springs and young sprouts!"

We were heartily glad to see the shooting-ground, and presently we passed through a stone gateway and were "at home." We had hardly set foot on the ground before we started another bevy of quails, and no sign from the dogs. "Well, that's queer!" said the boy. "I suppose these 'ere dogs be good yons, bean't they?"

"You'll soon see, my man," said Bob, "what they're made of." And then turning to me, he said, "Can you account for these birds getting up so

close to the dogs and they giving us no warning?"

"In good truth, Bob," quoth I, "I confess my ignorance."

"And yet you profess to be a poetical naturalist!" he replied, with a good-natured sneer. "Did you never hear," he continued, "that quails have the power of withholding scent?"

"Yes," said I, "but I never believed it."

"That's just like you chaps who know so much! You believe in things that never had an existence, such as your 'spiritualities' and 'arcanums,' and the like fiddle-de-dees! Now, I believe a fact—matters of fact and experience. I know all about quails—where they frequent, what they eat, how they live, breed, hatch and court; and, better still, how they taste when well roasted and basted, and served up on a toast swimming with port-wine sauce. There!" he added, "don't make faces. I know you eschew the port-wine sauce as a damnable innovation that destroys the flavor of the game. So be it. But now let me tell you that quails have the power of withholding scent. Some sportsmen, such as Frank Forrester, Skinner and Lewis, say that it is an act of volition in the bird, and that, like a woman who has a pretty face, she knows it. But I am a close student of the physiology of things, as you know."

"Oh! oh!" said I, interrupting him: "that is news, Bob. You are not so far off the 'spiritualities' and 'arcanums,' then, after all! Physiology unlocks the unseen of 'things'—makes us acquainted with the inner structure of facts, looks into causes, and often finds them with mighty queer faces, giving the lie to ready-made, cut-and-dry theories, and upsetting preconceived notions."

"That's just it," said Bob, triumphantly; "and that's just what physiology has done for me in this case. Now I know that quails can and do withhold scent, and we have just seen a specimen of the fact. But I don't believe they know they have that power, nor that they can wield it at pleasure. What is scent? It is a thing, as I say, and a

quail's scent is a thing particular to the quail. It is an invisible odor which is expressed through the feet of the bird; and is so far a part of the bird in homœopathic doses, just as the odor of a rose is an invisible part of the rose. Now, I believe, from my physiological investigations, that this odor, or natural secretion, is arrested in the birds by fear or any sudden emotion, so that they might be under the nose of the best dog alive and he be none the wiser. Do you smell the rat? Have I hit the true philosophy of the physiology? Let us reason together from analogy. Here is a woman in a certain cottage that I know in Northamptonshire. She is nursing her new baby, called Bob after your humble servant, who stood godfather to it. I am sitting by the fire smoking my pipe. The cottage door is open, and looks into the garden, where I can smell ladslove, rosemary, gillyflowers, carnations and roses. She is a very pretty woman, and I like her, and am talking to her well pleased. On a sudden a great black dog comes bounding over the fence, into the cottage, his large red tongue lolling out of his foaming mouth, his eyes red, wild and blood-shot. She utters a loud scream and cries, 'Oh my child! my child!' I seize the poker and brain the dog, and fling him over the fence on to the road. But the mother loses her milk, and poor little baby finds the fountain of his life dry. Do you take it? See the analogy. In the one case fright dries up or checks for a time the lacteal secretion; in the other, it arrests the scent of the birds."

I agreed with Bob that the thing was reasonable, and that if he had not struck upon the true doctrine, then we should have to fall back upon the theory of an unspeakable subtlety in the bird—an intelligence and understanding, a reasoning in short, which enabled it to dodge the hunter by and through its own volition; a theory which demanded too much from us, implying as it did the faculty of forethought and deduction, as if the quail had anticipated the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon.

We rested a few minutes at the bot-

tom of the Nab, and found it a delicious spot. Old Nab himself was a grand old fellow, scarred, knotted, jagged and bulging out with great rocks covered with moss and lichens. Up to the middle of him he was adorned with whortleberry bushes and great flaunting flowers, red, yellow and violet. His old pate was quite bald, and he had long been familiar with the clouds, and the sun, and the rain, and the mighty storm-winds, and the fantastic shapes of the mist—shapes terrible and appalling to mortal eyes, and not particularly cheery to old Nab's; shapes of ghost-monsters, grinning with ghastly peepers out of the world of fog—appearing but for a moment, however, and then vanishing into other brutal and obscene shapes, as if they were the dreams of the moor-god in a night of pain and agony brought on by a remorseful conscience for black deeds done in mystery and darkness. But now he was as blithe as the rest of us, and shone with a grand beauty in the sunlight. To the left there was a shaggy gorge, or *ghyll*, made by the waters, and through which they now went roaring along in a mad bass, relieved at intervals by some treble notes as they came to a more level surface. The only living things that we could see were the black-faced sheep, some of which were feeding on the sides of the gorge, while others drank at the stream.

As if it were but yesterday, all the objects and delights of the landscape come back to me like photographs. There stands the pony with his head down, his bridle on the grass and the panniers on his back. The boy is digging into their deep recesses for some of that Yorkshire ale and some sandwiches made from that ham which "was boiled yesterday," as the old farmer said. We make a hasty lunch. The dogs are still coupled, and the boy holds the chain, while we sit contented yet excited at the foot of the mountain.

But I must introduce the dogs. Here is a slut which I got from the kennels of Lord Fitzwilliam—a rare breed, thoroughly broken to point and back and retrieve. A cleaner hound never beat

cover. She is a pointer, liver-colored and white. Her head is superb, and beautifully marked with a mottled nose. Her ears are long, thin and fine as silk. Her upper lip lops over the under, and the nose is full and prominent. She has the spring of a tiger in her legs, and the body curves gracefully to the hind quarters; and the tail is so fine that it almost loses itself at the end in a mathematical point. The other animal is a large dog-pointer, strong, bony, rough—one of whose near ancestors had grown so fine that a foxhound was introduced to give him foot and leg, and this accounts for his strength and size. He is full of courage, and of the same color as the slut, and thoroughly broken; only, like many of his breed, he will chase a wounded hare or bird. But otherwise he drops to charge the moment a gun is fired, and never stirs until the ramrod is driven home.

Here, then, we were refreshed and ready, with the sun in our faces. The ground was a lovely bit of cover, and full of heather-blooms and flowers, with dark green patches at hand, and holes called wells, or well-heads, at every few paces. Little runlets percolated through the moorland grass and ling crops, giving to all things they influenced by contact or near approaches a new life and a new coat of green. We began to beat up the wind, and away went the swift slut at a rasping gallop, followed by the big dog, Rover: the slut's name was Polly. Oh, I tell you it was a pretty sight to see those noble dogs do their work! They knew well enough what they had been brought there for, and rejoiced in the sport quite as much as their masters. Away they go, with heads erect and tails down, ranging five or six hundred yards, and, without a wave of the hand or any sign from us, crossing and recrossing the ground; each dog on his own hook, yet each conscious of the other's presence, and ready to back or point at a moment's notice. Presently the slut pulled up as she neared the last quarter of her range, not far from us, and dropping almost on her belly, her head and tail out, she made a handsome point.

The dog backed her instantly, and we stole silently up to the spot. The slut's eyes were as red as fire, she trembled with excitement, and her mouth was dropping with saliva and all afoam. "Hold, Polly!" and she creeps softly toward the game, making her teeth rattle at regular intervals—one, two, three; when at last, "Whirr! whirr!" and up got a ruffled grouse, which, as it flew to my hand, I shot at and brought down. Having reloaded and given the word again, "Hie on," the slut pointed the dead bird, and then she was told to "fetch," which she did, and presently made another point. By this time the dog was close to her, and there they stood in different attitudes, but with the head and tail well out and the lips quivering, whilst the slut always added the tooth-music aforesaid. It was a beautiful sight; and once more at the word of command in they went and up got two brace of grouse. Bob fetched down two, right and left, in splendid style, for, as I said, he was a magnificent shot. I killed one, and hit one badly, though it flew off, for it left quite a shower of feathers behind it.

About a mile from the Nab we came to a piece of water and low swamp-land. I am always afraid of letting a dog, unless he is very staunch, hunt after snipe. The scent does not lie well, and besides, he is a shifty bird, and is enough to aggravate any dog and make him wild. But I knew I could trust the slut; so, feeling sure from certain signs that there

were snipe there, I bade her "Hie on!" But she pointed false once or twice, owing to the imperfect scent. At last her nose got the "hang" of it. She knew now snipe from snipe's shadow, and presently put up a brace of jack-snipe, which rose with a shrill, scared cry of "Sceap!" "sceap!" and then "Bang!" "bang!" went both guns, each bringing down a bird, which we made the dog retrieve;—and then "Hie on!" But hardly had the dogs splashed about the swamp for a few moments before they pointed faintly again, and up got three or four brace, and away they went—all but one, to Bob's gun—as fleet as the wind, and we marked them for a good half mile. As we crossed the swamp to get on the other side of the water, a fine mallard duck rose from the flags, and this was my quarry; but it fell in the water, and as soon as I had reloaded and told the slut to "fetch," she retrieved it as well as if she had been a water-spaniel broken to the business.

In this way we passed the best part of the morning, and then returned to the Nab, where we made another luncheon. We had bagged quite a satisfactory number of grouse, besides quail, snipe, a woodcock and a hare. We then loaded the panniers with our "figurings up," made the return journey to the house, intending to finish the day with the other two dogs near Cook's Study; and thereby hangs a tale.

JANUARY SEARLE.

MYRA'S MIRROR.

IT is no story of my own that I have now to tell: it is Aunt Clementine's. Dear old Aunt Clementine! A vision of her rises before me as I write: a thin, pale, stooping and wrinkled old woman of almost ninety, sitting in her stuffed easy-chair by a window on the sunny

side of the room, with her crutch within easy reach—quaint, vivacious, cheery-hearted, and glad to talk by the hour, in her merry, chirping voice, with any of the young folks, among whom she was a general favorite. Extreme age had not soured her, nor taken away any of her

interest in life : she loved to hear laughing voices, and to see bright, fresh young faces about her ; and it needed but little inducement to set her gossipy tongue going about the "days of auld lang syne." I was a boy then, hardly out of my aprons, and I used to sit and listen with a kind of fascination to her stories ; and I remember a dozen or two tardy-marks and one or two ferulings which poor old Aunt Clementine innocently caused. The grass has greened over her for many a year, but her kind heart lives in a hundred memories ; and I presume the tales with which she used to amuse us youngsters are repeated by at least that number of firesides. Here is one of them.

Do I believe in dreams, children ? No, I think not : as a general thing, I don't allot much on them. I never had half the faith in signs and forerunners, and tokens of all kinds, that most house-wives have : in fact, I think some of your mothers could tell you more about these things than I can. But about dreams ! Well, I *have* known some queer ones, and some that were fulfilled in a way that was mortal strange, to say the least. There was Myra Denslow's, now !—but I will tell you about that.

You know, perhaps, that when I was a girl, maybe eighteen years old, my parents lived near Marksville, over there on the river. It was not so near, either, for it was all of thirteen miles down, but Marksville was the nearest place, and the stage made one regular trip a day to and from, in good weather ; so it did not seem very far. There was a little kind of settlement there where we lived, and father thought it better to locate there with his store than at the village, because he thought a large place was going to grow up right off around him. And Marksville was not what would be called a place of any size : it had a tavern, and two stores, and a post-office, and an academy, and a church, and maybe a thousand people. I wanted to live there for one reason more than any other : that was on account of Myra Denslow. Myra and I were mates, and

had been ever since we were little children. We were born within three days of each other, and our parents had never lived more than half a mile apart before our great breaking up ; and then we expected to go to the same place. But it didn't happen so : her folks went to Marksville, and mine to the Settlement ; so there was an end put to our crying for a while. She had promised me faithfully that she would make me a visit within the first three months, but more than six passed, and Myra made one excuse and another in her letters, but no visit. I knew, from the way she wrote, that something queer had happened ; and one day I sat down and wrote her a good, sharp letter, in which I told her that I knew she was keeping something from me that I ought to know, and that I'd never write to her again till she told me what it was. An answer came in two days, which told the secret.

"I should have told you before, my dear Clemmy," she wrote : "and I believe I deserve all your reproaches for not telling you. I am coming to the Settlement, by the stage, on Friday afternoon, and then I will give you the whole history. At present it will be enough to tell you that I am engaged to be married to Freeman Thayer, one of the students in the academy here."

So the letter said. I don't know what possessed me to do it, children : I suppose it must have been one of those freaks that can't be explained ; but I wrote right away, and sent the letter by the driver on his first trip back, asking Myra to bring Mr. Thayer with her. It never struck me till after it had gone that this wasn't exactly the thing for a young woman to do with the man she was engaged to ; but I was a flighty young thing in those days, like two or three of you that I know of, and I always acted first and thought afterward. Oh, if I only hadn't written that dreadful letter ! It seemed harmless enough then, but what an untold weight of misery it was to bring upon poor Myra ! So little can we tell what may be the consequences of our most trivial acts ! Remember this, children—and I haven't

been a lifetime in finding it out, either—remember that *there are no trifles in this world*. Everything is working for good or ill, if we could but know it; and what seems the most insignificant often works the gravest results.

Myra came in the great stage-sleigh on Friday afternoon, as she had promised. Father was absent for a week—I think he had gone to Boston for goods—and mother had one of her bad headaches and went to bed early; so we two had the coast clear for a nice long talk, such as girls have always liked to have together since the world began, I suppose. We told each other everything that had happened, of any account, in the last six months; and then she told me all about her betrothed—how she first met him, how it happened, and how they were to be married as soon as he had completed his year at the academy, which would be in about three months. He was *such* a nice fellow, she said—just twenty-three, six feet high, as straight as an arrow, and just as handsome as could be. He was an orphan, and had ever so much money in his own right, “or will have, some time: I don’t exactly know how it is,” Myra rattled on. “I should like him just the same if he hadn’t a cent.”

“Shall I see him here before long?” I asked. She looked puzzled at the question, and I asked another: “Did you get my last letter?”

“No—not if it was written since that scolding one,” she replied; and then I told her of the one I had sent, inviting her to bring her lover with her. She merely said that it would have been impossible, even had she received it before she left Marksville; that Freeman’s studies monopolized all his time, and that she had no idea that he could have accepted the invitation. We chatted thus till the clock struck twelve, and then retired together, and were shortly asleep.

I was awakened in the morning by Myra. She had her arms around my neck, and was sobbing and crying pitifully.

“Why, Myra, you child, what *is* the

matter?” I asked. I was so surprised to find her in such trouble and distress of mind that I could do nothing for a moment but ask her what was the matter; and I was the more surprised because she had been so gay and light-hearted the night before. “Myra Denslow, what *does* grieve you?” I asked, over and over again, before I could get her to say a word; and when she did speak, it was with continual shuddering and with fresh tears:

“Oh, Clemmy” (she always called me by that pet name), “I’ve had such a frightful, hideous dream! It was so dreadful! so dreadful!” and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed again.

“Now, Myra Denslow,” I said, pretending to be angry, while I really pitied the poor girl’s distress, “if you don’t tell me instantly all about your silly dream, I’ll—I’ll shake you, good and hard. What was it?”

“Clemmy, you can’t think how awful it was.” The poor child tried to smile, but it was the most woeful smile I ever saw. “I thought I saw Freeman’s face in a mirror, and it was stiff and staring, just like a dead face. And the mirror—it was so different from any other mirror I ever saw. There was no frame to it: it was all brilliant, shining white, all over it; and his face looked out through it, so cold and staring—”

She grew so distressed and excited by her own language that I feared she would work herself into hysterics; so I forbade her to speak another word for a quarter of an hour, and tried to soothe her by guessing what had prompted this dream. I had lately been reading a curious old book, in which the author took the ground that all dreams are suggested by something which happens to us before sleep, and I had been applying the theory to some of my own visions with tolerable satisfaction. Myra’s was very easy to explain in this way, and my explanation partly reassured her.

“You’ll allow that it was very natural for you to dream of Mr. Thayer,” I said, half laughing. “In fact, it would have been strange if you had not: you have hardly talked of any one else since you

have been in the house. And then the mirror! Don't you remember how long you stood in front of my glass, there, combing out your hair, just after you came?"

"Yes, but the mirror in my dream had no frame. How do you explain that?"

"I don't suppose I am bound to explain all the crazy notions you take into your head when you're asleep," I said, a little testily; and Myra forgot her imaginary fears for a moment while she laughed at my warmth in the defence of my theory. Then she became grave again in an instant, and said,

"I never had such a life-like dream. I can't, Clemmy—I can't help thinking that it forebodes something awful to Freeman."

"Forebodes a fiddlestick!" was my answer; and understanding by this time that the vision had taken a powerful hold on her imagination, I talked fast and cheerfully on many subjects, and at last succeeded in winning her mind away from it. She only alluded to it once during breakfast, when I laughed it off before mother had an opportunity to ask about it; and during the whole day after that I kept her well occupied, and succeeded in driving the hateful subject from her thoughts.

The stage-sleigh—for all this happened in January, when there were two feet of snow and the river was frozen hard and fast—the stage-sleigh from Marksville drove up to our house that afternoon. We were expecting nobody since Myra had come, and were surprised to see it; but it was only to deliver a letter, addressed to "Miss Myra Denslow, care of Mr. Kinsley, Kinsley's Settlement." "I don't often carry letters," the driver said: "that's for the post-office to do; but the young fellow as handed me that one was so distressed-like to have it delivered right away that I agreed to do it."

Myra opened and read it: her whole face lighted up with pleasure as she read, and, tossing the note to me, she clapped her hands gleefully. "It's from Freeman," she said. "He's alive and

well, of course: read for yourself. Thank you a thousand times, dear Clemmy, for writing that last letter, which I never got."

I read the letter which Myra handed me. It was written in a swinging round hand, and full of all such expressions as lovers use when they write to each other. With all these clipped out, the substance of the letter was about this: that Mr. Thayer had called at Mr. Denslow's shortly after Myra had left for the Settlement, for the purpose of getting a little cane which he had left the night before; and there he found that a letter from the Settlement had been received for Myra. How it came to be delayed, and what the driver had done with it, or who had at last delivered it, did not appear. Fearing that something had happened at the Settlement which she ought to know, Mrs. Denslow had opened and read the letter as soon as she received it, and finding that it related entirely to Mr. Thayer, it was immediately handed to him when he entered. He now wrote to say that he was too much occupied at the academy to admit of his coming by the sleigh; but since the skating on the river was excellent all the way from Marksville to the Settlement, he could and would come down on the ice that (Saturday) night and stay till Monday morning, if it was convenient. He would leave Marksville at seven, and hoped to be with us about nine.

I looked from the open letter to Myra. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed and her whole face fairly beamed with happiness. "I am so glad he is coming! You were so good to ask him!" she repeated over and over again. She did not tell me her secret thought, but I well understood that the foreboding of that disturbing dream still lingered with her, and that nothing short of Freeman Thayer's appearance before her in the flesh, alive and well, could dispel it.

The tea-table was spread, the meal eaten and the table cleared again; and as it grew dark and night came on, the candles were lighted and we gathered around the fire. Poor mother's tormentor, the sick headache, came on

again, and I went up to put her to bed and get her to sleep. After that was done I returned to the sitting-room, and, taking up my work, sewed a while. Myra took one of the volumes of *The Children of the Abbey* and tried to read, but I soon perceived that her heart was not in the book. She turned over the leaves and looked at the pictures, and then, putting it down, walked to the window and looked out. The clock struck eight while she stood there. In a few moments she came back to her seat and took up the volume again. I began talking to her, but she seemed nervous and ill at ease, and answered only in yes and no. After a time she went to the window again, and she still stood there as the clock struck nine. She turned quickly around and said,

"It is time he was here, Clemmy. Let us go down to the river, and we shall meet him. Come: it is a beautiful moonlight night, and we shall enjoy it."

I much preferred to wait there in our cozy, warm room, but I saw that she was anxious, and it would have been cruel in me to refuse. We put on our hoods and cloaks and went out together. The air was keen, but not over-cold: the night was brilliant with moonlight, and the white coat of snow which covered the earth flashed and shone beautifully in the bright rays. The river was but a few rods from our house, but some buildings between completely hid it. Turning the corner around these, we came out upon the low bank, in full sight of the channel for miles up and down. It was covered with smooth, shining ice, blurred here and there with a ridge of snow. It looked like a dazzling silver shield, so bright and glowing was its surface, and I stopped to admire it, but a cry from my companion turned my eyes to her. At the sight of the ice her face had blanched almost to its own whiteness, and grasping me by the arm, while she pointed with the other hand to the smooth field glittering before us, she whispered faintly,

"Clemmy, my dream! There is the smooth, white mirror that I saw—the

mirror without a frame. There it is; there! there!"

She shuddered so that I put my arm about her to keep her from falling. Far as I could see up stream there was no human figure to be seen, nor could my ears detect the faintest ringing of steel shoes on the ice. I looked again at Myra, and found her fast yielding to the stupor of her fear.

"Come, Myra, this is foolish!" I said, with all the sternness I could command. "If your dream means nothing more than this, I'll soon show you that it means just nothing at all. Come with me."

I knew that the ice was firm, for loaded wagons had been driven across the day before. She did not resist or hang back, but yielded passively; and locking her arm in mine, I led her out upon the slippery surface. The river was about a hundred rods wide at this point, and I thought I would lead her far enough to assure her that there was nothing at all in her dream. Slipping, sliding and walking, we had almost reached the middle, when—

God in heaven shield me from another such moment, my children! With a shriek that seems to ring in my ears now, Myra stood motionless, her eyes riveted and her outstretched finger pointing at her feet. I looked. There, as all about us, the thick white ice was pure and transparent, and beneath it the current of the river, influenced by the stiff tide running into the bay, ran perfectly clear and visible. And almost under our feet, as we stood there, horror-stricken—under the ice, swept along by the rushing tide-current—the body of a drowned man floated past, his white, stark face turned up to the moon with a fixed look of unutterable agony, and his feet shod with the skates that told how he had met his doom!

"Freeman! Freeman! O God! the ice—the mirror without a frame!"

The words were faintly gasped by poor Myra, and then she fainted in my arms. Half-stunned myself with the horror of this spectacle, I managed to drag her to the shore and up to the

house. Dear, unhappy girl! there never was a moment, after that, in which she clearly knew herself and her friends. She lay at our house almost a year after her brain-fever left her, and never seemed to know or care for anything but the river. She would go and sit on the bank opposite to where we saw her lover's body, and gaze at the water by the hour; and when any one tried to lead her away she would submit, crying gently like a grieved child. After that year she seemed to notice things more, and her parents took her home to Marksville, but she never grew better there. In less than six months more she was in her coffin.

Freeman Thayer's corpse, stiff and cold, was found floating far below in the bay on Sunday afternoon. A great hole in the ice for pike-fishing, a mile above the Settlement, was fixed on as the place where he must have gone in as he came at top-speed down the river. He and Myra were buried side by side in the graveyard there at Marksville; and manv and many's the basket of

flowers I've strewn over their graves. God rest them both! I can't doubt they've had a blessed meeting up above, long before now.

"Thayer was a splendid skater," somebody told me, long afterward. "I have often seen him make his mile in five minutes against the wind. Poor fellow! he must have blundered into that wretched hole without dreaming of its being there. He left Marksville at just seven o'clock, full of life and happiness."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because I went down to the river with him and helped him strap on his skates."

Who do you think that person was? It was my husband—afterward. It so happened, in this strange world, that I married Freeman Thayer's room-mate. And after all this—though I'm free to say that I don't believe in dreams—yet I do think there was something more than strange about Myra Denslow's dream, and its terrible fulfillment.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

LAND MONOPOLY.

MORE than forty years' study of general history, and more than twenty years' study of sociological history, have brought me to the conclusion that civilization is congenital with the white and Chinese races, and has ever been the necessary result of their physical and moral natures. On the other hand, I hold that all the other races of mankind, when not commingled with the whites or Chinese, have ever been, and must ever remain, when left to themselves, uncivilized; and that this is a necessary result of their moral natures. (I avoid the word "savage," because I think that the uncivilized and uncivilizable races are far more amiable and less savage than the whites and Chinese.

And I avoid the term "intellectual nature," because I can detect no characteristic difference between the intellectual natures of the various races of mankind.)

I have not discovered from my reading that there ever were tribes, communities or nations of uncivilized Caucasians or Mongolians (white or Chinese), or civilized tribes, communities or nations belonging to other races. But some persons, adopting Greek and Roman arrogant pretensions and prejudices, hold that the Northern peoples that overran the Roman Empire were uncivilized barbarians; and others believe that the Mexicans and the Peruvian Indians were civilized when discovered by the whites. I shall not attempt to argue with such

well-meaning, half-informed, simple people, but shall proceed to prove, or try to prove, to those who are capable of thinking for themselves, that the civilized and uncivilized races, from innate dispositions, tempers, temperaments, etc., differ from each other, and hold the same relation to each other *now* that they ever have held and must ever hold.

Land monopoly is the sole parent of civilization, and land monopoly has been universal, in all ages, with the white and Chinese races, and wholly unpracticed by the uncivilized races. These latter races are incapable of land monopoly, and therefore can never have self-sustaining civilization. But we see around us, every day, that they may have an exotic civilization. Where a few whites have monopolized the lands, the landless whites and landless negroes must practice the arts of civilized life or perish, for they can no longer live, like brutes, on the voluntary fruits of the earth. They have become the subjects of capital (and all capital results from land monopoly), and they must fabricate the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life for the capitalists, or be without homes or food or fuel or clothes. In fabricating necessaries, comforts and luxuries for the rich, they learn, and continually practice, all the arts of civilized life. Property, or capital, has ever been a close monopoly among the civilized races, and ever unknown, as an institution, among the other races. Any people who are capable of land monopoly, and will practice it, will at once become civilized.

Were it possible to divide lands equally among all the whites, each man would have to labor for his own support; for there being no landless, no one could command the labor of others. The consequence would be, that nothing but the merest necessaries of life could be produced, and the whites thus circumstanced would at once become decivilized. Men never fabricate luxuries for themselves, but make them for others to procure necessaries for themselves. None but a madman would build a fine house or make fine furniture or clothing or equipage for his own use. Were he to

attempt it, he would have no time left to produce the necessaries of life, and must starve. If lands were equally divided, or if lands were in common among the whites, civilization would perish. It is the dominion of capital over labor that begets, sustains and advances civilization. Were there no inequalities of property, there could be no civilization. There is no accumulated wealth, no capital, no inequalities of property, no land monopoly among the uncivilized races. Liberty (in its broadest sense) and social equality are enjoyed by all. They are all ignorant, half-starved paupers. Place them among whites, and subject them, like poor whites, to the dominion of capital, and they necessarily acquire civilization, but it is in most instances a feeble, sickly, exotic civilization. They are contented beings, and content dooms them to eternal ignorance and pauperism. A little coarse, common labor will procure for them the merest necessaries of life, and that is all they care or hope for. Not one in a thousand will undergo the labor of mind and body requisite to make them good mechanics, or artists, or scholars, or professional men. Invested with equal political rights, as the negroes soon will be, a very few of them will acquire property, become educated and occupy respectable social positions. The great mass of them will continue to be a useful, robust and productive laboring class—much better situated in all respects, however, than the negroes of Africa or the Indians of America.

The whites are ever *discontented*, rivalrous, emulative, rapacious, ambitious, proud, provident, selfish, jealous, aspiring and accumulative. The most ambitious, powerful and rapacious from time immemorial have monopolized the lands, and compelled, by virtue of the dominion of land monopoly, the landless to labor for them. The wages of the laboring classes have ever been proportioned to the industry, skill and inventiveness exhibited by each individual laborer; and this graduated apportionment, acting upon the moral qualities of the whites, such as we have just enume-

rated, has stimulated them to untiring industry, skill and inventiveness, and thus sustained a continually-improving and progressive civilization. The civilized races are decidedly unamiable, and if they were not so would cease to be civilized. Yet we do not think that man is endowed by Nature with any evil moral qualities, provided such qualities are not indulged in to excess. Discontent is a virtue while it only serves to make us moderately industrious, provident and accumulative: content becomes a vice when it begets indolence and improvidence. The white becomes vicious and criminal only when he indulges to excess such passions and propensities as we have mentioned, and this he is sure to do if not restrained by law, public opinion and (at least) respect for the teachings of Christian morality. The native African is by far the most amiable of human beings when the harvest is just in and game abundant. As such, Homer described him almost three thousand years ago, and as such is he described by all the African travelers of our day. The native Africans brought to this country as slaves were simple, guileless, affectionate, obedient and industrious: their descendants have contracted many of the faults of the whites, without acquiring any of their good qualities. But even now the negro is a much more amiable being than the white man; and the great question to be solved by the friends of humanity is, Can so amiable a being long live when thrown into free competition with the unamiable white man? The negro is eminently contented, unselfish, improvident, generous, wasteful, unambitious, unaspiring—ready to divide the little he may have with the first comer, and hence incapable of acquiring, holding or wielding capital or property. In fine, all the uncivilized races are, ever have been, and, left to themselves, ever will be, communists. Private property is an institution almost unknown among them, and equally unknown to them are all other institutions of civilized society. They have no laws, no courts, no judges, no legislators, no executive officers; in

fine, no government, for their chiefs or kings only lead them in war or on forays, and when these are over all government ceases. It is force of nature, not want of education, that makes the uncivilized races communists, agrarians, paupers and anarchists.

The question recurs, How will such people get along when made the political and legal equals of the whites, and thrown into free competition with them? Very well indeed, we think, in the South. In that climate they are more efficient field-hands than the whites, can rent lands as cheaply as the whites, and for much less than the whites have to pay for them in rent elsewhere. As common laborers, they receive the same wages as whites. Their wants are fewer and less than those of the whites, for they care not for fashion or appearances, and their earnings, while they work, are equally great. They have worked well in the section where I live, have plenty of money, spend it profusely, live wastefully, and are sometimes, from sheer improvidence, a little pinched for the necessaries of life. They are quite as respectful, kind and obliging as when they were our slaves. That scarecrow, hostility of race, ceases to exist when an inferior race, invested with equal legal and political rights, is blended in one common mass with a superior race. Society soon subsides and stratifies: the inferior being becomes a contented laborer, and the superior a kind and protecting employer. The white laborer frets under his galling chain sometimes, because he feels himself naturally the equal of his employer, but finds himself, in social position, far beneath him. It will be the fault of the whites at the South if we do not have the most contented laborers to be found in the world. We should cherish and protect them, for we can get none other. White men will not and should not come South to work as hirelings beside negroes. Workingmen from the North are fast settling among us, but they come to tend their own fields, not to hire themselves out as farm-hands, by the year or by the month. It is this immigration that will soon re-

store the South, if the negroes will but continue to perform their part as well as they are now performing it.

The English capitalists take good care of their laborers when from any cause there is a dearth of employment, not only from considerations of humanity, but still more from a sense of self-interest. Banish the poor, and the rich instantly become paupers—paupers unused to labor, who would assuredly starve though gold were as plenty as blackberries. Gold ceases to be valuable when it ceases to command labor, for human labor alone possesses value, and the measure of every man's wealth is just the amount of human labor he can command. If he can command none, he is a pauper not worth a cent. Though I may offend "ears polite," I must publish the unwelcome but wholesome truth, "There is no property possessing value except property in man." Take away the negroes from the South, and the South would be impoverished. Take away the white laborers from England, and England would be pauperized. I publish these unpleasant truths in the cause of a sound, fearless, healthy humanity. The laboring class, whether black or white, has more rights than are to be found on any statute-book. I believe the Southern people are as generous and warm-hearted as any people, and will take good care of the negroes—quite as much from the impulses of the heart as from the calculations of the head.

I am no revolutionist: I would not change in the least that legal and political equality which is the *beau ideal* of our day. But I would have men understand that they have but half performed their duties when they have fulfilled the requirements of the law. In the field of free competition the penurious, the selfish, the cunning and designing are continually defrauding the honest laborer of the fruits of his labor. Wealth is too often the result of exploitation rather than of honest labor. This is an evil which law never has and never can remedy. Let us all try to do justice to the poor, and—whilst relieving their wants

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—not insult them by calling such relief charity. They produce everything, and have a right to a decent support; yet, like Africans and Indians, they would produce nothing but for land monopoly, which compels them to work or starve. Taxed as the poor are in civilized society, still their situation is better than that of even the kings and chiefs among the Indians of America or the natives of Africa; for those chiefs and kings have very rarely a week's provisions on hand, have no certain means of procuring food for the ensuing week, and are, if not starving, at least pinched for food more than half their time. The necessary condition of civilized society is, that there shall be a few rich and a great many poor, and that the rich may live without labor by commanding the labor of the poor. This is the best possible condition of society, except for those who have a taste for Indian and African life. There is much complaint just now that the tendency of our political, social and legal arrangements is to beget a few millionaires, and to absorb, destroy and swallow up all small, independent properties; that is, to diminish the number of idle non-producers, and to increase the number of laboring producers.

The most worthless and noxious members of society are the small property-holders, who have just enough to live on without labor, and not enough wherewith to educate their children or to purchase those elegancies and luxuries the fabrication of which stimulates skill and inventiveness. These men of small independent properties, who live coarsely and vulgarly without labor, are the useless and noxious drones of society—mere consumers of the results of other men's unrequited labors; and the sooner they are expelled the better. Millionaires, without intending it, are the benefactors of mankind. They wish to make money, and to do so are compelled to invest most of their incomes in building houses for the poor, in internal improvements and in the purchase and improvement of Western lands. They thus increase the productive capacity of the country more rapidly than population increases.

Millionaires carry on business on a large scale, and one of them, with a hundred clerks in his employ, will do more business, and do it better and more cheaply, than a thousand independent, petty, vulgar shopkeepers. Small property-holders, whether they be shopkeepers or petty landowners, are mere consumers, and but obstacles in the way of progress and improvement. I see nothing unpromising in the aspect of public affairs except the alleged corruption of legislative bodies. This evil the people may correct. Most men are honest, and the people should elect honest men, regardless, almost entirely, of other qualifications.

I am writing in a wandering, discursive way, simply because my subject is too novel and too great for a single essay. My sole object is to teach men that land monopoly—or, to speak more accurately, the monopoly of property, or capital, by the few, and the consequent subjection of the many to the dominion, taxation and exploitation of these few—is not an evil, as generally esteemed, but the greatest of human blessings, because it is the only means of begetting, sustaining and advancing civilization. It is often loosely and improperly termed, "Slavery to capital." But it is a very different thing, every poor man feels and knows, from actual, hopeless, debasing domestic slavery. Although it is undoubtedly true that the employer or capitalist exploits more of the results of the labor of the freeman than the master does of the labor of the slave, and hence free labor is cheaper than slave labor, yet, all things considered, the condition of the free laborer is infinitely better than that of the slave, unless the free laborer be a worthless, improvident being: for such a one, whether black or white, domestic slavery is the appropriate condition.

Teaching negroes to read and write is very commendable, but to raise them in the social scale and to make them participants of a high civilization, they must be taught to amass money, to hold it and manage it properly. I think they cannot be so taught, except in extremely

rare instances, but the experiment is worth trying; and I assure the humanitarians that so soon as the negro learns to amass money he will be admitted to social equality with the whites. Should the negroes ever become richer than the whites, their black skins and woolly hair will be as much admired as the wry neck of the Macedonian Alexander.

I do not wish to see the negro race in the South die out. The adults, male and female, in the villages and in the country are the most healthy people in the world: none of them die except from old age. But negro children have strangely disappeared. Marriage is becoming rare among the negroes, and births equally rare. Could the marital and parental relations between them be properly regulated, they would become a prosperous, happy and prolific people.

Before dismissing my subject, I think it due to the reader and to the general public to give them some curious information as to the social state of Virginia for some months past. During this time, in most of our counties, we have had no law-officers, and in consequence no law or government; yet our people, black and white, even on the eve of most exciting elections, were as pacific, as orderly and as free from crime as any people in the world. Indeed, many ingenious persons begin to maintain that government is a needless thing, and that public opinion and correct views of self-interest would enable us to dispense with the cumbersome and costly machinery. I hold no such opinions, but cite these facts to prove that there is not the slightest foundation for the popular rumor and opinion that there is cause to apprehend a war of races at the South. Our prospects are very hopeful, and we rejoice to find that many sensible persons at the North are becoming aware of it, and are rapidly settling in our midst.

The negroes, when first emancipated, were turbulent and disorderly, and committed many crimes, but at no time since their liberation have they been half so lawless, so turbulent, so beggarly or so criminal as were the emancipated serfs of England for several centuries, accord-

ing to the unanimous testimony of historians, and the still better testimony of very many acts of Parliament enacted to punish their mendicity, vagrancy and crime.

I should fail in doing justice to the whites of Virginia, and I believe of the

whole South, were I not to add that since the war, although exposed to trying provocations and temptations, they have been peaceable, quiet and orderly, and crimes and misdemeanors have been of extremely rare occurrence among them.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

THE UNHEARD REPLIES.

NEVER, oh nevermore can he behold
 The early willow put forth tender green,
 Or hear the bluebird pipe returning May.
 "Grieve not, O faithful heart! for now, e'en now,
 I can behold the willow waving green,
 And hear the bluebird pipe returning May."

On the red field, 'mid volleying flame, he fell:
 The battle-tide rolled by and left him there:
 The cold, cold rain blew on him dying there.
 "Fighting for right, for liberty, I fell;
 But to the end, dear love, I thought of thee:
 My laurel crown will never, never fade."

No more for him the red ray of the dawn,
 The glow of noon, the tint of parting day,
 Will glad the eye, will glorify the life.
 "Oh blind lament! Lo! here a fairer dawn,
 A brighter noon, a lovelier ebbing day,
 Than ever mortal viewed, or dreamed he viewed!"

Around the hearth the near and dear will meet,
 And from their grief will grow a tender joy;
 But he will heed, will know them nevermore.
 "Do I not heed the murmur of thy heart
 Ere thine own thought can apprehend it well?
 Do I not know thee better than before?"

White, white the covering of that narrow bed,
 And drear the moaning of the wintry gale:
 There will he lie till the great judgment-day.
 "But look! Behold me more alive than thou!
 With all my human love immortal grown,
 Beloved, I wait; and thou wilt quickly come!"

EPES SARGENT.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GRANGULA'S MOUNT.

"Charity for his fellow-creatures arrested half his words."—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, *speaking of the good Monsieur de Gourville.*

ON the lower portion of the lawn in front of Sydenham's house stood a stately elm, which, when the axe leveled the surrounding forest, the woodcutter had spared. Under its broad shelter, in full view of the village, sat two ladies—Mrs. Clymer on a rustic chair, calmly knitting, and our friend Leoline on a camp-stool, a small table with drawing materials before her.

The latter seemed greatly discomposed. "It's no use, Aunt Hannah," throwing down her pencil: "I can't draw a steady line this morning. I wish some old man would marry that horrid creature and carry her off to California."

"Thee shouldn't talk so, Lela dear. We should make much allowance for Catherine Wolfgang. Thee is too young to remember much of her husband, but she must have been sorely tried with that man."

"If his tongue was half as abusive as hers, I think she must, auntie. 'Seems to me if we have suffering ourselves, that ought to make us feel compassion for the sufferings of others."

"Yes. But she didn't know Celia was within hearing, and had no intention of hurting her feelings."

"She's too cowardly to say it to her face: these creatures always are. They haven't a bit of real courage. She only abused the darling child, and insulted the memory of her parents, behind her back."

"Maybe it wasn't so bad as thee thinks. People sometimes exaggerate without intending it."

"I wonder if there ever was anybody you could not find some excuse for, aunt."

"We all need forgiveness, Lela."

"More or less. But I think if I had

ten thousand Aunt Hannahs, just like you, they wouldn't need as much forgiveness for the sins they committed all their lives through, as Mrs. Wolfgang needs for the backbiting she does with that bitter tongue of hers in a single year. I'm wicked myself, I know: if that woman had waited for Jean to carry her out to the garden gate, I'd have liked, of all things in the world, to be passing, just then, on the other side of the way: it would have been a sight to see. But I'm not vicious: I don't wish anybody any harm: if Mrs. Wolfgang were on her deathbed, and had nobody else, I'd be willing to sit up with her all night, provided they didn't insist on my crying if she died next morning. Then, you know, auntie, I've heard you repeat the texts about breaking the bruised reed and crushing the soul already nigh to perishing. I think anybody who would do that is too mean and cruel to live in this world."

"God does not think so."

Hannah Clymer was almost startled out of her equanimity when the warm-hearted girl sprang from her seat, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her: "You're an angel, auntie, that's the truth—an angel with a good-for-nothing niece. I wonder I don't contrive to be better, with you in the house all the time."

"Do I ever complain of thee, dear child?"

"Never, nor of Mrs. Wolfgang either. Ah, here comes papa. Who is that he has just parted from?"

"Some one who brought him a letter of introduction this morning."

"Who is it, papa?" as he came across to them.

"An Irishman. He and his wife are coming to live in the coachman's house and manage the farm and dairy. You remember Mr. Kullen, Hannah?"

"The temperance lecturer? I remember him well."

"He recommends this man highly.

The poor fellow, it seems, suffered three months' imprisonment on a false charge. Kullen proved his innocence, and he was released on the spot. A hard case."

"This foolish child," said Mrs. Clymer, with her kind smile, "has been grieving so sorely over another hard case, this morning, that she has scarcely touched her drawing."

"Celia Pembroke's? Mrs. Wolfgang—"

"Ah, you've heard of it, papa? And you said nothing to me about it?"

"Why should I vex you, my child, by repeating the coarse slanders of a cruel woman?"

"Poor, dear Celia! And no father, no mother, nobody to stand up for her!"

"Except you, my child, and sister Hannah; and myself, if you think me worth counting; and the Meyracs, and the Hartlands—the uncle has come out most creditably—and Mr. Harper, and the Creightons, and ever so many more of those whose good opinion is worth having. Mrs. Wolfgang has a party who hold with her—I'm very sorry it numbers as many as it does—people who like gossip seasoned with scandal, and take comfort in the misfortunes of others. They will run Celia down, of course; talk of pride having a fall, and justify Mowbray in casting her off—that will be their version of it—because her father deserved the penitentiary and left a stain on her birth."

"Mowbray!" said Leoline, her eyes flashing—"is that broken off?"

"So Ethan tells me—by Celia herself."

"Brave girl! I want to kiss her."

"Mowbray behaved badly—some jealous quarrel, I believe—"

"Just like him; all a pretence to shirk out. I'm so glad! I'm scarcely sorry Celia lost her money, since that selfish Adonis is gone along with it."

"You are harsh in your judgments, my child."

"So Aunt Hannah says; and as both of you agree about it, no doubt it's true. But consider, papa. How would you like me to marry a young man who had made up his mind it was better to do

nothing in this world except to live on the money you might be able to give me? How would you like a son-in-law without either trade or business or profession—the laziest young fellow about town, who spent half his time riding a horse he couldn't afford to keep, while his mother was slaving at home, teaching school and keeping house too? I won't say a word of the scandal about Ellen Tyler: I despise such things, and wouldn't hear them if I could possibly help it. But what is he good for, papa? What has he ever done in this world? What is he ever likely to do, except to wear kid gloves and a stylish necktie? Compare him to Ethan or to Mr. Creighton—By the way, I wonder if it wasn't Creighton he was jealous of?"

"Possibly. But, Lela, let me advise you not to meddle with your friend's love-affairs. I believe that Celia will not marry Mowbray now, and I am not sorry for it: there is too much truth in what you say about him; and she loves him still, depend upon it, and could not bear a disparaging word said to his discredit. And pray don't go recommending anybody else that you might think—"

"Papa, what *do* you take me for?"

"For a dear, kind, impulsive child, that is so indignant against wrong, and so eager to help her friends and make them happy, that I never do know what strange thing she will do next."

"Well, I'll try to behave well this time, papa," said Leoline, recommencing her drawing. "Please tell me how you like Mr. Harper's church."

"I think you've done the church correctly enough, but I can't say so much for the steeple. You must have been thinking of Celia when you drew these lines?"

"No, papa; it was not that."

"Your steeple leans all to the left. Look at it."

"It's not my steeple. If I had built it, I'd have made a better job of it. Here, papa," handing him a large opera-glass, "judge for yourself."

"Upon my word, you have a quick eye, Lela."

"You see it *does* lean on one side—to the north. The builder ought to have

been ashamed of himself. It's a crooked steeple, and nothing else." Then, with mock gravity: "The truth of history must be vindicated,' as somebody said in the newspaper the other day. As a crooked steeple it shall go down to posterity in my drawing."

"Now, Lela dear," said Mrs. Clymer, in her gentle, coaxing tone of remonstrance, "why cannot thee let the poor steeple alone?"

This was too much for the young girl, and even Sydenham joined in her merriment. But the old lady took it so good-naturedly that Lela, repentant, exclaimed, "Well, I'll forgive the steeple for your sake, Aunt Hannah: I'll rub out the builder's transgression and set his work upright, as all men and all steeples should be."

"After that good deed is done, my child," said Sydenham, "I want you to walk down to the village and invite Celia to join our riding party this afternoon, as soon as school is dismissed."

"Yes, papa: I'm so glad."

"What with the communication from Cranstoun, then that scene at the Meyracs, and finally this rupture with Mowbray, no wonder if the poor child feels miserable and forlorn. The ride, at all events, will do her good."

When Celia rode over, she found that Lucille Meyrac had come to practice duets with Leoline; so the latter was unable to join the riding party.

"You prefer the forest road?" said Sydenham to Celia.

"Very much." She was quiet, but with a look of much suffering and depression.

Sydenham tried to win her from sad thoughts, relating to her Aunt Hannah's compassionate plea for the steeple, then branching off to talk of the school and of Ellinor Ethelidge. "She is like a sister to me," said Celia.

"It is good for both that you are associated," said Sydenham. "I am not acquainted with the details of her early history, but I know it is a melancholy one. Adversity has given her strength of mind and courage."

"I'm so weak and worthless! I have no fortitude."

"The best of us have days when the heart asks if there be any sorrow like unto ours."

"Ellinor has suffered far more than I, yet she—"

"Did not win the battle in a day. Darkness and tempest must be. The soul must cry out sometimes in the gloom—as poor Burns did when the burden was more than he could bear—"

'O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!'

Celia started. The very words that had been haunting her ever since that terrible scene with Mowbray! And the tears rose, do what she would.

"To all of us the road is barred sometimes," Sydenham added, after a pause; "but how can we tell whether it may not be in mercy?"

Celia thought of Sydenham's widowed life, and of all the good he had done. Gradually she became calmer: but little more was said till they reached Grangula's Mount, the scene of Creighton and Emberly's political discussion. A little way down its eastern slope, as our readers may remember, was a sparse clump of umbrageous forest trees. Patriarchs were they, that had survived the fate of their companions—isolated patriarchs; not, as their fellows still in the crowd of the dense forest, shooting up tall and slender and restricted in their spread, like the constant indwellers of a populous city, cramped, by the crush and press around them, in scope of action and circle of habit; but spreading erratically out, like the lone-dwelling pioneer, who has taken root apart from his fellows, and whose uncribbed notions and doings dilate to the ample proportions of the wild and exuberant nature in which they grow.

It was one of those afternoons, typical of human life, when detached clouds flit across the sky and the landscape lies in chequered patches of light and shade. The riders drew rein and turned to the charming scene. "Shall we rest a

while?" said Sydenham. "I seldom pass this spot, especially on so beautiful an evening as this, without stopping to enjoy a prospect that never tires."

Celia assenting, they dismounted: Sydenham made fast each horse's bridle-rein to a depending branch, then led the way to the shelter of the grove.

Sydenham had too much wisdom and delicacy to advert to Mowbray. Though he well knew that the girl's disappointment in her lover weighed far heavier than loss of property or even of name, yet he knew also that time is the only styptic for a bleeding heart. He sought to divert her thoughts from what, for the nonce, admitted of no cure. When they were seated, "Celia," he added, "have you ever felt what a good thing it is to get away from one's fellow-creatures now and then, and renew acquaintance with inanimate Nature?"

"Of late more than formerly. I used to prefer—who is it that so expresses it?—having some one to whom to say how sweet solitude is."

"Yes; it is with years the conviction comes that to be alone, sometimes, with Nature in her beauty not only refreshes the feelings, but also invigorates thought. I don't know what world it is that Young bids us shut out before we can wake to reason and let her reign alone. If he spoke of the noisy world as it swarms in the thoroughfares of men, good and well; but if he meant such a glorious world as spreads out before us here, he is quite wrong. It is precisely before so grand a tribunal as this that the mind can grapple with the sublimest questions. If I had to argue against a man's prejudices, I'd like to undertake the task, not within the four walls of a room, but where we are now sitting. I'm glad we came here this evening, Celia."

"Have you some prejudice of mine to combat?"

"Perhaps."

The color rose in her cheeks.

"You have guessed aright," Sydenham continued. "It is of your mother and your own birth and position that I wish to speak to you."

Celia struggled for composure. "Speak

to me freely," she said at last. "I know it is right that it should be talked over."

"Tell me how you feel about this matter. It grieves you more than your loss of property?"

"Much more. I confess I have felt dreadfully about it. I can scarcely tell you how: as if I had been debased, degraded—as if every one had obtained the right to look down upon me, to despise me. The Pariahs of India came into my mind."

"Now I can answer your question. I *have* a prejudice of yours to combat."

"Is it a prejudice? Yet we must often suffer for the evil-doing of a parent. Are we not told that God visits the sins of the fathers on the children?"

"The sentiment is Jewish, not Christian: you would look for such an one in vain among Christ's teachings. But I will answer you more directly. In one sense—often in a terrible one—it is most true that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children."

"Just so."

"It is patent to all of us that a child neglected by ignorant or vicious parents often suffers through life the penalty of a crime or a neglect not his own. And the curse may descend more surely still. A parent persisting in a career of reckless dissipation may transmit to his offspring terrible disease. Nay, phrenologists assert, and I partly believe it, that violent passions or vicious inclinations, which years of indulgence have stamped on the nature, may go down—a frightful inheritance!—from parent to innocent child. If there be one motive, outweighing all personal considerations, that ought to warn off from excess of body or intemperance of mind, it is to be found in the reflection that we are becoming the deadly enemies of our posterity—that we are consigning to misery or vice the beings to whom we have imparted existence. In this sense well may we be reminded that God visits on the children the fathers' sins."

"I see that. Then, since so many thousands must suffer for the misconduct of their parents, why not I for the sin of mine?"

"How are you to suffer? By God's fiat? Has He doomed you to misery? Did your parents neglect or mislead you? No: from the wise training of one or both—"

"Oh, of both, Mr. Sydenham — of both. Let my father's misconduct in other respects have been what it may, to me he was always the kindest, the best—" She stopped. Warm recollections of past days melted her heart and filled her eyes, but she mastered her emotion and resumed: "Mr. Sydenham, I cannot tell you what consolation I feel in the favorable opinion of me you expressed the other day; but I should be most unworthy of it if I could forget that I owe whatever good may be in me not to my mother only, but also to the care and instructions of my dear, dear father."

"Your parents, then, both trained you in the way you should go. You have inherited, chiefly perhaps from a mother's gifted organization, health, beauty, talent, good dispositions. If you are to suffer for a father's sin, it will be man's doing, not God's."

"But if God does visit on children parents' sins, can it be wicked in man to do so?"

"Yes, Celia, wicked. You shall judge. Suppose that in the school you are now teaching you find some scholar ill-nurtured, untrained, sickly too perhaps, suffering sorely for a parent's faults. Have you a right to add, by your act, to the heavy burden? Have you a right, because the sins of others may have been visited on that poor creature, to neglect or vilify him?"

"Oh, none, none! I see it would be wickedness. I feel that such a cast-away should have more kindness than those who have been favored by Nature and Fortune."

"Your sense of justice informs you what is your duty to others. Be not less just to yourself. Because of your father's misconduct you will probably lose a comfortable fortune; but whatever you suffer, on the same score, beyond that, you will suffer through the base prejudice, or the baser malevolence, of

worthless people, just as any other innocent person might."

"But there is so much prejudice in the world, especially on this very point."

"It is daily diminishing. But you are right, Celia: there is much of it still. Try to listen to it as you do to the growling of a thunderstorm or the pattering of sleet against your windows. Try to encounter it as you would any other evil thing—envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. That which is unmerited may, by a brave heart, always be borne. Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and if offence come, bear in mind that the woe and the shame attach not to you, but to the offender. Be independent—how well you can afford it!—of the self-installed arbiter. Even in the slanderer's evil pride there may be real benefit to you. If any one, puffed up with self-righteousness or blinded by false conceptions of right and wrong, seek to disparage you because of your birth, and assume that you ought to stand aside—he or she, spotless-born, being holier than you—remember that any such Pharisee is utterly unfit to be an associate of yours. If by any such you are avoided, how great the gain to you! The good-for-nothing are often winnowed from our acquaintance by what the world calls adversity."

The conversation continued for some time longer in this strain. Then they began to talk over the business points in the case, and Celia related all that had passed between her and Cranstoun, showing his letter, which she had been looking over just before she started from home.

Sydenham read it in silence. "It is his writing," he said at last: "one must believe one's eyes. Well, the frankness of that man's villainy is refreshing. Do you know what he expected, Celia?"

"No."

"Either that you would marry him, or buy him off: I don't think it mattered much to him which. And I verily believe the scoundrel thinks you will do the one or the other yet before the week is out. What a sealed book to such a rascal is an honorable heart!"

"But it is true—is it not?—that whether I write or he writes, the result will be the same to me." *

"No: the fellow knows well enough that by turning informer he places you in a false position."

"How is that?"

"Had he suffered you to write, this Mr. Dunmore could not, for very shame, have demanded more than the original sum that Mr. Hartland received from your father's estate. But, getting the information from another, and having to pay heavily for it, he may possibly bring suit, in addition, for the mesne profits."

"I don't understand that term."

"It means the intermediate rents or profits that may have accrued from a property during the time it had been in the hands of a person to whom it did not belong: in this case the rents and profits of your father's property from the time it came into Mr. Hartland's hands up to the present day."

"That is terrible: then I or my guardian would have to repay all that he has paid out for my education and support. I shall be heavily in debt, besides losing all I have. How shall I ever be able to pay it?"

"I do not think any court in the United States would, under the circumstances, award more than the ten thousand dollars which the good management of your guardian has added, as your aunt informed me, to the thirty thousand originally put into his hands. At all events, dear child, do not vex yourself, in advance, about so uncertain a thing. Your affairs are in good hands. Don't let your thoughts dwell on them if you can possibly help it: better think of your school. Shall we ride?"

As Sydenham assisted her to mount, "By the way," he said, "what did you mean, that last day we rode together, by talking about parting with a favorite?"

"I cannot afford to keep Bess now."

"I don't know about that," said Sydenham, as they rode on. "I'm not sure that you can afford to part with her. You are right in wishing to husband your resources, but there is such a thing as false economy. Health, spirit,

energy—these are now part of your stock in trade. It's a very wearing thing, Celia, to teach school day after day: the world underrates the importance and the labor of such work. We mustn't have you worn out."

"Ellinor's school hours are but five a day—limited to that on your recommendation, I think she told me."

"Yes: it is enough for pupil and teacher. Children, properly taught, can learn more in that time than in six or seven hours of daily lessons. But as to Bess, I've a proposal to make to you."

"I must support myself and pay all my own expenses, or I shall not be happy."

"Be sure that I respect that feeling. But which do you think will be preferable—to teach five hours a day and walk on foot, or to teach five hours and a half and have the advantage of a ride whenever you desire it?"

"The latter, certainly."

"I agree with you. Now, Celia, you must have given Lela, in the last two or three years, at least a hundred music-lessons."

"It has been a great pleasure to me."

"I don't doubt it; and I accepted the kindness," he added, smiling, "from Celia, the capitalist, thankfully and without scruple. Will the teacher let me talk to her very frankly?"

"Surely, Mr. Sydenham. You wish to speak to me on business: that is what I must learn now."

"Right. I have been thinking seriously of sending Lela to Philadelphia to prosecute her musical studies. But I dislike, more than I can tell you, to part with the dear child. I should so much prefer to have her taught here. She ought to have three lessons a week, partly in singing."

"If you think me capable, I shall be delighted to teach her."

"You may remember that, two or three years since, in Philadelphia, I was present, more than once, when Madame Schönbach was giving you a lesson: a friend wished to know my opinion of her system of teaching. I thought it ad-

mirable; and I have observed that you adopted it, faithfully and skillfully, in giving Lela lessons. I shall commit her musical education to you with entire confidence."

"How much I thank you!"

"I shall be the gainer. Probably you have not yet thought of your scale of prices."

"No. Mrs. Mowbray charges sixty cents—fifty cents only, I believe, to her youngest pupils; but I am quite inexperienced—"

"Celia, I have usually been thought a good judge in musical matters. You are a better musician, and have a much better system in teaching, than Mrs. Mowbray. Besides, you understand thorough-bass: she does not. And then her lessons, at sixty cents, are but three-quarters of an hour long. If you charge less than a dollar an hour, there can be but one good reason for it."

"What reason?"

"Because those who apply are too poor to be able to pay what your lessons are worth. Do as you please in their cases. I am not too poor to pay a just price. Indeed, there is a reason why I should pay more than they. I propose that you should give Lela her lessons at my house, and you will have to travel each time more than two miles."

"I shall greatly prefer it. Your Chickering is so much superior to Mr. Hartland's piano."

So it was arranged that Celia should give Lela three music-lessons a week, of an hour each, for a hundred and fifty dollars a year. "It will pay for Bess' keep," Sydenham remarked, "and leave something over for farriers' and saddlers' items. Depend upon it, the mare is a good investment. She may save you several doctors' bills. And on her back you can come to Rosebank and return in twenty minutes, instead of three-quarters of an hour, which you would have to spend on foot. You save time, and time is money."

Sydenham's delicate thoughtfulness for her welfare and comfort touched Celia to the heart. As they parted, her thought was: "Should I ever, but for

the loss of fortune, have thoroughly known how good a man he is?"

Then the thought would obtrude itself: "How different the revelation in Evelyn's case!" But alas! alas! Though the eyes were opened, the heart was sick. Celia thrust back the thought as a disloyalty. Like the king of Israel when he learned the fate of his insurgent son, she still suffered love to cover a multitude of sins. By and by she might come to feel, as Sydenham had hinted, that the beautiful path of flowers she had been treading was barred in mercy. Not now. All she could do was to turn her thoughts resolutely to other things. There *was* comfort there.

As she rode home on the graceful little mare that was still to be hers, how marvelous the change a few short hours had wrought! Not in the external. She was still the daughter of an unmarried mother, and of a father who had led a life of deceit. She felt, as before, that her fortune—large for her, with simple tastes and living in a quiet village—was to go to another, leaving her almost penniless. Without, all was still the same. But within, a battle had been fought and won. The kingdom in the mind, that had been distracted by rebellious malcontent, was comparatively at peace. It had overcome its enemies and achieved independence.

It would have been a curious psychological inquiry how much of the victory which the young girl had that day obtained was due, as the greatest victories often are, to a petty incident.

"Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life."

Let Wisdom smile and Age forget youthful weakness. It is none the less true that full half the grief with which Celia Pembroke encountered loss of name and fortune was lifted from her heart when she felt that, in giving up forty thousand dollars, she was not called upon to surrender, along with it, her petted favorite—her daily companion—her spirited little beauty, Bess.

Sydenham was a sagacious man.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT THE LAW SAID.

SOME one has said that law is but the crystallization of natural justice, and Aristotle claimed for Jurisprudence that it is the most perfect branch of Ethics. To a certain extent, especially as regards the great legal maxims underlying all statutory provisions—the *leges legum*, to adopt Bacon's phrase—this is true. But many of the Common Law usages are essentially barbarous; and while the guards set up under that system to preserve the public rights of the subject have done much for human liberty, some of its rules touching private rights in social life and the regulating of property are much less liberal and equitable than the corresponding provisions under the Institutes of the Roman Law.

Both systems are, in our own country, gradually undergoing grave and wise modifications, dictated by that merciful and Christian spirit which is stealing over the world as it grows older and calmer, and which finds expression, from time to time, in amendments to the Statute Law of our several States.

This occurred strongly to Creighton as he looked up the various law-points in Celia's case. Ohio, he found, had enacted remedies for an injustice which older commonwealths have left unredressed. It was with a feeling of encouragement that, on the same afternoon on which Sydenham and Celia had been moralizing on Grangula's Mount, he sought an interview with Mr. Hartland the elder to report progress. The facts he had to state were these:

That an Ohio statute, passed in 1831 and re-enacted (with a mere verbal alteration) in the Code of 1854, provides, "*The issue of marriages deemed null in law shall nevertheless be legitimate.*"*

That an almost identical provision is found in the Missouri Code.† And that, although a Missouri circuit court decided, under that law, that the children of the second marriage could not inherit, the

* Act of February 24, 1831, § xiii.

† "The issue of all marriages deemed null in law, or dissolved by divorce, shall be legitimate."

Supreme Court of the State reversed the decision.‡

That there had been no decision by the Supreme Court of Ohio on this point.

"My sister, Mrs. Wolfgang," suggested Hartland, "says Cranstoun told her that just such a case as Celia's had been decided adversely, not long since, in one of the counties of this State. Do you believe that?"

"It may be a mere blind or it may be true; probably the latter, for that would explain the grounds of Cranstoun's confidence. But it would be an endless task to look through the records of eighty counties in search of a decision made in one of them; nor is it important. Since a circuit court in Missouri decided against the rights of the children by the second marriage, one in Ohio may have fallen into the same error."

"But on what plea could a circuit court decide adversely?"

"Probably by construing the expression, 'deemed null in law,' as applicable only to marriages that are what the law calls *voidable*—that is, marriages which require a judicial sentence to establish their nullity."

"You think that a false construction?"

"Decidedly. I do not see how the language of the statute can, with any propriety, be so limited. I think the innocent child or children of the marriage *de facto*, though that marriage be deemed in law a nullity, come clearly within the letter and the spirit of the enactment."

Hartland sat for some time absorbed in thought. "Your opinion seems a logical deduction from the wording of the law," he said at last; "and I cannot help hoping, for Celia's sake, that you are right; yet I very much doubt whether

‡ *Lincicum v. Lincicum*, 3 Mo. Rep. 441. A case of bigamy, both wives being alive at the time of the husband's death. The children of the second marriage had sued, in a circuit court, for their share of the father's property, and had lost the suit. The case being carried to the Supreme Court of Missouri, the decision of the court below was reversed, and the right of the children to inherit affirmed. In giving judgment the court said: "Where a person is once clearly and positively legitimated, he ought not to be bastardized by implication or construction."

such a law is conducive to public morality. We are getting altogether too lax and lenient in our modern notions, Mr. Creighton. At this rate there will soon be no distinction between virtue and vice."

"We cannot punish crime until it is detected," replied Creighton. "Had Mr. Pembroke been detected and convicted, he would have been sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for one year at all events, and for six more at the option of the court."

"But if a man knew that after his death his wife and children might still suffer for his fault, it would be an additional motive to deter him from so heinous a crime as bigamy."

"Mrs. Pembroke and Miss Celia were as innocent in this matter as you and I, Mr. Hartland. Ought we to mete out punishment to the innocent by way of reforming the guilty? On the same principle we might enact that the widow and children of a bigamist like Pembroke should be condemned to years of imprisonment and hard labor. It is possible that such an enactment might occasionally exert a deterrent influence, but I think you would not recommend it."

"We shall not agree on such matters," said Mr. Hartland, coldly.

"Very true; and we are straying from the practical points at issue. On one of these points I think you may set your mind at rest. You are not at all likely to be held responsible for any reasonable sums which, having good cause to believe the property hers, you expended on your ward's behalf, nor can she be held to reimburse them."

"That is satisfactory."

Then they parted; Mr. Hartland somewhat nettled, as he always was when he came into contact with modern innovators who gave plausible reasons in support of their heresies, and with some misgivings also. "These sanguine world-reformers," he thought, "are not much to be trusted: their vagaries mislead them."

The next morning he called at Creighton's office. "You know," he said, "by

reputation at all events, Mr. Marshall of Buffalo?"

"Joseph Marshall, who practiced law for some twenty years in this State?—one of the clearest-headed lawyers in it."

"The same, and a very intimate friend of mine. I should like, if you do not object, to obtain his opinion in this matter. The amount at issue is large, and my duty to my niece requires that I should neglect no reasonable precaution."

"You are quite right, Mr. Hartland. I do not know Mr. Marshall personally, but I shall be much pleased to have him associated with me in the case."

"Then, if you will be so good as to make out such notes of your own opinion as you may desire to have submitted to him, I shall start for Buffalo next Monday."

"With great pleasure." Then, after a pause: "Mr. Hartland, I begged you not to say anything to Miss Celia about the hopes I entertained to bring matters out all right; but if you see no objection, I think, now that I have substantial grounds to go upon, I ought to lay these before her."

"I have no objection," said the other, apparently with some hesitation.

Creighton noticed it: nevertheless the same afternoon he called to see the young lady. Mr. and Mrs. Hartland had driven out, and he found her just returned from school and alone.

They had met twice already since the day when Celia heard of her father's misconduct, and his manner had puzzled her. It had certainly changed. Formerly, in the days of her prosperity—for so in her thoughts she now regarded her past life—he had frequently spent his evenings with them; and his somewhat off-hand style of addressing her (strictly within the bounds of good-breeding though it was) had left an unpleasant feeling—a vague impression, as she had told Mowbray, that he thought her vain of her position as a village heiress.

All this seemed to have passed away, and within the last week he had treated her with marked respect—with a delicate reverence, she almost thought, for her

misfortunes, but expressed in tone and manner, not in words.

Etymologists derive the term "lady" from two Gothic words, meaning bread-giver: "gentleman" has a less assured derivation, usually referred to birth rather than to disposition; yet I prefer to take it in the modern sense of our beautiful word *gentle*, so that the terms employed to designate those above the vulgar, and which ought to be restricted to Nature's *aristoi*, may both imply inherent nobility of character—in one sex that Charity, vicegerent of Deity, which dispenses earthly blessings; in the other, the same godlike attribute in a broader sense—that spirit, gentle and easy to be entreated, which Christianity has substituted for the stern, vengeance-dealing systems of an older world.

There are various qualities which mark the cultivated, well-bred man; yet not one perhaps is more characteristic than a gentle, deferential tone in addressing woman, especially in her season of sorrow. Celia felt this as Creighton spoke:

"I come, after consulting with your guardian, to talk a little law with you, Miss Celia. In a general way, I don't talk law with my younger clients, especially when I have hopes of success which may or may not be realized. But you have fortitude and a mind equal to adverse fortune, and with you I run no risk: you will not mistake probabilities for certainties."

Celia's color deepened: a wild hope sprung up in her breast, but she dismissed it, saying, "It is surely not probable—possible even—that there was no English wife living when mamma was married."

"Unfortunately, no; but that reminds me"—he took from a green bag a bundle of papers, selected one of these and handed it to Celia. "Will you have the kindness to look over these extracts, and to tell me if they correspond to what you read in your father's letters to Mr. Cranstoun?"

Celia read them carefully and said, "So far as I remember they correspond exactly."

"I did not doubt it. Cranstoun is not a man to commence, or even to threaten, a suit without some foundation. I grieve to think your father sinned, Miss Pembroke. I cannot remove from you the burden of that remembrance. Would to God I could!"

"But you spoke of hopes, Mr. Creighton—of probabilities?"

"Very important ones they are, but they regard yourself only; and I fear they will cause you less pleasure than your father's misconduct has caused you pain. You will forgive my speaking plainly to you?"

"I shall think you deal kindly with me," but the cheeks flushed.

Creighton colored slightly himself, saying in a low tone, "Miss Celia, you think yourself an illegitimate child?"

"I know it only too well," her eyes cast down. "I heard it," she added, shuddering, "from coarse and cruel tongues."

"What they said was false: you are mistaken. You are as legitimate as your aunt or uncle, or any inhabitant of Chiskauga."

Celia had not a word in reply, so astounded was she: and Creighton, adding, "You shall see the law," handed her another paper from the bundle, containing two lines only—lines almost of life and death to the poor girl. When she had read them, he said, "That was the law of Ohio at the time of your mother's marriage, and it is the law still. The marriage, at the time it took place, was null in law, but you see by that paper that you are nevertheless legitimate."

Creighton may have been right when he said that the joy would not be equal to the past sorrow. Yet it was a great joy, gushing over her heart, as if the breath of summer had penetrated, with sensible warmth, to its core. The badge of shame—a fancied letter B, which stung almost like the terrible A of old Puritan law,* the badge of shame which

* *General Laws and Liberties of Massachusetts Bay*, chap. xxviii., sec. 1: "A capital A of two inches long, cut out in cloth of a contrary colour to their cloaths," etc.

she had thought to wear through life—had suddenly dropped from her as by magic, yet the magician was a young lawyer, and his wand, two lines from a musty statute-book. A great mistake *he* made who applied to laws what Pope said of forms of government:

“Whate’er is best administered is best.”

Laws, in their despotism, may save or destroy both soul and body. If the thirteenth section of that Act of 1831 had declared that “the issue of marriages deemed null in law shall be bastards,” by what mode of administration would it have helped this poor guiltless orphan out of the pit of her grief?

Creighton sat watching Celia’s countenance. It was a very interesting one, and—if love be dangerous—a somewhat dangerous one to watch. She had had, from early youth, a habit—very painful it had often been to her—of blushing at the touch of any emotion whether of joy or sorrow—at trifles, even, as at the unexpected sight of some girl-friend; and when deeply and suddenly moved the flush would overspread face and bosom.

Just then the changeful heaven of that countenance seemed suddenly overcast again, as if some cloud were crossing the sun of her new-found hope. It puzzled Creighton.

At last she looked up and said in low, eager tones: “Mr. Creighton, was mamma a legal wife?”

“I have looked carefully into that matter, knowing it would interest you, and I believe that during the three last years of her marriage she was. I will tell you why I think so. Kent, one of our best legal authorities, says that, by the Common Law, no peculiar ceremonies are requisite to the celebration of the marriage: the consent of the parties is all that is required.* And it is the opinion of a learned writer on the Domestic Relations that the marriage, if made at Common Law, without observing any statute regulations, would still be valid.† We have no statute, though

* Kent’s *Commentaries*, vol. ii., p. 86.

† Reeve’s *Domestic Relations*, pp. 196, 200, 290.

I think we ought to have, providing that a woman who contracts a marriage in good faith, ignorant of a previous impediment, shall, as soon as the impediment is removed, become a legal wife; but this is the rule under the Spanish law, as it existed formerly in Florida and Texas;‡ and our State legislation tends in that direction. When the English wife died your father was free. Out of regard for your mother’s feelings—mistaken regard, but doubtless most sincere—he did not renew, and cause your mother to renew, by the usual ceremony, the formal expression of that “consent of the parties” which undoubtedly suffices to legalize marriage. But that consent had been publicly given and recorded nine or ten years before, had never been withdrawn, and was substantially renewed by the continuance of your father and mother to live together as husband and wife until Mr. Pembroke’s death. Thus the case seems made out. I must remind you, however, Miss Pembroke, that this is my opinion only, and that I may be mistaken, since I find no decision on the subject. But whether I am mistaken or not, the moral right of the case remains the same. And then, even if it should appear that the law fails to afford relief where justice cries aloud that it should, we must bear in mind—” He hesitated, as men who have been talking of worldly business often do when their thoughts stray off to a higher sphere.

“You promised to speak plainly to me,” Celia said. “What must we bear in mind?”

“That your mother is now in a world which calumny cannot reach, and where legal injustice is unknown.” He said it reverently and with emotion. Then, after a time, he added: “No law could have made her life more pure, nor her relations to your father more holy than they were. Do not, I entreat you, vex yourself without cause by imagining how, if the point had come up, legal technicalities might have caused it to be decided. It has no practical bearings on yourself or your future.”

‡ 1 *Texas Rep.*, 621.

He paused to see whether the question of property would suggest itself. No. She was thinking of her mother, and of that untried phase of being far better than the earthly phase—of that world whose denizens serve God, not Mammon.

"I thank you from my heart," she said. "What you told me about my mother did me so much good."

"I have done nothing for you, as yet, Miss Pembroke, but I do hope to render you substantial service."

Still no sign that the question of heirship had crossed Celia's mind. It seemed left for Creighton to moot it. "Have you no curiosity," he said at last, "as to whether the fact of your legitimacy affects your property?"

"I thought that question was settled against me. Mr. Cranstoun said so."

"He told you also that you were an illegitimate child, but you see what that assertion was worth."

"Is it possible that I am still my father's rightful heir?"

"I think so, because the fact of legitimacy carries with it the right to inherit. But I am not sure that the courts will ultimately decide in your favor. Let me tell you exactly what the facts are."

"Did not Mr. Cranstoun say to Mrs. Wolfgang that it had already been decided somewhere against the children of the second marriage in just such a case as mine?"

"She says so; and such a decision may have been made."

"How, then, can there be any hope?"

"Because the decision spoken of is said to have been made in a county court only. But when county—or, as we call them, circuit—courts make blunders, we appeal to the Supreme Court of the State to correct these."

"But the Supreme Court may think it is not a blunder?"

"I see I was right in trusting you, Miss Pembroke. The Supreme Court may think so; and in that case your property will be lost."

The telltale blush showed that this did affect her. The new-found hope was about to die. Creighton came to its re-

lief, adding: "But I feel convinced that our Supreme Court would declare such a decision to be contrary to law."

"Yet it is uncertain."

"Is any future event certain, except death? Then, too, law is proverbially uncertain. You do well to be prepared for the worst, yet I firmly believe we shall beat them."

As he took his leave he said: "You can afford to look with comparative indifference on the legal battle that is about to be fought in your behalf; for you will succeed in the world, Miss Pembroke, and will win the respect of the good, let it terminate as it will."

In pursuance of the purpose he had expressed to Creighton, Mr. Hartland set out for Buffalo, taking a Lake steamer at Cleveland. On board the boat, to his surprise, he met Nelson Tyler. The miller was on his way to Buffalo, to purchase a pair of burr-stones and some additional machinery for his mill. In conversing of Chiskauga matters, Mowbray's name came up, and the two did not differ materially in their estimate of the man.

When Mr. Hartland, soon after his arrival at Buffalo, called on Mr. Marshall, he found that that gentleman had almost withdrawn from the practice of law, and was residing at a pleasant country-seat a few miles out of town, where his time and thoughts were occupied in the collection and arrangement of a valuable cabinet of autographs—not of signatures, but of letters, more or less important, from most of the distinguished authors and statesmen of our own country since the days of the Pilgrims, and of European countries from a still older date. Hartland spent several days with his old friend, and had occasion to remark that never, in earlier years, when he had known him making ten or twelve thousand dollars annually from his practice, had the lawyer seemed so busily engaged as now, from morning often till late in the night, he was; sometimes in the delicate manipulation of old, creased, scarcely-legible letters of some great poet or philosopher; sometimes in

mounting rare and valuable portraits and landscapes with which to illustrate some favorite work. It was a labor of love, in the performance of which he seemed never to tire. Hartland marveled to see a man whom learned courts and dignified assemblies had once listened to with admiration, engrossed by such objects as these; and could not understand how, one day when a long, characteristic letter of Dr. Samuel Johnson, written near the close of the great lexicographer's life, unexpectedly reached his friend's hands, he should evince as much delight as a child just possessed of a new toy. He forgot that human character is far more interesting than insect life, and that it was ever a white day in his own calendar when some undescribed beetle or butterfly first blessed his sight. Men seldom comprehend the attractions of any hobby except their own.

It was a sacrifice to friendship which Hartland did not sufficiently appreciate when Mr. Marshall, with a sigh, locked the small fire-proof chamber that contained his precious manuscripts, and spent the greater part of two days among his law-books, studying Celia's case. In the end he came to nearly the same conclusions as Mr. Creighton, and wrote out an opinion endorsing the latter's views. This Mr. Hartland immediately despatched to Chiskauga, promising to follow it in a steamer which was advertised to leave Buffalo four days later; and in which the miller, having completed his purchases, had also engaged a berth.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAKE STEAMER.

"Roth, wie Blut,
Ist der Himmel;
Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!
Welch Getümmel!"

SCHILLER, *Lied von der Glocke*.

WE are living through a period of transition, and our young country exhibits the exuberance incident to such a state. In legislative hall or traveler's

caravansary, in "silver palace car" or gorgeous steamer, we are wont to overlook the fitness of things, mistaking tinsel and glitter for appropriate enrichment, and often neglecting substantial comfort for worthless gauds.

Yet if there was extra gilding and carving and superfluity of mirrors and silk hangings in the stately "Queen of the Lakes," on which Hartland and the miller embarked, she was nevertheless a magnificent vessel, gracefully modeled and well appointed—a craft of which her genial captain might well be proud.

Full three hundred and fifty feet long, she had two decks stretching throughout her entire length. The lower of these was partially occupied, on either side, by the officers' berths, close to which rose the smoke-stacks, while the spacious forward deck and the open central space were crowded by a large number of steerage passengers, chiefly decent-looking German and Irish emigrants; a few of whom, however, had engaged bunks in the small, plain after cabin. Of the upper deck three-fourths were occupied by the main cabin for first-class passengers, handsome state-rooms being partitioned off on either side, and the after portion, which was appropriated to the ladies and their friends, was separated from the gentlemen's cabin by rich brocaded satin drapery. From the opposite end of this spacious room double doors opened on the upper forward deck, the favorite resort of the cabin passengers in fine weather.

Upon these two decks, on the present occasion, upward of four hundred passengers had found accommodation.

Captain Drake—for so the autocrat of this floating colony was named—had his wife and family on board, and had invited a number of friends on a pleasure-trip to Cleveland. A gay and thoughtless party they were; among them several young people of each sex, whom the captain, bent on the happiness of his guests, had apparently selected with special reference to their individual preferences, for they dropped naturally into couples, some secluding themselves in the ladies' cabin and looking over books

or prints together; others, deep in conversation, promenading the forward deck.

The captain entertained them generously: champagne circulated freely at the upper end of the long dining-table. In the evening there was music. One young lady, of distinguished appearance, but somewhat inappropriately attired in an elaborate ball-dress, was a charming ballad-singer; and her rendering of the old song, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," called forth, from a good many eyes, the tribute of tears. Then there was an impromptu ball, two negro violinists composing the band. Captain Drake, his fifty-odd years forgotten, joined jovially in the dance, which was kept up till past midnight—in honor of May-day, the captain said, for they had left Buffalo on a warm, bright first of May.

Among the sober spectators of this gay scene were Thomas Hartland and Nelson Tyler; the latter cordially enjoying it, the former sitting unmoved, with a silent protest in his heart against the levities of fashionable life. Without waiting the termination of the dance, Hartland retired to his state-room. Having delayed to secure his passage until the day before the steamer started, he had been fain to put up with a somewhat undesirable berth, the upper one in a state-room alongside the wheel-house. As this room could have no door or window opening outside, it was lighted by a frame projecting from its roof and glazed, so that any one occupying the upper berth could, by raising himself, see, through the side-panes, what passed on the hurricane deck.

Hartland lay awake. At first, the sounds of merriment and music outside chased sleep away; and when these gradually ceased and the cabin was deserted, he still lay, he did not know how long, listening to the splash of the great wheel hard by, sinking at last into troubled and broken slumber.

In the dead of night he suddenly became conscious of the sound of footsteps overhead. Looking through the skylight, he discerned the figures of two men moving silently about, one of them

having a lantern in his hand. Then he thought he heard their voices, speaking in eager, suppressed tones. Thoroughly roused, he donned a portion of his clothes and proceeded to the upper deck. A third man had joined the first two, and Hartland asked him what was the matter. In reply the latter pointed to one of the smoke-stacks, adding in a whisper, "Looks as if it might be fire." Hartland then perceived, dimly by the lantern-light, a slender line of light smoke or steam rising close to the starboard smoke-pipe, and he became aware that one of the two men whom he had first seen held a hose, of which he was directing the contents on this object of their suspicions. At first the stream of water seemed to quench the fire, if fire it was, but after a time, the smoke began to reappear and to drift aft, though still ascending only in feeble puffs. Hartland hesitated no longer, but returned at once to the cabin, where he roused the miller, and they awoke several other passengers, the doors of whose state-rooms happened to be unlocked; making no noise, however, for they were both men of nerve and courage, and they knew the effect of a sudden alarm at night among so great a crowd.

Those who had been aroused hastened from the cabin and met the captain speeding up to the hurricane deck.

Still that ominous line of smoke! gradually increasing in volume, Hartland thought. A deathlike stillness over the boat, broken only by the dull, rushing sound of its huge wheels.

"These emigrants below ought to be warned," whispered Nelson Tyler to Hartland; and they both descended, moving slowly and quietly among the sleeping multitude that lay on the deck. They awoke the men gently, speaking in an undertone, and telling them it was better to be ready, though there was no immediate danger. As the officers, fearing disturbance, and confident, no doubt, that they could soon master the fire, had given no alarm, the news spread but gradually and without arousing any violent demonstration. With a low murmur the crowd arose.

Then the two mounted to the floor above. Men and women, their faces deadly pale, were creeping silently from the cabin, and soon the upper forward deck was nearly filled. They could dimly see, on the cabin roof, a line of men who had been organized to pass what few buckets they had from the side of the vessel. The crowd watched the result with feverish anxiety. No one spoke above his breath. All eyes were turned to that long, dark cylinder of smoke. It had doubled in volume, Hartland saw at a glance, since he first had sight of it; and the conviction flashed over him that the supply of water was quite insufficient to check the hidden flame. The horrors he had read of, about fires at sea, rose vividly to his mind, but he thrust them aside by a determined effort. He looked at Tyler. It was evident that the miller too realized the situation, yet he said but a word or two, and in a tone so low that Hartland overheard only Ellen's name: then a look of stern resolution passed over Tyler's face. Conscious of his own strength and skill in swimming, he was nerving himself for the struggle before him.

What a magnificent night it was!—clear, cloudless; starlight serene in its splendor, but no moon; the wind a moderate breeze, fresh and balmy, just stirring the lake surface into gentle ripples. Nature in her quietest, holiest aspect, shining with calm benignance from heaven, as if to give earnest of peace and protection to the creatures of earth.

Solemn the hush over that awestruck crowd! They felt what *might* happen, though most of them, not having noticed the gradual increase in that fatal smoke-column, were still buoyed up by hope. How character, unmasked, showed itself there! Some seemed self-absorbed; others had gathered into groups, the selfish instinct overcome by affection. Here a mother had brought her children together and was whispering to them that they mustn't be afraid. There a brother, his arm around a favorite sister, was speaking some low word of comfort and encouragement. Hartland distin-

guished among the rest the fair songstress of the preceding evening, half clad now, careless of appearance, mute with terror, a young man, lately her partner in that gay dance, by her side; bewildered he seemed, panic-stricken like herself: poor protector in a strait like that! She was not the only one who found out, in that terrible night, the difference between a companion fit to enliven hours of idleness, and a friend who will stand stoutly by and succor, through gloom of danger, when life is at stake.

Even a touch of the ludicrous mingled, as it will in the most tragic scenes. One gentleman had a silver-bound dressing-case strapped under his arm; another carried a hat-box, which he seemed to guard with scrupulous care. Tyler saw a young girl, who was standing near him, deliberately unclasp a pair of handsome earrings, then roll them carefully in her handkerchief, which she deposited in her pocket. And one old lady, walking distractedly up and down near the cabin door, kept eagerly asking the passers-out if they were sure they hadn't seen anything of her bundle. But all such frivolities were soon to cease.

How often, to the storm-tossed and bewildered mariner, has there shone, from watch-tower or pharos, a feeble ray, welcome as Hope herself, life-guide through night and tempest! But the hope, the safety of this waiting crowd was in merciful darkness.

A faint flicker of light! God in heaven! It had shot up along the edge of that large, dark smoke-pipe! For a moment it dimly showed the wan faces—a signal-fire, omen of coming fate.

Another! A shudder crept through the watchers—a long, low moan: they saw it all now. The fiery element, gathering power below, was slowly creeping upward upon them. The crowd glared around with the instinct of flight. Nothing but the waste of waters, with here and there a star reflected from their dark depths! And still, as dreary monotone, the rushing splash of those gigantic wheels!

Then there were eager inquiries for life-preservers. Not one, they were told,

on the boat!* And the gilt glitter in that luxurious cabin—what a mockery now! The thousands squandered there might, wisely spent, have saved that night hundreds of human lives.

As it was, a portion of the passengers went in search of something to keep them afloat in case of the worst, returning with chairs, stools, pieces of board, and the like. Others, utterly unmanned and abandoning all exertion, gave way to wild bewailings.

A mother with several children, entreated Mr. Hartland to take charge of the youngest, a little girl.

"I am going below, madam," he replied, "where the crowd is dangerous, and where she would run great risk of being lost or crushed."

The mother submitted, kissing the child and taking it in her arms, and Hartland whispered to Tyler, "Let us go down. We may approach the shore before the flames gain head; and if we have to swim for it, the chance is better from the lower deck." So they descended.

Below, the forward deck was a mass of human beings. To them the danger was even more apparent than to those above. Flakes of flame already rose, here and there, from the deck near the smoke-stacks. Even the heat was beginning to be felt. But there was one favorable circumstance. The wind was westerly—a head wind, though veering a little on the starboard quarter—and flame and smoke were blown aft, leaving the forward half of the vessel clear.

Soon a larger fork of flame shot up, and there were screams faintly heard from the small after cabin. Some of the inmates, attempting to lower the yawl that hung astern, had been caught there by the drifting fire: their fate was sealed.

That last burst of flame must have shown itself on the upper deck, for there was a smothered cry from above, and then a voice—the captain's it seemed—shouting in loud tones to the pilot.

* The law which now requires that all passenger steamers shall be fully supplied with these had not then passed.

The alarm gained the crowd below, which swayed to and fro. Women and children shrieked in terror as the press came upon them. Men's voices rose—a hoarse murmur, like the gathering of a great wind. Tyler endeavored to make his way to the bow, but found that impossible: several stout Irish laborers turned threateningly upon him. "I'll risk my chance above," he said to Hartland, but the latter stayed below.

When the miller reached the upper deck a sheet of fire already rose nearly as high as the smoke-stacks, and the roof of the main cabin had caught. But he saw also in a moment a change that kept hope alive. The smoke and flames, instead of drifting aft, now blew dead to larboard. The captain's command to the pilot had been to port the helm and run the boat on shore.

But this change, bringing the mass of flame closer to the passengers, so that those nearest the cabin felt the hot breath on their cheeks, at first increased their alarm. They crowded fearfully toward the bow, and many must have been thrown into the water then and there, had not a voice called out, "Don't crowd: they're heading her for land." This assurance in a measure quieted the terror-stricken throng. There was the suppressed voice of lamentation, an appeal to Heaven for mercy here and there, but still no clamorous shout, no wild outcry. There could be seen, by that red glare, on some faces the calm of resignation, on others the stillness of despair.

Though the flames spread steadily, the engine continued to work, the wheels did their duty, and the pilot—noble fellow!—still kept his post, though smoke, mingled with thick sparks, swept in circling eddies around him.

Each minute was bearing these four hundred souls nearer and nearer to safety, and all eyes were now strained in the direction of the vessel's course. The blaze from that terrific bale-fire lighted up the lake waters far and wide, and—yes! was at last reflected on a low shore and trees. Some one near the bow cried out, "Land! land!" Others

caught and repeated the soul-stirring cry. And though the passengers in the rear of the crowd were already in perilous vicinity to the spreading flames, a faint shout of exultation went up.

But terrible and speedy came the reaction! The boat had been headed more and more to the left, and ere five minutes had elapsed—with a *thud* so heavy that she shuddered through all her timbers—the vessel struck a hidden sandbar, remaining fast, but before she settled swinging by the stern till her after cabin lay directly to windward. Thus the breeze, which was fresh, blew right from stern to bow.

Fearful was the result! In an instant the whole body of flame swept straight over the masses that had huddled together on the forward decks. At the same moment the huge smoke-stacks, loosened by the violent shock, fell, with a loud crash, down through the cabin, their fall being succeeded by a sudden and tremendous burst of surging fire.

No restraint now! No thought among that doomed multitude save one—escape from the most horrible of all deaths, to be burned alive! In the very extremity of despair they crowded recklessly on each other, sweeping irresistibly forward till the front ranks were borne sheer off the bow: then the next, then the next! Ere three minutes had elapsed the water swarmed with a struggling throng—men, women, children battling for their lives.

A few of the passengers in the rear rushed to the stairs, but they were in flames. No escape from that scene of horror, except by a leap of some twenty feet—from the upper guards down to the waves below, already covered with a floundering mass. But most of those who were left accepted the desperate alternative, flinging themselves over the side of the boat. Many fell flat and became senseless at once, sinking hopelessly to the bottom: others, dropping straight down, soon rose again to the surface. Now and then an expert swimmer, watching an opening in the living screen, dived down head foremost. Scarcely a score remained, the miller among them, on the extreme bow. Even

at that appalling moment his attention was arrested by a brief episode in the scene of horror before him. A young mother—tall, graceful, with a look of refinement and a pale Madonna face, her arms around a baby asleep, it seemed, in their shelter—stood on the very edge of the deck where the rush of the headlong crowd had broken down the guards—alone!—her natural defender—who knows?—swept away by the human torrent, or perhaps, under the tyrant instinct of self-preservation, a deserter from her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. All alone, to earthly seeming at least, though she might be communing even then with the Unseen, for her colorless face was calm as an angel's, and her large, dark eyes were raised with a gaze so eager it might well be penetrating the slight veil, and already distinguishing, beyond, guardian intelligences bending near, waiting to welcome into their radiant world one who had been the joy and the ornament of this.

As Tyler watched her, a tongue of flame swept so close he thought it must have caught her light drapery. A single look below, a plunge, and she committed herself and her babe to the waves and to Him who rules them.

Tyler rushed to the spot where she had stood, but mother and child had already sunk. For a brief space—moments only, though he thought of it afterward as a long, frightful dream—he gazed on the seething swarm of mortality beneath him—poor, frail mortality, stripped of all flaunting guise, and exhibiting, under overwhelming temptation, its most selfish instincts bared to their darkest phase.

The struggle to reach the various floating objects, and the ruthlessness with which a strong swimmer occasionally wrenched these from the grasp of some feeble old man or delicate woman—it was all horrible to behold. Then again, many swimmers, striking without support for shore, were caught in the despairing clutch of some drowning wretch, unconscious perhaps of what he did, and dragged down to a fate from

which their strength and courage might have saved them. From the midst, however, shone forth examples of persistent self-devotion: husbands with but one thought, the safety of their wives; a son sustaining to the last an aged parent; but above all the maternal instinct asserted its victory over death. Tyler, even in those fleeting moments, caught sight, here and there among the crowd, of a woman with one hand clutching a friendly shoulder or a floating support, holding aloft in the other an infant all unconscious of impending fate. In one instance, even, a chubby little fellow, thus borne above the waters, clapped his tiny hands and laughed at the gay spectacle of the bright flames.

Meanwhile, the wind, veering a little to the south, and thus blowing fire and smoke somewhat to larboard, had left, on the starboard edge of the forward deck a narrow strip, on which, though the heat was intense, some ten or twelve persons still lingered beyond actual contact with the flames. But each moment the fire swept nearer and nearer, and Tyler felt that the last chance must now be risked. He dropped into the water, feet foremost, and disappeared.

While these things passed, Hartland, below with the steerage passengers, had witnessed similar scenes. Human nature, cultivated or uncultivated, is, as a general rule, in an extremity so dire, mastered by the same impulses. The difference inherent in race, however, was apparent. The sedate German, schooled to meet hardship and suffering with silent equanimity, and now standing mute and stolid—eyes fixed in despair—contrasted with the excitable Celt, voluble in his bewailings. Hartland, like Tyler, had kept himself aloof from the dense crowd, and so escaped being carried along by the frenzied fugitives when the flames first swept the forward deck. He was one of those men whose perceptions are quickened by imminence of danger. He noticed that the starboard wheel-house, which had not yet caught, afforded a temporary shelter from the drifting fire; and acting on a sudden conviction, he climbed over the guards on that side of

the vessel, a little forward of the wheel, and let himself down till his feet rested on the projecting wale of the boat. Thus, holding on by the rail, he was able to maintain himself outside of the blazing current until only a few stragglers were left on deck.

There he remained some time, deliberately thinking over the situation. As a boy he had learned to swim, but for the last fifteen years he had been almost wholly out of practice. He called to mind the rules with which he had once been familiar, and the necessity of keeping the eyes open so as to elude the grasp of drowning men. As he held on there the risk from such a contingency was painfully brought to his notice. From time to time several of the passengers from the upper deck had slid down near him. At last one heavy body, from immediately above, dropped so close that it brushed his clothes and almost carried him down with it. He turned to see the fate of this man. After ten or fifteen seconds he saw him rise to the surface again, and with a start recognized Nelson Tyler. He was struggling violently, and Hartland observed that some one, as the stout miller rose, had clutched him by the left arm with the tenacity of despair. Both sank together, and Hartland saw them no more.

Several times he was about letting himself down, but held back because of the crowds that he saw rising to the surface and wrestling with death and with each other beneath him. At last he was warned that his time had come. Looking toward the bow, where several men, imitating his example, were holding on outside the bulwarks, but unprotected by the wheel-house, he saw the flames catch and terribly scorch their hands, the torture causing them to quit their grasp and fall back headlong into the waves. Still he watched, until, seeing a whole mass of bodies sink together, and thus leave an empty space just below him, he commended his soul to God, and, springing from his support, sank at once to the bottom.

After a brief space, when his eyes had cleared a little, he saw what it has sel

dom been the lot of human being to witness. On the sand, there in the lower depths of the lake, lighted by the lurid glare of the burning boat, loomed up around him ghastly apparitions of persons drowned or drowning—men, women, small children too: some bodies standing upright as if alive; some with heads down and limbs floating; some kneeling or lying on the ground: here a muscular figure, arms flung out, fingers convulsively clenched, eyeballs glaring; there a slender woman in an attitude of repose, her features composed, and one arm still over the little boy stretched to his last rest by her side. Of every demeanor, in every posture they were—a subaqueous multitude! A momentary gaze took it all in, and then Hartland, smitten with horror, struck upward, away from that fearful assemblage, and reached the surface of the lake and the upper world once more.

There he found the water, not only around the bow, whence most of the passengers had been precipitated, but

also between himself and the shore, so overspread with a motley throng that he resolved to avoid them, even at risk of considerably lengthening the distance. He swam toward the stern, where the surface was comparatively free, and after passing one or two hundred yards beyond, seeing no one now in the line of the land, which was distinctly visible, he struck out vigorously in that direction.

Then he swam on, but with gradually diminishing strength and courage, and a little nervous trembling.

He estimated the distance to the land at half a mile. It was, however, in reality, a quarter of a mile farther. But the air was balmy, and, though the wind blew, the waves were not sufficient to impede a stout swimmer. There are hundreds among us who can swim a much greater distance. Yes, if they start fair, mind and body unexhausted. But after such a terribly wearing scene of excitement as that—the man fifty-seven years old, too—will his strength hold out to reach the land?

A WEEK IN AN AQUARIUM.

HYDROPHOBIA means an intense dislike to water—oinophobia, an intense dislike to wine. An old friend of mine, who was sadly afflicted with the latter disease, thought that there was danger of my contracting the former malady; so he induced me to go for a season to Dr. Parrish's "Aquarium," or institution for regenerating wild young gentlemen.

"Well," thought I, as I got into the cars at the West Philadelphia Station, "if I do not like it, I can come away—that's one comfort."

Still I went only half willingly—under protest, as it were, to avoid divers moral thunderbolts that I knew were forging to hurl at my dissipated head. Dr. Parrish himself met me in the cars: he

had been up to town, and was returning to his place, some twelve miles distant; so that I had the pleasure of his society; and a very great pleasure it was, in my then state of mind, to find a congenial, entertaining companion, like my good friend the doctor.

While I am thus whirled along to the Aquarium in the society of its superintendent, let me say a few words about that institution, its object and plan of working. Dr. Parrish certainly deserves well of the republic. He is one of the few philanthropists I have met who, in adopting a certain theory, did not appear to take leave of common sense, and endeavor to twist all creation into a distorted conformity with their own individual views. Some years ago, while he

was visiting one of the hospitals in Rome, he noticed several epileptic patients strapped down in their beds, simply to prevent their *tumbling out*: he was informed that they had been treated thus for years, and that it was no uncommon occurrence in the hospital. Shocked at such wanton cruelty, he set about obtaining an interview with Cardinal Antonelli, the all-powerful Secretary of State for the Papal dominions. This interview was at last granted: the cardinal, who received him rather coolly at first, perhaps confounding him with that numerous crew of curiosity-seekers who always besiege men of rank, warmed into awakened interest as the object of his visit was unfolded, and promised to have these abuses inquired into. This was done; and before Dr. Parrish left Rome he had the pleasure of receiving the thanks of the Pope, transmitted through the cardinal, and was only prevented by his departure from enjoying a personal interview with His Holiness. So much for the man. Now for the institution over which he presides.

In combating that terrific vice, intemperance, which, worse than war or pestilence, threatens the destruction of our young generation, the doctor has wisely accepted the teaching of all experience, and starts with the fundamental principle that, as cures for inebriety, all cruelty, personal invective, physical violence, harsh treatment of whatever kind, are not only useless in themselves, but in the vast majority of cases they absolutely tend to increase and aggravate the very propensity they were intended to correct. He recognizes the much-ignored fact, that the only effective mentor to sermonize an inebriate should be found in the awakened conscience of that inebriate himself, roused to a sense of his own degradation and spurred by a determination to recover his own lost manliness; and that the only effective asylum for such an individual is one to which he comes voluntarily, seeking assistance to work out his own reformation. Now this is just exactly what Dr. Parrish's institution is intended for—to extend to fallen humanity a sup-

porting crutch, not a belaboring cudgel. The doctor has gallantly developed this theory in the face of manifold opposition, with what success I leave the reader to determine.

"My establishment," he exclaimed, emphatically, "is no prison, no insane asylum: my young men are free to go where they please and when they please; nor do I wish them to feel under any restraint, except such as may be self-imposed by their own desire to benefit themselves and gratify me. If they wish to leave me, they are free to do so. I will not act the ignominious part of turnkey. While they stay with me I trust to their honor that they will not infringe any of my regulations."

During my residence at the Aquarium—or, to drop hyperbole and give the institution the title by which it is commonly known, the "Sanitarium"—I had full opportunity of seeing and judging the benefits resulting from the excellent system pursued there, until I wondered that men should ever have been so narrow-minded as to attempt the cure of intemperance by any other means. This institution is under the charge of an association of citizens chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, so recently as 1866, to purchase lands and erect buildings for the cure of intemperance. It is pleasant to turn from the long list of failures to effect the latter object that the records of so many other institutions furnish, to the cheering words of the president of the Citizens' Association, Dr. Joseph Parrish, embodied in his first annual report. Young as it is, the institution prospers already, for it is skillfully conducted, in accordance with that system which experience indicates as the only one offering a prospect of success. "Men say"—I quote the words of the report—"that drunkards are beyond hope, because they have tried everything within their reach and have been unsuccessful; but this does not prove that because a jail, an almshouse, an asylum for the insane, a change of residence or travel, has been unsuccessful, everything else will be. *It only proves that the means that were tried in the particular cases*

were not successful, and probably because they were not the best means. If there is truth in humanity, in science, in religion, there is truth in the declaration that a large proportion of cases may be cured. We are an association for the purpose of strengthening a class who need strength, and of saving from additional shame those who are too often classed as criminals, by throwing around them the allurements of a domestic retreat and the refinements of elevated society, that they may be relieved from a condition for which they are not always directly responsible."

What cheering, hopeful, benevolent and sensible language is this! Come with me now, I beg you, O reader! that I may show you how this admirable theory has been developed into beneficial practice.

The cars bore us southward to the little town of Media, on the outskirts of which the Sanitarium is situated, in the midst of a landscape made attractive by alternation of swelling hill and retreating valley. The woods were bare as yet, for it was very early in spring, and kind Nature only put forth, here and there, some stray floweret, of violet, hepatica or anemone, as an earnest of that more profuse bounty she was about to lavish upon her children. The town itself, as we drove through it, looked like many other country towns I had seen. There was a court-house; a large hotel, where I was informed, however, that they sold no liquor; stores; a post-office; any number of churches, of different denominations and various styles of architecture; a factory or so; private residences *ad libitum*, some newly built, standing out boldly in unshaded barefacedness—others old, retreating modestly behind their yet leafless trees; and above all—or rather below all—plenty of mud, turning rapidly into dust under the influence of wind and sun. I was not sorry when the ride was over, and the little carriage stopped before a paling fence that divided the Sanitarium and its grounds from the road. There was nothing to distinguish the institution externally. I

saw before me, as we walked up from the gate, an ordinary-looking house, with high steps and a porch leading to the principal entrance. To the main building was attached on one side a sort of wing, which looked as though it had been recently added. The house was of stone, painted white, with a high basement. Beyond the wing the ground sloped down to a little brook, then rose again to a grove of trees which bounded the view in that direction. Workmen were engaged in turfing the nearer slope and getting the grounds in order. There was altogether about the place outside an unfinished look, which I doubt not the doctor has corrected by this time.

In the house it was very different. My kind host led me from the main hall into a handsomely-furnished parlor; then to a library on the other side of the hall; then along the corridor that ran to the wing of the building, having doors of sleeping apartments opening on either side, where he showed me the room I was to occupy. Then we went down stairs to the basement. Here, under the parlor, I found the dining-room with little tables placed along each side, like a restaurant; then a kitchen under the library; then bath-rooms; and finally, in the extreme end of the wing, we came upon the great gathering-place of the guests, for I will not call them patients—the billiard-room—wisely placed as far away from the main building as the doctor's limited accommodations would permit. It was an ordinary-looking room enough; but for the absence of a bar I should have thought myself in the billiard-room of some country hotel. A number of young gentlemen (the establishment had some fifteen or twenty inmates) were grouped about. The single billiard-table was in full operation, and the rest of the guests were reading, talking, smoking, and passing the time just as suited their fancy—except drinking. I was kindly received by my fellow-boarders, and was not long in following the doctor's advice to make myself at home. It was surprising to see how completely the doctor identified himself

with the amusements and occupations of his guests: any stranger, not aware of their relative positions, might have taken him for a popular boarder there. He came and went among the young men as if his whole aim in life was to make them enjoy themselves; nor did I ever see him so busy that he did not lend an attentive ear whenever they wished to speak to him. Through the open door of the billiard-room we passed out into the grounds, and found Mrs. Parrish in the garden, adding that attraction to the place which the gracious presence of woman alone can bestow. I had wondered hitherto at the home-like atmosphere that pervaded the institution, at the cordial frankness manifested toward the good doctor by the inmates, but now I found out his secret. He treated them, one and all, as members of his own family. At the genial greeting extended me by Mrs. Parrish my wonder ceased.

This story of mine is no fictitious flight of fancy. There is not one of the many good fellows with whom I associated at the Sanitarium who, when he sees these remarks, will not corroborate them. I think I can see some among them now, perhaps far distant from the scenes I am attempting to describe, as they read this article, looking up from the paper to exclaim, in trite but emphatic English, "That's so!" It were hardly proper for me, in a paper intended for publication, to divulge any family secrets; and having been thus warmly received into the doctor's family, I must pass over a hundred little acts of kindness which I should otherwise like to mention as having been extended to others and to me by the ladies of this institution. The best evidence of the benefit accruing from their sunny presence—their gentle but potent influence—was to be seen in the appreciative conduct of the young gentlemen with whom they came in contact. Their brightest reward must be the happy consciousness that they have thus succeeded in clearing and calming the *jeunesse orageuse* of many heretofore considered incorrigible (including the writer of this article),

by whom they are ever remembered with respect and gratitude.

To exemplify the pleasant cordiality existing between the young men and the doctor, I should like to relate one or two occurrences that came under my own observation. On one occasion an ex-inebriate felt somewhat disposed to indulge his appetite for stimulants. It would have been no hard matter for him to have gone off quietly and found a place where he could gratify his desire: this, I must in candor admit, had been *sometimes* done, but very rarely—so rarely as to afford an additional argument in favor of the lenient system pursued at the Sanitarium. During my short stay there I saw or knew of no attempt at any such manœuvre. The young man went to the doctor and told him that he would like to have a drink, just as he would have gone to any other friend. Now, what did the doctor do? Or, rather, what did he not do? He did not want to refuse the young man's request, and yet did not deem it advisable to grant it. To have followed the old example of many people, and taken advantage of the opportunity to deliver a long-drawn lecture on the glory of total abstinence and the abomination of intoxication, would have been, under the circumstances, equally stupid and inexpedient: the young man would probably have gone off, irritated, to the nearest grogshop he could find, to poison himself with the "kill-me-quick" generally dispensed at such places. The doctor, with that tact which eminently fits him for the position he holds, *made the young man refuse himself* and deliver to himself his own moral lecture. Drawing the key of the liquor-closet from his pocket, he put it on the table before the young man.

"There," said he, "is the key: you may take it and get a drink if you wish to; but before you do so, as I am granting you a favor, grant me one in return. I ask you to let that key remain on the table where it is for fifteen minutes. If, at the end of that time, after sober consideration, you think it would be beneficial to you to take a drink, go and get one."

The young man thought a moment, and went away without taking the drink, while the doctor returned the key to his pocket, having not only gained his point, but—what was of far more importance—having retained the young man's confidence and friendship.

During the earlier part of my stay at the Sanitarium, I noticed a well-grown lad lounging listlessly about the house and grounds. This was an unfortunate youth whose imbecility made him an object of compassion to all, and who had been sent to the institution through some mistake on the part of his family. The doctor had written, stating that he could not keep him there, and requesting that he should be taken away; but, while waiting for some action on the part of the boy's friends, he was retained and treated with the utmost kindness.

It was finally decided that the boy should be sent, for his own sake as well as for others', to Dr. Givens' private hospital for mental diseases, some six or seven miles distant, where he would receive proper care. This brings me to a part of my story to which I would call attention.

One pleasant afternoon a carriage and pair drove away from the Sanitarium, containing, if I remember right, eight young men—one employé of the institution and seven guests—who volunteered to take poor — and his trunk to Clifton Hall, as Dr. Givens' place was called. I happened to be included among the volunteers. Dr. Parrish himself did not go with us, but gave the necessary papers and instructions, and off we started, one of our number, Mr. D——, navigating the vehicle so skillfully as to cover us with glory and mud. The first part of the trip was not particularly pleasant: all felt the responsibility entailed by the presence of our unfortunate companion, and we were glad at last to find ourselves ascending a hill on the summit of which we could see Clifton Hall standing in the midst of pretty grounds. Dr. Givens was not at home; so we waited in the parlor till he made his appearance, and then delivered up our charge. We

were very anxious to see the place, but the doctor gave us no encouragement. Perhaps he very properly did not desire that his establishment should be made a show-place to gratify idle curiosity by the exhibition of the unfortunate inmates to strangers. At all events, he frankly informed us that he could "dispense with us;" so we had nothing to do but get into our carriage and drive off, an Irish wit in the party remarking, as we did so, "Faith! I thought it was an asylum we were coming to, but it seems a dispensary, just."

Then, relieved of all care, we had a right jolly drive back, and gratified our good doctor immensely when we got home by giving him an account of our expedition—how we were treated, what we saw and what we did not see. Again, during this drive back, I saw the advantage of the doctor's system of perfect confidence. No indiscretions were committed, no liquor obtained, no halts made at taverns by this party of exuberant young men, who would have broken through all restraint and "played the devil" generally had any attempt been made to overrule their inclinations by stupid brute force also.

It should be borne in mind that in dealing with his guests the doctor had often not only to divert their desire to drink, thus insensibly, by cultivating a fondness for some harmless occupation, but that he was obliged, in very many instances, to contend with the pernicious effects of ignorance and maltreatment on the part of others. Young men came to him not sick, often not intoxicated—nor even particularly desirous to become so when they found that no harsh measures were employed to prevent them—but simply with their hearts *frozen* by the misjudged cruelty with which they had been treated elsewhere. Ah! how soon they thawed and warmed beneath sunshine! If I were asked in what the wonderful treatment at the Sanitarium consisted, I might answer that it consisted as much in the absence of maltreatment as in anything else. The young men were treated as sensible, intellectual beings, not as social outcasts,

at whom the ultra-righteous might pleasantly throw stones ; and if they were not weaned from their bad habit all at once, they were at least not driven to it by harsh and unchristian comment. Woe to any temperance lecturer that had tried his eloquence among us ! It was held that an unsuccessful attempt at reformation should no more be sneered at as a failure, or as an evidence that no future attempt would be successful, than want of success at the beginning of any other undertaking. The child totters and falls many times before it learns to walk ; the musician must practice long and wearily to acquire facility of hand and voice ; nor, if a man fell overboard and were drowned, would the bystanders be justified in concluding that it had been impossible for that man to learn to swim, but simply that, from some cause or other, he had not learned. On the contrary, an unsuccessful attempt to reform should be hailed as evidence of a *desire* to do right (half, ay, two-thirds of the battle !), and as a signal of encouragement to try again, and again and again if necessary.

There is one question connected with an inebriate's reformation to which I will refer now, and will quote, in this connection, a few words from an English writer in *The Piccadilly Papers*. Speaking of the recent importation of light wines into Great Britain, he says : "Without any great leaning toward the temperance movement, and utterly rejecting the utter absurdity of total abstinence being a panacea for all physical and moral ills, it is impossible to exaggerate the frightful case exhibited by teetotalers of the mischief wrought by the illegitimate craving for stimulants. . . . I hope the light wines will drive the heavy ones out of the market, and that those who take beer and brandy like sots will learn to take their wine like gentlemen." Now, that it is possible thus to drink wine like gentlemen is daily proved by the example of gentlemen all over the country (excuse me, Mr. Parton). But whether it is *expedient* for the ex-inebriate to drink wine at all, after he has conquered his thirst

for stimulants, is a question which has been much discussed, which has never been decided, and which can only be properly determined, *in propria persona*, by each individual for himself. Every gun has its own calibre, and the proper charge can only be ascertained by experiment. A man's disposition, state of health, former mode of life, etc., must be considered before he can make up his mind on this important point ; and teetotalers are not expected to take any part in the discussion. *Ceteris paribus*, if a man enjoys fine health without wine, does not care about it, and cannot well afford to buy it, he is at perfect liberty to let it alone if he chooses.

I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Parrish give an opinion on the subject : he was probably too wise, and felt the impossibility of laying down a general rule to meet all cases. I do not even know whether he drank wine himself, or not ; and do not care. Once a week, at the Sanitarium, there was a sort of informal meeting held in the evening in the billiard-room. The doctor would read or deliver extempore some remarks that he thought would interest his "boys," and then we could all express our own opinions. The conversation often turned, naturally, on the vice of intemperance, and the experience of every man in that room—the matter being discussed without any mawkish hesitation—would be different, showing that each case required a treatment particularly adapted to it. I may not here divulge much I heard that might interest the reader, for I must cautiously avoid saying anything to betray those companions who made my stay at the Sanitarium so pleasant. Much disgust was excited on one occasion, I know, by the arrival of a box or package directed to "*Dr. Parrish's Institution for Drunken Inebriates*," and again by some individual going to the door of a hall where Ethiopian minstrels were in full blast and inquiring if any of Dr. Parrish's *bloats* were in there.

It is singular how, in a little town, people immediately find out what every stranger is doing. On the Sunday fol-

lowing my arrival I walked to church, expecting to take a seat unnoticed. To my surprise, the sexton met me at the door, inquired blandly if I were "one of Dr. Parrish's young gentlemen," and on receiving my blushing answer in the affirmative, ushered me into a nice pew, where I found several of my newly-made friends already seated; and, sooth to say, it struck me that "Dr. Parrish's young gentlemen" formed a highly respectable part of the congregation, and were objects of particular interest to the young ladies from a neighboring boarding-school, who clustered in a charming bevy on the other side of the main aisle. There was a legend going the rounds of the country-side to the effect that the lady who conducted this school was endowed with more than ordinary courage, and did not hesitate to show it when any profane foot invaded the academic precincts. Nay, that on one occasion she actually drew a revolver on a daring "Gray Reserve," and the rash young soldier fled in affright before the scholastic Boadicea. She did not even deign, like the Princess Ida, to command "eight daughters of the plough" to execute her behests.

But it is time to bring this article to a close, and I must forbear narrating many pleasant little episodes that brightened my life at the Sanitarium. The regulations there, as far as I could dis-

cover, amounted to these: We were requested not to drink intoxicating liquor, and not to take any very long trip away from the establishment (for instance, a trip to Philadelphia or Baltimore) without informing the doctor. On one occasion I came up and spent a day in Philadelphia. This was all the restraint, if restraint it could be called—we certainly did not feel it as such—that the doctor sought to exercise. He did not want men to come there under the influence of liquor: he wanted them to come there to avoid thus disgracing themselves, and his little establishment could not accommodate half the applicants who were desirous of availing themselves of his treatment.

Breakfast was served from seven to nine o'clock, lunch in the middle of the day, and dinner at four or five. Every evening, at nine o'clock, a short religious service, consisting of reading the Bible, prayer and singing, was held in the parlor; and I can give no more convincing proof of the desire of the young men to gratify their host than the simple fact that they not only attended these services, but took part in them: one of the ladies generally accompanied our voices on the piano, sometimes one of the guests. Can it be wondered at if, amid such agreeable scenes, my "week in an Aquarium" passed rapidly away?

MALCOLM MACEUEN.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

IN a recent report to his government, Mr. Francis Clare Ford, Secretary to the British Legation at Washington, bears the following important testimony: "The majority of Americans would appear disposed to endure any amount of sacrifice rather than bequeath a portion of their debt to future generations." The best evidence there could be that Mr. Ford is right in attributing such a

sentiment to our people is that his proposition sounds very much like a matter of course, and might easily pass for a commonplace. The plausible doctrine that money should be allowed to "fructify in the pockets of the people," instead of being drawn out by a manful and resolute effort to clear off indebtedness once for all, has made but little public progress as yet among us; and as a people

it may truly be said we believe in paying off our debt.

But while Mr. Ford's remark would hardly arrest the attention of a casual American reader, Mr. Ford's own countrymen have seen enough of national debts to recognize the importance of such an announcement, and heartily to envy the noble economical freedom, the royal opportunities, the energy, courage and hope which make it possible even seriously to think of such a thing, much more to undertake and accomplish it. To such high talk an Englishman listens with the same mixture of pleasure, envy and regret with which the gouty valetudinarian hears a party of school-boys plan an evening's campaign of sausage, poundcake and toasted cheese. Doubtless he appreciates the privilege of the youngsters far more than they do themselves, and in his hopeless insolvency of liver, brain and stomach is disposed to give them quite as much good advice as they are ready to receive upon the employment and husbandry of their youthful capital of health, strength and digestion.

No Englishman really expects to see the end of his national debt, any more than he expects to see the last of the Thames run by Chelsea some fair day and slip away under London bridge. There are plans, indeed, highly approved and eminently respectable, for its gradual extinguishment; there have been spasmodic movements for a reduction of the principal; and only just now some forty millions of the capital have been converted into terminable annuities. But all efforts of this kind in England have amounted to no more than the struggles of the swimmer to maintain his place against the current when he either will not or cannot strike out for the shore; and the present laudable exertions for the same end will only result in accumulating some trifling stock of credit, on which the nation will greatly felicitate itself, which will form the staple of a few successive speeches from the throne, and make the fortune of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or so, to be utterly swallowed up in the first six months of a Continental war.

For a nation which has once committed itself to the policy of a standing national debt, and has put its obligations into a form *in which they never come due*, a persistent reduction and an ultimate liquidation, if not financially impossible, are morally hopeless. Without giving the weight of our authority to either side in the great controversy about the freedom of the will, it is safe to assert that the laws of human nature combine with the exigencies of national life to make it practically certain that those who accept a debt as a finality will increase that debt and become subject to it in hopeless perpetuity of bondage. They may make virtuous resolutions against enlargement; they may display a spasmodic heroism here and there in reduction; but these are of little avail against the steady, unremitting pressure of the motives which urge an increase, and the clamorous necessities of war or rebellion. Debts, like bad habits, are not to be regulated or limited by those who remain in them. There is but one attitude for a man or a nation to take toward them, and that is the attitude of aggression. Simply to stand in defence against the insidious motives which urge to make the future servant to the present is wellnigh impossible.

It has been an Americanism to believe in paying off debts; and the strong practical sense of our people has thus far reinforced their traditional dislike and distrust of signed paper, in resisting the earliest suggestions for deferring the liquidation of their national debt to another generation. And so far, at least, Mr. Ford correctly interprets American sentiment as favoring payment rather than postponement, even at the cost of severe or distressing taxation. Our Yankee nation would indeed have much to unlearn before it could deliberately settle down to the policy of endless debt; and formally, or even consciously, such a plan cannot be said to be "in all our thoughts."

Yet it is not difficult, on a more careful observation, to discern the beginning, and even the rapid growth, among us of the seductive philosophy of "fructifica-

tion." And though it is for the present true that this sentiment is chiefly confined to the exchange of private opinion, the freedom of expression and the strength of conviction are manifestly on the increase. Our people would indeed have much to unlearn before they became capable of consenting to what is in truth practical despair under the guise of optimism; but under heavy taxation people learn and unlearn fast; and it cannot be questioned that the first enthusiasm with which we went to work to liquidate the floating debt at the close of the rebellion has been pretty well drawn down, and that it is not an unpopular suggestion now that the country should wait for "better times" before applying itself in earnest to the payment of its war-obligations.

A more dangerous feeling could not exist. We are looking down the road by which other nations have reached the condition of hopeless bondage to funded debt; from which, though it might be financially possible for them to emerge, it is morally certain they never will. Whether we shall take that road to come to the same end, depends very much upon the courage with which the nation bears the taxation, and the wisdom with which it applies the surplus, of the next two or three years—very much, even, upon the beginning we shall make the present year. A single vigorous effort now would be a wonderful argument for continuance in well-doing. The application of our entire fiscal surplus (already certain to exceed the most sanguine estimates), augmented as it might be by thorough and searching retrenchment, to the reduction of the principal of the debt, would be such an achievement, in our own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, as to constitute almost a bond that we would not hereafter give way to the wretched infatuation of the "fructification" theory.

No issue of more moment can be presented to the American people than this: Shall the debt be paid, or shall the mortgage remain on the estate? and as it is decided will be the degree of economical, if not of political, freedom which the

country shall enjoy. The taxation which a people voluntarily imposes on itself for the sake of its own future, and in a noble scorn of debt, has none of the depressing and degrading effects of taxation imposed by the annual charge of interest on a debt from which no relief can be expected. Taxation to meet interest, and nothing more, is slavery: taxation to clear off debt and redeem the future is the bravest act of political manhood. It is the sacrifice which the freeman gladly makes for independence, while the other is the task of the slave, which neither enriches him nor brings his deliverance nearer. There has been a great deal of very base materialism in political philosophy; but what philosopher was ever materialistic enough to assert that what a nation could do in simple endurance of burdens bore anything like equal proportion to what it could do with hope and courage and the prospect of a speedy release?

If any one quality has more distinguished the American people than any other in the past, and made them to differ from less prosperous and progressive peoples, it has been the strong and controlling sense that debt was always and everywhere an evil; that it was a good thing to "work off" the mortgage, even if it involved working very hard; that it was not brave nor wise to sit down in helpless endurance; but that the farm was to be free, the man was to be free, the future was to be free, cost what of present exertion it might. This is the best of Americanisms. The triumphs of our industry, to which history can furnish no parallel, have been owing to nothing more than this sturdy Anglo-Saxon love of economical freedom. There will be great reason to suspect that the genius of our people is failing them when we find them coming deliberately to accept the worst maxims of that false philosophy with which the Old World seeks to cover its own shame, and surrendering the glorious possibilities of their destiny in the desire of immediate relief and the ignoble fear of present exertion and sacrifice.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

WERNER'S house, which lay in the broadest and handsomest street of the town, had also oncé been a convent. When it became a private residence important alterations had been made in it. The whole front wing, which extended toward the street, had been torn down, and in its place a handsome dwelling-house had been erected, with walls so thick and massive that each niche of the broad windows was almost like a little boudoir. The windows on the ground floor were amply protected by those thick, stout iron bars that always inspire a sort of respect, seeming to announce that it is their task to protect objects of value, and at the same time betraying the secure existence of said objects.

Several back buildings, which enclosed the broad courtyard, had been allowed to stand on account of their strength and the later period at which they had been erected. The tall, unusually strong wall of the cloister garden had likewise been spared, and upon it, here and there, still remained colossal statues of various saints, embowered in the branches of primeval linden trees.

To-day, night came on early. Over the city hung a dark sky, full of gloomy thunder-clouds. Not a breath of air was moving, but rivers of flower perfume flowed from every garden out into the quiet, sultry streets. It had just struck nine when the "Dragon-fly," accompanied by Magdalena, appeared before Werner's house to make Jacob the promised visit. The wings of the great door were slightly bowed, but through the narrow crack came such a brilliant stream of light that the old woman could not summon courage to widen the opening with her own hand and allow her timid figure to be illumined by the aristocratic atmosphere within.

But Magdalena pushed the door open composedly, and followed her aunt, who hastened quickly across the great vaulted hall to the courtyard door. A lighted window opposite on the ground floor showed them the road to Jacob's dwelling. The curtains were not drawn, and allowed a free view of the cozy little home within. The old man stood before the tall, antique house-clock, and was winding it up with great care. His wife was seated at the clean-scoured table, knitting by the light of the bright little lamp. Beside her, before the arm-chair with the high, cushioned back, lay the open prayer-book from which apparently Jacob had just read the evening service. The guests were met with great cordiality, but with reproaches for their late arrival, and Jacob said "he knew his night-raven, Lenchen, of old: she couldn't bear the sunshine, and only went about after dark like a ghost;" whereupon Magdalena replied that her aunt was more afraid of lamplight, for she had hardly dared to venture in the brilliant hall.

"Yes, indeed: it's bright enough up there to-night," said old Jacob, and around his lips played the humorous expression which often rendered his face so characteristic. "The Frau Rätthin has a grand company. She has been for three days baking cakes and tarts, roasting fowls and having carpets beaten and shaken, though there's not a bit of dust in them, for they are thoroughly cleaned nearly every day."

"Every one has his own idea of happiness," said Jacob's wife, teasingly; "and if Frau Rätthin is fond of water, you are no enemy of beer; so you needn't laugh at her."

With these words she placed on the table a jug of foaming beer, giving her husband at the same time a light, loving blow on the shoulder. They were

a very happy couple, the old man and woman.

Then she took from a corner-cup-board, black with age, three beautifully-painted cups, a shining tin sugar-bowl and a plate of wheaten bread, evidently the forerunners of a comfortable cup of coffee, which soon stood steaming on the table.

During these preparations the old wife had been talking to the "Dragon-fly" ceaselessly and pleasantly, and asking her questions. Magdalena had seated herself, as though weary, on a little low bench not far from the arm-chair: she was gazing fixedly up, her chin on her hand, at the opposite row of brilliantly-lighted windows, whose shutters were flung wide open on account of the heat. What did the girl see? The white curtains were fluttering in the night wind, that, soft and moist, hovered gently around them. Was she dreaming of the mighty river that watered her native place? Far away a boat is gliding, its white sails swelling in the wind. Or from the mass of splendid climbing plants around the window does her father-house in the South seem to rise, with the glorious sunlight slumbering on its walls and its low door, through which seemed to step the golden-haired mother, with her clear, holy eyes?

Up there, on a pure white wall, and illumined by the dazzling light from the crystal chandelier, hung the life-size portrait of a boy—a proud, handsome child, with brilliant eyes and a wondrously clear brow beneath the abundant fair hair; and the blue eyes shone with such vanquishing power that home and father-house vanished in the dim distance from the black eyes in the poor room below.

Some chords on the piano now sounded through the air, and a figure stepped to one of the windows: it was the blonde Antonie, the granddaughter of the old Râthin. She was dressed entirely in white. Her bare shoulders, pure as alabaster and beautifully shaped, were surrounded by a perfect mist of tulle and lace, and on the almost white hair rested a garland of lovely roses. She looked very elegant and very pretty.

Scarcely had she withdrawn to the window-recess when Werner joined her. The light from the chandelier fell as brightly on his features as on those of the portrait above him. The likeness between them was remarkable, but the slender child had become a tall man, with an almost kingly bearing.

He took the young lady's hand in both his imploringly. She seemed unwilling to grant his request, but at last, when he drew her arm through his own, she went with him, and laughed behind her fan when he bent his head confidently and whispered something in her ear.

Magdalena had witnessed this little scene without moving, but she set her teeth as though in bitter pain, and her flashing eyes followed the young lady as she stepped to the piano with a piece of music in her hand. A moment afterward arose a somewhat hard, sharp voice, which gave a beautiful and touching song without the slightest particle of feeling.

"She sings badly," murmured Magdalena: "her voice is as thin and hueless as her hair."

When the song ceased a perfect storm of applause rang through the quiet court. But old Jacob bent over Magdalena and laid his hand caressingly on her glossy braids.

"Lenchen," said he, "that's not the way our bells do, is it? When they begin, then one understands wherefore they open their brazen mouths, but nobody can make any sense of that piping up yonder. I don't see what pleasure people can find in having a knife run through their ears."

But the "Dragon-fly" and the old wife did not agree with him. They thought the song beautiful, and could not weary of gazing at the young lady as she sang, rolling her eyes and throwing her garlanded head first on one side, then on the other. They thought she looked like an angel in human form as she stepped immediately afterward back to the window-recess, where Werner's tall figure had leant motionless during the singing; and as she laid her hand confidently on his arm, and with a grace-

ful, mischievous gesture raised a giant bouquet to his face that he might inhale the odor, the two old women thought that he who did not fall in love with her on the spot must be utterly and entirely without a heart.

"Now don't make such a fuss," said Jacob, and the ironical smile appeared on his face. "You are delighted when the old charity-women in the church quaver till one almost loses his senses; and when a young woman like that one is dressed in white trash, you think an angel is nothing to her. That girl up there is not a whit better than the old woman, I say. Both of them are as proud and haughty as they can be; and if the little one puts on such pretty tricks, and flatters and dissembles as she is doing now, she knows why she does it as well as I do. She's as poor as a church mouse, and it wouldn't be at all disagreeable to feather a nice nest for herself here, and to settle down as a rich married woman. But Herr Werner knows too much for that: he sees plainly enough what the girl's aiming at."

He took with a great air of discretion a pinch of snuff, which he had held between his fingers during the whole oration; then he continued:

"Don't try to persuade yourself that my young master is going to marry any one from this town: I know better. I was busy to-day, toward evening, arranging his room where he paints— Now, what is it he calls it?"

"Atelier?" said Magdalena, without turning her head toward him.

"Yes, that's it! And a large painting lay on the table. It was only sketched, as you call it, Lenchen—not colored. I couldn't see the face plainly, because I didn't like to go close enough up to it, but I saw it was a woman with a white cloth on her head, like your dear mother used to wear in those foreign lands. Just at this very moment Herr Werner came in: he laughed when he saw how my neck was stretched out. But he threw a cloth quickly over the picture, and said: 'Listen, Jacob: I can't let you see that yet a while, but I will confess one thing to you—the woman

on that canvas will one day be my wife.' He was six years in strange countries, and I expect he has seen some very beautiful women there."

Magdalena had listened to him without moving, but with the closest attention. She leaned her head against the wall, her hands lay clasped together upon her knees, and the long black lashes rested upon her white cheeks as though she slept.

Meantime the music was renewed. Antonie allowed herself to be persuaded a few times more: she now sang an elaborate Italian aria, whose execution led Jacob to an expression of the fear that somebody must be tumbling down stairs and breaking their arms and legs. Young Werner had left the window some time before, and seemed also to have quitted the room, for he was no longer visible.

Just at this moment, when four hands were belaboring the piano in a not very artistic duet, some one knocked at the window, and when the old man opened it, Werner's servant handed in a basketful of splendid oranges for Jacob from his master. The man added that he would have brought them over earlier, but had been occupied in handing tea and then in assisting to pass the wine.

Jacob held out the basket to Lenchen with a beaming face.

"Look, Lenchen!" said he: "I'm so glad to get these, for your sake. Don't you remember how you longed for one of these yellow things once, until you almost became ill?"

"Yes," said the girl raising her dark eyes to his face—they were full of tears—"I know, dear Jacob. And you made me well again, for you bought one at a high price and brought it to me on the tower. It seemed to me then as though I had had a glimpse of my dear home. I was most happy. But now you might lay treasures before me, and for all the gold in the world I would not touch yonder fruit."

Jacob stared at her in amazement, but the "Dragon-fly," who, in her simplicity, thought the girl's refusal fully explained by the scene which had taken place that

afternoon between the donor of the fruit and herself, pulled warningly at his coat and nodded to him to be silent. He consequently said nothing, but drawing out his pocket-knife opened an orange for the two old women.

Up in the house all had grown more quiet. The music had ceased, and the hum of voices was stilled. In their stead the thunder growled in the distance, and the night wind blew wildly through the open windows, slamming doors and driving the white curtains like swans out into the pitch-black night. The "Dragon-fly" became nervous: she prepared to depart, and soon the two women were hastening across the court, their heads enveloped in huge neckerchiefs. In an open glass door, which separated the steps from the hall stood Antonie, the old Râthin's granddaughter. She had just kissed all her female friends, wrapped in their hoods and cloaks, one after another, and turned away laughingly because some of them rallied her about her "handsome cousin," when she perceived the "Dragon-fly" and Magdalena, who were about to withdraw in alarm. The maiden raised her blonde eyebrows, glanced down once more at them, while a haughty expression settled around her mouth, and then nodded to one of the servants, who, with a lantern, was awaiting her ladyship's pleasure, and who at once demanded rudely what the women wanted. As they made no reply, the supercilious blonde turned toward the staircase with a systematically nonchalant manner, and cried, in the tone of a proud, spoilt child, "Grand-mamma, there are strange people in the hall."

The old Râthin, who was coming slowly down stairs, engaged in conversation with a very stout gentleman, hurried her steps as much as possible, and when she stood below, her false toupée shaking angrily under her large cap, the young ladies gathered timidly around her, like lambs around a faithful shepherd, and on their lovely, innocent features appeared an unmistakable expression of alarm, united with an endless amount of curiosity. Even the man-

servant joined the flock, and disregarding the brilliant light which streamed from the ceiling, raised his lantern over the heads of the delinquents, so as to deprive them beforehand of all hope of hiding their guilty faces in protecting darkness. The old woman, without further ceremony, seized the black kerchief over the head of the "Dragon-fly" and pulled it off.

"That's the 'Dragon-fly,'" said she in a hard, cold voice. "And who is this demoiselle?" she continued, pointing her withered forefinger at Magdalena. "She conceals her face, as though she were bad conscience personified. Instantly tell me what your business is here."

Magdalena did not reply, and the "Dragon-fly" was so terrified she could not bring out a word.

"Well, can't you answer?" cried the stout gentleman, doubtless some mighty functionary, out of whose eyes, nose and forehead—nay, out of whose very coat-pockets—justice seemed peeping. With these words he struck his cane violently upon the marble floor, and gazed at the unfortunate "Dragon-fly" as if looking through and through her.

This manœuvre brought the palsied tongue of the woman into the desired motion, and she explained stammeringly that she had been to see Jacob.

"Ah, dear Egon," cried the old Râthin, turning at this moment and speaking in the gentlest, softest tone imaginable, as young Werner appeared over the banisters above, "here is a convincing proof that my well-meant representations were not unfounded. In this Jacob you have brought upon yourself—to say nothing of me—a regular torment. Under the pretext of visiting him, all sorts of people introduce themselves into the house under cover of darkness, and before long we will have to keep our hands on our silver spoons."

At this horrible conclusion Magdalena stepped quickly in front of the speaker. The kerchief had fallen back upon her shoulders, and with sparkling eyes, the ideal head thrown proudly back, she stood before the old woman, who looked at her startled and alarmed.

At the same moment Werner sprang down the steps. A deep flush glowed on his cheek, and when he began to speak his voice trembled as though with anger.

"What are you thinking of, aunt," cried he, "to insult these people in this unprovoked way? Is it a criminal offence to visit an acquaintance? I have already told you, more than once, most respected aunt," continued he, with a scornful ring in his voice, "that I positively will not suffer these attacks upon Jacob, and now feel myself compelled to confirm this declaration by not allowing his friends to be insulted."

With these words he stepped to the hall door, opened it, and with a slight reverence gave "good-night" to the two women, who hastily slipped out.

Shortly afterward a violent thunder-storm burst over the town; and when the yellow lightning hissed around the old cloister, making Magdalena's little room as bright as day, it illumined the figure of the girl, seated, white and ghost-like, upon her bed, her hands twined in the masses of her rich, unbound hair, victim to a wilder storm than that which rattled the convent walls.

CHAPTER V.

"AH, Jacob, is this a destiny which is come upon Lenchen?" sighed the "Dragon-fly," as, a few days later, she entered Jacob's little room.

"Why, what can be the matter with the girl?" asked the old man, in sudden alarm.

"Would you have believed she would treat me so in my old days?" replied Suschen, as the hot tears ran down her cheeks. "I have been a poor, harassed woman my whole life long; I have borne meekly everything that Heaven has decreed to me, but this is almost too much: this is the worst that I ever had to endure. Lenchen is determined to leave me—to go into the wide world—and I shall be alone once more. I am now sixty years old, and may expect my death at any time; and I will not have

a human being to close my eyes. Woe is me! woe is me!"

"Why how did the girl get such an idea into her head, all of a sudden?" asked Jacob, in surprise.

"I don't know," said the "Dragon-fly," drying her eyes on her apron. "But she seems completely changed since that evening when the old Râthin—she will be punished for it some day—was so rough with us. She will not eat nor drink; and yesterday evening, when we were sitting quietly together, before we had lighted the candle, she put her arm around my neck, like she always used to do as a child when I gave her anything or was putting her to bed. 'Dear, good aunt,' said she, 'you love me, don't you? I know you do—as dearly as though I were your own daughter. A true, kind mother makes every sacrifice for her child, and never asks if it be an easy or a difficult one. That is what you have always done for me. And when a mother sees that her child is suffering, and that nothing but separation from her can heal him, she makes even that sacrifice, aunt, does she not?' Oh, Jacob," the "Dragon-fly" interrupted herself—and fresh tears rose to her eyes—"I didn't entirely understand her even then; but one thing I saw clearly, that she was going to leave me, and I wept bitterly. She tells me now that she cannot bear it here any longer—that people are not kind to her, and she is going to seek service in some distant town. She says she is able and willing to work, and promised that all she earned she would send to me. My entreaties might as well have been spoken to the wind; and when I had lighted the candle she took out her savings-box from the closet and counted the money—six thalers: how hardly had she earned them! She said she knew this would not carry her far away, but it would at least serve to take her to some larger town. Oh, Jacob, I implore of you," she cried, turning to the old man, "persuade her out of it! I should never be able to sleep in peace if I knew Lenchen was amongst strangers. She is so odd! Others wouldn't be as pa-

tient with her as I am, and she would be unkindly treated."

Jacob's wife, a very practical woman, viewed the subject in a different light, and thought that perhaps, after all, it would be a good thing for Lenchen. The "Dragon-fly" couldn't expect to live for ever, and at her death the maiden would have to depend upon herself. But neither Jacob nor Suschen would hear to this, and the former promised the troubled old woman to go that very night to the convent and "set Lenchen's head straight," as he expressed it.

The "Dragon-fly" had not exaggerated when she said that Lenchen was completely changed. Where was the elasticity of her movements, and the proud, firm poise of the head, that made her so remarkable, and which, in connection with the expressive features and dignified glance, told of powerful mental force? The girl's altered looks seemed to strike even the inhabitants of the cloister, for to-day, when she had carried the basket for her aunt as far as the outer door, and then was walking slowly back through the court, their neighbor, an industrious weaver, pushed open his window and cried,

"Lenchen, are you sad because the naughty children have thrown down the old image of the Virgin in the cross-way from its pedestal?—your Mary, before which you have sat thinking so often?"

Magdalena looked up, as though awaking from a dream. The old man continued:

"Why, didn't you know it? Go in there and look! I saw it this morning."

On hearing the weaver's communication, Magdalena opened the door, and saw in the distance the statue lying at the foot of its pedestal.

A few weeks before, when one of the boys had climbed upon it, and was just about to adorn the wooden face with black eyebrows and a black moustache, she had bestowed on the young vandal such a passionate and stern lecture, and gazed at him with such angry eyes, that he sprang down frightened. Now, however, she only raised the ill-treated image quietly and in silence, wiped the earth

from its face, and then leaned it carefully against the wall in a corner by the pedestal. She walked slowly through the open space out into the grass-plot which lay so tranquil and bright in the sunshine, enclosed by the cloister and the church. How often had she hastened nimbly over the green space, and mounted on some projections in the wall, so as to attain the open church window, in which she would disappear! Then she would be alone in the quiet, solemn church, undisturbed save by the sound of her own footsteps and the twitter of some bird, that, settling on the elder-bushes without, stuck his head curiously into the cool, dim porch, and then, frightened, soared away to bathe his wings once more in the golden sunshine.

Here, among the mighty pillars, she seemed to breathe more freely, and her soul spread the pinions repressed and confined in the narrow walls of her home. Her imagination conjured up the days when incense floated through the air, when the *Hora* echoed and magnificent adornments glittered on the high altar. She seemed to see the forms of the pale Sisters seated before the ruined organ, while their wan hands touched the yellowed stops. How often may those notes have breathed forth the passionate agony of an aching, only half-subdued heart! She looked at the sunbeams that glided through some remains of the beautiful stained glass in the lofty windows, making brilliant colors quiver upon the slender pillars, and strewing them among the scrolls and ornaments of the cornices, untouched by human finger since the last stroke of the chisel given by the master hand long since crumbled to dust. She could sit for hours before that old image of the Madonna, dreaming herself back to her Southern home, where she had seen thousands kneeling in the deepest fervor before such an image, which her father never passed without respectfully baring his head and making faithfully the sign of the cross.

But Magdalena was not thinking of all these things now. She almost shrank shivering from the dark church, and felt,

for the first time, the deathlike stillness of the deserted temple, which lay amid the sunlight like a giant corpse under gold and purple coverings. She had turned her back on the church and seated herself beneath an old apple tree, on whose weatherbeaten trunk only one solitary but broad and full branch remained. Long, upstart grasses, over which gold and green beetles were busily running, waved their feathery heads at her knee, and a large family of chamomile flowers bloomed at her feet.

And if she left aunt, cloister and town, and went forth into the wide world—another heaven over her troubled head—wherever she looked strange faces—nothing friendly or familiar to greet her—her rebellious heart plunged in a human stream that rushed heedlessly by, taking nothing, giving nothing! Yes, that was what she wanted—to be alone, to hear no more of the past, to meet no loving, anxiously-questioning gaze—to forget! to forget! That was the remedy for her aching heart, which the mighty tempest of new, hitherto unsuspected, emotions threatened to shake to the very foundations.

Truly the tears of the faithful old aunt fell heavily in the opposite scale, and struck a thousand tender chords in her struggling soul. But how slight was this pain compared to that which she imposed upon herself by remaining, and beneath whose tortures she must succumb did she not seek refuge in flight! How terribly had she striven in these last few weeks! She thought herself contemptible because she could not hate this man as she imagined she ought to do! What golden glory had her heart shed around him as he shielded her aunt and herself from the insults of the old Ráthin?

The next day she had met him in the convent yard, as he was going to the "Dragon-fly's" room to get the church-key. His icy face, the proud repose of his manner and the few indifferent words he addressed to herself, all seemed to show how foolish she was in fancying that warm sympathy could dwell in that cold heart. He had only been

desirous to assert his rights as master of the house to the presumptuous aunt, and did not care what was the occasion of this assertion.

A bird that had been hopping about for some time on the branch above her, flew quickly away. She did not heed it, but noticing suddenly the delicate perfume of a cigar, she rose in alarm and gazed around her. A man, his back turned toward her, was seated not far off on a mossy stone, occupied in drawing. That man was Werner! He appeared so absorbed in his work that Magdalena, whose heart was beating violently, hoped that he had not seen her, and that she could slip away unperceived. She rose noiselessly and glided like a shadow beneath the overhanging branches, her anxious eyes fixed upon the diligent artist. But she had only taken a few steps when Werner, without looking up, called to her:

"Forgive me for having invaded your kingdom."

He then turned around and raised the light straw hat that rested on his blonde curls.

Instantly Magdalena's whole face and bearing changed: the timid anxiety gave place to a dark defiance.

"My kingdom!" she exclaimed, bitterly, and pausing in her flight. "Not a foot of this ground could I call such without involving myself in a difficulty with the worthy town authorities."

"Well, I don't wish to interfere with their rights," said Werner, indifferently, as he erased an unsatisfactory line. "I cannot believe, however, that they lay claim to the mystic air that hovers around the old tower: that is the kingdom to which I referred. I cannot sit here, even for a moment, gazing at yonder gloomy walls, without beholding dusky forms soaring around them and peopling every niche and aisle. For instance, in that window yonder, which no longer can boast even a solitary pane of glass, I see a maiden-like form ever appearing and disappearing whenever I look there. Perhaps the shade of some unhappy young nun who wholly misunderstood life—beautiful life!—and now is restlessly

seeking the happiness she once disdained. What do you think about it?"


Magdalena felt the blood rush to her cheeks. Doubtless Werner had been watching her when she was in the church. She was annoyed at her indiscretion, but replied with tolerable calmness: "I have no opinion on the subject. The spirits of the cloister have so far considered me unworthy to behold them. At all events, I would advise the supposed nun to confine herself for the future to her narrow house, for it might be displeasing even to a shadow for a stranger to play the spy upon it."

A slight smile, which, however, instantly vanished, appeared upon the face of the young man. He gazed attentively at the church window, traced the pure, beautiful Gothic form in graceful lines on the paper, and then said, tranquilly,

"Certainly not; especially when this shadow, filled with bitter thoughts of the world, sees in the harmless beholder a hostile foe, who must at once and without further ceremony, be pursued with fire and sword. Woe is me if this bride of Heaven so thinks! Perchance on my next meeting with her I may fall a guiltless victim to some terrible form of vengeance invented by the worthies of the sixteenth century."

"How easy it must be to mock at bitter experiences when one is cradled in the lap of luxury!"

"Very easy, doubtless, but certainly not quite right, and, maybe, also a little frivolous; but I think this dangerous wantonness perhaps much less blamable when a young heart, after sorrows and sad life-lessons, withdraws into its shell, and thenceforth, in its intercourse with the world, never appears otherwise than armed to the teeth. Ah! your face betrays you are not of my opinion!"

He laid down his pencil, leaned his elbows on the drawing-board which rested upon his knee, and measured the  with a sarcastic smile.

"Well," he continued, "you yourself are an example of such a heart, for the simple reason that you would act precisely in that way, or perhaps have already so acted. But really I do not see

what justifies your thus throwing down the gauntlet to mankind in general. You stand here on a narrow enclosure of ground; over yonder the cloister walls terminate; without are a few streets and the few dwellers therein; beyond, the fields and woods, with the lonely steeple of a village church or the long arms of a signpost here and there; and then the mountains rear their sharply-defined boundary-line, over which the eye cannot reach. I wager that even your eye and your foot have explored no farther than to that narrow horizon—"

"And therefore it is unpardonable presumption in me to form any opinion of the world and its inhabitants?" interrupted Magdalena, striving to imitate his sarcastic tone, though her voice trembled perceptibly. "There are other ways," she continued, "of surmounting narrow horizons and confining circumstances; therefore I take the liberty to believe that the moral defects of mankind are the same all over the world, even as the dark spots on the moon are reflected just as faithfully in the smallest lakelet as they are in the boundless ocean. For the rest," she resumed, after a pause, and heaving a deep sigh, "I must beg of you not to 'wager' so readily. I have once already crossed these mountains, and know since that moment but too well how our unhappy first parents must have felt when the gates of Paradise closed behind them: I was leaving my beloved Southern home to come and dwell in the North."

"Ah! but you were only a child then."

"But not a child that played thoughtlessly about on its native soil—that, from long acquaintance with them, had lost all appreciation of the beauties or faults of its surroundings," replied Magdalena, excitedly. "Oh I knew that my home was beautiful! The sea-foam kissed my feet, and above me rustled the laurel. And the sunlight! how it flamed there! and how the moon glowed as she floated up so solemnly! There are light and glory! there is life! You call this faded space above you 'the sky!' On Sundays, when the church-bells are silent,

you leave your houses, walk a certain number of steps from the door, relate everything that your neighbors ought not to have done, and from time to time exclaim, 'Oh how beautifully blue the sky is to-day!' Ah! at home I used to lie for hours under the trees: I heard the roar of the sea as it dashed against the strand: gold seemed quivering on the twigs above me: they moved gently to and fro upon the breeze, and the deep, glorious blue poured through them. That is the sky—the sky that I dreamed full of beautiful angels! I was brought here, where the sun looks coldly at me, like the eyes of the people—where the snow falls noiselessly down, treacherously smothering the lingering flowers. I was placed amongst a crowd of rude, wild children. The little one, until now touched only by the soft hand of a tender mother—watched anxiously and dotingly by a faithful father, because she was the only one spared to him—was pursued and ill-treated by the wanton children because she was poor, strange and—ugly, and because she would not, like them, scuffle and quarrel about a

miserable apple, or join with them in mutual reproaches over the wants or failings of their relations. I learned to know bitterly the difference between rich and poor. The golden belief that food fell from heaven was dispelled by the careworn brow of my good old aunt, who struggled hard for daily bread, and who was reproached by the neighbors for encumbering herself with me, a new burden. Ah! how often did my passionate childish heart seem bursting! When I was alone I cast myself on the ground and wept and sobbed and cried for my dead mother!"

While Magdalena was speaking she had stepped once more under the old tree. With burning eyes fixed on the church, she spoke as though her hearer were forgotten, and as if against her will the stream of thought, till now with difficulty repressed, were welling forth to the light, regardless upon what shore it rippled. At her last words she threw her arm passionately around the trunk of the tree and pressed her brow against the hard bark.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SNOW UPON THE WATERS.

THE clocks of the city of Berlin were striking the midnight hour. It was a cold, clear night in January: the marble groups on the Schloss Brücke were half hidden under wreaths of snow, the frozen surface of the Spree looked dark and glassy where the wind had swept away its snowy covering, and the graceful colonnade of the Crown Prince's palace was hung with icicles instead of the swaying vines that decked it in more propitious seasons. The moon was just rising, and under the magic wand of its beams the fairest city in Germany seemed transformed into one of the gorgeous visions of the Arabian Nights—a city of silver, paved with pearl and flashing with

diamonds. Two belated pleasure-seekers were hurrying along the Jager Strasse, and one of them, looking up at a window on the third floor of a house which they were passing, and from which glimmered a light, said:

"That is Herr Mansfeldt's room: he did not act to-night."

"He is doubtless having a carouse with some of his boon companions. These actors are a sad, dissipated set, and I have no doubt but that Mansfeldt is as bad as any of them."

And the speakers passed on.

Notwithstanding this charitable surmise, Herr Mansfeldt was at that moment sitting quietly in the small *salon* of the

suite of apartments which he occupied in Frau Wagner's lodging-house—alone, unless the spirit of Goethe were with him, for he was studying the part of Mephistopheles, which, in a few weeks, he was to enact for the first time.

Though the furniture was plain and worn, the room wore a comfortable and cheery aspect. The walls on three sides were hung with prints and pictures of various kinds—a copy in oil-colors of the portrait of Wallenstein, an old print of Garrick in the character of Richard III., a pencil-drawing, representing the vision of Egmont in Goethe's tragedy of that name, and engraved portraits of the great German actors, Seidelmann and Devrient, being among the most important. A pair of swords, another of foils, and an assemblage of daggers, pistols and such small weapons, all remarkable either for their antiquity or their workmanship, were arranged on the wall over the low sofa. A gigantic white stove, towering almost to the ceiling, diffused a genial warmth. Two objects of luxury alone adorned the apartment—one of which, a beautiful bust in white marble of Melpomene, stood on a pedestal between the windows, while the other, a large cheval glass, had been wheeled into the centre of the floor, and a small table, on which were placed two candles and a copy of Retzsch's outline illustrations of *Faust*, stood before it. Beside this table sat Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, the leading actor of the Royal Theatre of Berlin, and the most gifted and successful young tragedian of the day.

Nature had richly endowed him for the profession he had chosen. Not above the middle height, with a slender, finely-proportioned figure, dark, lustrous, expressive eyes, features as regular and as severely outlined as those of an antique bust, a voice whose soft, deep tones were capable of all varieties of modulation, and a grace of movement that made each of his attitudes on the stage a study for the sculptor—such were the gifts which Fortune had bestowed to aid the rarer gift of genius in the youthful actor. Notwithstanding these personal advantages, Herr Mansfeldt was singularly

free from vanity, that most common and natural defect among dramatic artists. The photographers complained that they could not persuade him to sit to them half often enough to supply the demand for his picture, and the perfumed notes which he occasionally received were invariably cast, half read, into the fire, while the only expressions that they ever drew from his lips were words of indignation and disgust. His life was devoted to his profession, and he loved his art with a passion that had as yet found no rival in his heart.

And yet Hermann Mansfeldt had not been born in the station which he occupied. Twenty years before the opening of our story, Joseph Heinrich Hermann Ruprecht von Adlersberg, an officer in the Austrian service and a member of one of the proudest of noble Austrian families, committed suicide, having dissipated his small patrimony at the gaming-tables of Baden-Baden. His only child, Heinrich von Adlersberg, then a boy of nine years of age, was left totally dependent on the bounty of his aristocratic relatives, one of whom generously offered to educate him, and nobly fulfilled his promise. But when young Heinrich left the University, he found himself regarded as a burden and a nuisance by those relations to whose hands his destiny seemed to be confided. His one friend and protector amongst them was dead, and had died without making any provision for the future of his protégé, for whom he doubtless thought he had done enough. No other member of the Von Adlersberg family was inclined to accept the charge Providence seemed to have thus bestowed upon them; but while sundry angry discussions were going on respecting the future destination of this poverty-stricken young aristocrat, the youth himself put a stop to all further dispute, and effectually severed all connection between himself and his relatives, by announcing his determination of changing his name and going on the stage. It is needless to describe the uproar and indignation which this resolve created, nor is it necessary to enumerate the various small

temptations which were offered to induce him to change it. Suffice it to say, that a marriage with a wealthy lady of thrice his age, and a stewardship on sundry neglected estates in Hungary, were among the number. But Heinrich, strong in the consciousness of his fitness for the profession he had chosen, and loathing the idea of a life of aristocratic pauperism, remained firm, even when formally renounced by those who had never regarded him in any other light than that of a burden. On his part, he was as careful to sever all connection between his future and the past as the proudest member of the Von Adlersberg family could have wished. Like all nobly-born Germans, he was amply supplied with Christian names: a surname was easily selected, and, laying the cognomen of Heinrich von Adlersberg aside with his father's sword and sealing, he applied, under the name of Hermann Mansfeldt, at the Royal Theatre in Berlin for an engagement, and was so fortunate as to secure one at once. Beginning, of course, at the very foot of the dramatic ladder, he rose steadily, step by step, till, six years after the date of his *début*, he occupied the position of leading actor in that theatre—acknowledged to be the first in Germany; and two years later we find him about to represent the character which is probably the most difficult in the whole circle of the modern acting drama—that of Mephistopheles.

Not without toil and suffering had this success been won. The struggle upward had been fraught with weariness and pain: many had been the trials and privations which he had been called upon to endure; but Heaven had made Hermann Mansfeldt an actor, and he loved his profession as only the career marked out for us by Providence ever is loved. As the dinner of herbs that we relish is far pleasanter to us than the stalled ox of distasteful flavor, so better are privation and discomfort when we toil at the occupation of our choice than ease and luxury when joined to the claims of a hated and uncongenial duty.

He ceased at last from his study of

Retzsch's spirited designs, and laying aside the volume, he bent forward and fixed his eyes upon the mirror. Beneath his gaze the reflected face changed to that of a fiend, and wore the mocking glance, the sneering smile and the baleful eyes of Mephistopheles. Then, rising, he pushed the table aside and stood before the glass, and its polished surface gave back the attitudes, the gestures, the whole bodily semblance of the malignant demon created by Goethe and depicted by Retzsch. At length he turned away and commenced to pace the room with hurried steps, reciting aloud passages from his rôle as he did so. The fever of art-inspiration was upon him: he had flung aside his individuality, and, for the time being, he was Mephistopheles, the tempter and the betrayer. His eyes glittered with an evil lustre, his deep, melodious voice had a serpent-like hiss amid its tones, the finely-cut lips quivered with a mocking, malicious smile, and the slender hands which he stretched forth in moments of impassioned declamation seemed to grow claw-like and to wear unseen talons. At last he grew weary, and sinking into a chair, the baleful sparkle vanished from his eyes, and Mephistopheles fled to give place to Hermann Mansfeldt. A distant clock at that moment struck two. Mansfeldt passed his hand over his brow with the half-bewildered air of a man just awakened from a troubled dream.

"Two o'clock!" he said at last. "I had better retire to rest if I wish to be at rehearsal in time to-morrow."

He extinguished one of the candles, and taking up the other, was about to quit the room, when his eyes fell upon a little table in a remote corner, which up to that moment had remained in obscurity. On that table there lay a letter.

"A letter here!" said Mansfeldt with surprise. "Strange that I should not have been told of its arrival!"

He put down his candle and seated himself to examine this unexpected epistle. It was directed, as usual, to Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, but beneath that name was written, in the style

adopted by high-born French and German married ladies, "born Heinrich von Adlersberg." A scornful smile flitted across his lips :

"Heinrich von Adlersberg died eight years ago, and Hermann Mansfeldt has no desire to call up his ghost. But let us see what this oddly-inscribed missive contains."

He turned the letter over and glanced at the seal before breaking it. It was of red wax, small but massive, and bore on its surface, in high relief, instead of a crest, coat-of-arms or motto, but one word, *Morgen* (To-morrow). Within the envelope was a single folded sheet of thick, satin-smooth paper, which exhaled a faint odor of violets as he opened it, and on which was written, in a firm yet delicate female hand, the following :

"Are you content with the Present?—have you no regrets for the Past, no aspirations for the Future? Nobly-born as you are, it is impossible but that the vagabond life of an actor should have become distasteful to you. She who now addresses you is all-powerful to restore you to that station which you renounced eight years ago. Will you accept wealth and title, and a full restoration to the honors to which you were born, from the hand of a wife?—a wife whose love may be unsought, but the very intensity of whose devotion will not fail to win your heart in return. More than this I dare not now reveal. The time is at hand, however, when I may tell you all, and may implore you to pardon this act for my love's sake. We shall meet soon. Look on the seal I send: it says To-morrow, but the day will soon be here when it will tell you, To-day. Till then, farewell."

He cast the letter indignantly from him. "Wealth—rank—honors!" he said, disdainfully. "Heaven has made me a great dramatic artist: shall I sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage? Shame on this woman, who can stoop to woo an actor through the medium of an anonymous letter!"

He took up the paper again as he spoke and held it in the flame of the candle. It soon fell, a heap of white

ashes, on the table; and next morning the servants swept away the last trace of the mysterious letter and of its promise-freighted seal, To-morrow.

Mansfeldt approached the theatre the next morning with more than usual interest in the coming rehearsal. A young actress from the Leipsic theatre, named Bertha Markstein, of whom report spoke highly, had been specially engaged to perform the part of Gretchen in the forthcoming revival of *Faust*, and on the morning in question she was to make her first appearance among her future comrades. She was said to be no less beautiful than talented; and though her celebrity as an actress was of recent date, it was widespread and well-deserved, having been created by her performance of Goethe's Margaret and Schiller's Thekla during the past season in Leipsic, where she had produced a marked sensation. A considerable degree of curiosity respecting her had therefore been created in the minds of the members of the Berlin company, and even the usually *distract* and indifferent Mansfeldt was moved to more than ordinary interest on the subject.

He had been for some minutes in the theatre, and was standing on the stage engaged in conversation with the stage-manager, when a fair, graceful girl came toward them and riveted his gaze at once. Bertha Markstein was a perfect specimen of that rare but exquisite type of feminine loveliness, a very beautiful German girl. The pure oval of her countenance, the paly gold and silken abundance of her shining hair, the lustrous azure of her large, soft eyes, and, above all, the sweetness and innocence of her expression, combined to form in her a faultless representative of Goethe's guileless and ill-fated heroine. She was not tall, but her figure was beautifully proportioned, and her every motion was grace itself.

"Our new actress," whispered Herr Müller, the stage-manager.

"If the figure Faust beheld in the Witches' Cave were half as lovely, I do not marvel at his madness," was Mansfeldt's reply.

"Ah, Fraulein Bertha, good-morning to you!" cried Herr Müller. "Let me present to you Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, our leading tragedian."

The lovely girl came forward, blushing deeply as she caught the admiring gaze of the young actor's dark, expressive eyes. Only a few words, however, were exchanged before the business of rehearsal began in earnest and their varied duties separated them, although the eyes of Mephistopheles continued to dwell with ardent and most inappropriate admiration on the fair face of Gretchen.

At last came that scene where Margaret, standing before her mirror, unbraids her hair while murmuring to herself the ballad of "The King of Thule." It was the first in which the young actress had found an opportunity of displaying her powers, and every one present, from the leading actors down to the scene-shifters, were deeply interested. The event justified all expectations. As Bertha stood before the mirror, unwinding the massive golden braids that when unloosened fell far below her waist, singing the lovely melody to which Goethe's words are wedded, despite the lack of theatrical appliances, despite the daylight, the ordinary dress and the prosaic surroundings, the illusion was perfect: it was Gretchen herself, in all her sweetness, her simplicity and her unconscious loveliness.

When the scene was ended, Mansfeldt came quickly forward.

"I have seen my ideal of Margaret at last," he said, earnestly. "Thank you, Fraulein Bertha, for the pleasure you have given me."

The long, silken lashes drooped to the blushing cheek, and she made no audible reply, but a smile, sweeter than words, was his sufficient answer.

Thus began the acquaintance, which, long before the dramatic critics had exhausted their praises of the wonderful perfection of the *Faust* revival, had ripened into an attachment mutual, tender and enduring. The young actress proved to be as good and gentle and lovely as her looks had promised. Her character was beyond reproach: she had

been the sole support of an invalid and widowed mother, and after the death of this sole surviving parent she had resided under the protection of an aunt, whose removal to Berlin had been one of the chief inducements to accept the proffer of an engagement in that city. She had received many excellent offers of marriage, but had remained in "maiden meditation, fancy free," till wooed and won by Hermann Mansfeldt. The pair, whom report had ever stigmatized as cold-hearted, had met the one love of their lives at last.

In this manner was that love avowed. The successful run of *Faust* was destined to be interrupted for one night, on which a benefit was to be given to an aged and celebrated actor of the company, who on that occasion was to bid farewell to the stage of which for so many years he had been the honor and the ornament. The play selected was Schiller's *Wallenstein*, wherein the beneficiary was to personate Wallenstein, while Bertha Markstein was to enact Thekla, and Herr Mansfeldt volunteered his services for the rôle of Max Piccolomini. The first rehearsal took place, and passed off smoothly till that scene was reached wherein Max, noble, confiding and deluded, speaks in enthusiastic terms of praise respecting Wallenstein, and urges Thekla to allow him to confess their mutual attachment to her father.

"He is so good, so noble!"

Thekla answers, throwing herself into his arms,

"That art thou?"

It was the first time that the exigencies of stage-business had ever called upon the as yet unacknowledged lovers to embrace, and Bertha, instead of losing her identity in that of Schiller's gentle heroine and sinking into the arms of the expectant Max, blushed, hesitated, drew back, and finally compromised matters by laying her hand on Hermann's shoulder as lightly and timidly as though he were clothed in porcupine-skins instead of superfine broadcloth. He noticed the change in her manner, and after rehearsal contrived to meet her in one of the narrow passages at the wings. She was

about to pass him with a shy greeting, but he arrested her steps with a gesture of entreaty :

“Fraulein Markstein.”

She paused: “Can I serve you in any way, Herr Mansfeldt?”

“I wish to ask you one question: Why did you shrink from me at rehearsal just now?”

“I—I do not know. I think—”

“One of two feelings prompted your avoidance of me. Was it hate?”

“Oh no, Herr Mansfeldt—no!” exclaimed the young girl, too much agitated to perceive how much this denial implied.

“Bertha, was it love?”

The fair face was instantly averted, and the little hand he had taken in his own struggled to free itself, but he only folded it in a firmer clasp.

“Listen to me, Bertha, ere you go: I love you as I never dreamed of loving aught in this world save my art. Mine has been a lonely and a loveless life. I have a faint remembrance of a soft hand smoothing tenderly my childish locks, and of gentle eyes that looked fondly upon me; and this dim vision, which I call my mother, represents all that my existence has known of love till I met you, and learned that henceforth the sunshine of my life must beam on me from your eyes or else be darkened to me for ever. Can you not love me? will you not bring peace and brightness to my dreary home and my lonely heart? Now go. Leave me if you will,” he continued, stepping back a pace and letting fall her hand, “or else come to me—my wife, my love, my own. *Liebchen—Liebchen*, come!”

She turned toward him, blushing, trembling and yet smiling, and radiant with his new-found happiness her lover clasped her to his heart. As he bent over the fair head drooping on his bosom, he whispered, in the words of Thekla's hero-lover—

“Look not away—look on me, O mine angel.

Let who will, know that we both love each other.”*

Early in April the formal betrothal of the lovers took place. The day after

* *Wallenstein*, Part Second, Act III., Scene 18.

that event, as Mansfeldt was ascending the stairs leading to his lodging, he was met by his servant.

“Here is a letter for you, sir,” said the man: “it arrived some hours ago.”

Mansfeldt took the letter, but scarcely glanced at it till he reached his own apartments. The instant he looked at it he recognized the peculiar handwriting of his anonymous correspondent, whose first letter, with all its mystery and its promises, he had entirely forgotten. It was with a gesture of impatience that he tore the missive open and read as follows:

“The obstacles which have hitherto prevented our meeting are at last removed. Be at the Brandenburg Gate to-night at nine o'clock, and my messenger will not fail to find you. I might now sign my name, but I wait to let you learn it from my lips—from the lips of the woman who loves you, and who hopes to bring you, as your bride, the fairest dower that your wildest ambition could desire. Till to-night farewell.”

The seal was of snow-white bridal wax, while its surface bore one word—*Heute* (To-day).

Upon the table lay another missive, which Mansfeldt had that morning received—a gift which Bertha Markstein had sent to her betrothed. It was a miniature portrait of herself. Hermann took it up and gazed tenderly on the fair pictured face, to whose beauty the pencil of the artist had been powerless to impart new charms.

“My love—my art!” he said at last: “who shall separate me from you both? Not this unknown, who stoops to enact the unwomanly part of a wooer, and who strives to purchase my hand with golden gifts and empty honors. I prize more the laurel wreath which Devrient and Talma wore than the coronet of a noble. Your love, my Bertha, is to me a treasure greater than all that this writer of anonymous letters, all-powerful though she claim to be, can e'er bestow.”

He tore the letter into minute fragments, and opening the window cast them forth to flutter in the guise of mimic snowflakes in the April air. The

white seal, with its inscription, *Heute*, fell at his feet and was crushed beneath his tread as he turned to quit the apartment. And when evening came, the hour which was to have seen him waiting at the Brandenburg Gate for the messenger from the unknown, found him seated beside his betrothed in the opera-house, and listening to the sublime music of the *Huguenots* with all a true German's appreciative delight. The anonymous communications had in no wise stirred the depths of his being: they had but touched the surface of his daily life, and then, like snowflakes on the water, they had passed away and left no trace behind.

On a sunny day in June the marriage took place. It was a very quiet and private affair, though one incident occurred in the church which was worthy of remark. Near the conclusion of the ceremony, a lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, who had occupied a position near the door, came near fainting, and was obliged to retire, but she refused all offers of assistance, and without raising her veil she quietly withdrew, the occurrence being noticed by but few of the persons present.

Shortly after her marriage, Bertha Mansfeldt, at her husband's request, retired from the stage. Though ever intelligent and charming in all that she undertook, she lacked that true dramatic fire and that intense love for her profession which were Hermann's distinguishing characteristics, and which he rightly deemed essential to success in the higher walks of his art. Her youth, beauty and sweetness made her personation of such characters as Gretchen, Ophelia and Desdemona absolutely faultless, but she did not possess either the physical or artistic force necessary for the adequate representation of more intellectual and powerful heroines.

But it was the *woman* that Hermann had loved, not the fellow-artist: he had chosen her to be the companion of his life, not the sharer of his toils. And she was in truth all that the wife of a great actor should be—a loving yet appreciative critic, a faithful counselor, un-

failing in her sympathy and untiring in her devotion. She rejoiced in all his successes, gloried in his triumphs, and soothed away all the irritation produced by the petty annoyances incidental to a theatrical life, and which sometimes fretted his delicate, sensitive nature almost beyond endurance. She always, if possible, accompanied him to the theatre, but when detained at home he ever found her awaiting his return; and if the first and fondest kiss was bestowed upon her husband, the second and proudest embrace was always given to the distinguished actor. It was a happy and cheerful home; and though wealth and splendor might not abide there, love and content and perfect congeniality dwelt in their stead. One child came to perfect their happiness—a blue-eyed girl, who to her mother's beauty and gentleness united the dramatic talent of her gifted father.

Ten sunny, uneventful years passed swiftly by, and gave to Mansfeldt's genius a wider and riper development, lending to his countenance a nobler and more intellectual beauty; while Bertha's loveliness, thanks to her cheerful nature and the unclouded serenity of her life, remained unimpaired, and only assumed a more dignified and matronly type. And Mansfeldt's fame and fortune waxed greater with each succeeding year, while his wife's love and sympathy were, as ever, his most efficient aids. They had indeed been to him as a fair pedestal, on which the peerless statue of his genius had been raised to a clearer light and a nobler elevation.

The tenth anniversary of their wedding-day saw this attached pair on the eve of separating for the first time. Hermann had received a munificent offer to play a short engagement in the principal cities of Holland, and after much hesitation he accepted it. It had always been Bertha's custom to accompany her husband when the closing of the Berlin theatre enabled him to fulfill engagements in other cities, but her health at this period was in a precarious state, and her husband was unwilling to allow her to expose herself to the discomforts of a journey, as well as to the damp,

unwholesome atmosphere of a Dutch summer.

"Remember, you must give me another daughter," he whispered tenderly, as he folded her for the last time in his arms.

"I have prayed for a son, undutiful wife as I am," she answered, playfully, though her blue eyes were full of tears—"a son with your eyes and your noble nature—to make hereafter some woman's life as happy as you have made mine. Oh, Hermann, how happy we have been in all these years!"

Two weeks later, from the windows of the express-train which left Oberhausen on the Prussian frontier in the evening for Berlin, there peered a white, haggard face, that would hardly have been recognized by the habitués of the Berlin theatre as being that of Hermann Mansfeldt. "Your wife is dying. Come home at once!" so ran the telegram which had summoned him. O flying train, rushing onward at lightning speed, how you creep, how you loiter, how slow your whirling wheels, how powerless your mighty engine, when you bear the loving to the deathbed of the beloved! On! and the moonlight shows a spectral city, which the guards name Hanover, and at which the wide-open eyes of the one sleepless traveler stare unseeing. Then come long stretches of landscape, fields and forests and far-off hills, all peaceful and quiet in the shining silence of the night. Another sleeping city, silent and motionless under the silvery light, and this is Brunswick, and the agonized watcher writhes as if in physical agony, and mutters, "They stop so long—so long!" Again the train rushes on, and the gray dawn shines on the pallid face and clenched hands of the hapless husband. Potsdam at last, its palaces showing fair and bright in the golden morning sunshine; and then the train thunders into the great station at Berlin, and the miserable journey ends.

Pale, wearied and utterly exhausted with fatigue and misery, Hermann Mansfeldt reached his home. His little daughter Bertha met him on the threshold and sprang weeping into his arms.

"Oh, father! mother has left us—mother has gone to heaven!" she sobbed.

He had come too late.

The next moment he stood beside the bed whereon lay, calm and beautiful in statue-like repose, all that earth still held of the gentle being whose love and loveliness had made the sunshine of his life. Little Bertha followed him, and after a short pause she gently raised one end of the snowy covering that lay lightly over the silent form.

"Father," she whispered, pointing to a little waxen image that lay pillowed, as if in sleep, on the dead mother's arm, "is *that* a little angel God sent to take mother back with him to heaven?"

But Hermann did not hear her. He had sunk upon his knees beside the bed, his head drooped forward, and a merciful insensibility brought to the burning brain and the breaking heart a momentary respite.

The day after the funeral the bereaved husband sat alone in the room in which our story first discovered him, but which Bertha's loving thoughtfulness and busy hands had made far more comfortable and pleasant. It was still strewn with traces of her occupancy. A book which she had been reading lay on one table, with her mark, a ribbon which she had herself embroidered, between its leaves; while on another stood her work-basket, the half-open lid revealing the brilliant colors and glittering fringes of a scarf which she had been hurrying to finish, that her husband might wear it as an adjunct to his splendid Oriental costume as Othello. The bust of Melpomene bore on its marble brow a wreath of silver laurel, which had been one of the last tributes Bertha had received from the public during her brief theatrical career; and Hermann remembered vividly the day, a short time before his departure, when the wreath had been brought down to display to a visitor, and how his wife had playfully crowned the bust with it, declaring that she was tired of taking care of it, and that she should look to him to supply her with laurel wreaths in the future. And on

the mantelpiece lay folded the last piece of work on which her loving hands had been engaged—a tiny shirt, with the lace edging but half sewn on, the needle still sticking in its folds and the thimble beside it, as if she had put it aside for a moment and would speedily return to complete her task. But the summons of Death had interrupted her as she wrought, and had stricken with eternal paralysis the mother's skillful fingers and loving heart.

A letter lay before Mansfeldt, but though it had arrived hours before, its seal was as yet unbroken, the superscription as yet unscanned. He saw naught with his bodily vision: he was gazing with the eyes of memory upon the fair, bright face of his lost Bertha. Now it rose before him, bending over his sleeping child: then he saw it, pale yet smiling, under the snowy blossoms of her bridal wreath: then again he beheld it as when its beauty had first charmed him, with the downcast lids and timid smile and braided tresses of Margaret: then, with a sharp and sudden pang, he recalled its statue-like beauty when the marble hand of Death had closed the soft eyes and frozen into stillness the mobile features. At last thought became agony: he shook off the lethargy which possessed him and rose abruptly from his chair.

"I shall go mad if this continues," he exclaimed.

His sudden action displaced the letter and it fell upon the floor, thus attracting

his attention. He took it up and opened it mechanically. After ten long years, the handwriting of his unknown correspondent again greeted his sight, and he read as follows:

"You are free, and I love you still—but it is too late."

And the black, heavy seal bore for the motto the one word *Gestern* (Yesterday).

O wasted love, unnoticed, uncared for, even in that moment of deepest desolation! The letter dropped from his listless grasp, scarce read, wholly unheeded, on the floor. And the hapless widower, bowing his head on his hands, forgot all else save the darkness of the Shadow of Death which brooded over his spirit.

A timid touch roused him from his stupor. He raised his head and his little daughter climbed, crying, into his arms.

"Take me, father," she said—"take me and pet me a little. I am so lonely, and I have nobody but you."

He folded her to his heart, while his tears, the first he had shed since his bereavement, fell thick and fast on her sunny hair. At last he looked up. He extended one hand toward the bust of the Tragic Muse, while with the other he pressed the golden head still closer to his breast.

"*These* still are left to me," he murmured—"my child and my art. I am not wholly desolate."

And the letter lay forgotten at his feet.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THAT MAN.

TWO little notes are necessary by way of introduction.

The first is as follows, to Curtis Marston, Esq.:

"DEAR MARSTON: Dine with me next Thursday, at six P. M., *precisely*. You *must* come. Monkhouse is to be

there, and two others, and we want you to be on hand to put the said M. under an extinguisher. He tells such awful romances that he must be suppressed, and you are the man to do it.

"Yours, truly,

"F. SIMMONS."

No. 2, to Frederick Simmons, Esq. :

"DEAR FRED: I don't know why you select me. I never had a gift at telling crams, especially against such a superior artist in that line as Monkhouse. However, I will come and do what occurs to me on the spur of the moment.

"Yours, truly,

"C. MARSTON."

The rest of the story Mr. Monkhouse shall tell himself.

"Come and dine with me, next Thursday. Bachelors' dinner, six precisely, and mean it; so don't come dropping in at half-past." This was what Fred Simmons said to me.

What I said to Fred was, "Thanks! I believe I will."

I always dine with Fred when he asks me. First, because he was my classmate in college, and roomed in the same entry with me. Fred then was poor, and I was not. Now Fred is not, and I am. He used to dine with me then: now I dine with him. I figured up the account between us the other day, and I make it that Fred still owes me twenty-eight dinners and seventeen teas. The teas were coffee and cakes, you know, at Marm Haven's, in School street, before walking out on Saturday nights. And then interest, during twenty years. It only makes Fred's conduct the more unprincipled.

Reason Number Two is, that Fred gives good dinners—perhaps better than I used to give him. But then, in those days, our appetites were better, especially after the long walk over Williams' river bridge, from Yalehaven to Botolphsville. At least, Fred's was. He boarded in commons then, and college commons were—well, apt to induce a disregard of expense when we dined in the city on Saturdays. Now my appetite is the better of the two. I board at Mrs. McSkinner's, and dine down town in Maiden lane or thereabouts. I have no more money than before the war, but dinners are twice as dear.

Reason Three is, that I meet queer people at Fred's. Others who dine there

say the same thing, so that I know it is not prejudice on my part. It was only a month ago, after dining with Fred, when there was but one guest besides myself—a man who writes for the papers. I heard of his saying the next day that Fred Simmons cultivated more eccentricities in his kitchen-garden than any other man in ——. Will it do for me to tell the city's name? No, I think not: we will say, "in Chicago Atlanticensis." I thought it was candid in the fellow to say so, for a queerer fish than *he* was I never met.

One thing I do not fancy about Fred. He lets men tell such extravagant stories. I suppose he thinks them brilliant and all that, but I never could see the wit or the humor. Fiction is my abomination. I would not send this paper to any magazine in which all the stories were not strictly true. I don't mean "founded on fact"—a compromised title which always reminds me of Mrs. McSkinner's coffee—but all fact, as I am assured by the Editor all the stories in *this* periodical are.

I hate lying. When I was a little boy I once was guilty of a trifling inaccuracy of statement—I now think, unintentionally. I was in consequence shut up in a dark closet for a whole week, until I had read through—and in fact learnt by heart—Amelia Opie's *Illustrations of Lying*, a book which in my youth was deemed efficacious for reforming juvenile Ananiases and Sapphiræ. The horror of that experience has always since kept me from the least deviation.

But to return to my story. I read the other day in a newspaper, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The man who wrote that must have dined frequently with Fred. Truth at his dinner-table is the greatest stranger possible.

I went to Fred's last Thursday. Of course I did not dine down town that day. And I was not late.

There were six of us at table—four others, Fred and me. It was a good dinner. But there was too much talking. And too much space between the courses. The time might have been

filled up better, and where there are these delays men will drink more wine than they otherwise would. The consequence is, they tell too long and too marvelous stories.

Fred calls this the "Feast of Reason, etc." He should be ashamed of such a trite and absurd quotation. If he boarded at Mrs. McSkinner's and dined at Fulton Market, he would know better than to talk when he should be eating.

One of the four guests (I don't consider myself a guest at Fred's, but *Pami de la maison*—at least I used to be) was an Irishman—an Irish gentleman, Fred called him. To my taste, *gentlemen* should be less prosy. *He* was full of his stories—could not wait for dinner to be done, and the proper time for story-telling, if such a thing must be, to come. I was just getting ready—it was after the soup—to mention a little adventure of mine at Naples—in the crater of Vesuvius, in fact—because I really thought it might interest the company. Fred *may* have heard it before, but they had not, and it was suggested very neatly by the vermicelli. Fred cut in upon me by asking that provoking Patlander, that ferocious Fenian, if he had been much cheated by the hackmen in this country.

"Nothing to speak of," said he, "after Dublin. I was seasoned there. You *can't* satisfy a Dublin car-driver. We tried it once when I was in Her Majesty's service—Twenty-sixth, line regiment. A bet was made at mess on the subject, and Arthur Ponsonby took it in ponies. If the man asked for more, he was to lose. Pon called a car to take a couple of us to the theatre—the maker of the bet, and myself as umpire. The theatre was only a square off. When we alighted he pulled out a sovereign and tossed it to the driver, saying, 'Here, Mickey, that will do you for our bit of a drive, won't it?' Pon meant to make it a sure thing, but he had overdone it. Mickey looked at the coin a moment to see if it was good, then at the faces of us watching, and he seemed to have an instinct of what was up, for he pulled a regular blarney face

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and began: 'Ah, yer 'onor, captain, sure it's a purty piece, and 'ouldn't it be a shame in me to break it drinkin' yer 'onor's health? Couldn't ye spare me the small sixpence to the back of it?' Pon paid the bet, but he never could stand the chaffing he got in consequence."

They all laughed at this trumpery anecdote, which I would soon have capped with a far better one, but just then the fish came on and I had to give my mind to the salmon; so I lost my chance.

After fish I was thinking of a very striking fact which happened to me in Iceland, and just running over the heads in my mind before telling the story, when my *vis-à-vis*, an Englishman, struck in ahead of me. I do not say an English *gentleman*, for I do not consider that there is such a thing in existence: the English are a nation of snobs, always domineering and pushing out of the way better men. And no Englishman, in my experience, ever tells a story without embroidery. If you want to know what an Englishman is, just read Sir John Mandeville's travels.

"Ponsonby of the Twenty-sixth! Wasn't he cousin to Merivale of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons!"

"Oh yes, but quite a different style of man, I assure you."

"I dessay he is; only the name somehow reminded me of Merivale. (I never taste salmon: capital salmon this, Mr. Simmons. I suppose it is as easy to bring it from Norway here as it is to us. Only a little more ice; and, by Jove! you seem to have ice in loads.) Well, as I was saying, I never see salmon without thinking of Merivale. The Sixteenth, you know, were famous for being the greatest puppies in the service, and Merivale was leading the pack: at least between him and Charley Ffrench it was neck and neck. I met them once at the Marquis of Downshire's." (Why must an Englishman always lug in a lord?) "One night, in the smoking-room, Ffrench lisped out, 'I thay, Motheth'—(he always called Merivale, Moses, and Merivale always took it from him, though he would have had

out any other man)—“I thay, Motheth, I thaw your fawin fwiend, Printh Thalm-Thalm, dining at the Wag and Famish; and, I thay, what do you think he wath doin’?” ‘Pon me wawd, I don’t know. What did he do?’ drawled Merivale. ‘He took *cold buttah* with hith thalm-on.’ ‘Did he daye?’”

I had a beautiful thing on the end of my tongue about gravy; only I could not get it into shape before a leg of Southdown mutton was brought in, which changed the subject somewhat. It *was* Southdown, and as my mutton is not always tender, I confess I was eager to pay my respects to it; and when it went out I was in such a happy frame of mind that I could not think of the point of a good anecdote which the late Louis Philippe always used to tell when I dined with him at the Tuileries. No such good stories are told there *now*.

However, I do think Fred might have asked for it, and that would have given me time to think as well as have recalled the anecdote. Instead of that, he turned to my neighbor (a Boston man) and asked if he was as fond of billiards as ever.

I say a Boston man, because he wore a coat and pantaloons and those absurd English side-whiskers—“Piccadillyweepers”—but I never feel sure that these Boston men are not strong-minded in disguise. I have a small place in the Custom-house, and if ever this infamous Woman’s Rights business comes uppermost, why voting implies holding office, and then where on earth shall I be?

“I am glad you asked me that,” was the reply of the hateful Boston creature, “for it reminds me of a good thing I have for you. I *do* play billiards as much as ever, and I was at the T—— Club the other night playing with Bill Perkins; and I needed only one point to go out. It was a rather brilliant shot before me, and H—— and some others were looking on, which made me a bit nervous, especially as Bill was only ten behind me. I was so nervous that I made a miss-cue, but after all got the point. H—— clapped his hands as

soon as he saw it, and exclaimed, ‘How classical! — *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit.*’”

“How very good!” said the Englishman. “Really, I did not suppose you did that sort of thing in America.”

I had a great mind to put him down with a smashing retort, only I would not help out the Bostonian; but the appearance of canvas-back ducks closed my mouth, or rather opened it to a better purpose.

“Next time!” thought I. Three fellows had had their innings, and the fourth man, Curtis, was as silent as I was. So I let Fred have his own way and get off his stupid stories about the English judges, at which everybody laughed, as in duty bound: when Sosia tells stories, poor Amphitryon has to grin. I am not sure that I have the names quite correct, but everybody will understand what I mean—that the man who goes out to dine has to applaud the jokes of the fellow who gives the dinner.

At last, the fruits and ices came on, and then Fred said to me, “Monkhouse, shall I send you some of the ice?”

“No, thank you,” said I. “I once saw ice enough to last me a whole lifetime.”

I saw Curtis give a sort of waking-up start, and then fix his eyes on me as if he was going to begin a regular yarn. I hate that sort of thing, and I was bound to get before him, if only for the sake of the rest; so I gave up my chance for the fruit (with a pang, I confess, for I do not get fruit, especially *out* of season, every day), and began at once: “When I was in the South Pacific, gentlemen—”

Here Fred looked queerly and shrugged his shoulders, which was *not* polite at his own table. I should like to know why I have not as good right to have been in the South Pacific as he, if he *is* a rich man?

I went straight on: “When I was in the South Pacific, on board the razez Independence—her captain, Commodore Conner, was a friend of mine, and offered me a passage home from Valparaiso—no, I mean from Quito—” (by the way,

is Quito a seaport? one's geography slips away from one so; but I could not stop to ask, for they were all watching to cut in)—“we were becalmed off the island of Juan Fernandez. It was in S. lat. 63° 30', W. long. 104° 22' (nothing like being accurate in these details), and we saw a huge iceberg approaching us. It was a dead calm, but the ice came on very rapidly. It must have been at least five miles in circumference, and quite a mile high out of water.

“Conner was in a dreadful fright, and I confess I was not quite easy as I watched the enormous mass slowly heaving and settling, and every minute fragments the size of Trinity Church tumbling down its sides. Its color was—”

“Never mind that,” said Fred: “we have all seen Church's and Bradford's pictures, and read Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. Skip to the catastrophe: did it run over you?”

“No, sir,” I retorted: “it did not. On it came and on, till the boldest held his breath for a time. Every man in the ship was on deck, the nimble topmen swarming far out upon the yards, and the gold bands of the officers' caps gleaming along the quarter-deck. On it came, and the ship was beginning to rock helplessly upon the swell which drove before the mighty mass.

“Conner was just ordering out the boats to try and tow the ship off, when I called his attention to something I had just discovered. (My eyes were very good in those days.) I said, ‘Conner, see that black speck coming down the side of the berg?’ He turned his glass upon it—a capital Dollond I had given him—and exclaimed, ‘It is a bear.’ ‘Conner,’ said I, ‘who ever saw a *black* bear on ice? It is a man and a brother.’ Conner turned red as a beet, but presently, after another look, replied, ‘By George! I believe you are right, and he is making signals to us; but we can't help him: no boat would live in that sea which is breaking at the base of the berg, and we've enough to do to save ourselves.’

“The berg, however, must have gone

aground—they are very deep, you know, under water—for it remained stationary; only the attraction was sucking us in imperceptibly. We saw him reach the water's edge—and how he did it I can't tell: I was not near enough to see—but presently he was coming off to us.

“You might have heard a pin drop on the deck, gentlemen, such was the breathless silence of all, which the stern discipline of a man-of-war permitted no one to break. We made out that it was a man in a canoe—a Marquesas Island canoe; and the strangest thing of all was, that he had nothing to propel it with but an umbrella. He neared the side, and Conner and I went to the gangway to hail him. He was dressed in superb sealskins, which would have been a fortune in New York, and he managed his umbrella wonderfully, shooting his light bark along like a racing wherry. The first words he said were: ‘I thought you were in a bad way when I first sighted you, but my craft has come to anchor; so you are all right now. There is a breeze creeping up on the other side of the berg, and you will have it in twenty minutes strong enough to take you clear. To tell you the truth, I was in a great funk when I saw you, for, allowing the half of you to be drowned, I should have hardly more than enough to dine the rest; and if there is anything I hate it is to give my friends short commons.’ ‘Then you won't come on board?’ said Conner. ‘That's a good one! No, I rather think not. Man-o'-war accommodations are a little too close’ (he said ‘clust,’ and then I knew he was a Yankee, and remarked so to Conner) ‘quarters for a man who for a month has had a whole iceberg to himself. However, I won't brag for the berg is shrinking as we get up into the warm latitudes. I *shall* have to leave pretty soon, but as you are bound round the Horn and I am for the Sandwich Islands, I guess I won't trouble you. There is one thing you can do for me, Captain Conner. (B'lieve I've the honor of addressing Captain Conner of the U. S. razez Independence?) Would you oblige me with your reckoning?’ Con-

ner called the First Luff to the side, and they gave him the figures, just as I told you a moment ago. That is why I remembered them so distinctly. 'Pretty well, pretty well!' said he. 'I make you three seconds out of your true latitude, and perhaps a trifle more to the east'ard than you think, but that is near enough for navy men. I have to be a little more particular—*my* craft makes so much leeway. I'll report you, commodore, wherever I conclude to put in. Good-bye;' and with that he made off for his berg again.

"Conner ordered the first cutter and gig both to pull after him, but, I give you my word, gentlemen, he just walked

away from them hand over hand; and before they were halfway to the berg, he was climbing up it with his canoe on his back."

Here I stopped to take breath and a sip of sherry, when that wretched Curtis, whom I thought I had silenced, burst out:

"Thank Heaven! I can break the long silence I have kept for fifteen years upon the most remarkable adventure of my life, because nobody would, I thought, believe me. You are my witness, sir—I WAS THAT MAN!"

If ever I dine at Fred's table again, he'll know it—that's all.

AN EMBASSAGE.

ROSEBUD, with the dewdrops early trembling on thy crimson heart,
Where the failing Night her pearly tears hath shed, all loath to part,—

From thy prison I enlarge thee, than thy fellows lovelier,
And on all thy faith I charge thee bear a message unto her!

Speed upon thy tender mission, dainty Rosebud, Rosebud red!—
Barred thou art of thy fruition, yet no tears for thee be shed.

Leave thy parent stem ungrieving: thou shalt have a holier nest:
Lift thy head in proud believing, Rosebud—'tis a maiden's breast!

Hide thee there, and mark each throbbing of the virgin heart within,
All the joy and all the sobbing—all the pureness, all the sin;

All the passions, sweetly human, working out life's wondrous plan;
All that makes the perfect woman—all that charms the wayworn man.

And while joys and woes unrisen with soft tides thy soft leaves stir,
Nestling in thy dainty prison, whisper *my* name unto her!

G. HERBERT SASS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE 18th of August, 1864, witnessed a gala-night at the Grand Opera in Paris. A special representation had been commanded by the Emperor, to entertain his princely guest, the king-consort of Spain. Three or four large boxes, directly facing the stage, had been thrown into one, to accommodate the Imperial party, while the rest of the grand tier was reserved for the Court and *corps diplomatique*. A distinguished Russian dancer, Mad'lle Mouravieff, was to appear in the ballet of *Nemca*, and display her well-known powers of translating poetry into motion.

Long before the Imperial party arrived the theatre was filled with a brilliant assemblage, comprising many noted personages at the Court of the Second Empire. The proscenium box, usually occupied by the Emperor, was appropriated to the daughters of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. One of the Court journals remarked of them next day, with intended wit perhaps, but decided impertinence, that they were "deliciously pretty." The Austrian Embassy occupied the opposite box. There sat that Princesse Metternich whose lively talents, unaided by other personal charms, enabled her successfully to sway the shadowy sceptre of Fashion hitherto wielded without dispute by the fair Empress Eugenie herself. She was attired simply in an aerial-looking dress of white tulle, but wore a necklace of three rows of large diamonds, the upper row just touching the top of her low corsage, while the lowest fell to her waist. A similar necklace adorned the throat of the languid, soft-eyed Duchesse de Morny; and near by, Madame de Pourtales, then recently wedded, was beautiful in bridal lace and pearls. The marshals of France lent their military splendor to adorn the scene, while officers of rank in gorgeous uniforms flitted from box to box, chatting with the fair inmates, and (to use an old

simile appropriate to such occasions) sipping, butterfly-like, the honeyed fragrance exhaled from this parterre of human blossoms, to say nothing of the full-blown roses and withered specimens there to be met with also, alas!

The Imperial party arrived, and the diamonds of the duchesses before the splendor of the Crown jewels paled like stars at moonrise. The Empress looked one blaze of light: she had driven in from Compéigne in a carriage open at the sides, with a lamp suspended from the top, that the populace of Paris might feast their eyes on her magnificence. Upon her head there arched in graceful curves an antique diadem, at whose summit the peerless "Regent" diamond flashed like a sun. Her corsage, of lustreless scarlet silk, was edged with a row of large diamonds set in black enamel, from each of which hung two gems of smaller size. What a pity that the sultanas of Haroun al Rashid could not have seen her then! They would have paled with envy certainly, but might have saved their white throats from the scimitar or bowstring by getting fresh gossip for their bloodthirsty lord. The Imperial necklace was similar in shape to those of the Princesse Metternich and the Duchesse de Morny, but of far finer stones. The earrings were great drops of solidified light, and the bracelets were single rows of immense diamonds. Think of that and weep, O ye uncrowned empresses of our American hearts and purses! Next the Empress sat the king of Spain; and next to him, Napoleon III., looking unusually well. Not far off was the Princesse Mathilde, dressed in white with a wreath of diamond leaves around her head, while a similar wreath bordered the top of her dress; and our fair readers will be glad to hear that Anna Murat, the only American princess who has ever graced a European court, was the most

beautiful of the Imperial group. She was attired in an elegant but simple ball-dress of blue silk looped with pink roses over a train of white puffed tulle.

Thus far for court millinery. It is for your benefit, remember, fair readers, that we describe the dresses. And if pussy may look at a king, may not Gossip sometimes behold an empress? Though, sooth to tell, there would arise, for all the glitter of jewel and rustle of silk, some reflections of sterner import which perhaps you would like to hear too.

Ten years before (that is, in 1854) the writer of these lines had frequent opportunities of seeing the Empress Eugenie, then a charming young lady, beautiful with the slender loveliness of a swaying flower. A slight form, pensive smile, sweet soft eyes and a snowy throat, which seemed to bend under the weight of her finely-shaped head, combined to render her a vision of beauty. As one again beheld her, still fair, but fatter—if we may use so plain a term—and nearer forty, her full white shoulders and rounded arms displayed by her low corsage, her blonde hair changed to dark brown by some mysterious process, it was impossible not to give a sigh to the memory of the delicate flower to whose summer loveliness had succeeded these more earthly and autumnal charms. There she sat, silent and motionless, with a wearied, worried look on her otherwise expressionless countenance, and so immovable that the gems with which she was covered did not flash or sparkle, but flamed with a steady lustre. The Emperor, on the contrary, was very lively and animated, chatting with the king of Spain, using his opera-glass incessantly, and apparently in the best spirits. Pleasant indeed must have been his thoughts did he allow them to stray to the realms of politics and potentates. Bismarck had not yet bent over the grand chess-board on which Napoleon was playing his successful game, to interpose with an ominous "Check." The guest by his side, though the first, was by no means the most distinguished of many sovereigns to whom the Imperial nephew of the great Corsi-

can was to play the host. This great republic seemed tottering to its fall, and the Mexican expedition had been prosperously begun. Doubtless images of a shining Western empire and a shattered Western republic loomed then before the Imperial gaze. "I have carved you out an empire in a block of silver," said he to Maximilian. Nor did he fathom the political alchemy which should change that block of silver to a tomb of marble in the funeral vault of the House of Hapsburg.

Since that night many changes have passed over that brilliant assembly. The king of Spain, a dethroned exile, inhabits to-day the city he then visited as a fêted and honored guest. The Duchesse de Morny, having passed through the stages of widowhood and second marriage, her splendid necklace, doomed by the terms of the Duc de Morny's will, has found a purchaser, and doubtless now adorns some other snowy throat. The Princesse Anna Murat, abandoning all hopes of a royal alliance, is now the Duchesse de Mouchy; while, strangest of all, the graceful Mouravieff has become a cloistered nun, and exchanged the plaudits of a crowded theatre for the quiet of a convent cell. Thus five years have brought great changes: who can tell what five years more will bring? Where will the actors in that scene be on the 18th of August, 1874? One cannot help thinking of the soliloquy of the English Cardinal, and applying it to the chief performer:

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation of the evening,
And no man see me more."

Such Nova Scotia papers as are opposed to the annexation of the Province to the United States are trying to bring about a reciprocity treaty, and at the same time they lose no opportunity of casting a stain upon the honor and credit of this country. Every murder and riot, every case of immorality of any kind, occurring between New York and San Francisco, is duly chronicled with ignoble satisfaction. Nevertheless, the

ball is rolling, and it is anticipated that at the next election seven-eighths of the members of the Nova Scotia legislature will be annexationists. Then will come a sharp struggle. They cannot form a government to the satisfaction of General Doyle, the governor, and they will have to be dismissed, to be again elected, with the same result. Nova Scotia will then have to be governed by a military council. Sir John A. Macdonald will probably move for the abolition of the local legislature, and by depriving the people of the *ritualism* of patriotism—that is, the *rite* of election—will sap their public spirit, and take all power into his own hands. “Patriotism,” says De Tocqueville, “does not linger long among conquered nations;” and the Nova Scotians, if help does not come from their friends in Canada, in Great Britain or the United States, will be in the position of a conquered nation.

There can be no greater mistake than to think that the invention of the printing-press first made it possible to multiply copies of a book with rapidity and at a moderate price. On the contrary, numerous references in the Roman writers about the beginning of the Christian era leave no doubt that books were then manufactured with a speed, sold at a cheapness, purchased with an avidity, and circulated throughout the whole Roman world to an extent, at first mention, almost incredible. “Enter,” says a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, “one of the large halls of a Roman publisher, and you find probably not fewer than a hundred slaves at work. They have all been educated, trained, for the purpose. They write a swift, clear hand; and while one dictates, a hundred copies are springing at once into existence for the great public. No sooner are the copies written than they are passed on to other workmen ready to receive them; and with a speed not less astonishing than that with which they have been written, are revised, corrected, rolled up, bound, titled, and, when thought desirable, adorned for the market. Let us add to these circumstances that the workmen, being slaves,

require only maintenance from their master, and one shall be better prepared to accept what seems the well-established though remarkable result—that a single bookselling firm at Rome could produce without difficulty, in a day of ten working hours, an edition of the second book of Martial consisting of a thousand copies, and that a somewhat similar work, plainly bound, if sold for sixpence, left the bookseller a profit of one hundred per cent.”

. . . Whence does such a substance as common mould come? How is it that a vessel of water containing decaying vegetable matter, although at first devoid of traces of animal life, soon becomes charged with living organisms, animal and vegetable? The usual answer to these questions has been that the air is charged with the floating germs of infusoria, fungi and the like, and that these find a favorable nidus in decaying vegetable solutions, in which they develop into perfect beings. But serious doubts now exist in the minds of naturalists on this point, and indeed many of the most eminent, such as Professor Owen, advocate the doctrine of spontaneous generation. In a review of Dr. Penmetier's *Origine de la Vie*, in the *Popular Science Review*, the editor of that magazine expresses his opinion that the weight of evidence lies on the side of the iconoclasts, recent microscopic researches having demonstrated that in ordinary cases there are neither animal nor vegetable germs in the air.

The other day, when a lot of young gentlemen were being examined for the post of assistant surgeon in the U. S. Navy, the following was one of the questions put to a candidate: “Define the terms Specific Gravity and Centre of Gravity.” The answer (by a graduate of the University of —) was: “It is the difference of weight between the bulk and the length!”

“I went to London” (writes a friend who has seen of many men the ways and towns) “when George IV. was king. He was on his last legs, to be sure, if so

vulgar a phrase may be used in regard to the first gentleman of Europe—which perhaps he was, from the skin outward, to steal a phrase of Carlyle. The great Duke was Premier. I heard him speak more than once, and may assert, without wounding his reputation, that he was no orator as Canning was.

“The last time I heard the Duke was on the announcement in the Lords of the death of George. It must have been a hard task for him to praise such a Cæsar, but he did it as if resolved that the portrait should make up in paint for what it wanted in likeness. Other eulogies were delivered, the best of which was by Lord Goderich, the unfortunate ex-Premier, who so unmistakably proved the frequent fact that ‘*Tel qui brille au second, s’éclipse au premier.*’ He spoke feelingly and fluently, whilst the warrior-statesman, who had played the first part with such success, mumbled and stumbled and daubed in a way that almost excited commiseration. There are cobblers *and* cobblers. Most of them, like Lord John, think that if they have passed a Reform Bill, they can command a fleet; and the soldier who buried so many that need not have died, fancied he could praise one who need never have lived.

“The last time I *saw* the Duke was the day of the dissolution of Parliament by William IV.: I was at a window on the route of the procession, and a gorgeous show it was. The Duke was not in it, but made his appearance on horseback soon after it had passed, threading his way with great difficulty through the densely-crowded streets. His popularity at that time was at its nadir, and the noises with which he was saluted were not as flattering as those which greeted him on his return from Waterloo. Just opposite my window he was brought to a stop by a coal-cart, in which was a sooty wretch who began shaking a bag at him with stentorian shouts and covering him with dust. Several minutes must have elapsed whilst he was thus ignominiously enthralled. What he said I could not hear, but I could see the expression of

his face, and it was certainly not the same as it wore when he cried, ‘Guards, and at them!’ The spectacle was so painful that I heartily wished somebody would heave the heaven from his dirty eminence. The sympathy, however, of the many-headed, to my amazement, was with the blackguard, who was evidently an exponent of the then popular voice. Had I been older, I would have been less astonished. It is quite *en règle* that the path of glory should lead to coal dust.

“The best speaker among the Peers was ‘the luminous, learned, law-lord Lyndhurst;’ and it may be questioned if there was ever a better at any period. The worst, or at least the funniest, was the most noble the Marquis of Clanricarde, son-in-law of Canning, and the same high-born Hugh whose appointment to office some few years since had nearly brought ‘Pam’ to grief, the most noble having behaved most ignobly a short time before. At that epoch he was a tall, skinny, skimpy youth, who would incessantly jump up and begin to speak with his hands pinned to his sides, until, as if galvanized, he would make a sudden spring at a neighboring table and give it his right with an energy in ludicrous contrast to the vigor of his thoughts. This performance he would frequently repeat throughout his harangue, to the great amusement of the uninitiated and the indubitable bother of their lordships. They preferred him, however, to the Earl of Winchelsea, the loudest lord of all, with whom Wellington once had shots, and with whom, in my hearing, he once had words. The Earl complained bitterly that, at a previous sitting, the Duke had left whilst he was criticising his policy, to which the Duke replied that he had done so because he did not expect to hear anything worth listening to; and the coolness with which he spoke did not allay the other’s heat. If eloquence is strength of lungs, according to a great French authority, his earlship would have beaten Demosthenes all hollow.

“In the Commons, Brougham and Peel and O’Connell were the great

guns, but the pleasantest speaker was Charles Grant, afterward Lord Glenelg. He never fulminated like the first and last: silver-tongued like the second, he was more eloquent, or at least more elegant, if not so cogent and clear. I heard his celebrated speech on the Terceira question, and a more finished piece of oratory has rarely delighted an audience, and hardly could an audience exhibit more delight. Manner, matter, diction, delivery, all seemed perfect to my juvenile appreciation.

"O'Connell was amazingly powerful at times; but one of his most effective displays was a silent reply to a youthful member who had made an attack upon him that was quite unique. The almost breathless assailant was so much frightened at his own audacity that, after a few stammering sentences, he broke down, and making various wild and voiceless gestures, tumbled upon his seat amid a chaos of sounds. The shouting having subsided, the great Agitator rose and looked at the greatly agitated with so comic a smile that uproarious laughter was the immediate result: then, shaking his head as much as to say, 'The poor fellow has quite enough,' he turned quietly to the Speaker and began to talk about 'something else.' Better acting was never seen on any stage."

It is singular how a word so long disused as to be almost or quite obsolete is, if one may say so, "re-invented." The other day we saw among the *facetia* in a newspaper column the following: "They call a harness-maker a 'horse-milliner' out in Chicago." Probably a great many who smiled at this item as they read it were ignorant that the latter compound word is perfectly allowable as a synonym for the former, if age can give authority. It is surely as old as the sixteenth century, for it is quoted in Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* from a document of that period, and it was not forgotten in Sir Walter Scott's time, for in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, chapter xii., Bartoline Saddletree says: "Whereas, in my wretched occupation

of a saddler, horse-milliner and harness-maker," etc.

Apropos of this note on a supposed new word, we have received from a lady the following interesting paper in reference to some omissions in our late article on American Provincialisms:

MR. EDITOR: The word *admire* is used in New England instead of "like." I have never heard it in the way the author of "Our Provincialisms" expresses it: "I admire to know." "I *should* admire to know" is the common way, or, "I admire to go to the opera," "I admire to read *Lippincott*." I think this use of the word *admire* is found in some of the oldest English writers, although long obsolete.

In Maine and New Hampshire the word *tackle* is used instead of harness, as, "Tackle the horse." In Pennsylvania, "Gear up the horse" is used.

The exceedingly common use, even by well-educated people in Pennsylvania, of the words *will* for *shall*, and *would* for *should*, the writer did not mention. Probably as a Pennsylvanian he had not remarked it, but it is a provincialism, as far as I know, confined to this State. It is even met with in well-written books. In *John Ward's Governness*, for example, I observe it in frequent use. The old joke of the Frenchman saying, "I *will* drown—nobody *shall* help me," would lead us to believe that he had been taught English in Philadelphia.

The use of the word *like* for *as* is another Pennsylvania provincialism: "Do it *like* I do," instead of "as I do."

In Jersey and some parts of Pennsylvania the noun *heir* is used as a verb, as, "He heirs the property;" "She heired the farm," instead of inherited or inherited.

The letter *w* is used in the neighborhood of Burlington, New Jersey, for *v*, as in win-egar, weil and weal, for vinegar, veil and veal. I have never heard this in New England, except among the people of Marblehead.

The Saxon word *tend*, to watch, take care of, is common in New England; as, "Will you tend the baby?" "He is tending store." I have never heard it used in Pennsylvania.

Cricket, applied to a small footstool, is a New England word. I remember very old-fashioned ones which were not unlike the form of the insect bearing that name.

In Massachusetts the accent is always laid on the second syllable of *inquiry*—here, on the first.

Several words as used in the English ver-

sion of the Scriptures, and now considered ungrammatical, are still in common use in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The word *be* for *are* was doubtless once good English, as, "How many *be* you?" "They that *be* for us," etc., in the English Bible. *For*—"The people came *for* to hear him."

The word *right*, used as "right away," "right early," must once have been good English (though Dickens,* in his first visit to America, remarked on it as a provincialism of Boston), as it is frequently used in our version of the Psalms: "I myself will awake right early;" "I hate them right sore."

Clean gone—common in New England: "Let his name be clean put out." Psalms.

Smack, for *slap*, is common in Philadelphia, but if we told a New Englander to smack a child, she would kiss it, as the word there is used vulgarly for kiss.

Muslin, as applied to thick cotton cloth, is never so used in New England: it is there called shirting, sheeting or cotton cloth. A Pennsylvanian ordering muslin shirts in Boston, was reminded that they would be cool for the climate, but he persisted in saying he had always worn muslin: when the garments came home he found, to his dismay, that they were made of Swiss mull, like that used by the Quakers for their neckerchiefs. The word there is only used for thin, clear fabrics. Paper muslin is in Boston called saracenit cambric.

Quarter dollar is universal in Philadelphia, while in New England, though *half dollar* is thought correct, "quarter of a dollar" is always said.

The word *nigh* for *near* seems obsolete out of New England: it is constantly used in our version of the Psalms.

Also the word *mite* for a very small piece, as, "Give me only a mite of butter," was probably used in this sense by the translators of the Gospel in the phrase, "the widow's *mite*." I. J.

As this is the season for letters from "Our Summer Resorts," we give room to the following curious communication:

MR. EDITOR: As I have never seen myself in print, save in a scurrilous song in which I am falsely accused of feeding my horse on pork and beans, it occurred to me

* In Dickens' *American Notes* he relates that the waiter at the Tremont House asked if he would have dinner *right away*. The traveler thought it meant in some particular place, instead of "directly." The phrase is universal in the United States, although it may be obsolete in England.

to write you a letter from the Profile House, White Mountains, where I am detained by the weather. (The true pronunciation, as I am assured by the stage-driver, is White *Mountings*.) These hills should be approached by easy stages—those made at Concord being the easiest. As we were coming to the Glen House, our driver, who was intoxicated—as is customary here—drove the stage against a boulder on the side of the road. I was sitting on the top of the coach on a trunk, and having nothing to hold on by, I was violently thrown forward, and, turning a somersault in the air, alighted on the back of the "nigh" wheel-horse. Being fortunately considerable of an athlete, I immediately turned a "backward flip-flap" on to my seat again, and the stage went on as if nothing had happened! I could see, however, that by this feat I had won the affections of a young Yankee woman of middle age who sat by the driver. She had with her a little boy, who, Yankee-like, was for ever asking questions. Pointing to a tall plant with a yellow flower by the roadside, he asked me, "What is his name?"

"Mullen, my dear," I replied.

"And is that little one a mullen too?"

"No! that fellow's name is MacMullen."

Rather smart for the horse-marines, wasn't it, Mr. Editor?

I found the ascent to the summit of Mount Washington quite easy, and the exercise not being as much as I wanted, I rambled down Tuckerman's Ravine about three thousand feet and back again, bringing to the ladies a snow-ball weighing forty pounds. It is not everybody, however, who can even walk up the "mounting." There was an old man of forty-five, fat and with a bald head, who undertook the job. He went very well to the foot, but when he had walked up-hill about three hundred yards, he suddenly recollected an important business engagement, and turned back to fulfill it. I guess his engagement was with the barkeeper. He estimated that it was one hundred miles to the top, and about a mile and a half to the bottom.

In coming to this hotel, we passed the remains of the Willey House, the terrible loss of whose inmates first suggested the idea of Whittier's bacchanalian song, "Oh, Willey, we have missed you."

But I must close, having just been stung by one of the black-headed flies which abound here. These insects are of enormous size, and a good many of them would weigh a pound. They have annoyed me very much

during the past ten days, during which I have been fishing in the Lake some five hours each day, which, at forty cents an hour for the boat = \$20. My success has been moderate, having caught but one trout, about three inches long, which weighed an eighth of an ounce. *I put him back in the Lake.*

More anon.

CAPTAIN JENCKES,
(of the Horse Marines.)

MR. EDITOR: Can any of your correspondents "do" a translation of the following little piece of French sentiment, which, unlike ordinary French sentiment in its pretty pathos, its tender grace, I find untranslatable? There is a "scent of the roses" about it, which, as you will see, vanishes when put into my English:

Pierre, mon ami Pierre,
Bien loin s'en est allé,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que lui ai refusé.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que mon ami Pierre,
Fût encore à m'aimer.

In the first place, you must keep him "Pierre:" make a "Peter" of the hero of so touching a little romance, and you destroy him on the spot.

Pierre, my own dear Pierre,
Went far enough away
For a foolish little rose,
For which I said him "nay."

Oh how I wish that rose
Grew once more on the tree!
And how I wish that Pierre
Once more did love poor me!

In the first number of *Lippincott* a lady correspondent, I remember, made an inquiry about Dante's "Ricordarsi del tempo felice, nella miseria." Have you ever seen the other view, taken by a French writer whose name I forget, who says,

"Le bien-être est peut être
L'oubli de l'ancien bonheur?" P.

A heated city in summer is hardly the place in which to look for sparkling or entertaining Gossip. One would seek it rather among those gay throngs who at this season flock to sea and lake and mountain-side, to tumbling cataract and breezy brae, hunting for health, amuse-

ment, novelty—what you will. Oh the huge Saratoga trunks we have watched *en route!* Large enough to carry all the Black Care that ever mounted behind a squadron of old Horace's cavalry. Then how those fiends in human shape, the expressmen and "baggage-smashers" generally, do knock the trunks about! You villains! why is there not some McCool or John C. Heenan present to avenge upon your ugly mugs the indignities you inflict upon many a fair creature's luggage? Don't you know, sirrah! what is inside of that Noah's ark I just now saw you manipulating as if you were a burglar in an insurance office? Because, if you do not know, rest happy in your ignorance. If that trunk were perchance to slip from your clutches and burst open before your eyes, who knows but your sight might be blasted for ever? If the mysteries of feminine dress and undress now lying happily *perdu* in that mighty receptacle were but once revealed to public gaze, who knows what would be the effect? Why the horses in the passenger-cars would start with horror at the unwonted spectacle, and the nimble wheels of Time's chariot would pause in mid career!

And now, to turn from practical trunks to their poetical possessors, let us, who are, alas! obliged to stay in town, try to close our Gossip with appropriate verse:

Now leave your rest, and quit your nest, my happy
bird of song:

The day is here, the time is near, we've waited for so
long.

Go seek those seagirt regions where, at sunset, clouds
are rolled

Over purple islands floating in a sea of molten gold,
And lend fresh music to your voice, fresh vigor to your
wing:

For she is charming who awaits the song I'd have
you sing.

Tell her the classic legend of that Wingless Victory
Triumphant Athens held enshrined as "Ἀπτερος
Νίκη."

And say that when my Cupid lost his pinions and his
bow,

He was obliged to stay with me, though known as
Friendship now.

So rouse yourself, song-eagle! Spread your plumage
and be strong!

I charge you, with this birth-day strain, to bear my
love along. M. M.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women. By Virginia Penny. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. 12mo. pp. 500.

Think and Act, Men and Women, Work and Wages. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 12mo. pp. 372.

In the moral as in the material world there are periods of slow and silent development: there are, too, upheavals of the social system as marked and overwhelming as those produced by the volcanic convulsions of Nature. Men wonder at the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire, but heed not the still small voice that speaketh ever to the listening ear.

To an American residing in India, and burning with love of his native land as from afar he watched her life-struggle, the change effected in the sentiments of the people of these United States on the subject of Liberty seemed almost miraculous. Between the intervals of receiving home-news great moral chasms were bridged over, and the very men who had justified the cause of Slavery walked side by side with persecuted Abolitionists, singing with them the songs of freedom till their united shouts drowned the roar of cannon and the groans of the battle-field.

Is it so that now, after long and weary years of waiting, the appointed time draws near for another and a greater change to sweep over our beloved land? Are we ready for a further and fuller development of the principles of Liberty declared by our fathers? The seed has been sown: are we ready for the harvest?

Not in vain have the Sunday-school and the grammar-school been educating mind to think: not in vain, though with much imperfection and much commingling of error, has the nature of human rights and responsibilities been taught from the pages of history, sacred and profane, to all classes and both sexes. Verily, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The public mind is beginning to be visibly agitated by a great question interesting directly one-half and indirectly the whole of the people; for whatever pertains to the happiness of mother, wife, sister, daughter or lover, is interesting to father, hus-

band, brother, son or lover worthy of holding such relationship. Every work or word whose tendency is to separate what God hath joined together is narrow, one-sided, worse than useless, sure of defeat. Intelligence and patient investigation, and an active sense of justice, are mainly requisite for the solution of the questions arising relative to the needs and claims of Woman. Investigation must prove to every candid mind the existence of wrongs to be righted, whilst the sense of justice alone can make man willing to render to all their dues. A few men have carefully studied the matter, but most men fail in the discussion of the question, because, having never experienced the difficulties and disabilities that clog every woman's movements, they fail to take the true stand-point. Can men realize the import of such words as these: "The proportion of women's wages to men's in the industrial branches is from one-third to one-half." "A woman receives half price for all she does, and pays full price for all she needs. No hotel takes a woman at a discount of fifty per cent. Butcher, baker, grocer, all ask her the utmost penny. No omnibus carries her for half price. She earns as a child—she pays as a man." "Men have not reflected enough on the poor compensation for woman's labor, or have not seen how to remedy it."

Timid men therefore shrink from the Woman question; unfeeling men are indifferent to it; coarse men sneer at it; very young men ridicule it; selfish employers try to stifle it; the philosopher is interested; the philanthropist rejoices in hoped-for good.

"There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak." Is not this a time and this the theme when woman should speak and man should listen? Miss Virginia Penny has spoken, and to the point, in two very useful volumes now lying before us—*Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women*; and *Think and Act*: a series of articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. The first embraces the result of three years' constant observation and inquiry. Its object is to direct women to productive fields of labor, and to enable each to find the kind of employment adapted to her taste and ability.

It contains descriptions of occupations in which women are or have been engaged, suggests some as yet untried, explains the effect of each employment on the general health, the qualifications needed, the length of time required to learn, the number of hours employed, the comparative superiority or inferiority of women to men in each branch, and a comparison of the wages paid to men and women for labor of the same kind.

The first-named volume, unpretentious and thoroughly practical, deserves to find a place in every homestead of the working-classes through the land: it is a *vade mecum* full of valuable hints and suggestive information, and properly dedicated to "worthy and industrious women, striving to earn a livelihood." Of it Miss P. says: "So far as I can learn, no work setting forth the occupations in which women may engage has appeared except mine."

The succeeding volume is more comprehensive in its nature, and addresses to general readers "a few sober reflections on woman and her business interests." Having carefully collected her facts, and seeing clearly the wrongs and injustice endured by women, and seeing, too, the frequent inefficiency of women in their work, Miss P. endeavors to point out practical and immediate remedies for the latter, and makes earnest efforts to influence public sentiment so as to lead to the removal of the former. She holds that woman's labor is not justly compensated—that a few employments are overcrowded—that women need more employments—that employments should be suited to the tastes, habits and capacities of those employed—that women should not take men's employments, nor should men take women's employments—that women should engage in such as are favorable to health of mind, body and morals—that woman is capable of attaining to excellence, and should be trained to skilled labor, to business habits and to independence—that the same wages should be paid to men and women for the same kind and amount of labor—that all unjust and oppressive laws in regard to the property-rights of women should be abolished—that every father of means should give his daughter a practical business education, or invest money in some permanent way for her support, that in case of pecuniary reverses she may secure to herself a home and independence.

"I advocate," says the author, "the opening of all occupations to women: I would ask for them the privileges of the ballot-box

and trial by their own peers. I wish to see them possessing equal rights with men—domestic, social, educational, industrial, civil and religious." To the common objection, that "women would supplant men in certain occupations," Miss P. answers: "If men thereby enter occupations more suitable to them, and leave vacancies that women can profitably fill, where is the harm to either?" "There are occupations we would like to see men deprived of, such as superintending a work-room where women only are employed." "Look at a tall, bearded man selling laces and ribbons, feathers and flowers and hoop-skirts to women, measuring the waists of women in mantuamaking establishments, or selling dolls and toys, candies and fruits to children: then tell me if the occupation looks *manly*?"

Miss P. does not limit her articles to the needs of the working-classes. She ascribes the too-frequent loss of health and dejection of spirits in the wealthier classes to the want of congenial and regular occupation or elevating pursuit. "All works for the moral improvement of the race are especially adapted to women," and many devote their best energies to the amelioration of the poor, the afflicted and the ignorant. There are women of affluence who wear no jewels nor costly array—who expend their incomes in noble charities. Such might wisely establish and patronize industrial schools for girls. Others are ill adapted to such labors. "Some were made for head-work. Let such have head-work." "Women of talent should not be content to occupy subordinate departments of labor, nor devote time and talents to executing only mechanical drudgery." To some a congenial and noble employment is now open in the study and practice of the healing art. Carefully-trained and intelligent physicians—women—have the means of disseminating instruction by lectures and by writing on hygiene and the laws of health—a kind of instruction greatly needed by women who have the care of children and youth. Some women find happiness in the cultivation of the fine arts—some in the pursuit of science—some in the walks of literature. Why should hindrances be thrown in their way? By the attainment of excellence in industrial and professional life, as well as by writing and conversation, woman may benefit not only her own sex, but also elevate the other, until no man shall be found mean enough to offer to a woman one-half the compensation he would give to a man—"to cut short a wo-

man's wages merely because she is a woman," and then add insult to injustice by addressing her with flattering words or toasting "the fair sex" in late cups, where women would gladly excuse the doubtful compliment.

Woman believes that the day is coming when the "higher law" shall bear sway; that her Magna Charta, the Bible, shall supplant the law-books of men, wherein too often might makes right; that so long as the Golden Rule sparkles on the pages of the New Testament and the Ten Commandments are binding upon both men and women, she may hopefully ask for equal rights in the State and in the Church. Already some men, liberal, noble and generous, are ready and willing to aid her cause; more are turning their attention to the subject in a spirit of candor and justice; others in this nineteenth century, like their prototypes of the first century, endeavor to veil selfish and grasping natures under the garb of respectability and piety. The Christ—woman's truest Friend—once addressed such in words of fearful import: "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

Miss P. discusses briefly the suffrage of women, giving her own opinions, and pronouncing Lucy Stone and Dr. Hunt right in resisting taxation because denied the privilege of the ballot-box. She remarks that "many women seem, if possible, more anxious to obtain the right of suffrage for *negro men* than for themselves."

Does not every lover of the republic feel that it would be desirable to withhold the privilege of voting from every disloyal, immoral and ignorant man, and confer it only upon the patriotic, intelligent and virtuous American man and woman?

The author's remarks on young ladies, wives, maidens and widows, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, on a comparison of men and women, on the mutual influence of the sexes, on American character, on "woman's sphere," and many kindred themes, are written in a cheerful and benevolent spirit, exhibiting the lights and shadows, the defects and excellences, of the living world of this nineteenth century.

A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.
London: S. Hooper. 12mo. pp. 182.

This is a genuine, unmutilated reprint of the much-sought-after first edition of Captain

Francis Grose's famous *Dictionary*, published nearly a hundred years ago, and contains words and explanations which in the later editions have been either omitted or softened. As a glossary of slang or cant words it is, despite its coarseness, of great value to the antiquarian and the scholar. Many words, such as "lame duck," "bull" and "bear," which have been supposed to be of recent origin, are here shown to have been in use in the last century, and the true origin of various words in common use can only be found in Grose. Thus we have—

"BULL, a blunder, from one Obadiah Bull, a blundering lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of Henry VII.; by a bull is now always meant a blunder made by an Irishman."

"DAVID'S SOW—as drunk as David's sow, a common saying, which took its rise from the following circumstance: One David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an ale-house at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which was greatly resorted to by the curious: he had also a wife much addicted to drunkenness, for which he used sometimes to give her due correction. One day David's wife, having taken a cup too much, and being fearful of the consequences, turned out the sow, and laid down to sleep herself sober in the sty. A company coming to see the sow, David ushered them into the sty, exclaiming, There is a sow for you! did any of you ever see such another? all the while supposing the sow had really been there; to which some of the company, seeing the state the woman was in, replied it was the drunkenest sow they had ever beheld; whence the woman was ever after called David's sow."

"DUN, an importunate creditor. Dunny, in the provincial dialect of several countries, signifies deaf; to dun, then, perhaps, may mean to deafen with importunate demands. Some derive it from the word *donnez*, which signifies give; but the true original meaning of the word owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dextrous in his business that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay, Why do not you *Dun* him? that is, Why do not you set Dun to arrest him? Hence it became a cant word, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII. Dun was also the

general name for the hangman, before that of Jack Ketch.

And presently a halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen teer,
And e'er a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art
As DUN himself could do for's heart.
COTTON'S *Virgil Tra.*, Book 4."

"HOB, or NOB. Will you hob, or nob, with me? a question formerly in fashion at polite tables, signifying a request or challenge to drink a glass of wine with the proposer; if the party challenged answered nob, they were to chuse whether white or red. This foolish custom is said to have originated in the days of good Queen Bess: thus, when great chimneys were in fashion, there was at each corner of the hearth, or grate, a small elevated projection, called the hob, and behind it a seat. In winter-time the beer was placed on the hob to warm, and the cold beer was set on a small table, said to have been called the nob, so that the question, Will you have hob, or nob? seems only to have meant, Will you have warm, or cold beer—*i. e.*, beer from the hob, or beer from the nob?"

The state of society during the last century in England shows itself in certain words unknown in the United States, and which have probably died out across the water. For example:

"QUEER PLUNGERS, cheats who throw themselves into the water in order that they may be taken up by some of their accomplices, who carry them to one of the houses appointed by the Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons, where they are rewarded by the society with a guinea each; and the supposed drowned person, pretending he was driven to that extremity by great necessity, is also frequently sent away with a contribution in his pocket."

"ROMAN, a soldier in the foot guards, who gives up his pay to his captain for leave to work; serving like an ancient Roman, for glory and the love of his country."

Grose never loses an opportunity for a joke. After defining "romp" as a forward girl, a hoyden, he remarks that Grey, in his notes to Shakespeare, derives it from Arompo, an animal found in South Guinea that is a man-eater! Of course the real origin is the word *ramp*, which is connected with rampage. Keelhauling is ludicrously defined as undergoing a great *hardship*.

The only two allusions to America appear to be the following:

"POMPKIN, a man or woman of Boston, in America, from the number of pompkins raised and eaten by the people of that country; *Pompinkshire*, Boston, and its dependencies."

"YANKEY, or YANKEY DOODLE, a booby or country lout, a name given to the New England men in North America."

Grose was the author of various learned works, especially *The Antiquities of England and Wales*, but his literary acquirements were said by his contemporaries "to be far exceeded by his good-humor, his conviviality and his friendship."

Malbone: An Oldport Romance. By Thos. Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 332.

Colonel Higginson's essays have been among the most readable things of that kind published lately, their attraction being mainly in the graceful ease with which they are written and the genial humanity running through them; and when he tried his facile pen upon a story, a certain class of readers eagerly awaited it. It is certain that story-writing requires a different sort of talent from anything else, and the most brilliant essayist sometimes falls flat and heavy before his readers when he takes the place of a novelist. If all the latter need possess is a delicate and skillful brush, that shades character so well as to bring a face and presence before one in all the flush of life, then Colonel Higginson well deserves the palm as a narrator of first-rate power. Malbone—debonair, fascinating, æsthetic, with sensibility in place of heart, and susceptibility in place of feeling—is so well drawn that we feel the inevitable charm of his bodily presence, and do not wonder that the noble Hope was attracted to him. We are righteously indignant with him, but he is winning in spite of all. He is even more nicely drawn and shaded than Mrs. Prescott Spofford's Azarian, which character he very much resembles, without in any way being a copy. That "multivalve heart" beat in much the same way as did Azarian's, but Philip Malbone's ending does not seem either artistic or natural—as indeed it would be both if it were one. Not that he dies—for we are all subject to that finale—but he does something toward which he never manifested the slightest tendency throughout the story—something which we would as soon expect from Lucifer, "son of the morning:"

he reforms—he begins a “manhood of self-denying usefulness.” As well might Harold Skimpole suddenly be endowed with an idea of money. This climax seems an impossibility, because, with all his exquisite senses, he is so strangely insensible in regard to right and wrong. Were we not told by Divine authority that the vilest may repent, we should still be incredulous concerning the softening of that piece of lignum vitæ dubbed by the author a “multiválve heart.”

Aunt Jane is the piquant sauce of the story, and would be the salvation of a poor book; and it is so refreshingly evident that she must have been drawn from life that we involuntarily look about us for the original. Did not the author's heart smite him when he could find nothing to which to devote Emilia save a violent death? She must be immolated, for there was no future left to her: the poor, passionate bird could not be left to beat its wings against its gilded cage. Loving such a man as Malbone, Emilia could not well do anything save die; for Malbone did not even possess the bold daring that could love, even with the stimulus of the thought that such a love was crime; and such a thought is a stimulus to indolent natures like his. He was only capable of dallying in a dilettante way—making eyes at a woman who attracted him, as what woman did not?

Judged as a narrative, as a story with plot and incident, this book cannot be classed high; but that judgment does not prevent its being one of the most charming things of the season; and the evident fact that the writer has aimed at nothing more than some very pleasant writing does not place the book in the class of publications which avow themselves bona fide “novels.” The vein of purity and sweetness, the keen kindness of the dissertations on the characters scattered through its pages, place Colonel Higginson in an enviable place in public favor.

Books Received.

The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World: Showing who Robbed him, who Helped him and who Passed him By. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 267.

Rhetoric: A Text-Book, designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study. By Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., I.L.D., President of the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 381.

Famous London Merchants: A Book for Boys. By H. R. Fox Bourne, author of “English Merchants,” etc. With twenty-five Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 295.

An American Woman in Europe: The Journal of two-years-and-a-half's Sojourn in Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy. By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 338.

Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands: A Series of Books for Children. By Caroline H. Dall. From Boston to Baltimore. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. xlix., 201.

Studies in the Evidences of Christianity. By Stephen G. Bulfinch, D. D., author of “Manual of the Evidences.” Boston: William V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. viii., 274.

A German Reader in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Vocabulary. By William D. Whitney, of Yale College. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. iv., 231.

The Physiology of Woman, and her Diseases from Infancy to Old Age. By C. Morrill, M. D. Sixth Edition. Boston: James Campbell. 12mo. pp. xxiv., 438.

The Woman in Red: A Companion to “The Woman in White” and “The Woman in Black.” Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 121.

Wedlock; or, The Right Relations of the Sexes. By S. R. Wells, author of “New Physiognomy,” etc. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 238.

Papers from Over the Water: A Series of Letters from Europe. By Sinclair Toucey. New York: The American News Co. 12mo. pp. 210.

The New Affinities of Faith: A Plea for Free Christian Union. By James Martineau. Boston: William V. Spencer. Pamphlet, 12mo. pp. 38.

Cord and Creese. By the author of “The Dodge Club.” With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 199.

Cipher: A Romance. By Jane G. Austin. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo., paper, pp. 175.

Credo. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 444.

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OCTOBER, 1869.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I NEVER SHAMED NONE OF THEM."

SOMETHING must be done about Carry Brattle at once. The vicar felt that he had pledged himself to take some steps for her welfare, and it seemed to him, as he thought of the matter, that there were only two steps possible. He might intercede with her father, or he might use his influence to have her received into some house of correction, some retreat, in which she might be kept from evil and disciplined for good. He knew that the latter would be the safer place, if it could be brought to bear, and it certainly would be the easier for himself. But he thought that he had almost pledged himself to the girl not to attempt it, and he felt sure that she would not accede to it. In his doubt he went up to his friend Gilmore, intending to obtain the light of his friend's wisdom. He found the squire and the prebendary together, and at once started his subject.

"You'll do no good, Mr. Fenwick," said Mr. Chamberlaine, after the two younger men had been discussing the matter for half an hour.

"Do you mean that I ought not to try to do any good?"

"I mean that such efforts never come to anything."

"All the unfortunate creatures in the world, then, should be left to go to destruction in their own way."

"It is useless, I think, to treat special cases in an exceptional manner. When such is done it is done from enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is never useful."

"What ought a man to do, then, for the assistance of such fellow-creatures as this poor girl?" asked the vicar.

"There are penitentiaries and reformatories, and it is well, no doubt, to subscribe to them," said the prebendary. "The subject is so full of difficulty that one should not touch it rashly. Henry, where is the last *Quarterly*?"

"I never take it, sir."

"I ought to have remembered," said Mr. Chamberlaine, smiling blandly. Then he took up the *Saturday Review*, and endeavored to content himself with that.

Gilmore and Fenwick walked down to the mill together, it being understood that the squire was not to show himself there. Fenwick's very difficult task, if it

were to be done at all, must be done by himself alone. He must beard the lion in his den and make the attack without any assistant. Gilmore had, upon the whole, been disposed to think that no such attack should be made. "He'll only turn upon you with violence, and no good will be done," said he. "He can't eat me," Fenwick had replied, acknowledging, however, that he approached the undertaking with fear and trembling. Before they were far from the house, Gilmore had changed the conversation and fallen back upon his own sorrows. He had not answered Mary's letter, and now declared that he did not intend to do so. What could he say to her? He could not write and profess friendship; he could not offer her his congratulations; he could not belie his heart by affecting indifference. She had thrown him over, and now he knew it. Of what use would it be to write to her and tell her that she had made him miserable for ever? "I shall break up the house and get away," said he.

"Don't do that rashly, Harry. There can be no spot in the world in which you can be so useful as you are here."

"All my usefulness has been dragged out of me. I don't care about the place or about the people. I am ill already, and shall become worse. I think I will go abroad for four or five years. I've an idea I shall go to the States."

"You'll become tired of that, I should think."

"Of course I shall. Everything is tiresome to me. I don't think anything else can be so tiresome as my uncle, and yet I dread his leaving me—when I shall be alone. I suppose if one was out among the Rocky Mountains, one wouldn't think so much about it."

"Atra Cara sits behind the horseman," said the vicar. "I don't know that traveling will do it. One thing certainly will do it."

"And what is that?"

"Hard work. Some doctor told his patient that if he'd live on half a crown a day and earn it, he'd soon be well. I'm sure that the same prescription holds

good for all maladies of the mind. You can't earn the half a crown a day, but you may work as hard as though you did."

"What shall I do?"

"Read, dig, shoot, look after the farm and say your prayers. Don't allow yourself time for thinking."

"It's a fine philosophy," said Gilmore, "but I don't think any man ever made himself happy by it. I'll leave you now."

"I'd go and dig if I were you," said the vicar.

"Perhaps I will. Do you know, I've half an idea that I'll go to Loring."

"What good will that do?"

"I'll find out whether this man is a blackguard. I believe he is. My uncle knows something about his father, and says that a bigger scamp never lived."

"I don't see what good you can do, Harry," said the vicar. And so they parted.

Fenwick was about half a mile from the mill when Gilmore left him, and he wished that it were a mile and a half. He knew well that an edict had gone forth at the mill that no one should speak to the old man about his daughter. With the mother the vicar had often spoken of her lost child, and had learned from her how sad it was to her that she could never dare to mention Carry's name to her husband. He had cursed his child, and had sworn that she should never more have part in him or his. She had brought sorrow and shame upon him, and he had cut her off with a steady resolve that there should be no weak backsliding on his part. Those who knew him best declared that the miller would certainly keep his word, and hitherto no one had dared to speak of the lost one in her father's hearing. All this Mr. Fenwick knew, and he knew also that the man was one who could be very fierce in his anger. He had told his wife that old Brattle was the only man in the world before whom he would be afraid to speak his mind openly, and in so saying he had expressed a feeling that was very general throughout all Bullhampton. Mr. Puddleham was a

very meddlesome sort of man, and he had once ventured out to the mill to say a word, not indeed about Carry, but touching some youthful iniquity of which Sam was supposed to have been guilty. He never went near the mill again, but would shudder and lift up his hands and his eyes when the miller's name was mentioned. It was not that Brattle used rough language or became violently angry when accosted; but there was a sullen sternness about the man, and a capability of asserting his own mastery and personal authority, which reduced those who attacked him to the condition of vanquished combatants, and repulsed them so that they would retreat as beaten dogs. Mr. Fenwick, indeed, had always been well received at the mill. The women of the family loved him dearly and took great comfort in his visits. From his first arrival in the parish he had been on intimate terms with them, though the old man had never once entered his church. Brattle himself would bear with him more kindly than he would with his own landlord, who might at any day have turned him out of his holding. But even he had been so answered more than once as to have been forced to retreat with that feeling of having his tail, like a cur, between his legs. "He can't eat me," he said to himself, as the low willows round the mill came in sight. When a man is reduced to that consolation, as many a man often is, he may be nearly sure that he will be eaten.

When he got over the stile into the lane close to the mill door, he found that the mill was going. Gilmore had told him that it might probably be so, as he had heard that the repairs were nearly finished. Fenwick was sure that after so long a period of enforced idleness Brattle would be in the mill, but he went at first into the house, and there found Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. Even with them he hardly felt himself to be at home, but after a while managed to ask a few questions about Sam. Sam had come back and was now at work, but he had had some terribly hard words with his father. The old man had de-

sired to know where his son had been. Sam had declined to tell, and had declared that if he was to be cross-questioned about his comings and goings, he would leave the mill altogether. His father had told him that he had better go. Sam had not gone, but the two had been working on together since without interchanging a word. "I want to see him especially," said Mr. Fenwick.

"You mean Sam, sir?" asked the mother.

"No—his father. I will go out into the lane, and perhaps Fanny will ask him to come to me." Mrs. Brattle immediately became dismayed by a troop of fears, and looked up into his face with soft, supplicating, tearful eyes, so much of sorrow had come to her of late. "There is nothing wrong, Mrs. Brattle," he said.

"I thought perhaps you had heard something of Sam."

"Nothing but what has made me surer than ever that he had no part in what was done at Mr. Trumbull's farm."

"Thank God for that!" said the mother, taking him by the hand. Then Fanny went into the mill, and the vicar followed her out of the house on to the lane.

He stood leaning against a tree till the old man came to him. He then shook the miller's hand and made some remark about the mill. They had begun again that morning, the miller said. Sam had been off again, or they might have been at work on yesterday forenoon.

"Do not be angry with him; he has been on a good work," said the vicar.

"Good or bad, I know nowt of it," said the miller.

"I know, and if you wish I will tell you; but there is another thing I must say first. Come a little way down the lane with me, Mr. Brattle."

The vicar had assumed a tone which was almost one of rebuke—not intending it, but falling into it from want of histrionic power in his attempt to be bold and solemn at the same time. The miller at once resented it.

"Why should I come down the lane?"

said he. "You're axing me to come out at a very busy moment, Muster Fenwick."

"Nothing can be so important as that which I have to say. For the love of God, Mr. Brattle, for the love you bear your wife and children, endure with me for ten minutes." Then he paused and walked on, and Mr. Brattle was still at his elbow. "My friend, I have seen your daughter."

"Which daughter?" said the miller, arresting his step.

"Your daughter Carry, Mr. Brattle." Then the old man turned round and would have hurried back to the mill without a word, but the vicar held him by his coat. "If I have ever been a friend to you or yours, listen to me now one minute."

"Do I come to your house and tell you of your sorrows and your shame? Let me go!"

"Mr. Brattle, if you will stretch forth your hand you may save her. She is your own child—your flesh and blood. Think how easy it is for a poor girl to fall—how great is the temptation and how quick, and how it comes without knowledge of the evil that is to follow. How small is the sin, and how terrible the punishment! Your friends, Mr. Brattle, have forgiven you worse sins than ever she has committed."

"I never shamed none of them," said he, struggling on his way back to the mill.

"It is that, then—your own misfortune and not the girl's sin that would harden your heart against your own child? You will let her perish in the streets—not because she has fallen, but because she has hurt you in her fall! Is that to be a father? Is that to be a man? Mr. Brattle, think better of yourself, and dare to obey the instincts of your heart."

But by this time he had escaped and was striding off in furious silence to the mill. The vicar, oppressed by a sense of utter failure, feeling that his interference had been absolutely valueless—that the man's wrath and constancy were things altogether beyond his reach

—stood where he had been left, hardly daring to return to the mill and say a word or two to the women there. But at last he did go back. He knew well that Brattle himself would not be seen in the house till his present mood was over. After any encounter of words he would go and work in silence for half a day, and would seldom or never refer again to what had taken place. He would never, so thought the vicar, refer to the encounter which had just taken place; but he would remember it always, and it might be that he would never again speak in friendship to a man who had offended him so deeply.

After a moment's thought he determined to tell the wife, and informed her and Fanny that he had seen Carry over at Pycroft Common. The mother's questions as to what her child was doing, how she was living, whether she were ill or well, and, alas! whether she were happy or miserable, who cannot imagine?

"She is anything but happy, I fear," said Mr. Fenwick.

"My poor Carry!"

"I should not wish that she should be happy till she be brought back to the decencies of life. What shall we do to bring her back?"

"Would she come if she were let to come?" asked Fanny.

"I believe she would. I feel sure that she would."

"And what did he say, Mr. Fenwick?" asked the mother. The vicar only shook his head.

"He's very good—to me he's ever been good as gold—but oh, Mr. Fenwick, he is so hard."

"He will not let you speak of her?"

"Never a word, Mr. Fenwick. He'd look at you, sir, so that the gleam of his eyes would fall on you like a blow. I wouldn't dare; nor yet wouldn't Fanny, who dares more with him than any of us."

"If it'd serve her I'd speak," said Fanny.

"But couldn't I see her, Mr. Fenwick? Couldn't you take me in the gig with you, sir? I'd slip out arter break-

fast up to the road, and he wouldn't be no wiser—at least till I war back again. He wouldn't ax no questions then, I'm thinking. Would he, Fan?"

"He'd ask at dinner, but if I said you were out for the day along with Mr. Fenwick, he wouldn't say any more, maybe. He'd know well enough where you was gone to."

Mr. Fenwick said that he would think of it, and let Fanny know on the following Sunday. He could not make a promise now, and at any rate he would not go before Sunday. He did not like to pledge himself suddenly to such an adventure, knowing that it would be best that he should first have his wife's ideas on the matter. Then he took his leave, and as he went out of the house he saw the miller standing at the door of the mill. He raised his hand and said, "Good-bye," but the miller quickly turned his back to him and retreated into his mill.

As he walked up to his house through the village he met Mr. Puddleham. "So Sam Brattle is off again, sir," said the minister.

"Off what, Mr. Puddleham?"

"Gone clean away. Out of the country."

"Who has told you that, Mr. Puddleham?"

"Isn't it true, sir? You ought to know, Mr. Fenwick, as you're one of the bailsmen."

"I've just been at the mill, and I didn't see him."

"I don't think you'll ever see him at the mill again, Mr. Fenwick; nor yet in Bullhampton, unless the people have to bring him here."

"As I was saying, I didn't see him at the mill, Mr. Puddleham, because I didn't go in. But he's working there at this moment, and has been all the day. He's all right, Mr. Puddleham. You go and have a few words with him or with his father, and you'll find they're quite comfortable at the mill now."

"Constable Hicks told me that he was out of the country," said Mr. Puddleham, walking away in considerable disgust.

Mrs. Fenwick's opinion was, upon the whole, rather in favor of the second expedition to Pycroft Common: as she declared, the mother should at any rate be allowed to see her child. She indeed would not submit to the idea of the miller's indomitable powers. If she were Mrs. Brattle, she said, she'd pull the old man's ears and make him give way.

"You go and try," said the vicar.

On the Sunday morning following, Fanny was told that on Wednesday Mr. Fenwick would drive her mother over to Pycroft Common. He had no doubt, he said, but that Carry would still be found living with Mrs. Burrows. He explained that the old woman had luckily been absent during his visit, but would probably be there when they went again. As to that, they must take their chance. And the whole plan was arranged: Mr. Fenwick was to be on the road in his gig at Mr. Gilmore's gate at ten o'clock, and Mrs. Brattle was to meet him there at that hour.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. BRATTLE'S JOURNEY.

MRS. BRATTLE was waiting at the stile opposite to Mr. Gilmore's gate as Mr. Fenwick drove up to the spot. No doubt the dear old woman had been there for the last half hour, thinking that the walk would take her twice as long as it did, and fearing that she might keep the vicar waiting. She had put on her Sunday clothes and her Sunday bonnet, but when she climbed up into the vacant place beside her friend, she found her position to be so strange that for a while she could hardly speak. He said a few words to her, but pressed her with no questions, understanding the cause of her embarrassment. He could not but think that of all his parishioners no two were so unlike each other as were the miller and his wife. The one was so hard and invincible—the other so soft and submissive! Nevertheless it had always been said that Brattle had been a tender and affectionate husband. By

degrees the woman's awe at the horse and gig and strangeness of her position wore off, and she began to talk of her daughter. She had brought a little bundle with her, thinking that she might supply feminine wants, and had apologized humbly for venturing to come so laden. Fenwick, who remembered what Carry had said about money that she still had, and who was nearly sure that the murderers had gone to Pycroft Common after the murder had been committed, had found a difficulty in explaining to Mrs. Brattle that her child was probably not in want. The son had been accused of the murder of the man, and now the vicar had but little doubt that the daughter was living on the proceeds of the robbery.

"It's a hard life she must be living, Mr. Fenwick, with an old 'ooman the likes of that," said Mrs. Brattle. "Perhaps if I'd brought a morsel of some't to eat—"

"I don't think they're pressed in that way, Mrs. Brattle."

"Ain't they now? But it's a'most worse, Mr. Fenwick, when one thinks where it's to come from. The Lord have mercy on her, and bring her out of it!"

"Amen," said the vicar.

"And is she bright at all, and simple still? She was the brightest, simplest lass in all Bull'umpton, I used to think. I suppose her old ways have a'most left her, Mr. Fenwick?"

"I thought her very like what she used to be."

"'Deed now, did you, Mr. Fenwick? And she wasn't mopish and slatternly-like?"

"She was tidy enough. You wouldn't wish me to say that she was happy?"

"I suppose not, Mr. Fenwick. I shouldn't ought—ought I, now? But, Mr. Fenwick, I'd give my left hand she should be happy and gay once more. I suppose none but a mother feels it, but the sound of her voice through the house was ever the sweetest music I know'd on. It'll never have the same ring again, Mr. Fenwick."

He could not tell her that it would. That sainted sinner of whom he had re-

minded Mr. Puddleham—though she had attained to the joy of the Lord—even she had never regained the mirth of her young innocence. There is a bloom on the flower which may rest there till the flower has utterly perished if the handling of it be sufficiently delicate; but no care, nothing that can be done by friends on earth, or even by better friendship from above, can replace that when once displaced. The sound of which the mother was thinking could never be heard again from Carry Brattle's voice. "If we could only get her home once more," said the vicar, "she might be a good daughter to you still."

"I'd be a good mother to her, Mr. Fenwick, but I'm thinking he'll never have it so. I never knew him to change on a thing like that, Mr. Fenwick. He felt it that keenly it nigh killed 'im. Only that he took it out o' hisself in thrashing that wicked man, I a'most think he'd ha' died o' it."

Again the vicar drove to the Bald-faced Stag, and again he walked along the road and over the common. He offered his arm to the old woman, but she wouldn't accept it; nor would she upon any entreaty allow him to carry her bundle. She assured him that his doing so would make her utterly wretched, and at last he gave up the point. She declared that she suffered nothing from fatigue, and that her two miles' walk would not be more than her Sunday journey to church and back. But as she drew near to the house she became uneasy, and once asked to be allowed to pause for a moment. "Maybe, then," said she, "after all, my girl'd rather that I wouldn't trouble her." He took her by the arm and led her along, and comforted her, assuring her that if she would take her child in her arms, Carry would for the moment be in a heaven of happiness. "Take her into my arms, Mr. Fenwick? Why, isn't she in my very heart of hearts at this moment? And I won't say not a word sharp to her—not now, Mr. Fenwick. And why would I say sharp words at all? I suppose she understands it all."

"I think she does, Mrs. Brattle."

They had now reached the door, and the vicar knocked. No answer came at once, but such had been the case when he knocked before. He had learned to understand that in such a household it might not be wise to admit all comers without consideration. So he knocked again, and then again. But still there came no answer. Then he tried the door, and found that it was locked. "Maybe she's seen me coming," said the mother, "and now she won't let me in." The vicar then went round the cottage and found that the back door also was closed. Then he looked in at one of the front windows, and became aware that no one was sitting, at least, in the kitchen. There was an up-stairs room, but of that the window was closed.

"I begin to fear," he said, "that neither of them is at home."

At this moment he heard the voice of a woman calling to him from the door of the nearest cottage—one of the two brick tenements which stood together—and from her learned that Mrs. Burrows had gone into Devizes, and would not probably be home till the evening. Then he asked after Carry, not mentioning her name, but speaking of her as the young woman who lived with Mrs. Burrows. "Her young man come and took her up to Lon'on o' Saturday," said the woman.

Fenwick heard the words, but Mrs. Brattle did not hear them. It did not occur to him not to believe the woman's statement, and all his hopes about the poor creature were at once dashed to the ground. His first feeling was no doubt one of resentment that she had broken her word to him. She had said that she would not go within a month without letting him know that she was going; and there is no fault, no vice, that strikes any of us so strongly as falsehood or injustice against ourselves. And then the nature of the statement was so terrible! She had gone back into utter degradation and iniquity. And who was the young man? As far as he could obtain a clew through the information which had reached him from various

sources, this young man must be the companion of the Grinder in the murder and robbery of Mr. Trumbull. "She has gone away, Mrs. Brattle," said he, with as sad a voice as ever a man used.

"And where be she gone to, Mr. Fenwick? Cannot I go arter her?" He simply shook his head, and took her by the arm to lead her away. "Do they know nothing of her, Mr. Fenwick?"

"She has gone away—probably to London. We must think no more about her, Mrs. Brattle—at any rate for the present. I can only say that I am very, very sorry that I brought you here."

The drive back to Bullhampton was very silent and very sad. Mrs. Brattle had before her the difficulty of explaining her journey to her husband, together with the feeling that the difficulty had been incurred altogether for nothing. As for Fenwick, he was angry with himself for his own past enthusiasm about the girl. After all, Mr. Chamberlaine had shown himself to be the wiser man of the two. He had declared it to be no good to take up special cases, and the vicar as he drove himself home notified to himself his assent to the prebendary's doctrine. The girl had gone off the moment she had ascertained that her friends were aware of her presence and situation. What to her had been the kindness of her clerical friend, or the stories brought to her from her early home, or the dirt and squalor of the life which she was leading? The moment that there was a question of bringing her back to the decencies of the world, she escaped from her friends and hurried back to the pollution which, no doubt, had charms for her. He had allowed himself to think that in spite of her impurity she might again be almost pure, and this was his reward! He deposited the poor woman at the spot at which he had taken her up, almost without a word, and then drove himself home with a heavy heart. "I believe it will be best to be like her father, and never to name her again," said he to his wife.

"But what has she done, Frank?"

"Gone back to the life which I suppose she likes best. Let us say no more

about it—at any rate for the present. I'm sick at heart when I think of it."

Mrs. Brattle, when she got over the stile close to her own home, saw her husband standing at the mill door. Her heart sank within her, if that could be said to sink which was already so low. He did not move, but stood there with his eyes fixed upon her. She had hoped that she might get into the house unobserved by him and learn from Fanny what had taken place, but she felt so like a culprit that she hardly dared to enter the door. Would it not be best to go to him at once and ask his pardon for what she had done? When he spoke to her, which he did at last, his voice was a relief to her. "Where hast been, Maggie?" he asked. She went up to him, put her hand on the lappet of his coat and shook her head. "Best go in and sit easy and bear what God sends," he said. "What's the use of scouring about the country here and there?"

"There has been no use in it to-day, feyther," she said.

"There arn't no use in it—not never," he said; and after that there was no more about it. She went into the house and handed the bundle to Fanny, and sat down on the bed and cried.

On the following morning Frank Fenwick received the following letter:

"LONDON, Sunday.

"HONORED SIR:

"I told you that I would write if it came as I was going away, but I've been forced to go without writing. There was nothing to write with at the cottage. Mrs. Burrows and me had words, and I thought as she would rob me, and perhaps worse. She is a bad woman, and I could stand it no longer; so I just come up here, as there was nowhere else for me to find a place to lie down in. I thought I'd just write and tell you, because of my word; but I know it isn't no use.

"I'd send my respects and love to father and mother, if I dared. I did think of going over; but I know he'd kill me, and so he ought. I'd send my respects to Mrs. Fenwick, only that I

isn't fit to name her;—and my love to sister Fanny. I've come away here, and must just wait till I die.

"Yours humbly, and most unfortunate,
CARRY.

"If it's any good to be sorry, nobody can be more sorry than me, and nobody more unhappy. I did try to pray when you was gone, but it only made me more ashamed. If there was only anywhere to go to, I'd go."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BULL AT LORING.

GILMORE had told his friend that he would do two things—that he would start off and travel for four or five years, and that he would pay a visit to Loring. Fenwick had advised him to do neither, but to stay at home and dig and say his prayers. But in such emergencies no man takes his friend's advice; and when Mr. Chamberlaine had left him, Gilmore had made up his mind that he would at any rate go to Loring. He went to church on the Sunday morning, and was half resolved to tell Mrs. Fenwick of his purpose; but chance delayed her in the church, and he sauntered away home without having mentioned it. He let half the next week pass by without stirring beyond his own grounds. During those three days he changed his mind half a dozen times; but at last, on the Thursday, he had his portmanteau packed and started on his journey. As he was preparing to leave the house he wrote one line to Fenwick in pencil: "I am this moment off to Loring.—H. G." This he left in the village as he drove through to the Westbury station.

He had formed no idea in his own mind of any definite purpose in going. He did not know what he should do or what say when he got to Loring. He had told himself a hundred times that any persecution of the girl on his part would be mean and unworthy of him. And he was also aware that no condition in which a man could place himself was more open to contempt than that of a whining, pining, unsuccessful lover.

A man is bound to take a woman's decision against him, bear it as he may, and say as little against it as possible. He is bound to do so when he is convinced that a woman's decision is final; and there can be no stronger proof of such finality than the fact that she has declared a preference for some other man. All this Gilmore knew, but he would not divest himself of the idea that there might still be some turn in the wheel of fortune. He had heard a vague rumor that Captain Marrable, his rival, was a very dangerous man. His uncle was quite sure that the captain's father was thoroughly bad, and had thrown out hints against the son, which Gilmore in his anxiety magnified till he felt convinced that the girl whom he loved with all his heart was going to throw herself into the arms of a thorough scamp. Could he not do something—if not for his own sake, then for hers? Might it not be possible for him to deliver her from danger? What if he should discover some great iniquity?—would she not then in her gratitude be softened toward him? It was on the cards that this reprobate was married already, and was about to commit bigamy. It was quite probable that such a man should be deeply in debt. As for the fortune that had been left to him, Mr. Chamberlaine had already ascertained that that amounted to nothing. It had been consumed to the last shilling in paying the joint debts of the father and son. Men such as Mr. Chamberlaine have sources of information which are marvelous to the minds of those who are more secluded, and not the less marvelous because the information is invariably false. Gilmore in this way almost came to a conviction that Mary Lowther was about to sacrifice herself to a man utterly unworthy of her, and he taught himself not to think—but to believe it to be possible—that he might save her. Those who knew him would have said that he was the last man in the world to be carried away by a romantic notion; but he had his own idea of romance as plainly developed in his mind as was ever the case with a knight of old who

went forth for the relief of a distressed damsel. If he could do anything toward saving her, he would do it, or try to do it, though he should be brought to ruin in the attempt. Might it not be that at last he would have the reward which other knights always attained? The chance in his favor was doubtless small, but the world was nothing to him without this chance.

He had never been at Loring before, but he had learned the way. He went to Chippenham and Swindon, and then by the train to Loring. He had no very definite plan formed for himself. He rather thought that he would call at Miss Marrable's house—call if possible when Mary Lowther was not there—and learn from the elder lady something of the facts of the case. He had been well aware for many weeks past, from early days in the summer, that old Miss Marrable had been in favor of his claim. He had heard, too, that there had been family quarrels among the Marrables, and a word had been dropped in his hearing by Mrs. Fenwick which had implied that Miss Marrable was by no means pleased with the match which her niece Mary Lowther was proposing to herself. Everything seemed to show that Captain Marrable was a most undesirable person.

When he reached the station at Loring, it was incumbent on him to go somewhither at once. He must provide for himself for the night. He found two omnibuses at the station, and two inn-servants competing with great ardor for his carpet-bag. There were the Dragon and the Bull fighting for him. The Bull in the Lowtown was commercial and prosperous. The Dragon at Uphill was aristocratic, devoted to county purposes, and rather hard set to keep its jaws open and its tail flying. Prosperity is always becoming more prosperous, and the allurements of the Bull prevailed. "Are you a-going to rob the gent of his walise?" said the indignant Boots of the Bull as he rescued Mr. Gilmore's property from the hands of his natural enemy, as soon as he had secured the entrance of Mr. Gilmore into his own

vehicle. Had Mr. Gilmore known that the Dragon was next door but one to Miss Marrable's house, and that the Bull was nearly equally contiguous to that in which Captain Marrable was residing, his choice probably would not have been altered. In such cases the knight who is to be the deliverer desires above all things that he may be near to his enemy.

He was shown up to a bed-room, and then ushered into the commercial room of the house. Loring, though it does a pretty trade as a small town, and now has for some years been regarded as a thriving place in its degree, is not of such importance in the way of business as to support a commercial inn of the first class. At such houses the commercial room is as much closed against the uninitiated as is a first-class club in London. In such rooms a non-commercial man would be almost as much astray as is a non-broker in Capel Court, or an attorney in a Bar mess-room. At the Bull things were a little mixed. The very fact that the words "Commercial Room" were painted on the door proved to those who understood such matters that there was a doubt in the case. They had no coffee-room at the Bull, and strangers who came that way were of necessity shown into that in which the gentlemen of the road were wont to relax themselves. Certain commercial laws are maintained in such apartments. Cigars are not allowed before nine o'clock, except upon some distinct arrangement with the waiter. There is not, as a rule, a regular daily commercial repast, but when three or more gentlemen dine together at five o'clock, the dinner becomes a commercial dinner, and the commercial laws as to wine, etc., are enforced, with more or less restriction as circumstances may seem to demand. At the present time there was but one occupant of the chamber to greet Mr. Gilmore when he entered, and this greeting was made with all the full honors of commercial courtesy. The commercial gentleman is of his nature gregarious, and although he be exclusive to a strong degree—more so probably than almost

any other man in regard to the sacred hour of dinner when in the full glory of his confraternity—he will condescend, when the circumstances of his profession have separated him from his professional brethren, to be festive with almost any gentleman whom chance may throw in his way. Mr. Cockey had been alone for a whole day when Gilmore arrived, having reached Loring just twenty-four hours in advance of our friend, and was contemplating the sadly-diminished joys of a second solitary dinner at the Bull when fortune threw this stranger in his way. The waiter, looking at the matter in a somewhat similar light, and aware that a combined meal would be for the advantage of all parties, very soon assisted Mr. Cockey in making his arrangements for the evening. Mr. Gilmore would no doubt want to dine. Dinner would be served at five o'clock. Mr. Cockey was going to dine, and Mr. Gilmore, the waiter thought, would probably be glad to join him. Mr. Cockey expressed himself as delighted, and would only be too happy. Now men in love, let their case be ever so bad, must dine or die. So much, no doubt, is not admitted by the chroniclers of the old knights who went forth after their ladies; but the old chroniclers, if they soared somewhat higher than do those of the present day, are admitted to have been on the whole less circumstantially truthful. Our knight was very sad at heart, and would have done according to his prowess as much as any Orlando of them all for the lady whom he loved; but nevertheless he was anhungered: the mention of dinner was pleasant to him, and he accepted the joint courtesies of Mr. Cockey and the waiter with gratitude.

The codfish and beefsteak, though somewhat woolly and tough, were wholesome, and the pint of sherry which at Mr. Cockey's suggestion was supplied to them, if not of itself wholesome, was innocent by reason of its dimensions. Mr. Cockey himself was pleasant and communicative, and told Mr. Gilmore a good deal about Loring. Our friend was afraid to ask any leading questions as to the persons in the place who in-

terested himself, feeling conscious that his own subject was one which would not bear touch from a rough hand. He did at last venture to make inquiry about the clergyman of the parish. Mr. Cockey, with some merriment at his own wit, declared that the church was a house of business at which he did not often call for orders. Though he had been coming to Loring now for four years, he had never heard anything of the clergyman, but the waiter no doubt would tell them. Gilmore rather hesitated, and protested that he cared little for the matter; but the waiter was called in and questioned, and was soon full of stories about old Mr. Marrable. He was a good sort of man in his way, the waiter thought, but not much of a preacher. The people liked him because he never interfered with them. "He don't go poking his nose into people's 'ouses like some of 'em," said the waiter, who then began to tell of the pertinacity in that respect of a younger clergyman at Uphill. Yes; Parson Marrable had a relation living at Uphill—an old lady. "No; not his grandmother." This was in answer to a joke on the part of Mr. Cockey. Nor yet a daughter. The waiter thought she was some kind of a cousin, though he did not know what kind. A very grand lady was Miss Marrable, according to his showing, and much thought of by the quality. There was a young lady living with her, though the waiter did not know the young lady's name.

"Does the Rev. Mr. Marrable live alone?" asked Gilmore. "Well, yes—for the most part quite alone. But just at present he had a visitor." Then the waiter told all that he knew about the captain. The most material part of this was, that the captain had returned from London that very evening—had come in by the express while the two "gents" were at dinner, and had been taken to the Lowtown parsonage by the Bull 'bus. "Quite the gentleman" was the captain, according to the waiter, and one of the "handsomest gents as ever he'd set his eyes upon." "D—n him!" said poor Harry Gilmore to himself. Then he ventured upon another question. Did the waiter

know anything of Captain Marrable's father? The waiter only knew that the captain's father was "a military gent, and was high up in the army." From all which the only information which Gilmore received was the fact that the match between Marrable and Mary Lowther had not as yet become the talk of the town. After dinner Mr. Cockey proposed a glass of toddy and a cigar, remarking that he would move a bill for dispensing with the smoking rule for that night only; and to this also Gilmore assented. Now that he was at Loring he did not know what to do with himself better than drinking toddy with Mr. Cockey. Mr. Cockey declared the bill to be carried *nem. con.*, and the cigars and toddy were produced. Mr. Cockey remarked that he had heard of Sir Gregory Marrable, of Dunripple Park. He traveled in Warwickshire, and was in the habit, as he said, of fishing up little facts. Sir Gregory wasn't much of a man, according to his account. The estate was small, and, as Mr. Cockey fancied, a little out at elbows. Mr. Cockey thought it all very well to be a country gentleman and a "barrow-knight," as he called it, as long as you had an estate to follow, but he thought very little of a title without plenty of stuff. Commerce, according to his notions, was the backbone of the nation; and that the corps of traveling commercial gentlemen was the backbone of trade, every child knew. Mr. Cockey became warm and friendly as he drank his toddy. "Now I don't know what you are, sir," said he.

"I'm not very much of anything," said Gilmore.

"Perhaps not, sir. Let that be as it may. But a man, sir, that feels that he's one of the supports of the commercial supremacy of this nation ain't got much reason to be ashamed of himself."

"Not on that account, certainly."

"Nor yet on no other account, as long as he's true to his employers. Now you talk of country gentlemen!"

"I didn't talk of them," said Gilmore.

"Well, no you didn't; but they do, you know. What does a country gen-

tleman know, and what does he do? What's the country the better of him? He 'unts, and he shoots, and he goes to bed with his skin full of wine, and then he gets up and he 'unts and he shoots again, and 'as his skin full once more. That's about all."

"Sometimes he's a magistrate."

"Yes, justices' justice! we know all about that. Put an old man in prison for a week because he looks into his 'ay-field on a Sunday, or send a young one to the treadmill for two months because he knocks over a 'are! All them cases ought to be tried in the towns, and there should be beaks paid as there is in London. I don't see the good of a country gentleman. Buying and selling—that's what the world has to go by."

"They buy and sell land."

"No they don't. They buy a bit now and then, when they're screws, and they sell a bit now and then when the eating and drinking has gone too fast. But as for capital and investment, they know nothing about it. After all, they ain't getting above two and a half per cent. for their money. We all know what that must come to."

Mr. Cockey had been so mild before the pint of sherry and the glass of toddy that Mr. Gilmore was somewhat dismayed by the change. Mr. Cockey, however, in his altered aspect seemed to be so much the less gracious that Gilmore left him and strolled out into the town. He climbed up the hill, and walked round the church, and looked up at the windows of Miss Marrable house, of which he had learned the site; but he had no adventure, saw nothing that interested him, and at half-past nine took himself wearily to bed.

That same day Captain Marrable had run down from London to Loring laden with terrible news. The money on which he had counted was all gone! "What do you mean?" said his uncle: "have the lawyers been deceiving you all through?"

"What is it to me?" said the ruined man. "It is all gone. They have satisfied me that nothing more can be

done." Parson John whistled with a long-drawn note of wonder. "The people they were dealing with would be willing enough to give up the money, but it's all gone. It's spent, and there's no trace of it."

"Poor fellow!"

"I've seen my father, Uncle John."

"And what passed?"

"I told him that he was a scoundrel, and then I left him. I didn't strike him."

"I should hope not that, Walter."

"I kept my hands off him; but when a man has ruined you, as he has me, it doesn't much matter who he is. Your father and any other man are much the same to you then. He was worn and old and pale, or I should have felled him to the ground."

"And what will you do now?"

"Just go to that hell upon earth on the other side of the globe. There's nothing else to be done. I've applied for extension of leave, and told them why."

Nothing more was said that night between the uncle and nephew, and no word had been spoken about Mary Lowther. On the next morning the breakfast at the parsonage passed by in silence. Parson John had been thinking a good deal of Mary, but had resolved that it was best that he should hold his tongue for the present. From the moment in which he had first heard of the engagement, he had made up his mind that his nephew and Mary Lowther would never be married. Seeing what his nephew was—or rather seeing that which he fancied his nephew to be—he was sure that he would not sacrifice himself by such a marriage. There was always a way out of things, and Walter Marrable would be sure to find it. The way out of it had been found now with a vengeance. Immediately after breakfast the captain took his hat without a word, and walked steadily up the hill to Uphill Lane. As he passed the door of the Bull he saw—but took no notice of—a gentleman who was standing under the covered entrance to the inn, and who had watched him coming out from the

parsonage gate ; but Gilmore, the moment that his eyes fell upon the captain, declared to himself that that was his rival. Captain Marrable walked straight up the hill and knocked at Miss Marrable's door. Was Miss Lowther at home? Of course Miss Lowther was at home at such an hour. The girl said that Miss Mary was alone in the breakfast-parlor. Miss Marrable had already gone down to the kitchen. Without waiting for another word, he walked into the little back room, and there he found his love. "Walter," she said, jumping up and running to him, "how good of you to come so soon! We didn't expect you these two days." She had thrown herself in his arms, but though he embraced her, he did not kiss her. "There is something the matter!" she said. "What is it?" As she spoke she drew away from him and looked up into his face. He smiled and shook his head, still holding her by the waist. "Tell me, Walter: I know there is something wrong."

"It is only that dirty money. My father has succeeded in getting it all."

"All, Walter?" said she, again drawing herself away.

"Every shilling," said he, dropping his arm.

"That will be very bad."

"Not a doubt of it. I felt it just as you do."

"And all our pretty plans are gone."

"Yes—all our pretty plans."

"And what shall you do now?"

"There is only one thing. I shall go to India again. Of course it is just the same to me as though I were told that sentence of death had gone against me—only it will not be so soon over."

"Don't say that, Walter."

"Why not say it, my dear, when I feel it?"

"But you don't feel it. I know it must be bad for you, but it is not quite that. I will not think that you have nothing left worth living for."

"I can't ask you to go with me to that happy Paradise."

"But I can ask you to take me," she said; "though perhaps it will be better that I should not."

"My darling! my own darling!" Then she came back to him and laid her head upon his shoulders, and lifted his hand till it came again round her waist. And he kissed her forehead and smoothed her hair. "Swear to me," she said, "that whatever happens you will not put me away from you."

"Put you away, dearest! A man doesn't put away the only morsel he has to keep him from starving. But yet as I came up here this morning I resolved that I would put you away."

"Walter!"

"And even now I know that they will tell me that I should do so. How can I take you out there to such a life as that, without having the means of keeping a house over your head?"

"Officers do marry without fortunes."

"Yes; and what sort of a time do their wives have? Oh, Mary, my own, my own, my own! it is very bad! You cannot understand it all at once, but it is very bad."

"If it be better for you, Walter—" she said, again drawing herself away.

"It is not that, and do not say that it is. Let us, at any rate, trust each other."

She gave herself a little shake before she answered him: "I will trust you in everything—as God is my judge, in everything. What you tell me to do, I will do. But, Walter, I will say one thing first. I can look forward to nothing but absolute misery in any life that will separate me from you. I know the difference between comfort and discomfort in money-matters, but all that is as a feather in the balance. You are my god upon earth, and to you I must cling. Whether you be away from me or with me, I must cling to you the same. If I am to be separated from you for a time, I can do it with hope. If I am to be separated from you for ever, I shall still do so—with despair. And now I will trust you, and I will do whatever you tell me. If you forbid me to call you mine any longer, I will obey and will never reproach you."

"I will always be yours," he said, taking her again to his heart.

"Then, dearest, you shall not find me wanting for anything you may ask of me. Of course you can't decide at present."

"I have decided that I must go to India. I have asked for the exchange."

"Yes, I understand; but about our marriage? It may be that you should go out first. I would not be unmaidenly, Walter; but remember this—the sooner the better, if I can be a comfort to you. But I can bear any delay rather than be a clog upon you."

Marrable, as he had walked up the hill—and during all his thoughts indeed since he had been convinced that the money was gone from him—had been disposed to think that his duty to Mary required him to give her up. He had asked her to be his wife when he believed his circumstances to be other than they were; and now he knew that the life he had to offer to her was one of extreme discomfort. He had endeavored to shake off any idea that as he must go back to India it would be more comfortable for himself to return without than with a wife. He wanted to make the sacrifice of himself, and had determined that he would do so. Now, at any rate for the moment, all his resolves were thrown to the wind. His own love was so strong and was so gratified by her love that half his misery was carried away in an enthusiasm of romantic devotion. Let the worst come to the worst, the man that was so loved by such a woman could not be of all men the most miserable.

He left the house, giving to her the charge of telling the bad news to Miss Marrable; and as he went he saw in the street before the house the man whom he had seen standing an hour before under the gateway of the inn. And Gilmore saw him too, and well knew where he had been.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AUNT AND THE UNCLE.

MISS MARRABLE heard the story of the captain's loss in perfect silence. Mary told it craftily, with a smile on her

face, as though she were but slightly affected by it, and did not think very much on the change it might effect in her plans and those of her lover. "He has been ill-treated, has he not?" she said.

"Very badly treated. I can't understand it, but it seems to me that he has been most shamefully treated."

"He tried to explain it all to me, but I don't know that he succeeded."

"Why did the lawyers deceive him?"

"I think he was a little rash there. He took what they told him for more than it was worth. There was some woman who said that she would resign her claim, but when they came to look into it, she too had signed some papers and the money was all gone. He could recover it from his father by law, only that his father has got nothing."

"And that is to be the end of it?"

"That is the end of our five thousand pounds," said Mary, forcing a little laugh. Miss Marrable for a few moments made no reply. She sat fidgety in her seat, feeling that it was her duty to explain to Mary what must, in her opinion, be the inevitable result of this misfortune, and yet not knowing how to begin her task. Mary was partly aware of what was coming, and had fortified herself to reject all advice, to assert her right to do as she pleased with herself, and to protest that she cared nothing for the prudent views of worldly-minded people. But she was afraid of what was coming. She knew that arguments would be used which she would find it very difficult to answer; and, although she had settled upon certain strong words which she would speak, she felt that she would be driven at last to quarrel with her aunt. On one thing she was quite resolved. Nothing should induce her to give up her engagement, short of the expression of a wish to that effect from Walter Marrable himself.

"How will this affect you, dear?" said Miss Marrable at last.

"I should have been a poor man's wife, anyhow. Now I shall be the wife of a very poor man. I suppose that will be the effect."

"What will he do?"

"He has, aunt, made up his mind to go to India."

"Has he made up his mind to anything else?"

"Of course I know what you mean, aunt?"

"Why should you not know? I mean, that a man going out to India, and intending to live there as an officer on his pay, cannot be in want of a wife."

"You speak of a wife as if she were the same as a coach-and-four or a box at the opera—a sort of luxury for rich men. Marriage, aunt, is like death—common to all."

"In our position in life, Mary, marriage cannot be made so common as to be undertaken without foresight for the morrow. A poor gentleman is farther removed from marriage than any other man."

"One knows, of course, that there will be difficulties."

"What I mean, Mary, is that you will have to give it up."

"Never, Aunt Sarah. I shall never give it up."

"Do you mean that you will marry him now at once, and go out to India with him, as a dead weight round his neck?"

"I mean that he shall choose about that."

"It is for you to choose, Mary. Don't be angry. I am bound to tell you what I think. You can, of course, act as you please, but I think that you ought to listen to me. He cannot go back from his engagement without laying himself open to imputations of bad conduct."

"Nor can I."

"Pardon me, dear. That depends, I think, upon what passes between you. It is at any rate for you to propose the release to him—not to fix him with the burden of proposing it." Mary's heart quailed as she heard this, but she did not show her feeling by any expression on her face. "For a man, placed as he is, about to return to such a climate as that of India, with such work before him as I suppose men have there, the burden of a wife, without the means of maintain-

ing her according to his views of life and hers—"

"We have no views of life. We know that we shall be poor."

"It is the old story of love and a cottage—only under the most unfavorable circumstances. A woman's view of it is of course different from that of a man. He has seen more of the world, and knows better than she does what poverty and a wife and family mean."

"There is no reason why we should be married at once."

"A long engagement for you would be absolutely disastrous."

"Of course, there is disaster," said Mary. "The loss of Walter's money is disastrous. One has to put up with disaster. But the worst of all disasters would be to be separated. I can stand anything but that."

"It seems to me, Mary, that within the last few weeks your character has become altogether altered."

"Of course it has."

"You used to think so much more of other people than yourself."

"Don't I think of him, Aunt Sarah?"

"As of a thing of your own. Two months ago you did not know him, and now you are a millstone round his neck."

"I will never be a millstone round anybody's neck," said Mary, walking out of the room. She felt that her aunt had been very cruel to her—had attacked her in her misery without mercy; and yet she knew that every word that had been uttered had been spoken in pure affection. She did not believe that her aunt's chief purpose had been to save Walter from the fruits of an imprudent marriage. Had she so believed, the words would have had more effect on her. She saw, or thought that she saw, that her aunt was trying to save herself against her own will, and at this she was indignant. She was determined to persevere; and this endeavor to make her feel that her perseverance would be disastrous to the man she loved was, she thought, very cruel. She stalked up stairs with unruffled demeanor, but when there she threw herself on her bed and sobbed bitterly. Could it be that it was

her duty, for his sake, to tell him that the whole thing should be at an end? It was impossible for her to do so now, because she had sworn to him that she would be guided altogether by him in his present troubles. She must keep her word to him, whatever happened; but of this she was quite sure—that if he should show the slightest sign of a wish to be free from his engagement, she would make him free at once. She would make him free, and would never allow herself to think for a moment that he had been wrong. She had told him what her own feelings were very plainly—perhaps, in her enthusiasm, too plainly—and now he must judge for himself and for her. In respect to her aunt, she would endeavor to avoid any further conversation on the subject till her lover should have decided finally what would be best for both of them. If he should choose to say that everything between them should be over, she would acquiesce; and all the world should be over for her at the same time.

While this was going on in Uphill Lane, something of the same kind was taking place at the Lowtown parsonage. Parson John became aware that his nephew had been with the ladies at Uphill, and when the young man came in for lunch he asked some question which introduced the subject: "You've told them of this fresh trouble, no doubt?"

"I didn't see Miss Marrable," said the captain.

"I don't know that Miss Marrable much signifies. You haven't asked Miss Marrable to be your wife."

"I saw Mary, and told her."

"I hope you made no bones about it?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I hope you told her that you two had had your little game of play like two children, and that there must be an end of it."

"No; I didn't tell her that."

"That's what you have got to tell her in some kind of language, and the sooner you do it the better. Of course you can't marry her. You couldn't have done it if this money had been all right, and it's out of the question now. Bless my soul! how you would hate each other before

six months were over! I can understand that, for a strong fellow like you, when he's used to it, India may be a jolly place enough—"

"It's a great deal more than I can understand."

"But for a poor man with a wife and family—oh dear! it must be very bad indeed. And neither of you have ever been used to that kind of thing."

"I have not," said the captain.

"Nor has she. That old lady up there is not rich, but she is as proud as Lucifer, and always lives as though the whole place belonged to her. She's a good manager, and she don't run in debt; but Mary Lowther knows no more of roughing it than a duchess."

"I hope I may never have to teach her."

"I trust you never may. It's a very bad lesson for a young man to have to teach a young woman. Some women die in the learning. Some won't learn it at all: others do, and become dirty and rough themselves. Now, you are very particular about women."

"I like to see them well turned out."

"What would you think of your own wife, nursing perhaps a couple of babies, dressed nohow when she gets up in the morning, and going on in the same way till night? That's the kind of life with officers who marry on their pay. I don't say anything against it. If the man likes it—or rather if he's able to put up with it—it may be all very well; but you couldn't put up with it. Mary's very nice now, but you'd come to be so sick of her that you'd feel half like cutting her throat—or your own."

"It would be the latter for choice, sir."

"I dare say it would. But even that isn't a pleasant thing to look forward to. I'll tell you the truth about it, my boy. When you first came to me and told me that you were going to marry Mary Lowther, I knew it could not be. It was no business of mine, but I knew it could not be. Such engagements always get themselves broken off somehow. Now and again there are a pair of fools who go through with it, but for the most

part it's a matter of kissing and lovers' vows for a week or two."

"You seem to know all about it, Uncle John?"

"I haven't lived to be seventy without knowing something, I suppose. And now here you are without a shilling. I dare say, if the truth were known, you've a few debts here and there."

"I may owe three or four hundred pounds or so."

"As much as a year's income; and you talk of marrying a girl without a farthing."

"She has twelve hundred pounds."

"Just enough to pay your own debts, and take you out to India, so that you may start without a penny. Is that the sort of career that will suit you, Walter? Can you trust yourself to that kind of thing with a wife under your arm? If you were a man of fortune, no doubt Mary would make a very nice wife, but as it is you must give it up."

Whereupon Captain Marrable lit a pipe and took himself into the parson's garden, thence into the stables and stable-yard, and again back to the garden, thinking of all this. There was not a word spoken by Parson John which Walter did not know to be true. He had already come to the conclusion that he must go out to India before he married. As for marrying Mary at once and taking her with him this winter, that was impossible. He must go and look about him; and as he thought of this he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he regarded the delay as a reprieve. The sooner the better had been Mary's view with him. Though he was loth enough to entertain the idea of giving her up, he was obliged to confess that, like the condemned man, he desired a long day. There was nothing happy before him in the whole prospect of his life. Of course he loved Mary. He loved her very dearly. He loved her so dearly that to have her taken from him would be to have his heart plucked asunder. So he swore to himself; and yet he was in doubt whether it would not be better that his heart should be plucked asunder than

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that she should be made to live in accordance with those distasteful pictures which his uncle had drawn for him. Of himself he would not think at all. Everything must be bad for him. What happiness could a man expect who had been misused, cheated and ruined by his own father? For himself it did not much matter what became of him, but he began to doubt whether for Mary's sake it would not be well that they should be separated. And then Mary had thrust upon him the whole responsibility of a decision!

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARY LOWTHER FEELS HER WAY.

THAT afternoon there came down to the parsonage a note from Mary to the captain, asking her lover to meet her and walk with her before dinner. He met her, and they took their accustomed stroll along the towing-path and into the fields. Mary had thought much of her aunt's words before the note was written, and had a fixed purpose of her own in view. It was true enough that though she loved this man with all her heart and soul—so loved him that she could not look forward to life apart from him without seeing that such life would be a great blank—yet she was aware that she hardly knew him. We are apt to suppose that love should follow personal acquaintance; and yet love at third sight is probably as common as any love at all, and it takes a great many sights before one human being can know another. Years are wanted to make a friendship, but days suffice for men and women to get married. Mary was, after a fashion, aware that she had been too quick in giving away her heart, and that now, when the gift had been made in full, it became her business to learn what sort of man was he to whom she had given it. And it was not only his nature as it affected her, but his nature as it affected himself, that she must study. She did not doubt but that he was good and true and noble-minded; but it might be possible that a man good, true and noble-

minded might have lived with so many indulgences around him as to be unable to achieve the constancy of heart which would be necessary for such a life as that which would be now before them if they married. She had told him that he should decide for himself and for her also—thus throwing upon him the responsibility, and throwing upon him also, very probably, the necessity of a sacrifice. She had meant to be generous and trusting, but it might be that of all courses that which she had adopted was the least generous. In order that she might put this wrong right if there were a wrong, she had asked him to come and walk with her. They met at the usual spot, and she put her hand through his arm with her accustomed smile, leaning upon him somewhat heavily for a minute, as girls do when they want to show that they claim the arm that they lean on as their own.

"Have you told Parson John?" said Mary.

"Oh yes."

"And what does he say?"

"Just what a crabbed, crafty, selfish old bachelor of seventy would be sure to say."

"You mean that he has told you to give up all idea of comforting yourself with a wife?"

"Just that."

"And Aunt Sarah has been saying exactly the same to me. You can't think how eloquent Aunt Sarah has been. And her energy has quite surprised me."

"I don't think Aunt Sarah was ever much of a friend of mine," said the captain.

"Not in the way of matrimony: in other respects she approves of you highly, and is rather proud of you than otherwise as a Marrable. If you were only heir to the title, or something of that kind, she would think you the finest fellow going."

"I wish I could gratify her, with all my heart."

"She is such a dear old creature! You don't know her in the least, Walter. I am told she was ever so pretty

when she was a girl; but she had no fortune of her own at that time, and she didn't care to marry beneath her position. You mustn't abuse her."

"I've not abused her."

"What she has been saying I am sure is very true; and I dare say Parson John has been saying the same thing."

"If she has caused you to change your mind, say so at once, Mary. I sha'n't complain."

Mary pressed his arm involuntarily, and loved him so dearly for the little burst of wrath. Was it really true that he, too, had set his heart upon it?—that all that the crafty old uncle had said had been of no avail?—that he also loved so well that he was willing to change the whole course of his life and become another person for the sake of her? If it were so, she would not say a word that could by possibility make him think that she was afraid. She would feel her way carefully, so that he might not be led by a chance phrase to imagine that what she was about to say was said on her own behalf. She would be very careful, but at the same time she would be so explicit that there should be no doubt on his mind but that he had her full permission to retire from the engagement if he thought it best to do so. She was quite ready to share the burdens of life with him, let them be what they might, but she would not be a millstone round his neck. At any rate, he should not be weighted with the millstone if he himself looked upon a loving wife in that light.

"She has not caused me to change my mind at all, Walter. Of course I know that all this is very serious. I knew that, without Aunt Sarah's telling me. After all, Aunt Sarah can't be so wise as you ought to be, who have seen India and who know it well."

"India is not a nice place to live in, especially for women."

"I don't know that Loring is very nice, but one has to take that as it comes. Of course it would be nicer if you could live at home and have plenty of money. I wish I had a fortune of

my own : I never cared for it before, but I do now."

"Things don't come by wishing, Mary."

"No, but things do come by resolving and struggling. I have no doubt but that you will live yet to do something and to be somebody. I have that faith in you. But I can well understand that a wife may be a great impediment in your way."

"I don't want to think of myself at all."

"But you must think of yourself. For a woman, after all, it doesn't matter much. She isn't expected to do anything particular. A man, of course, must look to his own career, and take care that he does nothing to mar it."

"I don't quite understand what you're driving at," said the captain.

"Well, I'm driving at this — that I think that you are bound to decide upon doing that which you feel to be wisest, without reference to my feelings. Of course I love you better than anything in the world. I can't be so false as to say it isn't so. Indeed, to tell the truth, I don't know that I really ever loved anybody else. But if it is proper that we should be separated, I shall get over it—in a way."

"You mean you'd marry somebody else in the process of time?"

"No, Walter : I do not mean that. Women shouldn't make protestations, but I don't think I ever should. But a woman can live and get on very well without being married, and I should always have you in my heart, and I should try to comfort myself with remembering that you had loved me."

"I am quite sure that I shall never marry any one else," said the captain.

"You know what I'm driving at now—eh, Walter?"

"Partly."

"I want you to know wholly. I told you this morning that I should leave it to you to decide. I still say the same. I consider myself for the present as much bound to obey you as though I were your wife already. But after saying that, and after hearing Aunt Sarah's

sermon, I felt that I ought to make you understand that I am quite aware that it may be impossible for you to keep to your engagement. You understand all that better than I do. Our engagement was made when you thought you had money, and even then you felt that there was little enough."

"It was very little."

"And now there is none. I don't profess to be afraid of poverty myself, because I don't quite know what it means."

"It means something very unpleasant."

"No doubt ; and it would be unpleasant to be parted, wouldn't it?"

"It would be horrible."

She pressed his arm again as she went on : "You must judge between the two. What I want you to understand is this— that whatever you may judge to be right and best, I will agree to it, and will think that it is right and best. If you say that we will get ourselves married and try it, I shall feel that not to get ourselves married and not to try it is a manifest impossibility ; and if you say that we should be wrong to get married and try it, then I will feel that to have done so was quite a manifest impossibility."

"Mary," said he, "you're an angel!"

"No ; but I'm a woman who loves well enough to be determined not to hurt the man she loves if she can help it."

"There is one thing on which we must decide."

"What is that?"

"I must at any rate go out before we are married." Mary Lowther felt this to be a decision in her favor—to be a decision which for the time made her happy and light-hearted. She had so dreaded a positive and permanent separation that the delay seemed to her to be hardly an evil.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. GILMORE'S SUCCESS.

HARRY GILMORE, the prosperous country gentleman, the county magistrate, the man of acres, the nephew of

Mr. Chamberlaine, repected by all who knew him—with the single exception of the Marquis of Trowbridge—was now so much reduced that he felt himself to be an inferior being to Mr. Cockey, with whom he breakfasted. He had come to Loring, and now he was there he did not know what to do with himself. He had come there, in truth, not because he really thought he could do any good, but driven out of his home by sheer misery. He was a man altogether upset, and verging on to a species of insanity. He was so uneasy in his mind that he could read nothing. He was half ashamed of being looked at by those who knew him; and had felt some relief in the society of Mr. Cockey till Mr. Cockey had become jovial with wine, simply because Mr. Cockey was so poor a creature that he felt no fear of him. But as he had come to Loring, it was necessary that he should do something. He could not come to Loring and go back again without saying a word to anybody. Fenwick would ask him questions, and the truth would come out. There came upon him this morning an idea that he would not go back home—that he would leave Loring and go away without giving any reason to any one. He was his own master. No one would be injured by anything that he might do. He had a right to spend his income as he pleased. Everything was distasteful that reminded him of Bullhampton. But still he knew that this was no more than a madman's idea—that it would ill become him so to act. He had duties to perform, and he must perform them, let them be ever so distasteful. It was only an idea, made to be rejected, but nevertheless he thought of it.

To do something, however, was incumbent on him. After breakfast he sauntered up the hill and saw Captain Marrable enter the house in which Mary Lowther lived. He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself in thus creeping about and spying things out; and, in truth, he had not intended to watch his rival. He wandered into the churchyard, sat there some time on the tomb-

stones, and then again went down to the inn. Mr. Cockey was going to Gloucester by an afternoon train, and invited him to join an early dinner at two. He assented, though by this time he had come to hate Mr. Cockey. Mr. Cockey assumed an air of superiority, and gave his opinions about matters political and social, as though his companion were considerably below him in intelligence and general information. He dictated to poor Gilmore, and laid down the law as to eating onions with beefsteaks in a manner that was quite offensive. Nevertheless, the unfortunate man bore with his tormentor, and felt desolate when he was left alone in the commercial room, Cockey having gone out to complete his last round of visits to his customers. "Orders first and money afterward," Cockey had said, and Cockey had now gone out to look after his money.

Gilmore sat for some half hour helpless over the fire, and then, starting up, snatched his hat and hurried out of the house. He walked as quickly as he could up the hill, and rang the bell at Miss Marrable's house. Had he been there ten minutes sooner, he would have seen Mary Lowther tripping down the side path to meet her lover. He rang the bell, and in a few minutes found himself in Miss Marrable's drawing-room. He had asked for Miss Marrable, had given his name and had been shown up stairs. There he remained alone for a few minutes, which seemed to him to be interminable. During these minutes Miss Marrable was standing in her little parlor down stairs trying to think what she would say to Mr. Gilmore—trying also to think why Mr. Gilmore should have come to Loring.

After a few words of greeting, Miss Marrable said that Miss Lowther was out walking. "She will be very glad, I'm sure, to hear good news from her friends at Bullhampton."

"They're all very well," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I've heard a great deal of Mr. Fenwick," said Miss Marrable—"so much that I seem almost to be acquainted with him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Your parish has become painfully known to the public by that horrible murder," said Miss Marrable.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I fear that they will hardly catch the perpetrator of it," said Miss Marrable.

"I fear not," said Mr. Gilmore.

At this period of the conversation Miss Marrable found herself in great difficulty. If anything was to be said about Mary Lowther, she could not begin to say it. She had heard a great deal in favor of Mr. Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick had written to her about the man; and Mary, though she would not love him, had always spoken very highly of his qualities. She knew well that he had gone through Oxford with credit—that he was a reading man, so reputed—that he was a magistrate, and in all respects a gentleman. Indeed, she had formed an idea of him as quite a pearl among men. Now that she saw him she could not repress a feeling of disappointment. He was badly dressed, and bore a sad, depressed, downtrodden aspect. His whole appearance was what the world now calls seedy. And he seemed to be almost unable to speak. Miss Marrable knew that Mr. Gilmore was a man disappointed in his love, but she did not conceive that love had done him all these injuries. Love, however, had done them all. "Are you going to stay long in this neighborhood?" asked Miss Marrable, almost in despair for a subject.

Then the man's mouth was opened. "No, I suppose not," he said. "I don't know what should keep me here, and I hardly know why I'm come. Of course you have heard of my suit to your niece." Miss Marrable bowed her courtly little head in token of assent. "When Miss Lowther left us, she gave me some hope that I might be successful. At least, she consented that I should ask her once more. She has now written to tell me that she is engaged to her cousin."

"There is something of the kind," said Miss Marrable.

"Something of the kind! I suppose it is settled, isn't it?"

Miss Marrable was a sensible woman—one not easily led away by appearances. Nevertheless, it is probable that had Mr. Gilmore been less lugubrious, more sleek, less "seedy," she would have been more prone than she now was to have made instant use of Captain Marrable's loss of fortune on behalf of this other suitor. She would immediately have felt that perhaps something might be done, and she would have been tempted to tell him the whole story openly. As it was, she could not so sympathize with the man before her as to take him into her confidence. No doubt he was Mr. Gilmore, the favored friend of the Fenwicks, the owner of the Privets, and the man of whom Mary had often said that there was no fault to be found with him. But there was nothing bright about him, and she did not know how to encourage him as a lover. "As Mary has told you," she said, "I suppose there can be no harm in my repeating that they are engaged."

"Of course they are. I am aware of that. I believe the gentleman is related to you."

"He is a cousin—not very near."

"And I suppose he has your goodwill?"

"As to that, Mr. Gilmore, I don't know that I can do any good by speaking. Young ladies in these days don't marry in accordance with the wishes of their old aunts."

"But Miss Lowther thinks so much of you! I don't want to ask any questions that ought not to be asked. If this match is so settled that it must go on, why there's an end of it. I'll just tell you the truth openly, Miss Marrable. I have loved—I do love—your niece with all my heart. When I received her letter it upset me altogether, and every hour since has made the feeling worse. I have come here just to learn whether there may still possibly be a chance. You will not quarrel with me because I loved her so well?"

"Indeed, no," said Miss Marrable, whose heart was gradually becoming soft, and who was learning to forget the mud on Mr. Gilmore's boots and trousers.

"I heard that Captain Marrable was—at any rate, not a very rich man—that he could hardly afford to marry his cousin. I did hear, also, that the match might in other respects not be suitable."

"There is no other objection, Mr. Gilmore."

"It is the case, Miss Marrable, that these things sometimes come on suddenly and go off suddenly. I won't deny that if I could have gained Miss Lowther's heart without the interference of any interloper, it would have been to me a brighter joy than anything that can now be possible. A man cannot be proud of his position who seeks to win a woman who owns a preference for another man." Miss Marrable's heart had now become very soft, and she began to perceive, of her own knowledge, that Mr. Gilmore was at any rate a gentleman. "But I would take her in any way that I could get her. Perhaps—that is to say, it might be—" And then he stopped.

Should she tell him everything? She had a strong idea that it was her first duty to be true to her own sex and to her own niece. But were she to tell the man the whole story, it would do her niece no harm. She still believed that the match with Captain Marrable must be broken off. Even were this done, it would be very long, she thought, before Mary would bring herself to listen with patience to another suitor. But of course it would be best for them all that this episode in Mary's life should be forgotten and put out of sight as soon as possible. Had not this dangerous captain come up, Mary, no doubt—so thought Miss Marrable—would at last have complied with her friends' advice, and have accepted a marriage which was in all respects advantageous. If the episode could only get itself forgotten and put out of sight, she might do so still. But there must be delay. Miss Marrable, after waiting for half a minute to consider, determined that she would tell him something. "No doubt," she said, "Captain Marrable's income is so small that the match is one that Mary's friends cannot approve."

"I don't think much of money," he said.

"Still it is essential to comfort, Mr. Gilmore."

"What I mean to say is, that I am the last man in the world to insist upon that kind of thing, or to appear to triumph because my income is larger than another man's." Miss Marrable was now quite sure that Mr. Gilmore was a gentleman. "But if the match is to be broken off—"

"I cannot say that it will be broken off."

"But it may be?"

"Certainly it is possible. There are difficulties which may necessarily separate them."

"If it be so, my feelings will be the same as they have always been since I first knew her. That is all that I have got to say."

Then she told him pretty nearly everything. She said nothing of the money which Walter Marrable would have inherited had it not been for Colonel Marrable's iniquity, but she did tell him that the young people would have no income except the captain's pay and poor Mary's little fifty pounds a year; and she went on to explain that, as far as she was concerned and as far as her cousin the clergyman was concerned, everything would be done to prevent a marriage so disastrous as that in question, and the prospect of a life with so little of allurements as that of the wife of a poor soldier in India. At the same time she bade him remember that Mary Lowther was a girl very apt to follow her own judgment, and that she was for the present absolutely devoted to her cousin. "I think it will be broken off," she said: "that is my opinion. I don't think it can go on. But it is he that will do it; and for a time she will suffer greatly."

"Then I will wait," said Mr. Gilmore. "I will go home and wait again. If there be a chance, I can live and hope."

"God grant that you may not hope in vain!"

"I would do my best to make her happy. I will leave you now, and am

very thankful for your kindness. There would be no good in my seeing Mary."

"I think not, Mr. Gilmore."

"I suppose not. She would only feel that I was teasing her. You will not tell her of my being here, I suppose?"

"It would do no good, I think."

"None in the least. I'll just go home and wait. If there should be anything to tell me—"

"If the match be broken off, I will take care that you shall hear it. I will write to Janet Fenwick. I know that she is your friend."

Then Mr. Gilmore left the house, descended the hill without seeing Mary, packed up his things and returned by the night train to Westbury. At seven o'clock in the morning he reached home in a Westbury gig, very cold, but, upon the whole, a much more comfortable man than when he had left it. He had almost brought himself to think that even yet he would succeed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAREWELL.

CHRISTMAS came, and a month beyond Christmas, and by the end of January, Captain Marrable and Miss Lowther had agreed to regard all their autumn work as null and void—to look back upon the love-making as a thing that had not been, and to part as friends. Both of them suffered much in this arrangement—the man being the louder in the objurgations which he made against his ill-fortune, and in his assurances to himself and others that he was ruined for life. And indeed no man could have been much more unhappy than was Walter Marrable in these days. To him was added the trouble—which he did not endeavor to hide from himself or Mary—that all this misery came to him from his own father. Before the end of November sundry renewed efforts were made to save a portion of the money, and the lawyers descended so low as to make an offer to take two thousand pounds. They might have saved themselves the humiliation, for neither two

thousand pounds nor two hundred pounds could have been made to be forthcoming. Walter Marrable, when the time came, was painfully anxious to fight somebody, but he was told very clearly by Messrs. Block & Curling that there was nobody whom he could fight but his father, and that even by fighting his father he would never obtain a penny. "My belief," said Mr. Curling, "is that you could put your father in prison, but that probably is not your object." Marrable was forced to own that that was not his object, but he did so in a tone which seemed to imply that a prison, were it even for life, would be the best place for his father. Block & Curling had been solicitors to the Marrables for ever so many years; and though they did not personally love the colonel, they had a professional feeling that the blackness of a black sheep of a family should not be made public—at any rate by the family itself or by the family solicitors. Almost every family has a black sheep, and it is the especial duty of a family solicitor to keep the family black sheep from being dragged into the front and visible ranks of the family. The captain had been fatally wrong in signing the paper which he had signed, and must take the consequences. "I don't think, Captain Marrable, that you would save yourself in any way by proceeding against the colonel," said Mr. Curling. "I have not the slightest intention of proceeding against him," said the captain, in great dudgeon; and then he left the office and shook the dust off his feet, as against Block & Curling as well as against his father.

After this—immediately after it—he had one other interview with his father. As he told his uncle, the devil prompted him to go down to Portsmouth to see the man to whom his interests should have been dearer than to all the world besides, and who had robbed him so ruthlessly. There was nothing to be gained by such a visit. Neither money nor counsel, nor even consolation, would be forthcoming from Colonel Marrable. Probably Walter Marrable felt in his anger that it would be unjust that his

father should escape without a word to remind him from his son's mouth of all that he had done for his son. The colonel held some staff office at Portsmouth, and his son came upon him in his lodgings one evening as he was dressing to go out to dinner. "Is that you, Walter?" said the battered old reprobate, appearing at the door of his bedroom: "I am very glad to see you."

"I don't believe it," said the son.

"Well, what would you have me say? If you'll only behave decently, I shall be glad to see you."

"You've given me an example in that way, sir, have you not? Decency, indeed!"

"Now, Walter, if you're going to talk about that horrid money, I tell you at once that I won't listen to you."

"That's kind of you, sir."

"I've been unfortunate. As soon as I can repay it, or a part of it, I will. Since you've been back, I've done everything in my power to get a portion of it for you; and should have got it, but for those stupid people in Bedford Row. After all, the money ought to have been mine, and that's what I suppose you felt when you enabled me to draw it."

"By Heavens, that's cool!"

"I mean to be cool—I'm always cool. The cab will be here to take me to dinner in a very few minutes. I hope you will not think I am running away from you?"

"I don't mean you to go till you've heard what I've got to say," said the captain.

"Then, pray say it quickly." Upon this the colonel stood still and faced his son—not exactly with a look of anger, but assuming an appearance as though he were the person injured. He was a thin old man, who wore padded coats, and painted his beard and his eyebrows, and had false teeth, and who, in spite of chronic absence of means, always was possessed of clothes apparently just new from the hands of a West End tailor. He was one of those men who, through their long, useless, ill-flavored lives, always contrive to live well, to eat and

drink of the best, to lie softly, and to go about in purple and fine linen; and yet never have any money. Among a certain set, Colonel Marrable, though well known, was still popular. He was good-tempered, well-mannered, sprightly in conversation, and had not a scruple in the world. He was over seventy, had lived hard, and must have known that there was not much more of life for him. But yet he had no qualms and no fears. It may be doubted whether he knew that he was a bad man—he, than whom you could find none worse, though you were to search the country from one end to another. To lie; to steal—not out of tills or pockets, because he knew the danger; to cheat—not at the card-table, because he had never come in the way of learning the lesson; to indulge every passion, though the cost to others might be ruin for life; to know no gods but his own 'bodily senses, and no duty but that which he owed to those gods; to eat all and produce nothing; to love no one but himself; to have learned nothing but how to sit at table like a gentleman; to care not at all for his country, or even for his profession; to have no creed, no party, no friend, no conscience; to be troubled with nothing that touched his heart,—such had been, was and was to be the life of Colonel Marrable. Perhaps it was accounted to him as a merit by some that he did not quail at any coming fate. When his doctor warned him that he must go soon unless he would refrain from this and that and the other—so wording his caution that the colonel could not but know and did know that let him refrain as he would he must go soon—he resolved that he would refrain, thinking that the charms of his wretched life were sweet enough to be worth such sacrifice; but in no other respect did the caution affect him. He never asked himself whether he had aught even to regret before he died or to fear afterward.

There are many Colonel Marrables about in the world, known well to be so at clubs, in drawing-rooms and by the tradesmen who supply them. Men give them dinners and women smile upon

them. The best of coats and boots are supplied to them. They never lack cigars and champagne. They have horses to ride, and servants to wait upon them more obsequious than the servants of other people. And men will lend them money too, well knowing that there is no chance of repayment. Now and then one hears a horrid tale of some young girl who surrenders herself to such a one, absolutely for love! Upon the whole, the Colonel Marrables are popular. It is hard to follow such a man quite to the end, and to ascertain whether or no he does go out softly at last like the snuff of a candle—just with a little stink.

"I will say it as quickly as I can," said the captain. "I can gain nothing, I know, by staying here in your company."

"Not while you are so very uncivil."

"Uncivil, indeed! I have to-day made up my mind—not for your sake, but for that of the family—that I will not prosecute you as a criminal for the gross robbery which you have perpetrated."

"That is nonsense, Walter, and you know it as well as I do."

"I am going back to India in a few weeks, and I trust I may never be called upon to see you again. I will not if I can help it. It may be a toss-up which of us may die first, but this will be our last meeting. I hope you may remember on your deathbed that you have utterly ruined your son in every relation of life. I was engaged to marry a girl whom I loved, but it is all over, because of you."

"I had heard of that, Walter, and I really congratulate you on your escape."

"I can't strike you—"

"No, don't do that."

"Because of your age and because you are my father. I suppose you have no heart, and that I cannot make you feel it."

"My dear boy, I have an appetite, and I must go and satisfy it." So saying, the colonel escaped, and the captain allowed his father to make his way down the stairs and into the cab before he followed.

Though he had thus spoken to his father of his blasted hopes in regard to Mary Lowther, he had not as yet signified his consent to the measure by which their engagement was to be brought altogether to an end. The question had come to be discussed widely among their friends, as is the custom with such questions in such circumstances, and Mary had been told from all sides that she was bound to give it up—that she was bound to give it up for her own sake, and more especially for his; that the engagement, if continued, would never lead to a marriage, and that it would in the mean time be absolutely ruinous to her and him. Parson John came up and spoke to her with a strength for which she had not hitherto given Parson John credit. Her aunt Sarah was very gentle with her, but never veered from her opinion that the engagement must of necessity be abandoned. Mr. Fenwick wrote to her a letter full of love and advice, and Mrs. Fenwick made a journey to Loring to discuss the matter with her. The discussion between them was very long. "If you are saying this on my account," said Mary, "it is quite useless."

"On what other account? Mr. Gilmore's? Indeed, indeed, I am not thinking of him. He is out of my mind altogether. I say it because I know it is impossible that you and your cousin should be married, and because such an engagement is destructive to both the parties."

"For myself," said Mary, "it can make no difference."

"It will make the greatest difference. It would wear you to pieces with a deferred hope. There is nothing so killing, so terrible, so much to be avoided. And then for him—! How is a man thrown about on the world as he will be, to live in such a condition?"

The upshot of it all was, that Mary wrote a letter to her cousin proposing to surrender her engagement, and declaring that it would be best for them both that he should agree to accept her surrender. That plan which she had adopted before, of leaving all the respon-

sibility to him, would not suffice. She had come to perceive during these weary discussions that if a way out of his bondage was to be given to Walter Marrable, it must come from her action and not from his. She had intended to be generous when she left everything to him, but it was explained to her, both by her aunt and Mrs. Fenwick, that her generosity was of a kind which he could not use. It was for her to take the responsibility upon herself; it was for her to make the move; it was, in short, for her to say that the engagement should be over.

The very day that Mrs. Fenwick left her she wrote the letter, and Captain Marrable had it in his pocket when he went down to bid a last farewell to his father. It had been a sad, weary, tear-laden performance, the writing of that letter. She had resolved that no sign of a tear should be on the paper, and she had rubbed the moisture away from her eyes a dozen times during the work, lest it should fall. There was but little of intended pathos in it; there were no expressions of love till she told him at the end that she would always love him dearly; there was no repining, no mention of her own misery. She used all the arguments which others had used to her, and then drew her conclusion. She remembered that were she to tell him that she would still be true to him, she would in fact be asking for some such pledge back from him; and she said not a word of any such constancy on her own part. It was best for both of them that the engagement should be broken off; and therefore broken off it was, and should be now and for ever. That was the upshot of Mary Lowther's letter.

Captain Marrable, when he received it, though he acknowledged the truth of all the arguments, loved the girl far too well to feel that this release gave him any comfort. He had doubtless felt that the engagement was a burden on him—that he would not have entered into it had he not felt sure of his diminished fortune, and that there was a fearful probability that it might never result in their

being married; but not the less did the breaking up of it make him very wretched. An engagement for marriage can never be so much to a man as it is to a woman—marriage itself can never be so much, can never be so great a change, produce such utter misery, or of itself be efficient for such perfect happiness; but his love was true and steadfast, and when he learned that she was not to be his, he was as a man who had been robbed of his treasure. Her letter was long and argumentative. His reply was short and passionate, and the reader shall see it:

“DUKE STREET, January —, 186—.

“DEAREST MARY:

“I suppose you are right. Everybody tells me so, and no doubt everybody tells you the same. The chances are that I shall get bowled over; and as for getting back again, I don't know when I can hope for it. In such a condition it would, I believe, be very wrong and selfish were I to go and leave you to think of me as your future husband. You would be waiting for that which would never come.

“As for me, I shall never care for any other woman. A soldier can get on very well without a wife, and I shall always regard myself now as one of those useless but common animals who are called ‘not marrying men.’ I shall never marry. I shall always carry your picture in my heart, and shall not think that I am sinning against you or any one else when I do so after hearing that you are married.

“I need not tell you that I am very wretched. It is not only that I am separated from you, my own dear, dearest girl, but that I cannot refrain from thinking how it has come to pass that it is so. I went down to see my father yesterday. I did see him, and you may imagine of what nature was the interview. I sometimes think when I lay in bed that no man was ever so ill-treated as I have been.

“Dearest love, good-bye! I could not have brought myself to say what you have said, but I know that you are right.



It had been a sad, weary, tear-laden performance, the writing of that letter.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter XXXIII.]

TO THE
LIBRARY

It has not been my fault, dear. I did love you, and do love you, as truly as any man ever loved a woman.

"Yours, with all my heart,

"WALTER MARRABLE.

"I should like to see you once more before I start. Is there any harm in this? I must run down to my uncle's, but I will not go up to you if you think it better not. If you can bring yourself to see me, pray, pray do."

In answer to this Mary wrote to him to say that she would certainly see him when he came. She knew no reason, she said, why they should not meet. When she had written her note she asked her aunt's opinion. Aunt Sarah would not take upon herself to say that no such meeting ought to take place, but it was very evident that she thought that it would be dangerous.

Captain Marrable did come down to Loring about the end of January, and the meeting did take place. Mary had stipulated that she should be alone when he called. He had suggested that they should walk out together as had been their wont, but this she had declined, telling him that the sadness of such a walk would be too much for her, and saying to her aunt with a smile that were she once again out with him on the towing-path there would be no chance of their ever coming home. "I could not ask him to turn back," she said, "when I should know that it would be for the last time." It was arranged, therefore, that the meeting should take place in the drawing-room at Uphill Lane.

He came into the room with a quick, uneasy step, and when he reached her he put his arm round her and kissed her. She had formed certain little resolutions on this subject. He should kiss her, if he pleased, once again when he went, and only once. And now, almost without a motion on her part that was perceptible, she took herself out of his arms. There should be no word about that if she could help it; but she was bound to remember that he was nothing to her now but a distant cousin.

He must cease to be her lover, though she loved him. Nay, he had so ceased already. There must be no more laying of her head upon his shoulder, no more twisting of her fingers through his locks, no more looking into his eyes, no more amorous pressing of her lips against his own. Much as she loved him, she must remember now that such outward signs of love as these would not befit her. "Walter," she said, "I am so glad to see you! And yet I do not know but what it would have been better that you should have stayed away."

"Why should it have been better? It would have been unnatural not to have met each other."

"So I thought. Why should not friends endure to say good-bye, even though their friendship be as dear as ours? I told Aunt Sarah that I should be angry with myself afterward if I feared to tell you to come."

"There is nothing to fear — only that it is so wretched an ending," said he.

"In one way I will not look on it as an ending. You and I cannot be married, Walter, but I shall always have your career to look to, and shall think of you as my dearest friend. I shall expect you to write to me—not at first, but after a year or so. You will be able to write to me then as though you were my brother."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"Oh yes—that is, if you will make the effort for my sake. I do not believe but what people can manage and mould their own wills if they will struggle hard enough. You must not be unhappy, Walter."

"I am not so wise or self-confident as you, Mary. I shall be unhappy. I should be deceiving myself if I were to tell myself otherwise. There is nothing before me to make me happy. When I came home, there was very little that I cared for, though I had the prospect of this money, and thought that my cares in that respect were over. Then I met you, and the whole world seemed altered. I was happy even when I found how badly I had been treated. Now all that

has gone, and I cannot think that I shall be happy again."

"I mean to be happy, Walter."

"I hope you may, dear."

"There are gradations in happiness. The highest I ever came to yet was when you told me that you loved me." When she said that he attempted to take her hand, but she withdrew from him, almost without a sign that she was doing so. "I have not quite lost that yet," she continued, "and I do not mean to lose it altogether. I shall always remember that you loved me, Walter; and you will not forget that I too loved you."

"Forget it?—no, I don't exactly think that I shall forget it."

"I don't know why it should make us altogether unhappy. For a time, I suppose, we shall be downhearted."

"I shall, I know. I can't pretend to such strength as to say that I can lose what I want and not feel it."

"We shall both feel it, Walter, but I do not know that we must be miserable. When do you leave England?"

"Nothing is settled. I have not had the heart to think of my departure. It will not be for a month or two yet. I suppose I shall stay out my regular Indian time."

"And what shall you do with yourself?"

"I have no plans at all, Mary. Sir Gregory has asked me to Dunripple, and I shall remain there probably till I am tired of it. It will be so pleasant talking to my uncle of my father."

"Do not talk of him at all, Walter. You will best forgive him by not talking of him. We shall hear, I suppose, of what you do from Parson John."

She had seated herself a little way from him, and he did not attempt to draw near to her again till at her bidding he rose to leave her. He sat there for nearly an hour, and during that time much more was said by her than by him. She endeavored to make him understand that he was as free as air, and that she would hope some day to hear that he was married. In reply to this he asserted very loudly that he would never

call any woman his wife unless unexpected circumstances should enable him to return and again ask for her hand. "Not that you are to wait for me, Mary," he said. She smiled, but made no definite answer to this. She had told herself that it would not be for his welfare that she should allude to the possibility of a renewed engagement, and she did not allude to it.

"God bless you, Walter!" she said at last, coming to him and offering him her hand.

"God bless you, for ever and ever, dearest Mary!" he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her again and again. It was to be the last, and she did not seem to shun him. Then he left her, went as far as the door and returned again. "Dearest, dearest Mary! You will give me one more kiss?"

"It shall be the last, Walter," she said. Then she did kiss him, as she would have kissed her brother that was going from her, and escaping from his arms she left the room.

He had come to Loring late on the previous evening, and on that same day he returned to London. No doubt he dined at his club, drank a pint of wine and smoked a cigar or two, though he did it all after a lugubrious fashion. Men knew that he had fallen into great trouble in the matter of his inheritance, and did not expect him to be joyful and of pleasant countenance. "By George!" said little Captain Boodle, "if it was my governor, I'd go very near being hung for him—I would, by George!" Which remark obtained a good deal of general sympathy in the billiard-room of that military club. In the mean time, Mary Lowther at Loring had resolved that she would not be lugubrious, and she sat down to dinner opposite to her aunt with a pleasant smile on her face. Before the evening was over, however, she had in some degree broken down. "I fear I can't get along with novels, Aunt Sarah," she said. "Don't you think I could find something to do?"

Then the old lady came round the room and kissed her niece, but she made no other reply.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BULLHAMPTON NEWS.

WHEN the matter was quite settled at Loring—when Miss Marrable not only knew that the engagement had been surrendered on both sides, but that it had been so surrendered as to be incapable of being again patched up—she bethought herself of her promise to Mr. Gilmore. This did not take place for a fortnight after the farewell which was spoken in the last chapter, at which time Walter Marrable was staying with his uncle, Sir Gregory, at Dunripple. Miss Marrable had undertaken that Mr. Gilmore should be informed as soon as the engagement was brought to an end, and he had been told that this information should reach him through Mrs. Fenwick. When a fortnight had passed, Miss Marrable was aware that Mary had not herself written to her friend at Bullhampton; and though she felt herself to be shy of the subject, though she entertained a repugnance to make any communication based on a hope that Mary might after a while receive her old lover graciously—for time must of course be needed before such grace could be accorded—she did write a few lines to Mrs. Fenwick. She explained that Captain Marrable was to return to India, and that he was to go as a free man. Mary, she said, bore her burden well. Of course, it must be some time before the remembrance of her cousin would cease to be a burden to her; but she went about her heavy task with a good will, so said Miss Marrable, and would no doubt conquer her own unhappiness after a time by the strength of her personal character. Not a word was spoken of Mr. Gilmore, but Mrs. Fenwick understood it all. The letter, she knew well, was a message to Mr. Gilmore—a message which it would be her duty to give as soon as possible, that he might extract from it such comfort as it would contain for him, though it would be his duty not to act upon it for, at any rate, many months to come. “And it will be a comfort to him,” said her husband when he read Miss Marrable’s letter.

“Of all the men I know he is the most

constant,” said Mrs. Fenwick, “and best deserves that his constancy should be rewarded.”

“It is the man’s nature,” said the parson. “Of course he will get her at last; and when he has got her, he will be quite contented with the manner in which he has won her. There’s nothing like going on with a thing. I believe I might be a bishop if I set my heart on it.”

“Why don’t you, then?”

“I am not sure that the beauty of the thing is so well defined to me as is Mary Lowther’s to poor Harry. In perseverance and success of that kind the man’s mind should admit of no doubt. Harry is quite clear of this—that in spite of Mary’s preference for her cousin, it would be the grandest thing in the world to him that she should marry him. The certainty of his condition will pull him through at last.”

Two days after this, Mrs. Fenwick put Miss Marrable’s letter into Mr. Gilmore’s hand, having perceived that it was specially written that it might be so treated. She kept it in her pocket till she should chance to see him, and at last handed it to him as she met him walking on his own grounds. “I have a letter from Loring,” she said.

“From Mary?”

“No—from Mary’s aunt. I have it here, and I think you had better read it. To tell you the truth, Harry, I have been looking for you ever since I got it. Only you must not make too much of it.”

Then he read the letter. “What do you mean,” he asked, “by making too much of it?”

“You must not suppose that Mary is the same as before she saw this cousin of hers.”

“But she is the same.”

“Well, yes—in body and in soul, no doubt. But such an experience leaves a mark which cannot be rubbed out quite at once.”

“You mean that I must wait before I ask her again?”

“Of course you must wait. The mark must be rubbed out first, you know.”

“I will wait, but as for the rubbing out of the mark, I take it that will be

altogether beyond me. Do you think, Mrs. Fenwick, that no woman should ever, under any circumstances, marry one man when she loves another?"

She could not bring herself to tell him that in her opinion Mary Lowther would of all women be the least likely to do so. "That is one of those questions," she said, "which it is almost impossible for a person to answer. In the first place, before answering it, we should have a clear definition of love."

"You know what I mean well enough."

"I do know what you mean, but I hardly do know how to answer you. If you went to Mary Lowther now, she would take it almost as an insult, and she would feel it in that light, because she is aware that you know of this story of her cousin."

"Of course I shall not go to her at once."

"She will never forget him altogether."

"Such things cannot be forgotten," said Gilmore.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Fenwick, "it is probable that Mary will be married some day. These wounds get themselves cured as do others."

"I shall never be cured of mine," said he, laughing. "As for Mary, I hardly know what to think. I suppose girls do marry without caring very much for the men they take—one sees it every day—and then afterward they love their husbands. It isn't very romantic, but it seems to me that it is so."

"Don't think of it too much, Harry," said Mrs. Fenwick. "If you still are devoted to her—"

"Indeed I am."

"Then wait a while, and we will have her at Bullhampton again. You know, at any rate, what our wishes are."

Everything had been very quiet at Bullhampton during the last three months. The mill was again in regular work, and Sam had remained at home with fair average regularity. The vicar had heard nothing more of Carry Brattle, and had been unable to trace her or to learn where she was living. He had taken various occasions to mention her name to her mother, but Mrs. Brattle

knew nothing of her, and believed that Sam was equally ignorant with herself. Both she and the vicar found it impossible to speak to Sam on the subject, though they knew that he had been with his sister more than once when she was living at Pycroft Common. As for the miller himself, no one had mentioned Carry's name to him since the day on which the vicar had made his attempt; and from that day to the present there had been, if not ill blood, at least cold blood, between Mr. Fenwick and old Brattle. The vicar had gone down to the mill as often as usual, having determined that what had occurred should make no difference with him; and the intercourse with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny had been as kind on each side as usual; but the miller had kept out of his way, retreating from him openly, going from the house to the mill as soon as he appeared, never speaking to him, and taking no other notice of him than a slight touch of the hat. "Your husband is still angry with me," he said one day to Mrs. Brattle. She shook her head and smiled sadly, and said that it would pass over some day—only that Jacob was so persistent. With Sam the vicar held little or no communication. Sam in these days never went to church, and though he worked at the mill pretty constantly, he would absent himself from the village occasionally for a day or two together, and tell no one where he had been.

The strangest and most important piece of business going on at this time in Bullhampton was the building of a new chapel or tabernacle—the people called it a Salem—for Mr. Puddleham. The first word as to the erection reached Mr. Fenwick's ears from Grimes the builder and carpenter, who, meeting him in Bullhampton street, pointed out to him a bit of spare ground just opposite to the vicarage gates—a morsel of a green on which no building had ever yet stood—and told him that the marquis had given it for a chapel. "Indeed!" said Fenwick. "I hope it may be convenient and large enough for them. All the same, I wish it had been a little farther from my gate." This he said in a

cheery tone, showing thereby considerable presence of mind. That such a building should be so placed was a trial to him, and he knew at once that the spot must have been selected to annoy him. Doubtless the land in question was the property of the Marquis of Trowbridge. When he came to think of it, he had no doubt on the matter. Nevertheless, the small, semi-circular piece of grass immediately opposite to his own swinging gate looked to all the world as though it were an appendage of the vicarage. A cottage built there would have been offensive, but a staring brick Methodist chapel, with the word SALEM inserted in large letters over the door, would, as he was aware, flout him every time he left or entered his garden. He had always been specially careful to avoid any semblance of a quarrel with the Methodist minister, and had in every way shown his willingness to regard Mr. Puddleham's flock as being equal to his own in the general gifts of civilization. To Mr. Puddleham himself he had been very civil, sending him fruit and vegetables out of the vicarage garden, and lending him newspapers. When the little Puddlehams were born, Mrs. Fenwick always inquired after the mother and infant. The greatest possible care had been exercised at the vicarage since Mr. Fenwick's coming to show that the Established Church did not despise the dissenting congregation. For the last three years there had been talk of a new chapel, and Mr. Fenwick had himself discussed the site with Mr. Puddleham. A large and commodious spot of ground, remote from the vicarage, had, as he believed, been chosen. When he heard those tidings, and saw what would be the effect of the building, it seemed to him almost impossible that a marquis could condescend to such revenge. He went at once to Mr. Puddleham, and learned from him that Grimes' story was

true. This had been in December. After Christmas the foundations were to be begun at once, said Mr. Puddleham, so that the brickwork might go on as soon as the frosts were over. Mr. Puddleham was in high spirits, and expressed a hope that he should be in his new chapel by next August. When the vicar asked why the change of site was made, being careful to show no chagrin by the tone of his voice, Mr. Puddleham remarked that the marquis' agent thought that it would be an improvement; "in which opinion I quite coincide," said Mr. Puddleham, looking very stern—showing his teeth as it were, and displaying an inclination for a parish quarrel. Fenwick, still prudent, made no objection to the change, and dropped no word of displeasure in Mr. Puddleham's hearing.

"I don't believe he can do it," said Mrs. Fenwick, boiling with passion.

"He can, no doubt," said the vicar.

"Do you mean to say the street is his—to do what he likes with it?"

"The street is the queen's highway—which means that it belongs to the public—but this is not the street. I take it that all the land in the village belongs to the marquis. I never knew of any common right, and I don't believe there is any."

"It is the meanest thing I ever heard of in my life," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"There I agree with you." Later in the day, when he had been thinking of it for hours, he again spoke to his wife: "I shall write to the marquis and remonstrate. It will probably be of no avail, but I think I ought to do so for the sake of those that come after me. I shall be able to bother him a good deal, if I can do nothing else," he added, laughing. "I feel too that I must quarrel with somebody, and I won't quarrel with dear old Puddleham, if I can help it."

FRENCH FEVER.

"GOOD Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

So, at least, says very good American authority; and whether it be correct or no, vast numbers of very bad Americans go there beforehand. Even in these days of so-called hard times, when business is dull and when every one is crying poor, the steamers each week are more crowded than ever before: French fever rages as it has never done in all the past years of "good Americans."

Perhaps these pilgrims go to get a short glimpse of their future state, as it was once permitted to Moses to ascend the mount to view the Promised Land.

On any bright afternoon of this mellow late summer, the queens of the *demi-monde* hold high carnival at Paris. Splendid equipages—not infrequently with blazoned panels and drawn by horses of fabulous value—roll noiselessly over the smooth asphalt of the boulevards; the liveries of the lacqueys, the trappings of the harness, the appointment of the whole establishment, combine gorgeousness with taste; and did not *Madame*, who lounges on the luxurious cushions, have an air of *je ne sais quoi* hardly belonging to unexceptionable *ton*, none might tell but that it pertained to the highest of the dames who grace the green nobility of the New Empire.

Under the arching trees of the Bois de Boulogne a pair of spanking trotters are "tooled" round the drive with a skill that belongs rather to the hard palm of the professional jock than to the delicately-veined one under the tan-colored gauntlet. And while the saucy face of the famous (or infamous) Cora who controls them is lavishly generous of smiles, the frequent nod honors the passing intimate, and the ringing laugh—a trifle overbold perhaps—peals merrily out.

Loungers in front of cafés stare a moment after the well-appointed coach,

grin at each other and wonder, with a shrug, how long M. le Baron's purse and patience will hold out at that rate.

Madame la Baronne, whirling by in her coupé, looks in the other direction, and clenches hard her soft hand in its perfect glove. *She* doesn't shrug her shoulders, and her wonder is—well, somewhat different.

But the occupants of that hired fly yonder watch the coach with undisguised admiration. They are the Hon. Peter Oleum, who "hails from the unlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean"—where he is eminent in oil and high upon directories of accidental insurance—his blooming daughter, Crinolina, and his very full-blown spouse.

The Hon. Peter Oleums are doing Europe. They have come over to see it as it can only be seen by a red-hot American, by an electric light. So the Hon. Peter winks at the "old woman," takes an accurate inventory of every buckle, panel and spring, and mentally vows she shall have the fellow to it when they go back in the fall. Then the "old woman"—reading the Hon. Peter as though he were a patent three-sheet poster—chuckles much thereat, wonders if the lady can be Eugeeny, and if she could quite venture those liveries in Fifth avenue.

After a little, the hired fly jogs into the Bois, and Crinolina spys Cora bowling along the alley of the Lake. Now it is her turn to make her little inventory, and she suggests, with a sigh, that such an establishment would make her perfectly happy. Once more the Hon. papa winks at the Hon. mamma, and remarks how foreign travel does improve a girl; to which the Hon. mamma readily assents, and cannot see why a young lady of fashion may not do in Central Park what a young lady of rank does in the Bois de Boulogne.

An hour later, the stately coach and the natty wagon have rattled to hotels

gorgeous with every purchasable luxury and glaring with bizarre splendor, and deposited their fair, frail occupants. Submitted to the mystic manipulations of their *femmes de chambre*, these shortly reappear—completely metamorphosed—at their boxes at the opera.

Dressed in perfection of French taste—color and cut combining perfectly with complexion and form, a trifle too *décolletées*, perhaps, but with rounded arms and perfectly-moulded busts that, as yet, tell nothing of wearing dissipation; with jewels enough to set up a modest down-town tradesman—the queens of the *demi-monde* are truly the most artistically and enticingly whited of sepulchres. Dropping in a measure the defiant port of road and promenade, they here replace it by an assured and easy confidence, taking the gaze of leveled lorgnettes as their royal prerogative to be the cynosure of all eyes.

And all eyes pay the tribute devoutly. Men-about-town and foreigners with plethoric pockets analyze each separate beauty as though she were a Circassian and they pachas of many tails: pure-minded reformers look, cast up their eyes, and—look again.

Society turns up its nose and its opera-glass; makes a note of each new point in dress and jewels since last night; then turns to the opera again.

More than one wife changes the bitter, vengeful look at the glittering sin in the *loge* for a sad, yearning one toward the too steadily leveled *lorgnon* in the stalls below; while the would-be *blasés* stare so intently at the opera that all the world sees their very ears and back hair are gazing at the all-observed.

American mamma gives a fluttering stare at the lorette, a regretful sigh and a stout nudge to her particular Jones—who has now exchanged his fitful naps and wild starts at the chorus for a solid sleep—while she calls Belinda's attention to the great beauty of that *scena*. But Belinda has had one peep; and presently, when the *scena* is through, she glances at papa and mamma, finds them looking intently at something, and screws up her courage and her opera-

glass to look in the same direction. And Belinda looks to some purpose. She notes every flirt of the costly fan, every fold of the tasteful ribbon, every point in cut and color. But specially does she note the wonderful coiffure of *the Queen of the queens*.

Chignon! pyramid! coil! frisette! Science and hair-artistic nomenclature fail before that miraculous creation that Cora erects upon her classic head—set the world's fashion! Marvelous as is her make-up in other particulars, the head is, in more senses than one, its crowning point. No human face could stand the liberties she takes with size and shape of head-garniture. One must believe that malicious fun often prompts her invention of some frightful novelty, exhibited at the opera only to flash

“From pole to pole, from China to Japan.”

Presently the opera is done, the boxes are cleared and the house stands dark and still. Giddy Paris has scattered to its thousand brilliant haunts, and Cora's carriage has dashed her to where the delirious revels of the *petit souper* will chase the hours till the dawn reels into daylight. American mamma has mounted to her apartment *au cinquième*, where her lord already rounds off the broken sleep of the opera, and, in evidence of clear disgust and healthy conscience, sounds the peaceful snore.

But the tender Belinda, gracefully draped in flowing white, stands before her mirror and strives to frame her pure little face in the wondrous fashion of “that horrid woman.” Vain strife! She fails utterly, and blows out her candle only to dream that she has stunned a *soirée* at Delmonico's by a successful essay. And she wakes at dawn—unrefreshed, but still unconquered—only to write eight crossed pages, feebly illustrated with a pen-drawing of that wonderful head, to the Clarissa of her inmost heart, presently dwelling at Ninety-first street, City.

Eheu fugaces!

At last the mellow November days roll round, and The World once more rides in Central Park. The Hon Peter

Oleum—still more eminent in oil and higher on accidental insurance—has returned. Faithful to his pledge, he sits beside his “old woman” in a coach the exact counterpart of that which she envied on the Boulevard. Harness, panels, blazonry, all are exact; and The World looks upon the triumph with a little admiration and very much envy. But now it ceases to envy—it is stunned—when the blooming Crinolina dashes round a curve at a three-minute gait, holding the ribbons over a pair of Morgans with nearly the grace of Cora herself. The pose of the rounded figure is delightful, the sweep of the arm perfect, as she touches up her near horse: her smile is radiant, and she nods to the happy males she knows with the prettiest of little laughs. So perfect is the imitation—from the flowing plume to the tanned gauntlet—we might swear it was the Queen herself, transplanted from the Bois.

And there have been other opera nights too, and other experiments more successful. Belinda has returned, as well, with the fall leaves, and she has brought with her the fall fashions! The Clarissa of her inmost heart flies to her embrace and then to her trunks. Fashions are discussed—and Paulina’s marriage: then more fashions—Adèle’s engagement; and more fashions still. The last novel is tossed aside for the newest bonnet; a photograph of Notre Dame has just a glance, while the last thing in “waists” is dwelt upon with rapture; quires of tissue-paper are laid upon new wrappings, pinned, pinched and clipped—and lo! they are prizes beyond price.

At length the Clarissa of her inmost heart tears herself away, having first made an assignation for the Belinda of her most intimate affection to come to Ninety-first street, City, then and there to disclose to the Pattie, Jeannette and Fannie of both their most sacred bosoms a few of the weighty secrets already discussed.

Belinda goes. She charms the charming circle: she tells them much that makes them unspeakably happy, but not as much as she has disclosed to the Cla-

rissa of her inmost heart. But even from her one sacred mystery remains veiled.

The season opens. Camphor is shaken out of curtains, floors are waxed, cards are scattered and Society looks to the soles of its dancing-boots. Then the magic circles of the “German” trace their sacred round, and Belinda defies the proverbial contrariety of dreams: she does stun a soirée at Delmonico’s with *that head!*

How she is the cynosure of glances, envious, admiring, imitative, indescribable! How the dowagers declare the child is spoiled!—how the friends of her sacred bosom declare she can’t venture such liberties with her face, poor thing!

The costume is the counterpart of the one she has dreamed of—every ribbon exact, every color identical. *Bien gantée*—no one thinks of her hands; *bottée à ravir*—not a word is whispered of the slimmest of ankles; *bien décolletée*—only a stray glance rests upon the perfect bust. Gloves, ankles and necks Society knows; but the Best Boots in the room cluster round and strive for an extra turn of the “German” with that *Wonderful Head!* Not a hair is out of place, not a curl disarranged, not a coil that even a friend’s criticism could light upon! It is Cora’s head, in all its bizarre grandeur. Ah, Best Boots! you would not dance the “German” with Cora at Delmonico’s, yet you burn for an extra turn with Belinda’s head, which is only a bad copy of that of the Queen of the *demi-monde!*

It is ridiculous to cavil at fashion—to object to anything because it is new or happens to be the rage of the moment. But American woman are confessedly as pretty, as bright *and as pure* as any the societies of the world know. When foreigners meet good specimens abroad, they invariably award them the palm: seen at home, they combine the *aplomb* of the English woman with the nameless grace and vivacity of the French. As a rule, they err neither on the side of the *usé* frippery of the Continental, nor of the overstarched propriety of a certain

class of British female. And the reason is simple enough. Their minds, their characters—and very often their manners even—are natural. Their development is the result of natural causes with few unwholesome restrictions. Why then, when they go abroad—why, in the name of all the gods!—do they become such servile imitators of what is so far beneath them?

Perhaps when they travel—and of late it has become as necessary to the American as to the Bedouin to fold his tent—they must imitate. But then why they do not choose the purer models of a not too pure society that they only see from the outside, must puzzle one who thinks a moment on the subject.

The whole aim and struggle of the French woman's life is good taste. She is rarely a prude, seldom a *bel esprit*; she may be neither over brilliant nor too straightlaced; but she is at equal pains to hide her moral as her mental deficiencies, and she makes war to the knife on the *demi-monde*. In dress, in carriage, in style, she strives to be its very antipodes. Why is it, then, that the proper American woman will transfer into her circle those very objectionable features that even the lax French woman would unhesitatingly reject?—that, while the latter walks demurely through the streets of Paris in the gravest of dresses and drives in the plainest of wrappings, the former shows on the Avenue and in the Park in a costume that would inevitably excite comment, if not insult, in the best-governed city of Europe?

Doubtless French society revels in the wildest excesses of fashion, manners and morals—perhaps the French woman goes to frightful lengths of extravagance, of eccentricity, of gallantry. But she does all that in an atmosphere so perfectly hedged by forms, so free from a suspicion of under-world grossness, that she can never be taken for what she is not.

But certain it is the American women imitate to such a degree that more than half their most petted fashions are copies—perhaps exaggerations—of the

most glaring vagaries of the *demi-monde*. They transplant to their own firesides, and nourish for the use of their unsuspecting daughters, many a shoot that could spring from no soil less rank than that of the Nether Paris. Sometimes they even out-lorette the lorettes, for we have yet to learn that the late—if not lamented—"tilter" ever made its appearance in the Quartier Bréda.

It is a question of serious import to American morals, this; and in the vast and yearly increasing flow of travel to Europe should demand at least divided attention with the choice of the best hotel. We can imitate much that is foreign with marked advantage. Scarcely the most stiff-necked patriot will deny that the American kitchen would not suffer for the introduction of French cookery; we can scarcely aver that French wines, as a steady tippie, are much more harmful than the "wine of the country," to which young America is at least partial; we would not kick very much against the French ballet, bad as the imitation may be; French periodicals, too, are not very much beyond a certain class of our own in morals, while their manners are indisputably better; English books and English clothes are certainly both admirable, and if young Gau Phaster returns home so dressed that his friends believe him an Englishman—even though Brumma-gen—it is only an innocent weakness.

But if our women must imitate when they go abroad, in Heaven's name let them imitate the best, where the best is bad. Let them discard the false idea that any pure stream can ever flow from that impure fountain-head whence they fish their newest fashions.

Not that our women are the sole copyists: our men do their share. They learn while in Paris to give very questionable little suppers to unquestionable young ladies of the ballet; to dress as unlike Americans as possible; to dance *can-can*, and to drink *absinthe* like water, and play *rouge-et-noir*—if, indeed, they did not know the two last when they went over. They learn immediately on their return to sigh for Cremorne, pine for

Mabille and doat on "the Derby;" to deplore the barbarity of new countries, and swear they cannot live in this slow American town.

But these are small matters in the main. Our young men come back, in most instances, to make up by hard work for the very hard play they have had. And most of them have forgotten by spring the nonsense they uttered when landing in the autumn. As for the few who come back hopelessly ruined, they do not count for much, for they are made of such "perilous stuff" they would go down hill even in Mr. Lowe's balloon.

But we have a tender pride in our women while they remain such—a pride in their womanhood, in their purity; and it is very bitter to see them imitate—even though they do so in all innocence—what even aimless fashion and insane rivalry of display can never make them.

Though one may touch pitch and not be defiled, balsam of fir is very apt to stick to the fingers. So, next time you go to Paris, dear Belinda, look at Cora without a lorgnette, and—

"No more on that head, an' thou lov'st me!"

T. C. DE LEON.

TWO NAMES.

WE carved our names upon a tree—
 My friend and I, when we were young—
 With earnest jests of deeds to be,
 Of loves unloved and songs unsung.

The tree was felled, the names were rent,
 The busy workmen plied the steel:
 In shapely craft the parts were blent,
 Each name upon a separate keel.

They sailed with topsails all at aunt:
 The statelier one—the seaman's boast,
 The captain's pride, the builder's vaunt—
 Lies splintered on an iron coast.

The other, battered to a hulk,
 Yawed slowly in from angry seas,
 For evermore the storm to skulk,
 And lie inglorious at ease.

One fell where fell a thousand brave—
 One lives, if this be life, alone:
 Your sterner stuff makes earlier grave:
 One broke—the other crumbled on.

FRANK THURBER.

THE LONELY ONES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

FOR several days violent storms had agitated the ocean, driving the spring sap mightily into the fig trees on the high, cliff-like shores of Sorrento, and ploughing the earth with fertilizing showers. Many declared that they heard threatening murmurs in the heart of Vesuvius, and predicted a near eruption. The houses, too, seemed to tremble to their very foundations, and at night an alarming ringing proceeded from the utensils which stood near each other in the cupboards.

But on the last of April the sun finally re-established his supremacy, and the little towns stood unscathed on the plain of Sorrento amid their vineyards and orange gardens: the earth had not opened its mouth to devour them, and the high shore had proved too strong for the heaving sea, which, surging against it, had striven to bear away into the deep the fruits of the industry of centuries. On the afternoon of this last day of April (which was a Sunday) a German poet—his name has nothing to do with the story—left the house in which, much against his inclination, he had been held prisoner by the storm. The livelong day had he sat at the window gazing out over the sea, his cloak thrown across his knees—for the stone floor of the room was very chilly—his hat on his head, and swallowing one glass of wine after another, without succeeding in awakening a feeling of warmth within him.

The little collection of books which had accompanied him on his journey had been left in Naples, and in the house of his host not a printed page could be found except a missal and a calendar. How often had he boasted that *ennui* never should conquer him, even in solitude! But in vain did he deeply and longingly implore the presence of the Muse: the winds bore away his prayers,

and at last the cold left him no other idea but the wish to see the sunlight once again.

The sun burst forth gloriously at last, and he spent half of the joyful day of its reappearing in the most reasonable occupation of sitting on the balcony and permitting it to shine down upon him; and when, after dinner, he ascended the pathway which led up the mountain, all his stiffened feelings woke to new life and power. So great, so golden, so mighty had he never before seen the victorious sun of spring-time: the breath of the sea seemed sweeter than he had ever felt it, and penetrated refreshingly to his very heart. Those leaves on the fig tree yonder had grown a finger's length in a single night; that bush had burst into white bloom under the sunshine of but half a day; and whenever the wanderer, attracted by intoxicating perfume, bent to examine the earth, immeasurable beds of violets lay spread before him. Butterflies no older than the day were swarming everywhere; all the paths were lively with people on foot or in rattling little wagons; the air rang with the voices of church and chapel bells, the shouts of the youths on their way to celebrate a church feast in Sant' Agata, a village on the edge of the mountain, and the echoing ritournelles of the women, who, hand in hand, were hastening to vespers, or, standing on the sunlit balconies, gazed out over the ocean.

The farther the German wandered from these feast-day rejoicings, following a moderately steep pathway, the more deeply did it pain him to think of his own incapability of giving vent and expression to the gratitude which welled up in his heart for all the wealth of beauty that glowed around him. How happy he would have been to stand on yonder cliff and pour forth his soul in a song without words, a simple echo of all

the spring-tide voices that surrounded him! But he had good reason to doubt that his voice would prove a worthy herald of his feelings. How enviously did he think of that tenor in Rome who had enchanted him for so many evenings! To fill the air now with such notes as his! How paltry and powerless, dumb as a thief, voiceless as the staff in his hand, did he seem to himself as he strode on through singing, ringing, blissful Nature!

"Who dares call Poesy the highest art?" exclaimed he, angrily. "Can she express the might of such influences as these? Call to me here the greatest who ever held command over melodious words, and they will, like me, their poor successor, be mute in the presence of the Immeasurable! How can they worthily describe the light, the ether, the sea, or the perfumes which float from yonder orange grove? Even a dancer, the last of those who still boast themselves of a Muse, could excel them here! Can he not express his feelings with his whole person, in symbols and poses, and thus, from his head to his feet, pour forth his intoxication? And a painter! How happy must he be, no matter how simple and unpretending, if only he have power to trace the lines of yonder mountain and that cloister at its foot, behind them the wood and the sea line, and in the foreground those trees broken by the recent winds! And if he be a master, and can reflect the trembling light over the yellow mountain wall; there, below, the sea, still tumbling and tossing its waves like the shreds of a silver-shot garment; yon vapor hanging above Vesuvius; the white church-towers peeping through the young foliage of the chestnut trees,—I could almost kill him with envy!"

In this strange, excited mood he seated himself on a stone by the roadside and looked gloomily around him.

And had he not deserved that the softened frame of mind inspired by all this beauty should thus be disturbed by the consciousness of his own insufficiency? He had left the house in the firm, perverse expectation of meeting the

long-absent Muse. He had thrust a quire of paper in his pocket, and behind yonder projecting rock or in some nook of the wood or garden he reckoned eagerly on finding a lyric inspiration; for the very foolish ambition animated him here, where all was just budding into life, to leave some trace of his own insignificant existence. And every one has, in his own experience, learned how the great work of self-renewing Nature throws him into a mood in which he would love to do and venture the most unheard-of things in his limitless unrest—a desire to create or accomplish something, and not to be the only dead, inactive one when all is blooming and blossoming.

Alas that this spring-fever should culminate, as it generally does, not in some worthy deed, but in weariness and discontent! And thus had our friend relinquished his design, without relinquishing his envy of those whom he regarded as more capable or more successful than himself.

"And now these artists come out of their holes," murmured he, angrily, "and make walking unsafe with their portfolios, and umbrellas, and camp-stools, and seat themselves at the spread table of Mother Nature. They need only grasp, and both their hands are filled; and when at last, satiated with her bounty, they depart, they bear away as a parting gift, like a goblet from which they have drunken, their sketches and studies, which in after days renew the pleasure that they here enjoyed. Ah! they do well to make pilgrimages to the South: to them it is an open feast; but we—but I! Malicious deities have enticed me here only to humiliate me. Was it not enough that at Rome I burned all my verses on the 'Frascatanerin' as soon as I saw her portrait at the Exposition? What are all the verses of Petrarch compared to the canvas on which a Titian has enchained the features of Madonna Laura? When painting was yet unknown, that was the time for poetry. For what is poetry save the ever-repeated confession that words are miserable robbers, unworthy even to

touch the hem of Mother Nature's garment? In the North, where there is neither form nor color, Poesy may fancy herself queen: a beggar is she here!"

During this wanton self-communion he had remained gazing fixedly at the ocean, which deepened in hue each moment, and was now shot with long, gleaming streaks. It did not occur to the feverish enthusiast that a painter would here despairingly fling down his pencil, for the greatest charm of its indescribable enchantment lay in this very change of tone—in the constant mutation of the beautiful element. But it would be a mere waste of time to refute all the complaints which the deluded man thus heaped upon his Muse, for we know with whom we are dealing—one of that "gifted race" to whom language seems given only for the purpose of eternally contradicting themselves. But perhaps we shall discover that ere the evening of this very day he deeply repented his discontent, and would not have consented to exchange places with Saint Luke himself. But that which was approaching on the left side of the road seemed scarcely calculated to calm his anger, but rather made it burst forth into a hotter flame.

"Oh for a mere sketch even!" he sighed longingly — "if only a simple outline!"

She trotted along on the little donkey, with one leg thrown over the back of the animal, comfortable and secure—the other hanging down, the point of the foot almost touching the ground; her right elbow supported on her knee, her hand under her chin, lightly playing with her neck-chain; the face turned away toward the sea. What a mass of black tresses rested on the neck! Red drops gleamed here and there through it. A coral head-dress?—no, fresh pomegranate flowers. The wind toyed with the loose, unfastened neckerchief: how dark glowed the cheeks! and how much darker the eyes!

"Could I but go to her and induce her to stop even for a half hour, exactly as she looks now, that I might bear away with me even a faint shadow of

that beautiful creature, it would be a possession most valuable. Instead, when I go back, empty-handed, to my brethren and strive to describe the loveliness of yonder figure, I will have to hear, 'What a lovely painting it would make!' But no: it cannot be held fast—that grace of rest and motion, the rich ripeness of youth, the stately features nodding up and down at every step of the animal, from the queenly dignity of the figure to the dear little foot rocking childishly to and fro. Come hither, all ye painters: call them back to me!" He stood still awaiting the rider, who, not troubling herself in the least about the strange wanderer, sat quietly on the donkey and animated him with a blow of the rein. She was just riding past the German—on the edge of the road, however, so that the greeting which he was obliged to call to her, her back being toward him, was only rewarded by a measured nod of the back of her head. But in so doing she raised the many-twined nest of black hair from the exquisite neck.

A strange atmosphere of rest surrounded the whole apparition, and as it rode on its way there was not a glance or look that would justify his flattering himself that this meeting had excited even as much curiosity and interest as would be but natural when, in a lonely hour, a young man and a beautiful woman meet unexpectedly in a deserted mountain path. Whether she were wife or maiden, nothing either in her costume or her bearing aided him in discovering. It is true the first blush of youth seemed passed, but though no trace of maidenly hope, expectation or reserve was seen in the nonchalant features, yet there was a freshness and purity in the contour of the face rarely possessed by the matrons of that land. Her costume was half town-like, except that the silken skirt was somewhat shorter and the bodice cut rather lower than usual; the tightly-fitting sleeves were rolled up; the brow was unshaded from the sun and a broad straw hat hung idly on the donkey's saddle. Only when the winding road threatened to hide her from the eyes of

the stranger did he come to his senses, and with quick steps stride after her. He was soon by her side, but as obstinately as ever did the animal trot along on the edge of the declivity, leaving him only a narrow space between the straw hat and the mountain wall.

During the conversation which now ensued she never once turned her head toward him: her voice was deep, her dialect bad Neapolitan. Though she replied so briefly, yet there lay in her tone neither the desire to dismiss her questioner nor the wish to enchain him by coquettish disdain.

"You come from Sorrento, fair lonely one?" asked he.

"No, from Meta."

"You have been to visit friends there?"

"I have been to church."

"And now are riding up to the feast at Sant' Agata?"

"No, sir."

"But this is the road that leads there?"

"No, sir."

"Then have the kindness to show me which is the road."

"You must go back," said she, still without turning, "and the next path on the left will take you to the high road."

"If I must go back, I had rather give up the feast than the pleasure—as long as it is not annoying to you—of walking on by your side."

"Just as you choose: the road was not built for me only."

"Do you know it would be kind of you to turn your face in this direction?"

She did so indifferently and without changing a feature.

"What is it?" she asked: "what have you to show me?"

"I think *you* have something to show *me*."

"I?"

"You are beautiful. Show me your eyes."

"The sea is more beautiful than I, and you would do better to look at that than at eyes that have nothing to say to you."

"The sea? I see it every day from my balcony."

"But I do not: allow me then to make use of the opportunity;" and she turned away.

"Does not one see the sea everywhere from these mountains?" asked he.

"My brother's mill lies deep in the ravine above: the crags rise before it, and the bushes cut off all prospect."

"You live with your brother?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you won't live there much longer, or the young men of Meta have no eyes."

"Let them have eyes: what are their looks to me? I am happier with my brother than all the wives on the plain of Sorrento and away to Naples."

"Have you no jealousy of your brother's wife?"

"He has none, and never will have. He and I—I and he: what more do we need, save the protection of the holy Madonna?"

"And are you sure that it will always remain so—that no maiden will ever attract him?"

"As sure as that I live. But what is it to you?" and she gave the donkey a blow with her hand that made him shake his ears.

"Why did not your brother accompany you to Meta?" asked the German, though in fact that did not concern him either.

"He never leaves the mill excepting to go to confession up yonder in Deserta."

"Is he in ill health?"

"He sees no one save myself. And the sight of the sea gives him pain since—But who are you that question me thus? Are you a priest, or one of the Naples police?"

He laughed. "Neither," said he. "But do you not force me to question you? If you turned your face toward me, I would soon forget to talk; but as it is, I must try to console myself with the sound of your voice."

She measured him with an earnest gaze, and then inquired, "Why do you talk about my face? Are you a painter?"

He was silent for a moment, and the old envious chagrin rose once more within him that painters only should be privileged to follow Beauty. Who could refuse them this aid in their handiwork? Happy mortals, thus to travel with a free pass through the world! That he, too, by virtue of his art and calling, had the right to improve the same by gazing on this maiden's features—how could he make that plain to her who surely had no just appreciation of the noble company of the poets?

"You shall fare as well as they for once," thought he to himself, and then replied with a bold front, "Yes, I am a painter; and if you will permit me—But what is your name?"

"Teresa."

"—If you will permit me, beautiful Teresa, I would be glad to accompany you to your mill, so as to transfer your portrait to my sketch-book?"

He made this inconsiderate request thoughtlessly, for he desired much to see the brother also, and to have a glimpse at the home of these lonely ones. When it came to the point, he would find some means of evading a difficulty. And was not his falsehood one of necessity? Was it not necessary for him to gaze longer into Teresa's eyes? She reflected for a few moments; then she said:

"If you are a painter, you may make a picture of me, so that I may give it to my brother. Then, when I am dead, he will always have me before his eyes as when I was alive. Do you see that wide brook which springs out of the ravine and rushes across the path and over the cliffs? That turns our mill: we must go to the right and follow its course. The rain has swelled it greatly, and the narrow footpath through the gorge is not passable. Wait! you shall get on the donkey and ride up, while I lead him."

"You lead him! On foot! No, indeed, Teresa!"

"Then you will have to stay below, for even could you ascend barefooted through the water, as I do, you know neither the bed of the stream nor the way, and would fall at every step."

She had already stopped the donkey

and sprung lightly to the ground. While he still stood hesitating, disquieted by the thought that he was deceiving her, she took off shoes and stockings from her beautiful feet, and then, gazing up calmly, grasped the donkey's rein.

"So be it," said he, half laughing, "though I won't cut a very knightly figure, letting you encounter all the difficulties."

He mounted, and they proceeded toward the brook, the maiden in advance, with the donkey's bridle thrown around her arm.

When they came to the ravine, she cast one last long glance over the sea: then they turned, regardless of the water that rushed about them, straight into the brook, which danced around large stones and filled the whole breadth of the defile. Here it seemed cool and dusky after the bright glare without, and the shrubbery hung deep down from the rocky walls on either side. The German, while the animal bore him cautiously from stone to stone, splashing the foam to his knees, gazed upward, and perceived the mill at an elevation of several hundred feet, perched perilously on the rocks, and gray as the crags beside it. The wheel was silent, as it was Sunday: no sound was audible but the rushing of the brook and the cry of a sparrowhawk, which, floating above the ravine, seemed cooling its breast in the rising water-spray.

Meantime, Teresa walked on, close to one side of the cleft. Here and there the pathway was visible under her feet, while other portions were completely submerged. She was silent; and indeed it was not easy to make one's self heard above the roaring of the brook, which was re-echoed a hundred-fold in the narrow pass. Only when they approached the house did the rocky walls recede from each other, the pathway rose above the water, and the donkey's rider, as soon as he saw firm ground beneath the animal's feet, sprang down, in secret satisfaction that no third party had witnessed his strange and unchivalrous ride.

The mill lay as if dead. Even when

the German stood close before the building, he was almost tempted to believe it only the side-scene of a theatre. The window-shutters were closed; the brown door in the gray wall had no latch, and did not seem at all practicable: the shadows under the eaves looked as though traced with a paint-brush.

Meantime, the maiden opened a stable made in the rock and led in their gray companion. Then she pushed open the door with a slight pressure, and stepped before the stranger over the threshold. One glance sufficed to acquaint the German with the whole interior of the dwelling.

In the centre a tolerably large room, occupying the entire depth of the house, the fireplace on one side—in the middle a heavy table and some wooden chairs; household utensils in a cupboard in the wall. On the right, on the side of the cliff, a chamber, with a bed; and on the left, the mill-room and machinery. A door in the back wall stood open, and beyond it was seen a wide green space traversed by one broad stripe of sunshine. It contained several acres, and was sufficiently elevated above the brook to have permitted the planting of a little garden. But the mountain wall enclosing it was too high, the air too cool, for the favorable growth of flowers: only grass flourished luxuriantly, and a goat was browsing on the edge of the water.

But yonder, where through a rift in the mountain pierced that solitary sun-beam, stood in the midst of the meadow, like some beautiful marvel, two orange trees hung with fruit—sparsely, it is true, but in full freshness and vigor.

"Your brother is not at home, Teresa," said the German.

Her dark eye swept calmly over the meadow; then she said:

"Do you not see him up where the ravine closes in once more? The brook has broken through the wall which, just at yon spot, forces it back into its natural bed. He is building an earthen dam behind the stones, so that the meadow may not be overflowed. He thinks of everything, my brother, and can do everything: you might seek for a thou-

sand years without finding a man of more genius."

"Why does he waste it here in this solitude?"

"Because he will."

"And did you grow up at the mill, poor child, and never see more sunlight than what shines on the orange trees yonder? I cannot believe it. Your cheeks can scarcely have become so dusky merely in riding to church on Sundays."

"No," said she. "It has been not quite four years since Tomaso bought the mill and we came here to live. Would you believe that, before that time, when we dwelt in Naples, he had no idea what a mill-wheel was, nor how the stones revolved? And on the first day that we came up here—the old miller had just died—he managed it as well as though he had done nothing else all his life! Oh, such a man as Tomà is! At the king's court there is none wiser."

During these words the stranger tried in vain to see the man's face: he prosecuted his work vigorously, without turning his head toward the mill. He could only distinguish a tall figure, a mass of dark curls under the gray hat, and a jacket of some grave color hanging loosely from one shoulder.

"What gave him this distaste for the city and the sea and his calling?" asked he of the sister who stood beside him.

She seemed not to have heard the question. "I'll tell you what to do," said she. "Sit down and begin the picture, so that it may be finished by the time my brother comes in the house. Then I will ask him who it is, and if he knows it, we will give you whatever you wish for it; for we are not poor, you must know. When we lived in Naples my brother had seven fishers under him, and had three boats: he could easily have bought a farm instead of this mill. But what is gold to a heavy heart? Sit down, sir: I will stop chattering. You must draw the mouth quite still and quiet on the paper, and the eyes, and everything."

Our friend stood in no small perplex-

ity as he saw the affair thus growing serious.

"It is rather dark here," said he with a beating heart.

"Then let us go out into the meadow."

"There again it is *too* bright, Teresa. You do not know how difficult it is to find the proper light."

"Wait," she said, flinging open the window-shutters. "That's a beautiful light now! I think if I had learnt how, I could draw you now to a hair."

"Well, then," said he, boldly, "let us begin."

He pushed two chairs up to a window that overlooked the ravine below the whole sweep of the brook, and told her to sit down. He drew out the paper which he had put in his pocket in hopes of an inspiration of the Muse, laid it upon his knee and took the pencil in his right hand.

A deep red flushed the brown cheek of the maiden as she felt his gaze rest fixedly upon her. Her eyes, over which the thick lashes fluttered up and down like the wings of a butterfly, stared stiffly out the window, and soon were clouded with tears from the intensity of the look. He told her to move freely—the picture would be none the worse—but could not resist the temptation of making some pretended alteration in the arrangement of her rich, beautiful hair.

"Teresa!" said he.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

It was impossible, with the deep glance of her eyes resting upon him, to say anything *fade* or gallant. How firm and broad and even was the forehead! how graceful the sweep of the brows! He decided to work industriously for half an hour as though busily occupied, thus enjoying the sight of her lovely face, then to tear up the leaf quickly, and, blaming the unpropitious day and his uncertain eye, to take his departure. He quickly chose his position, and was just about to make a pretended beginning, when he remarked in the sleeping-room the black-framed portrait of a man, which gave him a welcome excuse for another delay.

"You have there a beautiful portrait of your brother," said he, rising to observe it more closely. "Who painted it? In truth an admirable work! What a gentle yet fiery expression! It makes me even more curious than before to see him."

"Him whom that picture represents you will never see in this life!" said she, slowly.

"It is not your brother, then?"

"He *was* my brother's friend: he died young and many wept for him."

"It pains you, Teresa, to speak of it: pardon me for asking such inquisitive questions."

He resumed his seat at the window. The red had vanished from her cheek and her eyes were dim. After a pause, in which only the rushing of the brook was audible, she began again, voluntarily:

"You are right—gentle yet fiery was he: a child could deceive him, and yet to serve those whom he loved he would have cast himself into Vesuvius. 'Men are all wicked,' Tomaso says. But he always excepted him; and he was right. One had but to look in his face to know that no purer soul breathed the air beneath the moon. Is it any wonder that my brother hates the sea which robbed him of such a friend?—that he bears a heavy heart since that day when they rowed forth together and Tomaso came home alone? No one thought it strange that he grew taciturn from that hour and that his trade became distasteful to him."

"He was a fisher like your brother?"

"He was a singer, but a poor fisher's child: his parents are yet alive. When he was but a lad the hearts of every one in the church melted as soon as he began to sing. A rich uncle of his, who kept an inn on the coast, had him taught by a singing-master, and he was to act in the opera. And the day of his first appearance, when all Naples was talking of nothing else, he came, toward evening, to my brother's house. They had known each other from childhood, and had always loved each other tenderly. 'Tomà,' said he, 'let us take one more row together.' 'I am willing, Nino,' said my brother, 'for the nets must be

brought in, and Beppo the lad can go with us.' 'Leave him home, Tomà: I will help you. I have not forgotten how, in all my music-reading.' And so they went forth. I can see them now—my brother at the helm, and Nino at the oars. His hair shone golden in the evening sunlight, his eyes were fixed upon our house: that look is ever before my soul. And the sun was scarcely down when I heard the splash of the oars and sprang to the door to meet them; but Tomaso was alone in the boat, rowing like a madman. He cried to me, 'Good-evening, Teresa! I am to greet you from Nino. He is sleeping in the depths of the sea!—and I heard no more.'

"Terrible!—the hopeful, handsome youth! But how was such a misfortune possible, when there were two of them, and in a boat?"

"The heavy net drew him down. The peg to which it was fastened came suddenly out of the joint and shot overboard; and he, bending over the side, with his arms extended to seize the net, was caught in the meshes: the boat turned over, and when Tomaso rose to the surface he saw the empty boat floating calmly in the evening glow, and no sign of Nino, save his light straw hat dancing on the waves, with the ribbon still around it which I had tied there only the day before!"

"Poor Nino!"

"Do you pity him? He rose straight to Paradise, and sings with his golden voice before the throne of the Madonna. Pity my brother, sir, whose peace lies buried in the sea, and no diver can bring it up to him again. He has never laughed since that day, my poor Tomaso! And before we came to these mountains he burned his boat and his nets; and the people stood on the seashore and said, 'He is right!' for every one knew they had been like brothers."

She was silent, and sat gazing down the ravine, her hands lying in her lap. He held the sheet of paper idly on his knee, absorbed in the wondrous destiny to be read upon her face. All the bitterness of her life-experience seemed van-

ished: the pure image of the youth rose before her, and his "golden voice" echoed in her ears.

And therefore the stranger was all the more alarmed when he saw those noble features suddenly darken with wild passion. Like a swan that sees a snake, she started, with a slight hissing cry, from her chair, trembling all over, her bosom rising and falling quickly, her lips white and opening convulsively.

"What is the matter, Teresa?" he cried in amazement.

She strove in vain to answer him. He followed her eyes, which were fixed on a spot at the entrance of the ravine. But what he saw only augmented his surprise. For it was nothing terrible that slowly mounted the flooded footpath, but a form, in its way, no less attractive than Teresa herself had seemed. A young, fair-haired woman, dressed entirely in black, ascended, cautiously wading through the water, the pathway to the mill. She bore her shoes and stockings in her left hand: with her right she gathered up the folds of her dress, somewhat more carelessly than Teresa had done. A straw hat, from which fluttered broad black ribbons, hung, as if blown back by the wind, far down on her neck, displaying fully the blooming face, whose brilliant red and white were even at this distance remarkable. Her eyes were fastened upon the pathway.

"Who is this woman, Teresa?" asked the German; "and why does the sight of her cause such a change in you?"

"What will he say?" she murmured to herself, without regarding the question. "She is fairer than ever—wicked than ever! And that black dress! What if the old man should be dead? Holy Madonna!" A wild flight of thoughts seemed chasing through her brain. "We do not fear her: we know her." And then, remembering that she was not alone, she spoke hastily: "You must go yonder into the mill-room. She must not see you: she hates me, and who knows what she would say of me if she met a stranger here? Go! Keep still, and do not let her hear you. I don't think it will last long."

"If I am in your way, Teresa, I will descend on the other side of the ravine."

"You cannot get down on that side, and down the path you must not go, for then you would have to pass that witch."

"But have you considered, Teresa? If your brother should come in the mill-room and find a stranger there—"

"My brother knows me," said she, proudly. "Go!"

"Only one word more: who is this woman, and what do you fear from her?"

"Everything. But I know Tomaso. She is the wife of Nino's uncle. When the body was found cast on the shore at Pozzeoli, no eye save hers was dry. Heaven forgive her! I cannot! And she hates me, because many people thought me more beautiful than she. Now she wants to rob me of my brother—the artful one! But Tomaso knows her! He and I—I and he: who can part us? Go into the mill-chamber, sir: afterward I will explain all to my brother."

She hurried him in and shut the door behind him: then he heard her go hastily through the back door into the meadow. He, left alone in his imprisonment, could not, at first, resist a strong feeling of anxiety and excitement. But the charm of an adventure soon gained the upper hand, and he began to consider how he should act in any of the possible contingencies that might arise. Meantime, he gazed at the strange things around him. He passed in review the simple wheelwork, the great sieves and wooden vessels, and the mill-stones of various sizes leaning against the wall. In the corner stood Tomaso's bed: a missal lay on the coverlid, and a vase of holy water hung on the wall at the head. The faint light in the room penetrated through large openings in the side of the wall in which the mill-wheel was; and through these openings the spokes of the wheel were visible; and beyond, the craggy walls of the ravine. But he soon discovered a crevice in the partition which divided the mill-room from the middle apartment, which gave him means of observing much that transpired in the latter. Here he sat on guard, awaiting with ever-increasing anxiety the

occurrences which should come to pass. Soon the brother and sister entered from the meadow together. He now saw Tomaso's face under the quantity of black curls: his features marvelously resembled those of his sister. A deep but repressed excitement quivered in every muscle and shone gloomily from the dark eyes. The jacket slid from his shoulder without his remarking it: he stood with folded arms by the table, nodding from time to time with his high brow, as though listening attentively to Teresa, who had grasped his arm and was addressing him in passionate whispers, inaudible to the German. But his thoughts seemed far away: from time to time his full under lip quivered, but he remained silent. He could not be over thirty years old, and the observer in the mill-room thought that never had he beheld a nobler or more manly figure. Some one knocked at the outer door. Instantly Teresa sprang from her brother's side to a seat on the hearth, where stood a spinning-wheel.

As Tomaso, who did not quit his position, cried, "Come in!" and the door opened, she swung the wheel and seemed to have been sitting there for an hour: her face was cold and indifferent. With some embarrassment the fair-haired woman entered, and while exchanging the first greetings pretended to be occupied with her dress, evidently to hide her confusion. She shook the drops from the skirt, threw down her shoes and drew them lightly on her bare feet. Every movement was soft, graceful, half-conscious, half-natural. Her face, heated by the ascent, was glowing, and the black dress rendered the delicacy of her coloring and the soft blonde of her hair all the more remarkable in this southern land. She was smaller than Teresa—fuller, more pliant, and quicker in her movements. But in the brown eyes burned all the fire of the Neapolitan heavens.

"Good-evening, Teresa," said she. "How is Tomaso?"

"Is it you, Lucia?" replied the maiden. "What brings you from Naples here to our seclusion?"

"Sit down, Lucia, and be welcome," said the brother, without approaching her. She obeyed him, and sat down near the window, still occupying herself with her dress.

"I had to go to Carotta," she began, taking off her straw hat and pushing back her hair from her brow; "so I thought that before I went home I would come and see you, Teresa. The road up here is bad. We have had miserable weather."

"It was good weather for the mill," said Teresa, shortly.

Lucia let her eyes glide slowly around the room and rest lightly on the face of Tomaso, who, in apparent indifference, was tracing one line after another with a piece of chalk which he picked up from the table. Each knew that decided words were to be spoken, and neither wished to be the first to speak them.

"Bring a glass of wine for Lucia," said Tomaso, without looking at his sister.

Teresa spun on vigorously. The stranger spoke after some hesitation:

"Never mind the wine: I have not long to stay. The evening is sinking fast, and my boat waits for me on the shore at Carotta. I must be back to-night in Naples. How long it has been since we saw each other! Why do you never come to Naples, Teresa? The winter must be severe up here in this ravine."

"No weather is severe to me when I am with my brother," replied the maiden. "And why should I go to Naples? There is no one there whom I care for—no one!"

Again they were all silent. At last the man turned calmly to his sister and said,

"Have you given the donkey his fodder, Teresa?"

She shrank back, for she comprehended the hint, but on looking up saw from her brother's firm gaze that such was his will. She pushed the spinning-wheel quickly away, left the room, and was soon heard making as much noise as possible, so as to dispel any suspicion that she might be listening.

The German's heart beat violently as he saw the two thus standing face to face. Although only a part of the past of these two was known to him, yet he had heard sufficient to anticipate a scene of the strangest description. He gazed at the man, then at the beautiful woman by the window, and his own position became most painful; for he knew that the words hovering on their lips were intended for no mortal ears save their own. For a moment he thought of withdrawing to the most distant corner of the apartment, but each step might betray him, and he was forced to remain where he was. The silence lasted for a few moments longer; then Lucia spoke:

"Your sister hates me, Tomaso. What have I done to cause it?"

The brother shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," she continued, "it has often troubled me to think that perhaps she alone it is who keeps us apart. She is jealous of each word which you address to any other: she wants to have you all to herself."

"You are mistaken," said he, dryly. "I had my own reasons for quitting Naples."

"I know, Tomà—I know! A child could understand how, after your misfortune, you lost all pleasure in the sea. But it would have come back had not Teresa persuaded you to bury yourself here in this desert-like solitude. Do we not each suffer our destiny, and yet are obliged to live on amongst our fellow-beings? Do not our misfortunes come from Heaven? And should they so harden us as to make us hate our fellow-mortals—even those who have done nothing to deserve it?"

"Have done nothing to deserve it? that is the question."

She looked piercingly at him: "I do not understand you, Tomà. There is much that I no longer understand since you have been away. Why did you not answer the letters that I sent you by Angelo the peasant? He said he gave them to you yourself: otherwise I might have thought that Teresa had hindered you from replying."

"The letters? I burned them."

"And what answer do you now give to them?"

"Lucia, I did not read one word of their contents." She shrank back, but he continued: "Your husband is dead: so Angelo told me. I am sorry: he was a good man, and the wrong that I meditated against him I bitterly repent. You are young and beautiful, Lucia—you will soon find another and a younger one: be happy with him."

He threw down the piece of chalk, and, his hands folded behind him, strode up and down the room. She followed every movement in trembling suspense. At last she spoke:

"Does Teresa know that I am a widow?"

"She first learned it from your black dress: during these four years your name has not been spoken between us."

"If you did not read the letters, you do not know that my husband left you three hundred piastres. You will have to come to Naples in person to get them from the court, where they are deposited for you."

"They may stay there until the day of judgment!" said he, instantly—"unless you prefer giving them to the poor. I would not take them if I was in more need than—Heaven be praised for it!—is the case. Gold from *your* husband, Lucia! Rather starvation!"

"How strangely you talk!" said she, softly, in a voice trembling with surprise. "It was once very different with us two, Tomaso."

"So much the worse that it was!"

She rose from her chair, walked a few steps toward him and timidly sought his eyes with her own. But his were fixed upon the surface of the table, behind which he had stepped, as though desirous to interpose some object between himself and the beautiful woman as a protection from her enchantment. She laid her right hand on her bosom: the German saw, through the cracks in the wall, the blue veins on the round arm, and how the slender fingers trembled on the beating heart.

"What have I done, Tomà?" said she, scarcely audibly. "If some one

has been slandering me to you, say so, and I will lay my hand on the Host and swear that I am unconscious of such guilt. Since you went away I have lived like one buried, and no one can say that the hostess of the 'Siren' has vouchsafed him a glance or a smile."

"That is your affair, and was the affair of the dead man. Why do you tell it to me?"

Large tears rose to her eyes as she heard these harsh words, and he felt how deep the wound had been, although he did not look up. After a pause he said:

"Why should we thus talk from behind masks and strive to disguise our voices, Lucia? Let us speak plainly. You came to tell me that you are now free, and that no one stands between us two. But I say to you that one does stand between us, and that we are condemned to feel eternal flames and to be parted eternally for our sins."

Decidedly though he spoke, yet hope rose once more within her.

"For our sins?" said she, quickly. "With what need we reproach ourselves? Was our love ever aught else than hopeless sighs and weeping? But I know well what stands between us—your sister."

He shook his head emphatically: "No—not she. But do not ask me; and do not think that you ever can remove that obstacle from our path: he is not among the living. Go back to Naples, Lucia, and never come again to the mill. I cannot, I dare not see you again."

She stepped close to the table, opposite to him. It shook with the sudden movement, and he looked up quickly. All the grief of a despairing passion was imprinted on her face.

"I will *not* go!" she said with forcible firmness; "or I will know all! Tomaso, my husband is dead: Nino has slept long in his grave. Your sister shall be in my house as mistress and I as her servant. At the first evil word from me to her, you shall drive me forth as though I had put a torch to your roof. And you say, and I see, that your heart is still unchanged. Who, then, stands between us, Tomaso?"

The table on which he leaned trembled.

"I will tell you," he gasped in a hollow voice. "But go then, and ask no more! Nino stands between us."

"You are deceiving me," she replied: "you wish to divert my thoughts from Teresa, lest I should some day requite her for what she has done to me. You will one day rue having trifled with my love, unhappy one that I am! and then thrown me aside. And she, too, will be punished for her unnatural conduct in keeping you here, hidden from the very sunlight, as a miser does his gold. I go!"

"Lucia, I do not deceive you. It is true there is one thing which my sister has never forgiven you. But it is not that, and you know not what my meaning is when I say, 'Nino stands between us!' No one knows it—Teresa least of all. She would die did she suspect the truth."

"And if I knew it?"

"Then you would resign all thoughts of the wretched Tomaso, and never again would seek the pathway to the mill." He hid his face in his hands.

"You are mistaken," said she: "that can never be. It is an illusion that parts us, and I will waft it away like a vapor if you will but show it to me. If not, I shall have no peace by night nor by day, and before the year is out you will hear that you have driven me to my grave."

He shuddered, and seemed to be enduring a last struggle. Then he gazed at her hopelessly, fixedly, long:

"It must be told. I will not have to endure a second time the agony of seeing you only to renounce you. Swear, Lucia, that you will never betray what no one has ever heard from me, and what you now shall hear. In confession or in death the words shall never pass your lips. It is not because it would be my ruin were it known, but that Teresa would not survive it. Swear, Lucia!"

She raised her hand: "I swear to you, Tomaso, no one shall know it save you and me."

He sighed deeply and threw himself into a chair, resting his arms on his knees and gazing on the floor at his feet.

"Lucia," he said, half aloud, "I told you the truth: Nino stands between us! Once in life, now in death! He was pure and blameless as Abel, and yet by his side stood a Cain: Cain fled to the wilderness. *Now* do you understand?" She was silent. "You are right," he continued. "Who *can* understand it? But there are times when the powers of darkness have the mastery over us, till it seems as though some strange spirit sat in our breasts and struck dumb all our better thoughts, leaving only the most diabolical free to work their wicked will. Are we held accountable for deeds done in such a frame of mind? I must ask a priest to explain that to me: I cannot tell. How I loved the youth! I would have killed the idiot who dared breathe a word to me against him. When I heard him sing I forgot every care; when he came to my house he seemed to bring sunshine with him: I could not have loved better an own son or brother. I was so proud of him when all Naples began to talk of his voice, and I always used to say to people, 'That is our Nino, my old playmate.' It seemed to me as though I had drawn the voice up out of the sea and given it to him. And how he loved me! When he became renowned and sang before counts and princes, and the proud ladies envied each other for one glance from him, he used to come just the same to our house on the seashore, and was happier there than anywhere else. And often, when I met him on the Toledo, my net over my shoulder, he would leave his other acquaintances, take my arm and walk with me. No one was more lovely: nothing false in him, nothing wicked. He could have chosen any woman in Naples, but he cared not a fig for any of them. I did not know the reason *then*. But one injury did he ever do me: that was taking me to his uncle's house when the good old man came to Naples and bought the 'Siren,' desiring personally to witness Nino's good fortune, of which he had been the architect. Why did he come and bring you with him, Lucia? From that hour Nino was lost to me, but not through his fault.

THE
MUSIC OF
THE
MIDDLE AGES

TO VIND
ABROGLA



“No, Lucia,” he said, hoarsely. “The story I told was the true one: the net drew him down: I did not overturn the boat.”

[The Lonely Ones.]

Who would blame him, save you and I, for guarding the happiness of his benefactor? He never seemed to think of reproaching me, though he did not seem much pleased when I spoke to him of this or that woman who had taken my fancy for the moment. He was pure as the archangel Rafael, but he had knowledge of the world, and knew that all were not as he; but he was far from desiring to change mankind. When he saw how we felt toward each other, Lucia, not a word passed his lips; but you know it was he who frustrated all our plans. I was enraged: a hundred times I vowed when next I saw him to renounce all friendship between us if he did not cease to watch over you so zealously—more zealously than his uncle himself—like a brother or a lover. But he did not care for you, and no jealousy of me had any concern in his actions. When I saw him I bit my lips, but said not a word; and my love for you grew less passionate when I heard his voice. It seemed as though he read my every thought. He often talked to me of his uncle—how good and harmless he was, and how much the old man had done for him. And then he would look so confidently at me, as if to say, ‘No, Tomà, it is impossible that you would do an injury to one who has been everything to your friend. And is he not kindness and confidence itself toward you?’ I understood him well, but when I saw you, Lucia, all reflection, all resolution seemed forgotten in my love. My conscience was shriveled like a tree before the flowing lava. And to bear all this for a year!—I, whom a delay of even a few days always made so impatient! Once, when his uncle had gone to Ischia, you remember he begged for a room at the ‘Siren,’ that he might have a quiet place to copy his music, for the noise in his own dwelling disturbed him: even then I had dark thoughts. I wanted to mix in his wine a drug given me by one of my acquaintances, which would cast him into a deep sleep for twenty-four hours. But then I became frightened: suppose it were a poison or should do some injury to his voice? So

I renounced the plan, but it remained like a thorn in my heart, and from that hour I shrank from him as though he sought my life. So the day approached on which Nino was to sing in the opera for the first time. You remember what we had talked of for that evening. Had I never seen you, my house might have burnt down without my quitting the theatre before the last note of Nino’s triumph. But now all my thoughts were bent on escaping after the first act, so as to go to the ‘Siren,’ where you had pretended to be ill to avoid going to the opera with Nino’s uncle. He came that afternoon, as you know, and persuaded me to take him with me in my boat. What angel or devil had whispered to him my secret? For he knew it; and scarcely were we alone on the sea together, when he said, plainly, that he called me to account. I denied everything. ‘Tomà,’ said he, ‘if you do not promise me by our old friendship to give this up, it will be my ruin. I shall sing like a raven, I shall be hissed from the stage, and all that I have hoped for so long will be over for ever. My brother,’ said he, ‘I demand it of you. I could go and warn my uncle, but then he would be deceived in his beloved wife; and did I not even mention your name, you and I would be for ever parted. Promise me, then. I surely deserve this one sacrifice at your hands.’ I remained obstinately silent and gazed at the nets; and at last I no longer heard what he said, for your image stood before me, Lucia. An hour later I returned—alone.”

The last words echoed dark and despairingly, and the two forms—he with his face drooping ever lower between his knees, she white as a corpse—stood out like a painting in the rapidly-darkening room; while without, through the rushing of the brook, rang Teresa’s voice in a gay ritournelle, as if reminding her brother not to prolong her banishment unnecessarily. And her voice roused the half-unconscious man. He rose from his chair and bent over the table, closer to the motionless woman.

“No, Lucia,” he said, hoarsely. “The

story I told was the true one: the net drew him down, his feet became entangled: I did not overturn the boat. But that is not all: I was seated in safety at the stern while he was struggling in the water! My limbs seemed ice. My eyes were fixed on the eddying pool beside me which had just closed over his head: I saw the bubbles rise as if they called to me: he was still breathing below there. And now, now, one of his hands rose above the water and groped for the firm hand of his friend, only a boat's length off. A silver ring on his finger gleamed in the evening sunlight. I had but to reach out the oar and he was saved! Did I not wish to reach it to him? Must I not have wished it? I held the oar upon my knees: one bend of my arm and the hand with the silver ring would have closed around it. But the demon sat in my breast and chained every nerve and froze every drop of blood. I sat as if in a dream—my head swam, I strove to cry out—ever staring at the hand. And the hand sank—now to the ring, now to the finger tips, now it was gone! Then the demon seemed to set me free. I cried like a madman. I sprang overboard, upsetting the boat, and dived down, and rose, and down again, without finding him, though I have a hundred times brought up a tiny coin from the bottom of the sea. At last I swam back to my boat, wild with despair. But the measure was not yet full. When I came home without him, my sister sank like a dying flame. The ring on that hand which had stared from the waves was her ring. She had exchanged it for his the day before, without my knowledge."

He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes. The listener in the mill-chamber heard him breathing long and deeply, like a man in a heavy sleep, and the unhappy young woman passed her hand across her brow again and again to wipe off the cold drops that stood upon it. The terrible story to which she had been listening had ennobled her soft features. She was more beautiful than ever, but she no longer thought of it. At last Tomaso seemed to rouse himself as from a half sleep.

"Are you still here, Lucia?" he asked hastily. "What have you now to do with Tomaso? Do not you, too, see it between us—the hand with the silver ring, that everywhere rises up before me, pointing to heaven? If we stood before the altar, and you extended your hand with the golden circlet, my hair would stand on end, my eyes would become confused. Gold would seem silver—Lucia's hand, Nino's hand!—and devils would chase me from the church. Go home, Lucia: forget all this; keep your oath, and pray for Tomaso!"

He rose and stood on the hearth. The German saw how she trembled.

"Can it not be otherwise?" she murmured, an appealing look in her face. He turned away from her, shook his curls, and made with his forefinger the sign of negation. "Then may Heaven keep you, Tomà! May the Madonna pour comfort into your heart and sleep upon your eyes, and upon mine, which will ever weep for you. I thank you for telling me all: I could not otherwise have borne to lose you. I thank you for still loving me: do not cease to do it, for it is all that is left to me."

He did not look at her again, and saw not the tears that were quietly flowing from her eyes—saw not the farewell sign she made with both her hands—saw not the bitter struggle as she turned to go.

She left the door open as she passed out, and Teresa, who immediately on her enemy's departure hastened in, now stood, as *she* had stood, upon the hearthstone.

"Tomà!" she cried, sobbing, but with wild triumph in her voice, and throwing her arms around the motionless figure, "you have refused! You are mine! We shall belong only to each other!" Then first did she remark his deathly paleness, and was frightened. "Woe!" she cried. "Did it cost you such a struggle? No, Tomà, you shall not do this for me! Your voice will still reach her. Call her back, my brother: tell her—"

"Be quiet, child," he said, firmly, and forcing a smile, whilst his eyes gazed down into her face with the deepest

emotion. "It is all past and over: I have made you no sacrifice. If you had never awakened from that terrible swoon of four years ago, I should have spoken to her even as I have just spoken. It will soon be dark: I will go once more up into the ravine and look how it is with the mill-brook. I will see you again before I go to rest, my sister, my Teresa. To-morrow will be a new day."

He kissed her on the forehead and vanished through the door leading to the meadow.

It was long ere the stranger dared to open the mill-room door. Teresa started when he stepped up to her: she had evidently forgotten his vicinity. "You have heard everything?" she said, earnestly. "I have no desire to question you. Tomaso did not wish me to hear: that is enough for me. Where lives there on earth such a brother as he? Say, is not my lot an enviable one? Oh, Tomaso!"

He nodded silently and held out his hand. "Good-night, Teresa," said he. "I need not ask you never to tell your brother who was present at his interview with Lucia. It would be an odious thought to him that a stranger was admitted when his own sister was shut out."

"He shall never know it," she replied, gravely. "To pain such a brother as he— How could I think of it?—I, for whom he would give his life!"

The German was forced to turn away to avoid betraying how deeply he was affected by this artless trust in one who had robbed her of her most precious treasure.

Words of the deepest sympathy hovered upon his lips, but he repressed them, for she expected good wishes and the testimony that her lot was most enviable. He saw the silver ring upon her finger, and on the wall the portrait of the drowned man, and said to himself, "Tomaso sees these every day, and yet must live on and suffer his sister to love him! Teresa!" he said, "may Heaven keep you in peace! Farewell! I take your portrait with me—otherwise than I thought to do, but imperishably!"

They did not converse much on the way down the ravine, which he traversed on the back of the donkey. After parting from her at the foot of the cleft, he stood for a long time gazing up at the mill, and refreshing his hot brow with the coolness of the brook.

The night closed around him. He could not seek the homeward road, for his thoughts drove him far over the heights in varying paths. As he mounted a craggy slope which projected steeply over the sea, he perceived a manly figure on the extreme edge, his dark curls blowing in the wind.

He was gazing far over the water, where, on the way from Carotta to Naples, a tiny boat was speeding under full sail. The German recognized the lonely one up yonder, and knew who sat in the little boat. In deep emotion he struck into the shortest path leading to the dwellings of happier mortals. The Muse, whose presence he had invoked so long in vain, had at last appeared unto him, but the countenance she bore was stern and solemn, and drove, till far past midnight, all slumber from his eyes.

WHAT I SAW OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE night of the 31st of December, 1868, had not been favorable to the approaches of "tired Nature's sweet restorer" at "Sheppard's Hotel" in Cairo. First, a poor camel had fallen in the street before our window, and, having broken a leg, was instantly butchered then and there, and the pieces, even to the tail, sold to the highest bidder. At a later hour, there was an arrest and an attempt at rescue; which latter, by the way, was unsuccessful, although there seemed to be nearly fifty rescuers and only one policeman. But the majesty of the law is respected in Cairo, and although there was much rattling of bamboo sticks, much tossing about of dusky arms and white turbans, and a fearful screaming and yelling in jawbreaking Arabic, yet the policeman was not touched and the culprit went to the calaboose. From that time till morning the bands of fierce and loud-mouthed dogs, which have never yet settled their claims to the possession of the town, engaged in a series of battles royal, and made night hideous with their cries.

The day before, we had ridden fourteen miles on donkey-back and ascended the pyramid of Ghizeh, and our muscles were still sore from being dragged over the huge stones by the four brawny guides, who evidently think that the nearer they come to breaking the neck of the traveler the more bucksheesh they are entitled to; and so when, soon after daylight, a red fez cap, surmounting an ebony visage, was thrust in at the door and we were told that the train for Ismael left in an hour, I, for one, felt sure that nothing short of a sail on the Suez Canal could get me out of bed at five o'clock after a night like that.

Passing, on our ride to the depôt, through crowds of kneeling Arabs and kneeling camels—the Arabs at their morning devotions and sending up complaints, no doubt, that "Christian dogs"

should come "between the wind and their nobility;" the camels receiving their daily loads, and growling loudly, and much more reasonably, because their burdens are twice as much as they should carry—and being, at length, by means of a capital courier, a little bad Arabic and a good thick stick, safely piloted through shoals of the worst and most importunate beggars in the world, behold us seated in a first-class, English-made car, with two Frenchmen and the Arab conductor, whizzing through the land of the Pharaohs at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The morning was beautiful, clear, balmy and elastic, such as only an Egyptian morning can be. On our left lay the broad majestic Nile, calm, still, without a ripple on its mysterious surface, while far above the tall palm trees on the opposite bank, and dwarfing them into reeds by comparison, loomed up the three great pyramids of Ghizeh. On we sped, through tracts of wheat and clover, knee-deep and emerald green, the fourth series of crops which the wonderfully fertile soil has produced within the year. Here, a flock of snow-white egrets, which catch grasshoppers as we pass and mind us not; there, a crowd of dusky Nubian children, who shout after us, "Adeena bucksheesh" (give alms), in hopes of a piastre, as the train flies by; here, an ancient Arab ploughing, his head and beard like Aaron's; his plough, a crooked limb of mulberry wood; and his team, a woman, a dog, a camel and a cow, harnessed "tandem."

And now, suddenly and without a moment's warning, we have left the green fields of wheat and barley and cotton, and are plunging through hill-ocks of stones and sand. We have passed the line to which the waters of the Nile extend during the annual inundation, and are entering that which, should the Nile fail for two years, Egypt would be—the desert. Far as the eye

can reach lies one vast plain of shining sand. A few stunted bushes near the railroad are the only signs of vegetation, and as we go on even these disappear, until at last the sky seems to meet the sand, and we feel that we are indeed in the wilderness. On for four long hours do we go, the tracks seeming to join in front of us and in our rear, until gradually our pace slackens, the whistle blows a feeble and tired note, and we alight to find the heat of the desert just cooling beneath the evening breeze, and ourselves at Ismael.

And now, as we are far out of the beaten track of tourists, and about to visit scenes and places about which, until we saw them, we knew very little, perhaps a little geography just here may not be amiss. Ismael—or, as the French and English call it, Ismailia—is situated on the Isthmus of Suez, about one-third of the way from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. Five years ago it was a burning desert. The jackal howled and the wild Bedouin pitched his tent where now stands a neat French town, with streets and stores, an excellent hotel and a population of about two thousand souls.

Lake Timsah, upon the bank of which it is built, was, before the canal reached it, simply a hollow in the desert: now it is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, more than a mile in width and nearly circular. At this point enters the fresh-water canal from the Nile. This, of the depth and nearly the breadth of our ordinary canals, serves the purpose, if indeed such were needed, of a feeder to the grand canal, and also furnishes all the fresh water which is used from Suez to Port Said. Many boats were lying in it, laden with provisions and material for the army of men and engines, whose white tents and curling wreaths of steam we could catch glimpses of over the farther shore of the lake. This canal leaves the Nile at Cairo, just above the gardens of the Pacha of Egypt, and enters Lake Timsah at its western edge, and at right angles with the Suez Canal, whose course is along its eastern shore. The level of this fresh-water canal above

that of the surface of the lake is nearly ten feet.

The copings of the fresh-water canal and the docks and quays on Timsah are all of cut stone, solidly built and elegantly finished. The magazines of the company, which are situated here, are immense structures, capable of holding, as they do, a vast amount of material. We strolled through the main street of this curious mushroom town of Ismailia. It reminded us strongly of one of our seaside towns: the boarded curbs, the whitewashed palings, the faint odor of sunburned wood and the cool evening breeze from the desert made it difficult to believe that we were almost in the heart of the Syrian desert. Yet the houses are all neatly built, and that of M. Lesseps, the president of the company (who with his family resides here), elegantly so.

But at this rate we shall never get to our grand canal ride. So let us pass over our capital dinner of snipe, artichokes, new potatoes and asparagus (this was New Year's eve, remember), garnished with a bottle of good wine and a cheerful flow of conversation from mine host of the "Grand Hôtel de l'Isthme de Suez," and behold us seated on the forward deck of the "Petit Prince" (which deck, as the entire length of the steamer was twenty feet, we two filled completely), and prepared, through the courtesy of M. Lesseps, to accompany the Imperial mail in its distribution along the Suez Canal. The captain of our little craft, which was about the size and build of the steam-launches now used in our navy, was a civil engineer, who had been employed upon the canal since 1857, and was now placed upon this light duty on account of failing health. He was exceedingly polite and communicative, and cheerfully afforded us all the information in his power. With true French punctuality, although we, the only passengers, had come on board with the mail-bags fifteen minutes before ten o'clock, he waited watch in hand, and on the minute we shot out into the blue waters of Timsah. Ten minutes' rapid steaming due east, a

sharp turn to the left, and we entered the grand canal so suddenly that we had hardly time to take a last look at Timsah and Ismailia, the beauties of the desert, ere the sand-hills shut them from our sight. Where the canal enters Timsah from the north the cuttings are deep, and the great heaps of sand lie on either side sixty or seventy feet high. The channel through which the water runs is not one hundred feet wide, and the depth not over twelve feet. Hydraulic engines of enormous power were at work dredging up and pouring out immense volumes of mud and sand. Hundreds of men, mostly Arabs, with barrow, pick and shovel, were moving the huge heaps, or, waist-deep in the water, turning from our path their uncouth boats; for much traffic is even now done upon the canal, and besides the boatloads of stores and provisions belonging to the company, we saw many a cargo that reminded us of the sutlers' stores in the "Army of the Potomac."

The Timsah cutting extends for perhaps half a mile, and then the desert is scarcely above the level of the water, and in fact in many places it is below it, so that the water covers many hundreds of acres, and the course of the canal is buoyed out sometimes for nearly a mile. As we left the hills of Timsah the wind struck us sharply, and ever and anon a quantity of the light sand of the desert would be caught up by it and sent whirling into the water; and looking closely, we could see where it had drifted little capes and promontories into the canal. Let us repeat what our captain said upon this subject, being asked:

"Yes, monsieur, this drifting in of the sand certainly seems to be one of our greatest difficulties, for the wind blows across the canal all the year round—six months one way, six months back. One ounce of sand per square yard amounts to five hundred tons for the whole canal. If it came in at that rate, it would be a long time before the company would pay any dividend. But we do not intend to let it come in; and this is how we prevent it. This sand only extends to the depth of from nine to twelve feet: below

this is a stratum of blue mud, mixed with a sort of clay, in which, by the way, we find great quantities of beautiful shells and fossil fish. Well, then, do you see those two huge engines which we are approaching—one an hydraulic dredger in the middle of the canal, the other an iron *shute* (it looked like the walking-beam of an immense steamer), near the edge? Do you see how the vast masses of sand, mud and water come up from the dredger, are poured out into the "shute," and thence on the ground sixty or eighty feet from the edge of the canal? Do you see how quickly the great heaps rise, and how they extend, almost without a break, all along? Well, monsieur, you would find these heaps almost immediately baked hard by the sun, and as they are firm enough to bear the railroad which we intend putting upon them the better to expedite the mails from India, so we hope they will be high enough to keep out the sand-drifts from the canal."

"And what are your other great difficulties, mon capitaine?"

"Well, monsieur, at Chalouf, near Serapéum, we have struck a peculiar hard stone at the depth of twelve feet, and are obliged to blast to clear it out (it is axolite). Then the deposit of the Nile mud near Port Said will always keep us dredging. But what we fear most is the Red Sea. For a long distance from Suez it is extremely shallow: then, lower down, it is very rocky; and while this is nothing to steamers, which can easily keep the narrow channel, yet with the wind blowing six months one way and six months the other, it will not be easy for a heavily-laden clipper to keep off the ground. Yet these things will all be set right, for trade will take the shortest route, and the Suez Canal will be a success, although no nation now believes it except France and" (with a bow) "America."

The only stopping-place from Ismailia to Port Said is Kantara, which means The Bridge. A swinging boat answers the purpose now, but the abutments are being built for a more substantial structure. We reached Kantara about three o'clock. Here is a little clump of houses

clustering along the canal, trying hard to look like a miniature Ismailia, and scarcely succeeding in the attempt. French, English, Italian and Turkish flags were displayed, either on account of the arrival of the steamer, or because it was New Year's day, and we were invited to accept the hospitalities of the "Café du Canal." A neat Frenchwoman set before us some excellent coffee, good fresh bread and delicious dates, and while enjoying them we observed the "café." It was hard to realize we were where we were. There were the inevitable mintsticks in the glass jar with a brass-rimmed cover, the fly-marked cheese-cakes and the honey-dew plug tobacco; and had it not been that the walls were covered with flamingoes, Egyptian geese, pelicans and the skins of two leopards recently killed near by, it would have been hard to believe that we were not in a cake-and-beer shop on an American turnpike.

Kantara is thirty-one miles from Port Said, and the canal is almost perfected thus far; that is to say, although the dredges are still at work, yet for this distance the canal is one hundred yards wide and of an average depth of twenty-six feet; and these are to be the dimensions for its entire length. A curious feature, which is visible along the narrow parts of the canal, is a current flowing in from the north at the rate of one and a half knots per hour. Although it is many months since the water attained its level, yet this current still continues. Our captain attributed it to evaporation and absorption. It must be remembered that all the cuttings have been from the Mediterranean toward Suez, and that the main body of the men employed, numbering eighty-five hundred, are working at the head of the canal, which is now advanced as far as Serapéum. Here it is necessary to cut through a number of sand-hills to the Bitter Lakes, which are a series of depressions in the desert, in the lowest parts of which are marshy ponds. They are twenty-five miles in extent, and it is expected that when the water is let in an area of one hundred and forty thousand acres will be covered.

(This has since been done.) Then comes the Chalouf cutting to Suez, sixteen miles, and the seas meet. After leaving Kantara, for many miles the water overflowed the desert on either side, and we passed along as through an immense lake. The channel was buoyed, and as an evidence of the shallowness of the overflow, flamingoes, pelicans and a kind of large curlew waded about, intent on fish and regardless of us, while myriads of snipe and sandpipers gazed at us from the little islands which in every direction appeared above the water. After leaving Kantara, we did not pass a boat nor see a human being until we reached Port Said. The eye fairly ached with reaching over the desert distance—miles upon miles of sand, and, after we left the overflowed land, one long silver thread of water. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a good-sized stone, to relieve the intense monotony of the landscape. So when the captain handed us his glass and said that he could see the shipping at Port Said, we were well satisfied that our voyage through the desert was drawing to a close. It was eight o'clock when we reached the steamer's dock, and leaving our baggage in the hands of the ubiquitous custom-house officials (Turkish), made our way under the guidance of our good courier (Jules Hoffman) to the "Oriental Hotel," where, during our stay of two days, while waiting for the steamer for Jaffa, we had good rooms, clean beds, capital fare and excellent wine.

Now a word or two about Port Said (pronounced, there, Port Say-eed). Ten years ago it was a narrow strip of sand, which served as a resting-place for the flamingoes when tired of wading about in the marshes which still lie around it. It was here M. Ferdinand Lesseps (pronounced Le-sépps, and not *De Lesseps*) made the first blow with his pick and set his army of Arab workmen in motion. It is now a flourishing seaport—a regular place of call for four lines of steamers, with a fine harbor, huge workshops, great stores of material, and a population of twelve thousand, increasing every year. This is made up

from all the countries round the Mediterranean — French, Italians, Turks, Syrians and Greeks. Italian is spoken at this end of the canal, even more than French. Port Said has a large square, named after M. Lesseps, and surrounded by comfortable and lofty dwellings. Its stores, of which there are many, contain almost all the articles which can be obtained at Marseilles or Alexandria. Upon one we noticed the sign painted in four different languages — French, Italian, Turkish and Modern Greek. All the Arabs connected with the place are apart in a village about half a mile along the beach to the westward, and, considering their proximity, Port Said is a very clean town. Its harbor, however, is its great feature. In order to protect the mouth of the canal from the deposit of mud brought over constantly in great quantities by the Nile, and also to defend the shipping from the severe storms which sometimes beat in here, two immense piers or breakwaters are built out into the sea, separated by an interval of seven hundred and fifty yards. The western pier is twenty-seven hundred yards in length, the eastern one two thousand yards, and between them lies the harbor. The material used in their construction is artificial stone made on the spot from a combination of sand and lime, under the action of a powerful hydraulic machine. Each stone weighs twenty-five tons, and is put in its place by two boats constructed for the purpose. The piers are not regularly built, but they look very strong.

A few words now upon the canal in general. Whether or not the idea originated with Pharaoh, Napoleon I. acted upon it, and actually had a survey made, when it was reported that there was a difference of thirty feet in the level of the two seas; and for that and other reasons the project was abandoned, and lay dormant until about 1854; upon the 30th of November of which year the contract between the Egyptian government and the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez" was signed. Its duration is ninety-nine years from the day of the opening of the canal for

traffic. The Egyptian government is to receive fifteen per cent. of the net profits, and holds a large proportion of the company's bonds. Egypt conceded to the company all the lands which might be irrigated by the fresh-water canal, and in 1868 bought back its own concession for a sum equal to ten millions of dollars.

On the 1st of January, 1869, there were at work eighty-five hundred men. These men are obliged by the Egyptian government to work on the canal, but are paid by the company at the rate of two francs per day. The engines for dredging are sixty in number. Each cost two hundred thousand dollars in gold. The expenses amount to one million dollars in gold per month, and the work has already absorbed forty millions of dollars. It is said that the rates of toll are to be ten francs per ton. The company is a private one, and has not been publicly recognized or assisted by the French government.

With regard to the rocks, the calms and the tortuous channels of the Red Sea, mentioned before as the chief obstacles to the use of the canal by the larger class of merchantmen, plans have already been elaborated in England, with a view to the building of a class of vessels suited to this trade, and carrying each sufficient steam-power to assist her through the canal and down the Red Sea. For the despatch of mails and the transport of troops this route will be immediately available; and although it will take time to conquer English prejudices and predilections, yet in time the bulk of the India trade must come this way.

Whether the Suez Canal be for the future a new and brightened gateway between the nations, or whether it is doomed to be obliterated by the influences of Nature or the neglect of man, like that other traditional labor which was performed perhaps in the dim ages of the Pharaohs, surely it has even now obtained a place upon the page of history, and it or its name will survive, monumental of distinguished ability, untiring energy and the utmost tenacity of purpose.

EDWARD BURD GRUBB.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FOR LIFE.

BETWEEN the detached sandbar on which the steamer had stranded and the land the lake was deep. The bottom was a smooth sand, and as one approached the low, level shore the water shoaled gradually. Hartland, with great exertion, had made about half the distance when a man—the first survivor he had seen—came up behind him, swimming strongly. As he ranged alongside, Hartland perceived, with equal pleasure and surprise, that it was the miller whom so lately he had seen go down in what seemed a death-struggle. Tyler called out to him: "Take it quietly, Mr. Hartland; don't swim so hard. You can't hold out so."

The other felt that the caution was timely. He became aware that in his eager efforts he had overtaken his strength. "You are right," he said. "I have been overdoing it: I must go more slowly."

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"Thank you, no. You'll need all the strength you have. Save yourself. Don't wait for me."

"Well," said the other, as he struck out in advance, "perhaps it's best. I may help you yet."

Left alone, Hartland proceeded more leisurely, seeking to husband his powers. But for a man of his years, unused to violent exertion, the distance was great—too great, he began to feel, for reasonable hope that he might reach the shore; for he felt now, at every stroke, the strain on his muscles. After a time, so painful was the effort that he could scarcely throw out his arms. Then a numbness crept over his limbs, gradually reaching his body. He was resolute, scorning all weakness that suffered the mind to usurp control over the will: he struggled, with Puritan hardihood, against the nervous helplessness that was invading his whole

system; yet, even while he despised and sought to repulse all imaginative sensations, the fancy gained upon him that life was receding to the brain. He had no longer power to strike out. After a few random and convulsive movements, as if the body rebelled against the spell that was cast over it, he sank slowly to the bottom. An anxious sensation of distress, oppressing the breast, followed, becoming gradually more urgent and painful, until in his agony he instinctively struck for the upper air, which he reached almost immediately. A few deep inhalations, and a consciousness that he was now in comparatively shallow water, restored for a minute or two the exhausted powers, but after making a little way these soon failed again: he could no longer maintain his mouth above water, and, choking as a small wave broke over his face, he sank a second time. Strange, this time, was the transition! All pain, all anxiety was gone. The world seemed gradually sinking away. As he went down a sense of ease and comfort came over him, while a strange haze diffused around a yellow light. Then, as has happened to so many thus approaching the term of earthly things, the man's life passed in review before him. And there he argued, before the tribunal of his own conscience as never before, the question whether his conduct to wife and child had been marked by that love which is the fulfilling of the Law. Many allegations he made, numerous pleas he brought forward—urging the duty of discipline, setting out the saving efficacy of severity, pleading the example of Him who scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. In vain! He was too near the veil. The light from Beyond, where Love reigns evermore, shone through his filmy sophistry. His soul heard the verdict—against him! It heard more than the verdict. It heard those words, gentle yet terrible: "To him that hath shown mercy shall mercy be shown." Then it

cried out, entreating for a little more time—a year—a single year only—in which to atone for the harsh, unloving past. So eager grew the longing that it drew forth, from life's inmost depths, the last residue of that reserve fund which Nature, in kind foresight, provides against a season of overwhelming exertion; and once more a spasmodic effort brought him to the surface—and to suffering again. Yet he breathed: he was still alive. How could it be, after that hour, so crowded with incidents, spent below? An hour? That protracted trial, the accusation, the defence, the pleas he had set forth, the arguments he had employed, the verdict, the bitter repentance, the prayer for respite to amend and repair the wrong,—it had all passed in less than a hundredth part of the time which, to his quickened consciousness, had seemed so long. Some twenty seconds only had he tarried below. A vague conviction of this stirred hope of life afresh, and a few feeble strokes carried him some yards nearer to the land. Then again that leaden sense of exhaustion! He gave it up. But this time, as his limbs sank beneath him, the feet just grazed the ground. It was like the touch of mother Earth to the Lybian giant, kindling a spark of life. A faltering step or two he made, and the water just mounted to his chin. Had he reached the land too late? He stretched out his arms toward it, but the body, powerless, refused to follow. Even then the tenacity of that stubborn spirit asserted itself. He dropped on his knees, digging his fingers into the sand and dragging himself along, till he was forced once again to rise and take breath. But with the light and the air came back excruciating pain. Then an overwhelming torpor crept over sense and frame. His limbs refused their office. Unable longer to maintain himself erect, he dropped on the sand. A brief respite of absolute rest there imparted a momentary courage. He crawled, under the water, a few yards farther. Then consciousness and volition gradually failed. As if by the inherent powers of the system uncontrolled by will, an automatic struggle was kept up—

for a few seconds—no more! That was the last life-rally against fate. The temptation to lie there quiet, immovable—all care dismissed, all effort abandoned—was irresistible. But what was this?—a fearful reminiscence from the scene he had escaped? No. These bright sparks that flickered before his eyes were lambent and harmless. In his brain, too, there seemed an internal light—an irradiate globe, but genial and illuminating, not burning. Then came back again that wondrous atmosphere—that calm, effulgent, pale-yellow haze; and with it such a sense of exquisite enjoyment that all desire to return to the earth passed from the soul of the expiring man. A smile over the wan features, a slight quivering of the limbs, and then all cognizance of the world and its doings had departed; and the spirit was entranced on the verge of that unexplored phase of life to come, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

What, meanwhile, had been the fate of our sturdy friend the miller? A more practiced swimmer than Hartland, and, though a few years older, a more powerful man, he was yet all but worn out when his feet first touched bottom. He had full two hundred yards still to go; and he fell three or four times while slowly and painfully wading toward shore.

The land once reached, and all motive for exertion gone, he dropped on the very edge of the water, lying there some five minutes or more without power to move. Then gradually he revived sufficiently to sit up and turn his gaze on the scene of horror he had left behind. The steamboat was now one sheet of flame from stem to stern. Little else than fire and smoke was visible except the lower portion of the wheel-house, where Tyler thought he could discern a small cluster of human beings still holding on; but of this he was not sure, the distance was so great. The boilers, he thought, could not have burst, for he had heard no loud explosion: now and then in the stillness slight detonations

caught his ear, occurring, no doubt, as some barrel of inflammable matter was reached.

Then he looked to see the fate of his companions. Day was dawning and the wind seemed to have abated. His first impression was, that the lake had engulfed the whole of that gallant steamer's living freight, and that he alone was left to tell the tale of disaster. But as he scanned the water more narrowly he caught sight, here and there, of a swimmer making for the shore. Several of the heads, however, sank as he watched them. One had approached more nearly than the rest, but that, too, disappeared. Could it be Hartland's? He looked for it eagerly. It came in sight again, remaining stationary, as if the person had reached footing and paused to take breath ere he walked out. He was sure of it now: Thomas Hartland it was—stretching out his arms too, as if imploring help. Again the head sank, and again, but for a few seconds only, it came to the surface. At that moment, and before it went under to show itself no more. Tyler took rapid note of the direction in which it appeared—almost in a line from the spot on which he sat to the stern of the burning steamer.

"I must save him," was his next thought. But he was fain to rest there full five terrible minutes ere the vital forces rallied so that he could trust himself to the effort. Even then he staggered along like one drunk or just risen from sickness—once over a log submerged in about two feet of water. On that he sat down for a brief space to recover spirit and vigor. Precious moments he knew well, but he *must* rest. After a time he rose, bracing his nerves, and calling to mind that his friend could be now scarcely a hundred yards distant. After he had advanced, slowly and cautiously, until he supposed he must be in the vicinity of the body, he observed, some six or eight yards farther on, and a little off the line he had marked out to himself, a few air-bubbles, as if rising from below. He remembered to have heard that during the last efforts of a drowning person the pressure of water

on the chest usually expels a portion of the air that still remains in the lungs; and greatly encouraged by the indication, he approached the spot. There, after a time, feeling around with his feet, he came upon the body. The touch gave him fresh courage.

But what to do next? He felt that if he attempted, in that depth of water, to drag the drowning man by the arm, his own head under water the while, he would but sacrifice his life without saving that of Hartland. In this strait, as the ripple broke over his shoulder, and something flapped lightly against his cheek, he was reminded that one of those stout Hibernians who had opposed his efforts to reach the bow of the boat had grasped the upper portion of his shirt sleeve and torn it half off. A bright thought! Tearing it off entirely and splitting it lengthwise in two, he knotted the pieces together, thus obtaining an impromptu bit of cordage, one end of which he managed to fasten around Hartland's left wrist. By this contrivance he was enabled to drag the body along without stooping. Buoyed up as it was, in a great measure, by the water, a slight pull sufficed to move it in shore. Yet even that small exertion exceeded Tyler's waning strength. At each step his limbs dragged more heavily: several times he stumbled from sheer weakness, and he was utterly spent by the time he reached the log where, on his way out, he had rested. Forgetting where it was, he fell over it as before, but not, as before, to rise again. There were less than six inches of water over his burly frame, yet he lay there helpless and insensible as the friend he had striven so hard to save.

* * * * *

Suddenly he found himself at home again, before his own dwelling; and strangely enough, without question in his mind as to how he came there. He heard Ellen's voice, and saw her issue from the house and cross to the well, a few steps off. She had an old-fashioned pitcher in her hand, the lower half blue, the upper white, with grapes and grape-leaves embossed over it—a legacy from

his dead mother which the miller highly prized.

Beside the well stood Hiram Goddard, Tyler's principal hand in the mill, a good-looking, brisk young fellow, with a tin washbowl on a small bench before him, drying face and hands after his morning ablution.

"Good-day, Miss Ellen," he said, "I'm sorry to see you looking pale this mornin'. Are you ailin'?"

"Not ailing, thank you, Hiram, but I had uneasy dreams last night, and haven't got over them yet."

"You expect the old man here this evening?"

"Or to-morrow, some time."

"I'll be blithe to see him, Miss Ellen," blushing and hesitating. "I had a letter from Uncle Samuel yesterday: he's well-to-do, and has neither chick nor child to do for. He's willin', if I need it, to send me a thousand dollars or two to set me up in the world. I think your father likes me well enough. He'll have to go partly in debt to pay for that machinery he's buying; if I raise the two thousand, he might take me in, for a partner, like, in the millin' business. Then I wouldn't be a hirelin', and maybe—" Ellen's eyes glistened with tears, not of joy: her rustic lover's quick eye saw that, and his countenance fell. "You wouldn't let me ask the old man"—he said it despondingly—"if he would trust you to me? You'd be very lonely if—"

"Oh, Hiram," the girl cried, her sobs reaching Tyler's ears, "it's cruel of you to talk that way, and father gone, and only last week seven people killed when the rail-cars ran off the track. And then you know I've told you, as plainly as I could say it—"

"Yes, Miss Ellen, you needn't repeat it," said the poor fellow. "You never gave me no encouragement: I'll always say that." Then, taking the pitcher gently from her hand: "Let me fill it for you."

Ellen thanked him, voice and hands trembling. He drew a fresh bucketful and filled the pitcher. As she received it from him, it slipped through her hands

and fell to the ground, breaking in pieces.

"How clumsy I am!" she said: "and father's favorite pitcher, that grandmother gave him! Oh dear! But don't wait, Hiram. I'll send Nancy with another. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes."

With that she recrossed to the house, passing, Tyler thought, close to him. Then it first occurred to him as something strange that neither of them took notice of his presence—that they spoke of him as absent. And then the whole scene faded away: he shivered with cold; seemed to be lying out somewhere: felt hands turning him over, and heard a rough voice saying, "He's no that awfu' cauld. He'll aiblins come to. I dinna think he'll coup the cran yet."*

"He's a'maist deed, faither: he does na stir," said another voice.

"That's naithin', Tam. Nae doot he's sair forfoughten. A' droukit folk is, that's been lyin' a blink, wi' the water aboon them. And he tumbled ower just as we lap the fence o' Squire Doolittle's cornfield. He must ha' laid there four or five minutes or ever we gat at him and pou'd him out. I wonder what on airth the doited carle was aboot? Dinna ye mind, Tam, that he was wadin' in and staggerin' as if he was fou, when we first cam ower the hill and got sight o' him? He must ha' gane clean wud, the crazy cheel, to try it the second time, and he no able to stand. Hech, sirs!" he added, as a deep sigh, half groan, burst from Tyler, "whatten an ausome grane was that! He's waukin' up. Tam, help me turn him ower on his brisket: they say that's gude for them that's been drownin'."†

And when he had laid him face downward, the kind fellow took off a heavy frieze coat he wore and laid it over his patient. Then he put his hand on the region of the heart.

* A few words, here and there, in the way of glossary, may be acceptable: *Aiblins*, perhaps. *Coup the cran*, kick the bucket—die.

† *Sair forfoughten*, quite exhausted. *Droukit*, drenched. *Blink*, a little while. *Doited carle*, stupid fellow. *Fou*, drunk. *Wud*, mad. *Ausome grane*, awful groan. *Brisket*, breast.

"Is the breath in him yet?" asked the son.

"'Deed is it. He'll be speakin', belyve. He's a wee dozed yet; that's a'."* Then to Tam, as he called him: "My bairn, tak' aff that bit coatie o' yours and wrap his feet in't." Tom did as he was bid, starting, however, as he laid hold of one foot: it moved in his grasp. "The man's alive, daddie," he said, "sure enough: he can kick."

The father raised Tyler's head, placing his hand under the forehead. A little water came from the mouth: then the eyes opened. After a fruitless effort or two, the miller said: "Am I here yet?"

"'Deed an' ye are," replied the other. "Whar did ye think ye had gotten to? It's no very like the land o' the leal, here—d'ye think it is?—wi' this cauld soakit sand anaith ye, and you in thae screeded duds, and us twa in our sark sleeves."†

The words were not very intelligible to the miller, but he felt that this was real. "I'd like to sit up," he said, faintly. They assisted him, but he was so weak that but for Tom, who planted himself behind him and sustained his back, he must have fallen over again.

Then he took it all in: the sun risen; the lake, almost calm now; the steamer, still enveloped in flames; three or four stragglers crawling up the sand a little way off, and several men from the country hastening to their assistance. That brought back to his mind his own efforts to rescue Hartland.

"Mr. —"

"My name's Alexander Cameron. Ye may ca' me Alick if ye like: maist folks do."

"You've saved my life, Mr. Cameron."

"Me and Tam, yes. It was easy done. There wasna' twa foot water where ye lay."

"There's another man there: I was trying to drag him out when I fell."

"An' that was what took ye into the water when ye were yinst out? Aweel, ye're a spunkie cheel, if ye are auld. So

there's anither man in yonder? I'm thinkin' his parritch is cauld by this. A gude half hour he's been lyin' there. But if it'll ease yer mind ony, Tam and me'll try and howk him up. Can ye sit yer lane, d'ye think?"‡

The miller entreated them not to mind him. After searching a few minutes, they dragged Hartland's body on shore and laid it out on the land, near to where Tyler was. Cameron examined it carefully. The veins of the head were swelled; the face was blue and livid; the tongue was visible between the lips, which were covered with white froth; not the slightest warmth over the heart or elsewhere. Even Tyler, who contrived to creep up to the body, thought the case desperate. They employed the usual means of restoration, however—cold water on the face, upward friction on the limbs and body, without obtaining the least sign of life. "They say sneeshin's gude for't,"§ said Cameron, taking from his pocket a small sheep's horn, or *mill* as he called it, containing snuff, and inserting a portion of the contents into the nostrils of the drowned man.

Ten minutes had elapsed in these fruitless endeavors, when a young fellow, clad in homespun, his small pocket-saddlebags indicating his profession, galloped toward them from an inland road.

"Od, but I'm fain to see ye, doctor," said Cameron: "here's some gear needs your reddin'. It's past me, ony way."||

The young doctor, dismounting, examined the case with solemn and critical air, shook his head, and said,

"Do you know how long this patient has been under water, Alick?"

"A matter o' half an hour and mair."

"It's almost hopeless. There are cases on record of resuscitation after more than half an hour's immersion, but they are rare."

"I gied him some sneeshin', doctor. Was that a' right?"

"Quite right. It stimulates the in-

‡ *Yinst*, once. *Parritch*, porridge. *Howk up*, dig up. *Yer lane*, by yourself.

§ *Sneeshin*, snuff.

|| *Fain*, glad. *Some gear needs your reddin'*, a job that needs your care.

* *Belyve*, by and by. *Dozed*, stupefied.

† *Land o' the leal*, land of the faithful—heaven. *Screeded duds*, torn rags. *Sark sleeves*, shirt sleeves.

terior surface of the nostrils, and tends to excite circulation."

"It was wasted on the puir bodie : he'll never need bicker* nor sneeshin-mill mair."

In the mean time the doctor had been feeling Tyler's pulse as he lay listening to their conversation. "Alick," he said, "ye'd better be attending to the living. This man's made a narrow escape of it, and he ought to be in a warm bed this very minute, instead of here on the wet sand. Take my horse, if he can sit him, get him home as fast as ye can, and—ye've got some brandy or whisky in the house?"—

"Oo, ay : we aye keep a sma' drappie : ye never ken when it may be needed."

"Well, it's badly needed now. The man's chilled through."

Tyler declined the offer of the horse, but on receiving from the doctor the assurance that he would not leave Hartland until every means of restoration had been exhausted, he consented to go. Alick made him put on the frieze coat, and he and Tom supported him, one on each side.

It was hardly three-quarters of a mile to the Scotchman's cabin, but the miller's sufferings during that short journey were terrible. It seemed to him as if a hundred needles were pricking him from head to foot. His head swam : he was forced to sit down and rest a dozen times on the route. When they came to the squire's fence, Cameron and his son had to lift him over. The field had been recently ploughed. The Scotchman looked at it doubtfully.

"He's unco silly," he said to Tom, "and this bit bawk's hard to win through. We maun jist carry him."†

And, in spite of Tyler's remonstrance, the stout farmer and his son picked him up between them.

"He's a buirdly‡ carle," said Cameron, quite out of breath, as they set him down on the other side of the field. "I'se warrant him to weigh gude

fourteen stane. What's your callin', stranger?"

"I'm a miller. Nelson Tyler is my name. I live at Chiskauga : it's a village near the Indiana line."

"Tyler ? That's a gude Scotch name—a'maist as gude as Cameron. Aweel, we'll hae ye hame in a jiffy, and I'll gar Grannie pit on some het water, and we'll hap ye up and rub ye weel. Ye're feckless the noo, but the mistress has some auld Ferintosh in the aumbry that'll set ye up ; and we'll hae ye hale and hearty the morn." Then, after a pause : "We'd best be steerin', gin ye think ye can hirple on. They bare feet o' yours'll be gettin' cauld."§

Tyler could not help looking down disconsolately at his own forlorn condition : his drawers were the only nether garment he had saved. Cameron understood the look.

"Ye left yer breeks on that burnin' boat, did ye ? But never fash yere thoom about that, man : there was mair tint at Sherra-moor. I hae a pair o' shoon and some orra-duds at hame : they're maybe a thought ower tight for ye, but ye're welcome to them till ye can do better."||

The miller thanked him warmly, and as the rest of the way lay over level pasture-field, he contrived to walk, though at each step the leaden weights that seemed to clog his heels grew heavier. By the time he reached the spacious double cabin a feeling of stupor and utter helplessness came over him, and ere a chair could be brought he had sunk on the floor.

They carried him to the fire, and "the mistress," as Alick called his hale, stout, red-cheeked wife (who bore her forty-odd years as if they scarcely numbered thirty), bustled about, and soon had a warm bed ready, in which Tyler was

§ *Gar*, make. *Feckless the noo*, exhausted just at present. *Auld Ferintosh in the aumbry*, old whisky in the pantry ; so called because a certain Forbes was allowed, in 1690, to distill whisky on his barony of *Ferintosh* in Cromartyshire, free of duty. *Steerin'* stirring, moving. *Hirple*, to walk lamely or with difficulty.

|| *Mair tint at Sherra-moor*, more lost at (the battle of) Sheriff Moor (an action disastrous to the Scottish arms, fought in 1715). *Orra-duds*, spare clothing.

* *Bicker*, wooden dish.

† *Unco silly*, very weak. *Bawk*, ploughed land.

‡ *Buirdly*, bulky, broad-built.

laid. "Grannie" was greatly exercised just at first, rushing about the house without any definite purpose, exclaiming, "The Lord's sake! Gude guide us! That bangs a'!" But she soon resumed her usual equanimity, put a large kettle on to boil, and was ready, with her experience of threescore-and-ten, to prescribe various infallible remedies for the exhausted man; chief among them a warm potent potion, sweetened with brown sugar—a Scotchman despises white sugar when whisky is concerned—and of this palatable mixture the "Ferintosh" which Tyler's host had promised him formed a chief ingredient.

The miller's sensations, as he lay there dream-haunted and bewildered, were of a singular character. The sheets, as he touched them, seemed as thick as the coarsest sailcloth, the blankets like inch boards. His own body appeared to him to have stretched out to gigantic proportions. He felt as if he were eight or ten feet long, and as if it were impossible that the bed on which he lay should contain him. Then there was a sinking down, down, as if to some depth impossible to reach. He thought the man who had dragged him to the bottom of the lake ere he could get free of the boat had again clutched his arm. He started in terror, struggling to free himself, and rolled over on the cabin floor. When they came to lift him up he stared wildly round him, muttering, "I couldn't help it: it was his life or mine."

After they had covered him up again, and, at Grannie's instigation, put some bottles of warm water to his feet, he fell into a troubled doze, which lasted an hour or two.

When he woke, he saw, lying on a bed opposite to him, a stout, portly, ruddy-faced man, in full dress, with a shining black satin waistcoat and a massive silver watch-chain. The miller rubbed his eyes, wondering if that could possibly be the same gourmand he remembered to have seen only the day before at dinner on shipboard, stuffing himself with delicacies till one wondered where he found room to stow them away, and calling for an additional bottle of champagne

when the captain's supply was exhausted. The very same! That expanse of satin waistcoat was unmistakable. But how could he ever have come here—in all that toggery too?

"Is it possible"—he said to his host, who had come to ask if he felt better—"is it possible that fellow with the watch-chain got off from the boat?"

"'Deed did he."

"And swam ashore with all his clothes on?"

"Hoot na! He couldna soom, buskit that gait.* There was a bit coble gaed out to the steamboat—"

"A coble?"

"That's a fishin'-boat, ye ken—"

"It brought off some of the passengers?"

"A matter o' twenty o' them, they say. They grippet on to the big wheel, and bided there till the boat took them awa'; yon chiel amang the lave. It's a wonder to me how siccan cattle as that hae a' the luck: the Lord aboon, He kens the gowk was na worth savin'. And there's anither o' them; that Dutch body, sittin' by the chimlie-lug.†"

The man to whom he referred was a Jewish-featured German, some fifty or sixty years old, sitting on a rocking-chair by the fire, bemoaning his fate. "Ach, mine Gott!" he repeated: "mine gelt ischt all gone! Gott im Himmel! Was soll ich thun? Verdammtter Zufall! Every thaler ischt gone!"

Cameron went up to him. "Auld man," he said, with some asperity, "you've been grainin' about that siller ye've lost till I'm sick and tired hearin' ye. Ye seem to hae clean forgotten that yer life's been saved the day, when hundreds o' better men have gone to Davie's locker; and deil hae me if I think ye've said a be-thankit for it yet."

"Mine life!" rocking himself violently to and fro. "Was ischt mine life goot for if mine gelt ischt all lost and gone?"

"No muckle, I'll agree; but then

* *Couldna soom, buskit that gait*, could not swim, dressed up that fashion.

† *Amang the lave*, among the rest. *Chimlie-lug*, fireside (literally, chimney-ear).

they say we should a' be thankfu' for sma' favors. Was ye yer lane? Had ye nae wife?"

"Ach, ya! But mine gelt ischt all gone. Mine wife ischt all gone too."

"Won't somebody kill that d—d Dutchman?" roared out Satin Waistcoat from his bed.

"Ye may come an' kill him yersel', for a' me," said Alick, coolly, "but I dinna think he's worth it: a man that'll set up his money for an idol, as thae pagan Jews did that gowden calf in the wilderness, and then let the mistress come in ahint a'—like Lot's wife when she turned to a pillar o' saut—may gang his ain gait for onything I care."*

Amid such talk the day passed. Many dropped in before evening; some from the wreck—others to hear the particulars of so terrible an accident. It appeared that a boat which had put out early in the morning had picked up twenty-one persons—one woman among them—chiefly those who had saved themselves by clinging to the lower portion of the starboard wheel; of which number, strange to say, was a child not more than seven or eight years old—the son of an English emigrant, it appeared. Father, mother and four children were among the lost, and the poor little orphan, but a few hours before member of a cheerful, thriving family, now stood in this Western cabin a solitary estray, without relative or friend. Grannie took him on her knee. "Hae, there's a piece," she said, handing him a large slice of bread and butter: "dinna greet, my bonny dawtie: yer faither and yer mither's forsook ye, but the Lord'll tak ye up."

Six persons only, besides Tyler, saved themselves by swimming—in all but twenty-eight survivors out of four hundred and twenty souls. The captain was found among the dead, his arm around his wife. Not a few perished, as had nearly been the miller's fate, in shallow water. Many more would doubtless have reached the shore by swimming but for the fatal encumbrance of clothes. All appeared to have retained

their shirts, the greater number their drawers, and many bodies washed on shore were of persons, like him of the watch-chain, fully dressed. Pity they had not followed the example—recorded by Saint Pierre in his world-renowned story—of the sailor on the deck of the Saint Géran, "tout nu et nerveux comme Hercule," who, though he failed like Paul to rescue Virginia, yet, by the wise precaution he took, succeeded in saving his own life.

The young physician, who called late in the afternoon, brought word that though he had persisted for several hours in his endeavors to save Hartland, they had been ineffectual, and that arrangements were already being made for his interment.

An hour before sunset a four-horse wagon, with several chairs and one or two feather-beds, drove up to the cabin. It had been sent by the innkeeper of a village some five or six miles distant, in case any of the survivors chose to return with it to his hotel. The miller decided to go, in spite of Cameron's hospitable invitation, kindly pressed, to remain with him a day or two.

Satin Waistcoat went also, of course. He pulled out a purse, apparently well filled, and came toward his host to pay for breakfast and dinner. "Put up yer siller," said the latter, a little sharply. "We're no bien to brag o'. But I dinna keep a public, to be seekin' pay for a meal's vittals; and naither am I a beggarman, to need an aumos.† Ye're welcome to what ye've had."

When they were taking leave, Tyler asked Cameron what he intended to do with the little orphan.

"Oo, we'll jist let him rin with the bairns, and gie him a bite and a sup till better turns up."

"Suppose I were to take him and make a miller of him?"

"Ye hae a rale leal Scotch heart, Mr. Tyler, anaih that broad brisket o' yours. I'm unco glad me and Tam pou'd ye out. It'll be the makin' o' the bairn."

* *We're no bien to brag o'*, we're not rich to boast of. *Aumos*, alms.

* *Ahint*, behind. *Saut*, salt.

"The Lord be thankit!" said Grannie. "I kened weel He would haud till His word."

"Will you come and spend a week or two at the mill this summer or fall," said Tyler to Cameron, "and bring Tom with you? Maybe he'd like to be a miller too. I'd give him the best kind of a chance."

"I'm no misdoubtin' ye would, and Tam's gleg at the uptak.* But I canna weel spare him frae the farm. Ony way, I'se come and see ye the first chance."

"I won't say a word about these trowsers and the hat and the jacket you made me take."

"Ye'd best no, or we'll hae a quarrel. But I'll tell ye what: we'll mak a niffer,† and ye'll gie Willie here—that's what the wean ca's himsel'—ye'll gie him a pair o' Sunday breeks and a blue Scotch bonnet wi' a tassel to't. Wad ye like that, Willie?"

Willie did not quite understand the kindness that was intended him, but when Tyler, laughing, asked him, "Would you like to go in that wagon, Willie, and sit beside the driver and see the horses?" the little fellow clapped his hands, and then gave one of them to Tyler.

So, with many thanks to the mistress and to Grannie, and a hearty shake of the hand from Tam, they bade good-bye to the hospitable Scotchman.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BODY THAT WAS TOO LONG FOR THE BOOT.

EITHER Grannie's prescription warm and strong, or her son's dry humor, or else perhaps the excitement of the day, fed by constant news touching the fate of his fellow-sufferers, had, at the moment Tyler left Cameron's log cabin, caused the miller almost to forget his aches and pains. But these were grievously recalled on the journey, brief as it was, over a rough wagon-road to the village tavern. Though he had lain down on one of the feather-beds, each

jolt of that springless wagon was torture. He grew weaker, mile by mile. The landlord and a stable-boy had to carry him up stairs to bed, on which he sank body and mind utterly exhausted, and scarcely conscious where he was or how he came there.

A doctor was sent for, who shook his head and spoke a little doubtingly of the case, prescribing nourishing food, given often and in small quantities, with occasional stimulants. Mounting his horse, he said to the landlord: "The man would do well enough, and might be up to-morrow, if he had twenty years less on his shoulders. But age tells. I can ride Speckleback"—patting his neck—"as far in a day, for all his fifteen years, as I could when he was a seven-year-old; but when patients are plentiful and far apart, and I put him through his fifty miles before night, then I have to ride the filly for two or three days till his old legs supple again. He's a stout fellow for his age, that lodger of yours, but even if there's no funeral, he isn't likely to be up for a week. You may bring him through by good nursing: that's the main thing."

Tyler remained for several days, sunk in a strange sort of lethargy—a dreamy state, the past and the present inextricably mixed; his mind sometimes engaged with dim and shadowy reproductions of the horrors he had passed through, sometimes visited by peaceful visions similar to those that soothed Hartland's dying moments. But there was once in each twenty-four hours a sort of lucid interval, in which the patient took note of things around him and was comparatively clear-headed. This occurred from two to three o'clock each morning, lasting, at first, about an hour. Except during these intervals he could not eat. While they lasted the chief thing Tyler noticed was the appearance of a woman at the foot of his bed: she might be of any age above sixty—parchment-faced, with snow-white hair and cap, silent, and, except that her fingers knitted rapidly and mechanically, absolutely immovable—no change in the cold, impassive face, the gray eyes fixed on him.

* *Gleg at the uptak*, quick at learning.

† *Niffer*, exchange, swap.

Tyler rubbed his own eyes, but there it was still. Could it be an apparition—his grandmother, who, he recollected to have heard, was a celebrated knitter? If so, it must have been a ghost of the ministering kind, for it glided slowly to the fire, stirred something that had been set to simmer there in a small pot, and brought the sick man, by and by, a glass—not of nectar, unless nectar be a beverage much resembling warm egg-nog with whisky in it. It did not say anything to him, however, merely signing to him to drink what it presented: then, after setting the empty tumbler on a small table at the bed-head, it resumed its station and its knitting, and the gray eyes watched him with stony gaze as before. Then the old crone was mixed up in his dreams; sometimes extending a hand to help him out of the water—sometimes telling him that she would meet him soon in the next world.

Gradually the intermittent periods of lucidity became longer—two, three, four hours. He was coming back to earth, and the figure at the foot of the bed emerged from its ghostly phase—feeling his pulse, dropping, now and then, a word or two as to his wants: in short, settling down into a careful, flesh-and-blood nurse, albeit singularly taciturn.

On the fourth day a slight fever supervened. That abated, however, and on the sixth Tyler sat up, with a feeling of returning health and a keen sense that the sunshine had never before looked half so bright.

He had replenished his wardrobe from a ready-made clothing store in the village, the owner giving him credit without scruple. "I know by your face you'll pay me," he said; "but even if you didn't, it wouldn't break me; and we must all lend a helping hand in a case like this."

He was two hours in dressing, compelled to rest every few minutes during the process. When nearly dressed he happened to cast his eyes on a looking-glass set on a chest of drawers. Startled, he turned round to see who had entered his room. No one there! Yet when he looked again in the glass there still

it stood—a feeble, wan-faced old creature, with hollow, staring eyes, and hair silver white. A second time he turned perplexed, wondering whether his senses were beginning to wander again. At last, after a third look in the mirror, it flashed upon him—*that was NELSON TYLER!*

What we call *Time* in this world may not exist in the next under any phase which corresponds to our present perceptions of it. These perceptions, even here, are sometimes revolutionized. That hour of twenty seconds spent by Hartland beneath the lake waters in self-trial and condemnation was as truly an hour to him as if the long hand of the clock had marked its sixty minutes. And so even physical effects that are usually the result of years may be produced in days. That terrible week had been ten years in Tyler's life. He was ten years nearer death at its close than he had been at its commencement. His hair, but slightly sprinkled with gray on that bright May-day morning when the "Queen of the Lakes" swept gracefully from her moorings in the harbor of Buffalo, was, on this seventh of May, colorless as the snow when it falls from heaven. The rush of circumstance had put forward the hands of life's dial. Would his own child recognize him under his advanced years?

In a buggy which the landlord loaned him he ventured out, taking Willie—who had been thriving under the buxom landlady's care—with him, and driving slowly to the scene of disaster. What a sight met his eyes! A wide trench, some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, had been dug along the bank, and contained—so they told him—three hundred and seventy bodies that had been washed ashore, or dragged up from the sand-bar on which the steamer stranded by friends and relatives in search of their dead. These bodies had been enclosed in rough poplar boxes, the lids loosely tacked on, so that the corpse within could be readily inspected. Upon each lid had been chalked the name when there was any clew to it, but in the great majority of cases only a

few words designating sex, probable age and apparent nativity of the deceased.

A crowd was assembled around this hideous trench: the greater number mere spectators, drawn thither by the curiosity which any great tragedy arouses, but a good many were engaged in examining the rude lettering on the boxes, and some in the ghastly duty of inspecting their contents, urged, perhaps, by hope of recognizing, in some decaying form, a brother, a father, perhaps a sister or wife.

Some of these searchers, however, seemed to be young lawyers or other agents, who had accepted the revolting office—an office not without danger also, for Tyler's perceptions, sensitive through sickness, detected a faint odor, indicating that in a portion of that encoffined mass decomposition had already begun.

Two men, who appeared to have been thus employed, came from the crowd and stopped to take a last look at the scene near Tyler's buggy.

"Catch me undertaking such a job again!" said the younger of the two to his companion. "If it hadn't been for that chloride of lime, or soda, or whatever it is, I think I should have fainted before I got through that awful pit. I don't believe the stench will be out of my nostrils for a week. And we have to give it up at last."

"We found one of the two," replied the other; "and that's better luck than most of them had."

"I say, Jack," rejoined the first speaker, "did you hear the dreadful stories they were telling about the plunder of the dead bodies—watches, jewelry, money they suppose too; and one young girl who had her earrings torn off."

"It may be exaggerated," replied the other, "but no doubt it is partly true. A great crowd always draws pickpockets; and they probably concluded that the dead would miss their rings and watches and pocket-books less than the living, and would be very sure not to prosecute them for the theft."

"I suppose that is their cold-blooded way of looking at it, but it's very horrible."

"I came across a more horrible thing just before I left home."

"Did you?"

"I was standing in our savings bank last Saturday afternoon when a crowd of depositors came in; one widow among them, over fifty, and four children to feed by taking in plain sewing. She had put a fifty-dollar note—the savings, she told me afterward, of nearly two years—into her bank-book, and held that over her shoulder in the press. Some villain picked it out. These wrecker-thieves are honorable gentlemen compared to him, if they do look Death in the face and go on picking and stealing still. You ought to have seen that poor creature's agony. Money saved, twenty-five cents at a time, through two whole years, to be laid by against a rainy day, and gone in a single moment, no doubt to pamper drunken riot or worse debauchery. It's very shocking to think of, the tearing rings out of the ears of a young creature that's dead, but it's a venial crime compared to tearing the heartstrings of a poor, old, overtasked, hardworking mother that's living and can feel the torture."

"You always were a queer creature, Jack, but I can't help thinking of the bleeding ears for all that."

"Don't let's talk about it, Ned. I want to get out of this. Let's hunt up the two men that hired that hack along with us, and see if we can't get off to-night."

Tyler had seen and heard enough. He returned to the tavern a good deal fatigued, but a quiet night's rest did much for him. He was up, though a little late, to breakfast.

As he passed out with Willie to go to his room, the two men whose conversation he had listened to on the lake shore were paying their bills at the office counter. Tyler stopped to look at them. The face of the elder seemed familiar, but he tasked his memory in vain to discover who he was or where he had met him. They passed up stairs to look after their baggage, and Tyler noticed a four-horse carriage at the door. "Are they going in that hack?" he asked his host.

"Yes, to Cleveland, where they take the railroad. Why couldn't you go with them?"

"I have no money to pay you my bill."

"Don't let that stop you, Mr. Tyler. I'll not be harder on you than the tailor was. Send me ten dollars when you get home, if you have it to spare."

"And the old woman that nursed me?"

"I guess she ought to have a V. So you can make it fifteen."

"I'll send you twenty the day I get home. Give the old woman half. She earned it."

Just then the two men came down, the younger first. "Mr. Morris," said the landlord, "couldn't you give this man a seat in your hack?"

"Very sorry, but we're full already—four of us, and that's all it holds."

"Who wants a seat?" said the other as he came forward—"anybody from the wreck?"

"Yes, this old man here: he swam ashore, and then went back into the water to try and save a friend of his. That time he'd have been drowned, sure enough, if it hadn't been for Scotch Alick. He's been a week getting over it, as it was."

"Old gentleman," said he whom his companion had called Jack, turning to Tyler, "you shall have my seat, and heartily welcome too: I'll get up beside the driver."

Tyler wrung his hand in thanks: "I've this little fellow, but he can sit on my knee."

"Any baggage?"

"Out in the lake, yes," smiling; "but we won't wait for it."

It was just as much as the miller could do to climb into his seat, the landlord helping him.

"Hand me up that youngster, landlord," said Jack; "I know he wants to see the horses, and my knees are stronger than his grandfather's."

"That's not my grandfather," said Willie as soon as he was seated.

"Your father, is it? He's old to have such a son as you."

"Father and mother are both drowned, and Bessy and Liz—Jem and Harry too."

"Good Heavens!" said kind-hearted Jack; "and who's that old gentleman?"

"Don't know. He's goin' to make a miller of me."

Jack looked at the child's sad, earnest eyes and kissed him, his own eyes moist: then he turned, and, after scrutinizing Tyler's face, said to Morris: "Ned, hand me up one of those printed hand-bills." He looked it over carefully; then to himself: "No, it can't be; but it's a singular coincidence."

"Mr. Morris," said one of the occupants of the hack, "what sort of luck had you and Mr. Alston?"

"Got one body and sent it home, but couldn't find a trace of the other, though we must have opened at least fifty of those infernal boxes. It may have been washed ashore some distance off."

"Then probably the coroners didn't have a quarrel over it."

"How do you mean?"

"Didn't you hear about that? The bodies came on shore close to the county line; and there were two rival coroners, each anxious to have the honor, or rather the profit, of holding a few hundred inquests. Finally, I think, they agreed to divide the spoils."

"Well," said Morris, "if a man's in business he must look out for custom. It's three dollars a body, and the county can afford to pay it. These coroners don't make fortunes: it isn't every day they have such a windfall as this. I wish one of them had made his three dollars off that miller's body, so we could have taken it home to his daughter. No doubt it would have been a comfort to the girl. Are you worse, old gentleman?" turning to Tyler, who had sunk back as if exhausted, his eyes closed.

"No, it's nothing," rousing himself; "but is that gentleman's name, beside the driver, Mr. Alston?"

"Jack Alston, yes; and a right good fellow too, if he has odd notions sometimes. From Mount Sharon: do you know him?"

"Mr. Alston," said Tyler in a feeble

voice, without replying to Morris, "will you let me see that handbill you were reading?"

It was handed to him. The reading of it seemed to produce a strange impression. They saw him struggle for composure. At last he said quietly to Morris, "I think it's just as well the coroner didn't hold an inquest on that miller you're looking after."

"Why? Do you know anything about the body?"

"Yes."

"Then, in the name of Goodness, let us know where it is. We've had such a time after it. Driver!" raising his voice, "stop: we must go back again."

"No, you needn't: you've got the body here."

"What?" said the other, confounded—"in the boot under the driver, or strapped on behind?"

Tyler, weak as he was, couldn't help laughing: "The miller was six feet and over: it would have been hard to get the box into the boot, I think."

"For God's sake, stranger, tell us what all this means, at once."

"It isn't every man that has a chance to see his dead body advertised, and ten dollars reward offered for it—"

"By the Lord Harry!" broke in Jack, "isn't it the burly miller here in the body among us! Give us your hand, old fellow. I had some suspicion about it when this youngster here told me you intended to make a miller of him. But then the white hair! How could they make such a mistake?"

"No mistake, Mr. Alston;" shaking his head sadly; "but I made a mistake myself, yesterday, when I first got up from a sick bed and looked in the glass. I didn't know it was Nelson Tyler."

"No wonder I didn't find it out, then. Well, I've heard of such things before, but I never believed them. Do you mean to say that your hair was only 'sprinkled with gray,' as the handbill says, one week ago?"

"The day we left Buffalo, yes—if that's only a week since. It seems to me like six months."

"Mr. Tyler," said Alston, "what was

it that the landlord said about your going back into the water, after you had saved yourself, to help a friend? Who was it you tried to save?"

"Thomas Hartland of Chiskauga; but I didn't make it out. I contrived to get the body along till the water was about two feet deep, and then fell down senseless myself. You would have got my body, slick enough, along with Mr. Hartland's, if it hadn't been for a stout Scotchman and his son who dragged me out."

"You're a noble fellow, Nelson Tyler," said Alston, warmly: "first, to risk your life, and all but lose it, for a friend; and then to adopt an orphan that hadn't a soul left to take care of him. But how did you expect to pay your way and his back to Chiskauga?"

"To tell you the truth, I didn't see my path very clearly; but in our country you can always find somebody to help in a case like this. I felt sure the railroad people would put us through free."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Morris, taking out his pocket-pook and selecting from it two half-eagles, "that I owe this gentleman a debt." He handed the money to Tyler, adding with the utmost gravity, "The reward for finding that body, Mr. Tyler, that was too long to get into the boot, you know."

They had a good laugh over this, and quite a merry time, all things considered, till they reached Cleveland, whence, the same afternoon, they proceeded by rail on their return to Chiskauga.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

WHILE Tyler lay in lethargic sleep and penniless—off the line of telegraphic communication, too—at that country tavern, he had neither spirit nor means to send speedy news of his condition to his daughter. But ere he left Cleveland he telegraphed to a friend at the Riverdale railroad station nearest to Chiskauga, asking him to ride over and inform Ellen that her father was on his way home.

The tidings came like a message from heaven to the desolate girl. The terrible suspense—worse than the worst certainty—which she had been enduring for the last five days had worn on mind and body till she seemed more fit to occupy a sick bed than to go about as she still did, wearied and wan, attending mechanically to her daily duties.

The poor child had her own personal griefs and anxieties in addition to those which regarded her father's fate. She had fallen, alas! into pitiless hands.

The ancients were wont to picture the Harpies as rapacious birds with human heads, who snatched from some hungry man the untasted meal, destroying or befouling what was intended for nourishment and comfort. More cruel are the Harpies of humankind—filching or defiling the holier food of the mind and heart, decrying good name, bedaubing fair fame and murdering reputation. Venial in the comparison, and of motive less shameful, is even the base offence of the robber-incendiary. He may hope to clutch from the burning edifice valuable spoil, and that edifice may, ere long, be rebuilt stronger, fairer, more stately than before; but the backbiter has not even the poor excuse of plunder, and the ruins of a blasted reputation may be eternal—beyond reach of restoration even by the slanderer himself, should late repentance seek to repair the desolation he had wrought.

But Amos Cranstoun and Catherine Wolfgang thought of none of these things. The one stung by jealousy, the other by envy, they sought to gratify these evil passions, reckless on whose head their defamations fell. Neither specially disliked Ellen Tyler, yet, as events turned, she was their chief victim. They felt that Mowbray and Celia could be most effectually reached and punished by imputations on the chastity of the miller's innocent and simple-hearted child.

Day by day she was made to feel, sometimes by intangible trifles, sometimes by ruder demonstrations, the spreading of the subtle influence. On May-day there was a pic-nic, numerously

attended, on Grangula's Mount, and to this the invitation had been of a general character. Ellen went. By Celia, Leoline and others she was treated with their wonted kindness, but on the part of several of her usual companions she met averted looks, a few rudely and pointedly avoiding her. On one occasion, when she had seated herself on a bench on which six or eight young girls of her acquaintance had already taken seats, they rose in a body and left it.

She returned home heart-broken; and when, two days later, there was super-added a week of torturing suspense in regard to her father's fate, the unhappy girl, looking forward to desertion by all earthly aid and hope, was, for the time, crushed beneath her load of sorrow.

One star—was it of bane or of blessing?—shone through the darkness that was enshrouding her. She met Mowbray twice during that terrible week. He spoke to her gently, kindly, soothingly—spoke, at last, of marriage. Ellen burst into tears, faltering out Celia's name.

"Do not let us speak of her," said Mowbray, coloring. "She has— Everything is over between us for ever—for ever, dear Ellen! It was her doing: perhaps she likes somebody else better: at all events, I was glad to be honorably released. Don't you know why? I have felt lately—you must have felt it too—that for months I have loved you far better than her—far better than any one else in all this world. It would have been wrong for me to marry her, loving you best. Now I am free, and you will be my little wife—will you not, dear, dear Ellen?"

It was not in a nature like Ellen's to make any answer but one to this. Child-like, faithful-hearted, inexperienced, tender, she saw in Evelyn Mowbray more than her love: he was her hero also, her ideal of all goodness, nobility, generosity. To another it might have occurred that Mowbray's conduct to Celia showed inconsistency, and laid him open to the charge of mercenary motive. Not one light cloud of suspicion rested on the heaven of her simple faith. Celia's po-

sition, if she had lost much money, seemed to Ellen still far above her own, and it was Celia's own doing. Didn't Mr. Mowbray say so?

But the glamour which indued the image of clay with the vestments of a god owed its power of charming to something more. Mowbray *had* taken a fancy to this pretty, warm-hearted, bright-eyed girl. Celia had deeply wounded his vanity, and Ellen's look of love mingled with reverence was balm to the wound. He had not lied to her when he said that he preferred her to her rival and to every one else: he certainly did—just then. Truth lent force to his words and warmth to his tones. Ellen knew that she was loved—that she was preferred to a young lady, beautiful, refined, accomplished. Her vanity, like his, was flattered, and became the ally of her love.

Could she say aught but yes when he offered her the first place in his heart, and a shelter in his arms from the revilings of a merciless world?

One only condition she attached to her consent—that her father, when he returned (not *if* he returned) should say yes also.

He *did* return when hope was almost gone; but alas! alas! how worn, how pale, how changed! Ellen's tearful joy when the old man took her once more in his arms was most touching to see. She supported him into the house, set him in the wonted easy-chair; then sank at his feet, burying her face in her hands and laughing and crying alternately, without power of control.

When her first wild emotions had somewhat subsided, she stood, with swimming eyes and an aching heart, gazing—oh so piteously!—at that wasted form. "Father, father!" she cried, "how terrible it must have been! Poor white hair!" putting it back from his forehead and kissing him fervently again and again. Then she knelt down, laid her clasped hands on his knees, and looked up in his face: "You must rest now, father dear, and I must nurse you. Hiram can mind the mill: he's been quite attentive since you went away.

You must be very quiet: you mustn't be anxious, nor trouble yourself about anything except getting well." Then sadly, in a low tone: "I've been a trouble to you, father: I've done what I ought not to have done: you've been anxious and sorry about me. Dear, kind father, you mustn't be anxious, you mustn't ever be sorry about me, any more. They may say what they please and promise what they please: I'll stay with you and take care of you, as mother would have done if she hadn't gone to heaven. I'll never leave you—never, father dear—as long as you need me—as long as you want me to stay." Then she took the white, thin hands in both hers, stroked them and laid her face on them.

The old man, wholly overcome, looked at his daughter with dim eyes, thinking, the while, of that pathetic old story that tells us of the Hebrew widow and the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law. The words seemed to sound in his ears: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." He gently drew his hands from hers, laid them on her bowed head and said: "You are your mother's own child, Nell—the dearest blessing God has given me. May He bless you as I do, and lead and protect you when I am gone!"

The next day, when a quiet night's rest had a little recruited the miller's strength, and when both were calmer, he related to the wondering and excited girl the tragical scenes through which he had passed; omitting, however, that vision of home which appeared to him while he lay under water insensible. As he concluded his narrative, Hiram Goddard came in to take his orders for the day. When these were given and the young man had departed, Tyler said to Ellen: "Has Hiram heard from his uncle Samuel since I left?"

"Yes"—a little embarrassed: "did he tell you he expected a letter?"

"No. Any news from the old man?"

"The letter came on May-day, I be-

lieve; at least Hiram told me of it next morning. He did not show it to me, but I think it must have been in reply to something he had written about a partnership with you in the mill; for he said the uncle offered him one or two thousand dollars to set him up in the world."

The miller started, shuddered, turned pale.

"Poor father!" said Ellen; "how you must have suffered! You have these pains still?"

"Not much, my child: it has passed. Did Hiram say anything about a partnership?"

"I think he did. Oh yes—now I remember: he said you might perhaps want money to help pay for that new machinery. Was that all lost, father?"

"Yes, Nell: nothing but the old man's come back to you; and he's good for nothing but to give trouble now."

Ellen put her hand on his mouth: "I know you love me, father dear," the tears rising to her eyes, "and that you don't want me to cry. Then you mustn't say such cruel things as that."

"Well, I won't. I used to tend you when you was little and your mother ailin', and I never thought it a trouble. So you shall fetch me a pitcher of water, dear Nellie, fresh from the well."

Ellen brought it, and when she had poured out a glass, her father asked, "What's come of that blue and white pitcher?"

"Oh, father, I'm *so* sorry!"

"It's broken?"

"Yes. It was the very same morning Hiram spoke to me about his uncle's letter." Then, looking at her father: "You *are* suffering still from those aches you told me of. I see it in your face."

"Just for a moment, Nell: never mind it. So you and he were at the well together, were you?"

Ellen blushed: "Why, how did you know that, father?"

"It wasn't difficult to guess. You generally fetch a pitcher of water for breakfast; and that's about the time Hiram mostly comes to wash by the well."

"Yes, he was wiping his face and hands when he told me about the letter."

"You see. That must have been just about the time I got on shore. I wonder if you had been dreaming about steamboat accidents."

"No, but I had had bad dreams about you, and kept thinking of the seven people that were killed on the railroad when the cars ran off the track."

"And maybe Hiram kept thinking that if anything did happen you'd be very lonely—"

"He had no business to tell you all that. I don't thank him for it!" a little pettishly.

"Don't blame the lad for nothing, Nell. He never said the first word about it, good or bad. But my Scotch aunt Jessie used to sing me a song that Burns or somebody wrote: it began—

'Wilt thou be my dearie?

When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,

Wilt thou let me cheer thee?"

And I remember that was the way I felt about your mother when I was courtin' her, one time when her father was ill. I think Hiram must have been saying something about some other partnership besides the millin' business that morning?"

Again that telltale blush: "Father, you must be a witch. How could you guess all that?"

"You think I never heard that, when young people meet by the well, they do, now and then, talk of such things? How do you know I never did it myself?"

"But then nothing can ever come of it. Hiram's as good as he can be: you never had a more faithful hand; only I couldn't love him. I told him it couldn't be. And you don't want me to marry him, do you?"

"You love your old father, Nell, and you're bent on taking care of him. D'ye think he would ever ask you to marry anybody you couldn't love?"

Tyler had many kisses from his daughter that morning, but none more fervent than the one she gave him as he said that. Yet she could not make up her mind to tell him, just then, that Mowbray had asked her to be his wife. "By

and by," she thought, "when he is stronger."

"Nelly," said Tyler, "you've your housework to do and that orphan Willie to look to; and I'm a'most as much worn out tellin' you that long story as if I'd gone through it all again. Leave me to rest, child: maybe I'll get a nap."

Yet he was not thinking of napping. When Ellen left him his mind was in a tumult. As he recalled and arranged the wonders that had just come to light, he sank into a long, solemn reverie.

He had looked upon it as a dream. Nothing more natural, considering whither his thoughts had strayed off, even while he was dragging Hartland's body through the water, feeling step by step more like dying himself than saving another. Yet he had never, in his life, dreamed anything so vividly. No occurrence in the actual world had ever seemed to him more real. The Scotchman's voice and the cold wet sand appeared to him, at the first moment, more like a vision than that from which they recalled him. And thus—actuated, however, by curiosity rather than by any belief that the scene had been truly enacted at the well-side—he had cautiously questioned Ellen.

The result overcame him with wonder and with fear. The coincidences were too many and too exact to be casual. First, there was the correspondence as to time—the morning after May-day, probably at the same hour, for the miller was wont to breakfast about sunrise; then the various details of the conversation—Hiram telling the girl of the letter from Uncle Samuel, and the sum named in it, "one or two thousand dollars;" the proposal about a partnership, never broached by the lad before; then—still more unlike the fortuitous—Hiram's suggestion that the money might help to pay for the new machinery; then his suit to Ellen and his allusion to her being left alone; finally a pitcher broken at that very time, and that pitcher the same he had seen in the trance—his mother's bequest. Common sense told him this could not all be chance. What was it, then?

The man felt awestricken, as in the

presence of a Superior Power. The next world came near to his senses, as never before, though that might have been due, in part, to his late narrow escape from death. New and strange thoughts crowded upon him. He had never intended to doubt that the soul had a separate existence and that it survived the body: he would have been shocked if any one had suspected that he lacked belief in that article of the Christian creed. Yet he had received the doctrine, as the common mind receives that and a hundred more, passively—with sluggish acquiescence only. No living conviction of its truth had come home to him. If he had been hard pressed as to his reasons for faith in that tenet, he might have been very much puzzled to find them.

Very much puzzled ten days before, but not after that morning on the lake shore. For then he had seen, he had heard—if perceptions indicate sight and hearing—what till then it had not entered into his heart to conceive. While his body lay insensible under the waters—soon to return, it seemed, to the earth as it was—his spirit, love-called,* had hied away, it would appear, leaving its earth-clog behind, yet connected with it perchance by some invisible, attenuated chord, which still permitted return to its home of clay, so long as the fine, spiritual catenation was not finally severed. The soul had in the twinkling of an eye, overswept one or two hundred miles of space to visit home and child, and take note of the cherished one's well-being.

Such—not in its detail, but in its general outline—was the theory upon which Tyler, after an hour of profound meditation, settled down. He accepted the strange phenomenon it had been his lot to witness as establishing the soul's separate and independent action, and affording proof past all denial of its immortality. But an untutored mind, suddenly brought into contact with the new and the wonderful, is apt to run to extreme; and thus the miller, alarmed into superstition, interpreted his vision not

* "Si forte fu l'affettuoso grido."

DANTE, *Inferno*, canto 5.

only as evidence of another world, but as an omen foreshadowing his own approaching entrance into it. "Many external circumstances," says an able naturalist,* "appear to be received in almost all countries as ominous."

But when an omen is taken to indicate death, the tendency of the belief itself often is to work out its own fulfillment. Whether the miller's death was hastened by his presentiment, or whether his mind was disabused by communication with those who held more enlightened opinions, will appear in the future chapters of this story.

In the mean time his love for Ellen caused him scrupulously to conceal from her what agitated his own mind. But, like Mary at the Master's feet, he laid up these things in his heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
UNDER THE DEPTHS.

DR. MEYRAC sat by Mrs. Hartland's sick bed counting her pulse, one rainy evening several weeks after the shipwreck. Celia had gone down to see to the preparation of a nourishing soup. The voice of the patient, as she addressed her physician, was faint and low:

"You will tell me the truth, doctor. What are the chances that I shall live?"

He did not immediately reply; and when he did the question he asked seemed irrelevant:

"Is it that madame has great anxiety about the affairs? I heard say that Mr. Hartland lose by one railroad."

"You suppose I wish to make a will? No; I am not thinking about property: Ethan attends to that; but I wish you to tell me—"

"I am very pleased. Now I will answer madame's question. According to the symptoms, you ought to recover; but I see you sink, sink, all the days. There is some wrong. I can cure de body, but I have no medicine for cure de mind. Madame's mind is not at ease."

The agitation that caused a sudden

* Brande, who succeeded Sir Humphrey Davy as professor in the Royal Institution.

flush over Alice's pale, thin face attested the sagacity of the observation.

"I pray madame not to imagine I would inquire: it is not at all my affair; but I would offer one advice."

"Speak to me frankly, doctor: I ask it as a favor."

"You are too good. Vell den. Something oppress you. It weighs on your mind day and night. You rest not: you sleep not. But I cannot cure nobody visout sleep. You must change dat."

"How can I change it?"

"See! If you shut it up, it vill oppress you more and more: maybe it vill be too strong for my tisanes, and you will go to die. The body must be help, and dere is a vay to help it. You are not one Catholique, or I would tell you send for your confessor; but it is just as good. Find some sage friend dat you love, and say it all. It vill be much relief: vat you call disburden. Ven one is ill, it must never too much load down eeder de stomach or de mind."

Celia entered, and soon after the doctor took his leave, she accompanying him to the door. "Mademoiselle Celie," he said, in French, "try to amuse our good friend. Read to her, sing to her. Don't let her feed on her own fancies: they are not wholesome. Too much care will kill a cat."

In the course of the evening, Celia, mindful of the doctor's injunction, proposed reading something. "What shall it be?" she asked.

"Have you not been translating recently portions of Madame Roland's autobiography?"

"Yes."

"I once dipped into it, and I think it would have interested me intensely, but you know how imperfectly I understand French."

When Celia fetched her manuscript and began to read, she was amazed at the emotion exhibited by her auditor at certain passages—this among them:

"Roland was of a dominating character, and twenty years older than I. One of these two superiorities might have been well enough: both together were too much."

And again: "It was Roland's desire, at the commencement of our marriage, that I should see as little as possible of my intimate female friends. I conformed to his wishes, and did not renew my intimacy with them till he had acquired sufficient confidence in me to be no longer jealous of their love. That was a mistake. Marriage is grave and austere—"

Celia started: that sigh from the sick bed seemed to come from the very depths of the heart; but she proceeded:

"Marriage is grave and austere; and if a woman with strong affections is deprived of the solace of friendship for those of her own sex, a necessary aliment is cut short and she is exposed thereby. How numerous the corollaries from that truth!"

The invalid clasped her hands, pressing them tightly over her heart, but she said nothing; and Celia went on reading:

"If we lived in solitude, I had many weary hours of sadness and suffering. If we went into society, I attracted the affection of persons, some of whom, I perceived, might have interested me too much. So I devoted myself wholly to work with my husband; but that, too, had its evils."

"Dear Madame Roland!" was all the comment Alice made. Celia, fearing over-excitement in her aunt's feeble state, said:

"I translated only passages that struck me here and there. Here is one other: 'In default of happiness, one can often obtain peace, and that replaces it.'"

Celia laid her manuscript aside as Ethan entered. He noticed, with apprehension, the hectic flush on his mother's cheeks. Fever was rising, but she urged her son and niece to retire. "You have both your day's work to do to-morrow," she said, "and need rest: Nancy can stay with me."

"Housework is as hard as keeping school," said Celia. "Let me stay with you to-night, mother—please!"

Mrs. Hartland had two hours' troubled sleep in the early part of the night—more than she had been able to obtain for several days and nights past. As

soon as she stirred, Celia sprang from the lounge where she had dropped into a light nap, and was by her side. The cheeks betrayed high fever.

"Does it still rain?" Alice asked.

Celia threw back the shutters, and moonlight from a cloudless sky filled the room. "It is a brilliant night," she said.

"That storm oppressed me. Put out the lamp, dear child. I want the moonlight."

Celia sat down beside the bed. Her aunt tossed about, occasionally moaning. The forehead was burning hot, and the girl began to fear delirium. But after a time Alice took her niece's hand and seemed to be thinking of her, for she pressed it several times, shuddering a little now and then. When half an hour elapsed, she startled her niece by saying,

"Dr. Meyrac thinks I shall die, but I must tell you something before I go. I knew how I had sinned, but, Celia, Celia, I never thought I should do wrong to you."

"Wrong to me, mother?"

"I did not see that I was doing wrong. It's all clear now. Surely in the next world all will be clear."

"Do you mean that you have loved me and indulged me too much. What else have you ever done?"

"I want to tell you about the days when your dear mother and I went to school together. We lived in Arch street, next door to a rich merchant; and his eldest son— Ah, Celia, what a noble, generous, handsome boy he was! He was just your mother's age—three years older than I. I don't remember when I first knew him, but he went to school with us more than three years; and never did brother treat sister more gently, more kindly, than he treated me. His name was Frank."

"Is he alive still, auntie?"

"I think I must have been a precocious child: I know I was a foolish one. It wasn't love I felt for Frank: it was worship. At school I contrived always to sit so that I could see him, yet I scarcely ever dared to look. If he was in the same room with me anywhere, it

was happiness enough for me. I seemed to feel it if at any time he was going to pass our window, and I always looked up just in time. But if anybody had guessed all this, I think I should have died. One day I was terribly frightened. We had got together with a number of children, and one of them proposed that all the boys' names should be written on scraps of paper, folded up and put into a hat. Each girl was to draw one. We thought it was rather wicked, but when it came to the point none of us refused to try our chance. I drew two—one accidentally folded within the other. The first I glanced at was the name I had hidden in my heart: I crushed it, unobserved, in my hand, and showed them the other, which contained the name of a rude boy whom I could never abide. I know I should have fainted on the spot if I had been obliged to show Frank's name. Yet I could not make up my mind to destroy the scrap it was written on. I had a small bead-purse, lined. I ripped open the lining, slid the precious memento inside and carefully sewed it up again."

"Did he die, mother dear?"

"He went to a higher school—afterward to college. I didn't see him for sixteen years: then I was a wife and he a widower. Oh you mustn't despise me, Celia. I was a wife, and I am a widow now, yet I have that little bead-purse still."

For some time she was unable to proceed, covering her face with her hands, her frame shaking with sobs. Celia sought to soothe her, kissed her tenderly, and could not restrain her own tears. With a strong effort, Alice at last mastered her emotion so as to proceed. But she evidently spoke under high feverish excitement, and as if she felt she *must* go through with it:

"Maybe I had some excuse for marrying. He had married some years before. I knew it would be an awful thing to go on loving a married man. And, besides, it was not a man I had loved—only a boy; and I thought it would be so different when I saw him again. Then Mr. Hartland was such a moral,

upright person. Everybody respected him, and so did I. I never chose my seat in church so that I could see him, to be sure; nor ever particularly noticed whether he was in the room or not; and I never knew or cared when he passed our window. But I had got it into my head that if a woman married a good man, she wouldn't be able to help loving him afterward. Dear child, whatever you do, never marry a man you don't care for, no matter how good he is, in hopes that you *may* love him by and by. And if you care for your own soul, Celia, never marry one man as long as you love another."

"I shall never marry anybody, dear auntie—never!"

"That's bad, too. And you don't know. If that boy I worshiped so had turned out a worthless man, I think I should never have connected the two, or kept caring for him. But when he was there for years daily before my eyes—daily doing good—the very embodiment of all that is kind and generous and faithful—the idol of hundreds besides myself—the benefactor of the whole neighborhood—your own best, noblest friend, too—"

"Gracious Heaven!"

"Yes, you have guessed it—Frank Sydenham. Sometimes I watched him from behind the curtains as he rode past our windows. But he never saw it. Thank God that he has no cause to despise me! I had to tell you, Celia, for I haven't come to the worst thing I was guilty of—the wrong I did you."

"You are exhausting yourself, dear mother—"

"It must be told, and better at once. I saw that Mr. Sydenham loved you, Celia—indeed, how could he help it?—and I didn't wish him to marry you. It was very, very wicked in me; but that was one of the reasons why I wanted so much that you should marry Mowbray."

Celia was so amazed at this disclosure that, for the time, she could not utter a single word. Alice proceeded desperately, as a convict might in his last confession:

"I did think I'd hide it from you,

darling, and let you believe your aunt was a good woman. But I couldn't bear to put it off. In heaven—but I dare say I sha'n't go there after all I've done—at any rate, I couldn't bear to think that you should hear it there first; so I *had* to tell you here."

Celia still sat like one stunned, her mind bewildered with the strange ideas—unwholesome fancies Dr. Meyrac might well call them—that had just been thrust upon her; and her aunt added:

"I don't expect to live, my child, and I'm sure I don't wish it. But whether I live or die, I want you not to think worse of me than I deserve. If I live, I shall never feel again as I have done. I can't tell you how much this sickness has changed all my thoughts and wishes. Whether I am here to see it, or whether I witness it (if spirits are permitted to look back) from the other side, it will be a happiness to me to see you Frank Sydenham's wife. I hope and pray you may be."

"Dear mother, don't I know there's nothing you think would make me happy that you wouldn't be glad of? But for Mr. Sydenham's sake and for mine, please, please don't talk so. Such a thing never for one moment crossed his thoughts."

"His lips, you mean. Of course not, so long as he knew you were engaged to Mowbray."

"Pray, pray don't! I do believe Lela doesn't love her father much better than I do; but my love for him is just like hers—"

At this point, however, conscience checked her. She remembered the day—was it only seven or eight months ago?—when she was sitting in that arm-chair before Sydenham's parlor fire. Had she really told him then that he never seemed to her like a father, and never would? Had he kissed her? Only on the forehead, and only as any kind old gentleman might. But was he so old, after all? She was getting confused, so she came back to what she did know.

"I haven't a heart to give to Mr. Sydenham if he asked for it. They say Evelyn is engaged to Ellen Tyler: I

dare say it's true; but, mother, mother, I love him still!"

Celia laid her head on the pillow beside her aunt's. Alice put her arms round the girl's neck, kissed her fervently, and wept silently and long. "My own child, my own darling!" she said at last. "Ah, if my little Lizzie had only lived! My heart would never have strayed from home then."

After that they were long silent. Then an intuition came to Celia. "They would tell her if they knew all," she thought; then to her aunt: "You think more of Ethan and his welfare than of anything else, don't you, mother?"

"Of you and Ethan. I have nobody else to care for now."

"But you may have, by and by."

Her aunt looked up, troubled, but her brow cleared when Celia asked: "Did it ever occur to you that Ethan might have taken a fancy to some one in Chiskauga?"

"Has he?" with a look of surprise.

"It isn't settled, I think. She feared that she was getting blind, and accepted him conditionally only."

"Miss Ethelridge, is it?"

"Ellie—yes. Such a noble, warm-hearted girl, mother: so much—oh so much—better than I shall ever be. Ethan's heart is in it, and he would marry her, if she were blind, to-morrow."

"But a blind wife—a blind mother of a household, Celia?"

"I know; but perhaps she might have a dear, good mother-in-law staying with her. You will never see your little Lizzie again, auntie, till you see her in heaven, but you may see your grandchildren."

The look that came over Alice's face was something beautiful to see. After a pause she said, in a low voice, "Perhaps I may recover. Celia dear, what was that last extract you read me from Madame Roland's diary?"

Celia went to the window and read by the bright moonlight: "In default of happiness one can often obtain peace, and that replaces it."

Toward morning Alice slept tranquilly several hours, and awoke free from

fever. Then she sent for Ethan, and had a long talk with him. From that day they dated her convalescence.

It was an imprudent thing in Alice Hartland to speak as she did to her niece, especially as, by Ethan's advice, they had begged Mr. Sydenham to act as Celia's guardian, and he had consented and been appointed. The girl was not at all disposed to imagine people in love with her. But this new relation brought Sydenham and her a good deal together. Then, too, she visited Rosebank thrice a week to give Leoline music-lessons. So that, even if she had desired to avoid him, she could not well do so without appearing unfriendly or ungrateful. She did not really desire to avoid him, but she was no longer at ease with him as formerly; and when she became conscious of this it provoked and annoyed her. If she had not been too busy to be sentimental, it might have made her unhappy.

She had neglected the school somewhat during her aunt's illness, but as soon as Alice was able to sit up and walk about a little, she returned to her teaching, resolved to make up for lost time. Some of the pupils, she found, had been taken from school by their parents. Was the poison working? Was she to be a clog, instead of an aid, to Ellinor? Her dream of usefulness began to fade.

For a moment the thought crossed her that she ought to withdraw from the partnership. But Ellinor's waning sight! And then the indignation against injustice which lurks in the mildest natures woke up a little too. Ought Mrs. Wolfgang and her abettors to succeed in their base plot? "They ought not, and they shall not," she thought, "if I can help it." She was getting pugnacious. That is wholesome—in moderation.

The same evening (Mrs. Clymer having gone out) Leoline and her father urged Celia so cordially to take tea with them, after her lesson was over, that she could not well refuse. She spoke of the pupils they had lost.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Syden-

ham, "if you have been setting that down to your account." Celia looked embarrassed. "I thought so," pursued Sydenham. "There *is* a cabal formed—not against you individually, but against the Chiskauga Institute. Poor Ellinor Ethelridge has her full share of the abuse. They have been inventing and circulating all kinds of scandalous stories about her past life."

"Who, papa?" asked Leoline.

"Cranstoun and Mrs. Wolfgang, and their set—all whom they can influence or delude."

"If it really would shield Ellie from their malice—" Celia began, but Leoline gave her such a look that she stopped, half inclined to laugh.

"If you do—if you do!" said Leoline, shaking her finger at her. "What! Give it up, and let these wretches have it all their own way!"

"We must fight the battle through, Celia," Sydenham said—"not for your sake and Ellinor's only: for the sake of the place. I never let such things go."

"That's my darling papa," said Leoline, kissing him. "And, Celia, if you desert us, I'll disown you."

"She will not desert us," said her father, smiling.

"I'm afraid," said Celia, "that what somebody calls 'the old Adam' within me was a good deal stirred up when I thought of Mr. Cranstoun and Mrs. Wolfgang enjoying their triumph."

"I declare I begin to have hopes of you, Celia." Of course it was Leoline who said this; and she added: "I once heard some one say to papa (I hope it's not wicked to repeat it) that we 'need a little of the devil in us to keep the devil out.' But it's only a tiny bit of the old Adam that's in you, my dear—of Adam when he was so old he had almost forgotten about Paradise—nothing worse, you good girl. It's only creatures like me that have a touch of the old Serpent. Then, perhaps *he* wasn't so very bad, after all. Milton gives him rather a fine character."

Celia laughed, and that did her good: "If you had been a man, Lela, what a

soldier you'd have made! You would have led your men anywhere."

"I don't know about that. I never was tried with that 'villainous saltpetre.' It must be a nervous sort of thing to stand to be shot at."

"It needs as much courage to be slandered without flinching," said her father. "The best way to avoid cowardice in danger is to think of others, not of one's self. These children that are under your care will be the sufferers, Celia, if you give way. Cranstoun and his set are making war on them."

"What motive can he have?"

"Two, probably. A certain young lady wouldn't have him: that cuts deep. Then Creighton is in his way—has already carried off, probably, half his law-practice. So he connects *his* name with the scandal he spreads about Miss Ethelridge. They were friends, you know, before either of them came to Chiskauga."

"What a world!" said Celia.

"I dare say it's all right enough," said Leoline. "What would be the use of that organ of combativeness if everything went just straight? Let's divide forces, papa. If you'll manage that sneaking rascal, Cranstoun, I'll undertake Mrs. Wolfgang."

"Gently, my child. I'm afraid you'll turn out like the 'beau sabreur.' Murat, with his white plume, was splendid at the head of a cavalry charge, but when it came to military tactics—"

"Well, papa, you be Napoleon. I won't charge till you bid me."

"Keep a good heart," said Sydenham to Celia. "We are too strong for them. And from what Creighton told me, you may not need to remain schoolmistress unless you like."

"But I do like, in any event."

Sydenham smiled, well pleased, and Celia blushed. "What a ridiculous habit it is!" she thought.

"And by the way," added Sydenham, "all that lecture of mine on Grangula's Mount went for nothing, it seems. I have to congratulate you, Celia—no, not you, the people of Ohio—that they had sense and justice enough to pass and

maintain in force a law under which you are your father's legitimate child."

"That must be gall and wormwood to Mrs. Wolfgang," said Leoline. "It will be no fight at all. Their ammunition's giving out."

"Not so fast, Mademoiselle Murat," smiling. "We mustn't underrate our opponents' strength. I haven't made up my mind just what ought to be done, Celia, but, depend upon it, we shall see you and Ellinor through."

Then they had music, and Celia rode home by moonlight. She left Rosebank, as she almost always did after a talk with Sydenham, in good heart. There was something contagious, too, in that daring spirit of Leoline's.

When Celia reached home, she found that Ellinor had been spending the evening with Mrs. Hartland, and that Ethan's lady-love was in a fair way to become a special favorite with her possible mother-in-law. "If you had searched the world over," Alice said to Ethan, as he returned from escorting Ellinor home, "I don't think you could have pleased me better."

How happy the good fellow went to bed! After he was gone, Alice looked so much better and more cheerful than usual that Celia, after putting her arms round her neck and kissing her, was tempted to venture a saucy question: "Auntie, you've got over thinking you were so terribly wicked, haven't you?"

Alice winced a little, yet she could not help smiling, and Celia went on: "Do you think it would have been behaving so very much better to take a stand against Evelyn, so that Mr. Sydenham might have had a chance by and by?"

"Ah! you think he might have had a chance?"

"No, I don't, but you do. Mother dear, *would* it have been the virtuous thing and the kind thing to run down Mowbray, and tell me I ought to be ashamed of myself to love such a man as that, when there were so many better ones in the world, and then to have given me a hint that I had better take Mr. Sydenham instead?"

"For shame, Celia! You've been talking with Leoline, one can see."

"Not about you, mother. There's another thing I want to know"—in a graver tone, a slight shade of sadness coming over the April sky of that expressive face—

"Well, dear?"

"I've been with you daily, years and years. You kept away from Mr. Sydenham. You devoted yourself to my uncle. You labored with him as Madame Roland did with her husband. I think you gave up dear friends, too, for his sake. What more could you do?"

"I don't know," hesitating. "Yes, I could have kept from thinking about Mr. Sydenham at all."

"I wish you'd tell me how to set about such a thing, auntie." The tone was light, but the soft eyes glistened. "Right in the midst of our lessons I keep thinking of a man that's not half so good as Mr. Sydenham, in spite of all I can do."

"Poor child!"

"*You* kept thinking Mr. Sydenham was a man in a thousand—so he is—that he did ever so much good to this village, to all the neighborhood. So he does: I don't believe Pope's 'Man of Ross' was a bit better. Why shouldn't

you think what was true? Then maybe you thought—don't be angry, mother dear—maybe you did think, sometimes, that if you had been his wife—"

Alice turned deadly pale.

"Well, I won't, mother. But how *could* you help it? And it was true, too. Then you *did* the right thing. You never neglected one duty: you never said one complaining word. You did more than praying not to be led into temptation: you kept out of it. My uncle's dead and gone, and I shall never think of him but kindly. Yet if I had been in your place, auntie, I could never, never have made him the wife you did. You never crossed a wish of his. And I dare say he knows now what a hard time you had of it!"

Alice wept so long that Celia blamed herself bitterly for the agitation she had caused. Yet when it was over, and her aunt had had a night's rest, she was all the better for her niece's downright words. Her mind gradually resumed its tone. And—let the truth be told even if the widow's character suffer thereby—before another month had elapsed there came over her a calm, subdued cheerfulness, such as, during all her married life, that pale face had never worn.

DICK LIBBY.

WHAT officer or seaman was there in the old navy who did not know old Dick Libby, the quartermaster from time almost immemorial? I say in the old navy, for a new generation has come up—new faces, new men, new notions, new everything. Dick's picture, in water colors, hangs here in the sailors' reading room; and I am told they have one in oil, on a larger scale and true as life, in the Lyceum at Boston.

I made two cruises with Dick—one from 1825 to 1828, and the other from

1832 to 1836—in both of which he was a principal quartermaster; but during the latter he was beginning to show signs of age, and was not as active as his situation required; and he sometimes complained to me that those officers whom he had known as little midshipmen, "only knee-high to a duck," would "rate (berate) him," because he was not as spry as formerly. I think, however, he must have mistaken their words, or the exception taken must, at all events, have been at rare times, for he was a great

and universal favorite in the navy to the last of his life. Perhaps a little jealousy about the infirmities of age may have made him more observant of officers, and more keenly alive to any impatience on their part, than he would otherwise have been. Officers and sailors will growl at everybody and everything, and any subordinate who feels sensitive to such growling will have a poor time of it: it is best to let such things pass for just what they are worth, which is not much; and indeed they do not mean much by it.

But Dick and many of those about whose impatience he was then so sensitive are now resting quietly in their graves—equally insensible to all the disturbances of life.

Toward the last of the old man's time in the navy, he was put on board the Pennsylvania, then "receiving ship" at Norfolk, where his duties as quartermaster would be light. I ought to say to landsmen that a quartermaster's berth is the highest that can be given to a sailor on board ship, being also a very responsible one.

While on board the Pennsylvania, a lieutenant (Lines) very popular with officers and men was drowned, and buried in the adjoining neat cemetery at Portsmouth; and a general subscription was made throughout the ship for a handsome monument to be placed over him. This was erected, and on the Saturday after it was put up, Dick went ashore "on liberty," and out to the cemetery to see what it might be like. In the evening, as the ward-room officers were at their tea, the old man, always privileged to go anywhere, made his appearance inside the door and inquired for the purser.

"He is not on board, Dick."

"When is he coming?"

"I don't know; but what's the matter? You seem to be in a hurry about seeing him: what do you want with him?"

"I want to see him."

"Well, but what do you want in such a hurry?"

"I want to see my accounts—how much money's coming to me."

"What! getting fond of money in your old age, Dick?—is that it?"

"No; but I went this afternoon to see Mr. Lines' monument, and those stupid beasts of workmen have put a *broken column* over him: I want to have a whole column, if I can buy one. I want to see my account with the purser."

Dick had cruised so long in the Grecian Archipelago as not to have much respect for *broken columns*.

A strange story Dick once told me about his bringing a dead man to life, and I have no doubt that he believed it. Whether it was so, or whether Libby was in a condition not to observe clearly on the occasion he spoke of, I will leave to the present reader to judge.

He told me that he was then in a merchant ship, and that they dropped anchor at the mouth of the Delaware, near a sandy spit, in order to bury a man who had just died on board. Dick was one of those sent ashore to dig the grave and to see the burial completed; and he said that after getting through the digging they all felt thirsty, and having a bottle of rum with them, they passed it around. The dead man had been fond of his drink too, and the thought struck them to give him a last dram before putting him into the ground. So they pried open his lips and poured the liquor in. It brought him to: he gave a gulp, swallowed it, opened his eyes and went back to the ship as well as any of them. As I said just now, I leave the reader to judge for himself.

But Dick, toward the close of his life, knocked off drinking altogether. He told me that he had not joined a temperance society or taken a pledge, but that he had resolved never again to drink anything that could intoxicate; and I believe he kept his resolution unbroken to the last. I do not know what was the cause of this change, but it may have been from suffering, for I have on board ship seen his eyes actually snap from the internal agony after such an indulgence. The reader, if he has never

met with the anecdote, may perhaps thank me for giving here an incident, and some impromptu poetry once made by a lady on the following occasion: A gentleman with whom she was intimate, and whom she was trying to persuade to take the temperance pledge, told her he would do so if she would give something impromptu in answer to what he should recite to her; and he then repeated some lines from Anacreon in praise of wine. She replied immediately:

"Thus Anacreon sang, as to earth down he sunk,
As mellow as grapes in October:
He found it a heaven on earth to get drunk,
But a hell upon earth to get sober."

I have often witnessed the latter during my observations on sea and land. The officers of the *Pennsylvania* were so pleased with the change in Libby that they presented him with a gold ring, ornamented with a spread-eagle, for his "cravat slide" (to pass the ends through), which he still possessed, I believe, at his death.

When at last unfit for any active duty, he came to this pleasant retreat at the Naval Asylum, and here he ended his days. The old men in this house have each of them a small but pleasant room, and they are in the habit of ornamenting their quarters with pictures and such other objects as take their fancy, often indeed in very good taste. Libby's room was hung all round with pictures, and it was the show-room of the place. The landsmen must know here that officers on board ship often take great pride in fitting up their state-rooms, so as to have a grand or rich or tasteful appearance; and there is generally one *particularly* so, which visitors are taken especially to see. Libby's seemed to be the show-room of the asylum, and he himself was always an object of great interest to visitors, of which he was a little proud. "He was the man," they were told, "whose likeness had been painted in oil as a fine specimen of a Jack Tar;" and Libby always chuckled one of his little laughs when this was said.

I believe he was at the head of a movement to give me what ministers term "a call," for about this time I re-

ceived a general letter from the old pensioners here, asking me to get orders to this place, and come and be their chaplain. I was then attached to the Naval Academy, and could not come; but in my yearly trips Northward, in vacation-time, I usually came out to see former shipmates, and especially Dick. If I missed a visit, he scolded the next time I came.

In my last visit to him I noticed on his table a decanter partly filled with what looked like brandy, and also tumblers; and he quickly observed, and with a pleasant chuckle, my inquisitive and disturbed glance.

"You need not be alarmed," he said: "that is a cheat, and is nothing but molasses and water, and I have a great deal of fun from it. When visitors come to my room, I see them very soon begin to eye that decanter, and I wait till their appetite is well whetted up. They look around at my pictures, but still their eyes keep squinting back at the decanter: I tell them about the pictures, but still again they glance at the decanter; and after a while I say to them, 'Well, come, won't you take a drink?' They brighten up and answer 'Yes,' very gladly; and then I pour out for them some of what they all take to be brandy, and I put some water to it, and they say, 'Your good health,' and drink; and my fun is to see the faces they make when they find it's only very thin molasses and water."

So in this pleasant retreat Dick's life passed quietly away.

I well remember, however, a scene very different from this molasses-and-water one, in which Libby and I were actors together; and a very singular scene it was.

It was just outside of Jerusalem. Our ship, the *Delaware*, was kept lying-to off Jaffa (there being no harbor there), while the officers made parties to Jerusalem—first, the commodore and half of the lieutenants, etc., and afterward the captain and the other half; a few of the crew also accompanying each moiety. I went up with the first party, and waited

there for the second, and in this second party was Libby. On board ship, Dick often called himself "chaplain's mate," for on Sunday he always rigged the capstan for religious service, and brought up the prayer-books, and saw to getting things in general ready for our worship, and afterward to putting the books away. It was his duty also, as signal-quarter-master, to have the pennant with a cross on it hoisted and kept flying till our service was through. So I was glad to see my "chaplain's mate" at Jerusalem; but it is my grief to say that Dick got drunk there, and I fear was in that condition the whole time of his visit.

This second party, after four or five days in the city, was to leave early in the morning, so as to make the journey back to the ship in one day; and we had all been ordered to assemble at two A. M. in the open space just inside of what is called "the Jaffa gate." It was a bright moonlight morning in August, and as I sat on my large mule waiting for the start, I saw Libby passing hither and thither in great tribulation. On my inquiring, he told me that "somebody had taken his donkey;" which donkey, on my sending others to search for it and having it brought, turned out to be a little rat of a thing, which he could almost have put into his pea-jacket pocket: at all events, one of the smallest of its tribe. But we got Libby on it; and when the party started, as I saw that he was in liquor, I kept near to him. We two soon fell behind the rest of the company, and had got only about two hundred yards from Jerusalem when Dick rolled off into the dust. The Arab owner of the beast had kept along with us, and got him up and mounted once more; but we had proceeded only a little way when he rolled off again, and was flat on the road. The Arab lifted his own hands and uttered a despairing cry, "He is drunk;" and indeed there was need for despair, for Ibrahim Pacha had just been making conscription among the natives for his army, and they had left their homes and fled to caves and deserts for safety; and the whole country was now, in consequence, so full of robbers

that our parties had not been able to visit the Jordan, as was intended. We could see these people on the hills, watching us this morning, after the day had broke. I directed Dick now, with the Arab's assistance, to get up behind me on my strong mule and hold on to me, and thus we were jogging on when, the officers in front having missed us, two of them (Captain — of the marines and Lieutenant —) came riding back to see what was the matter. They understood the case at once, and began to let out their anger on Libby, when, before I could know what he was about, he slipped down over the mule's tail and stood facing them, his pea-jacket stripped off and he ready to fight. His tongue was as rapid as theirs: he told them that "on board ship they were his superiors, but not here: he was now as good as any of them, and would not be abused; and he dared them to come down to an equal fight." They became still more wrathful, and he not less so. I begged them to leave him with me, for I would take care of him; so they went, and I made him get up again; and we traveled in this picturesque but not very dignified or clerical way of leaving Jerusalem, till, with the help of the cool morning air, the effects of the liquor had subsided sufficiently for me to leave him alone on the mule. Then I took to his donkey, and finally, at some ten miles from the city, we joined the rest of the party, seated under a grove of olives and at their breakfast. I left Dick under a tree at one side while I went up to get something for his craving stomach, and presently I returned with coffee and bread and hard-boiled eggs. I found the old man in tears.

"Oh," he said, "I have so disgraced myself! and the officers will be so angry when I shall get back to the ship!"

I tried to comfort him, and told him I would make his peace with the officers, but he still kept wiping his eyes, and the tears would flow.

I went to get some breakfast for myself, pleased with his penitence, till an officer came up to me and said,

"Mr. Jones, do you know that your old protégé has been drinking again?"

It was indeed even so, and the tears which I had seen him shedding were produced by liquor. He had taken just enough to make him, as they say, "crying drunk." Alas! alas!

But the old man did, in the end, as I have already narrated, abandon this worst enemy of sailors, and reform, and did *not* fill a drunkard's grave. After this Jerusalem experience, Dick gave up his title of "chaplain's mate."

GEORGE JONES.

THE FREEDMAN AND HIS FUTURE.

IN our neighborhood, for the last two years, a force of negroes diminished by more than a third has produced more than a force a third larger before the war. Negroes in the South do not now feign sickness and work lazily, as when slaves. The fear of losing employment is a better stimulant to labor than was the fear of bodily punishment. The falling off of the aggregate crops of the South is sufficiently accounted for by the want of capital to employ labor, without charging the negroes with unwillingness to labor.

After the law prohibiting corporal punishment in the navy was enacted, the old, hard-working, faithful tars, seeing that they were forced to do double work by the worthless and idle, who no longer stood in fear of punishment, took the matter in hand themselves, and gave severer flagellations to the idlers than they had ever received from superior authority.

Thus it will be in the South. Our legislatures will be composed in large part of negroes, and these negroes, seeing that the support of the whole community must fall chiefly on their race, will be most ready to enact vagrant and vagabond laws, which shall compel all the poor to labor, whether they be blacks or whites. The negroes now know that they must ever be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Knowing this, they will be far more ready than the whites to punish severely all idleness, because idleness will throw on a few blacks the burden that should be borne

equally by all. They will soon perceive, too, that labor alone pays taxes, and that the chief burden of taxation must fall on them. Lands and houses cannot pay taxes, because they are non-producers. Their owners always reduce the wages of labor and increase rents just in proportion as taxes are increased, and thus transfer the whole burden of taxation to the shoulders of the laboring poor. If they did not thus do, they would be forced to sell their lands and houses to pay the taxes. The negroes, seeing this, will oppose all heavy taxation. Indeed, now that they have given up all hope of "the mule and forty acres of land," we think that they will make quite conservative legislators—at least a few of them, here in Virginia, intermixed with white legislators and held in check by the governor's veto, will do no harm.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, that our negroes will be more profitable to their employers than were slaves to their masters. Besides that we have adopted the high-pressure system of free competitive society and exchanged hickories for hunger, we see the fact every day exhibited around us in the greater productiveness and less expensiveness of free negro labor. Negroes cannot live in the South as they do in the West Indies, on the voluntary fruits of the earth. They must work or starve. Having no lands of their own, and wholly incapable of holding and managing lands if they owned them, they must labor on

the lands of the whites, for they are only qualified for farming labor. Even in Barbadoes, the products of the island for some time after emancipation were increased, because there were no waste, unappropriated lands in that island, and the negroes had to work or starve. The failure of the free-labor system in the rest of the West India Islands has been rather owing to the fewness and inefficiency of white employers than to the worthlessness of the negroes. Before our war, a fourth of the slaves were idle, pampered house-servants; a fourth of them were owned by ladies, who indulged them too much and required them to labor too little; and at least another fourth by masters who managed their labor unskillfully and unprofitably; so that not more than one-fourth of the negro slaves were so managed as to make their labor as productive as it should have been. Now there can be no idlers, because idleness brings on starvation. Few have house-servants, because we are too poor to employ them. All must work at productive farm-work, for none but skillful, attentive, industrious farmers can afford to employ negro labor.

So soon as the Southern farmers become able to stock their farms properly, there will arise a demand for all the negro labor of the country, and that labor, being stimulated and impelled by the all-pervading, ever-present, never-ceasing power of hunger, will be more productive than before the war. Let the North be but patient, and leave the management of the negro labor subject to the South, and in a very few years we will send them annually more cotton, sugar, tobacco, wheat, corn, etc., than before the war, and buy more of their manufactures. So long as good lands are abundant, it is idle to talk about the South becoming a manufacturing country. We have not enough labor to cultivate our lands, and that labor of too rude and unskilled a character ever to be adapted to manufacturing.

If, after all, the negroes will not work, we shall be compelled to call in the Chinese. The cotton-fields of the South

must be tilled to their utmost capacity for the good of mankind, for even the savage races, who learn nothing else, are fast learning to wear cotton cloth; and cotton-fields cannot be tilled by white labor. But we protest against the cruel and perilous experiment of bringing in Chinese to throttle and strangle out the negroes, until ample time and experience prove that the negroes will not work. We love and admire the amiable, generous, brave, whole-souled negro, and we detest the mean, stingy, cheating, cowardly, treacherous, lying Chinese. The negro is doing very well, as a laborer, at present, and when the late Confederate States are restored to the Union, and all the exciting political issues of the day settled, we have every reason to hope and expect that whites and blacks will get along quite amicably together, and our industrial affairs become more flourishing and profitable than ever before.

No man who knew Virginia before the war, and who will visit it now, will be able to discover the slightest difference in the deportment of the blacks and whites to one another, now and then. He will see the same respectful deference, the same obliging kindness, the same readiness to serve without pay, or the expectation of pay, in all small matters, and the same sense of inferiority, manifested toward the whites by the blacks, now as before the war. He will find, too, the negroes working in the fields for the whites, and working far more faithfully and industriously than when slaves, and laboring for half in wages what they used to get in allowance. Who can tread on the worm, who insult feeble woman, who maltreat the infant, who spurn the sick, the aged, the infirm?—in fine, who is not softened and conciliated by conscious, confessed, unoffending weakness. Sterne beautifully exclaims: "*I am thy servant*, disarms one of the power of a master." Every word, every gesture, every look of the negro, says in mute eloquence to the white man, "*I am thy servant*." It would be as easy for the mountains to descend to the plains, for the lakes and seas to

dry up, for all nature to change its course, as for the negro to change his deportment toward the white man. He feels his inferiority, and can never divest himself of that feeling. He is kind, generous and obliging, because to be so is part of his amiable nature, which he can never throw off. The negroes are by far the best bred, most polite people in the world. I never saw a vulgar negro, for every one of them knows his place, and behaves as becomes his place. On the other hand, I often meet with assuming, pretentious white men, who are obtrusively and disgustingly vulgar. The white man at the South who is habitually coarse or rude or imperious or insulting in his deportment to negroes is a mere brutal, featherless biped. I have never yet met with the first white man who did thus behave. On the contrary, all white men are more studiously careful to return the negro's polite and respectful salutation with a salutation equally polite and respectful, than they are so to return the salutation of white men, because such neglect would wound the black man's feelings, and would probably be attributed to mere inadvertence by the white man. The amicable and kindly relations subsisting between the blacks and whites are owing entirely to the fact that the races are so intermixed and blended together that each negro of necessity becomes dependent on some white man, and may select that man in whom he has most confidence or to whom he is most attached. In time, a relation like that of patron and client in ancient Rome will grow up between whites and blacks. During the whole continuance of the Roman commonwealth this relation was most kindly and faithfully observed. Some legislation is needed to protect children from cruel treatment by their parents and to protect wives from ill-usage by their husbands, but such legislation is seldom called into active exercise.

White colonization is proceeding with rapidity in every corner of the savage world. The civilized and uncivilized races are ever in deadly hostility where

they form separate adjoining communities. This hostility is rapidly exterminating the inferior races. Philanthropy has devised or suggested no measures that shall prevent this rapidly-progressing extermination. Blending and intermixing the races, with proper social, legal and political regulations, would avert the catastrophe. The whites, however, will not tolerate savages among them unless they can in some way be made useful and profitable. This can only be effected by compelling the savages to serve the whites for a term of years for hire. If I have shown that weakness is power, that it is natural for the feeble and dependent to look up to, obey and love their superiors, and quite as natural for the strong and the wise to protect and care for the feeble, ignorant and dependent, I think I have indicated a possible and peaceful solution of the great social problem of the day. Some will say I propose to reinstate slavery on a broader basis than ever. I propose no such thing, but that government shall discharge its duty by compelling all men who have no visible means of support, to labor. When whites seize upon and appropriate the lands of savages, they deprive them of all means of living. It will be their duty to support them, but they can only do so by compelling them to labor. Savages are all vagrants, but by being compelled to regular labor they would be cured of their vagrancy, and taught much of the useful arts of civilized life. I have no particular partiality for my plan. If any can be suggested equally efficient, and yet milder, I shall prefer it to my own. As to its likeness to slavery, when we analyze the relation between capital and skill and free labor, we shall discover something very like slavery, which yet is not slavery. It would be, in truth, but a necessary apprenticeship—the only feasible means of saving savages from extermination, and at the same time of civilizing them. Even at the South, the prevalent doctrine is, that if savages were sent to common schools, academies, colleges and universities, and educated in all respects like the whites, when they

grew up there would be found no difference between the races except in physical appearance. Acting upon this false and cruel doctrine, distinguished politicians and philanthropists are already saying, "We have set the negroes free, furnished them with food and clothing, sent them to common schools, and many to colleges and universities, and given them all the legal and political rights of free citizenship: now, if they cannot get along in the field of free competition, it is their fault, not ours." Now, I verily believe there is not one decently-informed philanthropist in America who does not know that a literary education unfits a full-blooded negro for field-work or other servile offices, prepares him for no other occupation, and thus deprives him of all means of support except theft and robbery. The experiment of educating negroes has been assiduously carried on for four thousand years. The Egyptians, in ancient times the most civilized of the white race, have ever been in contact with them; and the Arabs, whose civilization also dates from time immemorial, crossing the narrow straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, have so commingled and crossed blood with them that there are now no really full-blooded, thoroughly black negroes, except on the extreme western coast and in the partially-explored regions about the head of the Nile. In all instances it is found that the brown Mohammedan negroes, crossed with Arabic blood, are superior to the typical, thoroughbred, pure black negroes. But the infusion of white blood has been so small that they have acquired none of the modes or arts of civilized life. They have no houses, no farms, no ploughs, no wagons, no laws, no churches, no public highways, no separate properties, little or no clothing—in fact, none of the institutions that belong to civilized life,

and which distinguish civilized men from barbarians. They herd together from necessity, for no African's life would be safe who attempted to live secluded. Their so-called cities, collections of huts, inferior to the residences of the beaver, afford the most conclusive evidence that they are, after four thousand years of association with civilized mankind, very little superior to the other gregarious animals that infest the wilds of Africa. Yet their patronizing friends propose to teach them to read and then start them in life, to make their way in the field of free competition with the civilized whites. But the civilized races will soon occupy all the territories over which savages now roam. They must either subordinate the savages to the whites, preserve their lives, civilize and Christianize them; or, under the banner of "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," expose them to the war of the wits and of free competition with the whites, and thus cruelly exterminate them. • GEORGE FITZHUGH.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The above article is published from a conviction that the free and courteous discussion, even from widely differing points of view, of matters of national interest—it being understood that each writer is responsible for his own articles—is at once interesting to the public and calculated to elicit truth. Probably few of the readers of *Lippincott* will agree with *all* of the views expressed above. We certainly do not, and in "Our Monthly Gossip" we have taken occasion to make some comments thereon. But Mr. Fitzhugh's papers, even when most paradoxical, are calculated to convey information and to stimulate thought. As such we print them, holding ourselves equally ready to accept contributions in a different sense, provided they are at once short, forcible and good-tempered.

FROM A GARRET.

FOUR stories high, in a garret-room,
 All day I sit by a table old,
 And toil at the oddest of chemic tasks—
 The turning of ink into gold!
 Whatever the busy world will read
 We struggle to furnish, my quill and I:
 Who talks of glory? The favored few:
 A man must dine or a man must die!

Most bright were my dreams in the halcyon days
 When Hope made merry with youth: most fair
 The witherless laurels no hand, no brow,
 But my own should gather and wear.
 They are dead—*requiescant*—those brilliant dreams:
 I can think of them calmly, with not a sigh.
 Let glory be won by the favored few:
 A man must dine or a man must die!

Very grand are the thoughts that now and then,
 Like stately dames, through my garret-door
 Seem to glide with a rustle of silken robes
 On the carpetless, dusty floor.
 Unbidden they come and unheeded they go:
 The leisure to flatter them have not I.
 They may keep their charms for the favored few:
 A man must dine or a man must die!

The honors that neither were sought nor found—
 Does it profit my life to regret them? I muse:
 Though never to seek be never to gain,
 To gain not is never to lose.
 Success is the vassal of discontent;
 And the proudest of triumphs defeat stands nigh:
 'Tis the safest of mottoes for all human toil,
 That a man must dine or a man must die!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WERNER had listened motionlessly. He seemed to fear lest a breath, a look should alarm the soft voice that, half broken by conflicting emotions, thus revealed to him the depths of a maiden heart. When Magdalena had ceased, he asked slowly and without turning around,

"And did no ray of love-light fall on your childish path?"

"My aunt has always cared for me as tenderly as a mother—her heart is full of love for me. But she was obliged to earn bread for us both, and had no time to see what was passing in my heart. Moreover, she had a sort of dread of my stormy nature; and seeing this, I strove to be as quiet as possible in her presence, so as to avoid causing her pain. Then there sat beside me in school a dear little, gentle-voiced maiden, whom I loved most earnestly. The child was tender-hearted toward me. She played with me, and once even took me home to her parents' house. After that, however, she became shy, and seemed to shrink from me. One day, as I sat wistfully on the stone steps before her house, a servant-woman came out and roughly told me to be off—that the Frau Secretairin did not allow her little daughter to play with vagabond children. Often, in going home from school, I would meet a boy—a boy whose handsome, earnest head was thrown back proudly, and yet whose blue eyes could look so mild and gentle. His hair was as golden as my mother's, and therefore I always gazed after him as long as he was in sight. I looked upon him with respectful awe, and thought there must be most marvelous things in the beautifully-bound books he carried under his arm. He was much older than I, and the son of aristocratic parents, but I never troubled my mind about that: he looked like my

mother, and therefore he must be good and noble, and have a heart full of kindness and sympathy. But one day he happened to pass by just as a horde of wild boys was chasing me, throwing stones and surrounding me with mocking cries. He led carefully by the hand a little girl with light eyes and colorless hair: she was his cousin—her name was Antonie. She pointed at me contemptuously: I didn't mind that, but I thought, '*He* surely will protect me, and drive away these cruel children.' Oh what a pang it drove to my heart to see him stand still at a distance, aversion in every feature, and drawing the little maiden closer to him, as though the very sight of me might harm her! Truly he was worse than my tormentors, for it would have needed but a word from his mouth to save me from wounds of which I still bear the scars upon my arm. It seemed as though at this moment my whole heart suffered a revulsion, and became full of hatred to the boy."

Magdalena had moved a step nearer. Her voice grew louder and more passionate, and her eyes, which were fixed firmly upon the young man, flashed, as if now, for the first time, she was giving full vent to her feelings.

Werner looked up. He was paler than before, but took up his pencil quickly, and resharpened the point as he inquired,

"And—do you still hate him?"

"Oh, more than ever!" burst forth Magdalena, excitedly. "I hope never to see him again. One cannot love the poison that destroys him."

With these words she turned and hurried through the cross-road and up to her room, bolting the door behind her. She stood for a while motionless and with fixed eyes at the window, recalling all that had passed. She had allowed herself to be carried away into

unveiling her heart-wounds before a man whom she herself called heartless and haughty—she, who until now had been too proud to breathe a complaint into stranger ears. She had described experiences which, although occurring in her early childhood, yet had exerted the greatest influence upon her whole inner life, and which in later days had again called up the most vehement struggles within her. Never had even her aunt imagined how the whole sunlight of the poor child's heart, her childish admiration for a being she worshiped idolatrously, although only at a distance, had been suddenly and rudely dispelled. And Magdalena had never confessed, even to herself, that the grown-up maiden had striven to erase this painful awakening from her memory, and gladly in her dreams conjured up the ideal of her childhood, with his proud, boyish face framed in its golden curls. At this very moment she was struggling passionately against the consciousness that no thought animated her that did not refer to him—that no emotion welled up in her heart that did not speak of him; nay, that every fibre of her life was chained to him—to him whose icy brow only offered scorn and mockery in return! And now much had escaped her lips which had sprung from this secret depth of her heart; and that, too, in the presence of him who should never have suspected its existence. Must not the faithfulness with which she had clung to this episode of her childhood, the passionate excitement which overcame her during the relation, necessarily have betrayed to him what place he occupied in her affections? It had not escaped her eye that Werner, spite of his command of feature, had recognized himself in the boy she described: for a moment the cold, calm face had grown pale, doubtless in anger that a mere maiden should have the courage to tell him—the proud, aristocratic man—undauntedly and to his face, that she hated him. That was a triumph for her—a brilliant revenge for the wounds which that haughty eye, that mocking smile, had so often inflicted upon her.

Yes, she had forgotten herself and her maiden pride for one moment, but she had gained a victory; and yet she wept hot tears over this same victory. It seemed to her as though before him had yawned a grave, into which she, willfully and with her own hand, had cast the dearest treasure of her life. From the confused thoughts that rose and fell in her brain but one seemed to stand plainly before her, and that one she grasped as her only anchor of hope: she must hasten away, far, far away!

It would do no good for her to go to a neighboring town: she must cease to breathe German air: a German heaven must no longer stretch above her head. The sea must roll between them: she must hasten away—far, far away!

As though this thought lent her wings, and even now would not allow her longer to stand idly, she hastened from the room, and mechanically entered once more the cross-road. Her first glance showed that Werner had quitted the garden. She walked restlessly up and down, her mind strained on one point—how to procure means for the journey—till, worn out, she seated herself to rest on the pedestal which for centuries had borne the statue of the Virgin Mary. She closed her eyes and leaned against the stone wall, which shed a refreshing coolness over her heated limbs. Not a sound broke the deep silence which reigned in the little corner: not a quiver shook the twigs of the genista which, twined around the top of the pillars, threw forth its extremities freely and gracefully to the air. Only now and then, when the girl moved suddenly or changed her position, was a creaking audible in the wall, and each time the pedestal trembled slightly. Absorbed in her own thoughts, Magdalena did not at first pay much attention to the singular noise. But at last, striking heavily against a projecting portion of the stonework, she was instantly alarmed by a harsh rattling, which seemed to proceed from the wall itself, and by a violent trembling of the pedestal. She sprang up in alarm and fled into the garden. But she soon returned. The sun shone

in so warm and golden; the swallows, whose nests hung on the green-entwined pillars of the cross-way, joyfully twittered in and out; and over the garden wall rang clear, childish laughter. She was ashamed of her terror, and began courageously to explore its cause.

Above the pedestal, beside a far-projecting stone, was a sort of knob, round and massive, such as one still occasionally finds on very old door-locks. It had remained until this time unnoticed, as it had been completely concealed by the statue. Magdalena had struck this knob with her arm.

Involuntarily there came to her mind the old legend of the twelve silver apostles, which, formerly the property of the convent, were now supposed to lie in some subterranean passage of the same. It is true, the popular fable made huge black mastiffs, with eyes as large as saucers and as glowing as red-hot coals, guardians of the exit and entrance; and added that said entrance vanished as soon as discovered by unhallowed mortals. Did the solution of this mystery now lie before her? Was it reserved for her to discover this treasure, whose size and value the legend declared almost incredible? What a satisfaction to cast this mass of silver disdainfully at the feet of those purse-proud citizens—above all, before *him*—retaining nothing for herself save sufficient to enable her to quit the town for ever! But all this was so absurdly visionary! Only an excited imagination could build such air-castles in the midst of stern reality.

In spite of the arguments of reason, Magdalena grasped the knob. After several vain attempts to turn it, she finally pushed it back with force, and behold! several broad stones, which had looked ready to fall out from the wall, slowly moved with a loud noise and a mighty cloud of dust. A broad rift appeared, and she saw that the blocks of stone were by no means as thick as they had seemed from without. They were, on the contrary, quite thin, and were skillfully fastened over an oaken door, which she opened readily. Directly at the girl's feet lay eight or ten well-worn

steps, leading downward. Below shone a dim, greenish-gold light, as when the sun pierces through thick foliage. It did not look in the least ghostly or gloomy; and Magdalena stepped with firm decision down the stairs. Arrived at the foot, a narrow, somewhat low passage-way lay before her. On the left side, and close to the ceiling, were openings, not wide, but quite long, through which penetrated the fresh air and a dim light. This passage doubtless ran parallel with the cloister wall above, which, together with the living wall of shrubbery, concealed the air-holes from curious eyes. The floor was covered with fine sand, and the mortar on the walls seemed fixed as firmly in the joinings of the stones as if only years, and not centuries, had tested its endurance. Magdalena passed on. The pathway descended quite steeply: suddenly a second avenue opened at her right, yawning in the blackest darkness. She hurried by, frightened, following the green guiding-stars that shone reassuringly on the principal road. After some distance, however, these too disappeared. A constant vibration above led her to conjecture that she now must be beneath a busy street, filled with the rattle of wheels and the tread of men—probably the market-place. The path here made a sharp turn to the right, and at this turn the air-holes shone once more above her.

Magdalena had now traversed a considerable distance, and yet neither walls, ceiling nor floor afforded the slightest trace of the convent treasure. Her feet sank deep in the soft, mealy sand without touching any other substance: in the air-holes above often appeared the changeable, scaly body of a gliding lizard; and that was all. A few steps farther, and she stood before a door precisely like the one at the entrance. Magdalena stopped in hesitation. Doubtless, here lay the solution of the enigma, but what would that solution be? What if this unknown space before her should breathe forth miasmas that would instantly stupefy and cause certain death in this lonely place? She did not wish to die

here, under ground: the thought was terrible, and she drew back several steps.

But now all that she had endured already passed through her brain. Only an hour before no price had seemed too great to pay for the restoration of her peace of mind; and even if she *did* die here, was that more terrible than the knowledge that she must drag along life (perhaps a long life) sunlessly and joylessly, with a wearied-out heart and in a hated place? Her pulse beat violently: it seemed as though storms were rushing above her head and flapping their black wings in her face. She seized the knob and pushed it back. A loud crack, accompanied by rattling, almost deafened her: a gush of glory, as though the sun were here pouring forth its whole light and power, blinded her eyes: she tottered a step forward and hid her face in both her hands, while once more a thunder-like noise resounded behind her and the ground trembled under her feet.

At last she uncovered her eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

WHERE was she? Before her lay a lovely parterre of flowers—above her arched a group of superb lindens. She was standing on a beautifully-kept gravel path, and her ears were saluted by the gentle murmur of a fountain, whose silver shaft shimmered through the shrubbery at a little distance.

For the first moment the whole seemed blinding and fairy-like to the young girl, who had just left the doubtful light of the narrow passage. No wonder that the marvels of Fairy-land floated through her excited brain. But after a single searching glance the expanded wings of her fantasy sank together, and her heart was filled with a violent alarm. She was trespassing on strange premises, and in the garden of some aristocratic property-owner! Under a pleasant pavilion, on the other side of the parterre, sat a charming group of young girls. They were chatting together, leaning comfortably back in the seats and holding their tapestry-work in their hands, while

several others were plundering a rose bush at some distance, and with gay laughter were placing the superb hundred-leaved roses in their hair. They fluttered like doves, in their airy white dresses, through the shrubbery; and in spite of her terror, Magdalena stood for a few moments as if rooted to the ground, absorbed in admiration of the lovely picture. Then she tried to re-enter the passage: she turned, but no door, no opening in the walls was visible—only the dignified, earnest stone face of some saint's statue stared at her from amid its long, waving, moss-grown beard. With trembling hands she felt along the wall for a knob or some other means of discovering the missing entrance. She groped among the stinging-nettles at the foot of the statue, felt every fold of the priestly garment, and at last, despairingly, shook the image, whose staring eyes gazed on her as if in anger. All in vain. Her retreat was cut off, and advance she could not without encountering some of the dwellers in the house. The scene at Herr Werner's recurred to her mind. Her poor clothing, which now was not even concealed by a protecting mantle, might again bring upon her a similar humiliation.

She knew but too well that no one would at first grant credence to her story, for it must necessarily sound very improbable; and before she would be able to prove its truth, how many insults might not her proud nature have to suffer!

She gazed yet once more at the young girls, who looked so harmless and lovely. They were young like herself, and perhaps if she went courageously up to them and recounted her adventure, they might believe it and allow her to remain till twilight, or lend her some wrapping to enable her to pass through the streets respectably. Quickly she trod the gravel path that led to the pavilion, but scarcely had she reached the first flower-bed, when she stopped, overpowered with horror. From a large, iron-grated door just opposite to her stepped the Râthin Bauer, clad in a black silk dress and with a mighty bunch of keys hanging

over her neatly-tied white apron. She was followed by her granddaughter, who, like the servant behind her, carried a tray full of cups and baskets of cake. No doubt remained in Magdalena's mind that the underground avenue had once been a connecting road between the two convents, and that she now stood in Werner's garden!

Her heart seemed to stand still, but a more comforting thought followed. In this house lived her good old friend Jacob, and if she could succeed in reaching his room, she was safe.

The windows of the tall dwelling-house peeped down at her through the boughs of several large chestnut trees, over a low roof, probably a back building. She knew in what direction to go, and turned into a narrow side-path that led through a clump of shrubbery. After a few steps she found herself before a little building, with large glass windows and a skylight above, and which adjoined the rear wall of the back building just mentioned. Half-drawn silken curtains concealed the interior: several steps, adorned on both sides with pots of tropical plants, led up into the room. Perhaps it was connected with the back portion of the house, or perhaps at least it would take her into the courtyard. Magdalena entered quickly. No one was within, but it seemed to have no second door. Around the opposite wall, which was without windows, ran a sort of long sofa, with dark crimson cushions. In the middle of the room stood a covered easel, and books and drawings lay in motley confusion upon the table.

Doubtless this was Werner's studio. For a moment she stood enchanted, gazing into the space, which was softened by the drawn curtains into a sort of greenish twilight. Here he ruled and created, and here too, old Jacob had said, was the portrait of the beautiful Italian whom Werner had called his future wife. If she raised only one corner of the cloth over the easel, perhaps she would behold the features of her who had conquered that proud heart. No! If it had been the face of an angel,

she could not have persuaded herself to raise the veil.

A noise behind her made her start—she turned. An old maid-servant stood on the lowest step, dustcloth and broom in hand, rigid with amazement, her eyes running like spiders over the figure of the young girl.

"Well, upon my word! That is what I call impudence! To slip into the house in broad daylight! When beggars come, there is the hall for them to go in. Let them go there and wait modestly till some one comes to attend to them, and not run into the garden, and actually into the very house! Why, it's worse than the gypsies! I'll go at once and tell the Frau Rätin."

"I beg and implore of you, kind madame—" cried Magdalena, in deadly fear.

"I am no *madame*," replied the old woman, grimly. "If you're trying to cajole me, you're going the wrong way about it, let me tell you. You shall be punished for this, I promise you!" she continued, striking the broom on the floor. "I only wish the young master was here!"

"What do you want with me, Katharina?" asked Werner's voice at this moment. He leant around the corner and gazed in the studio with as much amazement as the old woman herself had done. Magdalena stood motionless, and buried her face in both her hands. Werner sprang up the steps.

"You were seeking Jacob and missed your way, did you not?" he asked, hastily.

Magdalena was silent.

"Why, Herr Werner, one doesn't go to old Jacob's house by way of the garden!" said the old woman, angrily. "The young lady yonder knows well enough why she lost her way."

"I did not ask for your opinion, Katharina," said Werner, sternly. "Go before me into the house, and say to no one that you met this young lady here. I will speak to my aunt about it myself."

The woman withdrew in silence, but moodily.

"Now," said Werner, turning to Magdalena, "tell me what brings you here to me?"

It would have been simply an impossibility for the girl to tell at the moment the cause and manner of her coming. She thought of the motives which had induced her to descend into the underground passage, and, above all, felt that it would be impossible for her to talk with him for any length of time without becoming violently excited. With difficulty she held up her head proudly, and strove to command her features. She replied briefly—

"It was not my intention to come to you, and I consider it unnecessary to explain further. You will be satisfied with the assurance that you were correct in supposing a mistake to be the sole cause of my presence here."

"But what if I declare myself not at all satisfied with this assurance?"

"Then you are at liberty to form any opinion you choose."

"Ah! always armed for battle, even in the most painful positions?"

"If you consider my position a painful one, it is a natural conclusion that you will seek to extricate me from it as soon as possible. It will be easy for you to show me a way by which I can withdraw unobserved."

"You do not desire to meet the ladies out yonder?"

Magdalena shook her head emphatically.

"Then I regret that I cannot help you. You see this room has but the one exit. If you wish to reach the court, you will have to pass through the garden—and look!"—he pushed one of the curtains a little back—"the ladies are promenading directly before the garden gate."

"Then, at all events, be considerate enough to leave me here alone until the ladies have left the garden."

"That, too, is impossible. The lock of this door was broken this morning, and the room consequently cannot be fastened. If left here alone, you would be exposed to insults, such as you just now suffered from old Katharina. There

is no help for it: I must remain here to protect you."

"Then I had a thousand times rather brave injustice from the ladies without there than remain in here one moment longer," cried Magdalena, almost beside herself, and hurrying to the door. At this moment some one called Werner's name.

"What is it?" he asked, excitedly, as he threw open a window.

"It is beginning to rain," said Antonie from without, "but we don't want to go up stairs in the sultry rooms, so are come to prefer a petition that we may be admitted for a little while into your studio."

"It causes me boundless affliction to reply that this room has a marble floor: I would be inconsolable should the ladies all get colds, and consequently must emphatically refuse to grant your petition."

"To *me* also, dearest Egon?" asked Antonie in her most melting tones.

"To you, also, most revered Antonie," he answered.

"But indeed it's very unamiable of you, Herr Werner," said another girlish voice. "We want so much to see the picture of the beautiful Italian that Antonie has told us about."

"Ah! I discover in my dear little cousin at this moment a charming talent for espionage. Well, I won't deny it. I *have* an Italian here, and one as beautiful as an angel, but I would not feel the slightest pleasure in showing her to any one, for the simple reason that I want to keep her for myself alone."

"Shame! how ungallant!" cried they all at once, and hastened off, for large drops were now falling. A moment afterward the garden door shut behind them.

Werner now turned and drew Magdalena, who was just hurrying out, back into the room. A marvelous change had suddenly come over him. The marble firmness of his features, the cold repose of his eyes, had vanished. Holding the girl's hand firmly, he said, in a trembling voice,

"You must not leave this room till you have granted me a request."

Magdalena looked up in surprise and alarm. But he continued :

"You told me a few hours ago that you hated me. Now, I beg of you, repeat those words."

Magdalena withdrew her hand hastily, and stammered, almost inaudibly,

"Why do you wish it?"

"That I will tell you afterward : now repeat them."

The girl ran farther in the room in the wildest emotion. She turned her back to Werner and wrung her hands in silent anguish.

Suddenly she turned, pressed her clasped hands before her eyes, and cried in a suffocated voice,

"I—cannot!"

She felt two arms flung stormily around her.

"You cannot! And why not? Because you love me, Magdalena!—because you love me!" cried Werner, joyously, as he drew her hands from before her face. "Let me look in your eyes. Is it a feeling to be ashamed of? Look at me, how proud and happy I am while I say to you, 'I love you, Magdalena!'"

"It is impossible! That icy coldness that drove me to desperation—"

"Was just as genuine as your harshness; which, however, did not deceive me," said Werner, smiling. "Child, the sins of rough, bitter words which your lips committed against me, your eyes more than atoned for. I have loved you since the moment I saw you on the tower. The accounts given by old Jacob, which I enticed out of him without his being aware of it, exposed to me your entire inner life, and made me conscious that to me it had been vouchsafed to be the finder of a costly treasure which hundreds had passed by without perceiving it. But I knew that the fowler who would entrap this rare bird must be wary and on his guard, for it was shy and gazed on the world with mistrustful eyes. Therefore I assumed the armor of a cold repose, and avoided every trace of eagerness, as well in my features as in all that I said. I have observed you closely times without number, when you had not the slightest suspicion of my

vicinity—in the still, old church, in the cloister garden, in Jacob's room when you disdained my oranges, and in the garden on the wall when you were throwing flowers down to the neighbors' children. Will you be my wife, Magdalena?"

She loosed herself from his arms, and with beaming eyes, but without a word, held out both her hands to him; and thus was the bond sealed between two mortals whom a few moments before any uninitiated observer would have judged contrary as ice and fire.

Magdalena no longer concealed from her betrothed how lately she had struggled and striven, and recounted to him her underground adventure, without concealing one of the thoughts which had floated through her mind during her subterranean journey.

"And so I am to thank the traditional Twelve Apostles for arriving more quickly at my joyful goal than I had dared to hope?" said Werner, laughing. "Do you remember the wish I made at our first conversation—the one which ended so stormily?"

"Perfectly. That apostle—"

"Is Love!"

"But the beautiful Italian whom Jacob said—"

"I was to marry?" interrupted Werner, smiling. "I'll show her to you—this little Neapolitan with the repulsive features and the ugly hair, who nevertheless has woven so mighty a net around my heart."

He raised the covering from the easel. A lovely maiden was seated on the parapet of a tower window gazing dreamily and longingly into the distance. On her rich, blue-black hair rested the Neapolitan head-dress. A white lace kerchief was thrown around the neck, and lost itself in a flame-colored bodice, which fitted closely to the slender figure. The portrait was not yet completed, but it bade fair to be a masterpiece.

"Look! my girl!" said Werner—"you that avoid a looking-glass because you think the image therein would frighten you—that picture is you! But I have often thrown down my pencil

discouraged, because the strange enchantment which so suddenly illumined the bright flame in my heart scorned all colors."

A violent rain now rattled against the glass walls of the room. At this moment Jacob ran by the window as quickly as his old legs would permit. His white, uncovered hair fluttered in the wind as he stepped panting into the room.

"I wanted to—" he began breathlessly.

"To see if all was right, old Jacob?" interrupted Werner with a smile. "All is right," continued he, leading Magdalena up to the old man. "All except the banns and the wedding. What say you, Jacob?—have I not won a beautiful bride?"

Jacob stood like a statue. He felt unconsciously for his head, and laughed like one who tries to laugh at a jest that he does not understand. Magdalena walked up to him, and, wordless with joy and happiness, threw her arms around his neck. Then first he awoke from his surprise, and said, while his eyes filled with tears,

"Ah, unhappy child! Are you here? Up there sits your aunt weeping her eyes out. When she came home the door was standing open, and you were not to be found in the whole cloister. Every one is searching for you, and for your sake I forgot my duty for the first time. I was so overcome with grief and fright that I actually did not even hear the thunderstorm, and the rain might have ruined everything in the room. Come with me quickly. Your aunt thinks that by this time you are in Ethiopia. How did you come here?"

"I have already told you—as my bride," said Werner, with emphasis.

"Ah, Herr Werner, don't speak so," said the old man, imploringly. "Lenchen doesn't understand a jest: I have told you so before."

"I know it, dear Jacob, and I might perhaps be afraid of that if I were not so thoroughly in earnest," said Werner, laughing and drawing the maiden to his breast. One must learn to believe much in this life; and so old Jacob was finally

brought to the happy conviction that Herr Werner was really going to make his darling Lenchen, Frau Werner.

When the still more obstinate incredulity of the "Dragon-fly," which she expressed by constant shaking of her head and a constant expostulatory waving of her hands, had likewise been conquered, there was a scene of joyful emotion and surprise in Jacob's little room, such as the old walls had never witnessed in all their lives before.

What Werner's aunt and Antonie thought of this betrothal, which had thus fallen upon them like a thunder-clap from clear skies, the reader can easily imagine, as he has had some acquaintance with these ladies. For my part, I do not believe that the Frau Râthin was very willing to roast fowls, to have the unhappy carpets beaten or the house made as bright as silver from garret to cellar, to celebrate the wedding of her "incomprehensible nephew," as she was accustomed to do for her own grand parties. Antonie, I believe, went very soon to visit a friend who lived at a considerable distance.

The Râthin Bauer moved before long to another house, purchased for her by her nephew.

Then the "Dragon-fly" took up her abode in Werner's dwelling, and with Jacob's aid kept it in order until the young couple, who immediately after the wedding had gone on a trip to Italy, should return.

The subterranean passage which led to his garden Werner had walled up. He said, laughingly, that Happiness had come to him by this road, and that he would cut off all possibility of her retreat.

In fact, he was so intoxicated with joy that he paid little attention to the underground way.

Explorations from other quarters were not as successful in their results as Magdalena's had been, for they found nothing where the maiden, as she herself declared, had sought for silver and had found gold.

Dame Tradition cowers once more in the nooks of the old cloister, and draws her gray mantle over the mysterious "Twelve Apostles."

THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

"THERE we have again the fickle French—that volatile set!" many a steady-going man will have exclaimed with ruffled temper at the issue of the late elections.

When, in February, 1848, they founded a Republic in less than three days, they were pronounced a race of fool-hardy go-aheads. When, a few years later, they allowed themselves to be trampled down in that fatal December raid, it was said they had got the government which they deserved. When they bore for years the Cæsarian incubus, people shrugged their shoulders contemptuously at such spiritless patience. When a cry of resurrection now comes at last from all the great towns—ay, from the agricultural districts themselves—some men feel vexed and peevish at the sudden shock their favorite notions have received; and they fall back upon the old stock-in-trade, saying: "Why you can never know what the French will do next!" Let us, however, take a glance at the situation.

A variety of causes has contributed to promote the present democratic resurrection. Within the last ten years France has been surrounded with a circle of fire. Contrary to Louis Napoleon's original plan, a united Italy was formed by the Garibaldian initiative. The very failure of Italian democracy before Rome rebounded upon the Imperial system: it was too much for the French people to be thrice made the "soldier of the Pope." On the other side of the ocean the French ruler meant to found a "Latin empire" and to aid in the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon republic of the North. Instead of this, he was ignominiously driven out from Mexico, and this defeat, combined with the triumph of the United States, at once lowered his military prestige and gave an impetus to the ideas which are embodied in the American Constitution.

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Neither was that which happened in Germany calculated to render the position of Louis Napoleon more comfortable. The "Chauvinist" party were offended by the unexpected rearing up of a rival military power, and by the insufficiency, as they considered it, of the concession made in the Luxembourg quarter. The democrats felt it as a sting that "liberty as in Austria" and in other South-German States should have taken the start of the France of 1792, 1830 and 1848. Meantime, England's popular forces were brought up in the Reform movement: the earnest determination and the joyous tumult of those popular strivings could not but awaken an echo in the French nation. Then Spain—despised Spain—suddenly rose in revolution, driving out a dynasty with as much ease as if a mere spider's web had had to be brushed away.

South, north, east, west, on this and on the other side of the ocean, France found herself morally outflanked. It was more than could be brooked. The spell under which an awestricken people had lain so long began to dissolve.

A half-hearted attempt at conciliation, made by the decrees for the better treatment of the public press and for the restoration of something like a right of meeting, turned out a blow to the government cause itself. It is a fact little known that, before those decrees, there were but two or three organs of the democratic party in all the French provinces! whilst, since those decrees, about one hundred and fifty have sprung up, wellnigh all more fiery in their tone than the Parisian journals of the republican party, except the *Réveil* and the *Rappel*, which represent two sections of exiles. In this phenomenon the real difficulty of the Napoleonic government may be perceived. It cannot live any longer exclusively on the December traditions, and all concessions only undermine its existence. As to the third

possible course—a warlike diversion—people in the French capital say, “On the day when that shall be attempted Paris will rise.”

I here come to the army, upon whose attitude so much depends. It is difficult to learn anything about the spirit which pervades it, for the rule of passive obedience and silent execution is enforced with the utmost rigidity. The French army is not like the Spanish, which has so frequently fought out the political struggles of the country. It is not like the English, whose officers are bound up with society, and whose every member, down to the private, is responsible before the ordinary law. It is not even like the Prussian army, with its civic *landwehr* element, which sometimes shows strong political leanings, as it did in 1849, when it was unwillingly led against the Baden revolution, or in 1866, when it had to be driven to the task set to it by government. The French army is differently constituted. It generally moves like clockwork. The man in power sets it in motion at his will. Had the National Assembly assumed the chief military command in 1851, as some of its more farseeing members then proposed, it would have been as easy to arrest the President as it was afterward easy for the President to arrest the leading members.

The intercourse between the privates or non-commissioned officers and the popular classes the present government has endeavored to stop as much as possible. The mass of officers, from reasons well known in France, do not see much of society: they have therefore few opportunities of forming their political views. It is different with the more sedate officers, who occupy the rank of colonel. They frequent the society of the higher middle class, and before them opinions are freely given, as they are considered bound by their sense of military honor not to divulge what they have heard. In times of great crisis they thus learn much, and discreetly wait to see how matters turn. Thus the colonels, together with the non-commissioned officers, have the bulk of the army practi-

cally in hand. The generals, who have little direct intercourse with the mass of the subordinates, count not for so much whenever an attempt is to be made to gain over the army to this or that side.

The non-commissioned officers stand nearest to the lower middle and working class, the colonels to the higher *bourgeoisie*. When the latter observe that the very *bourgeoisie*—generally so timorous, and anxious, before all, for the preservation of order—has made up its mind to go against the government, there is a great chance of defection in the military ranks in favor of the popular cause.

But it is only on the day of real action that the results of this silent, occult conversion are seen. At present we have scarcely any guiding facts to go by, except that toward the end of the Mexican war there was a mutiny in several crack regiments that were to be sent across the ocean; and that quite recently Marshal Niel issued an order converting Sunday into a day of soldierly practice: in other words, keeping the privates and non-commissioned officers away from contact with the people on the day when the latter have their outing.

But how will it be possible to prevent such communication for any length of time, when the very reorganization of the army, as lately decreed, tends to turn every citizen into a trooper?

The military establishment of France now consists of nearly one million four hundred thousand men. This, too, is one of the grievances of the people which may have found its vent in the recent votes. France is being soldiered out of the very marrow of its life, and it does not relish it. The average size of its men has constantly diminished within the last eighty years. The effects of the great Napoleonic wars are visible even now in the slow progress of the population.

There are other causes, difficult to treat upon, which operate against an increase. England proper has nearly doubled its population within the last fifty years, in spite of a considerable emigration. France, with no emigration worth speaking of, has in the same

period not fully increased one-third. The number of births has, moreover, diminished to such an extent that a French statistician of note declared the time not to be distant when, if things did not alter in this respect, the births would no longer suffice to cover the losses by death! And under such circumstances a reorganization of the army has been devised which takes away all the able-bodied men, without exception, in the very prime of life, compelling them for years to celibacy! Must not the youth of France, men and women, rebel against such a system?

It would lead too far to enter deeply into the causes of dissatisfaction connected with the financial affairs of the country. The new system of loans introduced under Louis Napoleon has, it is true, enabled large masses of the people to make small investments; and this has frequently been considered a guarantee of continued government influence. But the very circumstance of the vast distribution of those investments is, on the other hand, a guarantee to the holders for repayment under any government. As to the financial administration of the present régime, which has been hitherto practically irresponsible, the figures are simply appalling.

Already in 1855, Baron Richemont, who reported in the name of the Committee on the Budget, complained of the State expenses being "double that which they had been under the First Empire!" The active State property had vastly decreased under Napoleon III., through the sale of railways, of State domains and of possessions formerly held by the Orleans family, as well as by extraordinary clearings of wood in the State forests. Nevertheless, the extensive budgets annually fixed were year by year found to have been enormously exceeded. The surplus of receipts, shown by ministerial ledgermain, like a mirage not only vanished regularly into thin air, but one day the head of the State had actually to sit down and to indite a letter to the public, in which a deficit of ten hundred millions of francs was acknowledged, which nobody knew how to account for. It was a strange pecuniary sickness that

had suddenly broken out in the State body. M. Fould was called in as a doctor, and temporary relief seemed to be afforded. At least, that was what the friends of government asserted.

The revelations concerning the financial administration of the "Imperial Commission," which acts as an irresponsible communal council for Paris, are probably fresh in the memory of some readers. They came out in the Corps Législatif. M. Haussmann himself, the great reconstructor of the capital, had to make his confession. It was such a scandal that persons who might have been expected to hold together like burrs, began to indulge in mutual recriminations. The affair was smothered with difficulty.

Since then, the republican press has agitated another financial point. Invidious comparisons were drawn between the salary of American Presidents and the civil list which Louis Napoleon had decreed to himself after he had converted his Presidentship into an Imperial tenure of power. The French civil list is at present the highest in the world. Under Louis Philippe it was twelve millions of francs. Under Louis Napoleon it is nominally twenty-five millions; not counting the dotations of the Imperial princes and princesses. In reality, the civil list of the Emperor's own person is reckoned to amount to some forty or forty-two millions of francs through the receipts from various domains attached to the Crown. Yet a few years ago the civil list was supposed to be charged with a debt of eighty millions of francs!

Now, in juxtaposition to the twenty-five or rather forty-two millions of francs which the Emperor receives annually, the democratic critics placed the "ridiculously small sum" of ninety-two thousand five hundred francs which are an American President's yearly salary. And it was said that France must certainly be able to "pay for her glory," seeing that in eighteen years she had contrived to pay to Louis Napoleon four hundred and fifty millions, or, more correctly speaking, seven hundred and fifty-six millions of francs.

For the sake of even greater impression, the calculation above alluded to has been so worked out as to show the receipts of the Emperor by day, hour, and even minute. The effect on a people who had been told by the present ruler himself that he was "a *parvenu*," and to whom he was often described by his agents as "the Peasant's Emperor" or "the Workingman's Friend," may be easily imagined.

If France had a regular system of popular education, the result of the recent elections would no doubt have been an overwhelming defeat of government. It is a telling fact that the "Map of the State of Public Instruction," which was drawn up a few years ago, and which indicates, by shades more or less dark, the intellectual condition of the different departments, should actually be a reliable guide for estimating the political forces of the Empire and those of the Opposition. Where education stands lowest, there the ruling power marshals most adherents. Where education stands highest, the adherents of government are few and far between.

The departments in which the people are most instructed are those situated toward the German, Belgian and Swiss frontiers, as well as the Department of the Seine, where the capital exercises its influence. In Alsace and Lorraine the state of public instruction is most satisfactory. It is worst in the ancient Bretagne. In the departments situated toward Germany, Belgium and Switzerland only from two to nine per cent. of the married people were unable to sign their names. In other parts of France, from sixty to seventy-five per cent. were unable to accomplish that simple feat. It is, however, not difficult to understand that a great mass of people should be thus crippled in education. The aggregate sum spent on public instruction does not reach the expenses for the Court. Some years ago there were marked in the State budget six millions of francs for public instruction; five millions of francs more were added by the departments; eleven millions five

hundred thousand by the communes; the school fees brought in nine millions more. Total, thirty-one millions five hundred thousand francs, against about forty-two millions spent for the Court.

The six millions contributed by the State for public instruction stood out in strange relief against the four hundred and sixty-three millions spent for the war-forces on sea and land. Hence a Liberal paper, parodying a Napoleonic phrase, could utter, with regard to the coincidence between the strength of the Opposition and the state of education in the various departments, the bitter but perfectly true taunt—" *L'Empire c'est l'Ignorance!* "

For the upshot—some incurable pessimists may perhaps say the "downshot"—of this new French movement we will probably not have to wait long. A mighty change is hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and counter-shocks for a little while, but the great issue cannot be long delayed. That which occurred a few months ago at Paris, at Bordeaux, at Nantes, at Marseilles was a mere prelude—of little importance in itself, yet a sign and symptom. Great catastrophes are often preceded by vague tumults.

I believe it will be well for those who take an interest in vast European problems of statesmanship to study closely the condition of affairs which has grown up of late in France under the Bonapartean State edifice, and the upheaving forces of which are already visible from intermittent exertions. The electrical flashes which shot across the atmosphere of Spain in the summer of 1868 were scarcely understood abroad. Yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. The sheet of fire which now breaks occasionally through the dark political sky in France is clearly a harbinger of coming storms. The "France of the future" traces already words of doom in lurid streaks. Friend and foe may strain their eyes to read the coming sentence.

KARL BLIND.

PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

"I prize, I praise a mean estate."

CAMPBELL sings the "Pleasures of Hope;" Rogers, the "Pleasures of Memory"—I, the pleasures of poverty. Not the blessings: that branch of the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare by constant service in sermons and literature; but the pleasures, the down-right joys, peculiar to impecuniosity. Not abject, pinched, desperate poverty, that knows not where to-morrow's bread is coming from; nor shabby-genteel poverty—"nothing trying to be something;" nor any kind of poverty in cities; but what might be called comfortable poverty in the country—poverty with six or eight hundred a year, and a child to each hundred. To sing the joys of such poverty is my aspiration.

Poor people never live in brownstone fronts, or elegant villa residences with all the modern improvements. Consequently, in the dead of winter their furnace-grates never break down, their flat roofs never leak, their water-pipes never burst. Their plate-glass windows are never broken, their dumb-waiters never give out, their patent burglar-alarms never go off at the wrong time. Their coachmen never get drunk—careless servants never crack their Sevres china. In fact, one of the chief happinesses of poverty is exemption from the affliction of servants. No Irish rage around the humble dwellings of the poor. When the daughters of poverty exchange calls, their conversation may dwell on pleasanter themes than the trials they have undergone with the cook, the minutæ of the chambermaid's slovenliness, the fact that the second girl is more than mistrusted of "taking things;" it not being fashionable yet to speak of defalcating with the spoons, though we shall doubtless soon reach even that point of white-washed sepulchreism. The enormities generally of what *Punch* has dubbed "servantgalism" disturb not the peace of poverty.

A positive and intense pleasure of poverty is applying sermons to wealthy neighbors. When the minister enlarges on the fact that "virtue and piety are far oftener found in the humble cottage of the poor man earning his daily bread by honest toil, than in the palatial abode of the son of wealth rolling in every luxury," etc., Lazarus looks complacently across the aisle at Dives sitting stately in the body-pew. Lazarus, of course, considers himself and this ideal being, the poor man of poetry, one, even if he be not over-virtuous or pious. In church, at least, he has the better of Dives. When the preacher hurls his thunderbolts at avarice, pride, vain-glory, Lazarus glances furtively at the gold-spectacled countenance over the way, beaming, so to speak, with bank dividends and respectability, and wonders how Dives feels under such a crusher.

Poverty makes one comrade of half the geniuses and poets of the past. Who would not almost glory in being poor with Dryden, Bunyan, Chatterton, Crabbe, Shenstone, Savage, Cowper, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Lamb—glorious list of the immortal poor—to be able to read "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" with the agreeable consciousness that it don't hit us—to cry defiantly with Burns,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
The mon's the gowd for a' that!"

Now-a-days, attics and starvation are not necessarily accompaniments of the poetic fire, but don't we miss something of that easy, versatile, devil-may-care-ishness engendered by the old haphazard life—to-day dining with lords, to-morrow in the debtors' prison? Most modern poetry bears evident marks of being written in a comfortable state of after-dinner, beef-and-pudding inspiration. When one is reduced to living on his wits, those wits are rendered so uncommonly sharp! Reading *Walden Pond*, one is half tempted to fly the world and woo poverty as the chief earthly good.

But were one not Thoreau, I suspect it would hardly be tolerable.

The conscious use and development of our own powers being one of the most satisfactory sensations we are capable of, another pleasure that may be reckoned peculiar to poverty is its throwing you on your own resources, and bringing to light latent talent and ingenuity you never dreamed yourself to possess. Some second Gray should chant the elegy of Wealth's mute, inglorious Miltons, the city Hampdens, who might have been and done *je ne sais quoi* had not cruel Fate cast their lot in Beacon street. Sylvia feels a triumphant pride unknown to Flora McFlimsey when she complacently contemplates the jaunty suit which no one but she will ever recognize as the old, twice-turned gray silk, "dear for the sorrows it has borne." She alone knows the turnings upside down and inside out, the spongings, the pressings, the solemn deliberations, the head-racking calculations which that suit represents. This Waterloo won, this Richmond taken, by her unaided ability, raises her in her own esteem—a comfortable feeling she would have lost could she have ordered the dress ready-made from Madam A-la-Mode. Sylvia feels all the joy of the woman and the artist in the love of a bonnet created out of airy nothingness by the nimble white fingers that can turn themselves to anything, from crocheting elegant immaterialities to those mysterious kitchen rites whereon depend good bread and the happiness of a family. To hear that Mrs. Grundy "wonders at Sylvia Smith's extravagance—I saw her out yesterday in a lovely little French hat," is the only tribute to her genius necessary. When she is invited to a party, she suffers from no inward conflicts over the momentous question, "What shall I wear?" It is so easy to decide when you have but one presentable dress. Comforting herself with Ben Jonson—

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart"—

she presents herself before her hostess with *the* silk, the one lace collar indeed, but also with a fresh and smiling face, unharassed by the worry and hurry of dress-buying and making, the aggravatingness of dressmakers. Probably young Tom Brown, with the usual unappreciativeness of his sex in the matter of Paris fashions, fully agrees with Ben Jonson. He really don't much care whether the dress is trimmed with lace or folds—even whether it is gored or not—so long as the look, the face strike his heart. One advantage of poverty, in fact, is, that its victims are in a measure forced to dress in correct taste. A new garment is a solemn experience not to be lightly entered on when so long a time must elapse before another can conscientiously be indulged in. Hence poor people deliberate long ere committing themselves: large plaids, gay stripes, tinsel trimmings, cloaks *outré* in hue or shape, are not for an instant to be considered, however fashionable at the moment. They choose the "golden mean," and fall back on invisible plaids and self-colored cloths, the grays and blues and browns. They cannot afford to be "loud" if they would.

One pleasure of the poor man is that his mind is unburdened by the cares of property. Bank cashiers may defalcate, Erie go down to 36½, government bonds be taxed, insurance companies fail, warehouses burn, undetectable counterfeit hundred-dollar greenbacks be issued, gold rise or fall, and he sleeps just as sound o' nights. At the witching hour of midnight do his preternaturally wide-awake ears hear strange noises in the house—a rustling, a creaking, a sound of filing? He knows it is rats. Burglars in his house would be a clear case of

"There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him"—

a tragedy common enough perhaps in the chimerical days chronicled in *Mother Goose*, when people used to sweep cobwebs from the sky, shut up extravagant wives in pumpkin shells, live upon nothing but victuals and drink; when red noses were solely owing to spices and cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves, and

twenty pounds sufficed to marry mother's bouncing girl; but not at all to be apprehended in this enlightened and sternly practical age.

Poor people, being usually so fortunate as to be obliged to work for a living, are never troubled with ennui. They never have time, there is always so much to do. Probably, had they the necessary means and leisure, they too would find existence an insupportable bore—would discover that this world is a sham, and we all "poor critters." The friends of poor people must be sincere. They give no elegant parties, have no patronage to bestow, no property to bequeath; hence no one can make anything, pecuniarily or socially, by their friendship. If they are near-sighted, and happen to cut an acquaintance in the street, no one takes offence or thinks they are giving themselves airs—it would be so palpably absurd. Poor people retain much of the fresh enthusiasm of childhood in the power of enjoying small things. The year's work lends zest to the summer vacation—a slim purse and many wants make the present of such an extravagance as a book or picture an era.

No one but the poor man knows the exquisite pleasure of amateur benevolence. It is so easy, and involves none of the unpleasant consequences of really signing notes or lending money, to say, "Brown, my boy, you know I'd be only too glad to help you if I could"—so easy to picture how we would give at least half our goods to feed the poor, and what generous, free-hearted, open-handed fellows we would be generally were we only Cræsus. One experiences all the glow

around the heart of actual benevolence, and yet it is so inexpensive!

In short, as the *Child's First Reader* would say, It-is-a-fine-thing-to-be-poor. The longer I contemplate Poverty, the more charms does she unveil to my entranced gaze. But is it quite right to flaunt our advantages in people's faces, and harrow up their feelings merely because they unfortunately possess money? Doubtless it is not their fault. It was their grandfather, or a lucky thing in soldiers' overcoats. "Where ignorance," etc. No, let us keep ourselves to ourselves, we of the Brotherhood of Lean Purses, and only when we meet to munch together the festive crust, and drain the flowing bowl of cold water, sing this, the song of proud and independent poverty:

" My minde to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assigned :
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

" I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate :
I scorne no poor, I feare no rich ;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

" The court ne cart I like ne loath—
Extreames are counted worst of all :
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall.
This is my choyce : for why ? I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

" My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die :
Would all did so as well as I !"

P. THORNE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT is melancholy to see a convention of well-meaning men, like the National Labor Union, which lately sat at Philadelphia, refusing to pass the resolution which was offered: "That nothing herein [the Platform] contained shall be considered as a repudiation of the national debt." The regret, however, is not on account of any danger that such a demonstration might be supposed to bring to the Debt, for repudiation as a "cause" was never less respectable in strength of numbers or of argument; but because it seems to indicate a lack at once of moral integrity in those who have acquired the control of that organization, and of comprehension on the part of the body of workmen assembled of their own interests. No one asks anything more of the artisans and laborers of the country in this perplexing controversy with capital than that they should consult the real advantage of their class. Such examples as this at Philadelphia show how wildly and widely they stray from it. Repudiation would indeed be a shame and a wrong to the whole country and to every citizen, and no doubt the "bloated bondholders" would suffer by it—so far as that is an object—but the blow would fall nowhere so heavily, and work nowhere such pitiable waste and ruin, as among the laboring classes. All that the capitalists of the country might lose by it would be trifling when compared with the deep and lasting injury which it would inflict on all who live by manual labor and are dependent on employment by capital. In making such menaces, then, the working classes, to borrow the chaste and original metaphor of Judge Dent, are swinging the club by which their own heads would be broken if anything were to come of these threats.

The impolicy of repudiation depends on no assumed distribution of the bonds in small sums among the masses of the people—a favorite idea at the time when

a national debt was being written up as a national blessing. The bonds may be so distributed, or they may not, without affecting the question whether the workmen of the country could afford to do such a wrong as that proposed in the Labor Convention assembled at Philadelphia. Nor is this injustice impolitic merely because it would bring down at a blow every savings bank and every trust and insurance company in the United States. All this might not be so, and yet repudiation be just as foolish as it is now. The inexpediency of doing a wrong to commercial credit and public faith does not depend on anything which may be or may not be, according to circumstances. It is earnestly to be hoped that the artisans of America will be satisfied with the results of the half hundred experiments of this and a similar nature which have been tried elsewhere, and not insist on working the problem out for themselves. Workingmen, or rather those who assume to speak for workingmen, are fond of dwelling on the unequal rights and privileges of rich and poor, high and low. One difference there certainly is, which bears upon the case in point. The rich may sometimes rob the poor and prosper, but the poor cannot rob the rich and live.

. . . The reduction of the national debt between the 1st of July, 1868, and the 30th of June, 1869, is practically the measure of the surplus revenue of the fiscal year, although the two are not logically coincident. It is customary to state that reduction at forty-two and a half millions of dollars, but in truth five millions ought to be added on account of interest overdue on the 1st of July, 1868, which had never been recognized in the official statements, although the same item is now included in the total of the debt. This amount has been paid during the year, and is, in strict fact as in theory, to be accounted a part of

the reduction of the national indebtedness. The balance in favor of the government must therefore be taken as, in round numbers, forty-seven and a half millions. Allowing an equal productiveness of revenue, we have two large items of expenditure with which the Treasury was charged last year which will not recur the present: the Alaska purchase, costing \$7,200,000, is not likely to be repeated; and the decrease in the amount of bounty claims must be reckoned as a clear addition of fifteen or sixteen millions to the resources of the government. The payments on this account during the fiscal year 1868-'9 amounted to nearly eighteen millions and a half—the monthly disbursements beginning at something like three millions and running down to four or five hundred thousand at the close. For the present year the monthly payments will probably vary from four hundred thousand dollars to nothing. The obligations of the government on this account will be substantially all discharged at its close. An average monthly payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or three millions for the year, would be a high estimate. We have thus twenty-three millions of expenditure in 1868-'9 for which no corresponding liability can be found in 1869-'70, except by the gross and inexcusable fault of Congress, for which it should be held severely to account by the country. Adding this sum to the surplus of last year, we have seventy millions clearly and easily available for the liquidation of the debt and the reduction of taxation, supposing still that the collection of the revenue and the other expenditures of the government remain as they are. But the arrangements which have already been perfected for the reduction of all the establishments and services secure a diminution of expenditures of not less than twenty-five or thirty millions. Most of the changes by which this saving was to be effected did not and could not go into operation until the opening of the fiscal year. Wholesale reductions cannot be made without some months' notice; and the expenses of the immediate period of retrenchment often show an increase, as

in the fiscal quarter following the close of the war, and as has been the case frequently and notably in the British experience of economical reform. But the beginning of the present fiscal year has seen all the measures for the relief of the tax-payers and the Treasury fully in operation. The army, the navy, the departments at Washington, the customs and excise services throughout the country—indeed almost every charge of the government, except the diplomatic service and the annual interest of the debt—have been courageously cut down. Much certainly remains to be done, but it is only just and honest to admit that much has been done—more indeed than was to be hoped for in the prevalence of selfish and corrupt interests, and quite as much as could reasonably be expected at a single effort.

What we must add to the surplus, thus obtained, of the current fiscal year, on account of an increase in receipts, it is not possible to estimate. If the improvement of the last fiscal quarter should be maintained, an addition of thirty, forty or even fifty millions to the revenue is reasonably probable. But this prospect is too vague, and dependent on too many miserable conditions, to allow of satisfactory calculation. So much may be safely said—that those who have been proved wisest who have had most faith in the revenue capabilities of the country; and that distrust of the future, in the light of such demonstrations of the ability and patriotism of the people, would be merely peevish or childish.

. . . One of the most interesting questions of the day, and at the same time one of the most difficult to answer, is, "What is the practical working of emancipation at the South?" With the hope of throwing some light upon this problem, we have, while dissenting from some of the writer's views, and especially as to the uselessness of educating the blacks, inserted in the present Number a paper entitled "The Freedman and his Future." It is written by a Virginia gentleman of the old school, and the first part of it, which holds out most

encouraging prospects for the future prosperity of the South, is gratifying enough. It is doubtless a correct picture of the state of things in Virginia, but we fear it is not entirely applicable to the more Southern States. A gentleman from Louisiana, for example, informs us that in his section it is generally estimated that there is a yearly diminution of available African labor of not less than twenty per cent. This diminution results from several causes. First: the young lads growing up since the abolition of slavery have not the regular habit of labor that with their parents had become a second nature. They drift off to the cities in search of more congenial employment than the fields offer. Second: the best and most efficient laborers each year of good crops are able to make money enough to start on their own account, and leave the plantation, with its organized system, to raise their own crops of corn or sweet potatoes. And lastly: the negro has, in freedom, ceased to be prolific, and of the few children born a very small proportion live to pass the period of infancy.

This account tallies with the conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Loring & Atkinson, cotton-brokers of Boston, in a recent volume on Southern immigration. From hundreds of replies received by them to a circular which was widely distributed among the cotton-planters, they gather that the present labor power at the South is not more than one-half of what it was in 1860. They are of opinion, however, that the return to the wages system, the enactment and enforcement of strict laws compelling the carrying out of contracts and an honest treatment of the freedmen, will do much to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the labor now in the South. An increased production may also be looked for from the more general adoption of the advice given by a certain farmer when he was breathing his last. "Johnny, my son," said he, "don't get into debt! That is my last and solemn advice. Don't get into debt!! But, Johnny, if you *do* get into debt, *let it be for manure.*" Everything,

moreover, goes to show that cotton culture at the South requires, and will be forced to adopt, the improved processes and tools used in the North and in Europe. "Much is said of the desirability of the food crop for the support of the farm as well as stock on the Southern farms, but the planter finds it impossible, at present, to raise stock, and particularly hogs, on account of the irrepressible thieving of the plantation freedmen." The planters naturally are eager for white immigration, and the accounts are quite encouraging of the success of immigrants, both as tenants and small farmers. But it is to Chinese labor, after all, that the South will probably have to look to bring up its crops to their former standard. So far as their qualifications as laborers are concerned, there is probably no race so well fitted to meet all the requirements of cotton cultivation as the Chinese. In the mean time, those who are interested—and who is not?—in knowing the truth about the condition of a section whose prosperity is of vital importance to the nation—would do well to read not only Mr. Fitzhugh's article, but also Messrs. Loring & Atkinson's pamphlet, entitled *Cotton Culture and the South*.

We commend to the attention of Professor Huxley, who seems inclined to undervalue literary men, the following charming passage from a review of Forster's *Life of Landor*, in the last *Edinburgh*: "In a certain sense the enjoyment of this biography will belong to a scholarly circle, to men who value culture for its own sake; who care for the appropriate quotation and love the ring of the epigram; who take a pleasure in style analogous to that derived from a musical perception; to whom beautiful thoughts come with tenfold meaning when beautifully said—a class visibly narrowing about us, but to whom, nevertheless, this country has owed a large amount of rational happiness, and whom the aspirants after a more rugged and sincere intellectual life may themselves not be the last to regret."

. . . The library edition of Irving's

complete works will hereafter be issued in Philadelphia, the stereotype plates having been purchased by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

. . . The velocipede is running the course it ran some fifty years ago, and is gradually fading from public regard. A curious note of Mr. G. V. Cox, in his recent *Recollections of Oxford*, might almost do to describe the machine of 1869. He says: "In the spring of 1819 appeared a silly sort of anomalous vehicle, called a *velocipede*, in which the motion was half riding and half walking: it had a *run*, but turned out to be *no go*. The only *gentleman* I ever saw venturing to use one (and that around 'the Parks') was a fellow and tutor of New College; his name, curiously enough, was *Walker*! When he *dismounted*, he exclaimed (like the Irishman who took a *ride* in a bottomless sedan chair), 'Well, if it were not for the fashion, I would as lieve walk.'"

The recent Salem meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (may its title never grow longer!) was a successful one. Many of the leaders in all departments of science were there, and nearly every portion of our continent, including Canada and New Brunswick, was represented. It is pleasant to know that much work was contributed, of admirable quality, by young men, and that the names of two ladies appear on the list as authors of papers presented.

Probably the largest interest concentrated about the topic of the eclipse, which occupied nearly a whole day in one Section. Full accounts were given by representatives of several of the parties who went out to observe it. Their results were freely discussed, but without settling everything yet. The "rose-colored protuberances" were measured, without altering the probability of their consisting of burning hydrogen. Bailey's beads were supposed by one observer (Hough) to be produced by the mountainous edge of the moon. The *corona* baffles explanation still. Correspondence between the

bright lines of its spectrum and those of the aurora borealis was noted; and Professor Pierce expressed the opinion that this fact probably points to a common causation. T. Bassnett, of Ottawa, urged a bold theory concerning "polar currents down the fluid vortex surrounding the sun." If right, he is in advance of his age. It is clearly not proven that the corona is a *solar* phenomenon at all.

Next in popular attraction to the eclipse was the exhibition by Dr. Hamlin of a superb collection of American gems, elegantly set. Ruby, sapphire, emerald, turquoise, garnet, amethyst and tourmaline sparkled and blazed among them. As the diamond is found in the Southern States, there appears to be scarcely a precious stone not existing somewhere within our domain. Other items of interest we can only very briefly note. Messrs. Blake and Vose gave evidence that solid rocks are plastic under great compression, so as to flow like fluids, even without high heat. A Maine geologist, N. T. True, asserted reasons for doubting the great length of time demanded by many authorities for the changes occurring since the quaternary period. W. H. Dall, from personal observation, declared that a rise of a hundred and eighty feet at the bottom of Behring Strait would connect Asia and Europe by dry land. In association with this we may name the conclusion of L. H. Morgan, from extended study of the ethnology of the American Indians, that the Columbia river valley must have been the great centre of radiation for their migrations.

More striking is the statement of O. C. Marsh, that remains of the horse have now been found among those of men in Central America, showing that the use of that animal did not begin, as has been supposed, with its importation by the Spaniards. Agassiz's theory of the ice-drift origin of all the remains of the Valley of the Amazon was attacked by Prof. Orton of Vassar College, who obtained a considerable number of tertiary marine fossils from the clay beds of that region. The views of Agassiz in antagonism to all phases of the devel-

opment theory in zoology were also vigorously though incidentally combated in several papers; especially one immensely rich in facts, by E. D. Cope.

But most astonishing of all was the presentation, in connection with Dr. Eroux's case of exposure of the heart from absence of the breast-bone, of telegraphic communication of the pulse and heart-beats to a distance. By exquisitely contrived instruments, Dr. Upham and Mr. Farmer made the motion of the pulses of men in the Boston Hospital audible and visible to a large audience in the Lyceum Hall of Salem, for more than a minute at a time. May not consultations be now made by cable between London or Paris and Philadelphia? There is, however, a poetical aspect, also, of this. What will absence be to lovers when they can send their very heart-beats by telegraph to each other?

Oh, Heloise, my Heloise, to thee
I send my heart-throbs, eloquent of sorrow:
Return, I pray thee, thine in harmony;
But—the wire's broken—send the rest to-morrow!

. . . That wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, continues to enlarge our acquaintance with the composition of our solar system, and even of the fixed stars and the comets. Father Secchi has made the astonishing discovery of the vapor of water in the vicinity of the sun-spots, and we now know that our luminary contains also in its atmosphere hydrogen, sodium, iron, magnesium, calcium, copper, cobalt, barium and nickel. The same observer has recently ascertained that the planet Uranus has an atmosphere of considerable extent, and generally transparent. The spectrum of a comet corresponds exactly with that given by ignited carbon vapor; so that a comet is little more than a barrel-full of petroleum on fire; and the variable star ρ Gemini is found to be surrounded by an envelope of burning gas. As regards some of them, at least, we can no longer, therefore, "doubt that the stars are fire."

. . . Some interesting researches by Professor Kirkwood of Illinois have demonstrated the real structure of the

rings of the planet Saturn. They are now proved to be composed of innumerable satellites moving freely in definite orbits.

. . . One of the most striking scientific discoveries recently made is that hydrogen gas is a true though very volatile metal, of which water is of course the oxide. Hydrogen is found shut up in meteoric stones in combination with iron and platinum, and it has been successfully alloyed with palladium, the name *hydrogenium* having been given to the compound metal.

Admiral Porter was riding in a street-car in Washington the other day, in which were two or three drunken national sailors. They became so obstreperous that the admiral expostulated with them, and finally, telling them who he was, he asked one of them what ship he belonged to. With a twinkle of the eye and a swaggering air, the sailor hiccoughed out, "Admiral, you have changed the names of the ships so often that I don't really know what ship we do belong to!"

. . . Leigh Hunt had an uncle who was very wealthy and meddlesome. Every one knows what an idler poor Leigh was in his youth, and how very improvident in money matters. His old uncle came to see him one day and said: "Ah, Leigh! How do you do, Leigh? What are you doing now, Leigh?" "I'm not doing anything," answered Hunt. "What!" exclaimed the other, "haven't you got anything to do yet?" "No; but as you don't seem to mind your own business, you ought to employ me to do it for you. That would keep me pretty well engaged, I fancy."

. . . A charitable man was boasting to Lord Palmerston: "I spend half my income in charity, I assure you. I do indeed! I have given thousands of pounds away. Generosity covers everything." "Including modesty sometimes," added his lordship.

. . . A Mr. Vashon, a colored lawyer, has recently been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. He is the son

of a light mulatto barber and hairdresser who lived in Pittsburg about forty years ago, and was very useful in establishing public baths in that city, where no one had previously thought of such an improvement, although the smoke and dirt of the coal burnt there rendered bathing particularly necessary. He was universally known as Colonel Vashon, being reported to be the son of a Colonel Vashon, a white man in Maryland or Virginia. The colonel one summer visited the Falls of Niagara. Here he was met by some gentlemen from Pittsburg, who, as a piece of pleasantry, introduced him to some visitors from Rochester, New York, as Colonel Vashon of the Mexican army. Vashon, extending his travels to Rochester, was met by these persons, invited by them to their houses and treated with great hospitality for several days. On his return to Pittsburg he mentioned the occurrence with great glee. "See," said he, "what an absurdity this prejudice of color is! As long as I was supposed to be a Mexican

colonel, I was good enough company for anybody; but none of them would have taken any notice of me if they had known that I was only a mulatto barber."

We are indebted to a valued contributor for the following lines, entitled

WOMANHOOD.

Strophe.

Woman to boyhood's eyes
Shines fair as star-lit skies.
Once youth from woman's lips
Life's purest nectar sips.
Man knows in woman's heart
This world's most precious part.

Antistrophe.

Boyhood in woman's eyes
Finds a fool's paradise.
Youth oft from woman's lips
Poison for nectar sips.
Man, seeking perfect art,
Learns it in woman's heart.

Chorus.

Boyhood, youth, manhood—all
From throne to outer wall,
From birth to funeral—
By woman rise or fall!

H. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Sexes: Here and Hereafter. By William H. Holcombe, M. D., author of "Our Children in Heaven," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 277.

Swedenborg was, undoubtedly, a "prodigious genius." One of the greatest of ideologists since Plato, and one of the ablest of scientists since Aristotle, had he not been withdrawn for a quarter of a century, by mysticism, from philosophy and science, he might have left results as great as those of Bacon and Kant. As it is, his ability is often forgotten under the cloud of his eccentricities.

These reflections are suggested by the avowal, in the book whose title is above given, of full acceptance of Swedenborgian principles. Yet Dr. Holcombe does not merely cite, he expounds and illustrates, the teachings of his master. A part of his field has been traversed before by Leopold Hartley

Grindon, in his *Sexuality of Nature*. This last author, with much more of research, scarcely equals Dr. Holcombe in sustained elegance of style. Neither Grindon, nor Mrs. Farnham in her extraordinary book, *Woman and her Era*, selects topics and modes of discussion with the same delicate care. Whatever may be said of its opinions, Dr. Holcombe's essay must be credited with unexceptionable purity and refinement. Its tone is religious, and its theology orthodox, accepting fully the supremacy of scriptural authority.

Nor can we quarrel with its subject, which will never grow too old for treatment. Ours, indeed, seems especially the day for the discussion of this. Quite apart from all ultraisms, the present summer has witnessed a meeting in London, at which not only J. S. Mill, but C. Kingsley, T. Hughes, Sir J.

Coleridge and Lord Houghton, all spoke for woman's suffrage. When political doors or walls of exclusion seem to be yielding to the gentler sex, its true place and power must be more than ever open to careful consideration.

Dr. Holcombe's first proposition is, that sex and marriage are universal: as Emerson has it, "An inevitable dualism bisects nature." While this statement is traced to Swedenborg's theological writings, our author seems to forget that in at least one of that philosopher's works (*Animal Kingdom*, Part I., n. 229) he as positively asserts the essentiality of the *trinal* relation in nature and life. "No series can be complete or effective without involving at least a trine. . . . Whatever be the relation, there must be at least a trine to procure harmony." Just as with the ancient idea concerning the number seven, it would be quite easy to assert any other such axiom, and to make it *seem* evident. Of course, too, the smaller the number chosen, the more palpable and numerous its exemplars. Holcombe asserts duality, however, of sex, even in the Divine Being: "Divine Goodness and Divine Truth"—or Love and Wisdom—"are the sexes of God." Every human being is said also to be bi-sexual, spiritually and physically. It is certainly unfortunate to attempt to illustrate this by the symmetrical correspondence of the two halves of the body, as the polar or sexual relation always involves at least some difference, whereas the right and left eye, ear, etc., are, normally and theoretically, duplicates of each other.

Everything in nature our author asserts to be masculine or feminine. The sun and the earth, heat and light, land and water, the electro-positive and negative elements, are all held to exemplify this. The sexuality of plants has, since Linnæus, been universally recognized. The letters of the alphabet have their sexes: consonants are masculine, vowels feminine. Will all women admit this, since the vowels make much the most noise in the world? Words have genders in most languages: when none are given by rule, it is but ignorance in the grammarians. Music divides itself vocally: the tenor and bass of the masculine, the soprano and contralto of the feminine voice. In religion, Peter is said to represent the male and John the female elements of character. Might not some incline to reverse this? We are content simply to deny the fitness of the distinction so applied. Between all things thus opposed in sex and nature attraction is constantly exerted with vitalizing and fructifying power. "It

draws the ocean from his bed; it keeps the moon in her path; it points the needle to the pole; it attracts the flower to the sun; it directs the beast to his prey; it binds man to his home; it leads the Christian to his God."

We have not space to follow our author through his chapters, in which he avers and endeavors to show that sex, love and marriage are eternal, belonging to soul as well as body; and thus marriage is "the central and pivotal fact of the universe." Romanism and Protestantism are alike charged with denying this. The one degrades marriage on the monastic idea, counting it as only a permitted impurity, celibacy being more holy; the other reduces it to a carnal ordinance, though divinely sanctioned, because it refuses to admit its perpetuity in heaven, and thus, marrying for time, it divorces for eternity. The Swedenborgian doctrine of "correspondences" is invoked to aid in sustaining this idea of spiritual sex and marriage, with apt quotations on its behalf from Milton, Browning and Archbishop Trench.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God!"

Dr. Holcombe is very naturally obliged to take much trouble to dispose of the familiar passage in the New Testament declaring that they who rise from the dead "neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." He does so by insisting upon a spiritualizing breadth of interpretation. We are frankly told that "the Church must outgrow the limitations of the letter, or the human mind will outgrow the Church. It must spiritualize with Swedenborg, or it will inevitably rationalize with Strauss and Rénan."

In concluding the perusal of this book, we must confess to a certain surfeiting of Swedenborgianism, and discontent with the cardinal doctrine of the book—that of eternal monogamic or exclusively dual union. Every one, Dr. Holcombe insists, finds but *one* mate for true spiritual and eternal marriage, either in this world or in the next. Those ill-matched here find their nuptials righted hereafter: the celibates of earth are (no doubt to their great surprise) happily wedded in heaven; those who marry often are nevertheless fitly coupled in the final distribution. Monogamy for time is authoritatively established in Christendom; though polygamy, and the pangamy of Oneida, as well as agamy and (to borrow of the botanists) abnormal cryptogamy, have their advocates and examples.

But, for our anticipations of the world to come, it is with a sense of relief, like that of leaving a narrow room to breathe in the open air, that we turn from our author's book to read again, without his gloss, that "*they are as the angels of God in heaven.*"

L'Homme qui Rit. Par Victor Hugo. D. Appleton et Cie, Libraires Editeurs. New York. 8vo. pp. 352.

A new novel from the pen of the author of *Les Misérables* is a production not to be lightly dealt with or summarily dismissed. Foremost among the living authors of his time, great with his threefold greatness as poet, dramatist and novelist, dear to us by the heroic pathos of his exile, by the world-wide humanity of his patriotism, Victor Hugo is something more to us than a great author merely. He belongs to Freedom no less than to Fame, and we of the New World, the world of Liberty, may well claim as a brother the man whose life, whose writings and whose actions are one long and not unavailing protest against tyranny and oppression.

The critics have handled the book before us with unusual severity, but we venture to predict that had *L'Homme qui Rit* been published before *Les Misérables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, it would have been received not only with favor, but with acclamations of delight. Yet on perusing it the reader is conscious of a feeling of disappointment that, being so good, it is not even better—that it is not a perfect work of art, like either of its predecessors. Still, there is no symptom of weakness, no evidence of waning powers, in its unequal yet wondrous pages. In dramatic intensity, weird originality and vivid and poetic language it is unsurpassed by any former work of its great author. The description of the corpse swinging from the gibbet and of the sinking of the ship "La Matutina" are pictures drawn by a master hand; the characters of Ursus and Baskilphedro, of Josiane and Dea, are veritable creations of a marvelous originality; and the terrible disfigurement of the hero is a conception as novel as it is fearful. Other writers of fiction are content to improvise variations more or less skillfully on one universal theme, but Victor Hugo strikes with bold and powerful hand the chords of some strange and thrilling strain unheard before, and, listening, we confess the presence of a master.

He has, however, committed one great and

vital error in laying the scene of *L'Homme qui Rit* in England. We do not refer to the anachronisms and the mistakes respecting English laws and English customs with which the book abounds. Such errors might be pardoned, as we forget the Venetian costumes of Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," and waste no thought on the incongruous conjunction of Julio Romano and the Delphic oracle when we peruse the *Winter's Tale*. But the whole local coloring is wrong, and the powerfully-drawn characters are anything but English. Take, for example, that terrible creation, the Duchess Josiane, whose vices are as un-English as her name. Such women are unhappily human possibilities, but we must seek for them in the France of the Fifteenth Louis or the Third Napoleon, and not in England under the reign of Queen Anne.

In conclusion, we lay aside the book with a mixed feeling, in which admiration and disappointment, disapproval and delight, struggle for the mastery. *L'Homme qui Rit* is worthy of its author, yet will add nothing to his fame. Had *Les Misérables* never been written, it would have ranked as his masterpiece, but it lacks the spontaneity, the inspiration, the large-hearted though mistaken philanthropy of that wondrous work. Victor Hugo wrote *Les Misérables* because he must—he wrote *L'Homme qui Rit* because he might. The first is an inspiration—the latter a draft on his publisher. *Les Misérables* is a painting by Michael Angelo—*L'Homme qui Rit* is a drawing by Gustave Doré. Yet who else save Victor Hugo, not only in our day and generation, but in bygone days and past generations, could have written it, or anything to equal it?

Cipher: A Romance. By Jane G. Austin. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 175.

We believe that this romance is the first extended work which we have ever had from the graceful pen of this accomplished story-writer, whose clear and picturesque style and well-developed plots and novel incidents are familiar to the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. She is already well known as a writer of thrilling and brilliant short stories, and we are inclined to look upon *Cipher* more as a promise for the future than as an actual performance. It possesses much of the vigor and originality which characterize Mrs. Austin's shorter efforts, but she has not yet learned to maintain her flights of fancy to that even tenor which is essential to the pro-

duction of a sustained work of fiction. She must also learn from Wilkie Collins how to combine sensationalism with realism, and how to set flesh-and-blood beings at work to act out her elaborate plots. The personages of her drama are too unreal. They are vague and misty phantoms, that come and go, toil and disport themselves, with all the unsubstantiality of the painted shadows of a magic-lantern. Neria and Francia belong as little to real life as do their fantastic names. It may be urged in defence of the vagueness and impersonality of the characters that *Cipher* is a romance rather than an actual novel. Granted; but it is a romance whose scene is laid in the United States at the present day, and whose incidents comprise such an every-day actuality as a fancy ball, such a terrible realism as the late civil war.

We shall look with interest for Mrs. Austin's next novel. *Cipher* has merely shown us what she *can* do if she will.

Books Received.

- The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. With several hundred Engravings on Wood by Lossing and Barrett, chiefly from original sketches by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1084.
- A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners. With Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. vi., 86.
- Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 308.
- White Lies: A Novel. By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 171.
- The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 112. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.
- Harpers' Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Railroad Map, corrected up to 1868. Seventh Year. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 662.
- Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.
- False Colors: A Novel. By Annie Thomas, author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 152.
- The Siege of Babylon: A Tragedy. By the author of "Afranius," "The Idumean," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo., paper, pp. 47.
- The Philosophy of Teaching: The Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sands. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 60.
- Foul Play: A Novel. By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 148.
- Meta's Faith. By the author of "St. Olave's," "Janita's Cross," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 124.
- The Cider Maker's Manual: A Practical Hand-Book. By J. S. Buell. Buffalo: Haas & Kelley. 16mo. pp. 181.
- Hetty. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Stretton," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 69.
- Autobiography of a Shaker, and Revelation of the Apocalypse. With an Appendix. No Imprint. 12mo. pp. 162.
- Diomede: From the Iliad of Homer. By William R. Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 82.
- Love me Little, Love me Long. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 140.
- Love and Liberty. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 372.



“Grimes,” the Vicar said, “I’m not quite sure that I like this.”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter XXXV.]

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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. PUDDLEHAM'S NEW CHAPEL.

THE vicar devoted a week to the consideration of his grievance about the chapel, and then did write to the marquis. Indeed, there was no time to be lost if he intended to do anything, as on the second day after his interview with Mr. Grimes, Grimes himself, with two of his men to assist him, began his measuring on the devoted spot, sticking in little marks for the corners of the projected building, and turning up a sod here and there. Mr. Grimes was a staunch Churchman; and though in the way of business he was very glad to have the building of a Methodist chapel—or of a Pagan temple, if such might come in his way—yet, even though he possibly might give some offence to the great man's shadow in Bullhampton, he was willing to postpone his work for two or three days at the vicar's request. "Grimes," the vicar said, "I'm not quite sure that I like this."

"Well, sir—no, sir. I was thinking myself, sir, that maybe you might take it unkind in the marquis."

"I think I shall write to him. Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving over for

a day or two." Grimes yielded at once, and took his spade and measurements away, although Mr. Puddleham fretted a good deal. Mr. Puddleham had been much elated by the prospect of his new Bethel, and had, it must be confessed, received into his mind an idea that it would be a good thing to quarrel with the vicar under the auspices of the landlord. Fenwick's character had hitherto been too strong for him, and he had been forced into parochial quiescence and religious amity almost in spite of his conscience. He was a much older man than Mr. Fenwick, having been for thirty years in the ministry, and he had always previously enjoyed the privilege of being on bad terms with the clergyman of the Establishment. It had been his glory to be a poacher on another man's manor—to filch souls, as it were, out of the keeping of a pastor of a higher grade than himself—to say severe things of the shortcomings of an endowed clergyman, and to obtain recognition of his position by the activity of his operations in the guise of a blister. Our vicar, understanding something of this, had, with some malice toward the gentleman himself, determined to rob Mr. Puddleham of his blistering powers. There is no

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doubt a certain pleasure in poaching which does not belong to the licit following of game, but a man can't poach if the right of shooting be accorded to him. Mr. Puddleham had not been quite happy in his mind amidst the ease and amiable relations which Mr. Fenwick enforced upon him, and had long since begun to feel that a few cabbages and peaches did not repay him for the loss of those pleasant and bitter things which it would have been his to say in his daily walks and from the pulpit of his Salem, had he not been thus hampered, confined and dominated. Hitherto he had hardly gained a single soul from under Mr. Fenwick's grasp—had indeed on the balance lost his grasp on souls, and was beginning to be aware that this was so because of the cabbages and the peaches. He told himself that though he had not hankered after these flesh-pots, that though he would have preferred to be without the flesh-pots, he had submitted to them. He was painfully conscious of the guile of this young man, who had, as it were, cheated him out of that appropriate acerbity of religion without which a proselyting sect can hardly maintain its ground beneath the shadow of an endowed and domineering Church. War was necessary to Mr. Puddleham. He had come to be hardly anybody at all because he was at peace with the vicar of the parish in which he was established. His eyes had been becoming gradually open to all this for years; and when he had been present at the bitter quarrel between the vicar and the marquis, he had at once told himself that now was his opportunity. He had intended to express a clear opinion to Mr. Fenwick that he, Mr. Fenwick, had been very wrong in speaking to the marquis as he had spoken; and as he was walking out of the farm-house he was preparing some words as to the respect due to those in authority. It happened, however, that at that moment the wind was taken out of his sails by a strange comparison which the vicar made to him between their own sins, two ministers of God as they were, and the sins of Carry

Brattle. Mr. Puddleham at the moment had been cowed and quelled. He was not quite able to carry himself in the vicar's presence as though he were the vicar's equal. But the desire for a quarrel remained, and when it was suggested to him by Mr. Packer, the marquis' man of business, that the green opposite to the vicarage gate would be a convenient site for his chapel, and that the marquis was ready to double his before-proffered subscription, then he saw plainly that the moment had come, and that it was fitting that he should gird up his loins and return all future cabbages to the proud donor.

Mr. Puddleham had his eye keenly set on the scene of his future ministration, and was aware of Grimes' default almost as soon as that man with his myrmidons had left the ground. He at once went to Grimes with heavy denunciations, with threats of the marquis and with urgent-explanation as to the necessity of instant work. But Grimes was obdurate. The vicar had asked him to leave the work for a day or two, and of course he must do what the vicar asked. If he couldn't be allowed to do as much as that for the vicar of the parish, Bullhampton wouldn't be, in Mr. Grimes' opinion, any place for anybody to live in. Mr. Puddleham argued the matter out, but he argued in vain. Mr. Grimes declared that there was time enough, and that he would have the work finished by the time fixed—unless, indeed, the marquis should change his mind. Mr. Puddleham regarded this as a most improbable supposition. "The marquis doesn't change his mind, Mr. Grimes," he said; and then he walked forth from Mr. Grimes' house with much offence.

By this time all Bullhampton knew of the quarrel—knew of it, although Mr. Fenwick had been so very careful to guard himself from any quarreling at all. He had not spoken a word in anger on the subject to any one but his wife, and in making his request to Grimes had done so with hypocritical good-humor. But nevertheless he was aware that the parish was becoming hot about it; and when he sat down to write his letter to

the marquis, he was almost minded to give up the idea of writing, to return to Grimes and to allow the measuring and sod-turning to be continued. Why should a place of worship opposite to his gate be considered by him as an injury? Why should the psalm-singing of Christian brethren hurt his ears as he walked about his garden? And if, through the infirmity of his nature, his eyes and his ears were hurt, what was that to the great purport for which he had been sent into the parish? Was he not about to create enmity by his opposition? and was it not his special duty to foster love and good-will among his people? After all, he, within his own vicarage grounds, had all that it was intended that he should possess; and that he held very firmly. Poor Mr. Puddleham had no such firm holding; and why should he quarrel with Mr. Puddleham because that ill-paid preacher sought so earnestly to strengthen the ground on which his Salem stood?

As he paused, however, to think of all this, there came upon him the conviction that in this thing that was to be done the marquis was determined to punish him personally, and he could not resist the temptation of fighting the marquis. And then, if he succumbed easily in this affair, would it not follow almost as a matter of course that the battle against him would be carried on elsewhere? If he yielded now, resolving to ignore altogether any idea of his own comfort or his own taste, would he thereby maintain that tranquillity in his parish which he thought to be desirable? He had already seen that in Mr. Puddleham's manner to himself which made him sure that Mr. Puddleham was ambitious to be a sword in the right hand of the marquis.

Personally, the vicar was himself pugnacious. Few men, perhaps, were more so. If there must be a fight, let them come on and he would do his best. Turning the matter thus backward and forward in his mind, he came at last to the conclusion that there must be a fight, and consequently he wrote the following letter to the marquis:

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Jan. 3, 186—
"MY LORD MARQUIS:

"I learned by chance the other day in the village that a new chapel for the use of the Methodist congregation of the parish was to be built on the little open green immediately opposite the vicarage gate, and that this special spot of ground had been selected and given by your lordship for this purpose. I do not at all know what truth there may be in this, except that Mr. Grimes, the carpenter here, has received orders from your agent about the work. It may probably be the case that the site has been chosen by Mr. Packer, and not by your lordship. As no real delay to the building can at this time of the year arise from a short postponement of the beginning, I have asked Mr. Grimes to desist till I shall have written to you on the subject.

"I can assure your lordship, in the first place, that no clergyman of the Established Church in the kingdom can be less unwilling than I am that they who dissent from my teaching in the parish should have a commodious place of worship. If land belonged to me in the place, I would give it myself for such a purpose; and were there no other available site than that chosen, I would not for a moment remonstrate against it. I had heard, with satisfaction, from Mr. Puddleham himself, that another spot was chosen near the cross-roads in the village, on which there is more space, to which, as I believe, there is no objection, and which would certainly be nearer than that now selected to the majority of the congregation.

"But of course it would not be for me to trouble your lordship as to the ground on which a Methodist chapel should be built, unless I had reason to show why the site now chosen is objectionable. I do not for a moment question your lordship's right to give the site. There is something less than a quarter of an acre in the patch in question; and though hitherto I have always regarded it as belonging in some sort to the vicarage—as being a part, as it were, of the entrance—I feel convinced that you, as landlord of the ground, would not enter-

tain the idea of bestowing it for any purpose without being sure of your right to do so. I raise no question on this point, believing that there is none to be raised; but I respectfully submit to your lordship whether such an erection as that contemplated by you will not be a lasting injury to the vicarage of Bullhampton, and whether you would wish to inflict a lasting and gratuitous injury on the vicar of a parish the greatest portion of which belongs to yourself.

"No doubt life will be very possible to me and my wife, and to succeeding vicars and their wives, with a red-brick chapel built as a kind of watch-tower over the vicarage gate. So would life be possible at Turnover Park with a similar edifice immediately before your lordship's hall door. Knowing very well that the reasonable wants of the Methodists cannot make such a building on such a spot necessary, you no doubt would not consent to it; and I now venture to ask you to put a stop to this building here for the same reason. Were there no other site in the parish equally commodious, I would not say a word.

"I have the honor to be your lordship's most obedient servant,

"FRANCIS FENWICK."

Lord Trowbridge, when he received this letter—when he had only partially read it, and had not at all digested it—was disposed to yield the point. He was a silly man, thinking much too highly of his own position, believing himself entitled to unlimited deference from all those who in any way came within the rays of his magnificence, and easily made angry by opposition; but he was not naturally prone to inflict evil, and did in some degree recognize it as a duty attached to his splendor that he should be beneficent to the inferiors with whom he was connected. Great as was his wrath against the present vicar of Bullhampton, and thoroughly as he conceived it to be expedient that so evil-minded a pastor should be driven out of the parish, nevertheless he felt some scruple at taking a step which would be injurious to the parish vicar, let the

parish vicar be who he might. Packer was the sinner who had originated the new plan for punishing Mr. Fenwick—Packer, with the assistance of Mr. Puddleham; and the marquis, though he had in some sort authorized the plan, had in truth thought very little about it. When the vicar spoke of the lasting injury to the vicarage, and when Lord Trowbridge remembered that he owned two thousand and two acres within the parish—as Mr. Puddleham had told him—he began to think that the chapel had better be built elsewhere. The vicar was a pestilent man, to whom punishment was due, but the punishment should be made to attach itself to the man rather than to the man's office. So was working the marquis' mind till the marquis came upon that horrid passage in the vicar's letter in which it was suggested that the building of a Methodist chapel in his own park, immediately in front of his own august hall door, might under certain circumstances be expedient. The remark was almost as pernicious and unpardonable as that which had been made about his lordship's daughters. It was manifest to him that the vicar intended to declare that marquises were no more than other people, and that the declaration was made and insisted on with the determination of insulting him. Had this apostate priest been capable of feeling any proper appreciation of his own position and that of the marquis, he would have said nothing of Turnover Park. When the marquis had read the letter a second time and had digested it, he perceived that its whole tenor was bad, that the writer was evil-minded, and that no request made by him should be granted. Even though the obnoxious chapel should have to be pulled down for the benefit of another vicar, it should be put up for the punishment of this vicar. A man who wants to have a favor done for him can hardly hope to be successful if he asks for the favor with insolence. So the heart of the marquis was hardened, and he was strengthened to do that which misbecame him both as a gentleman and a landlord.

He did not answer the letter for some time, but he saw Packer, saw his head agent, and got out the map of the property. The map of the property was not very clear in the matter, but he remembered the space well, and convinced himself that no other place in all Bullhampton could be so appropriate for a Methodist chapel. At the end of a week he caused a reply to be written to Mr. Fenwick. He would not demean himself by writing with his own hand, but he gave his orders to the head agent. The head agent merely informed the vicar that it was considered that the spot of ground in question was the most appropriate in the village for the purpose in hand.

Mrs. Fenwick, when she heard the reply, burst out into tears. She was a woman by no means over-devoted to the things of this world—who thought much of her duties and did them—who would have sacrificed anything for her husband and children—who had learned the fact that both little troubles and great, if borne with patience, may be borne with ease; but she did think much of her house, was proud of her garden, and rejoiced in the external prettiness of her surroundings. It was gall to her that this hideous building should be so placed as to destroy the comeliness of that side of her abode. "We shall hear their singing and ranting whenever we open our front windows," she said.

"Then we won't open them," said the vicar.

"We can't help ourselves. Just see what it will be whenever we go in and out! We might just as well have it inside the house at once."

"You speak as though Mr. Puddleham were always in his pulpit."

"They're always doing something; and then the building will be there, whether it is open or shut. It will alter the parish altogether, and I really think it will be better that you should get an exchange."

"And run away from my enemy?"

"It would be running away from an intolerable nuisance."

"I won't do that," said the vicar.

"If there were no other reasons for staying, I won't put it in the power of the Marquis of Trowbridge to say that he has turned me out of my parish, and so punished me because I have not submitted myself to him. I have not sought the quarrel. He has been overbearing and insolent, and now is meanly desirous to injure me because I will not suffer his insolence. No doubt, placed as he is, he can do much, but he cannot turn me out of Bullhampton."

"What is the good of staying, Frank, if we are to be made wretched?"

"We won't be made wretched. What! be wretched because there is an ugly building opposite to your outside gate! It is almost wicked to say so. I don't like it. I like the doing of the thing less even than the thing itself. If it can be stopped, I will stop it. If it could be prevented by any amount of fighting, I should think myself right to fight in such a cause. If I can see my way to doing anything to oppose the marquis, it shall be done. But I won't run away." Mrs. Fenwick said nothing more on the subject at that moment, but she felt that the glory and joy of the vicarage were gone from it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SAM BRATTLE GOES OFF AGAIN.

MR. GRIMES had suggested to the vicar in a very low whisper that the new chapel might perhaps be put down as a nuisance. "It ain't for me to say, of course," said Mr. Grimes, "and in the way of business one building is as good as another as long as you see your money. But buildings is stopped because they're nuisances." This occurred a day or two after the receipt of the agent's letter from Turnover, and the communication was occasioned by orders given to Mr. Grimes to go on with the building instantly, unless he intended to withdraw from the job. "I don't think, Grimes, that I can call a place of Christian worship a nuisance," said the vicar. To this Grimes rejoined that he had known a nunnery bell to be stopped

because it was a nuisance, and that he didn't see why a Methodist chapel bell was not as bad as a nunnery bell. Fenwick had declared that he would fight if he could find a leg to stand upon, and he thanked Grimes, saying that he would think of the suggestion. But when he thought of it, he did not see that any remedy was open to him on that side. In the mean time, Mr. Puddleham attacked Grimes with great severity because the work was not continued. Mr. Puddleham, feeling that he had the marquis at his back, was eager for the fight. He had already received in the street a salutation from the vicar, cordial as usual, with the very slightest bend of his neck and the sourest expression of his mouth. Mrs. Puddleham had already taught the little Puddlehams that the vicarage cabbages were bitter with the wormwood of an endowed Establishment, and ought no longer to be eaten by the free children of an open Church. Mr. Puddleham had already raised up his voice in his existing tabernacle as to the injury which was being done to his flock, and had been very touching on the subject of the little vineyard which the wicked king coveted. When he described himself as Naboth, it could not but be supposed that Ahab and Jezebel were both in Bullhampton. It went forth through the village that Mr. Puddleham had described Mrs. Fenwick as Jezebel, and the torch of discord had been thrown down and war was raging through the parish.

There had come to be very high words indeed between Mr. Grimes and Mr. Puddleham, and some went so far as to declare that they had heard the builder threaten to punch the minister's head. This Mr. Grimes denied stoutly, as the Methodist party were making much of it in consequence of Mr. Puddleham's cloth and advanced years. "There's no lies is too hot for them," said Mr. Grimes, in his energy, "and no lawlessness too heavy." Then he absolutely refused to put his hand to a spade or a trowel. He had his time named in his contract, he said, and nobody had a right to drive him. This

was ended by the appearance on a certain Monday morning of a Baptist builder from Salisbury, with all the appurtenances of his trade, and with a declaration on Mr. Grimes' part that he would have the law on the two leading members of the Puddleham congregation, from whom he had received his original order. In truth, however, there had been no contract, and Mr. Grimes had gone to work upon a verbal order, which, according to the Puddleham theory, he had already vitiated by refusing compliance with its terms. He, however, was hot upon his lawsuit, and thus the whole parish was by the ears.

It may be easily understood how much Mr. Fenwick would suffer from all this. It had been specially his pride that his parish had been at peace, and he had plumed himself on the way in which he had continued to clip the claws with which nature had provided the Methodist minister. Though he was fond of a fight himself, he had taught himself to know that in no way could he do the business of his life more highly or more usefully than as a peacemaker; and as a peacemaker he had done it. He had never put his hand within Mr. Puddleham's arm, and whispered a little parochial nothing into his neighbor's ear, without taking some credit to himself for his cleverness. He had called his peaches angels of peace, and had spoken of his cabbages as being dove-winged. All this was now over, and there was hardly one in Bullhampton who was not busy hating and abusing somebody else.

And then there came another trouble on the vicar. Just at the end of January, Sam Brattle came up to the vicarage and told Mr. Fenwick that he was going to leave the mill. Sam was dressed very decently, but he was attired in an un-Bullhampton fashion, which was not pleasant to Mr. Fenwick's eyes; and there was about him an air which seemed to tell of filial disobedience and personal independence.

"But you mean to come back again, Sam?" said the vicar.

"Well, sir, I don't know as I do. Father and I has had words."

"And that is to be a reason why you should leave him? You speak of your father as though he were no more to you than another man."

"I wouldn't ha' borne not a tenth of it from no other man, Mr. Fenwick."

"Well, and what of that? Is there any measure of what is due by you to your father? Remember, Sam, I know your father well."

"You do, sir."

"He is a very just man, and he is very fond of you. You are the apple of his eye, and now you would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"You ask mother, sir, and she'll tell you how it is. I just said a word to him—a word as was right to be said—and he turned upon me and bade me go away and come back no more."

"Do you mean that he has banished you from the mill?"

"He said what I tells you. He told mother afterward that if so as I would promise never to mention that thing again, I might come and go as I pleased. But I wasn't going to make no such promise. I up and told him so, and then he—cursed me."

For a moment or two the vicar was silent, thinking whether in this affair Sam had been most wrong, or the old man. Of course he was hearing but one side of the question: "What was it, Sam, that he forbid you to mention?"

"It don't matter now, sir; only I thought I'd better come and tell you, along of your being the bail, sir."

"Do you mean that you are going to leave Bullhampton altogether?"

"To leave it altogether, Mr. Fenwick. I ain't doing no good here."

"And why shouldn't you do good? Where can you do more good?"

"It can't be good to be having words with father day after day."

"But, Sam, I don't think you can go away. You are bound by the magistrates' orders. I don't speak for myself, but I fear the police would be after you."

"And is it to go on allays—that a chap can't move to better hisself, because them fellows can't catch the men as murdered old Trumbull? That can't

be law, nor yet justice." Upon this there arose a discussion, in which the vicar endeavored to explain to the young man that as he had evidently consorted with the men who were, on the strongest possible grounds, suspected to be the murderers, and as he had certainly been with those men where he had no business to be—namely, in Mr. Fenwick's own garden at night—he had no just cause of complaint at finding his own liberty more crippled than that of other people. No doubt Sam understood this well enough, as he was sharp and intelligent; but he fought his own battle, declaring that as the vicar had not prosecuted him for being in the garden, nobody could be entitled to punish him for that offence; and that, as it had been admitted that there was no evidence connecting him with the murder, no policeman could have a right to confine him to one parish. He argued the matter so well that Mr. Fenwick was left without much to say. He was unwilling to press his own responsibility in the matter of the bail, and therefore allowed the question to fall through, tacitly admitting that if Sam chose to leave the parish there was nothing in the affair of the murder to hinder him. He went back, therefore, to the inexpediency of the young man's departure, telling him that he would rush right into the devil's jaws. "May be so, Mr. Fenwick," said Sam, "but I'm sure I'll never be out of 'em as long as I stays here in Bullhampton."

"But what is it all about, Sam?" The vicar, as he asked the question, had a very distinct idea in his own head as to the cause of the quarrel, and was aware that his sympathies were with the son rather than with the father. Sam answered never a word, and the vicar repeated his question: "You have quarreled with your father before this, and have made it up. Why should not you make up this quarrel?"

"Because he cursed me," said Sam.

"An idle word, spoken in wrath! Don't you know your father well enough to take that for what it is worth? What was it about?"

"It was about Carry, then."

"What had you said?"

"I said as how she ought to be let come home again, and that if I was to stay there at the mill, I'd fetch her. Then he struck at me with one of the mill-bolts. But I didn't think much o' that."

"Was it then he—cursed you?"

"No; mother came up, and I went aside with her. I told her as I'd go on speaking to the old man about Carry; and so I did."

"And where is Carry?" Sam made no reply to this whatever. "You know where she can be found, Sam?" Sam shook his head, but didn't speak. "You couldn't have said that you would fetch her, if you didn't know where to find her."

"I wouldn't stop till I did find her, if the old man would take her back again. She's bad enough, no doubt, but there's others worse nor her."

"Where did you see her last?"

"Over at Pycroft."

"And whither did she go from Pycroft, Sam?"

"She went to Lon'on, I suppose, Mr. Fenwick."

"And what is her address in London?" In reply to this Sam again shook his head. "Do you mean to seek her now?"

"What's the use of seeking her, if I ain't got nowhere to put her into? Father's got a house and plenty of room in it. Where could I put her?"

"Sam, if you'll find her and bring her to any place for me to see her, I'll find a home for her somewhere. I will indeed. Or, if I knew where she was, I'd go up to London to her myself. She's not my sister—!"

"No, sir, she ain't. The likes of you won't likely have a sister the likes of her. She's a—"

"Sam, stop. Don't say a bitter word of her. You love her."

"Yes, I do. That don't make her not a bad 'un."

"So do I love her. And as for being bad, which of us isn't bad? The world is very hard on her offence."

"Down on it, like a dog on a rat."

"It is not for me to make light of her sin, but her sin can be washed away as well as other sin. I love her too. She was the brightest, kindest, sauciest little lass in all the parish when I came here."

"Father was proud enough of her then, Mr. Fenwick."

"You find her and let me know where she is, and I will make out a home for her somewhere; that is, if she will be tractable. I'm afraid your father won't take her at the mill."

"He'll never set eyes on her again, if he can help it. As for you, Mr. Fenwick, if there was only a few more like you about, the world wouldn't be so bad to get on in. Good-bye, Mr. Fenwick."

"Good-bye, Sam, if it must be so."

"And don't you be afeard about me, Mr. Fenwick. If the hue-and-cry is out anyways again me, I'll turn up. That I will—though it was to be hung afterward—sooner than you'd be hurt by anything I'd been a-doing."

So they parted, as friends rather than as enemies, though the vicar knew very well that the young man was wrong to go and leave his father and mother, and that in all probability he would fall at once into some bad mode of living. But the conversation about Carry Brattle had so softened their hearts to each other that Mr. Fenwick found it impossible to be severe. And he knew, moreover, that no severity of expression would have been of avail. He couldn't have stopped Sam from going had he preached to him for an hour.

After that the building of the chapel went on apace, the large tradesman from Salisbury being quicker in his work than could have been the small tradesman belonging to Bullhampton. In February there came a hard frost, and still the bricklayers were at work. It was said in Bullhampton that walls built as those walls were being built could never stand. But then it might be that these reports were spread by Mr. Grimes; that the fanatical ardor of the Salisbury Baptist lent something to the rapidity of his operations; and that the Bullhampton feeling in favor of Mr. Fenwick and the Church Establishment added

something to the bitterness of the prevailing criticisms. At any rate, the walls of the new chapel were mounting higher and higher all through February, and by the end of the first week in March there stood immediately opposite to the vicarage gate a hideously ugly building, roofless, doorless, windowless, with those horrid words, "New Salem, 186—," legibly inscribed on a visible stone inserted above the doorway—a thing altogether as objectionable to the eyes of a Church-of-England parish clergyman as the imagination of any friend or enemy could devise. We all know the abominable adjuncts of a new building—the squalid, half-used heaps of bad mortar, the eradicated grass, the truculent mud, the scattered brickbats, the remnants of timber, the débris of the workmen's dinners, the morsels of paper scattered through the dirt! There had from time to time been actual encroachments on the vicarage grounds, and Mrs. Fenwick, having discovered that the paint had been injured on the vicarage gate, had sent an angry message to the Salisbury Baptist. The Salisbury Baptist had apologized to Mr. Fenwick, saying that such things would happen in the building of houses, etc., and Mr. Fenwick had assured him that the matter was of no consequence. He was not going to descend into the arena with the Salisbury Baptist. In this affair the Marquis of Trowbridge was his enemy, and with the marquis he would fight if there was to be any fight at all. He would stand at his gate and watch the work and speak good-naturedly to the workmen, but he was in truth sick at heart. The thing, horrible as it was to him, so fascinated him that he could not keep his mind from it. During all this time it made his wife miserable. She had literally grown thin under the infliction of the new chapel. For more than a fortnight she had refused to visit the front gate of her own house. To and from church she always went by the garden wicket, but in going to the school she had to make a long round to avoid the chapel, and this round she made day after day. Fenwick himself, still hoping

that there might be some power of fighting, had written to an enthusiastic archdeacon, a friend of his, who lived not very far distant. The archdeacon had consulted the bishop—really troubled deeply about the matter—and the bishop had taken upon himself, with his own hands, to write words of mild remonstrance to the marquis. "For the welfare of the parish generally," said the bishop, "I venture to make this suggestion to your lordship, feeling sure that you will do anything that may not be unreasonable to promote the comfort of the parishioners." In this letter he made no allusion to his late correspondence with the marquis as to the sins of the vicar. Nor did the marquis in his reply allude to the former correspondence. He expressed an opinion that the erection of a place of Christian worship on an open space outside the bounds of a clergyman's domain ought not to be held to be objectionable by that clergyman; and that, as he had already given the spot, he could not retract the gift. These letters, however, had been written before the first brick had been laid, and the world in that part of the country was of opinion that the marquis might have retracted his gift. After this, Mr. Fenwick found no ground whatever on which he could fight his battle. He could only stand at his gateway and look at the thing as it rose above the ground, fascinated by its ugliness.

He was standing there once, about a month or five weeks after his interview with Sam Brattle, just at the beginning of March, when he was accosted by the squire. Mr. Gilmore, through the winter—ever since he had heard that Mary Lowther's engagement with Walter Marable had been broken off—had lived very much alone. He had been pressed to come to the vicarage, but had come but seldom, waiting patiently till the time should come when he might again ask Mary to be his wife. He was not so gloomy as he had been during the time the engagement had lasted, but still he was a man much altered from his former self. Now he came across the road and spoke a word or two to his friend: "If

I were you, Frank, I should not think so much about it."

"Yes, you would, old boy, if it touched you as it does me. It isn't that the chapel should be there: I could have built a chapel for them with my own hands on the same spot, if it had been necessary."

"I don't see what there is to annoy you."

"This annoys me—that after all my endeavors there should be people here, and many people, who find a gratification in doing that which they think I shall look upon as an annoyance. The sting is in their desire to sting, and in my inability to show them their error, either by stopping what they are doing or by proving myself indifferent to it. It isn't the building itself, but the double disgrace of the building."

CHAPTER XXXVII.
FEMALE MARTYRDOM.

EARLY in February, Captain Marrable went to Dunripple to stay with his uncle, Sir Gregory, and there he still was when the middle of March had come. News of his doings reached the ladies at Loring, but it reached them through hands which were not held to be worthy of a perfect belief—at any rate, on Mary Lowther's part. Dunripple Park is in Warwickshire, and lies in the middle of a good hunting country. Now, according to Parson John, from whom these tidings came, Walter Marrable was hunting three days a week; and as Sir Gregory himself did not keep hunters, Walter must have hired his horses: so said Parson John, deploring that a nephew so poor in purse should have allowed himself to be led into such heavy expense. "He brought home a little ready money with him," said the parson; "and I suppose he thinks he may have his fling as long as that lasts." No doubt Parson John, in saying this, was desirous of proving to Mary that Walter Marrable was not dying of love, and was, upon the whole, leading a jolly life, in spite of the little misfortune that had happened to him.

But Mary understood all this quite as well as did Parson John himself, and simply declined to believe the hunting three days a week. She said not a word about it, however, either to him or to her aunt. If Walter could amuse himself, so much the better; but she was quite sure that at such a period of his life as this he would not spend his money recklessly. The truth lay between Parson John's stories and poor Mary's belief. Walter Marrable was hunting—perhaps twice a week, hiring a horse occasionally, but generally mounted by his uncle, Sir Gregory. He hunted, but did so after a lugubrious fashion, as became a man with a broken heart, who was laden with many sorrows, and had just been separated from his lady-love for ever and ever. But still, when there came anything good in the way of a run, and when our captain could get near to hounds, he enjoyed the fun and forgot his troubles for a while. Is a man to know no joy because he has an ache at his heart?

In this matter of disappointed, and, as it were, disjointed, affection, men are very different from women, and for the most part much more happily circumstanced. Such sorrow a woman feeds, but a man starves it. Many will say that a woman feeds it because she cannot but feed it, and that a man starves it because his heart is of the starving kind. But in truth the difference comes not so much from the inner heart as from the outer life. It is easier to feed a sorrow upon needle-and-thread and novels than it is upon lawyers' papers, or even the out-of-door occupations of a soldier home upon leave who has no work to do. Walter Marrable told himself again and again that he was very unhappy about his cousin, but he certainly did not suffer in that matter as Mary suffered. He had that other sorrow, arising from his father's cruel usage of him, to divide his thoughts, and probably thought quite as much of the manner in which he had been robbed as he did of the loss of his love.

But poor Mary was, in truth, very wretched. When a girl asks herself that

question, What shall she do with her life? it is so natural that she should answer it by saying that she will get married and give her life to somebody else. It is a woman's one career, let women rebel against the edict as they may; and though there may be word-rebellion here and there, women learn the truth early in their lives. And women know it later in life when they think of their girls; and men know it, too, when they have to deal with their daughters. Girls, too, now acknowledge aloud that they have learned the lesson, and *Saturday Reviewers* and others blame them for their lack of modesty in doing so—most unreasonably, most uselessly, and, as far as the influence of such censors may go, most perniciously. Nature prompts the desire, the world acknowledges its ubiquity, circumstances show that it is reasonable, the whole theory of creation requires it; but it is required that the person most concerned should falsely repudiate it, in order that a mock modesty may be maintained in which no human being can believe! Such is the theory of the censors who deal heavily with our Englishwomen of the present day. Our daughters should be educated to be wives, but, forsooth! they should never wish to be wooed! The very idea is but a remnant of the tawdry sentimentality of an age in which the mawkish insipidity of the women was the reaction from the vice of that preceding it. That our girls are in quest of husbands, and know well in what way their lines in life should be laid, is a fact which none can dispute. Let men be taught to recognize the same truth as regards themselves, and we shall cease to hear of the necessity of a new career for women.

Mary Lowther, though she had never encountered condemnation as a husband-hunter, had learned all this, and was well aware that for her there was but one future mode of life that could be really blessed. She had eyes, and could see; and ears, and could hear. She could make—indeed she could not fail to make—comparisons between her aunt and her dear friend, Mrs. Fenwick. She saw, and could not fail to see, that the

life of the one was a starved, thin, poor life, which, good as it was in its nature, reached but to few persons and admitted but of few sympathies; whereas the other woman, by means of her position as a wife and a mother, increased her roots and spread out her branches, so that there was shade, and fruit, and beauty, and a place in which the birds might build their nests. Mary Lowther had longed to be a wife, as do all girls healthy in mind and body; but she had found it to be necessary to her to love the man who was to become her husband. There had come to her a suitor recommended to her by all her friends—recommended to her also by all outward circumstances—and she had found that she did not love him. For a while she had been sorely perplexed, hardly knowing what it might be her duty to do—not understanding how it was that the man was indifferent to her—doubting whether, after all, the love of which she had dreamt was not a passion which might come after marriage, rather than before it—but still fearing to run so great a hazard. She had doubted, feared, and had hitherto declined, when that other lover had fallen in her way. Mr. Gilmore had wooed her for months without touching her heart. Then Walter Marrable had come and had conquered her almost in an hour. She had never felt herself disposed to play with Mr. Gilmore's hair, to lean against his shoulder, to be touched by his fingers—never disposed to wait for his coming or to regret his going. But she had hardly become acquainted with her cousin before his presence was a pleasure to her; and no sooner had he spoken to her of his love than everything that concerned him was dear to her. The atmosphere that surrounded him was sweeter to her than the air elsewhere. All those little aids which a man gives to a woman were delightful to her when they came to her from his hands. She told herself that she had found the second half that was needed to make herself one whole; that she had become round and entire in joining herself to him; and she thought that she understood well why it had been that Mr.

Gilmore had been nothing to her. As Mr. Fenwick was manifestly the husband appointed for his wife, so had Walter Marrable been appointed for her. And so there had come upon her a dreamy conviction that marriages are made in heaven. That question, whether they were to be poor or rich, to have enough or much less than enough for the comforts of life, was no doubt one of much importance; but in the few happy days of her assured engagement it was not allowed by her to interfere for a moment with the fact that she and Walter were intended each to be the companion of the other as long as they two might live.

Then by degrees—by degrees, though the process had been quick—had fallen upon her that other conviction, that it was her duty to him to save him from the burdens of that life to which she herself had looked forward so fondly. At first she had said that he should judge of the necessity, swearing to herself that his judgment, let it be what it might, should be right to her. Then she had perceived that this was not sufficient—that in this way there would be no escape for him—that she herself must make the decision and proclaim it. Very tenderly and very cautiously had she gone about her task, feeling her way to the fact that this separation, if it came from her, would be deemed expedient by him. That she would be right in all this was her great resolve—that she might after all be wrong, her constant fear. She, too, had heard of public censors, of the girl of the period, and of the forward indelicacy with which women of the age were charged. She knew not why, but it seemed to her that the laws of the world around her demanded more of such rectitude from a woman than from a man; and, if it might be possible to her, she would comply with these laws. She had convinced herself, forming her judgment from every tone of his voice, from every glance of his eye, from every word that fell from his lips, that this separation would be expedient for him. And then, assuring herself that the task should be hers, and not his, she had

done it. She had done it, and, counting up the cost afterward, she had found herself to be broken in pieces. That wholeness and roundness in which she had rejoiced had gone from her altogether. She would try to persuade herself that she could live as her aunt had lived, and yet be whole and round. She tried, but knew that she failed. The life to which she had looked forward had been the life of a married woman; and now, as that was taken from her, she could be but a thing broken, a fragment of humanity, created for use, but never to be used.

She bore all this well for a while, and indeed never ceased to bear it well to the eyes of those around her. When Parson John told her of Walter's hunting, she laughed and said that she hoped he would distinguish himself. When her aunt on one occasion congratulated her, telling her that she had done well and nobly, she bore the congratulation with a smile and a kind word. But she thought about it much, and within the chambers of her own bosom there were complaints made that the play which had been played between him and her during the last few months should for her have been such a very tragedy, while for him the matter was no more than a melodrama, touched with a pleasing melancholy. He had not been made a waif upon the waters by the misfortune of a few weeks, by the error of a lawyer, by a mistaken calculation—not even by the crime of his father. His manhood was, at any rate, perfect to him. Though he might be a poor man, he was still a man with his hands free and with something before him which he could do. She understood, too, that the rough work of his life would be such that it would rub away, perhaps too quickly, the impression of his late love, and enable him hereafter to love another. But for her!—for her there could be nothing but memory, regrets, and a life which would simply be a waiting for death. But she had done nothing wrong, and she must console herself with that, if consolation could there be found.

Then there came to her a letter from

Mrs. Fenwick, which moved her much. It was the second which she had received from her friend since she had made it known that she was no longer engaged to her cousin. In her former letter, Mrs. Fenwick had simply expressed her opinion that Mary had done rightly, and had, at the same time, promised that she would write again, more at length, when the passing by of a few weeks should have so far healed the first agony of the wound as to make it possible for her to speak of the future. Mary, dreading this second letter, had done nothing to elicit it, but at last it came. And as it had some effect on Mary Lowther's future conduct, it shall be given to the reader :

“BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Mar. 12, 186-
“DEAREST MARY :

“I do so wish you were here, if it were only to share our misery with us. I did not think that so small a thing as the building of a wretched chapel could have put me out so much and made me so uncomfortable as this has done. Frank says that it is simply the feeling of being beaten, the insult not the injury, which is the grievance ; but they both rankle with me. I hear the click of the trowel every hour, and though I never go near the front gate, yet I know that it is all muddy and foul with brick-bats and mortar. I don't think that anything so cruel and unjust was ever done before ; and the worst of it is that Frank, though he hates it just as much as I do, does preach such sermons to me about the wickedness of caring for small evils. ‘Suppose you had to go to it every Sunday yourself?’ he said the other day, trying to make me understand what a real depth of misery there is in the world. ‘I shouldn't mind that half so much,’ I answered. Then he bade me try it ; which wasn't fair, because he knows I can't. However, they say it will all tumble down, because it has been built so badly.

“I have been waiting to hear from you, but I can understand why you should not write. You do not wish to speak of your cousin, or to write without

speaking of him. Your aunt has written to me twice, as doubtless you know, and has told me that you are well, only more silent than heretofore. Dearest Mary, do write to me and tell me what is in your heart. I will not ask you to come to us—not yet—because of our neighbor, but I do think that if you were here I could do you good. I know so well—or fancy that I know so well—the current in which your thoughts are running ! You have had a wound, and think that therefore you must be a cripple for life. But it is not so ; and such thoughts, if not wicked, are at least wrong. I would that it had been otherwise. I would that you had not met your cousin.” (“So would not I,” said Mary to herself, but as she said it she knew that she was wrong. Of course it would be for her welfare, and for his too, if his heart was as hers, that she should never have seen him.) “But because you have met him, and have fancied that you and he would be all in all together, you will be wrong indeed if you let that fancy ruin your future life. Or if you encourage yourself to feel that, because you have loved one man from whom you are necessarily parted, therefore you should never allow yourself to become attached to another, you will indeed be teaching yourself an evil lesson. I think I can understand the arguments with which you may perhaps endeavor to persuade your heart that its work of loving has been done, and should not be renewed ; but I am quite sure that they are false and inhuman. The Indian, indeed, allows herself to be burned through a false idea of personal devotion ; and if that idea be false in a widow, how much falsier is it in one who has never been a wife.

“You know what have ever been our wishes. They are the same now as heretofore ; and his constancy is of that nature that nothing will ever change it. I am persuaded that it would have been unchanged even if you had married your cousin, though in that case he would have been studious to keep out of your way. I do not mean to press his claims at present. I have told him that he should be patient, and that if the thing

be to him as important as he makes it, he should be content to wait. He replied that he would wait. I ask for no word from you at present on this subject. It will be much better that there should be no word. But it is right that you should know that there is one who loves you with a devotion which nothing can alter.

"I will only add to this my urgent prayer that you will not make too much to yourself of your own misfortune, or allow yourself to think that because this and that have taken place, therefore everything must be over. It is hard to say who make the greatest mistakes—women who treat their own selves with too great a reverence, or they who do so with too little.

"Frank sends his kindest love. Write to me at once, if only to condole with me about the chapel.

"Most affectionately yours,

"JANET FENWICK.

"My sister and Mr. Quickenham are coming here for Easter week, and I have still some hopes of getting my brother-in-law to put us up to some way of fighting the marquis and his myrmidons. I have always heard it said that there was no case in which Mr. Quickenham couldn't make a fight."

Mary Lowther understood well the whole purport of this letter—all that was meant as well as all that was written. She had told herself again and again that there had been that between her and the lover she had lost—tender embraces, warm kisses, a bird-like pressure of the plumage—which alone should make her deem it unfit that she should be to another man as she had been to him, even should her heart allow it. It was against this doctrine that her friend had preached, with more or less of explicitness, in her sermon. And how was the truth? If she could take a lesson on that subject from any human being in the world, she would take it from her friend Janet Fenwick. But she rebelled against the preaching, and declared to herself that her friend had never been tried, and therefore did not understand the case. Must she not be guided by her own feel-

ings, and did she not feel that she could never lay her head on the shoulder of another lover without blushing at her memories of the past?

And yet how hard was it all! It was not the joys of young love that she regretted in her present mood, not the loss of those soft delights of which she had suddenly found herself to be so capable; but that all the world should be dark and dreary before her. And he could hunt, could dance, could work—no doubt could love again! How happy would it be for her if her reason would allow her to be a Roman Catholic and a nun!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A LOVER'S MADNESS.

THE letter from Mrs. Fenwick which the reader has just seen was the immediate effect of a special visit which Mr. Gilmore had made to her. On the 10th of March he had come to her with a settled purpose, pointing out to her that he had now waited a certain number of months since he had heard of the rupture between Mary and her cousin, naming the exact period which Mrs. Fenwick had bade him wait before he should move again in the matter, and asking her whether he might not now venture to take some step. Mrs. Fenwick had felt it to be unfair that her very words should be quoted against her as to the three or four months, feeling that she had said three or four instead of six or seven to soften the matter to her friend; but nevertheless she had been induced to write to Mary Lowther.

"I was thinking that perhaps you might ask her to come to you again," Mr. Gilmore had said when Mrs. Fenwick rebuked him for his impatience. "If you did that, the thing might come on naturally."

"But she wouldn't come if I did ask her."

"Because she hates me so much that she will not venture to come near me?"

"What nonsense that is, Harry! It has nothing to do with hating. If I thought that she even disliked you, I

should tell you so, believing that it would be for the best. But of course if I asked her here just at present, she could not but remember that you are our nearest neighbor, and feel that she was pressed to come with some reference to your hopes."

"And therefore she would not come?"

"Exactly; and if you will think of it, how could it be otherwise? Wait till he is in India. Wait, at any rate, till the summer, and then Frank and I will do our best to get her here."

"I will wait," said Mr. Gilmore, and immediately took his leave, as though there were no other subject of conversation now possible to him.

Since his return from Loring, Mr. Gilmore's life at his own house had been quite secluded. Even the Fenwicks had hardly seen him, though they lived so near to him. He had rarely been at church, had seen no company at home since his uncle the prebendary had left him, and had not dined even at the vicarage more than once or twice. All this had of course been frequently discussed between Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, and had made the vicar very unhappy. He had expressed a fear that his friend would be driven half crazy by a foolish indulgence in a hopeless passion, and had suggested that it might perhaps be for the best that Gilmore should let his place and travel abroad for two or three years, so that in that way his disappointment might be forgotten. But Mrs. Fenwick still hoped better things than this. She probably thought more of Mary Lowther than she did of Harry Gilmore, and still believed that a cure for both their sorrows might be found, if one would only be patient and the other would not despair.

Mr. Gilmore had promised that he would wait, and then Mrs. Fenwick had written her letter. To this there came a very quick answer. In respect to the trouble about the chapel, Mary Lowther was sympathetic and droll, as she would have been had there been upon her the weight of no love misfortune. "She had trust," she said, "in Mr. Quickenham, who no doubt would succeed in harassing the enemy, even though he might be

unable to obtain ultimate conquest. And then there seemed to be a fair prospect that the building would fall of itself, which surely would be a great triumph. And, after all, might it not fairly be hoped that the pleasantness of the vicarage garden, which Mr. Puddleham must see every time he visited his chapel, might be quite as galling and as vexatious to him as would be the ugliness of the Methodist building to the Fenwicks?"

"You should take comfort in the reflection that his sides will be quite as full of thorns as your own," said Mary; "and perhaps there may come some blessed opportunity for crushing him altogether by heaping hot coals of fire on his head. Offer him the use of the vicarage lawn for one of his school tea-parties, and that, I should think, would about finish him."

This was all very well, and was written on purpose to show to Mrs. Fenwick that Mary could still be funny in spite of her troubles; but the pith of the letter, as Mrs. Fenwick well understood, lay in the few words of the last paragraph:

"Don't suppose, dear, that I am going to die of a broken heart. I mean to live and to be as happy as any of you. But you must let me go on in my own way. I am not at all sure that being married is not more trouble than it is worth."

That she was deceiving herself in saying this Mary knew well enough; and Mrs. Fenwick, too, guessed that it was so. Nevertheless, it was plain enough that nothing more could be said about Mr. Gilmore just at present.

"You ought to blow him up and make him come to us," Mrs. Fenwick said to her husband.

"It is all very well to say that, but one man can't blow another up as women do. Men don't talk to each other about the things that concern them nearly, unless it be about money."

"What do they talk about, then?"

"About matters that don't concern them nearly—game, politics and the state of the weather. If I were to mention Mary's name to him, he would feel it to be an impertinence. You can say what you please."

Soon after this Gilmore came again to the vicarage, but he was careful to come when the vicar would not be there. He sauntered into the garden by the little gate from the churchyard, and showed himself at the drawing-room window, without going round to the front door. "I never go to the front now," said Mrs. Fenwick: "I have only once been through the gate since they began to build."

"Is not that very inconvenient?"

"Of course it is. When we came home from dining at Sir Thomas' the other day, I had myself put down at the church gate and walked all the way round, though it was nearly pitch-dark. Do come in, Harry."

Then Mr. Gilmore came in and seated himself before the fire. Mrs. Fenwick understood his moods so well that she would not say a word to hurry him. If he chose to talk about Mary Lowther, she knew very well what she would say to him, but she would not herself introduce the subject. She spoke for a while about the Brattles, saying that the old man had suffered much since his son had gone from him. Sam had left Bullhampton at the end of January, never having returned to the mill after his visit to the vicar, and had not been heard of since. Gilmore, however, had not been to see his tenant; and, though he expressed an interest about the Brattles, had manifestly come to the vicarage with the object of talking upon matters more closely interesting to himself.

"Did you write to Loring, Mrs. Fenwick?" he asked at last.

"I wrote to Mary soon after you were last here."

"And has she answered you?"

"Yes; she wrote again almost at once. She could not but write, as I had said so much to her about the chapel."

"She did not allude to—anything else, then?"

"I can't quite say that, Harry. I had written to her out of a very full heart, telling her what I thought as to her future life generally, and just alluding to our wishes respecting you."

"Well?"

"She said just what might have been expected—that for the present she would rather be let alone."

"I have let her alone. I have neither spoken to her nor written to her. She does not mean to say that I have troubled her?"

"Of course you have not troubled her, but she knows what we all mean."

"I have waited all the winter, Mrs. Fenwick, and have said not a word. How long was it that she knew her cousin before she was engaged to him?"

"What has that to do with it? You know what our wishes are; but, indeed, indeed, nothing can be done by hurrying her."

"She was engaged to that man and the engagement broken off, all within a month. It was no more than a dream."

"But the remembrance of such dreams will not fade away quickly. Let us hope that hereafter it may be as a dream, but time must be allowed to efface the idea of its reality."

"Time! yes; but cannot we arrange some plan for the future? Cannot something be done? I thought you said you would ask her to come here?"

"So I did, but not yet."

"Why shouldn't she come now? You needn't ask because I am here. There is no saying whom she may meet, and then my chance will be gone again."

"Is that all you know about women, Harry? Do you think that the girl whom you love so dearly will take up with one man after another in that fashion?"

"Who can say? She was not very long in taking up, as you call it, with Captain Marrable. I should be happier if she were here, even if I did not see her."

"Of course you would see her, and of course you would propose again, and of course she would refuse you."

"Then there is no hope?"

"I do not say that. Wait till the summer comes; and then, if I can influence her, we will have her here. If you find that remaining at the Privets all alone is wearisome to you—"

"Of course it is wearisome."



“Do come in, Harry.”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter XXXVIII.]

TO YOU
ABANDONED

"Then go up to London, or abroad, or anywhere for a change. Take some occupation in hand and stick to it."

"That is so easily said, Mrs. Fenwick."

"No man ever did anything by moping, and you mope. I know I am speaking plainly, and you may be angry with me, if you please."

"I am not at all angry with you, but I think you hardly understand."

"I do understand," said Mrs. Fenwick, speaking with all the energy she could command; "and I am most anxious to do all that you wish. But it cannot be done in a day. If I were to ask her now, she would not come; and if she came, it would not be for your good. Wait till the summer. You may be sure that no harm will be done by a little patience."

Then he went away, declaring again that he would wait with patience, but saying, at the same time, that he would remain at home. "As for going to London," he said, "I should do nothing there. When I find that there is no chance left, then probably I shall go abroad."

"It is my belief," said the vicar that evening, when his wife told him what had occurred, "that she will never have him—not because she does not like him, or could not learn to like him if he were as other men are, but simply because he is so unreasonably unhappy about her. No woman was ever got by that sort of puling and whining love. If it were not that I think him crazy, I should say that it was unmanly."

"But he is crazy."

"And will be still worse before he has done with it. Anything would be good now which would take him away from Bullhampton. It would be a mercy that his house should be burned down, or that some great loss should fall upon him. He sits there at home and does nothing. He will not even look after the farm. He pretends to read, but I don't believe that he does even that."

"And all because he is really in love, Frank."

"I am very glad that I have never been in love with the same reality."

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"You never had any need, sir. The plums fell into your mouth too easily."

"Plums shouldn't be too difficult," said the vicar, "or they lose their sweetness."

A few days after this, Mr. Fenwick was standing at his own gate, watching the building of the chapel and talking to the men, when Fanny Brattle from the mill came up to him. He would stand there by the hour at a time, and had made quite a friendship with the foreman of the builder from Salisbury, although the foreman, like his master, was a dissenter, and had come into the parish as an enemy. All Bullhampton knew how infinite was the disgust of the vicar at what was being done, and that Mrs. Fenwick felt it so strongly that she would not even go in and out of her own gate. All Bullhampton was aware that Mr. Puddleham spoke openly of the vicar as his enemy, in spite of the peaches and cabbages on which the young Puddlehams had been nourished; and that the Methodist minister had more than once, within the last month or two, denounced his brother of the Established Church from his own pulpit. All Bullhampton was talking of the building of the chapel—some abusing the marquis and Mr. Puddleham and the Salisbury builder; others, on the other hand, declaring that it was very good that the Establishment should have a fall. Nevertheless, there Mr. Fenwick would stand and chat with the men, fascinated after a fashion by the misfortune which had come upon him. Mr. Packer, the marquis' steward, had seen him there, and had endeavored to slink away unobserved—for Mr. Packer was somewhat ashamed of the share he had had in the matter—but Mr. Fenwick had called to him and had spoken to him of the progress of the building.

"Grimes never could have done it so fast," said the vicar.

"Well, not so fast, Mr. Fenwick, certainly."

"I suppose it won't signify about the frost?" said the vicar. "I should be inclined to think that the mortar will want repointing."

Mr. Packer had nothing to say to this. He was not responsible for the building. He endeavored to explain that the marquis had nothing to do with the work, and had simply given the land.

"Which was all that he could do," said the vicar, laughing.

It was on the same day, and while Packer was still standing close to him, that Fanny Brattle accosted him. When he had greeted the young woman and perceived that she wished to speak to him, he withdrew within his own gate, and asked her whether there was anything that he could do for her. She had a letter in her hand, and after a little hesitation she asked him to read it. It was from her brother, and had reached her by private means. A young man had brought it to her when her father was in the mill, and had then gone off, declining to wait for any answer.

"Father, sir, knows nothing about it as yet," she said.

Mr. Fenwick took the letter and read it. It was as follows :

"DEAR SISTER :

"I want you to help me a little, for things is very bad with me. And it is not for me, neither, or I'd sooner starve nor ax for a sixpence from the mill. But Carry is bad too, and if you've got a trifle or so, I think you'd be of a mind to send it. But don't tell father, on no account. I looks to you not to tell father. Tell mother, if you will, but I looks to her not to mention it to father. If it be so you have two pounds by you, send it to me in a letter, to the care of

"Muster Thomas Craddock,

"Number 5 Crooked Arm yard,

"Cowcross street,

"City of London.

"My duty to mother, but don't say a word to father, whatever you do. Carry don't live nowhere there, nor they don't know her.

"Your affectionate brother,

"SAM BRATTLE."

"Have you told your father, Fanny?"

"Not a word, sir."

"Nor your mother?"

"Oh yes, sir. She has read the letter,

and thinks I had better come to you to ask what we should do."

"Have you got the money, Fanny?"

Fanny Brattle explained that she had in her pocket something over the sum named, but that money was so scarce with them now at the mill that she could hardly send it without her father's knowledge. She would not, she said, be afraid to send it and then to tell her father afterward. The vicar considered the matter for some time, standing with the open letter in his hand, and then he gave his advice.

"Come into the house, Fanny," he said, "and write a line to your brother, and then get a money order at the post-office for four pounds, and send it to your brother; and tell him that I lend it to him till times shall be better with him. Do not give him your father's money without your father's leave. Sam will pay me some day, unless I be mistaken in him."

Then Fanny Brattle with many grateful thanks did as the vicar bade her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE THREE HONEST MEN.

THE vicar of Bullhampton was—a "good sort of fellow." In praise of him to this extent it is hoped that the reader will cordially agree. But it cannot be denied that he was the most imprudent of men. He had done very much that was imprudent in respect to the Marquis of Trowbridge; and since he had been at Bullhampton had been imprudent in nearly everything that he had done regarding the Brattles. He was well aware that the bold words which he had spoken to the marquis had been dragons' teeth sown by himself, and that they had sprung up from the ground in the shape of the odious brick building which now stood immediately in face of his own vicarage gate. Though he would smile and be droll and talk to the workmen, he hated that building quite as bitterly as did his wife. And now in regard to the Brattles there came upon him a great trouble. About a week after he had lent

the four pounds to Fanny on Sam's behalf, there came to him a dirty note from Salisbury, written by Sam himself, in which he was told that Carry Brattle was now at the Three Honest Men, a public-house in one of the suburbs of that city, waiting there till Mr. Fenwick should find a home for her, in accordance with his promise given to her brother. Sam, in his letter, had gone on to explain that it would be well that Mr. Fenwick should visit the Three Honest Men speedily, as otherwise there would be a bill there which neither Carry nor Sam would be able to defray. Poor Sam's letter was bald, and they who did not understand his position might have called it bold. He wrote to the vicar as though the vicar's coming to Salisbury for the required purpose was a matter of course; and demanded a home for his sister without any reference to her future mode of life or power of earning her bread, as though it was the vicar's manifest duty to provide such home. And then that caution in regard to the bill was rather a threat than anything else. If you don't take her quickly from the Three Honest Men, there'll be the very mischief of a bill for you to pay. That was the meaning of the caution, and so the vicar understood it.

But Mr. Fenwick, though he was imprudent, was neither unreasonable nor unintelligent. He had told Sam Brattle that he would provide a home for Carry, if Sam would find his sister and induce her to accept the offer. Sam had gone to work and had done his part. Having done it, he was right to claim from the vicar his share of the performance. And then was it not a matter of course that Carry, when found, should be without means to pay her own expenses? Was it to be supposed that a girl in her position would have money by her? And had not Mr. Fenwick known the truth about their poverty when he had given those four pounds to Fanny Brattle to be sent up to Sam in London? Mr. Fenwick was both reasonable and intelligent as to all this; and, though he felt that he was in trouble, did not for a moment think of denying his responsibility or evading the

performance of his promise. He must find a home for poor Carry, and pay any bill at the Three Honest Men which he might find standing there in her name.

Of course he told his trouble to his wife, and of course he was scolded for the promise he had given: "But, my dear Frank, if for her, why not for others? and how is it possible?"

"For her, and not for others, because she is an old friend, a neighbor's child and one of the parish." That question was easily answered.

"But how is it possible, Frank? Of course one would do anything that is possible to save her. What I mean is, that one would do it for all of them if only it were possible."

"If you can do it for one, will not even that be much?"

"But what is to be done? Who will take her? Will she go into a reformatory?"

"I fear not."

"There are so many, and I do not know how they are to be treated except in a body. Where can you find a home for her?"

"She has a married sister, Janet."

"Who would not speak to her or let her inside the door of her house! Surely, Frank, you know the unforgiving nature of women of that class for such sin as poor Carry Brattle's?"

"I wonder whether they ever say their prayers?" said the vicar.

"Of course they do. Mrs. Jay, no doubt, is a religious woman. But it is permitted to them not to forgive that sin."

"By what law?"

"By the law of custom. It is all very well, Frank, but you can't fight against it. At any rate, you can't ignore it till it has been fought against and conquered. And it is useful. It keeps women from going astray."

"You think, then, that nothing should be done for this poor creature who fell so piteously with so small a sin?"

"I have not said so. But when you promised her a home, where did you think of finding one for her? Her only fitting home is with her mother, and you

know that her father will not take her there."

Mr. Fenwick said nothing more at that moment, not having clearly made up his mind as to what he might best do; but he had before his eyes, dimly, a plan by which he thought it possible that he might force Carry Brattle on her father's heart. If this plan might be carried out, he would take her to the mill-house and seat her in the room in which the family lived, and then bring the old man in from his work. It might be that Jacob Brattle, in his wrath, would turn with violence upon the man who had dared thus to interfere in the affairs of his family, but he would certainly offer no rough usage to the poor girl. Fenwick knew the man well enough to be sure that he would not lay his hands in anger upon a woman.

But something must be done at once—something before any such plan as that which was running through his brain could be matured and carried into execution. There was Carry at the Three Honest Men, and, for aught the vicar knew, her brother staying with her—with his, the vicar's, credit pledged for their maintenance. It was quite clear that something must be done. He had applied to his wife, and his wife did not know how to help him. He had suggested the wife of the ironmonger at Warminster as the proper guardian for the poor child, and his own wife had at once made him understand that this was impracticable. Indeed, how was it possible that such a one as Carry Brattle should be kept out of sight and stowed away in an open hardware-shop in a provincial town? The properest place for her would be in the country, on some farm; and, so thinking, he determined to apply to the girl's eldest brother.

George Brattle was a prosperous man, living on a large farm near Fordingbridge, ten or twelve miles the other side of Salisbury. Of him the vicar knew very little, and of his wife nothing. That the man had been married fourteen or fifteen years, and had a family growing up, the vicar did know, and, knowing it, feared that Mrs. Brattle of Startup, as their farm was

called, would not be willing to receive this proposed new inmate. But he would try. He would go on to Startup after having seen Carry at the Three Honest Men, and use what eloquence he could command for the occasion.

He drove himself over on the next day to meet an early train, and was in Salisbury by nine o'clock. He had to ask his way to the Three Honest Men, and at last had some difficulty in finding the house. It was a small beershop in a lane on the very outskirts of the city, and certainly seemed to him, as he looked at it, to be as disreputable a house, in regard to its outward appearance, as ever he had proposed to enter. It was a brick building of two stories, with a door in the middle of it which stood open, and a red curtain hanging across the window on the left-hand side. Three men dressed like navvies were leaning against the door-posts. There is no sign, perhaps, which gives to a house of this class so disreputable an appearance as red curtains hung across the window; and yet there is no other color for pot-house curtains that has any popularity. The one fact probably explains the other. A drinking-room with a blue or a brown curtain would offer no attraction to the thirsty navvy, who likes to have his thirst indulged without criticism. But, in spite of the red curtain, Fenwick entered the house and asked the uncomely woman at the bar after Sam Brattle. Was there a man named Sam Brattle staying there—a man with a sister?

Then were let loose against the unfortunate clergyman the flood-gates of a drunken woman's angry tongue. It was not only that the landlady of the Three Honest Men was very drunk, but also that she was very angry. Sam Brattle and his sister had been there, but they had been turned out of the house. There had manifestly been some great row, and Carry Brattle was spoken of with all the worst terms of reproach which one woman can heap upon the name of another. The mistress of the Three Honest Men was a married woman, and, as far as that went, respectable; whereas poor Carry was not married, and certainly not

respectable. Something of her past history had been known. She had been called names which she could not repudiate, and the truth of which even her brother on her behalf could not deny; and then she had been turned into the street. So much Mr. Fenwick learned from the drunken woman, and nothing more he could learn. When he asked after Carry's present address the woman jeered at him, and accused him of base purposes in coming after such a one. She stood with arms akimbo in the passage, and said she would raise the neighborhood on him. She was drunk and dirty, as foul a thing as the eye could look upon; every other word was an oath, and no phrase used by the lowest of men in their lowest moments was too hot or too bad for her woman's tongue; and yet there was the indignation of outraged virtue in her demeanor and in her language, because this stranger had come to her door asking after a girl who had been led astray. Our vicar cared nothing for the neighborhood, and indeed cared very little for the woman at all, except in so far as she disgusted him; but he did care much at finding that he could obtain no clue to her whom he was seeking. The woman would not even tell him when the girl had left her house, or give him any assistance toward finding her. He had at first endeavored to mollify the virago by offering to pay the amount of any expenses which might have been left unsettled, but even on this score he could obtain no consideration. She continued to revile him, and he was obliged to leave her; which he did, at last, with a hurried step, to avoid a quart pot which the woman had taken up to hurl at his head upon some comparison which he most indiscreetly made between herself and poor Carry Brattle.

What should he do now? The only chance of finding the girl was, as he thought, to go to the police-office. He was still in the lane, making his way back to the street which would take him into the city, when he was accosted by a little child. "You be the parson?" said the child. Mr. Fenwick owned that he was a parson. "Parson from Bull-

'umpton?" said the child, inquiringly. Mr. Fenwick acknowledged the fact. "Then you be to come with me." Whereupon Mr. Fenwick followed the child, and was led into a miserable little court, in which the population was squalid, thick and juvenile. "She be here, at Mrs. Stiggs'," said the child. Then the vicar understood that he had been watched, and that he was being taken to the place where she whom he was seeking had found shelter.

CHAPTER XL.

TROTTER'S BUILDINGS.

IN the back room up stairs of Mrs. Stiggs' house in Trotter's Buildings the vicar did find Carry Brattle, and he found also that since her coming thither on the preceding evening—for only on the preceding evening had she been turned away from the Three Honest Men—one of Mrs. Stiggs' children had been on the look-out in the lane.

"I thought that you would come to me, sir," said Carry Brattle.

"Of course I should come. Did I not promise that I would come? And where is your brother?"

But Sam had left her as soon as he had placed her in Mrs. Stiggs' house, and Carry could not say whither he had gone. He had brought her to Salisbury, and had remained with her two days at the Three Honest Men, during which time the remainder of their four pounds had been spent; and then there had been a row. Some visitors to the house recognized poor Carry, or knew something of her story, and evil words were spoken. There had been a fight, and Sam had thrashed some man—or some half dozen men, if all that Carry said was true. She had fled from the house in sad tears, and after a while her brother had joined her—bloody, with his lips cut and a black eye. It seemed that he had had some previous knowledge of this woman who lived in Trotter's Buildings—had known her or her husband—and there he had found shelter for his sister, having explained that a clergyman would call for

her and pay for her modest wants, and then take her away. She supposed that Sam had gone back to London, but he had been so bruised and mauled in the fight that he had determined that Mr. Fenwick should not see him. This was the story as Carry told it; and Mr. Fenwick did not for a moment doubt its truth.

"And now, Carry," said he, "what is it that you would do?"

She looked up into his face—and yet not wholly into his face, as though she were afraid to raise her eyes so high—and was silent. His were intently fixed upon her as he stood over her, and he thought that he had never seen a sight more sad to look at. And yet she was very pretty—prettier, perhaps, than she had been in the days when she would come up the aisle of his church to take her place among the singers, with red cheeks and bright flowing clusters of hair. She was pale now, and he could see that her cheeks were rough—from paint, perhaps, and late hours and an ill life; but the girl had become a woman, and the lines of her countenance were fixed and were very lovely, and there was a pleading eloquence about her mouth for which there had been no need in her happy days at Bullhampton. He had asked her what she would do. But had she not come there, at her brother's instigation, that he might tell her what she should do? Had he not promised that he would find her a home if she would leave her evil ways? How was it possible that she should have a plan for her future life? She answered him not a word, but tried to look into his face and failed.

Nor had he any formed plan. That idea, indeed, of going to Startup had come across his brain—of going to Startup and of asking assistance from the prosperous elder brother. But so diffident was he of success that he hardly dared to mention it to the poor girl.

"It is hard to say what you should do," he said.

"Very hard, sir."

His heart was so tender toward her that he could not bring himself to pro-

pose to her the cold and unpleasant safety of a reformatory. He knew, as a clergyman and as a man of common sense, that to place her in such an establishment would, in truth, be the greatest kindness that he could do her. But he could not do it. He satisfied his own conscience by telling himself that he knew that she would accept no such refuge. He thought that he had half promised not to ask her to go to any such place. At any rate, he had not meant that when he had made his rash promise to her brother; and though the promise was rash, he was not the less bound to keep it. She was very pretty and still soft, and he had loved her well. Was it a fault in him that he was tender to her because of her prettiness and because he had loved her as a child? We must own that it was a fault. The crooked places of the world, if they are to be made straight at all, must be made straight after a sterner and a juster fashion.

"Perhaps you could stay here for a day or two?" he said.

"Only that I've got no money."

"I will see to that—for a few days, you know. And I was thinking that I would go to your brother George."

"My brother George!"

"Yes—why not? Was he not always good to you?"

"He was never bad, sir; only—"

"Only what?"

"I've been so bad, sir, that I don't think he'd speak to me, or notice me, or do anything for me. And he has got a wife, too."

"But a woman doesn't always become hard-hearted as soon as she is married. There must be some of them that will take pity on you, Carry." She only shook her head. "I shall tell him that it is his duty, and if he be an honest, God-fearing man, he will do it."

"And should I have to go there?"

"If he will take you—certainly. What better could you wish? Your father is hard, and, though he loves you still, he cannot bring himself to forget."

"How can any of them forget, Mr Fenwick?"

"I will go out at once to Startup, and as I return through Salisbury I will let you know what your brother says." She again shook her head. "At any rate, we must try, Carry. When things are difficult, they cannot be mended by people sitting down and crying. I will ask your brother, and if he refuses, I will endeavor to think of something else. Next to your father and mother, he is certainly the first that should be asked to look to you." Then he said much to her as to her condition, preached to her the little sermon with which he had come prepared—was as stern to her as his nature and love would allow, though, indeed, his words were tender enough. He strove to make her understand that she could have no escape from the dirt and vileness and depth of misery into which she had fallen without the penalty of a hard, laborious life, in which she must submit to be regarded as one whose place in the world was very low. He asked her whether she did not hate the disgrace and the ignominy and the vile wickedness of her late condition. "Yes, indeed, sir," she answered, with her eyes still only half raised toward him. What other answer could she make? He would fain have drawn from her some deep and passionate expression of repentance, some fervid promise of future rectitude, some eager offer to bear all other hardships, so that she might be saved from a renewal of the past misery. But he knew that no such eloquence, no such energy, no such ecstasy, would be forthcoming. And he knew, also, that humble, contrite and wretched as was the girl now, the nature within her bosom was not changed. Were he to place her in a reformatory, she would not stay there. Were he to make arrangements with Mrs. Stiggs, who in her way seemed to be a decent, hard-working woman—to make arrangements for her board and lodging, with some collateral regulations as to occupation, needlework and the like—she would not adhere to them. The change from a life of fevered though most miserable excitement to one of dull, pleasureless and utterly uninteresting propriety, is one that can hardly be made

without the assistance of binding control. Could she have been sent to the mill, and made subject to her mother's softness as well as to her mother's care, there might have been room for confident hope. And then, too—but let not the reader read this amiss—because she was pretty and might be made bright again, and because he was young and because he loved her, he longed, were it possible, to make her paths pleasant for her. Her fall, her first fall, had been piteous to him, rather than odious. He, too, would have liked to get hold of the man and to have left him without a sound limb within his skin—to have left him pretty nearly without a skin at all; but that work had fallen into the miller's hands, who had done it fairly well. And, moreover, it would hardly have fitted the vicar. But, as regarded Carry herself, when he thought of her in his solitary rambles, he would build little castles in the air on her behalf, in which her life should be anything but one of sackcloth and ashes. He would find for her some loving husband, who should know and should have forgiven the sin which had hardly been a sin, and she should be a loving wife with loving children. Perhaps, too, he would add to this, as he built his castles, the sweet smiles of affectionate gratitude with which he himself would be received when he visited her happy hearth. But he knew that these were castles in the air, and he endeavored to throw them all behind him as he preached his sermon. Nevertheless he was very tender with her, and treated her not at all as he would have done an ugly young pariah who had turned thief upon his hands.

"And now, Carry," he said, as he left her, "I will get a gig in the town and drive over to your brother. We can but try it. I am clear as to this, that the best thing for you will be to be among your own people."

"I suppose it would, 'sir, but I don't think she'll ever be brought to have me."

"We will try, at any rate. And if she will have you, you must remember

that you must not eat the bread of idleness. You must be prepared to work for your living."

"I don't want to be idle, sir." Then he took her by the hand and pressed it, and bade God bless her, and gave her a little money, in order that she might make some first payment to Mrs. Stiggs. "I'm sure I don't know why you should do all this for the likes of me, sir," said the girl, bursting into tears. The vicar did not tell her that he did it because she was gracious in his eyes, and perhaps was not aware of the fact himself.

He went to the Dragon of Wantley, and there procured a gig. He had a contest in the inn-yard before they would let him have the gig without a man to drive him; but he managed it at last, fearing that the driver might learn something of his errand. He had never been at Startup Farm before, and knew very little of the man he was going to see on so very delicate a mission; but he did know that George Brattle was prosperous, and that in early life he had been a good son. His last interview with the farmer had had reference to the matter of bail required for Sam, and on that occasion the brother had, with some persuasion, done as he was asked. George Brattle had contrived to win for himself a wife from the Fordingbridge side of the country who had had a little money; and as he, too, had carried away from the mill a little money in his father's prosperous days, he had done very well. He paid his rent to the day, owed no man anything, and went to church every other Sunday, eschewing the bad example set to him by his father in matters of religion. He was hard-fisted, ignorant and self-confident, knowing much about corn and the grinding of it, knowing something of sheep and the shearing of them, knowing also how to get the worth of his ten or eleven shillings a week out of the bones of the rural laborers; but knowing very little else. Of all this Fenwick was aware, and, in spite of that church-going twice a month, rated the son as inferior to the father, for about the old miller there was a stubborn constancy which almost amounted to heroism.

With such a man as was this George Brattle, how was he to preach a doctrine of true human charity with any chance of success? But the man was one who was puerious to ideas of duty, and might probably be puerious to feelings of family respect. And he had been good to his father and mother, regarding with something of true veneration the nest from which he had sprung. The vicar did not like the task before him, dreading the disappointment which failure would produce; but he was not the man to shrink from any work which he had resolved to undertake, and drove gallantly into the farmyard, though he saw both the farmer and his wife standing at the back door of the house.

CHAPTER XLI.

STARTUP FARM.

FARMER BRATTLE—who was a stout man about thirty-eight years of age, but looking as though he were nearly ten years older—came up to the vicar, touching his hat, and then putting his hand out in greeting:

"This be a pleasure something like, Muster Fenwick, to see thee here at Startup. This be my wife. Molly, thou hast never seen Muster Fenwick from Bull'umpton. This be our vicar, as mother and Fanny says is the pick of all the parsons in Wiltshire."

Then Mr. Fenwick got down and walked into the spacious kitchen, where he was cordially welcomed by the stout mistress of Startup Farm.

He was very anxious to begin his story to the brother alone. Indeed, as to that, his mind was quite made up, but Mrs. Brattle, who within the doors of that house held a position at any rate equal to that of her husband, did not seem disposed to give him the opportunity. She understood well enough that Mr. Fenwick had not come over from Bullhampton to shake hands with her husband and to say a few civil words. He must have business, and that business must be about the Brattle family. Old Brattle was supposed to be in money

difficulties, and was not this an embassy in search of money? Now, Mrs. George Brattle, who had been born a Huggins, was very desirous that none of the Huggins money should be sent into the parish of Bullhampton. When, therefore, Mr. Fenwick asked the farmer to step out with him for a moment, Mrs. George Brattle looked very grave and took her husband apart and whispered a word of caution in his ear:

"It's about the mill, George; and don't you do nothing till you've spoke to me."

Then there came a stolid look, almost of grief, upon George's face. There had been a word or two before this between him and the wife of his bosom as to the affairs of the mill.

"I've just been seeing somebody at Salisbury," began the vicar abruptly, as soon as they had crossed from the yard behind the house into the enclosure around the ricks.

"Some one at Salisbury, Muster Fenwick? Is it any one as I knows?"

"One that you did know well, Mr. Brattle. I've seen your sister Carry." Again there came upon the farmer's face that heavy look, which was almost a look of grief, but he did not at once utter a word. "Poor young thing!" continued the vicar. "Poor, dear, unfortunate girl!"

"She brought it on herself and on all of us," said the farmer.

"Yes, indeed, my friend. The light, unguarded folly of a moment has ruined her, and brought dreadful sorrow upon you all. But something should be done for her, eh?"

Still the brother said nothing.

"You will help, I'm sure, to rescue her from the infamy into which she must fall if none help her?"

"If there's money wanted to get her into any of them places—" began the farmer.

"It isn't that; it isn't that, at any rate, as yet."

"What be it, then?"

"The personal countenance and friendship of some friend that loves her. You love your sister, Mr. Brattle?"

"I don't know as I does, Muster Fenwick."

"You used to, and you must still pity her."

"She's been and wellnigh broke the hearts of all on us. There wasn't one of us as wasn't respectable till she come up; and now there's Sam. But a boy as is bad ain't never so bad as a girl."

It must be understood that in the expression of this opinion Mr. Brattle was alluding not to the personal wickedness of the wicked of the two sexes, but to the effect of their wickedness on those belonging to them.

"And therefore more should be done to help a girl."

"I'll stand the money, Muster Fenwick, if it ain't much."

"What is wanted is a home in your own house."

"Here!—at Startup?"

"Yes, here—at Startup. Your father will not take her."

"Neither won't I. But it ain't me in such a matter as this. You ask my missus and see what she'll say. Besides, Muster Fenwick, it's clean out of all reason."

"Out of all reason to help a sister?"

"So it be. Sister, indeed! Why did she go and make— I won't say what she's made of herself. Ain't she brought trouble and sorrow enough upon us? Have her here! Why, I'm that angry with her I shouldn't be keeping my hands off her. Why didn't she keep herself to herself and not disgrace the whole family?"

Nevertheless, in spite of these strong expressions of opinion, Mr. Fenwick, by the dint of the bitter words which he spoke in reference to the brother's duty as a Christian, did get leave from the farmer to make the proposition to Mrs. George Brattle—such permission as would have bound the brother to accept Carry, providing that Mrs. George would also consent to accept her. But even this permission was accompanied by an assurance that it would not have been given had he not felt perfectly convinced that his wife would not listen for a moment to the scheme. He spoke of his

wife almost with awe when Mr. Fenwick left him to make this second attack. "She has never had nothing to say to none sich as that," said the farmer, shaking his head, as he alluded both to his wife and to his sister; "and I ain't sure as she'll be first-rate civil to any one as mentions sich in her hearing."

But Mr. Fenwick persevered, in spite even of his caution. When the vicar re-entered the house, Mrs. George Brattle had retired to her parlor, and the kitchen was in the hands of the maid-servant. He followed the lady, however, and found that she had been at the trouble, since he had seen her last, of putting on a clean cap on his behalf. He began at once, jumping again into the middle of things by a reference to her husband.

"Mrs. Brattle," he said, "your husband and I have been talking about his poor sister Carry."

"The least said the soonest mended about that one, I'm afeard," said the dame.

"Indeed, I agree with you. Were she once placed in safe and kind hands, the less then said the better. She has left the life she was leading—"

"They never leaves it," said the dame.

"It is so seldom that an opportunity is given them. Poor Carry is at the present moment most anxious to be placed somewhere out of danger."

"Mr. Fenwick, if you ask me, I'd rather not talk about her: I would indeed. She's been and brought a slur upon us all, the vile thing! If you ask me, Mr. Fenwick, there ain't nothing too bad for her."

Fenwick, who, on the other hand, thought that there could be hardly anything too good for his poor penitent, was beginning to be angry with the woman. Of course he made in his own mind those comparisons which are common to us all on such occasions. What was the great virtue of this fat, well-fed, selfish, ignorant woman before him, that she should turn up her nose at a sister who had been unfortunate? Was it not an abominable case of the Pharisee

thanking the Lord that he was not such a one as the Publican — whereas the Publican was in a fair way to heaven? .

"Surely you would have her saved, if it be possible to save her?" said the vicar.

"I don't know about saving. If such as them is to be made all's one as others as have always been decent, I'm sure I don't know who it is as isn't to be saved."

"Have you never read of Mary Magdalen, Mrs. Brattle?"

"Yes, I have, Mr. Fenwick. Perhaps she hadn't got no father nor brothers and sisters and sisters-in-law 'as would be pretty well broken-hearted when her vileness would be cast up agen' 'em. Perhaps she hadn't got no decent house over her head afore she begun. I don't know how that was."

"Our Saviour's tender mercy, then, would not have been wide enough for such sin as that?" This the vicar said with intended irony, but irony was thrown away on Mrs. George Brattle.

"Them days and ours isn't the same, Mr. Fenwick, and you can't make 'em the same. And our Saviour isn't here now to say who is to be a Mary Magdalen and who isn't. As for Carry Brattle, she has made her bed and she must lie upon it. We sha'n't interfere."

Fenwick was determined, however, that he would make his proposition. It was almost certain now that he could do no good to Carry by making it, but he felt that it would be a pleasure to him to make this self-righteous woman know what he conceived to be her duty in the matter: "My idea was this—that you should take her in here and endeavor to preserve her from future evil courses."

"Take her in here?" shrieked the woman.

"Yes, here. Who is nearer to her than a brother?"

"Not if I know it, Mr. Fenwick; and if that is what you have been saying to Brattle, I must tell you that you've come on a very bad errand. People, Mr. Fenwick, knows how to manage things such as that for themselves in their own houses. Strangers don't usually talk

about such things, Mr. Fenwick. Perhaps, Mr. Fenwick, you didn't know as how we have got girls of our own, coming up. Have her here! at Startup? I think I see her here!"

"But Mrs. Brattle—"

"Don't Mrs. Brattle me, Mr. Fenwick, for I won't be so treated. And I must tell you that I don't think it over-decent of you—a clergyman, and a young man, too, in a way—to come talking of such a one in a house like this."

"Would you have her starve or die in a ditch?"

"There ain't no question of starving. Such as her don't starve. As long as it lasts they've the best of eating and drinking—only too much of it. There's prisms: let 'em go there if they means repentance. But they never does—never till there ain't nobody to notice 'em any longer; and by that time they're mostly thieves and pickpockets."

"And you would do nothing to save your own husband's sister from such a fate?"

"What business had she to be a sister to any honest man? Think of what she's been and done to my children, who wouldn't else have had nobody to be ashamed of. There never wasn't one of the Hugginses who didn't behave herself—that is, of the women," added Mrs. George, remembering the misdeeds of a certain drunken uncle of her own, who had come to great trouble in the matter of horseflesh. "And now, Mr. Fenwick, let me beg that there mayn't be another word about her. I don't know nothing of such women, nor what is their ways, and I don't want. I never didn't speak a word to such a one in my life, and I certainly won't begin under my own roof. People knows well enough what's good for them to do, and what isn't, without being dictated to by a clergyman. You'll

excuse me, Mr. Fenwick, but I'll just make bold to say as much as that. Good-morning, Mr. Fenwick."

In the yard, standing close by the gig, he met the farmer again.

"You didn't find she'd be of your way of thinking, Muster Fenwick?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Brattle."

"I knowed she wouldn't. The truth is, Muster Fenwick, that young women as goes astray after that fashion is just like any sick animal, as all the animals as ain't comes and sets upon immediately. It's just as well, too. They knows it beforehand, and it keeps 'em straight."

"It didn't keep poor Carry straight."

"And, by the same token, she must suffer, and so must we all: But, Muster Fenwick, as far as ten or fifteen pounds goes, if it can be of use—"

But the vicar, in his indignation, repudiated the offer of money, and drove himself back to Salisbury with his heart full of sorrow at the hardness of the world. What this woman had been saying to him was only what the world had said to her—the world that knows so much better how to treat an erring sinner than did our Saviour when on earth.

He went with his sad news to Mrs. Stiggs' house, and then made terms for Carry's board and lodging—at any rate for a fortnight. And he said much to the girl as to the disposition of her time. He would send her books, and she was to be diligent in needlework on behalf of the Stiggs family. And then he begged her to go to the daily service in the cathedral—not so much because he thought that the public worship was necessary for her, as that thus she would be provided with a salutary employment for a portion of her day. Carry, as she bade him farewell, said very little. Yes, she would stay with Mrs. Stiggs. That was all that she did say.

DAUGHTERS OF TOIL.

O H, pale with want and still despair,
 And faint with hastening others' gain,
 Whose finely-fibred natures bear
 The double curse of work and pain ;
 Whose days are long with toil unpaid,
 And short to meet the crowding want ;
 Whose nights are short for rest delayed,
 And long for stealthy fears to haunt,—

To whom my lady, hearing faint
 The distance-muffled cry of need,
 Grants, through some alms-dispensing saint,
 The cup of water, cold indeed,
 The while my lord, pursuing gains
 Amid the market's sordid strife,
 With wageless labor from your veins
 Wrings out the warm, red wine of life,—

What hope for you that better days
 Shall climb the yet unreddened east ?
 When famine in the morning slays,
 Why look for joy at midday feast ?
 Far shines the Good, and faintly throws
 A doubtful gleam through mist and rain,
 But evil Darkness presses close
 His face against the window-pane.

What hope for you that mansions free
 Await in some diviner sphere,
 Whose sapphire wall can never be
 Devoured, like widows' houses here ?
 Too close these narrow walls incline,
 This slender daylight beams too pale,
 For Heaven's all-loving warmth to shine,
 Or God's blue tenderness avail.

O brothers ! sisters ! who would fain
 Some balm of healing help apply—
 Cheer some one agony of pain,
 One note of some despairing cry—
 Whose good designs uncertain wait,
 By tangled social bands perplexed,
 Oh read the sacred sentence straight :
 Do justice first—love mercy next !

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

WEAR AND TEAR.

WEAR is a natural and legitimate result of use, and comes alike to man, to engine and to the clothing of small boys. It is gradual, and so may be anticipated. It is what we all put up with as the result of activity and increasing years. Tear comes of hard or evil usage, of putting things to wrong purposes—using a chisel for a screw-driver. Long strain, or habitual tug, or sudden demand of strength from weakness, causes tear. Normal only to small boys' breeches, it is not so to man or engine.

The life we are leading at this day in this country is giving occasion to as much wear and many times as much tear as are natural or pleasing to think upon.

The sermon of which these words are the text has been preached many times in many ways to congregations for whom the Dollar Devil had always a more winning eloquence. Like many another man who has talked wearily to his fellows with an honest sense of what they truly need, I feel how vain it is to hope for earnest listeners. Yet here and there may be men and women who are ignorantly sinning against the laws by which they should live or should guide the lives of others, and who will perhaps be willing to heed what one unbiased thinker has to say in regard to the dangers of the way we are treading so recklessly and with so little heed as to where it is leading.

The man who lives an outdoor life by healthful wood and river—who sleeps with the stars visible above him—who wins his bodily subsistence at first-hand from the earth and waters—is a being who defies rain and sun, has a strange sense of elastic strength, may drink if he likes, and may smoke all day long, and feel none the worse for it. Some such return to the earth for life-getting is what gives vigor and developing power to the colonists of an older race cast on a land like ours. A few generations of such men and such fashion of living

store up a capital of vitality which accounts largely for the prodigal activity displayed by their descendants, and made possible only by the sturdy contest with Nature which their ancestors have waged. That such a life is still largely led by multitudes of our countrymen is what alone serves to keep up our pristine force and energy. Are we using not merely the interest on these accumulations of power, but also wastefully spending the capital itself? From a few we have grown to millions, and already in a multitude of ways the Atlantic coast presents the peculiarities of an old nation. Have we lived too fast? The settlers here, as elsewhere, had ample room, and lived sturdily by their own hands, little troubled for the most part with those intense competitions which make it hard to live now-a-days and embitter life at its very source. Neither had they the thousand intricate problems to solve which perplex those who struggle to-day in our teeming city hives. Above all, the educational wants were limited in kind and in degree, and the physical man and woman were what the growing state most wanted.

How much and what kind of good came of the gradual change in all of these matters we well enough know. That in one and another way the cruel competition for the dollar, the new and exacting habits of business, the over-education and the overstraining of our young people, have brought about some great and growing evils, is what is only beginning to be distinctly felt. I would like, therefore, at the risk of being tedious, to re-examine this question—to see if it be true that the nervous system of the American is being sorely overtaxed—to see why this is, and to ascertain how much our habits, our modes of work, and, haply, climatic peculiarities, may have to do with this question. But before venturing upon a subject which may possibly excite controversy and indignant

comment, let me premise that in dealing with it I am talking chiefly of the crowded portions of our country—of our Atlantic States—of our great towns, and especially of their upper classes; and am dealing with those higher questions of mental hygiene of which in general we hear but too little. If the strictures I have to make applied throughout the land—to Oregon as to New England, to the farmer as to the business man, to the women of the artisan class as to those above them socially—then indeed I should cry, God help us and them that are to come after us! Curiously enough, the physical worker is being better and better paid and less and less hardly tasked in this land of ours, while just the reverse obtains in increasing ratios for those who live by the lower form of brain-work; so that, luckily, the bribe to use the hand is growing daily, and pure mechanical labor, as opposed to that of the clerk, is being “leveled upward” with a fortunate celerity.

But before I venture to make good my proposition that we are overtaking our nervous systems in many ways—that we are tearing as well as wearing them—I should be glad to have the privilege of explaining some of the terms we are to use.

The human body carries on several forms of manufacture, with two of which—the evolution of muscular force or motion, and intellection and all moral activities—we are here alone concerned. We are somewhat apt to antagonize these two sets of functions, and to look upon the latter, or brain-labor, only as involving the use or abuse of the nervous system. But really every blow on the anvil is as distinctly an act of the nerve centres as are the highest mental processes. If this be so, how or why is it that excessive muscular exertion—I mean such as is outrageous and continued—does not cause the same appalling effects as are occasioned by a like abuse of the nerve organs in mental actions of various kinds? To some extent this is not always the case, for, as I may point out in the way of illustration hereafter, the centres which originate or

evolve muscular power do sometimes suffer from undue taxation; but it is certainly true that when this happens the evil result is rarely as severe or as lasting as when it is the organs of mental power which have suffered.

In either form of work, motor or mental, the will acts to start the needed processes, and afterward is regulative chiefly. In the case of movement, the spinal nerve centres are most largely called into action. Where mental or moral processes are involved, the active organs lie within the cranium. As I have said just now, when we talk of an overtaxed nervous system it is usually the brain we refer to, and not the spine; and the question therefore arises, Why is it that an excess of physical labor is better borne than a like excess of mental labor? The subject broadens here a little too fast for me or my space, and I shall therefore be brief. Mental overwork is harder, because as a rule it is closet or counting-room or at least indoor work—sedentary, in a word. The man who is intensely using his brain is not collaterally employing any other functions, and the more intense is his application the less locomotive does he become. On the other hand, however abusively a man may use his powers of motion in the way of work, he is at all events encouraging that collateral functional activity which mental labor discourages: he is quickening the heart, driving the blood through unused channels, hastening the breaths and increasing the secretions of the skin—all excellent results, and, even if excessive, better than too long or too thorough deficiency of function.

But there is more than this in the question. We do not know as yet what is the cost in expended material of mental acts as compared to motor manifestations, and here therefore are at fault; because, although it seems so much slighter a thing to think a little than to hit out with the power of a Heenan, it may prove that the expenditure of nerve material is in the former case greater than in the latter.

When a man uses his muscles, after

a time comes the feeling called fatigue—a sensation always referred to the muscles, and due most probably to the deposit in the tissues of certain substances formed during motor activity. Warned by this weariness, the man takes rest—indeed may be forced to do so—but if I am not mistaken he who is intensely using the brain does not feel in the common use of it any sensation which warns him that he has taxed it enough. Indeed, it is apt, like a well-bred creature, to get into a sort of exalted state under the stimulus of need, so that its owner feels amazed at the ease of its processes and at the sense of *wide-awakefulness* and power they give him. It is only after very long abuse that the brain begins to have means of saying, "I have been used enough;" and at this stage the warning is too often in the shape of some one of the many symptoms which indicate that the organ is already talking with the tongue of disease.

I do not know how these views will be generally received, but I am sure that the personal experience of many scholars will decide them to be correct; and they serve to make clear why it is that men do not know they are abusing the organ of thought until it is already suffering deeply, and also wherefore the mind may not be as ruthlessly overworked as the legs or arms.

Another reason why overwork of brain and the moral faculties is so mischievous is seen in a peculiarity which of itself is also an indication of the auto-activity of the separate organs. We will to concentrate attention on certain intellectual work: we do this too long or under improper circumstances: at last we stop and propose to go to sleep or to abandon the task. Not so, says the too-wakeful organ; and whether we will or not the mind keeps turning over the problem in a way made irregular by the denial of full attention, or the imagination soars away with the unrest of a demon; so that a state of morbid wide-awakefulness is attained which I am sure can be matched many times in the experience of every active thinker, and especially among those who have in any way overtaxed the brain;

and who, alas! among us has not done this? The tired body stops at the will of its owner and is still, but the misused slaves of the lamp are not always to be laid as easily as they are raised, and caper viciously in useless mockery of the hard work they had bent over all too long.

Let us agree, then, that mental and moral strain is the heaviest strain—that it is more apt to cause permanent mischief—that a combination of overwork both of body and mind must be doubly serious; and we shall now be in a condition to apply this knowledge.

I have been careful here to state that overwork of both mind and body is doubly mischievous, because nothing is now more sure in hygienic science than that a proper alternation of physical and mental labor is best fitted to ensure a lifetime of wholesome and vigorous intellectual exertion. This is probably due to several causes, but principally to the fact that during active exertion of the limbs the brain cannot be employed intensely, and therefore has secured to it a state of repose which even sleep is not always competent to supply. Perhaps, too, there is concerned a physiological law, which, though somewhat mysterious, I may again and again have to summon to my aid in the way of explanation. It is known as the law of Treviranus, its discoverer, and may thus be briefly stated: Each organ is to every other in the body as an excreting organ. In other words, to ensure perfect health, every tissue, bone, nerve, tendon or muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. To do this every organ must or ought to have its period of activity and of rest, so as to keep the vital fluid in a proper state to nourish every other part. This process in perfect health is a system of mutual assurance, which is probably essential to a condition of entire vigor of both mind and body.

If I have made myself fully understood, we are now prepared to apply some of our knowledge to the solution of certain awkward questions which force

themselves daily upon the attention of every thoughtful and observant physician among us.

And first, then, are we suffering? Are we of the Atlantic coast becoming a nervous race? Do we break down easily—more easily than we should? Are our girls failing from causes which affect the nervous system, and through it all-important organs? And, finally, can it be shown that in our great centres nervous disorders are increasing at a ratio enormously greater than are the other disorders bred by the simple growth of cities?

I want to consider this matter first with regard to our young people, the children of all classes of merchants and professional men. Ask any doctor of your acquaintance to sum up thoughtfully the young girls he knows, and to tell you how many in each score are fit to be healthy wives and mothers, or in fact to be wives and mothers at all. I have been asked this question myself very often, and I have heard it asked of others. The answers I am not going to give, chiefly because I should not be believed—a disagreeable position, in which I shall not deliberately place myself. Perhaps I ought to add that the answers I have heard given were appalling.*

Next, I will ask you to note carefully the expression and figures of the young girls whom you may chance to meet in your walks, or you may watch them at a concert or on some grand occasion, such as the "Peace Jubilee" in Boston. Then I think you will see many very charming faces, the like of which the world cannot match—figures somewhat too spare of flesh, and, especially south of Rhode Island, a marvelous littleness of hand and foot. But look a little farther,

* If any reader doubts my statement as to the physical failure of our women to fulfill the natural functions of mothers, let him contrast the power of the recently-imported Irish women to nurse their babies with that of the females of our mechanic class. As to the women of the upper classes, if I stated that one in three was perfectly competent as a nurse, I should be well within the mark. The subject is too delicate to be further handled here: let me add, however, that women with us are usually anxious to nurse their own children, and merely cannot, and that the numerous artificial foods for children now for sale singularly prove the truth of my statements.

and especially among these New England young girls: you will be struck with a certain hardness of line in form and feature which should not be seen between thirteen and eighteen, at least; and if you have an eye which rejoices in the tints of health, you will miss them on a multitude of the cheeks we are now so daringly criticising. I do not want to do more than is needed of this ungracious talk: suffice it, that multitudes of our young girls are merely pretty to look at, or not that—that their destiny is the shawl and the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs and hysteria—that domestic demon which has made, I am persuaded, almost as much wretchedness as the husband's dram.

Now, what has done all this? I know of many who will tell you that late hours, fashion of dress, dancing, etc., are at fault; while really, with rare exception, the newer fashions have been more healthy than those they superseded, and, save in a twentieth perhaps of all the cases, late hours and over-exertion in the dance are alone utterly incapable of explaining the case. I am far more inclined to suppose that climatic peculiarities have formed the groundwork of evil, and enabled the agencies just now mentioned to produce an effect which would not in some other countries be so severe. I am quite persuaded, indeed, that the development of a nervous temperament is one of the many race-changes we are undergoing, and which are giving us facial, vocal and other peculiarities which are gifts of none of our ancestral stocks. If, as I believe, this change of temperament in a people coming largely from the phlegmatic races is to be seen most remarkably in the more nervous sex, it will not surprise us that it should be fostered by many causes which are fully within our own control. Given such a tendency, want of exercise will fatally increase it, and all the follies of fashion will aid in the work of ruin.

Worst of all, however, to my mind—most destructive in every way—is the American view of female education. The time taken for the most serious education of girls extends upward to the age of

eighteen, and rarely over this. During these years they are undergoing such organic development as renders them remarkably sensitive. From seventeen and afterward I presume that healthy women are nearly as well able to study with proper precautions as men, but before this time over-use, or even too steady use, of the brain is dangerous to health and to every future probability of womanly usefulness. It is no answer to urge in reply that a vast proportion of our girls do not study hard: very many do, especially in our public schools, and the evil does not lie alone in this direction. The hours of school are too long, both for boys and girls. From nine until two and a half or three is a common period. The recess of twenty minutes to half an hour is insufficient as a break, and is not usually filled by enforced exercise. At our Blind Asylum alone the rule prevails of ten minutes of active, light gymnastics between every two hours. As to holidays in our schools, they are dictated by the caprice or religious belief of the teacher.

In the city where this is written there is, so far as I know, not one private girls' school in a building planned for a school-house; and even in our latest-built public school-houses, erected at great expense, ventilation is incomplete or neglected. As a consequence, we hear endless complaints from young ladies of overheated or chilly rooms. If the teacher be old, the room is apt to be too warm; or if she be young, and much afoot about her school, the apartment is apt to be cold.

The question of study is one which I find it difficult to dispose of; but allow three hours at home, and we have at least eight hours a day given up to brain-work. I have no hesitation in deciding, as a physician, that this is far too much for girls at their time of most active physical development.

As to the physician, I know how often and how earnestly this sort of mischief meets with remonstrance from him. He knows well enough that many girls stand it, but that very many do not, and that, as I said above, the brain plods on,

not saying, I will not work, but doing poor work, until the girl fights through, or there is a regular breakdown with weak eyes, headaches, neuralgias, or what not. I am perfectly confident that I shall be told here, But women ought to be able to study hard between fourteen and eighteen years without injury, if boys can do it. Practically, however, the boys of to-day are getting their toughest education later and later in life, while girls leave school at the same age as they did thirty years ago. It used to be common for boys to enter college at fourteen: at present, eighteen is a usual age of admission at Harvard or Yale. Now, let any one compare the scale of studies for both sexes employed half a century ago with that of to-day. He will find that its demands are vastly more exacting than they were—a difference fraught with no evil for men, who attack the graver studies later in life, but most perilous for girls, who are still expected to leave school at eighteen or earlier.

I firmly believe—and I am not alone in this opinion—that as concerns the physical future of women they would do far better if the brain were very lightly tasked and the school-hours but three or four a day until they reach the age of seventeen at least. Anything, indeed, were better than loss of health; and if it be in any case a question of doubt, the school should be unhesitatingly abandoned, as the source of very many of the nervous maladies with which our women are troubled. I am almost ashamed to defend a position which is held by many competent physicians, but an intelligent friend, who has read this page, still asks me why it is that overwork of brain should be so serious an evil to women at the age of womanly development? My best reply to this would be the experience and opinions of those of us who are called upon to see how many school-girls are suffering in health from confinement, want of exercise at the time of day when they most incline to it, bad ventilation, and too steady occupation of mind. At no other time of life is the nervous system so sensitive—so irritable,

I might say—and at no other is abundant fresh air and exercise so all-important. To show more precisely how the growing girl is injured by the causes just mentioned would carry me upon subjects unfit for discussion in these pages, but the thoughtful reader will find on page 495 the materials with which to frame an opinion as to the mechanism of the mischief which we dread.

These, then, are a few of the reasons why it were better not to educate girls at all between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, unless it can be done with absolute and careful reference to their physical health. To-day, the American woman is, to speak plainly, physically unfit for her duties as woman. I would rather she did these more thoroughly before she sets forth her fitness to undertake the weightier tasks of the man.

As I have summoned up climate in the broad sense to account for some peculiarities of the health of our women, so also would I admit it as one of the chief reasons why work among men results so frequently in tear as well as wear. I believe that something in our country makes intellectual work of all kinds harder to do than it is in Europe; and since we do it with a terrible energy, it shows in wear very soon, and almost always in the way of tear also. I presume that few persons who look at our national career will be willing to admit my proposition, but among the higher intellectual workers, such as astronomers, physicists and naturalists, I have frequently heard this belief expressed. One at least among the first of living naturalists is positive that brain-work is with us harder and more hurtful than he found it abroad. Nor, as I have just urged, is he single in this opinion. Certain it is that our thinkers of the classes named are apt to break down with what the doctor knows as cerebral exhaustion—a worn-out brain—in a manner very much more rare among the savants of Europe. A share of this may perhaps be blamed upon certain general habits of life which fall with equal weight of mischief upon many classes of busy men, as I shall presently point out. Still, these will not alto-

gether account for the fact, and I firmly believe that if, like some of the French workers in science whom I have known, we were to rise at daybreak, drink a bowl of coffee with milk, work till a substantial breakfast at 11 A. M., and then, with the rest of the day for labor, dine at six, and play dominoes till a nine or ten o'clock bed-hour, we should still discover that mental work with us is more trying than the European finds it to be. Why this is I cannot say, but it is no more mysterious than the strange fact that agents which, as sedatives or excitants, affect the great nerve centres, do this very differently in different climates. Thus it is possible to drink with safety in England amounts of wine which here would be disagreeable in their first effect and perilous in their ultimate results. The Cuban who takes coffee enormously at home, and smokes endlessly, can do here neither the one nor the other to the same degree. And so also the amount of excitation from work which the brain will bear varies exceedingly with variations of climatic influences.

Although, from what I have seen, I should judge that overtaxed men of science are especially liable to the trouble which I have called cerebral exhaustion, all classes of men who use the brain severely, and who have also—and this is important—seasons of excessive anxiety or of grave responsibility, are also subject to the same form of disease; and this is why, I presume, that I, as well as others who are accustomed to encounter nervous disorders, have met with numerous instances of nervous exhaustion among merchants and manufacturers. The lawyer and clergyman also offer examples, but I do not remember ever to have seen a bad case among physicians. Dismissing the easy jest which the latter statement will surely suggest, the reason for this we may presently encounter.

The worst instances to be met with are among young men suddenly cast into business positions involving weighty responsibility. I can recall several where men under or just over twenty-one have

suddenly attempted to carry the responsibilities of great manufactories. Excited and stimulated by the pride of such a charge, they have worked with a certain exaltation of brain, and, achieving success, have been stricken down in the moment of triumph. I think, therefore, that this too-frequent practice of immature men going into business, especially with borrowed capital, is a serious evil. The same person, gradually trained to naturally and slowly increasing burdens, would have been sure of healthy success. In individual cases I have found it so often vain to remonstrate or to point out the various habits which collectively act for mischief on our business class that I may well despair of doing good by a mere general statement. As I have noted them connected with the cases of overwork, I have seen they are these: Late hours of work, irregular meals bolted in haste away from home, the absence of holidays and of pursuits outside of business, and the consequent practice of carrying home, as the only subject of talk, the cares and successes of the counting-house and the stock-board. Most of these evil habits require no comment. What indeed can be said? The man who has worked hard all day, and lunched or dined hastily, comes home or goes to the club to converse—save the mark!—about goods and stocks. Holidays, except in summer, he knows not of, and it is then thought time enough taken from work if the man sleeps in the country and comes into a hot city daily, or at the best has a week or two at the sea-shore. This incessant monotony tells in the end. I have seen men who confessed to me that for ten or twenty years they had worked every day, often traveling at night or on Sundays to save time; and that in all this period they had not taken one day for idle play. These are extreme instances, but they are also in a measure representative of a frightfully general social evil.

Is it any wonder if the asylum for the insane gapes for such men? There comes to them at last a season of business embarrassment, or else, when they get to be fifty or thereabouts, the brain

begins to feel the strain, and just as they are thinking, "Now I will stop and enjoy myself," the brain, which slave-like, never murmurs until it breaks out into open insurrection, suddenly refuses to work, and the mischief is done. There are two periods of life especially prone to these troubles—one when the mind is maturing; another at the turning-point of life, when the brain has attained its fullest power, and has left behind it accomplished the larger part of its best enterprise and most active labor.

I am disposed to think that the variety of work done by lawyers, their long summer holiday, their more general cultivation, their usual tastes for literary or other objects out of their business walks, may, to some extent, save them, as well as the fact that they can rarely be subject to the sudden and fearful responsibilities of business men. Moreover, like the doctor, the lawyer gets his weight upon him slowly, and is thirty at least before it can be severe enough to task him shrewdly. The business man's only limitation is money, and few young mercantile men will hesitate to enter trade on their own account if they can command capital. With the doctor, as with the lawyer, a long intellectual education, a slowly-increasing strain, responsibilities of gradual growth, tend, with his outdoor life, to save him from the form of disease I have been alluding to. This element of open-air life, I suspect, has a large share in protecting men who in many respects lead a most unhealthy life, for the doctor, who is supposed to get a large share of exercise, in reality gets very little after he grows too busy to walk, and has then only the incidental exposure to out-of-door air. When this is associated with a fair share of physical exertion, it is an immense safeguard against the ills of anxiety and too much brain-work. I presume that very few of our generals could have gone through with their terrible task if it had not been that they lived so largely in the open air and exercised so freely. For these reasons I do not doubt that the effects of our great contest upon the Secretary of War and the late President were far

more severely felt than by Grant or Sherman.

Before asking my reader's attention to the peculiar modes in which certain classes of men show the influence of overworked nervous systems, I desire to present a few statements which seem to me singularly conclusive as to the alarming increase of nervous disease in our great towns. There, if anywhere, we shall find evidence of this truth, because there we find in exaggerated shapes all the evils I have been defining. The best mode of testing the matter is to take the statistics of some large city which has grown from a country town to a vast business hive within a very few years. Chicago fulfills these conditions precisely. In 1852 it numbered 49,407 souls. At the close of 1868 it had reached to 252,054. Within these years it has become the keenest and most wide-awake business centre in America. Before me lies the record of its deaths from nervous disease, as well as the statement of each year's total mortality; so that I have it in my power to show the increase of deaths from nerve disorders relatively to the whole annual losses of life from all causes. Let us see what manner of story these figures will tell us. Unluckily, they are rather dry tale-tellers.

The honest use of the mortuary statistics of a great town is no such easy matter, and I must therefore ask that I may be supposed to have taken every possible precaution in order not to exaggerate the reality of a great evil. Certain diseases, such as apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance and lockjaw or tetanus, we all agree to consider as nervous maladies: convulsions, and the vast number of cases known to the death-lists as dropsy of the brain, effusion on the brain, etc., are to be looked upon with more doubt. The former, as every doctor knows, are, in a vast proportion of instances, due to direct disease of the nerve centres; or, if not to this, then to such a condition of irritability of these parts as makes them too ready to cause spasms in response to causes which disturb the extremities of

the nerves, such as teething and the like. This tendency seems to be fostered by the air and habits of great towns, and by all of the agencies which in these places depress the health of a community. The diseases last named, as dropsy of the brain or effusion, probably include a number of maladies, some of them due to scrofula, and to whatever causes that to flourish; others, to the same kind of influences which seem to favor convulsive disorders. Less surely than the other maladies can these, as a class, be looked upon as true nervous diseases; so that in speaking of them I shall be careful to make separate mention of their increase, and to state specifically that in the general summary of the increase of nerve disorders I have thought it right on the whole to include this partially doubtful class.

Taking the years 1852 to 1868, inclusive, it will be found that the population of Chicago has increased 5.1 times and the deaths from all causes 3.7 times; while the nerve deaths, including the doubtful classes labeled in the reports as dropsy of the brain and convulsions, have risen to 20.4 times what they were in 1852. Thus in 1852, '53 and '55, leaving out the cholera year '54, the deaths from nerve disorders were respectively to the whole population as 1 in 1149, 1 in 953 and 1 in 941; whilst in 1866, '67 and '68 they were 1 in 505, 1 in 415.7 and 1 in 287.8. Still omitting 1854, the average relation of neural deaths to the total mortality was, in the first five years beginning with 1852, 1 in 26.1. In the five latter years studied—that is, from 1864 to 1868, inclusive—this relation was 1 nerve death to every 9.9 of all deaths.

I have alluded above to a class of deaths included in my tables, but containing, no doubt, many instances of mortality due to other causes than disease of the nerve organs. Thus many which are stated as owing to convulsions ought to be placed to the credit of tubercular disease of the brain or to heart maladies; but even in practice the distinction as to cause cannot always be made; and as a large proportion of this

loss of life is really owing to brain affections, I have thought best to include the whole class in my statement.

A glance at the individual diseases which are indubitably nervous is more instructive and less perplexing. For example, taking the extreme years, the recent increase in apoplexy is remarkable, even when we remember that it is a malady of middle and later life, and that Chicago, a new city, is therefore entitled to a yearly increasing quantity of this form of death. In 1868 it was 8.6 times as numerous as in 1852. Convulsions as a death cause had in 1868 risen to 22 times as many as in the year 1852. Epilepsy, one of the most marked of all nervous maladies, is more free from the difficulties which belong to the last-mentioned class. In 1852 and '53 there were in all two deaths from this disease: in the next four years there were none. From 1858 to '64, inclusive, there were in all 6 epileptic deaths: then we have in the following years, 5, 3, 11; and in 1868 actually 17 deaths. Passing by palsy, which, like apoplexy, increases in 1868—8.6 times as compared to 1852, and 26 times as related to the four following years—we come to lockjaw, an unmistakable malady. Six years out of the first eleven give us no death from this painful disease: the others, up to 1864, offer one only apiece, and this annual period has but two. Then it rises to 3 each year, to 5 in 1867, and to 12 in 1868. At first sight, this record of mortality from lockjaw would seem to be conclusive, yet it is perhaps, of all the maladies here mentioned, the most deceptive as a means of determining the growth of neural diseases. To make this clear to the general reader, he need only be told that tetanus is nearly always caused by mechanical injuries, and that the natural increase of these in a place like Chicago may account for some part of the increase. Yet, taking the record as a whole, and viewing it only with a calm desire to get at the truth, it is not possible to avoid seeing that the growth of nerve maladies has been inordinate.

The situation of Chicago would alone make it deadly, were it not for the sa-

gacity and civil courage of its present health officers and its bountiful supply of pure water. The qualities, in many respects admirable, which have built this great city on a morass, and made it a vast centre of insatiate commerce, are now at work to undermine the nervous systems of its restless and eager people. With what result, I have here tried to point out, chiefly because it is an illustration in the most concentrated form of causes which are at work very widely throughout the entire land.

I have thus made clear, I trust, the inordinate growth in a great city of that class of diseases which largely depend for their production upon the strain brought to bear on the nervous system by the toils and competitions of a community growing rapidly and stimulated to its utmost capacity. Probably the same rule would be found to apply to other towns, but I have not found time to study their statistics; and for reasons already given, Chicago may be taken as a typical illustration.

I have very little doubt in my own mind that the wearing, incessant cares of overwork, of business anxiety and the like do not only produce directly diseases of the nervous system, but also that these, and the habits growing out of them, are fertile parents of dyspepsia, consumption and maladies of the heart. How often we trace all the forms of the first-named protean disease to these causes is only too well known to every physician, and their connection with cardiac troubles is also well understood.

Where organic disease does not immediately result from too prolonged and too heavy business cares of various kinds, we are apt to witness that form of disorder of which I have already spoken as cerebral exhaustion; and before closing this paper I am tempted to describe briefly the symptoms which warn us of its approach or tell of its complete possession of the unhappy victim. Why it should be so difficult of relief is hard to comprehend, until we remember that the brain is apt to go on doing its weary work automatically and despite the will of the unlucky owner;

so that it gets no thorough rest, and is in the hapless position of a broken limb which is expected to knit while still in use. Where overwork has worn out the spinal or motor centres, it is, on the other hand, easy to enforce repose, and so place them in the best condition for repair. This was often and happily illustrated during the war. Severe marches, bad food and other causes which make war so exhausting, were constantly in action, until certain men were doing their work with too small a margin of reserve-power. Then came such a crisis as the last days of McClellan's retreat to the James river, or the forced march of the Sixth Army Corps to Gettysburg, and at once these men succumbed with palsy of the legs. A few months of absolute rest, good diet, ale, fresh beef and vegetables restored them anew to perfect health. I have seen but few cases of this kind in private practice.

Now let us see what happens when the intellectual organs are put over-long on the stretch, and when moral causes, such as heavy responsibilities and over-anxiety, are at work.

As a rule, one of two symptoms appears first, or perhaps both come together. Work gets to be a little less facile: this astonishes the subject, especially if he has been under high pressure and doing his tasks with that ease which sometimes comes of excitement. With this, or a little later, he discovers that he sleeps badly and that the thoughts of the day infest his dreams, or so possess him as to make slumber difficult. Unrefreshed, he rises and plunges anew into the labor for which he is no longer competent. Let him stop here: he has had his warning. Day after day the work grows more trying, but the varied stimulants to exertion come into play, the mind, aroused, forgets in the cares of the day the weariness of the night season; and so, with lessening power and growing burden, he pursues his purpose. At last come certain new symptoms, such as giddiness, dimness of sight, neuralgia of the face or scalp, with entire nights of insomnia and growing difficulty

in the use of the mental powers; so that to attempt a calculation or any form of intellectual labor is to ensure a sense of distress in the head, or such absolute pain as proves how deeply the organs concerned have suffered. Even to read is sometimes almost impossible; and there still remains the deception arising from the fact that under enough of moral stimulus the man may be able for a few hours to plunge into business cares without such instant pain as completely to incapacitate him for immediate activity. Without fail, however, night brings the punishment; and at last the slightest exertion of mind becomes impossible. In the worst cases the scalp itself grows sore, and a sudden jar hurts the brain, or seems to do so; while the mere act of stepping from a curbstone produces positive pain.

Strange as it may seem, all of this may happen to a man, and he may still struggle onward, ignorant of the terrible demands he is making upon an exhausted brain. Usually by this time he has sought advice, and, if his doctor is worthy of the title, has learned that while there are certain aids for his symptoms in the shape of drugs, there is only one real remedy. Happy he if not too late in discovering that complete and prolonged cessation from work is the one thing needful. Not a week of holiday, or a month, but probably a year or more of utter idleness may be absolutely essential. This alone will answer in cases so extreme as that I have tried to depict, and even this will not always ensure a return to a state of active working health.

I have chosen, for obvious reasons, to draw a general picture. It would have been as easy to tell the story of life after life—of youth, vigorous, eager, making haste to be rich, wrecked and made unproductive and dependent for years or for ever; of middle age, unable or unwilling to pause in the career of dollar-getting, crushed to earth in the hour of fruition, or made powerless to labor longer at any cost for those who were dearest.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

I.

FORTH from the smoke and carnage and thunder of the tremendous third day of Gettysburg there staggered a bewildered fugitive, wounded, fevered and half blinded by pain and blood. His faded, torn and tattered clothing (once, perhaps, a uniform) was blood-stained here and there, and his hatless forehead was marked by a bleeding cut. His left hand, wrapped in bloody bandages, rested in a sling, and he limped as he went with a labored gait. He bore no arms nor knapsack: these had already been flung aside; and now, as he pursued his way, he divested himself hurriedly of all his accoutrements, one after another, and cast them impatiently to the ground. He took no path. He pushed on with unsteady yet rapid strides through bushes, over rocks and fences, straight ahead, with lips compressed in silent agony. His apparently wild and aimless flight had carried him some miles from the actual conflict (which was not yet decided), when his fast diminishing strength was shown in his feebly-tottering steps and in the difficulty with which he kept from plunging headlong to the earth. At this moment he came in view of a farm-house, and the sight stimulated him to renewed effort. Forward he toiled, full of fresh hope, when, half-way between him and the goal of his exertions, there arose a high, broad stone wall. It seemed to him insurmountable, and he groaned in anguish. Nevertheless he essayed to clamber over the obstacle. More than once he fell back from the attempt, but at length, as if with his last expiring energies, he managed to drag himself to the top of the wall. Dizzily he looked about him, as he thought to rest himself a moment; but suddenly all grew blank and he became unconscious.

He fell fainting and insensible to the ground on the inner side of the wall, with a despairing cry for "Water!" He had luckily fallen near a spring-

house, and a startled girl, pail in hand, heard his exclamation and beheld his fall. She at once approached him, put water to his lips, and washed the blood from his face. She continued her ministrations until animation began to return to the seemingly lifeless form. He opened his eyes and gazed at her. Smiling faintly, he fondly murmured, "Indiana!"

His fevered brain evidently mistook her for another. Closing his eyes, he lapsed suddenly into a deep sleep. Taking advantage of this, she hastily proceeded to the farm-house, whence she soon returned with the old farmer and his wife. Spreading a blanket, they placed the wounded soldier upon it and with difficulty bore him to a bed.

"He is a rebel," said the old man.

"But he is a fellow-human," remarked his wife.

"And he is wounded—dying, perhaps, far from home and friends," added the girl, who was obviously the daughter of the aged couple.

On the fourth day of July it was known to all that Lee was beaten and retreating. That general had fallen back into Virginia when the wounded soldier whose fortunes we are following became aware that he had been left behind in the enemy's country. He found himself tenderly cared for in the house of Mr. Ordolf, a plain but substantial farmer, whose wife and daughter were assiduous in their humane attentions to the disabled Confederate. They were mother and sister to him in his forlorn condition, and his grateful affection for them grew day by day as he experienced their unselfish kindness. Toward Mary Ordolf, the daughter, his feelings rapidly grew to be of a holier and more tender character. What she was in form and feature would have been sufficient excuse for this; and then her simple daily life, exhibited in all its gentle purity before him and in his behalf, was enough

to subdue the most obdurate of masculine hearts. It did not take him long to learn that his love was returned, and before he became strong enough to leave his room he and his fair nurse were "engaged." Was it a baleful conjunction, this of the "loyal" maiden and the "rebel" lover? We shall see.

As soon as John Randall (such was the young Confederate's name) was strong enough to march, he felt that he could no longer remain where he was: he had to choose between a Federal prison and an attempt to escape to the Confederacy. He promptly made choice of the latter alternative. Giving his "parole" to the elder Ordolfs and a kiss of eternal fidelity to the weeping Mary, he bade them all farewell and made the venture. He was successful, reaching Richmond safely, and, being shortly declared duly exchanged, took his part in the remainder of the war till the surrender of Lee. In the mean time, however, the Ordolfs heard nothing of him. We leave it to the imagination of her sex to conceive the emotions, ever varying from hope to despair, experienced by Mary Ordolf under these circumstances. On the third of July, 1865, she was sitting on the roof of a huge oak which shaded the spring-house, thinking mournfully of that day, two years before, when the fainting Confederate fell at her feet appealing for succor. In the midst of these reminiscences she thought she heard a noise on the stone wall near her. Turning to look, she saw a man in the act of leaping to the ground. She recognized him in an instant.

"Mary!"

"John!"

And the long separated were once more united. Within a fortnight they were married.

Randall did not long remain with his young wife—his business, he said, calling him to Virginia—and he left her with her parents upon the pretext that his home was not quite prepared for her. He was absent two months, corresponding regularly with her, however. At the end of this period he came again, staying some weeks, and again leaving her on

the same plea. These comings and departures were repeated several times, until Mary and her parents began to suspect that Randall, for some reason, was either ashamed or afraid to introduce his wife to his own family. Mary had been shocked to hear the gossiping whisper that her husband had another wife in Virginia, and she had to acknowledge that his conduct was not above suspicion, notwithstanding his plausible assurances. On his last visit the old farmer insisted that Randall should at once decide either to settle down there with his wife or to take her with him. Irritated by the apparent lack of confidence in him, he at once avowed his determination to carry her to Virginia, and making hurried preparations for the journey, they soon went South together. It was during the trip that Mary first found resolution enough to show her husband a letter which she had received some months before from his home in Virginia. It ran as follows:

"MARY: I have chanced to see a letter addressed to Mr. John Randall, Beeville, Virginia, by you, in which you claim that gentleman as your husband. As I am an intimate acquaintance and near relative of his, I am surprised at your pretensions (whether well or ill founded), for he is still considered a single man here, where he was born and reared, and passes himself as such. If he is married to you or anybody else, I assure you that he keeps the matter a secret here, and I am certain that neither his father nor mother knows anything of it. Tell me all about it, and you will oblige
INDIANA."

"That girl is my evil genius!" exclaimed John Randall, excitedly, when he had read the note. "She is my first cousin, and has always loved me from childhood with a sort of fierce passion. When I first saw you, Mary, I was 'engaged' to her, and I have never had the courage to announce our marriage to her or to my own family. I have weakly kept the secret, putting off the evil day as long as I could, or until my circumstances would justify me in braving the

wrath of my parents and all concerned. But matters have come to a crisis. A day or two will decide whether we are to be repudiated or kindly welcomed."

"John," entreated Mary, "let us return to my father's."

"And thus confirm the gossips in their slanders? Never! The die is cast. Indiana and her friends will rave: let them. Great God! what a creature she must be! Did you answer her letter?"

"I did, giving her, in self-defence, all the information she asked."

"And, yet, with her full knowledge of my marriage with you, she has constantly been eager for me to consummate my engagement with her—indirectly urging it by every means at her command!"

It was Saturday evening when they arrived at the depôt nearest to Beeville, and stopping at the hotel there that night, next day Randall hired a conveyance (driving himself) and started homeward with his bride.

Monday he returned the horses and vehicle.

Tuesday night he escorted a young lady of Beeville to a party, and there bore himself as gayly, apparently, as the other young men.

His wife had mysteriously disappeared! The public of Beeville and vicinity knew not of her coming, and therefore she was not missed.

Where was she?

II.

TEN days after, the body of an unknown woman was found in the woods a few miles from Beeville. A pistol ball was found buried in her neck; on her throat were the marks of a murderous clutch; and from head to foot she had been beaten and bruised in the most cruel manner. The jury of inquest was not able to identify her, nor was there found any likely clue to lead to the detection of her murderer. Descriptions of the murdered woman and her dress were published, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of her murderer, but all in vain. The body was buried, and within a few weeks the excitement occasioned by the

dreadful horror had completely subsided. It seemed a hopeless mystery, for ever impenetrable.

Meanwhile, the Ordolfs heard regularly from Randall. His first letter explained why Mary did not write: "You will understand why Mary employs me as her amanuensis when I inform you that she was so unfortunate as to have her right hand severely bruised by a slamming car door on our way here. She cannot use it at all at present, but we are in hopes that it will soon be well. With this exception we are enjoying ourselves here, and have every prospect of doing well. Mary is delighted with her reception by my relations and friends, and desires me to assure you of her content."

The next letter from Randall still harped upon the injured hand: "Mary has caught cold in the hand that I told you had been hurt, and it is much inflamed, causing her great pain. A doctor has been called in, who expresses fears as to the result unless great care is taken. But he is noted for making a case appear worse than it really is, and we are not alarmed."

There was some delay in the next letter, causing the simple and confiding Ordolfs much uneasiness. At length it came, fulfilling their wildest fears: "May Heaven help you and all of us to bear it! Our darling Mary is gone: she is dead! Five days ago she was seized with lock-jaw, and expired next day, in spite of every effort to relieve her. She was sensible to the last, but speechless. She was buried yesterday. You may faintly imagine my grief and desolation. You have lost a daughter, but I have lost in her all that was dear to me. God help us all!

"I am too unnerved to write now. But I must beg, as a last favor, that you allow my darling's remains to rest here undisturbed. I will care for them, and water the flowers on her dear grave with my frequent tears. As soon as I have the heart to undertake the task, I will send you all her clothing, etc., reserving to myself only a few mementoes. May Heaven bless you and sustain you!"

The aged couple were heartbroken at the loss of their only child, and mourned with a grief that refused to be comforted. Ah! it was not long before they would have thanked God that their daughter's fate had been no worse than they at first believed.

The rewards offered for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer of the woman had stimulated one man to a patient and ceaseless investigation. He was a sort of amateur detective, named Tinsley, who had no special fitness for his self-assumed office, except an intense curiosity and a persistent brooding that would sometimes bring form and purpose out of chaos. He haunted the spot where the corpse was found, and meditated upon all the circumstances of the case with the dogged pertinacity of stupidity. A brighter person would have yielded the task in despair, but his very dullness kept him at it, and at length gave him a clue that he slowly but steadily followed up. Near the scene of the murder he one day found a *chignon* of coal-black hair. The dead woman's hair was auburn, and when found she wore a *chignon* of the same color. Close to the *chignon* lay a piece of muddy paper. It proved to be an old letter, dated "Near Gettysburg, Pa." It was simply addressed to "My dear husband," and was signed, "Your affectionate wife, Mary." Nobody but Tinsley would have attached any importance to these discoveries, but it being his habit of mind to refer everything to the case then in hand, he at once believed that he had found the key to the awful mystery. Yet how easy it was to account for the presence of those things there! Hundreds of both sexes, from far and near, had visited the noted scene, and it was very probable that some of these had lost the *chignon* and the letter. Tinsley, however, was not at all impressed with this view of the matter, and he thought it worth his while to go to Gettysburg and inquire for "Mary." He did so. It was a weary hunt, and would have seemed a fool's errand to most people; but at length Tinsley got on the track of "Mary," and he pursued it till he was

welcomed by the Ordolfs as a friend and neighbor of—John Randall! He already knew enough to convince him that John Randall's wife was the murdered woman found near Beeville, and that John Randall was her murderer. He had already seen the minister who married them, and now he read Randall's letters written since the hellish deed, and he thrilled with horror at their cold-blooded duplicity and atrociousness. The evidence was appallingly overwhelming. We cast a veil over the scene that occurred when Tinsley told that old, bereft couple what he believed to be the true story of their daughter's end.

All Beeville and the country around was amazed when it was announced that John Randall had been arrested for the murder. It was incredible. His character was excellent, both as a citizen and soldier, and he was noted for his abstinence not only from the vices but from the follies into which young men commonly fall. Yet when all the damning developments appeared, it seemed impossible to doubt his guilt. As he had once been high in public estimation, so now he fell, like Lucifer. The popular indignation rose against him in a tempest, and he was threatened with the summary vengeance of an excited mob.

On the trial it was positively established by the identification of clothing and ornaments that the dead woman was Mary Randall, once Mary Ordolf; that the prisoner married her in 1865, and had since strangely kept that fact a secret, not only from his acquaintances at Beeville, but from his own family; that, in short, he brought her to Virginia, and was last seen with her in a carriage driving through Beeville on the Sunday we have already noted; that at the hotel, on the Saturday night before, he told his wife that he intended next day to take her to his uncle, whose house she never reached; that he was engaged to be married to Indiana Randall, his cousin; and that he had cruelly duped the Ordolfs into believing that his wife had come to a natural death. There was a cloud of other testimony to the like effect, and though he was eloquently

defended, the jury did not hesitate in returning a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, Randall simply answered,

"Nothing!"

His counsel appealed, but in vain—besought executive clemency, but without avail. The day before that set for the execution of the condemned man, the following communication appeared in the *Beeville Gazette*:

"EDITOR GAZETTE: I do not claim to be the only person in town who impartially and critically heard and examined the evidence submitted in the case of Randall, who is so soon to be hanged; but such seems to be the fact. While I must admit that the mass of that testimony appears to bear fatally against the condemned, there are certain odds and ends of it that point away from him to another or others. The man who first found the body said that he saw no tracks of a man near it, only the tracks of a woman or of women. Not distant from the spot was an old well into which the body would have been thrown by the condemned had he killed her: the presumption is that he did not kill her, but that she was killed by some one unable to convey her corpse to that place of concealment. A freedman testified to seeing two females pass that way on the Sunday in question. Mr. Tinsley found a coal-black *chignon* near the scene, which was not claimed as Mrs. Randall's. A certain young lady witness with raven tresses, possessed at least of a motive quite equal to that alleged against Randall, admitted that she knew Randall was married, had seen a letter from his wife to him, had written to her, etc. Is it not barely possible that her information of the marriage may have been derived from the very letter found by Tinsley, dropped there by some one—not Randall?"

"These things that I have briefly mentioned are, of course, inconclusive, but they are terribly suggestive, and I could

not let John Randall die before bringing them to public notice. JUSTICE."

On the day of execution Randall's counsel published a card, in which they said:

"The communication in yesterday's *Gazette*, signed 'Justice,' indirectly imputes to us a gross negligence in the defence of our client. We can only say, in self-justification, that the line of argument indicated and the course of investigation suggested by the facts alluded to, were peremptorily objected to by Mr. Randall himself, and were accordingly abandoned by us."

Randall was hanged in accordance with his sentence—dying without confession or denial.

III.

AFTER the execution the sheriff forwarded to Mr. Ordolf a sealed letter from Randall, written on the eve of his death. We give an extract:

"I did not do it, nor consent to it, nor know of it until the awful deed was done beyond remedy. I would willingly have sacrificed a thousand lives for her, as I now sacrifice life and reputation to screen the one who is really guilty. With Mary perished every desire in me for life. I long for death—even the death of the gallows. But I would not die leaving you for ever under the horrible belief that I am the murderer of our darling. Oh I adjure you to credit me when I swear here, in the presence of God and eternity, that I am innocent. Mary, who knows me guiltless, will meet me joyfully beyond the tomb."

Indiana Randall was said to be a raving maniac. From the first arrest of John Randall she had exhibited symptoms of a mind unsettled by the weight of sudden and overwhelming grief. Her family gave out that the loss of her lover under such fearful circumstances had temporarily affected her physical and mental health, and friends and acquaintances were requested to forbear their visits until her recovery was announced. She was seen rarely, and then under the

closest surveillance. As the day of Randall's execution approached, it was rumored that she grew worse, and on that day it was whispered that she was so violent as to require strong restraint and constant watching. And it was so. She was mad, but there was a terrible method in her madness. She sought to break from her confinement and rush to the place of execution. She shrieked aloud avowals of her own guilt and declarations of the innocence of John Randall. She prayed to be permitted to rescue him and die in his stead. Alas, poor wretch! she was already beyond the vengeance of law. Could her guilt have been established beyond a doubt, she was now insane, and it was too late to save the condemned.

"I knew," she cried, "that he had gone to see his wife, perhaps to return with her, and I watched daily for his coming back. Constantly alone in these watches, I managed to get one of John's pistols from his room, and this I carried with me, but only for self-defence. I met them that Sunday afternoon, and my soul was in a tumult of emotions as John accosted me and introduced me to his wife. His wife! Yes, I knew it was she before he told me. I had known for months of his secret marriage. Suppressing my feelings as much as I was able, I endeavored to be calm. We had met just beyond the path which leaves the main carriage-road and cuts off about a mile of the distance to the house. As we all could not ride, I suggested that she and I should walk through by the path, while John drove around by the road. John strongly objected to this, but she seemed anxious to accompany me, and he at last reluctantly consented.

"I had no idea of hurting her. The wish was strong in my heart that God would strike her dead, but I had no intention of raising my own hand against her. As we proceeded, talking as well as my state of mind would allow, we came to the spot where her body was found. There the path became so narrow that we had to go singly, and it so chanced that she went before. It flashed upon me like lightning from hell! The

place was desolate and lonely. There she was, a few feet in front of me, all unconscious and at my mercy. It was a mad impulse, but in a moment I drew the pistol and fired! She fell, but attempted to rise. I sprang upon her in a frenzy of excitement, and kicked, beat, bit and choked her until she lay quite still—dead!"

"My child," said her pale and trembling father, "these are but the dis-temperated fancies of fever. You have brooded over this unhappy matter until it has quite upset you. Doubtless you wish to save John—so do we all—but it is folly for you, or any of us, to seek to become a substitute for him. My child, take our assurances that all this circumstantial account of your killing that unfortunate woman is the mad work of a disordered mind. Calm yourself. In a few days you will be better, and will have forgotten all this that you now insist on so vehemently."

"Ah, father," she exclaimed, "it may suit your purpose to argue that I am mad. Perhaps I am. But I know my guilt, and I will no longer conceal it. You all know it, too. Who, that fatal evening, kneeled to the furious and distracted John and besought him to silence? Whose entreaties prevailed on him to adopt the very course which has brought him to the scaffold? To save me you will allow him to be sacrificed! I have been deceived long, but it is not yet too late. I will proclaim my guilt to the world: I will take his place on the gallows! Loose me!" But her cries and struggles were in vain.

Thus she raved of her real or imaginary part in the horrid tragedy, giving now a coherent version, as plausible as it was astounding, and anon a confused and silly jumble of impossibilities that aroused naught but pity and incredulity.

The scaffold from which John Randall had been launched into eternity was still standing in the jail-yard, when one night, close on the stroke of twelve, the guard beheld with terror the noiseless approach of a form arrayed in white. Awed to silence by the apparition, the guard watched its motions with breathless at-

ention. Entering the yard, it proceeded at once to the scaffold and mounted it. In a few moments the staring guard beheld the figure suddenly sink through the platform to the shoulders, where, after some convulsive motions, it remained stationary. To that guard it was the ghost of Randall, and he fell fainting with alarm. In his fall his musket was discharged, and this bring-

ing the jailer and others on the scene, it was speedily discovered that the ghost was a woman! Eluding her guardians, and providing herself with a cord, Indiana Randall followed the man she loved through the same exit he had taken!

Was he alone guilty?
Or was she alone guilty?
Or were both guilty?

W. C. ELAM.

FUEL.

THE civilization of the present is a rich one, abundant in resources, and under deep obligations to the providence of Nature in the past. But it is a wasteful civilization, heedless of the needs of the future, sustained by a rapid consumption of the earth's reservoirs of force, and failing to borrow from the physical world its grand principle of economy. This is emphatically the age of Steam. The expansion of water-vapor is the power that moves the modern world. But water is simply a vehicle for the expansive force of the heat set free from consumed fuel. Hence the world's capacity of production is dependent upon the extent of its stores of fuel and its economy in their employment.

Latent forces permeate all nature, but man has had, as yet, very slight success in rendering them available for his purposes. These interior forces of matter all tend to act toward a centre, which tendency can be overcome only by the employment of some superior outward attraction. This outward acting force usually takes the form of heat; but heat is so volatile that to be profitably employed it must be produced rapidly, and used at the moment of its production. Thus far, only the combustibles have presented the necessary conditions to this end, and in considering the world's powers of production the quantity of combustible material available for man's pur-

poses becomes a subject of primary importance.

The earth originally contained immense stores of fuel. The atmosphere probably held vast volumes of hydrogen gas, set free from the interior of the earth, and bursting into flame wherever it came in contact with oxygen. This primeval atmosphere was heavy with the carbon which now forms the bulk of our beds of coal and lakes of petroleum, and which enters in a large percentage into the vast beds of limestone, chalk and marble which are so widely distributed. This too was burned with intense heat, and changed into its present form of carbonic acid. Other highly combustible substances, as phosphorus and the metals calcium, potassium, sodium and others, existed in immense quantities, most of them perhaps as atmospheric vapors, in which state they still are found in the solar atmosphere. The voracious element oxygen, however, rapidly cleared the air of all combustible matter, its stubborn enemy, nitrogen, alone maintaining its freedom.

Our world contains only the ashes of this strange world of the past. Thus the vast sea-basins are filled with the ash of one of these pristine combustions, water being the result of the burning of the element hydrogen. So the immense deposits of magnesia, soda, lime, potash, etc., in the earth and sea result from the

burning of the above metals, and show vividly the mighty conflict of forces that was of old waged upon this terrestrial sphere. Common salt, that highly important constituent of the earth and sea, is the product of a combustion of the metal calcium in another gas, chlorine. A very necessary extension of this list of combustibles is to the element, silicon, whose ashes, known to us as sand, quartz rock and sandstone, form half the solid crust of the globe. The burning of another element, aluminium, gave rise to vast deposits of clay and slate. We may also mention iron, whose oxide forms two per cent. of the earth's crust.

In fact, oxygen, the great consumer, ages since reduced the whole surface of our planet into ashes, or, to speak more scientifically, oxidized the crust of the earth. We may gain some idea of the extent of this operation from the fact that one-half the present surface of the earth is composed of this element, sand being more than half oxygen, limestone and clay about half, and water containing nearly ninety per cent. of it.

Hence, without some other agency, we would be utterly powerless, all force being locked up beyond our reach. In fact, organic existence itself is utterly dependent upon the presence of combustible matter, the animal body being simply a furnace, whose fire, once quenched, can never be rekindled. Thus our lives depend upon a constant combustion of fuel.

Fortunately, the earth is in receipt of an ample supply of force from without, and this force in direct antagonism to oxygen. The beams of the sun are incessantly employed in rescuing carbon from the grasp of its insatiate foe, and hoarding it up in an available form. This decomposition of carbonic acid by the influence of sunlight is the main action of the vegetable form of matter, the freed carbon being deposited in the cells of the tree.

During all those immense reaches of time antedating man's appearance upon the earth, Nature was thus busily employed in laying up vegetable treasure in the storehouses of the rocks.

Man is heedlessly improvident—Nature essentially provident. For ages, to us numberless, she toiled, building mountains of coal, and pouring into the cavities of the earth lakes of rock-oil, which we are rapidly turning into smoke and ashes. Our centuries undo the work of Nature's epochs. That grand edifice which the sun wrought millions of years to build is being rapidly burnt to the ground in a vast conflagration, embracing the civilized earth and never ceasing, the heat of this great combustion being skillfully applied to change Nature's rude materials into forms of beauty and utility to mankind.

But the coal deposits, though deep and wide, are not inexhaustible; nor is man yet capable of utilizing them to the fullest extent. Ignorance, improvidence and lack of combination unite to render the employment of fuel wasteful in the extreme. We are all at school yet, and but in the alphabet of this grand lore of Nature. It is to be hoped that man may learn to make the most of his advantages before it becomes too late to avail himself of his knowledge. We must not look upon the earth as on the brink of destruction. The probable future stretches before us toward an illimitable horizon, bounding, not centuries, but millenniums. How long will the coal deposits sustain the increased consumption of an advancing civilization? Already the cry comes up from England that her coal-beds are rapidly disappearing. Though the coal measures in other parts of the earth appear to be literally inexhaustible, a few centuries will probably make this seem otherwise. We are apt to reckon from the present rate of consumption, forgetting how rapidly this rate is increasing—how great it will become in that advancing future when the steam engine shall be everywhere employed. While the world wears upon its finger the black diamond it is all-powerful, and civilization must move onward with rapid strides. But when comes that inevitable day in which coal and petroleum shall cease to be, what will become of modern civilization? Shall the world retrograde to its Greek and Roman conditions, in

which the manual labor of the people supported in luxury a small governing class? or shall some new source of power, unknown to us, be opened, and all mankind achieve patrician comfort and luxury?

Let us inquire what probable sources of power remain. We employ that portion of the solar energy which has entered into the organization of the vegetable form of matter. This, however, is but an insignificant fraction of the solar forces which are radiated upon the earth. A large portion of these forces is employed in producing an endurable temperature. Again, they operate in lifting vast masses of water-vapor from the ocean, and giving rise to that whole succession of clouds, winds, rains and streams so indispensable to mankind. The tides and currents of the ocean present other vigorous displays of solar and lunar energies. Here are forces which, could they be employed, would prove really inexhaustible, because constantly renewed.

The wind, as yet, has not been rendered available as a powerful agent, and its variable character will probably prevent its being ever extensively used, though undoubtedly capable of far more than is effected by the present rude windmill.

Water, which, in its long progress from the clouds to the sea, gives out again those mighty energies used in lifting it from the sea to the clouds, is undoubtedly a grand reservoir of power, which has already been used to a considerable extent. Whether it may prove possible to utilize the force of flowing streams from their sources to the sea is a question to be left to that future age when, through coal exhaustion, such a result may become desirable. That there is great room for extension in this direction no one can doubt. The tides present a grand source of power, which, however, is probably incapable of being rendered useful. In the tidal wave resides an energy whose friction and backward drag are supposed by some to be gradually destroying the diurnal rotation of the earth. These are gross sources

of power, yet, unless they can be otherwise replaced, their unquestionably great energy will need to be in some way utilized by our coal-less successors.

Thus far in the history of mankind the solar forces have kept the physical world in operation, and supplied all those various phases of power which have been made available in mechanical production. Nowhere can we find an exception to this, for the work of man's own hands is as truly and almost as directly a conversion of solar forces as anything accomplished by steam. The simple process in this utilizing of the forces of the sun-beam consists in causing them to pass through special channels ere they escape into the air as sensible heat. Ordinarily, radiant force is solely employed in heating the earth and air, passing away as atmospheric temperature: Vegetable life retards this change and condenses the radiant into latent force. This may be, by combustion, changed into sensible heat, or by another natural process may enter into animal life, becoming the muscular force of animals. But by man's devices the heat of consumed vegetable matter is transferred to water-vapor. It next changes its form and becomes mechanical motion, and finally passes away as atmospheric heat. It is while passing through this intermediate form of mechanical motion that it does work for man.

The portion of the solar energy thus retained, however, is but an insignificant fraction of the whole, by far the greater portion of the sun's radiance changing directly into sensible heat of the atmosphere, or employing itself to raise the temperature of the earth and sea. The energy thus occupied is very great, as we may perceive by its effect in the evaporation of sea water and in the production of wind and currents. It becomes, then, an important question, in view of man's possible needs in the future, and also of present economy of power, whether by any means this escape of force can be retarded, and the flying beams be chained down and forced to aid man in the achievement of his countless purposes.

This intermediate employment of the sunlight has been already attained in the photographic process, the swift rays, as they pass, painting our portraits with a speed and fidelity that seem the work of magic. Various other chemical changes are effected by the direct action of sunlight; and who in this age of wonders shall say that the sun has no marvels in store for the time to come?

The work of rendering the sunbeam directly subservient to the moving of machinery has not been neglected by our eager savants, and a very promising measure of success has been attained. M. Mouchet, of Paris, has been for some years experimenting, and in 1866 had succeeded sufficiently to work a small engine by the direct heat of the sun.

Ericsson, the eminent Swedish engineer, to whom we already owe the hot-air engine, has applied himself to this branch of research with his usual energy and success. He has constructed several engines, in some of which he applies the sun's heat to the formation of steam, while others are worked on the hot-air principle. By aid of lenses and other optical contrivances he has rendered heat-concentration simple and inexpensive, and professes to collect the solar beams with facility from acres of surface. His success gives him the right to speak with authority on the amount of this force, and his researches enable him to declare that the solar heat falling upon a surface of ten feet square will, when concentrated, evaporate four hundred and eighty-nine cubic inches of water per hour—a force exceeding that constituting one horse power. Extending this calculation, he finds that the rays falling on a Swedish square mile of surface will supply sixty-four thousand eight hundred solar engines of one hundred horse power each.

Of course this power is only available in clear weather, but engineers have expedients for the storage of force which would enable them during the prevalence of clear to prepare for cloudy weather. Moreover, there are many portions of the earth's surface where perpetual sunshine reigns, so that the field for the

constant employment of the solar engine is a large one, and the energy thus ready to be utilized immense and inexhaustible.

But the world now sees abundant promise in other directions than that of the solar forces. It is discovered that we have reservoirs of force on our own globe far surpassing in intensity, if not in availability, aught that we receive from the sun. In this direction the eyes of investigators are now turned, with a thorough understanding that if success is once achieved, man will have a force-supply for his future needs which can never fail while the earth remains.

In every atom of matter this force resides, known to us under the various names of electricity, galvanism, magnetism, etc.—its potency visible in nature in the fearful forces of the lightning flash, its intensity shown in the announcement of Faraday that a single grain of water can be made to evolve electricity sufficient to form a powerful flash of lightning. It is but little over a century since the scientific mind began to thoroughly investigate these hidden sources of power, and the results already attained are neither few nor unimportant. We may specialize the electric telegraph as the most important of these—that marvelous phenomenon of matter which enables us to project our thoughts with a speed surpassing that of light. Another grand branch of industry created by the galvanic battery is that of electro-plating, which has enabled many results to be cheaply attained which could scarcely be performed at all under old processes.

These, however, are but incidental advantages in the line of electrical discovery, and have little bearing on the question of rendering the battery a source of mechanical force. Almost numberless efforts have been made in this direction, and important results frequently announced, only to be immediately discredited. Already, however, the possibility of producing an electro-motive force is firmly established, several electro-magnetic machines having been invented and successfully worked.

There are, however, two grand difficulties to be yet overcome—that of lack

of economy, and that of the insufficient amount of force produced. As the first of these flows from the costliness of the materials employed, and as new materials are being constantly made available in the battery, while old ones may at any moment be more cheaply produced, the first of these difficulties is far from insuperable. The chief difficulty lies in the second direction, no machine having yet been worked much beyond a single horse power. But it must be considered that this art is yet in its infancy. The significant fact is the production of motion at all. That this motive force will gradually be made more powerful no one can doubt who is versed in the history of mechanics. Great advance has been already attained on the energy of the original machines, and the path lies open for a continued progress in both directions of force and cheapness.

We must consider, too, the fact that the science of electricity is yet young, and that discoveries are constantly making in it. Two very important discoveries have been announced within a few years past. One of these is the Wilde magneto-electric machine, which displays an electrical energy far surpassing any former achievement in this direction, and which has produced light so intense as to rival sunlight and affect photographic paper much more powerfully than the noontide beams. The other of these discoveries is the Holtz electrical machine, which, by the employment of a slight motive force, furnishes a constant flow of frictional electricity utterly surprising even to experienced electricians.

At what moment, then, may not some of our busy investigators chance upon a discovery in this growing science highly adapted to the improvement of these electro-motive machines? Such a discovery, for all that can be said to the contrary, may be even now hidden behind some well-known electrical fact, at any moment to reveal itself and revolutionize our force-producers.

The principle involved in these investigations is not so distinct from that of ordinary combustion as at first sight appears. The force produced is in fact

as really the product of combustion as that obtained from the burning of coal. This oxidation, however, lacks the intense action of ordinary burning, and presents a greater analogy to that slow process of combustion known as decay. In the one case the wood, in the other the metal, combines with oxygen, yielding force, whose amount in either case is found to be in direct proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed. The chief difference is, that in one case this force takes the form of heat, in the other that of electricity. But modern science is far on the road to a demonstration that these two are but different forms of one force. If we burn a metal in oxygen gas, an intense heat is given off. If the same metal be oxidized in the battery, very little heat, but a large amount of electricity, appears. It scarcely needs the connecting fact, that the electricity can be directly converted into heat, to prove that they are really two phases of a single force contained in the combining substances, the question whether heat or electricity shall be developed being governed by the apparatus of combustion employed.

The force, then, being really the same as that operant in our steam-engines, it needs but a proper apparatus to render it equally useful, the whole difficulty turning upon the construction of such an apparatus. And at once we perceive two elements of advantage in this electrical force over our heat-engines. These latter are restricted to the employment of a limited range of fuel, which, as we have seen, is liable to become extinct. The battery, on the contrary, is capable of burning a wide and increasing range of substances utterly useless in ordinary combustion and obtainable in unlimited quantities. Again, the heat-engine is necessarily wasteful of force. In the first place, at least twenty-five per cent. of the coal mined is in the useless form of dust (though there is a furnace now constructed which renders this dust perfectly available for metallurgical purposes), and of the heat of combustion only about ten per cent., at most, is utilized, the remaining ninety per cent. escaping from

our most perfect engines. In the battery, on the contrary, all the electricity produced can be employed. It is strictly confined on its wire conductors, and can be made to exert its full energy upon any machine to which it can be applied.

Though discovery now tends to render useful more of the heat of carbonized fuel, it will probably be a long time before anything like this perfect utilization is attained. Whatever be the result of these efforts at motive forces, we have

seen sufficient to perceive that the world need by no means despair in view of a possible extinction of cheap combustibles, for, what with increased use of water power, with solar engines and magneto-electric machines, the future is at least full of promise. We have reason to believe that an easily controllable, safe, inexpensive and sufficiently vigorous power is to be the moving force of future civilization.

CHARLES MORRIS.

A CATCH.

SUNG BY THE CLOWN IN THE INTERLUDE OF "NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL."

ONCE the head is gray
 And the heart is dead,
 There's no more to do—
 Make the man a bed
 Six feet under ground:
 There he'll slumber sound.

Golden was my hair,
 And my heart did beat
 To the viol's voice
 Like the dancers' feet.
 Not colder now his blood
 Who died before the flood.

Fair, and fond, and false
 Mother, wife and maid—
 Never lived a man
 They have not betrayed!
 None shall 'scape my mirth
 But old Mother Earth.

Safely housed with her,
 With no company
 But my brother Worm,
 Who will feed on me,
 I shall slumber sound,
 Deep down under ground.

R. H. STODDARD.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAW ON THE SNOW.

"When deep sleep falleth upon men; in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."—JOB xxxiii. 14.

"YOU will come to see him, Mr. Harper?"

"Surely, my child. I did purpose to call on Betty Carson this morning, but that will do later."

"It will be such a kindness to us! I don't know what to think of father's state."

It was Ellen Tyler who spoke. They were sitting, on a bright, fresh morning, toward the end of May, on Harper's woodbine-shaded porch.

"What are the symptoms, Ellen?"

"I'm afraid you'll hardly believe me, sir, they are so strange. I suppose he must have dreams at night about that awful boat-burning. Anyhow, we can't let him sleep without locking the door: he told us to do it himself. The reason was, he had got up two or three times in the middle of the night and rushed out into the yard, as if the house was on fire. Last night I heard a noise in his room: he had raised the window and was trying to undo the shutters. When I ran in and did my best to wake him, he cried out: 'Quick, quick, Nelly! Don't you see the flames?' Oh, Mr. Harper, only think if he had jumped out! You know our house stands on the edge of the steep bank, and he would have gone down, eighteen or twenty feet, into the mill-race. I never was so frightened in all my life."

"I am glad you came to me, dear child."

"I wouldn't have troubled you indeed, sir, if I had thought I could manage it myself. Preacher Larrabee sometimes comes to see father, though we don't belong to his church; but he's at Mount Sharon this week. 'Seems to me father has something on his mind that vexes him; and then—oh I'm sure he thinks

he's going to die. You're such a good man, Mr. Harper, and I know you can do him good."

He smiled and laid his hand kindly on her head. "Wait here," he said: "I'll go with you."

In an adjoining paddock was Trooper comfortably browsing. His master enticed him, with a tempting ear of corn, into the stable, harnessed him to the ancient gig and drove round to the front gate.

"Come, my child," he called to Ellen.

"Mr. Harper," the girl said as she came up, "let me walk home. I'd rather father should think you came to see him accidentally."

"What's that you've been buying in the village?"

"Some stuff to make a soft cushion for father's arm-chair."

"Get in, then. I picked you up returning home. I'll tell him so."

The good man was quite unprepared for the sad change in Tyler's appearance, but evincing no surprise, he conversed a while on commonplaces, and then said: "Your daughter tells me you haven't quite got over that terrible accident. You must have passed through scenes such as few men have witnessed."

"That's a truer word than you think for, Mr. Harper. Nelly dear, I want to have a good talk with the minister, and maybe he'll stay and take a bite of dinner with us. Nell brags on her strawberries, Mr. Harper—Hovey seedlings, I think she calls them: her sparrowgrass is pretty much over, but her peas are in their prime—"

"Strawberries and peas are too great a temptation. I'll stay and see what sort of gardener Nelly is."

"Now, Nell," said her father, "put your best foot foremost;" and the girl, delighted, ran off on her mission. "I didn't want the lassie to hear what I've got to tell: she has trouble enough already. I've had a call, Mr. Harper."

"A call?"

"A notice that I'm not long for this world."

"Tell me about it."

Tyler related the story of his escape, the vision he had during his trance beneath the waters of Lake Erie, and the numerous and minute coincidences between what he dreamed and what actually happened at the time in his mill-yard at home. Then he added: "I dare say you can't believe it, Mr. Harper, and I won't think a bit hard of it if you say so. Sometimes I think I don't more than half believe it myself."

"A single year ago," replied the minister, "I might have acted the Sadducee in such a matter: but I have had a strange experience since. Last autumn my Methodist friend, Mr. Larrabee—and he is a pious and truthful man—told me a story just as wonderful as that. But you said that you had had some notice that you were soon to die. How was that?"

"Wasn't that vision notice enough?"

"I must tell you Mr. Larrabee's story, Tyler, and then you can judge for yourself."

He did; and afterward, at Tyler's earnest request, wrote it out for him, as follows:

THE METHODIST PREACHER'S STORY.

During the early years of the present century, Captain John Pintard, then a young, unmarried man, was master and part owner of a small schooner belonging to Shrewsbury, New Jersey, and trading between New York and Virginia.

On one occasion, during the month of January, returning from Norfolk laden with oysters, the vessel was driven on shore, by stress of weather, between Cape May and Great Egg Harbor. The captain and crew succeeded, by strenuous exertions, in reaching the land, much exhausted, however, by exposure, especially the captain, who had been at the helm for nearly twelve consecutive hours. By this time it was quite dark.

The spot where they got on shore being only about forty miles from where Captain Pintard lived, he was familiar

with the neighborhood, and knew that there was a tavern about a mile distant. He pointed out the direction to his men, and through a dismal tempest of snow and sleet they commenced their journey toward it.

The captain took the lead, but thoroughly chilled as well as exhausted by his long vigil and exposure to the bitter cold, he had not proceeded far before he felt creeping over him that overpowering torpor which to the wintry traveler has so often been the precursor of death. He knew his danger and sought to shake off the lethargic feeling. In vain. He threw himself on the snow, and bade his men hurry on to the tavern and send back assistance. At first the brave fellows refused to do so. Two of them sought to drag him along, but after a time, warned by approaching drowsiness in themselves, they became convinced that his safety as well as theirs required that for the time he should be abandoned.

His sensations when they left him he ever after described as soothing and pleasurable. He felt as one enjoying the luxury of a comfortable bed, and was soon wholly insensible to cold and tempest.

The next thing he remembered was that he seemed to be getting over the fence on the back part of the lot on which stood his mother's house. He saw the door open and his mother, sister and aunt Nancy come out toward the well. The aunt went in front, carrying a lantern; his mother followed with a pail in her hand, and as she approached the well, a sudden gust of wind blew off her hood. "What a terrible night!" he then heard her say: "it blows a hurricane. Pray God my poor boy be not out in it!"

"Oh no," replied the aunt: "even if he was off the coast, he must have seen it coming on and made for some harbor."

The captain was very anxious to speak to them and assure them of his safety, but the first attempt failed, and before he could renew it, mother, sister, aunt and his paternal home all faded away, and he felt sudden and excruciating pain. Next he became sensible of voices

around him. At last he distinguished the words, "He's comin' to: rub away, boys! Captain John's good for many a year yet." He recognized the voice as that of a pilot with whom he was well acquainted. "Can I be at the old tavern?" he thought. After a time he opened his eyes, and they met those of the pilot looking at him. This latter was a jovial old fellow, but somewhat profane withal: the captain and he had often been boon companions.

"Halloa, Captain John!" he cried. "Come back, eh?" The reviving man tried to speak, but could not. "I say, old fellow," continued the other, "been on a cruise down below? Seen Old Davy there? What's the news from hell anyhow, Captain John?"

A second strenuous effort to articulate was more successful than the first, and the captain, catching his old companion's tone, replied: "I heard there was a great demand for pilots there."

The retort caused a roar of laughter from all present, and none joined in it more heartily than the object of the joke.

The men, it seems, having safely reached the tavern, had instantly despatched aid to bring in the inanimate body of the captain. The usual restoratives had been employed for some time in vain—at last successfully. After a few hours' sleep the sufferer was comparatively well. When he awoke next morning, the strange dream he had had during his trance recurred to his memory with all the vividness of a real occurrence. He could scarcely persuade himself he had not actually been at home and seen his relatives and heard their conversation.

Pondering over this matter, his impatience became so great that he bade his first mate look to the condition of the schooner; and then, hiring a conveyance, he set out for his mother's house to have his doubts solved.

The old lady's joy at sight of her son was great, and to the bad news he brought she replied cheerily: "God will give you the means to buy another schooner. He didn't forsake you when you lay in that trance on the snow."

"Mother," said the captain, "did you go out to the well, last night, late?"

"Yes, my son. Why do you ask?"

"Tell me what happened, but try to remember everything you said and did, no matter whether it was important or not. Was any one with you?"

The old lady reflected: "Yes, Nancy was with me, and your sister. It was pitch-dark, and Nancy carried a lantern. I remember, too, the wind was very strong and blew off my hood. I thought I should have lost it."

"Did you say anything, mother?"

"Yes. I prayed God you might not be out in such a fearful night."

"And I," said Nancy, "told her I was sure you must have seen it come on and made for some port or other."

The captain sat deep in thought. "I've been very wicked, mother," he said at last. "My first word, when I woke from that trance, was a profane jest. But I did not know, then, *how* merciful He had been. He showed me last night that I had an immortal soul. While my body lay on the snow He brought my spirit here, home to you. I saw you and Aunt Nancy and sister come out to the well: I saw your hood blow off: I heard every word you said. I have been a wicked, careless sinner: I've never sought religion, as you wished me to do; but, with God's help, mother, I will."

His mother, a devout Methodist, was delighted. Her son kept his word. He became a noted member of the Methodist Church, and a constant frequenter of prayer and exhortation meetings. At these latter it was frequently his habit to relate, as the most remarkable incident in his religious experience, the story of his trance on the wintry snow and his spirit's visit to the maternal home.

When Mr. Harper had told the miller the above story, in substance as here set down, the latter asked: "But do you think it can be depended on? It must be nearly fifty years since it happened."

"I like to follow up such things," said Mr. Harper. "Last winter, as I

was going to New York, Mr. Larrabee gave me a letter that put me on the track. Captain Pintard, I found, had been dead a good many years, but his widow, Mrs. Phœbe Pintard, a hale, hearty old dame, confirmed to me all the main incidents. I found a niece, also, Mrs. Maria Douglass, of Middletown, New Jersey, who had heard the particulars, more than once, from her uncle himself; and she, after reading the story just as I have it, allowed me to use her name in attestation of its truth."

This set Nelson Tyler to thinking. "How long did the captain live after that vision?" he asked.

"Over thirty years."

A deep sigh of relief attested the miller's satisfaction. That little fact outweighed, with him, the longest philosophical argument. "But it's all very strange," he said at last.

"Very strange, yes. We are fearfully and wonderfully made. Yet I see nothing unlikely in it. Sceptics and scoffers are increasing among us, and God may choose this method of helping our unbelief. You were very near death, Mr. Tyler. Your spirit may have been asserting its independent existence a little in advance, and borrowing of the near Future one of the faculties to which it is born heir. I do think you have been favored by witnessing one of those experimental proofs—rare and precious—that confirm to us the soul's immortality—one of those inestimable phenomena, the character of which enables us to solve, by crucial test, the divine problem of a world to come."*

* I agree with good Mr. Harper as to the importance and the need of such experimental proof. Many excellent persons, pious and strictly nursed in faith, have been overtaken by Giant Despair and led captive to Doubting Castle. In the rectory of Epworth, occupied a century and a half ago by Samuel Wesley, father of John, the founder of Methodism, there occurred at that time certain strange physical disturbances which the family found it impossible to refer except to an ultra-mundane source. Emily, the eldest sister of John, narrating these in a letter to her brother, wrote: "I am so far from being superstitious that I was too much inclined to infidelity: so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple of the existence of some beings besides those we see."—*Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, by ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F. A. S., vol. i., p. 270.

"It set me thinking about that more than I had ever done before," said the miller.

Ellen came to announce dinner. The sight of the peas and strawberries proved a pleasant diversion from the greater mysteries of Nature they had been contemplating; and when the good pastor remounted his gig his young hostess said to herself, "How much more cheerful father is! I haven't seen him look so like himself since the day he came back from that awful journey."

In the evening, all motive for concealment being now done away, the miller related to his wondering daughter both his own experience and that of the Jersey captain. As in the father's case, so in Ellen's—the effect was to quicken religious sentiment and bring home more vivid convictions touching the reality of a future state.

Up to this time, Nelson Tyler, though he usually attended divine service, had not been a "professor," but on the week following he and Ellen joined Mr. Harper's church.

Mr. Harper, meanwhile, revolving in his mind what he had just heard, drove slowly back to Chiskauga and stopped at Betty Carson's door.

Betty was a little out of sorts. A new washerwoman, Nance Coombs, had taken off some of her customers. This was due to the exertions of Mrs. Wolfgang, who had resented the tone Betty assumed in defence of Celia and her parents. The villagers were beginning to take sides on the Pembroke and Ethelridge controversy, and the contest promised to wax warm. Betty spoke to Mr. Harper of the great kindness Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke had shown her. "And then I was always such a favorite with little Miss Celia: she was a jewel of a baby, sir. And Mr. Pembroke, he set store by me. One day he made me write my name to a paper of his—for a witness, I think he said."

"Why, Betty," said Harper, smiling, "I knew you could read, but I didn't suppose you could write too."

"Just me name, sir. He was a rale

kind man—was my husband—afore he took to drink. He was a good scribe, too; and he used to set me a copy—*Betty Carson*—till I could write it most as nice as himself.”

Mr. Harper did not think of asking Betty what sort of paper it was she witnessed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
THE MITE.

THERE was a *Mite* at Mrs. Hartland's.

When a village has two clergymen, it is fortunate if they happen to be friends. As the Methodists of our little village did not feel able to support a resident pastor, Mr. Larrabee preached on alternate Sundays at Mount Sharon (the county-seat) and at Chiskauga. He and Mr. Harper being on the best terms, their respective congregations were wont to act in harmony.

There was a ladies' sewing society, for example, composed of Presbyterians, Methodists, and persons who were neither, the members of which had several times helped to eke out Mr. Larrabee's scanty salary by contributions, in labor or in money, to the comfort of his family. Just at this time, the Presbyterians having purchased a cabinet organ, on which a hundred dollars was still due, the society held weekly "Mites," as they were called, at which each person contributed ten cents or more toward the liquidation of the deficiency. Mr. Harper, Mr. Larrabee, Mr. Hartland while he lived, Mr. Sydenham and others had a standing invitation to these meetings, and while the ladies plied their needles one or other of these gentlemen often read or spoke to them.

About six weeks after Hartland's death his widow offered the society the use of her spacious parlors during the afternoon for one of its weekly assemblies, and Sydenham agreed to attend. He found some fifty or sixty ladies. But Ellinor and Celia, busy at school, were not of the number: they were working, just then, under considerable discouragement, nearly one-fourth of their pupils having been withdrawn.

Sydenham read to the society from the life of Oberlin, the Alsatian philanthropist and benevolent pastor of Bande-la-Roche. Adverting to the effects of his fifty years' labor of love among a primitive people, he reminded his auditors how, by public instruction, whole communities may advance in civilization. Then, in few words, he took occasion to commend the Chiskauga Institute. It was managed, he remarked, by two ladies of rare qualifications and admirable judgment, and ought to have a hearty and united support. "I have visited schools and colleges," he went on, "in many of our States, and in most of the kingdoms of Europe, and I know that this institution compares favorably with the best of its class. Few villages in any country are as fortunate as we in the matter of teachers. I have heard with regret," he added, after a pause, "that idle or ill-disposed persons among us have circulated mischievous stories regarding these teachers—stories that are either irrelevant or without any foundation whatever. So far as these tend to impair the usefulness of public functionaries, it is a war against the best interests of the place—an unprincipled war, too. One of these young ladies has spent her entire life among us. Blameless you well know that life to have been. Against her it is alleged that she is an illegitimate child, and as such should not be countenanced. If that were the fact, it would be a most cruel injustice to visit such a misfortune on the innocent. But it is not true. Miss Pembroke is as strictly legitimate as any one to whom I have now the pleasure of speaking.

"As to the other lady in question, I happen to know that of which we must charitably suppose her detractors to be ignorant. The reverse of fortune which caused Miss Ethelridge to seek a home among us resulted from no misconduct of hers. The manner in which she has borne it, the courage and ability with which she has maintained herself, and the good she has done us, are above all praise: they entitle her to esteem and honor. Her conduct ought to obtain for her—*will* obtain for her among all just

and well-disposed persons — protection and encouragement. I should not," he subjoined in a quieter tone, "have taken up your time with these remarks if I did not feel that the reports to which I have alluded are an injury not only to those who disgrace themselves by retailing them, but to all of us and to our children. Will you allow me to recommend, ladies, that you meet them with a demand for proof, which you will find is not forthcoming?"

Sydenham left soon after speaking, and the circle gradually thinned till fifteen or twenty only remained; among them, Mrs. Wolfgang, Mrs. Creighton, Leoline, and our friend Norah, who had joined the society on Leoline's invitation, and who proved to be as deft at needlework as skillful in butter-making.

The ladies naturally dropped into talk on what Mr. Sydenham had been saying. At first the opinions expressed were favorable. That roused Mrs. Wolfgang, whose countenance had been gradually darkening at each successive commendation of the school and its teachers. "For her part," she broke out at last, "she thought there ought to be a line drawn between morality and immorality. What did they know about Miss Ethelridge, except that Mr. Creighton had been acquainted with her before she turned up here? *She* knew, for the postmaster had told her, that letters in Mr. Creighton's handwriting had come to the lady year after year. Was she engaged to him? She ought to be. But it didn't look like it: she went about with other men. Was that to be called decent behavior? She held her head high enough, as any hussy might. What of that? She had relations, no doubt, yet not one of them took the least notice of her: she never heard of a letter coming to her in a lady's handwriting. It was all very well for Mr. Sydenham to say there was nothing wrong. If there was nothing wrong, why didn't he let them know all about it? A bad sign when things won't bear the light! And if he didn't know any more about her than he seemed to know about Celia Pembroke, she (Mrs. Wolfgang) wouldn't give much

for his opinion. *She* knew, if Mr. Sydenham didn't, that the girl's mother never was legally married: she had seen letters from the father to Mr. Cranstoun, confessing it. Wasn't that proof? Others might send their children to the daughter of a kept mistress if they liked: she had too much self-respect, and too much regard to the morals and the reputation of her poor innocent girls, to trust them in the hands of any such creature. 'Like father, like son,' was a good old proverb, and it applied just as much to daughters as to sons. Then, too, what were they to think of an offence so scandalous that it needed downright lies to support it? If the child of a man's mistress wasn't a bastard, she'd like to know what a bastard was?"

Leoline, our readers may remember, had said to Celia, as they were returning from Grangula's Mount after the public speaking, that if she was "hard put to it" she thought she could make a speech herself. *She* was hard put to it now. While Mrs. Wolfgang was abusing Celia and Ellinor she had sat still, choking down her indignation, calling to mind her father's warning to Mademoiselle Murat, taking stitches each long enough for two, and curbing with all her might her eagerness to retort. She would have succeeded—for the girl, with all her impulsive warmth, had a good deal of self-control when occasion called for it—she would have succeeded in keeping silence, but for the last hit, the imputation against her father. That was the drop too much. She started involuntarily to her feet, dropping her needle and crushing in her left hand the garment she had been sewing.

"Mrs. Wolfgang," she burst forth, "you called papa a liar." Then she stopped, trembling from head to foot and struggling desperately for composure. "You called him so because he said dear Celia was a legitimate child. Yesterday I asked papa to show me the law. I saw it: I read it. It said that even if a marriage is not legal, the children shall be legitimate. Mrs. Pembroke's marriage was not legal, but Celia Pembroke *is* legitimate. The law of the

land—the authority next to God’s—says she is. Who knows best—the law or Mrs. Wolfgang? Who is the liar now, and what is the liar’s portion?” Here she checked herself. “That mayn’t be just. Perhaps she knows no better: it may be sheer ignorance, but ignorant people ought to hold their tongues. And this is the woman that wants somebody to tell her all about Miss Ethelridge from the time she was a baby in long clothes, so that *her* wisdom may enlighten us, and we may get to know whether it’s quite safe and proper for us to countenance our teacher! *She* wants to sit in judgment on Ellinor Ethelridge, and settle who may write letters to her and who may not! Why, nobody can look for an instant at the two faces without seeing which is the scold and which the Christian and the lady. I want to know what good Mrs. Wolfgang has ever done among us to entitle her to be judge and ruler? Has she lifted her finger to help on the education of the place? Has she entered the walls of the school she’s been trying to ruin? Never since I’ve been a pupil there. What *has* she ever done for Chiskauga? Nothing that I know of, except to backbite the best people in it, and set her neighbors by the ears. Christ tells us that the peace-makers shall be called the children of God: I wonder whosê child Mrs. Wolfgang ought to be called? I know I’d as soon have a viper in my house. No wonder good Madame Meyrac turned her out of doors. Poor Celia, poor Ellinor!—to fall into such merciless hands as hers!”

Here Leoline broke down for a moment, bursting into tears. But she dashed them indignantly away, and turned from Mrs. Wolfgang to the other members: “I’m ashamed of myself, and I’m *so* glad papa wasn’t here to hear me! I know I oughtn’t to have spoken as I did before ladies so much older than I. I hope you’ll forgive me. I never *could* stand injustice and cruelty; but I’m very, very sorry I spoke at all: I wish somebody else had done it.”

Before she could say more, Mrs. Creighton crossed over, took her in her

arms and kissed her. “You’re a brave, generous girl,” the old lady said; “but when you’ve been a few years longer in the world, you’ll find out that it’s not a bit worth while to vex and agitate one’s self so about bitter tongues. Get your hat and parasol and come with me. You’re a darling, if you did ‘speak out in meeting,’ like the old woman that didn’t intend it.”

For the moment Mrs. Wolfgang had been fairly cowed into silence by Leoline’s impetuous charge upon her, but as they went out her voice was heard—in an undertone, however—denouncing the insolence of upstart misses.

 CHAPTER XL.

THROUGH A KEYHOLE.

WHEN Norah returned from the Mite, she had just time to prepare supper before Terence came in from the farm. At table she told him all that had passed, and she observed that it made him very grave. When the dishes were washed and the children out at play, Terence said, “An’ couldn’t I tell Mister Sydenham mor’n he knows about Miss Ethelridge?”

“An’ how did ye come to know anything about a lady like that?”

“Sure, an’ wasn’t I Cap’n Halloran’s groom in the ould country, and didn’t she come to his rooms, and didn’t I see her there?”

“Did she know ye, Teddy, when ye took Derry and Cathy to school?”

“Sorra bit. I guess she’d a knowed me fast enough when I was behind the bar, and didn’t wear no burd nor mustashes. But me that’s a rough fellow now, with me face all hairy, and a farmer’s coat on—that’s another thing. Ye ought to ha’ seen me in them days, in the captain’s curricle, wi’ them black-legged bays, and a heap finer dress than the captain’s own. I wouldn’t have had to coort ye nothin’ like as hard as I did. Ye’d have took to me right off, Norah, and jist dropped into me arms.”

“I expec’ ye thought, them times, wi’ the lace on yer coat and on yer hat, and yer shiny, white-top boots, that it was

the girls' place to ask you and not you them. Set ye up! I niver could abide impudence, and I wouldn't have had sich a stuck-up fellow to save him. But what did ye know about Miss Ethelridge?"

"It isn't Miss Ethelridge—it's Miss Talbot."

"Well, Miss Talbot, then. Was it good or bad ye knowed about her?"

"It was bad I knowed o' the master, and good I knowed about her. She's a trump—she is. The captain wanted to have his wicked will of her, but she was too many for him."

"I'd tell Mr. Sydenham about it ef I was you, Teddy."

"I'll do it, this blessed night. Haven't ye got some butter for Miss Leoline?"

"An' isn't there two pounds and a half good, that I churned jist afore I went to that Mite?"

It was put up with scrupulous care, Pennsylvania-fashion, in a snow-white napkin, the produce of Norah's own spinning and weaving and bleaching in her maiden days. With the basket on his arm Terence trudged to Rosebank.

When Sydenham admitted him to his study he was somewhat embarrassed:

"I dunno' ef it's the right thing for me to be troublin' ye, Mister Sydenham. But I hearn they were speaking ill o' the schoolmistress, and—and I knowed somethin' about her myself in the ould country."

"Get yourself a chair, Terence. I take an interest in anything that relates to Miss Ethelridge."

"Thankee, sir; that's just what Norah tould me."

"What did you know of her?"

"Ye see, Mister Sydenham, me ould faither had a shealin' and a bit garden-spot on Squire Halloran's place: that was in Connaught. The squire, he had lots and lots of land, and he had a son that was a cap'n in the army. He was a wild young man, was master; but I didn't never think he'd have been half as bad as he got to be ef it hadn't been for a divil of a black-coated Frenchman that put him up to all sorts o' tricks. The fellow was the cap'n's jintleman, that waited on him and dressed him; and I

was the groom. I hated that Frenchman. His name was Vealmong, but I think they spelled it Vileman; and he was jist right named at that."

"Were you staying in London?"

"Near St. James'—yes. I think it was through the Frenchman somehow—on a race-course maybe—that the cap'n got acquainted with a jintleman that cut a great dash and was a'most as wild as master was—Sir Charles Cunningem, they called him. One day me and the master went to his house and took two ladies a-drivin' in the Park: one of them was Lady Cunningem, and the other was Miss Talbot: I think she was a cousin to Sir Charles. I had a good look at them thin; and though it was mor'n a year and a half after that, I knowed Miss Talbot in a minnit when the cap'n brought her one evenin' to his rooms."

"Miss Talbot?"

"That's Miss Ethelridge. She looked bewildered-like, as if she didn't know where she was or what she was doin'; and master, he hurried her into the parlor a'most afore we had time to see her. Then he came out and sent the Frenchman off on an errand. Thinks I, there's some rascality on hand; and I slipped into the cap'n's bed-room, that was next to the parlor, wi' a door between. I locked the door—the lock went very easy—for fear he might come in on me, and I got sight o' them through the keyhole. I ain't no eavesdropper, Mister Sydenham, nor niver was: I'd scorn sich a meanness; but I knowed it wasn't fair play they was after, and I knowed that Vealmong must be at the bottom of it; an' sure enough he was. An' I kep' a-thinkin' a young thing like that ought to have a chance, ef so be they had set some of their divil's traps for her."

"You're a good fellow, Terence."

"Sure, an' ef it had been me own sister wouldn't I have gone down on me knees to anybody that would 'ave gi'n her a helpin' hand?"

"But what happened?"

"It was sort o' curious, Mister Sydenham. I niver jist understood it. Seemed she wasn't herself at first: she

looked stupid-like. It came across me maybe he'd had her somewhere to get soda water or ice cream, or somethin', and drugged it: there wasn't no wickedness that Frenchman couldn't put a man up to. Any way, for a while she didn't hardly look able to speak. The cap'n, he put his hands up to her, but she kep' him off all she could. At last, says she: 'Cap'n Halloran, ef ye keep me from goin' back to me cousin's, I'll alarm the house!' Says he, 'Me sarvants is too well trained for that: they niver come till I ring the bell!' With that she made a spring at the bell-rope, but the cap'n, he was too quick for her. He got her be the hands and forced her back."

"Is such villainy possible?" broke in Sydenham.

"Indade, an' it is," resumed the other: "it's every word as true as the blessed Gospel. The cap'n, he says to her then, 'Ye can niver go home no more. Ye came here wi' me alone and o' yer own accord.'"

"O' me own accord?" says she. 'O' me own accord? How dar' ye say that?'

"Me sarvants saw ye come in," says he, as cool as ye like: 'I can get them to witness that no force was used. Ye're disgraced for ever. Ye've played me fast and loose, Miss Talbot, long enough: ye're in me power now. But I'm a jintleman. I'll send for another clergyman, ef ye'll promise not for to go to insult him, like ye did the last I got ye.' The poor thing sunk down on a sofa, and I couldn't hear what she said. But it sort o' stirred him up, and says he: 'It's yer only chance to go from here an honest woman.' With that she sprung up and looked all round her like a wild thing. 'Ye needn't look,' says he: 'the door's locked.' And thin he sprung to the chamber door and tried it. 'Lucky!' said he: 'that's locked too.' She ran to the window, but he snapped the spring over it, and that was so high it was out of her reach. Then she seemed like she gi'n it up, walkin' away, slow and desperate-like, to the fire-place. There, on the mantelpiece, bless the luck! was lyin' a dirk—the prettiest little thing ye ever seed, Mr. Sydenham—"

"Thank God!" his auditor ejaculated.

"It was in a blue velvet sheath, and when the cap'n went on some o' his wild sprees o' nights he mostly took it along. She had it in her hand in a moment: I seed the blade flash in the light. Then she was as quiet as if she'd bin in her own drawin'-room. It was grand to see, Mr. Sydenham. The cap'n, he was a-goin' up to her, but I think she scared him—and he wasn't no coward, naither. She didn't say a single word, but she raised her arm as steady as if it had been a fan she was holdin'; and I guess he saw in her eyes what would come next. Anyhow, he started back, and says he: 'For God's sake, Miss Talbot!' She jist lowered the dirk a little, and says she, soft-like, as if she'd been a-speakin' to some nice young man at a party: 'For *your* sake, Cap'n Halloran. I don't think yer soul's ready to appear afore its Maker; but it might ha' bin there by this ef ye'd come one step nearer. Ye expect a life o' pleasure, I suppose, and ye wouldn't like to have it cut short to-night. Take care!' Mr. Sydenham, I never heerd soft words cut so since me mother bore me. Thin I saw her touch the point of the dirk, and there was blood on her finger when she drew it away. But she sort o' laughed, and she said to him, jist as easy as if she'd been talkin' uv his white vest: 'It's lucky the gallants, now-a-days, don't wear no shirts o' mail anaith their doublets. Nothin' less'll turn that edge.' Ye better believe, Mr. Sydenham, she had made him feel it was dead earnest."

"Well?" cried Sydenham, as Terence paused in his story.

"I saw the cap'n was a'most at his wits' end. He walked back and forth, and I heard him cussin' to hisself. One time, when he came close to the door I was at, he said somethin' about taming wild birds in a cage. Then he made for the other door to unlock it. And didn't I make tracks for the street door, to be ready for him? When he came along, says he: 'Teddy, don't let nobody in but Vealmon, ef ye vally yer place.' Then he turned as he was goin' out and says he to me: 'That poor lady in the

parlor is clane out of her mind. I'm goin' for the doctor. Nobody must go near her or say a word to her. She's dangerous when she gits in them fits.'

"I waited till I knowed he must be out o' sight, and thin I jist quietly unlocked the bed-room door. She was standin' a-gazin' at the fire; and says I, 'Miss Talbot, ef so be ye want to go to yer own folks, it's me that'll help ye away.' Oh, Mr. Sydenham, I niver was so beshamed in all me life. The poor, sweet cratur went down on her knees to me, that wasn't nothin' mor'n a sarvant, and jined her hands, and the tears was in her eyes; and when she said, 'God bless ye!' I 'most cried meself. But it wasn't no time for cryin', for the cap'n, he might come back any minit. So I took her down the back stairs and let her out at the sarvants' door, and says I: 'An' is it a cab ye'd be needin', miss?' for I wanted to see her safe out of his sight. But says she, 'Ye mustn't go for a cab. Ye may be missed, and I don't want nobody to lose his place for me. I'll find my way.' She made me take a sovereign from her, and I watched her all the way down the street; but she didn't take the road to Sir Charles', and I hearn she never got there."

"Did the captain," asked Sydenham, "suspect that you had let Miss Talbot out?"

"Jist at first—yes. He axed, as mad as fire, 'Who went and unlocked that bed-room door?'"

"'The Devil, he knows,' says I. And sure that wasn't no lie, Mr. Sydenham, for there's not a bit o' doubt he was helpin' the cap'n and knowed all about it. But master, he looked hard at me, and says he, 'I'm thinkin' there's somebody else knows it, forbye the Devil.'

"'True for you, cap'n,' says I; 'for the lady must ha' knowed it too. Maybe she pried the door open wi' a knife or somethin'?' The cap'n, he gin a look at the mantel, and there was no dirk there; and thin he went to the door and shot the bolt, and looked at it keerfully.

"'By God,' said he, 'it's true! She's the divil.'

"Now ye see, Mr. Sydenham, jist as

soon as I'd let the lady out, I went up to the bed-room, an' I took a strong, sharp knife, and I dented and scratched the door-bolt till a man would ha' sworn somebody had been tamperin' wi' the thing. And that was the way the cap'n, he got chated. But two days after, when I hearn the poor young cratur was lost, I couldn't nohow keep me tongue in me head afore that Vealmong, an' I tould him to his face it was him that was the head divil o' the whole villainy. An' he was hoppin' mad, and got the cap'n to pay me off. But the black varmint did me a good turn, for all, for I might ha' stayed in the ould country an' slaved till me fingers was worn to the stumps an' me bones was old and stiff, and niver had no sich lovely place to live in, nor no sich nice jintleman to work for as jist yerself, Mr. Sydenham."

"You've been to Blarney Castle, haven't you, Terence?" asked Sydenham, smiling.

"An' is it at the Blarney-stone ye think I larnt to tell the truth, Mr. Sydenham? Sure, I niver was in county Cork, at all, at all. An', Mr. Sydenham, don't ye think yerself that's a lovely place, wi' the graveyard quite convanient, and all the white marble shinin' through the trees up there, and the waterfall singin' a'most like the sea, and the creek for Derry to sail his boat on? And thin, doesn't the whole country-side know what a jintleman ye are, Mr. Sydenham, and all that ye've done for them as needs it, Mr. Sydenham—let alone them as doesn't? That's naither new nor strange."

"Well, you shall have it your own way," said Sydenham, laughing. "I'm glad you like the place, and I'm well satisfied with the way you manage it. As for Norah's butter, it can't be surpassed."

"Thin, if ye're continted, so is me and Norah; and I hope we'll live long to serve yer honor and Miss Leoline."

"It would have been a pity and a shame," thought Sydenham, as Terence took his leave, "if that fine young fellow had died in a prison." Then his thoughts reverted to the strange story he had heard. Poor Ellinor! Brave Ellinor!

Later in the evening, another visitor came — Mr. Harper—to see Sydenham as Celia's guardian. He had been to Dr. Meyrac's, where he met Ethan, and where they had been talking over Celia's fortunes, and speaking of the possibility that Mr. Pembroke might have made a will, which had been suppressed. Then Ethan had said the only chance of getting at it was to find one or other of the subscribing witnesses. As Harper walked home, Betty Carson's story about signing a paper for Mr. Pembroke came suddenly to his mind: so he continued his walk to Rosebank and laid the matter before Sydenham.

"I am greatly indebted to you," said the latter. "This may be important. I shall see Creighton about it to-morrow morning."

He did so. Creighton proposed that they should go to Betty's at once. She told them, word for word, what she had told Harper.

"Did Mr. Pembroke say anything else, except that he wished you to witness the paper?" asked Creighton.

"Not as I remember, sir."

"You don't know what sort of paper it was?"

"No, sir; only the sheets was long. I can't write nothin' forbye me name; nor I can't read writin'."

"Who was in the room at the time? —Mrs. Pembroke?"

"No, sir. It was in Mr. Pembroke's room up stairs. Mrs. Pembroke was givin' Miss Celia a lesson in the parlor below. There was nobody but us and Mr. Cranstoun in the room."

"How did you happen to be there?"

"Mr. Cranstoun met me at the front door, and says he: 'Betty, Mr. Pembroke wants to see ye about the starchin' of them shirts o' his'n!' So I went up."

"Did Mr. Cranstoun know you could write your name?"

"Yes, sir. He axed me wance to sign a note along wi' Matthew—that's me husband that was—and says I, 'I can sign me name, and I guess it's all right, Mr. Cranstoun, but I can't read a word of it.' It wasn't all right, though, Mr. Creighton, for I had that note to pay twice."

"Did Cranstoun witness that paper of Mr. Pembroke's, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. Pembroke keep the paper and put it away?"

Betty considered a little: "Now I think of it, sir, we heerd Mrs. Pembroke on the stairs sayin' somethin' to Miss Celia: and Mr. Cranstoun, he looked at Mr. Pembroke, and says Mr. Pembroke, hasty-like, 'Take it, Cranstoun;' and he grabbed it and put it under his coat, and buttoned his coat up; and I remember I wondered what it could be that Mrs. Pembroke wasn't to see."

"When was this?"

"Well, sir, it was in winter—I expect three or four weeks afore Mr. Pembroke died."

"Was he ill at that time?"

"Not to say very ill, sir, but he was confined to his room, and his wife was desperate uneasy about him."

"Now, Betty, I want you to consider. Do you think it was Mr. Pembroke's will that you witnessed?"

"Well, now," said Betty, with a start, "in course it was. And wasn't I stupid not to think of that before? Yes, Mr. Creighton, sure enough, an' it was his will he had made; and he didn't want his wife to see it, for fear she'd think he was goin' to die right off. Sich a good, considerate man as he was!"

"But did he *say* it was his will?"

"I guess he must have, Mr. Creighton. What else could it be, and he sick and soon to die? It was his will, sure, and nothin' less. I could a'most take my Bible oath on that."

That was all they could get. After they left the house, "It's no use," said Creighton to Sydenham. "It's a lost ball. It would be the easiest thing in the world to persuade that old woman that Mr. Pembroke told her it was his will she was asked to witness. I'd only have to suggest just what he was likely to say, and repeat that three or four days, and stick to it that I was quite sure he must have told her, because it was his duty to tell her, and because he wasn't a man to neglect his duty. I haven't any doubt she would swear to it

conscientiously. But it would be a lie. He didn't tell her. One could see that by her surprise when I suggested it. The idea never had been in her mind before."

"But you have no doubt it was the will?"

"Not any. Observe the facts. Cranstoun selects Betty because he knows that, though she can sign her name, she cannot read manuscript. He watches her arrival, meets her as she comes in, makes an excuse to get her to Mr. Pembroke's room. When they hear Mrs. Pembroke coming, the husband bids Cranstoun take the paper, and he conceals it. I am satisfied it was the will, and equally satisfied that we shall never be able to prove that a will was made at all. Cranstoun has burned it long ago—unless, indeed," he added after a pause, "the rascal may have laid it by as a card which, some day or other, if the game goes against him, he may play with the chance of winning a trick."

They walked on for some time in silence, when Mr. Creighton suddenly stopped and turned to his companion: "No, Mr. Sydenham: that will wasn't burnt. Cranstoun was sure to preserve it—to be used, in case of accident, in the event that Miss Pembroke accepted him—as no doubt the scoundrel dared to presume she would—as her husband. But, so far as we are concerned, it might as well have been burnt years ago, for I don't see the smallest chance of getting at it."

So that hope died out.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

"Hear, Father—hear and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a human head,
Gifts on Thy shrine, O God, more fitly laid—

"If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry—
Thou, that art Love, oh pity and forgive!"

HEMANS.

AN unwonted excitement pervaded Chiskauga. News had arrived, early one morning, that Tyler's mill, dwelling-

house and all the outbuildings were burnt to the ground; that the miller and his foreman Goddard had perished in the flames; and that they didn't know what had become of the daughter. Various corrections gradually modified this report, until, by midday, the most incorrigible newsmongers were fain to admit that it was the mill only that was burnt, and that nobody was hurt except Hiram Goddard, whose hands had been somewhat scorched in a fruitless attempt to drag out part of the personal property.

Even this last version of the story, however, needed correction. The miller had, indeed, received no personal injury at the fire; yet before two days had passed his daughter began to fear that worse had befallen him.

She slept in the room next to her father's, and, still anxious about him, her sleep, on the night of the fire, had been unquiet and easily disturbed. A flickering light shining through her chamber window had awakened her. She went out as quietly as possible, roused Goddard, who alarmed the other hands; and by great exertions they succeeded, within half an hour, in checking the flames. It was for the moment only, however: they soon broke out afresh, and spread so fast that it became evident the building (a weatherboarded frame, with shingle roof) must go.

Then Ellen bethought her of her father. Since the attempt he had made, one night, to escape from his bed-room, they had secured both the windows by stout bars outside, across the Venetian shutters, besides locking the outside door. There was a second door, communicating with Ellen's room, so that he could knock in case he wanted anything during the night, but that also she locked when she retired to rest.

When she unlocked this door on her return from the fire, she was terribly frightened. The glass in both the windows was shattered, a chair broken to fragments lay on the floor, and beside it her father, apparently insensible. Approaching with the candle, she perceived stains of blood on the floor. Then she came very near fainting, but love over-

came fear; and when, with trembling hands and tear-dimmed eyes, she had examined his condition, she became satisfied that the blood came only from his hands, which had been cut in several places, apparently by the glass, in his vain endeavors to force the windows. The door also bore the marks of heavy blows, dealt with the stout wooden chair, which had evidently gone to pieces in his hands.

She dragged a mattress from the bed, and contrived to place him on it. When she had sprinkled water on his face he revived, and his first words were: "You can't swim, Nell, but I can save you: I was once a capital swimmer. Come!" and he tried to rise, but fell back powerless.

"Father dear," said Ellen, "you are at home. This is your own room. See!"

"But the fire, Nelly, the fire! D'ye think I can't see through these cursed shutters, if they are barred? The boat is on fire. Don't I hear the flames crackling? Quick!"

"Father, father, hear what I tell you. There's no steamboat. The mill's on fire—that's true; but the wind's north-east, and Hiram says there's no more chance of the fire catching this house than if it were a mile off. I'm afraid the mill's gone, past saving: I'm very sorry for that. But you're safe, father, and we've a house still over our heads. God be thanked for that!"

If he had been able to rise, she couldn't have kept him there, but his desperate exertions to escape by door or window had completely exhausted him. Gradually, by dint of iteration, she appeased him: and when Goddard soon after came in and reported that the mill could not be saved, it seemed to relieve him, and the delusion gradually vanished.

"So ye won't get burnt nor drowned, my little Nell. Let the gear go! Kiss me, my child."

The wounds on his hands were slight; and when Ellen had dressed them, and they had lifted him to bed again, he sank into a heavy sleep.

It had been a great shock. The good

that Harper did had been undone. At a time when the miller's mind had been slowly regaining its tone, all the horrors of that dreadful night on Lake Erie had come back on him in full force. And with these came back the fancy that God had sent him a premonition of death. The logic of Preacher Larrabee's story was clear, indeed, but nerves already shattered and terribly shaken by a second agitation beclouded logical deductions. The father, tender of his daughter's feelings, succeeded, however, in concealing from her this superstitious relapse.

Well did Ellen merit the old man's regardful care. Weak in her judgments because of inexperience and imperfect culture, the girl had a strength such as few strong men have, deep-rooted in her affections—a dangerous strength in a world like this. Imprudence to any extent she might commit, but one act of deliberate selfishness, never.

Her love for Mowbray was an idolatry, but because it was not a selfish idolatry, so neither was it exclusive. Never since her tiny arms were first stretched to the proud father in infant recognition had she loved that father as now—all the more warmly and devotedly because of the warmth and devotion of her love for another. The angel that had stirred the depths of that young heart was of the holiest in Heaven's host. Duty was more sacred now, gratitude more tender, good-will to all men felt with livelier glow. The waters from that mystic fount, motionless till the angel came, now irrigated with freshening influence all her life's little domain.

When a fortnight had passed, and the miller was still unable to sit up more than two or three hours each day, vigil and anxiety began to tell on the poor girl.

"Ellen," the father said one day, "you'll be sick yourself if you wait on me so much. You need the fresh air. Take Joe: he's quiet to ride, and we don't need him now. Willie can stay by me, if you're uneasy about leaving me alone."

When she came to see how he was

before she set out on her ride, she kissed him, saying: "I promise you never to do anything to make you sorry again. You know I won't. Don't you, father?"

"I know you're an old man's darling, Nell, and as good as gold. I'd let you do anything—anything in this world that I thought would make you happy. But to keep company with a young man that—that never asked you to marry him—that would make you miserable, Nelly—miserable, mayhap, as long as you live. That's all I'm afraid of: I want you never to do that."

"I never will." And there she stopped, on the very point of telling him that Mowbray and she were engaged. But, as once before, she put it off with the thought, "When he's better and stronger." And she only repeated, "I never, never will."

"I know you won't, Nelly. God for ever bless and protect you, dear child!"

Thenceforth Ellen usually rode out two or three afternoons in the week. Of course, Mowbray got to know it, and of course he sought to meet his promised wife.

To Mowbray's questions, repeated each time they met, as to her father's condition, she returned desponding answers. His brow clouded—Ellen thought from sympathy. One day he said, "Ellen dear, have you ever told your father that we're engaged?"

"I was afraid, he's so weak."

"But we couldn't marry without telling him."

"Marry?"

"Isn't a girl that's past nineteen old enough to marry?"

"How can we be married and father so ill?"

"I don't see what's to prevent it. He might be ill for months or years."

"You wouldn't like, Mr. Mowbray—"

"Evelyn, dear Ellen."

"Evelyn"—hesitating and blushing—"you wouldn't like your wife to spend half her time nursing a sick father."

He would have controlled his countenance had he been able. Ellen read its expression and added, "You see it wouldn't do."

"Why couldn't we have a careful nurse for him? You could go and see him when you chose."

"Oh, Evelyn, how can you?"—voice trembling and tears springing to her eyes. "God himself couldn't love me if I forsook father."

"The Bible says a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife."

"Oh don't, don't! He has nothing left but me. It's fourteen years since mother died: he has never said one angry word to me since then, not even—" it flashed over her that it wouldn't do to talk of that. "I've often vexed him, poor father! I've been thoughtless and careless, and he's been, so good! I think he always felt I had no mother, and couldn't bear to thwart me or deny me anything. If you only knew, Evelyn! I'm sure the Bible never meant that a girl like me, that used 'most to forget her mother was gone—he nursed and petted and loved me so—it never could mean that I was to go and leave him on his sick bed now. And he's so weak and helpless! If you were to see him, Evelyn! His hair's as white as snow. He's *such* an old man now!"

She said it plaintively, dreamily—pausing. Then, with sudden impulse, "I won't leave him!" Mowbray started, and something in his face made her add, "Dear, dear Evelyn, I can't."

"Of course you must do as you please, Ellen."

"As I please? You think I don't love you?"

"Not as well as you love your father, it seems."

Ellen wept like a child. Mowbray tried to soothe her: "I know you love me, dear Ellen: I didn't mean that I doubted your love." He would have been a wretch if he had doubted it under the look of those sad, reproachful eyes.

All she said, as Mowbray assisted her in mounting her horse, was: "He would die if I were to leave him."

During the long summer afternoons Tyler usually lay in a lethargic state. Very, very mournful thoughts filled the silent hours that Ellen spent by his bedside. Never for a moment did she re-

pent her resolution. "He shall not die if I can save him:" that was her one thought as to her father. Yet she made to herself a sort of reproach, pitying and excusing her lover.

"It's not his fault"—such were the thoughts that swept over her solitude—"it's very natural he should feel put out about it. What have I ever done for him except to love him?—and I couldn't help that. He makes all the sacrifices. Don't I know I'm no fit match for him? Couldn't he marry the best lady in the land? Then we're so much poorer now than when he asked me: all the machinery burnt on the boat, the mill gone too; yet he never said the first word about it. And then that talk of the village! When others left me and insulted me, he was always the same. And now, the only thing he ever asked me I *had* to refuse him. Poor Evelyn! I know he must think I don't care for him as he cares for me. If he could only look into my heart!"

Then she began to think, could she ever do anything—make any sacrifice—for him to prove her love? She was romantic in her way, this simple miller's daughter; and she felt that if her father no longer needed her it would be nothing to risk her life or lose it for Evelyn; but how could *he* ever know that? It was only in novels that lovers had a chance to give their lives for one another.

He had seemed to wish that she should tell her father of their engagement. She *could* do that, at least. So one day she did, adding, "I can live without him as long as I've you, father; and may God forsake me if I leave you till I see that you don't need me! I told him I never would. But if you—if you go to mother and I am left here—I shall want to die too unless I'm his wife. I love him so, and he's so good, father—you don't know."

It was another shock, though he strove to conceal that from his daughter. Still, he received the news with mixed feelings. The presentiment of death had been gaining on him; and who was to protect the orphan when he was gone? He gazed on that sweet, sad face—felt that

the heart of love and trust that spoke from it was in the keeping of another past recalling; and the thought came to him: "Nobody but a mean coward would injure her; and the proud peat, with all his uppish ways, is no coward. And then he *has* made up his mind to marry the miller's daughter. Anybody might be proud of Nelly. Maybe he will." So the kind old man, thinking how soon he might be where he could never show earthly kindness more, could not find it in his heart to say no to his child's love.

One only condition he attached to his consent: "It's best you should both have time to know your own minds. You're not twenty yet, Nell. In a little more than a year you'll be of age. By that time either this useless father of yours will be well again and able to spare you, or else—"

Ellen would not let him go on. She had been touched to the heart by his prompt consent: it was a load taken off her mind; and it was with a gush of joy and gratitude she said:

"You're going to get well, father: I'm sure you are. But come what will, I take God to witness that I will not marry Evelyn Mowbray till I am twenty-one years old. And if I ever do marry him, I'll come and see you every day: he said I might."

No concealment from her father now: it lightened Ellen's heart; but her father's, alas!—though the girl knew it not—was loaded down with one grief the more. How could he have confidence in Mowbray?

Accumulating burdens were becoming too much for the old man's waning strength. Before the fatal journey to Buffalo he had fortitude, courage to meet any reverse of fortune. He had escaped from that burning horror—one of seven who had made their own way to shore. But he had escaped, as soldiers often do from the dangers of a hundred fields, to return home broken-down, unmanned, health and hope and energy gone.

The lethargic symptoms increased. An hour or two a day was as much as he could bear to sit up. Ellen became

thoroughly alarmed, and rode into town for Dr. Meyrac. When the girl, on their way back, related to him the particulars of the shipwreck, the effect on her father and the relapse on the night the mill was burnt, he looked grave, but merely said that it was a very remarkable case—such as he had read of, but never met with before.

Alone with the miller, the latter said, "I shall not live long, doctor."

"That may be. Yet I find not any disease pronounced. De nerves are shaken: de forces are feeble. If you have not hope to live, it may arrive that you vill die. All the same, you may yet survive. The courage is there for much;" meaning, probably, that courage had much to do with his patient's chance of recovery.

The miller briefly related to him his trance and its correspondence with realities at home. The man of science smiled with good-natured incredulity: "It is hazard only. Dere are dreams very singular, but dey prove not anything. Let not discourage yourself for dat."

Harper's view of the matter had done much more to quiet the miller's mind than Meyrac's skepticism did. Chance? He knew that couldn't be so. Then he brooded, more and more, over the idea of a death-warning. The needed courage that Meyrac had spoken of failed.

Ten days later his mind began to wander. He was haunted by the recollection of the man who had clung to him as he first rose to the surface. He appeared to re-enact the scene, struggling desperately, striking out his clenched fist, as if at an opponent; and then, drooping despondingly, he muttered, "What could I do? Is it murder to strike a man that's just going to strangle you?" After a time he sank into a comatose state, lasting many hours. And when at last he came to his senses, his feebleness was extreme.

Another day the over-excited brain seemed to reproduce the scene of his exertions to rescue Hartland. He imitated the dragging of a heavy weight till he was bathed in perspiration: then

fell into a heavy sleep that continued all the night through. From each of these attacks he awoke with diminished strength. The lucid intervals, too, became shorter and less frequent.

But, except during the moments when fancy recalled the dangers he had passed, he did not seem to suffer much. The coma into which he constantly relapsed became more and more deep. They scarcely knew when he passed away. Ellen sat, for the last two hours, his hand in hers, and not a movement—not the slightest convulsive twitch—gave intimation of pain or struggle. Half an hour before it was all over she heard him say, in a tone that awed her—so solemn, so utterly different was it from his usual manner—"Deal with *me*, O God! as Thou wilt, but let that man love her: let him cherish her." Then the very last, low words of all—two only: "Dear Nell!"

No need to speak of the orphan's desolation. For days after her father's death one wish was uppermost—that she had died with him. Even her lover was half forgotten.

It was two weeks before she saw him; and the first time they met nothing of moment occurred. He spoke kindly and sympathizingly, doing what he could to comfort her, and evincing deep regret that there had ever been any difficulty between her father and himself.

At their next interview she told him that she had informed her father of their engagement, and that he had acquiesced. He expressed pleasure at this.

Then they talked of the future. "How forlorn you must be," he said to her, "all alone there, with nobody to care for you!"

"Hiram's as kind and attentive as he can be. He seems to guess all I need before I ask him. And then I've little Willie to care for."

"That mustn't go on, Ellen," a little sharply. "Of course we must let some weeks or months pass, but sorrow can't call back those that are gone; and if we could now know your father's wish, I'm sure it would be that you should be hap-

py, and have some one who had a right to protect you as soon as possible."

Then she had to tell him of the solemn promise she had made to her father on his deathbed.

He rebelled at once. How cruel; in its results, is often the affection, even the self-sacrifice, of weak, fond parents! All the strength of the young Widow Mowbray's love, inconsolable under bereavement, had centred blindly in her boy. His very faults so much resembled those of the husband she had idolized throughout their few short years of marriage that she could scarcely find it in her heart to reprove them. In her little household everything had given way to him. In all things the child and his will and his caprices had taken precedence. They were poor: she had to do much of her own work, but if the little sluggard lay in bed two hours after the breakfast-hour, he was never disturbed; and when at last he sauntered carelessly down, she broke off whatever she was about, to see that he had a warm, comfortable meal. In the same way she saved him, year after year, every exertion, every annoyance, at expense of double exertion and double annoyance to herself. When he grew to manhood, and expenses necessarily increased, it was she who must be stinted that he might dress like a gentleman, wear fresh, delicate kid gloves to balls and parties and smoke the highest-priced Havana cigars. When the young man began to long—as youth, ever since Virgil's days, has always longed—for a horse, their scanty capital had to be encroached on to build a stable; and it was the mother, not the son, who undertook additional labor—labor beyond her strength—to pay bills for oats and corn that the idle fellow might spend half his days in pleasure rides.

Selfishness is a weed needing little culture, and Mrs. Mowbray had unconsciously nursed its growth for twenty-four years in her son Evelyn. He grew up utterly impatient of contradiction, and feeling it as an injury—almost as an insult—when another's comfort, or will, or sense of duty even, crossed his own good

pleasure. Who can calculate the effects, springing from devoted kindness, yet tending from sin down to crime, of such a training?

"Nonsense, Ellen!" Mowbray broke out when she had made her confession. "How old are you?"

"In less than three months I shall be twenty."

"And you mean to say you've gone and promised not to marry for nearly fifteen months?"

"Yes," though the poor child had hardly courage to say it.

"Then you did a very foolish thing: that's all I can say."

"Oh, Evelyn, think! If your mother had been dying, and she had asked you not to marry me till you were twenty-five, what would you have done?"

"Mother never would have been so silly. She knows how unhappy it would have made me; and she never crosses me."

"Father didn't want to make you unhappy, Evelyn."

"Then what did he make you promise that for?"

Ellen was not ready with an answer.

"It *would* make me unhappy if you were to keep your promise, Ellen; and if your father didn't want that, then it would be wrong in you—"

"Don't say that, dear Evelyn."

"Why not? Why does it make me unhappy to wait? Because I love you so dearly. What would it signify to me whether it was fifteen days or fifteen months if I didn't care for you? If you cared—"

He was looking at Ellen as he said this, and her eyes, brimful of sorrow and of love, would not let him go on in that strain. So he said, "Don't you think your father wanted me to love you dearly, Ellen?"

"Evelyn, Evelyn! But I never told you. Half an hour before—before he went to mother and left me alone—that was his dying prayer. The very, very last word on his lips was my name. And you want me to disobey him?"

Was she listening to hear those last words of the dying repeated again? She

looked up to heaven, and the expression that lighted her face overawed the man, self-indulgent and impassive to spiritual influence as he was.

"If father had not wished you well, Evelyn," she went on after a time, "would he have let me marry you? I don't know why he made me promise as I did. I never can know now, except that I'm sure it was out of his love for me. I only know that I did make that promise, and that God heard me call His name to witness that I would keep it. And then, Evelyn—"

"Well, dear?" the tone getting impatient again.

"I think father can hear and see us now. When he was lying hundreds of miles away, all but drowned, his spirit saw everything I did and heard all I said, one morning at the well, to Hiram Goddard."

"What did you say to him?"

"He spoke of proposing a partnership in the mill. When father came home he told me the very words."

Mowbray laughed incredulously. Then his brow darkened: "Did your father hear Hiram propose a partnership to his daughter too?"

"You're cruel, Evelyn, and Hiram's as good as he can be. He couldn't help loving me, any more than I can help loving you."

"If you think me cruel, and Hiram Goddard the best man that ever was, I suppose you can't help that either?"

They were sitting on a mossy bank, under the deep forest shade, Mowbray's arm around her waist. He withdrew it. The action, as much as the harsh words, overcame her. She shuddered, as one stricken with ague, and when she could speak for weeping, she said, "I don't know what I'm saying, Mr. Mowbray. I didn't mean you were cruel: when others were cruel, you've always been kind. And all I meant about Hiram was that he is kind and good. Surely, surely you know that I love nobody but you."

"Why do you call me Mr. Mowbray, if you love me?"

"Did I call you so? I think it must

have been because I didn't know if you would ever be more to me than that."

"Ellen, whatever I ask you, you refuse me. Are you going to break off our engagement and marry Hiram?"

That was the drop too much. With an uncontrollable impulse she threw her arms round his neck and hid her face in his bosom, her frame convulsed with sobs.

"If you knew, Evelyn," she faltered out at last—"if you only knew how it breaks my heart to refuse you anything! But see! Father mustn't be angry with me, up there in heaven—he and mother. I think it won't be long till I see them there; and I *must* be able to tell the old man—him that never spoke one unkind word to me—that I didn't break my word to him—what I promised him when he was dying. Oh, Evelyn, I must, I must! You're good, Evelyn: you're so good—so good to me! You don't want me, when I die, to be thinking that the first word to them will have to be that I lied to father just before he left me, with a prayer to God for me on his lips."

He did not reply, but he soothed and caressed her, as she lay in his arms, till the sobs gradually ceased and she recovered, in a measure, her tranquillity.

After a time she spoke again: "You said *if* I cared for you, Evelyn. I know I've never done anything for you. If I only knew—if I could find out—what a poor orphan like me could do to show you what sort of love it is I have for you!"

It was a perilous state of feeling. Ellen did not know that such affection as hers once prompted Arria to suicide; and is not suicide a sin?

"That promise I gave to father," she pursued: "it's the only thing. Ask me anything else, Evelyn—anything. There's nothing I would deny you but that."

"Nothing?" A base, coward thought just glanced through his mind as he said it—so base that the man, selfish as he was, shrank from it as from a serpent. Vice had still its "frightful mien" to him.

"No, Evelyn, nothing." Sweetly, calmly said. No dream of evil. Purity itself in that trusting smile. No inkling of wrong in those loving, guileless eyes. How sharp the rebuke so unconsciously given!

Had the girl been less generous, less faithful, more given to thinking of evil, her danger would have been much less than it was then.

In their after meetings Mowbray did not again bring up the subject of Ellen's promise, nor further insist on marriage before the time her father had set.

I know it is the world's way, when some poor young creature strays from the path of peace, to settle it that she sins at the prompting of selfish, incontinent passion. Alas! that happens sometimes. But far, far more frequently the

temptation is one in which selfishness has no part. Sometimes it is abject poverty that rules: dishonor is incurred to prolong the life of helpless father or mother or to win bread for orphaned infancy left to a sister's care.

Sometimes—and this sad truth almost eludes attention—the motive is traceable to romantic self-sacrifice, wild eagerness to prove the reality of a love arrested, perhaps, for the time, in its placid, legitimate course. Few men conceive of such a sacrifice. It is often made for men when they know it not. God forgive the sacrilegious traitors who know and accept it, bringing to ruin those the latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to unloose! If such obtain Divine mercy at the last, what wretch, blackened with a thousand crimes, but may hope for pardon too?

THE SATISFACTION USUAL AMONG GENTLEMEN.

WHAT shall we say of a practice that has been sanctioned by the most distinguished men of modern times? Condemned alike by religion and by common sense, but upheld by fashion and a (so-called) code of honor, established by men who themselves were but too ready on all occasions to ignore the obligations of Christianity, it has held its ground for centuries, and is yet far from being abandoned. It is fashionable and popular in France, especially among military men and editors of newspapers. Very recently several personal *rencontres* have taken place, and some of the most sanguinary duels on record have been fought in that country. But in Ireland, which was at one time, *par excellence*, "the happy hunting-ground of satisfaction," dueling has gone very much out of fashion. So in England, which has also contributed its quota to the sanguinary record; and in this country, where the native originality has so

often displayed itself in "inventions of delight," such as fighting with knives inside of an empty hog'shead, rifle-practice from behind trees, indiscriminate shooting *à volonté* with six-shot revolvers, and the like.

It is curious that the combat to the death should have been a favorite mode of settling disputes from the earliest ages, although most of the duels recorded in ancient history were rather episodes of war than personal quarrels. Such were the contests between David and Goliath, Menelaus and Paris, Achilles and Hector, Turnus and Æneas, Eteocles and Polynices, Pittacus and Phrynon, the Horatii and the Curatii, Scipio Africanus and the Spanish giant, etc., etc. But in those early times the challenged did not always consider themselves bound to accept the challenge. Thus, when Julius Cæsar was challenged by Mark Antony, he contented himself with replying, "I am not tired of life"—an answer similar

to that given by Metellus to Sertorius, and by Antigonus to Pyrrhus. Themistocles, when struck by Eurybiades, merely observed, "Strike, but hear me." In modern times very little choice has been left to the challenged; for inasmuch as dueling has been almost exclusively confined to what is called "society"—*i. e.*, the upper ten, the army, the navy and the professions of law and of medicine—very few men have had the moral courage to withstand the sneers, the *tabooing*, the loss of position and of character (for *courage*, not for *probity*) which the refusal to accept a challenge involves. And thus many a coward has been driven to "screwing his courage to the sticking-place," and braving death or serious injury to his person; whereas, could he have had his way, he would have followed the example of Parolles, and cried,

"Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live safest in shame!"

It is not our intention to reproduce the hackneyed arguments for and against dueling. Paley exhausted them long ago. He correctly pointed out the true motives which led to the resort to it. "As a punishment," said he, "it is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls on the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation, it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury or afford a compensation for the injury sustained. The truth is, it is not considered as either. A law of honor having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent and wipe off this suspicion, without malice against the adversary, without a wish to destroy him; and generally with no other concern than to preserve the duelist's own reputation and reception in the world." This is, however, not the whole truth; for many duels have been fought solely to gratify hatred; and we know that some have also been fought with other than vindictive designs; as where the killing of the victim would remove an

obstacle to the gratification of lust or the success of ambitious projects. A memorable instance of this was the famous duel between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury in the reign of Charles II.

Among the duels which deserve to be recorded is that between the celebrated Irish barristers, John Philpot Curran and John Egan, nicknamed "Bully Egan." The latter was a man of immense size, while Curran was slim and short. The chances of being hit were, therefore, in favor of the former, for (as Curran said) it was like firing at a haystack. Curran therefore proposed to equalize the chances by chalking lines on Egan's body, so as to mark out his (Curran's) size thereon, and by agreeing that *no shot should count which took effect outside of these lines*. And *à propos* of the chances of being hit in duels with pistols, a well-known writer (Gilchrist) estimates the chances of being killed as one to fourteen, and of being wounded as one to six. His computation, however, is based upon erroneous premises, for he takes into account a large number of duels which were terminated by "deloping"—*i. e.*, by one of the parties firing in the air, or by firing wide and then apologizing; and also those duels in which the parties appeared on the ground merely to satisfy the requirements of society and not to injure each other; which kind of duel the Irish term "dumb-shooting." Very few French or American duels have terminated thus; the reason being, we take it, that the parties have generally been in earnest. In France the code of honor is very strict, and society there is so imbued with the martial spirit of the nation that dueling may be looked upon as the natural vent for its sensitiveness. Frenchmen will go to law in matters of property, but they despise having recourse to it in matters of personal insult or injury. In England the seducer is punished by being made to pay damages, but in France he may lay his account to a thrust through the body, and in this country to a bullet through the head. Which of the two modes is the better preservative

of the honor of women? It must be owned, however, that there have been too many instances of men taking the law into their own hands, and shooting their foe when he was unprepared and perhaps unarmed—a practice which, however extenuated by the amount of injury, is dangerous to the stability of society. It will not do to allow a man to be the judge of his own cause.

In fashionable society the practice of dueling has a tendency to maintain a high tone of courtesy among men and of deference to women which adds materially to the charm of social intercourse. Peculation and embezzlement are rare among public men in France, notwithstanding the fact that many of them have arrived at eminence through unscrupulous political manœuvring. But whether this is to be attributed to a chivalrous aversion to the dishonor which arises out of pecuniary delinquencies—though none such is felt to the reputation of being a spendthrift or a gambler—or to a well-organized system of administration, which provides so many checks upon the acts of public officers that it is difficult for them to go astray, we cannot undertake to say. It may appear absurd, at first sight, to assert that dueling has anything to do with it; but if it be true that this much-condemned practice has produced a chivalrous feeling of honor in the French, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may influence them in their public as well as in their private conduct. In strong confirmation of our views we may adduce the fact that dueling has recently increased to an unusual extent in Italy. The bitterness of political strife in that country, the prominence which the army holds there, and the license of the press seem to have been active causes of making the duel more than ever the recognized mode of resenting injuries and insults. There has lately appeared a pamphlet on the subject from the pen of Signor Fambri, a Venetian journalist and politician, in which the necessity of dueling is deplored, but insisted on as the only counterpoise to the evils of a free press in the author's native land.

Various estimates have been made as to the number of persons killed in duels. We are inclined to think it has been greatly overrated. We read that during the reign of Henry IV. of France, four thousand gentlemen lost their lives in that country by dueling; and that during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. scarcely a day passed without several fatal duels in Paris alone. A little reflection will convince us that there must be considerable exaggeration in these statements. At the rate of even two hundred deaths a year, the French Court would speedily have been deprived of every gentleman in it, which we know has never been the case. The number of duels fought in England during the reign of George III., a period of sixty years, was only a hundred and seventy-two, and but sixty-nine persons were killed. This comes more within the pale of belief. We believe the number of duels fought in this country to be very moderate. In the State of Pennsylvania there has been no duel fought since the bloodless one between Mr. Binns and Mr. Stewart in 1805, which occasioned the passing of an Act of the Legislature inflicting severe penalties on all who should engage in dueling; and since that time, though several Pennsylvanians have fought duels, they have gone out of the State to do it. Much of the invective against dueling, as causing a wanton destruction of life, falls to the ground. Many duels have been merely public modes of apologizing for insult or injury; and in a very large number of these cases reparation was obtained from bullies which could have been obtained in no other way. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not admire dueling any more than we do war, or pestilence, or any other of the evils which afflict the human race, but which, nevertheless, have been permitted to scourge us from time to time, doubtless for wise ends. But we believe that where dueling has been abandoned, and the community has not proportionally progressed in enlightenment, the practice has been succeeded either by a less regard for the feelings of others, evinced in coarse manners

and insulting language, or by a greater amount of litigation, or by resort to violent and unfair means—even assassination—for the gratification of personal revenge. The celebrated Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, who was a brave and distinguished soldier, labored hard to abolish dueling, and induced a number of leading men of that State to memorialize its Legislature for stringent laws against the custom. The memorial embodied, in as concise and energetic a form as the English language permits, all the arguments which could be advanced against it; and no Christian could well refuse his assent to them. Still, as Christians, though they condemn war, will still embark in it—ay, and carry it on with savage energy, too—so will they occasionally resort to dueling, until a better tone of society and a more thorough appreciation of the precepts of the Gospel shall render both unnecessary. We know of no better and nobler stand against dueling than that taken by the Hon. Robert Barnwell Rhett, Senator from South Carolina, in the personal controversy which arose in the Senate between him and the Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, Senator from Alabama, in February, 1852. Mr. Clemens had used the terms “knavery” and “treason” in reference to Mr. Rhett, which was sufficient provocation for fifty duels, but he subsequently added the term “coward.” Ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred would in such a case have considered themselves bound to resort to “the code of honor:” not so Mr. Rhett. He boldly stood up in the Senate and said, “For twenty years I have been a member of the Church of Christ. The Senator knows it—everybody knows it. I cannot and will not dishonor my religious profession. If he, or any one else, supposes that I am so much afraid of his insults, or the opinion which requires them to be redressed in the field, as to be driven by them to abandon the profession of twenty years, he is entirely mistaken. I frankly admit that I fear God, and that I fear Him more than man. Although desirous of the good opinion of all men (for our usefulness is very largely de-

pendent on the good opinion of our fellows), we can never obtain it by an abandonment of the principles we profess. True courage is best evinced by the firm maintenance of our principles amidst all temptations and trials.” This was a truly noble example to set, and has probably not been without its influence; although many lamentable affairs have since occurred, wherein the party injured, or supposing himself to be injured, took upon himself to redress his own grievances, and public opinion sustained him in so doing. We are not now speaking of those savage encounters which have occurred on the borders of civilization, where, in fact, no other mode of redress was to be had than that afforded by the rough-and-ready hand of the settler, but of those scenes enacted in the very heart of our great cities and centres of refinement. Such was the famous duel between Messrs. Cilley and Graves, near Washington, in 1838, fought upon a mere point of honor, and one of the combatants (Mr. Cilley) professing the highest respect and most kind feelings for his adversary, who nevertheless shot him dead. In this sanguinary affair the seconds were the parties most to blame: indeed, the report of the committee of the House of Representatives appointed to investigate the affair declared the case to be “without any circumstance of extenuation.” It would seem that Mr. Cilley had been marked out for a victim, if we may credit the following paragraph from the above-mentioned report: “Early in the day on which he (Cilley) fell, an agreement was entered into between James Watson Webb, Daniel Jackson and William H. Morell to arm themselves, repair to the room of Mr. Cilley, and force him to fight Webb with pistols on the spot, or to pledge his word of honor to give Webb a meeting before Mr. Graves; and if Mr. Cilley would do neither, *to shatter his right arm*. They accordingly took measures to ascertain whether Mr. Cilley was at his lodgings, and finding that he was not, they proceeded, well armed, to Bladensburg, where it was said the duel between Mr. Graves

and Mr. Cilley was to take place. Before arriving there, it was agreed between Webb, Jackson and Morell that Webb should approach Mr. Cilley, claim the quarrel, insist on fighting him, and assure him if he aimed his rifle at Mr. Graves, he (Webb) would shoot him on the spot. It was supposed by them that Mr. Graves, or Mr. Wise, or some of the party, would raise a weapon at Webb, whereupon it was agreed that Webb should instantly shoot Mr. Cilley, and that they should then defend themselves in the best way they could." The death of Mr. Cilley before they reached the ground thwarted their scheme. All this occurred in Washington only thirty years ago. It was said at the time that the duel was a *grave* thing for Cilley, and a *silly* thing for Graves.

Another equally savage affair was the duel between Major Biddle and Spencer Pettis in 1831. It took place in Missouri. They fought at five feet distance, and their pistols overlapped each other. Both were mortally wounded, and they exchanged forgiveness on the ground. How much better would it have been to have done this at first!

Perhaps no duel is more illustrative of the imperious demands of the code of honor than that between Henry Clay and John Randolph, which originated in the heat of debate in 1826. Both of these distinguished men really esteemed each other. Randolph the night previously declared to General James Hamilton that nothing should induce him to harm a hair of Clay's head; and on the ground, after firing, Clay stepped forward and said to Randolph, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched: after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds!" And Randolph declared to his second, "I would not have seen Mr. Clay fall mortally, or even doubtfully, wounded for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams!" These illustrious combatants became fast friends ever afterward. But was not the whole transaction a keen parody on the system which required them to "go out"? Very different was the termination of the duel

between Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett, both of Illinois. The seconds intended to make a sham affair of it, and it is supposed that Stewart was in the secret. Bennett, however, suspected a joke, and after receiving his gun from his second he dropped a ball into it, fired and killed Stewart. For this murder he was hanged. This affair occurred in 1820.

The history of dueling has its comic and its romantic aspect as well as its tragic and its diabolical. Some of the excuses given for not fighting are droll enough. Franklin relates the following anecdote: A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit farther from him. "Why so?" said the person thus addressed. "Because, sir, you smell." "That, sir, is an affront, and you must fight me." "I will fight you if you insist upon it; but I don't see how that will mend the matter, for if you kill me, I shall smell too; and if I kill you, you will smell worse, if possible, than you do at present." Amadeus V. of Savoy sent a challenge to Humbert II. of the same duchy. The latter replied to the bearer of the challenge: "That the virtue of a prince did not consist in strength of body; and that if his principal boasted of his strength, there was not a bull which was not stronger and more vigorous than he could possibly be; and therefore, if he liked, one should be sent to him to try." The French poet Voiture was a noted duelist, but he would not always fight. On one occasion, having been challenged by a gentleman on whom he had exercised his wit, he replied: "The game is not equal: you are big, I am little; you are brave, I am a coward: however, if you want to kill me, *I will consider myself dead.*"

Some curious challenges are recorded. The French poet Romieu received the following challenge from a young rival: "Sir, I send you with this note a ballad, which I beg you will read with great attention. If you think you can *add a few words to it*, and they suit me, I consent to accept you as a *collaborateur*. I have the honor," etc. The manuscript was returned to the author with this re-

ply: "Sir, I have read your ballad with the greatest attention. *I leave you the choice of weapons.*" The meeting took place without serious result. Here is another French specimen: A gentleman was playing billiards, when a young man accidentally ran up against him. "Who is this abortion that rubs against me?" exclaimed the player. The young man begged his pardon. "I'll forgive you when I have run you through," replied the player. He had scarcely uttered these words when a loud voice was heard saying, "Young man, take these five hundred francs and order a *first-class funeral* for Monsieur ——" (naming the player). "Who are you," said the latter, "that dare speak in this way?" "I am the Count of Bondy, at your service," replied the stranger. The count was a renowned duelist, and the player declined fighting; but the count insisted on his apologizing to the young man, which he did, and thus the bully was completely cowed.

In the history of dueling it is interesting to notice the national characteristics of the parties engaged. One of the most striking instances of the peculiar bent of the French mind is that of the two famous duelists — Lagarde Vallon and Bazanez, who fought merely because they were jealous of each other's reputation. Bazanez sent Vallon a hat, with the threat of taking it from him, together with his life. Vallon put on the hat and immediately went in search of Bazanez. They met and set to with their swords on the instant. Vallon gave his adversary a cut on the head, exclaiming, "That's for the hat;" then another cut, exclaiming, "That's for the feather;" and a third, with "That's for the tassel." Bazanez, however, was not done for: though bleeding profusely, he rushed upon his antagonist and got him down, and drawing his poniard gave him fourteen stabs in the body from the neck to the navel, exclaiming, "I am giving you a scarf to wear with the hat: beg for your life." "Not yet, my dear fellow," replied Vallon, biting off his adversary's chin and smashing the back of his head with the pommel of his sword. Both

fell exhausted and the combat ceased; yet, though so frightfully wounded, they both recovered. Duels between women and of women with men have not been uncommon in France. One of the most extraordinary of these stories is that of Mademoiselle Maupin, an operatic performer at Paris. On one occasion, being at a ball and behaving rudely to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on condition that those gentlemen who had taken the lady's part should go out with her. The gentlemen agreed to this, when, after a hard combat, she killed them all and returned to the ball-room. The king (Louis XIV.) granted her a pardon, and she withdrew for a time to Brussels, but soon after returned to Paris, where she died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven.

But of all the duels on record, that between two officers of the French army, named Fournier and Dupont, is the most remarkable. It began in 1794 and ended in 1813, having lasted nineteen years. It originated at Strasbourg, where Fournier had challenged and killed a young man named Blum. Great indignation was felt against him in the city; so much so, indeed, that General Moreau, giving a ball at his quarters on the day of Blum's funeral, thought it advisable to exclude Fournier: accordingly he gave the necessary directions to his aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont. In the course of the evening, Fournier presented himself, but was refused admittance by Dupont. The consequence was a challenge to the latter from Fournier. They met and fought with swords, and Fournier was severely wounded, but he exclaimed as he fell, "That's the first touch," and promised Dupont that he would soon have another. In a month he got well: they fought again, and this time Dupont was grievously wounded, exclaiming as he fell, "That's the second touch: as soon as possible for the finish." When Dupont recovered, they fought again, and both parties were slightly wounded. They then drew up a formal agreement to fight whenever they were within a hundred miles of each other, each party to go half-way,

unless prevented by the exigencies of the service. They crossed swords frequently pursuant to this agreement, but never seriously injured each other; and they always shook hands before fighting. They also corresponded amicably. At length they were both made generals and sent to Switzerland. Dupont arrived late at night at a little village where there was no inn: not a light to be seen, except at the window of a small cottage. He went to it and knocked, and the door was opened by Fournier. They at once drew their swords and set to, conversing amicably as they fought. Dupont presently drove his sword through Fournier's neck and pinned him to the wall, and would have held him there till he capitulated, but that some officers, hearing the scuffle, came in and separated them. Fournier recovered from the wound. Some time afterward, Dupont thought of marrying, but the obstacle to his doing so was his agreement with Fournier. How was he to get rid of it? He resolved to go to Fournier, state the case and ask him to settle the business with pistols. Fournier, being one of the most extraordinary shots ever known, was astonished, and asked Dupont if he was mad; but the latter proposed that they should go into a little wood near Neuilly, armed each with a pair of horse-pistols, and having gone out of sight of each other, they should track each other as they best could, and fire at convenience. This having been agreed to, they adjourned to the wood and separated. After much dodging, they caught sight of each other behind two trees. To stir was certain death to either; so, after waiting a few minutes, Dupont raised the tail of his coat as if stooping down. Instantly a ball from Fournier passed through it. Soon after this Dupont held out his hat with his right hand and presented his barrel, as though taking aim. The second ball from Fournier went through the hat. Dupont now stepped forward with both pistols cocked, and told Fournier that he would not take his life, but that

he must never cross his path again, for if he did he (Dupont) should claim the right of putting his two bullets into his (Fournier's) brains. And thus ended this long-protracted affair. Surely, none but Frenchmen would have carried on such a tragi-comedy for so long a time.

As a contrast to the *sang froid* exhibited by these Frenchmen, we extract the following account of a duel between two Irishmen, a barrister and an attorney: The barrister had in court flung his powdered wig in the attorney's face, and a hostile meeting was the result. The attorney fired and missed: the barrister, who had reserved his fire, then furiously brandished his pistol to the imminent danger of the bystanders, and said to his second: "Shall I rush upon him with a shout, *after the manner of the ancients?*" Some of the Irish duels were occasioned by practical jokes, as in the case of Frank Shelton, who called out an exciseman for ramming the butt-end of a horsewhip down his throat while he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open.

Duels have been a great card with novelists. Lever excels in his descriptions of them, as the readers of *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton* and *Tom Burke of Ours* can testify. Sir Walter Scott has also made effective use of them in *The Monastery*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Legend of Montrose* and other tales; but his crowning effort is in the battle of the clans in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The duel between Lovelace and Colonel Morden in *Clarissa Harlowe* is a masterpiece in its way. That between Château-Renaud and Fabian dei Franchi in *The Corsican Brothers* is the most dramatic of all achievements in the sensation line.

The subject of dueling is capable of indefinite extension, but our limits warn us to stop, which we do, hoping that the time is rapidly passing away when there will be any occasion for such advice as that given by Grattan, on his deathbed, to his son: "Be always ready with your pistol." JOSEPH J. REED.

THE GREAT FLOOD:

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

HOW long ago was it? do you ask, little Benny? Sixty-one years, if it was a day. It is June, now: I was seventy-nine the tenth of last April; and that worst day of the Great Flood was on one other tenth of April, exactly sixty-one years before. It was my eighteenth birth-day, too: I remember that as well as anything else that happened. For that matter, I remember it all well enough: it's not very likely I shall forget such a time as *that* was until the sods cover me. Come here to my knee, Benny, and I'll tell you all about it.

The country was new then—not so new that the Indians or the wild animals troubled us much, for there were only a few of the Delawares very near us, and they were so much civilized that they cared for nothing but whisky; and a stray wolf or catamount was all that troubled our pigs and chickens. When I say it was a new country, I mean that it was pretty much all woods, with very few settlements, and not many people in them. They were mostly along the banks of this river, for 'most every one was lumbering or rafting; and that was what brought father here from Vermont. Mother died away up among the Green Mountains; and it always seemed to me as if he couldn't bear the old homestead after that. He grew very restless and uneasy; and one day he came home early in the afternoon and said to me—

“Daughter, I have a chance to sell the place at a bargain. Shall I do it? This hasn't been much like home to me for two months: I think I'm wanting new scenes and new faces to blunt the grief I have for her that's left us. Shall we go to Pennsylvania, Bessy? I've a plan to go into the lumber trade; and mayhap I'll make so much money in a year or two that we'll go to Philadelphia,

and you'll be a lady the rest of your days. Shall we go, Bess?”

Poor father! The dear, kind soul lived and died with the wish nearest his heart to make me a fine lady. I'm thankful that he never saw it accomplished; but he did see me become a useful woman, and, I hope and trust, a good wife and mother. How that happened, little Benny, is the story that I'm telling you now.

Look from the north window, there, boy: I'd come and look with you, but my rheumatism is bad to-day. No matter. Do you see that long point of land, a mile up stream, that runs out into the river? Yes? Well—look a little closer at it. Farthest from the shore it spreads out into an acre of good, high land, but the narrow neck that joins that to the shore is commonly almost as low as the bed of the stream. There are great high stepping-stones across it now, that father laid there when we first came; and we used to walk dryshod over them when the spring rains had raised the river. I remember but one solitary time when the water covered the stepping-stones as well as the neck of land; and that was the time of the great flood.

Our little house was built on that high land, out in the middle of the river—a two-story frame affair, with two rooms down stairs and two rooms up; and, after all, it took all the neighbors to raise the roof. It was an odd notion of father's, putting it there: he used to say that the day would come when he could sell off valuable water-privileges all around his acre. That day hasn't come yet, Benny; but sometimes, when I think of poor dear father, and all his plans and schemes for me, and of what has happened, I really think that something like Providence put it into his heart to fancy that queer little corner out there in the river, and to build our

house there. I am going to tell you what I mean right away.

After the little house was built and furnished, I stayed at home and kept it, and father took to the woods with the loggers. He led a hard enough life from that time out till he died: summer and winter he was at work with his men—sometimes at the loggers' camp, then hauling the logs to the river and rafting them down to the bay, where he sold them to the contractors. There were weeks when he wouldn't be at home a day but Sunday; but when he was rafting I often heard his shout on the river, and could see him waving his hat from the raft as it went slowly down the stream with the current. I hope I was a good daughter in those days: I tried my best to do all that I could for him. I kept the house neat and tidy, and mended his clothes; and regularly once a day I cooked a great mess, which was taken up hot to the loggers' camp in a great tin pail that was got from the city.

I was lonesome-like often enough, for there were whole days that I did not see a human being to exchange a word with, but Ben Sample, who 'most always came for the dinner. Heigho! It's long enough ago that I'm telling you of; and handsome Ben Sample was then hardly twenty-one. I don't know, my boy, but the lads are as handsome, and sprightly, and as good now as they were threescore years ago: if I say not, it may be because I see them through an old woman's eyes, and that I can't see the charm that I could once. However that is, I know I never saw so fine a lad, every way, as that one was. He was not over tall, nor yet short: he was of middling height, with broad shoulders and big hands, and was as strong as any two of the men—so father said. He had curly chestnut hair, and red and white cheeks, like a girl, though sunburnt; and his eyes were great blue ones, and his teeth shone so when he laughed (and that was often) that anybody would have liked him. And then he was so honest and so clever, and so kind and obliging, that before I had seen him many times I came to like him right well; and one

day I happened to say to father that I thought Ben Sample was an excellent lad, and that I wished I could have more of his company. I never saw father look stern all of a sudden, as he did then; and I never heard him speak so stern, either.

"Better leave him in his place, Bessy," he said, very quick and sharp-like. "He's naught but a poor lumberman, after all, and he's not likely to be aught else. Don't be tender with him, daughter: I bid you not. If you've felt any too kind to him, you must check it in time. Have little to say to him, daughter; it's your father's wish."

Poor Ben! There had been no talk of love between us before this morning, and I do not know that I had thought of him at all as a lover; but by and by, after a few weeks more, when I had tried hard to obey my father's command and treat him coldly, he lingered one day over the great tin pail long enough to press my hand and whisper bashfully to me, "Dear Bessy!" I snatched my hand away and looked hard at him, and told him that he must never say nor do that again. He left me, looking as grieved as I ever saw another mortal look; and when he was gone I went out to the log-seat by the river and cried as though my heart would break. I did not know my feelings till then, but if Ben Sample could have seen me that half hour!

Ben did not come with the great pail after that: another man took his place, and things went on in the old lonely way all the rest of the winter and through the next spring. It was in the first week in March, I think, of that year that father brought young Mr. Cardle to the house. Young Mr. Cardle was the only son of old Jacob Cardle, the millionaire, who lived in Philadelphia, and who was contracting with father for all his logs for years to come. The old man meant that young Jacob should succeed him in business in a few months; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to send him up into the loggers' country for a while, to get him acquainted with the different kinds of lumber, and the

processes of cutting it and getting it to market. Father thought it would be a good thing for himself to entertain him at the house while he remained ; and so, for the next five weeks, they were regularly at home morning and night, sleeping in the house and spending the day in the woods or on the river. But it wasn't hard to see that young Mr. Cardle grew tired of this very soon ; and presently he began to come back to the house in the middle of the day, and fish or shoot in the neighborhood until night.

You'll want to know what kind of a man he was, boy. He was pale and slender, handsome enough for those that like such beauty as that in men ; and rather foppish with his diamond ring and his silky moustache. He was very polite, too, and he would talk and chatter as city folks can ; but I never thought there was much heart or good-feeling in anything he said or did. Yet he seemed to like me from the first ; and poor father whispered to me ten times, if he did once, " Play thy cards shrewdly, Bessy, and thou'lt catch him ! He'll make thee a lady, girl, and a rich one ! " And stranger things have happened, I know, than my marrying him would have been : surely, affairs were rapidly drifting toward it ; and I had almost succeeded in crushing the thought of Ben Sample out of my heart, and in playing the part that my father wished me to play to young Mr. Cardle (for I never could have persuaded myself to love him), when that fateful tenth of April came that brought my eighteenth birth-day and the Great Flood together.

The river had been rising slowly for a week before it, and there had been much rain with us. We heard reports of tremendous rains in the mountains two hundred miles north of us, which lasted for days and days ; and the river continued to rise steadily and slowly, though up to that day it was not over the stepping-stones across the neck. On the morning of the tenth the rain came down at first steadily, and Mr. Cardle thought he would not leave the house. Father went over to the camp after breakfast, saying that he would re-

turn, as usual, toward night ; and so we two spent the day alone together. I tried to talk with him and to interest him, but he was restive and uneasy, and half the time was idly turning over leaves or drumming with his fingers on the window-panes. It was about the middle of the afternoon, when I was wondering what I should do next (and thinking a little of poor Ben Sample, I believe), that Mr. Cardle turned short around to me from the window and said, very abruptly,

" I'm going back to the city to-morrow, Bessy. I want to know if I can come back here in three months—that'll be the middle of July—and make you my wife ? "

I looked straight at him, and said not a word, but oh, my boy, how I *did* think of Ben !

" I'm rich enough for both of us, and to spare," he went on ; " and you're everything that I want in a wife. You know you're handsome, Bessy, and I suppose you are good. Will you marry me when I come again ? "

I never thought of myself or of my own feelings : I put all thoughts of Ben out of my head, remembered my father, and said " Yes "—nothing more. I don't know whether Mr. Cardle would have kissed me or not : he had no chance ; for hardly had I spoken that word when there was a knock at the door, and I opened it to admit—Ben Sample himself !

We were all three of us rather ill at ease for a moment. Mr. Cardle knew Ben, I suppose, and must have heard something about his old feelings for me, for he stepped back to the window and frowned, never speaking or nodding to Ben, who stood there with his hat twirling in his hands, awkward and abashed. He only found his tongue when I asked him to sit down, and then he said,

" Nay, I can't stop. I only came to bring your father's message that he won't be home to-night. The rise in the river has broken loose the great raft up at Logan's Ford, that was to have been floated down to-morrow, and he's gone up with all hands to moor it. He can't be here to-night."

That was awkward news for me. I had never thought of staying in that lonely place without father; and it was little consolation to think of Mr. Cardle as a protector. Just as I had a question on my tongue, Ben spoke again.

"You don't know how fast the river is rising," he said. "Out on the stones the water is almost up to the tops of my boots, and seems to be rising higher."

"Do you think there is any danger in staying here to-night?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Maybe not," he answered, doubtfully; "but I never knew the river to be so high before."

"Ben, Ben, what shall I do?" I took no thought at all of Mr. Cardle, and felt no safety except from the presence of Ben. "Didn't father send any other word?"

"None at all."

"And won't you stay?"

"After what has happened, Bessy? I shouldn't think you'd wish it." Then he must have seen how grieved and sorry I looked, and how alarmed I felt, for he added, right away,

"Yes, I will stay, Bessy, if you wish it, though I trust and believe there's no danger."

I thanked him with a look, and before I could say anything more, Mr. Cardle spoke.

"Do you think there is any danger of the river unsettling the house?" he asked.

"It surely will if it rises high enough," Ben replied. "Hark! hear that!"

Generally, when the door was open, we could hear a faint ripple of the current, but it now had a hoarse, loud sound that was new to me. Ben looked dubious as he heard it.

"I don't like that," he said. "Let me go out and see."

He was not gone three minutes, and he came back with his face full of trouble. "The water is within twenty feet of the door," he said. "I don't suppose I could wade from here to the bank. We must leave here at once, and when you're safe, I'll come back and save some of the things. If the water gains

like this, all this floor will be under in an hour."

He went out again: I knew what for. The west foundation-wall of the house was next the river, and father always kept a skiff tied there. I understood, from what Ben said, that he meant to bring the skiff round to the front and take us to the shore. I was putting on my hood and shawl when he came back. His face was as pale as ashes, and he never noticed me at first, but looked all round the room and into father's chamber. "Where's that fellow Cardle?" he asked. I had not noticed that he was gone: he had been standing by the window just before Ben went out the last time. "I thought it," Ben cried, and his face looked half sorry, half mad. "Bessy, do you know what has happened? *The skiff is gone*, and that man with it."

I looked, terrified, into his face, and then followed him to the door and looked out with him. It was almost night, but what there was of daylight left showed us a mad, white-capped torrent of water rushing through the channel between us and the shore—so near to us that we could have stepped off the lower step into it—and roaring and whirling in a way that was fearful to see. The rain had ceased, and I didn't then see how it could be that the river could rise so; but I understood it afterward, when they told me that it was all owing to a sudden thaw up in the mountains, that had melted the snow in the gorges and poured hundreds of new streams into the river all at once. We looked a moment, and then came back into the room. I was afraid, I suppose; but not so much so as I thought at first. Somehow I felt a sense of security with Ben Sample there that robbed the situation of all the terrors it would have had without him. I hardly thought of Jacob Cardle, and how mean and heartless he was to abandon us so and deprive us of the means of safety, when Ben wanted to save us all together. "Ben will save me," was all I could think of; and I suppose I repeated the words to myself a hundred times. Once I must have spoken them aloud, for he said,

"I will, Bessy—God willing. I will pray for strength that I may."

He knelt there on the floor and prayed, and I knelt beside him and took one of his hands in both of mine. When we arose we heard the first low washing of the water against the east side of the house, mingled with the louder rushing and brawling of the torrent beyond. When it grew so dark that I could not see Ben's face, I lit a candle; and we sat there together in silence, I holding his hand. My heart was too full for speech, and Ben said nothing but a word of comfort now and then.

"There's nothing for us to do but to stay here and hope for the best," he told me once. And then he added, "While there's a hope, and when there's none, I'll not leave you, Bessy."

Dear, noble Ben! I wanted to throw myself on his breast and tell him my secret, but something prevented me—I don't know what—and I only pressed the hand that I held.

There was no slackening to the river: it rose higher and higher every moment, and by ten o'clock the water was over the floor where we stood. Ben had carried the trunks, and the things I thought most of, up stairs; and we then took to the second story. Here we stayed for two hours more, I listening all the time for the sound of oars or voices, for I hoped that father would come and take us off. Midnight came and I grew impatient, and complainingly asked Ben if he could tell why father did not come and rescue us.

"I'm afraid I can, Bessy," he answered with a grave face. "The great raft went down the river two hours ago: I heard the voices of the men shouting, and I don't doubt your father is carried away with the rest. But don't be afraid: they're all safe, I hope, and they'll get to shore when morning comes."

I couldn't help crying when he told me that, and I nestled up to him as if I had been a child, and he put his strong arm around me. It was not long after this that we felt the house settling and tipping, and not much longer when it careened half-way over, and was whirled

away into the river by the torrent that had been undermining the foundations. That was an awful hour, my lad! Ben held one arm around me, and with the other hand grasped the window-sill, while he braced his feet in the corner of the room; and the rising and falling of the poor wreck under us, as the heady current swept us along, gave me at first the feeling that we were going straight to the bottom. The wind moaned outside, the water beat against the planks, and the beams cracked and gaped as though the poor old house was all falling apart. Long before daylight we both saw that it was settling down deeper and deeper into the water, which rose over the upper floor; and when Ben had succeeded in knocking out the scuttle, he dragged me out on the roof—how, I don't know. I only know that he did it, and that but for him my drowned body would have floated there in that old wrecked house when the morning came.

And I don't know much about how the rest of that dreadful night passed. Ben sat up on the ridge-pole, and held me on by main strength; and in the cold and the darkness I believe I slept: certainly I forgot where I was for a long time, and forgot I was cold too. But then I didn't know, until I woke up at broad daylight, that Ben had taken his coat off and put it around my shoulders. The house had sunk so low that one of the eaves was tipped clear out of water, and the other was three feet under. We were drifting slowly down the centre of the stream: the shore was almost a mile off on either side, and there was not a sail nor a sign of help in sight. I looked at Ben, perfectly hopeless and calm in my despair, and he looked back with hope and courage.

"There's one hope yet, Bessy," he said, cheerily; and his finger pointed to an object floating ten rods behind us—an object the sight of which filled my heart with gratitude to God, that he had heard and had thus answered our prayers. It was my father's skiff, with the oars lying in the bottom of it, following along in our track as if to save us from destruction! I understood at once how

it was : Jacob Cardle had drawn it up on the shore after deserting us, and the rise of the flood had carried it out ; and falling into the strong current of the neck, which set toward the middle of the stream, it had followed us all night. Ben looked wistfully at it, and measured with his eye the distance to it. The roof to which we clung was alternately sinking and swaying, and the water sucked and eddied ominously around it.

"This old thing can't swim many moments longer," he said. "Can you hold on here alone, Bessy, while I swim out to the skiff and bring it to you?" He did not wait for me to reply, but lifted me to the place where he had sat, and showed me how to grasp the bare rafter, where the boards had been strained off. When he had done this, he stopped, just as he was going to let himself off into the water, and looking at me with a tender, mournful look that I can never forget — no, not if I should live to be twice fourscore—he said,

"You'll be safe in ten minutes, I hope : may God speed me, for your sake ! Yet if anything should happen to either of us, that we shouldn't meet again in this world, I must tell you now, Bessy, that nobody has loved you as I have—that nobody loves you now as I do. Believe me, dear, for it is true."

"I know it, Ben — I know it !" I sobbed ; and I put up my face to his. He bent over and kissed me, with such a look of mighty surprise and overwhelming joy as I don't believe any man ever had before ; and crying out, "Hold hard, Bessy—hold fast, girl !" he jumped into the river and struck out for the skiff.

I did not tell him when he left me that my hands were cold, almost numb ; and I held tight to the rafter and watched him while the pain in my poor hands and arms was distressing me sorely. I saw him reach the skiff, and balance himself and labor carefully over its side to get in without overturning it ; and when he had accomplished this my strength was almost gone. My hands were giving, slipping : I made one last spasmodic effort to retain my hold, and shouted wildly to Ben. I heard the

plash of oars, and his loud, cheery voice encouraging me : darkness overtook me as my hands slipped their grasp. Clutching at the shingles, I slid downward, down, but not to my watery grave. The skiff shot past me. Ben Sample's arm snatched me from my peril, and I lay safely in the bottom of the boat, while his stout arms rowed me toward the shore.

"Look there !" he exclaimed ; and I looked my last at the poor old house. The roof heaved and settled, the waters washed up over it, and it sank in a wild whirlpool that sucked it down.

That was the last of our danger. We got to the shore and found a house ; and before night we had a chance to take a schooner up the river. In a day or two father came up with most of his men ; and such a meeting as we had ! The raft had been carried off by the flood, as Ben thought, and two of the men had perished by drowning. And when I told him the true story of our night in the house afloat, he took Ben by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and begged his pardon for thinking that anybody could be better than such a brave, noble fellow as he had proved himself.

"And especially that cowardly sneak, Cardle," father added, with a savage slap of his hand on his knee. "Plague take me ! what a fool I would be, sometimes, if I had my own way !"

As for Jacob Cardle, I never heard a syllable more of him. I never wanted to. I am not sorry that I met him, for he served to show me the difference between Ben Sample and the little creatures the world of fashion and wealth calls men.

Welladay ! It's many a long year since then ; it's many a long year that I lived as the happy wife of that same Ben Sample ; and it's not many since God took him home before me. How old are you, little Benny ? Nine, indeed ! Then he died just nine years ago : you were named for him, boy, for you were born the morning that he died. He was your own grandfather, little Ben ; and I can give you no better wish than that you may be as brave, as strong and as good a man as was he.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

"H—," cries a voice on deck, "come up here: we've arrived." In a minute we all stand together, gazing at the land. Directly before us, and apparently much nearer than they really are, white houses, flat-roofed or capped with small domes in Eastern fashion, rise in tiers from the sea, covering a conical hill, from the base of which the snowy shore curves north and south for many a mile. It is Jaffa. Behind the houses we get glimpses here and there of the famous groves of figs and oranges, and beyond them of the green plain of Sharon sloping to the foot of the hills, that fade away yonder, blue in the distance. In front of the town a reef of rock, projecting from the shore, forms a sort of harbor, into which small boats and fishing-craft find their way through a narrow gap but ten or fifteen feet in width. Half the time the steamers cannot land mails or passengers; but, fortunately for us, the weather is lovely, and the sea, which often lashes the reef with fury, is washing gently over it and curling its breakers tranquilly on the beach. All is bustle and excitement with those who are to land. Bundles are hurriedly made, blankets strapped, and everything crammed into bags and boxes.

A small boat, manned by four strong, half-naked Arabs, is already alongside. Our bags and baggage are lowered into it: we descend next, and soon, amid the farewells of our friends on board, pull away from the ship, as great waves roll us toward the town. The boat rises and falls as our turbaned oarsmen pull stoutly, now on this side and now on that, until in a few minutes, lifted on the shoulder of a huge roller, it shoots swiftly through the narrow opening in the reef into the smooth water beyond. A few strokes of the oars bring us to the wall: we mount narrow stone steps, green and slippery with constant washing by the sea, and stand at last on the

sacred soil of Palestine. Leaving our faithful dragoman enthroned on huge piles of luggage, the centre of an excited crowd of Arabs, who offer their services in every imaginable department, we gladly escape the din and follow into the town a man and boy who have both constituted themselves our guides. The boy, an impudent specimen of a Syrian Gavroche, runs in front of us, talking and gesticulating wildly. On him the other, an old fellow with a venerable beard and a melancholy pair of legs that suggest base-ball clubs with slippers on them, looks down with evident disgust.

"The hadgee," says he, "do not wish a child to pilot them." They want him, the oldest and best guide in Yâfa. "La!" interrupts the boy, "no: he is too old;" and he runs briskly on before. Following the two as they quarrel, we enter a small doorway, cross a little yard, where a woman, busy with her household cares, turns her head for an instant to ask for "bucksheesh," and begin to ascend a dozen or more stone steps in the wall. The boy on one side and the man on the other seize each one of the party in turn, until all stand on the roof. Then, at the top of their voices, "Dis," cry both simultaneously — "*Dis Simontanerhouse!*" Impossible as it is to fix with accuracy the locality of Peter's vision, it was no doubt upon just such a scene that he looked when he went up upon the housetop to pray, and grew weary and lay down to sleep. The wall of the next house, rising a few feet above this, makes a pleasant nook of shade. On the other side a huge fig tree growing in the yard below spreads its sheltering leaves: soft breezes waft hither the perfumes of peach and orange from the gardens without the town, and the liquid splash of the waves on the smooth beach beneath falls pleasantly on the ear. It is a cool, secluded spot, and the view of the old town and placid sea is charming.

From "Simontannerhouse," as it is called in the language of the town, we follow our rival guides to the walls. From the parapet the prospect is beautiful, looking eastward over the gardens and the plain to the hills. "Yonder," says our ancient guide, pointing toward the east—"yonder is El Kads (the Holy)." After a walk along the walls we descend again to the waterside of the town, to the Augustine Convent. Here the dragoman meets us. He has made every arrangement, he says, and our tents and baggage are already half-way to Ramleh. Let us climb the stone steps into the convent, where our luncheon is prepared. A pleasant-faced brother sits at the head of the table and offers us wine and bread and cheese. These, with boiled eggs and fruit, make our repast. While we are eating the monk entertains us. His language is a curious compound of equal parts of Latin, French, Italian, German and Arabic, with here and there a word of English to season it to our Anglo-Saxon ears. He was born of German parents in Venice, he tells us, but left them early to become a monk. He does not know whether any of his family are living: he had a brother, and a sister too, but he has not heard of them for twenty-six years. Will he not go to Europe some day to see them? we ask. Perhaps: certainly, if the Superior orders it. He chatters away, often unintelligibly—now of Italy and now of Syria. He has been sixteen years at Yâfa, he says, but never at Jerusalem.

"Do you not wish to go there?" we ask.

"Oh non! non, monsieur," he answers: "perchè?—à Yâfa—ich bin content—de—de continuâre sempre—toujours—toujours."

And so he rattles on till luncheon is finished.

Our horses are now ready, and with a farewell "bucksheesh" to our contented host we mount and leave the convent. A small, wiry Syrian of light complexion, with brown eyes and hair, dressed in the picturesque costume of Beyrout and the Lebanon, is introduced to us as the

owner of our horses and as our future guide. "He is the best in Syria," says the dragoman, "and is named Hamoud. He was with the Prince of Wales, and is very proud of it." After many salaams he leads the way, and we follow in single file. Up a stairway between high houses our horses carry us to the upper town. Then we turn to the left through narrow streets, where the latticed windows almost meet above our heads, and presently are passing the bazaars.

For a while we ride between long lines of shops, where old flint-lock guns and pistols and scimitars and daggers from Damascus are exposed for sale, with pipes and silks, and clothing old and new, and quantities of fruit and spices; until, dodging a long line of camels that have just come in, tied head and tail together, and pushing our way through the crowd that struggles in the gateway, we emerge into the gardens and leave Jaffa behind us.

For some distance the road leads eastward between hedges of prickly pear, through the branches of which we can see orchards of orange and other fruit trees; but soon it quits the gardens and stretches across the almost level plain. After riding for an hour we see a wagon approaching that looks strangely familiar. It is a plain farm-wagon, with board floor: in it are seated three bearded men armed with guns. A fourth rides alongside.

"Those look amazingly like Yankees," says one of the party as they approach.

"Hulloa!" cries the horseman, riding up in front, "you're Americans or English, I guess."

"And so are you," is the reply. "What are you doing here?"

"Why we belong to the American colony at Jaffa."

They are some of those enthusiasts who embarked in the fall of '66 from New England to settle in Palestine.

"We believe," says one of them, "that this country is soon to be the scene of great doings, and we thought we'd come over here to help a bit."

"One is from Jersey," adds another,

"but most of us are from the *State o' Maine.*" Even here, on this plain of Sharon, the citizen of Maine retains his one great peculiarity: the others are from "Massachusetts," or "Pennsylvania" or "Jersey," but he is from "the State o' Maine."

We have a few pleasant words with them, and they ride away. How odd thus to meet American farmers on the plains of Syria! Here was the energy that had tamed the New World in a century, turning back across the ocean to recivilize the Old! The youngest daughter of the Earth stooping to raise her fallen eldest sister! The sons of the Pilgrims in this nineteenth century embarking their families and their household goods, and sailing toward the rising sun to plant American institutions on the shores of Palestine! How grand to imagine these forty families of New England yeomanry the forerunners of a new crusade, which, in this later age, in the light of a higher civilization and a purer religion—armed not as of old time with sword and spear, but with ploughshare and pruning-hook—shall roll its waves across Asia, raising forlorn humanity and crushing out the twin tyrannies of body and of mind—scattering broadcast the blessings of liberty and knowledge, and building up in the sepulchre of Christ, amid the prayers of the nations, that new kingdom of Jerusalem whose name is Peace!

Alas! this is but imagination, after all. The end is not yet at hand. The little colony has since this interview been most unfortunate. Badly treated by the Turkish government, betrayed and deserted by their leader, they fell into unworthy hands, and have at length dwindled down to a very few, who were at the last accounts striving to procure funds to bring them home again. Though productive of no great results, their expedition is a curious episode in the history of the time.

By sundown we have reached Ramleh, a small, and, like every other in Syria, half-ruined town, and are threading its winding streets. We soon come out on the plain beyond, and find our tents

pitched and everything prepared for our reception. Horses, mules and donkeys are picketed close by. Our camp attendants are grouped around a large fire. In front of the "kitchen tent" our skillful old cook, Hassan, is squatting on the grass near a curious iron thing that resembles a gigantic nutmeg-grater with its concave side turned up. Upon this, which is filled with burning charcoal, our dinner is cooking. The savory aroma of roast mutton warns us to be ready. Seated in our comfortable tent, we are soon discussing a famous dinner. Then, after pipes and coffee, maps are examined: one reads from the guide-book, another scratches a few lines in his journal. An hour later, a hungry dog, snuffing among the ashes at the fire, is the only creature awake in the whole encampment.

Before the sun has risen above the eastern hills all is bustle in the camp. Ere we have finished breakfast the tents are struck, the baggage packed and a long train of animals has begun to move eastward. All is at first confusion. Here, a stupid donkey, laden with beds and bedding, wanders obstinately from the road to crop the grass; there, a willful mule, impatient of labor, bearing an immense wicker cage, through the bars of which peep chickens and turkeys, fruits and vegetables, persists in turning back toward Jaffa; or an aged horse, excited to a memory of his youth by the fresh morning air, capers about, to the terror of a small Arab boy who tries to hold him, and to the threatened destruction of our kitchen utensils, which he carries on his back. Red-capped, bare-legged Arabs, stick in hand, rush to and fro shrieking and swearing: there is a din of neighing horses, braying donkeys and shouting men. But at length order is restored, the train moves forward, and as the tops of yonder hills begin to glow we mount our horses, and passing rapidly the long string of beasts of burden, gallop off toward Jerusalem. For an hour or two we follow the beaten pathway across the plain of Sharon. Though it is yet winter, the grass is green, and here and there patches of flowers of

varied form and exquisite hue delight the eye. But soon we are nearing the hills. The plain, no longer smooth, swells into billows of green and breaks over the scattered rocks around with crests of flower-foam. Presently we come in sight of a tall hill crowned with a mass of ruin. We stop, get together and consult. Out come maps, guide-books and the ever-present field-glass. But the dragoon settles the question with a word. It is Latrôn—the Hill of Modin. Let us dismount for a moment and climb its sloping sides.

A ruined fortress, built by the Crusaders, is all that now marks the city of the Maccabees. The great monument and the seven pyramids erected by Simon, which were visible at sea beyond Jaffa, have disappeared: no stone of the ancient city remains upon another: the home of the Lion of Judah has become a den of thieves. Bands of wild Bedawin have made it their haunt for many years, and the place has a bad name. Indeed, as we reach the summit an old fellow, gaudily dressed and armed to the teeth with sword and pistol and long flint-lock gun, peeps out at us from a dark, ruined vault, in no good humor at our approach. But there are four of us, well armed, and he contents himself with growling *sotto voce*, and we pretend not to notice him. The view is fine. From the hills in front it extends back across the plain to Jaffa, and we can see the blue Mediterranean as it breaks on the snowy beach, from the lower hills of the range of Carmel on the north, southward toward Gaza and Ascalon. But it is already wellnigh noon, and we must not delay. The path now follows a winding valley between low, stony ridges sparsely covered with stunted bushes and a sort of coarse heather. There is nothing striking in the scenery save its desolate and savage character, but the blood beats faster when we hear that we are riding through the Vale of Ajalon. Presently we have reached a narrow pass called "Bab-el-Wady," or "Gate of the Valley," and have entered the hills. We have begun to climb in earnest. The path is the dry bed of a winter torrent.

Among the rocks and over huge boulders our sure-footed horses nimbly pick their way. Up, up we climb for an hour or two, and at last reach the brows of the hills. Here there are small groves of olive trees, and soon, beneath a venerable patriarch that may have waved his gnarled and twisted arms above Cœur de Lion and his mail-clad knights, so old he seems, we find large rugs spread for us with a tempting luncheon. But the sun has passed the meridian, and after an hour's rest under these olives of Beth-horon, we mount and ride on again. The scenery grows more picturesque. Occasionally dwarf oaks, hawthorns and bushes of various kinds greet us, or a thicket of prickly pear breaks the monotony of rocky hillside. Every step of the way is historic. Beyond those hills to the north lie Mizpah and Bethel and the Hill of Gibeon; far away to the right, among the rocky ridges of the south, are Bethlehem and Hebron. The path turns abruptly, and before us is an Arab village commanding the narrow way. Clustering about a kind of castle hanging on the side of the ravine, half rock, half masonry, the houses of Kuryet-el-Enâb frown down upon the traveler as if sullenly regretting their old chieftain, Abu Ghaush, who was for twenty years the terror of the pass. Beneath them, on a rocky platform, stands an object which, always beautiful, appeals touchingly to the eye of the Western stranger in this wild Eastern country. It is a Gothic church—a relic of gallant old Godfrey de Bouillon and his kingdom of Jerusalem. But, although not yet in ruin, it has long ago forgotten its noble origin, and now serves as a stable for the cattle of the Arabs. A solitary palm tree stands like a sentinel before its open portal. These robber-houses mark the site of Kirjath-jearim, and one of them perhaps stands on the very spot where the ark of the Lord rested in "the house of Aminadab on the hill" for twenty years.

We have now been seven or eight hours in the saddle, and are drawing near the Holy City. In an hour we reach a little village which is thought to

be Emmaus, and are riding along the path on which our Lord walked with His two disciples as they journeyed from Jerusalem. As we climb hill after hill, and see ridge beyond ridge rolling away before us, we begin to grow impatient. Faster and faster we hurry along. The feeling is contagious, and we all push forward as rapidly as our tired horses can pick their way among the rocks. Impatience increases. With bodies bent forward and eyes strained eagerly eastward, we urge on our horses and climb hill after hill in excited silence. Presently a white dome peeps over the ridge in front. At last it is Jerusalem! Too deeply stirred to speak, we gallop up to the summit and gaze forward. Not yet: it is the tomb of some Arab sheikh, and, disappointed, we press on again. We cross another ridge and another: shall we ever reach the Holy City? But see! The leader of our party, wild with emotion, spurs up the rocky hill and reins his foaming horse and waves his hat! With a burst of excitement we dash forward and the summit is gained!

Bathed in the mellow glory of the winter sun, beneath us lies Jerusalem! Girdled with her ancient walls as with a belt of masonry, Roman fortress and Jewish synagogue, the mosque of the Moslem and the Christian's church, lie piled together upon Zion. There, where every age has written its history in desolation, out of the mass of ruin, struggling into light, tapering steeple and square tower and swelling dome and slender minaret — dumb witnesses of Jove and Jehovah, and Mohammed and Jesus — tell of her glory and her shame!

It is the hour of sunset. Through the narrow streets Turkish turban and Arab tarboush, the Astrakhan head-dress of the Persian and the fur cap of the Jew, mingle with all the fantastic costumes of the East. Jew and Gentile, Turk and Greek, jostle each other as they hasten along. One after another the shops are shut. Mindful of the prowling robber, the merchant hurries his heavily-laden donkey through the half-closed gate. On yonder housetop

a tall Moslem has spread his carpet and with his face toward Mecca begins his prayer. The sweet notes of a bugle float to us from the citadel of Antonia: the Turkish garrison is changing guard. The voices of the muezzin on the minaret calling to the Faithful mingle with the vesper hymn of the monks of the Armenian Convent. As the clear-toned, English-voiced bell, reminding us of home, sounds from the church on Mount Zion, let us draw nearer. That massive fortress lit by the red sun is the Tower of Hippicus; the cluster of minarets without the walls marks the Tomb of David; the low, broad dome surmounted by a cross covers the Holy Sepulchre; that line of yellow masonry rising from the centre of the city is the wall of the Harâm, the foundation of the Temple; and beyond, the great blue dome lifting high into the twilight the glittering crescent of the Moslem is the Mosque of Omar. On the right, the Hill of Evil Counsel is cut clear against the sky; eastward, the Mount of Olives rears its head; and far away between them, above the blue mist that begins to rise from the Valley of Siloam, the mountains of Moab stand out purple in the setting sun.

We ride slowly down the broad road and enter the Damascus gate. The sun sinks rapidly behind the hills. The hum of the city is hushed, and now, with noise and rattling of chains, the gates are shut. The streets are deserted, save where a Turkish soldier tramps along, his sabre clanking on the stones, or some half-starved Jew picks his way through the filth among the shadows to his dingy hovel. Yonder Musselman has said his prayer, and sits motionless upon the housetop with folded arms, watching the fast-sinking sun. Whirling two or three times about a ruined tower, a scavenger kite alights on a broken arch of the palace of the Knights of Saint John and folds his wings to rest. From vault and cave, where he has lain hidden through the day, creeps forth the mangy cur, his colleague of the night.

The voices of the muezzin have died

away. The bell on Zion is still. The sweet sound of the vesper hymn has melted into silence. Little stars peep timidly over the shoulder of Olivet. The pink glow fades from the crescent on the

Mosque of Omar. Darkness puts forth her shadow-fingers from the hills of Judea, and Night—beautiful, solemn Night—has fallen on Jerusalem.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

WATCHING FOR DAWN.

AS yestermorn my years have flown away ;
 But for lost youth there come no new to-morrows .
 No lure compels the drowsy joys to stay—
 No curtain quite shuts out the bat-winged sorrows.

O my sweet youth ! Left I one fruit untasted,
 One flower not plucked, on any farthest bough ?
 Ashes for beauty, dust for fragrance, wasted :
 All that was sweetest grows most bitter now.

Then plucked I bitter-sweets, yet plucked again.
 Fool ! But, O man ! was I alone in folly ?
 Each morn renews the opium-dreamer's pain—
 Each sigh confirms the poet's melancholy.

Self-love is mad—grows madder with indulgence :
 Angels may weep to see it strive and dare.
 Ah ! was not Heaven robbed of your effulgence,
 Swift, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Baudelaire ?

In this dark night of mortal wretchedness
 What stars are fixed ? I see but comets gleaming :
 Without, are sounds of strife and dull distress—
 Within, I watch a candle's fitful beaming.

Yet stars there are, like fires afar off burning—
 Still, underneath the horizon, there is day :
 Oh for more light to aid my slow discerning !
 What can I do but watch, and weep, and pray ?

Look ! In the east appear some gleams of morn—
 A breath of sweetness floats upon the air :
 Now, while within my spirit hope is born,
 A still, small voice gives answer to my prayer.

“ Put out the candle, for the sun has risen !
 All other lights, above, below, grow dim :
 Go, Soul ! like Paul and Silas, from thy prison :
 Christ hath redeemed thee—*be complete in Him.*”

H. H.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

REMINISCENCES OF EDITORIAL LIFE IN THE WEST.

IT is too often the case that genius is indolent. The rugged paths to fame are more frequently traveled by hard-plodding mediocrity than by the really brilliant.

With Mr. GEORGE D. PRENTICE, the wit and poet, luckily the road proved a flowery one. No obstacles presented themselves, or if they did they were circumvented, not surmounted. If he had been compelled to learn in sorrow what he taught in song, he would never have been a teacher. A sweet poet, a natural wit, a genial humorist, a brilliant politician and a scathing satirist, his fame has become coextensive with a love of literature without an effort of his own. His poetry drops from his lips, his witticisms, though conned hard, are conned as a labor of love, politics are his delight and satire is a field in which he roams for pleasure. He has become one of the ablest political editors in the Union, and has done the State great service, but neither has involved much exertion. With his lifelong experience and his careful analysis of American politics, he might be a power in the land when all its powers are needed, but he prefers to accept the good things that are given him without the trouble of seeking.

For many years previous to the war, Mr. Prentice, as editor of the *Louisville Journal*, held the people of the Southwest in the hollow of his hand. He thought and decided for them, and his politics became theirs. A great distrust has come between them, however, and his paper, at one time a very autocrat of the press, has been consolidated with an old rival under the name of the *Courier-Journal*, while Mr. Prentice himself, bereft of his proprietorship, holds his place upon it as a salaried subordinate.

During the first Lincoln campaign, Mr. Prentice, with his *Journal*, advo-

cated the election of Bell and Everett, the representatives of a fine old conservative party that did not live long. On the election of Mr. Lincoln, however, a council not only with his editors, but with such Kentucky statesmen as John J. Crittenden, Robert J. Breckinridge, Lovell Rousseau and others, induced him to follow his own inclination and support the incoming administration. The aspect of the country was gloomy and threatening, and no one felt it more acutely than Mr. Prentice. I have seen him weep bitterly over the ordinances of Secession as they came, one precipitating another like a row of bricks, and have heard him, in conversation with staunch old Union men of that section, utter lamentations loud and deep over the threatened fate of the country. "My God!" he would say, "I have heard Henry Clay predict this." There was no hypocrisy in his sorrow. It was the genuine deep grief of a true patriot.

At the time of the call for seventy-five thousand men by Mr. Lincoln after the outrage on Sumter, the *Journal* violently denounced the call, although without Mr. Prentice's knowledge. The despatch, it seems, came late at night, and was received by the editor on duty, Paul R. Shipman, a brilliant essayist and student of belles lettres, who was, however, hardly practical enough for the post of a leading editor on a live newspaper. He wrote a short and pithy editorial denouncing Mr. Lincoln's call, and urging the people to rise in their indignation and thrust the "tyrant" from his seat. The people, it will be remembered, did not rise to any great extent for that purpose, but Mr. Prentice rose in his indignation next morning and came very near thrusting Shipman from his seat. He stormed and raved furiously at him, and outside the room in which he held forth could be heard frequent volleys of oaths and

the words, "You've ruined us, sir!" But Shipman's voice was heard in calm rebuttal, and, as he was considered indispensable in the heavy and abstruse editorials, the matter blew over with no very serious consequences to either himself, the journal or the "tyrant." Mr. Prentice, however, seized the first opportunity to change the position thus forced upon him, and after going through the forms of neutrality and submission, he became an active advocate of coercion.

Mr. Prentice's forte as an editor consists in his wit and sarcasm. At his table, with his spare notes and a rapid amanuensis before him, he pulls forth strings of witty sayings from his brain as a magician pulls forth coils of silken ribbons from a hat. Whenever a point suggests itself he will jot it down, no matter where he is or what accommodations for jotting down are at hand. He generally has a pencil and a slip of paper, sometimes only the débris of an old envelope, about him, but for a desk he will with equal readiness make use of his hat or a dead wall or a lamp-post. The note, consisting probably of only a word, is then consigned to apparent oblivion in the depths of a pocket or the inside of his hat, to be brought out only by chance among a number of boon companions in the same place. When he feels inclined to wit, he takes from receptacles where he has placed his more fortunate notes, thick slips of tiny manuscripts, with bare suggestions of a joke. On these he commences a process of incubation that is quite as rapid as that of the famous hen-persuader. He dictates in a slow and serious manner, with his eyes fixed alternately on his own little slip of paper and on the ceiling, punctuating as he goes, never halting to supply a word or two to embellish a figure, but straight on as fluently as Wendell Phillips or Susan B. Anthony answers a retort. His conversational powers, strangely enough, are very deficient. He becomes painfully dull and awkward when brought into brilliant company. Introduce him to a noted wit, and although he may laugh at the jokes of his new acquaintance, the laugh

is partially forced, and his replies, if he attempts any, are irrelevant and pointless. He is shy of making any attempt at wit and humor, and seems strongly inclined to discouragement such an attempt on the part of another. His wit is apparent only in the columns of a newspaper, for it requires to be pruned and finished before it is presentable. He does not say things that are bright, but he thinks and writes a great many.

During the days just preceding the war, Mr. Prentice became a great favorite with the hardy backwoodsmen of Kentucky, who usually came to see him when they were in Louisville on business; not that they were acquainted with him, but, as they themselves would tell him, just to see what he looked like. Such visits were of course peculiarly painful to a sensitive nature, though Mr. Prentice had no recourse but to endure them. Reception-rooms are not generally in use among the "provincial" newspapers, and a knock at the door is the only intimation of a visitor before he enters the room. One of these enthusiastic individuals shook Mr. Prentice warmly by the hand one day, when he had come, as he said, on a visit of "curiosity," and after scanning the editor's features in various lights, drew himself up and said:

"So, you're old George D. Prentice, air you? Well, I'm mighty glad to see you. Jim Dodd bet me you was good-looking, and I bet you wasn't; and *I think I've won it.*"

Mr. Prentice probably enjoyed that visit even less than usual.

Years ago, Mr. Prentice's right hand became partially paralyzed from continuous writing, and although the entire arm is available for other purposes, his fingers are stiff and will not obey the leaders promptly enough to admit of his writing as rapidly as his flow of ideas requires. He seldom attempts more than his autograph or a short letter intended to be very private, and then his clutch upon the pen becomes vice-like in its tenacity, while the outer fingers of his hand stretch themselves involuntarily in every direction, very much like the antennæ of an

exaggerated beetle. To remedy this, he made use of a writing-machine, which he worked by means of his whole arm. It served him very well for a time, but he finally discontinued it, for fear that he might lose the use of his arm as well as of his hand. Since then he is compelled to employ an amanuensis. His first employé in this capacity was a young lady, but as he is a very gallant old gentleman, she diverted his attention too much from business, and did not prove a success. Among the first young men whom he employed thus was Calhoun Benham, his brother-in-law, who afterward became conspicuous as a second in the famous Terry-Broderick duel in California. John J. Piatt, the poet, held the position for a time, and was graduated as editor of the *Mac-a-cheek* (Ohio) *Press*, which he published in connection with Richard Realf, of John-Brown-raid notoriety, and Wm. D. Howells. He returned to the position, however, and finally left it for a clerkship in the Treasury Department under Mr. Lincoln's first administration. Mr. Piatt's first attempt at poetry was published in the *Louisville Journal*, and that paper was indeed the *alma mater* of many of the sweetest poets that the West has produced. Alice and Phœbe Cary wrote for it when they were comparatively unknown, and I am not certain but that the foundation of their reputation was laid in its columns. It also counts among its famous graduates Sally M. Bryan (now Mrs. John J. Piatt), Lizzie Conwell Smith, Emma Alice Browne, Caroline A. Warfield, Rosa Vertner Johnson, Delle Mason Ward, Amelia Welby, Mr. Forceythe Wilson, and others whose names are not so well known.

Mr. Prentice is resistless in his satire, and when he descends to abuse he becomes merciless. Nothing stands in his way. He pays no respect to age, sex or color. He accuses and vilifies in terms sometimes hardly fit for publication, and departing entirely from the well-trodden, legitimate paths of abuse, he invents terms of vituperation which are as unique and original as they are effective. Mrs. Sally Rochester Ford,

the estimable wife of a Baptist clergyman who went South during the war, incurred his wrath by indulging in some invective against him for his decided stand for the Union. It is charitable to suppose that Mr. Prentice was in a less pleasant humor than usual when he read it, for he at once launched forth into a storm of denunciation and invective that was outrageous. He capped his climaxes by ridiculing her personal appearance, laughing at her figure and making jokes upon her homeliness. Another individual who incurred his wrath was named R. R. Bolling, who at the time was running on an opposition ticket for some State office. As an opposition candidate, stereotyped phrases, such as villain and liar, would have been considered abuse enough for the offence, but when in an evil hour Bolling denounced Mr. Prentice personally on the stump, the abused editor let loose all his thunderbolts. He employed all his inventive genius in the coinage of new epithets, and in the culmination both of his rage and his invention he branded poor Bolling as a boil, a running sore and a fistula. The people could not conscientiously have a fistula in office or endure one in society, and Bolling lost both his coveted position and his independence among his fellows.

The law of libel has killed many a good newspaper invective. Emphatic abuse is inconsistent with a careful use of the word "alleged" or the substitution of fanciful for real names. In the great cities of our Eastern seaboard, where libel laws are stringent, real downright editorial invectives are seldom used. Editors cannot trust themselves to be severe, lest they should also be unparliamentary. To be sure, Grattan once conclusively showed Corry in the English House of Commons how to do it, but that was a long time ago, and editors now-a-days are not Grattans as a general thing.

In Western and Southern communities they arrange these matters differently. The last resort of an individual outraged editorially would be a suit for libel. Whatever statutes there may be upon

the subject have become null and void through long disuse. The courts would probably look upon a case of the kind as ridiculous and the plaintiff as a man of no spirit. His suit would be lost through want of sympathy on the part of the jury, or else he would receive a nominal verdict, which would neither line his pocket nor plaster his wound. An editor, therefore, untrammelled by formalities or parliamentary decorum, can use vituperation without stint, printing his terms in provokingly clear type, without the fear of Chancery before his eyes. But it is quite likely that he will be called out or shot on sight, or knocked down at any moment on the morning of publication. This mode of procedure is considered far preferable to that in New York, for instance, where, if the same editor entered the arena with the same weapons of abuse, he would most probably be compelled to devote all his spare substance to paying the costs of a libel suit.

It may well be assumed that Mr. Prentice, although comfortably exempt from all vexatious lawsuits, was frequently involved in dangerous personal rencontres. He does not know how often he has been shot or how often his life has been despaired of. In all his numerous rencontres he has seldom if ever come out second best. Many of them were sought by himself in retaliation for abuse heaped upon him by rival editors, for, free as he is in his abuse of others, he is peculiarly sensitive to abuse heaped upon himself.

Reuben Durrett was editor of the *Louisville Courier*, the principal local opponent of the *Journal*, in 1858, and kept a sly paragraph in its columns, for several days, intimating that Mr. Prentice, while "under a cloud," had fallen from a gangplank of a steamboat into the water. Mr. Prentice was intensely aggravated by this little paragraph. He did not deny its truth. It might have been true, but it was certainly no less objectionable on that account. Probably he felt that even his great command of language would not permit him to do justice to the subject. He simply an-

nounced that if the paragraph appeared again he would hold the editor personally responsible. Of course the paragraph appeared next morning. Mr. Prentice immediately waited upon Mr. Durrett, fired twice at him, received two shots in return, the police interfered, honor was satisfied, the paragraph was "canceled," and each editor had a ball extracted from under his hide.

William E. Hughes, another rival editor, sent his belligerent card up to Mr. Prentice during a popular excitement, and received the following reply:

"Tell Mr. Hughes that I will be down as soon as I load my pistols."

Hughes, however, unwilling to give his enemy every advantage of ground and preparation, withdrew in haste. The popular excitement at the time was in consequence of a Know-Nothing election, which, in Louisville, was a contest of muscle more than anything else, and every prominent politician felt bound by the obligations of party to shoot or disabuse some prominent man of the opposition. The day of election was a day of blood, and is yet known as "Bloody Monday" in the annals of the city. Mr. Prentice undoubtedly assisted in allaying the popular tumult, and probably saved a rival office and a very fine Catholic cathedral from destruction. On several occasions, however, he has himself been compelled to flee before the wrath of the people. During the Ward riots, when Matt. Ward, who murdered the school-teacher Butler, was the object of vengeance, Mr. Prentice, who defended Ward in his columns for reasons never definitely known, took horse at midnight and galloped to a place of safety.

When the news of the Bull Run fight reached Louisville, the intensest excitement prevailed, and the rebel population paraded the streets swearing vengeance against all loyal men who came in contact with them. The *Journal* office had long been floating a United States flag from a staff on the roof, but the staff being too short for the flag, a carpenter had been sent for early in the day to put up a longer one. He arrived at the time

quite a threatening demonstration was being made in front. The *Courier* office, which was on the opposite side of the same street, was intensely rebel, and it was bruited about that a Confederate flag would be hoisted upon it during the day. The crowd between the two offices was clamorous for the raising of one flag and the lowering of the other. At this juncture, Mr. Prentice was informed by an excited employé from the counting-room that somebody was on the roof pulling down the flag. The old man's eyes flashed fire.

"Then, by G—," said he, "go up there and throw the scoundrel down among the mob."

Up rushed the willing employé. The flag was already half-masted, and the carpenter, intent mainly on earning his wages, though not insensible to the cries of the admiring crowd beneath, was busily engaged in untying it from the halyards. To his infinite disgust, however, before his work was completed, he found himself hurled backward by a strong hand, which in the next breath flung the flag again to the peak and tied the halyards in an insoluble knot to the staff. The honest carpenter was then lustily kicked down the skylight, and thrust the rest of the way down two pairs of stairs to the street door, where he received an energetic parting salute, and found himself landed among his late admirers, without having a single chance to receive or tender an explanation. This bold stroke touched the generous impulses of the mob, if they had any, and all demonstrations against the *Journal* and its flag ceased. The crowd, in fact, turned its ridicule on the unoffending carpenter, who with difficulty made his way to his shop with unbroken bones.

Notwithstanding his frequent personal rencontres, Mr. Prentice never accepted a challenge or fought a duel. James B. Clay, the son of the Sage of Ashland, once challenged him for remarks made in his paper in animadversion on Clay's sale of his father's homestead. In his reply declining, Mr. Prentice made probably the most effective argument ever urged against dueling. After offering as

a side issue the fact of his arm being paralyzed and young James being the son of one of his dearest friends, he urged that the anxious nights preceding a duel were tortures that he could not endure. He would be willing to fight on sight, but he could not deliberately plan how, when and where.

Wordy retorts between rivals of note generally make pretty good reading in newspapers that contain but little startling news and few solid editorials, and they become particularly interesting when all parties are personally known to nearly every reader. Mr. Prentice was an adept in the art, and usually found foemen worthy of his steel among the editorial fraternity in Kentucky. Shadrach Penn was one of these worthy foemen, and the battle generally raged fiercely between the two. He and Prentice were intimate friends and almost continually together, but they would time and again violate each other's most sacred confidences for the purpose of some paltry joke or home thrust. On one occasion the two were bathing in a "sanitarium," and Mr. Prentice fell fast asleep in his bath-tub. Penn saw him, and laughing immoderately at the prospect of a good joke the next morning, betook himself to his office, where he prepared an elaborate sketch for publication, detailing the fact that Prentice was drunk in a bath-tub. He had no foolish scruples about mentioning names. Prentice, however, was awakened by Penn's prolonged laughter, and, beclouded as his brain was, he immediately comprehended the situation. He also returned instantly to his office and prepared an elaborate account of the affair, embellishing and coloring it to suit the desperate circumstances under which he labored, but substituting the name of Penn for Prentice in the cast of characters. Both paragraphs appeared next morning, each in its respective sheet, but as Prentice's was the most highly colored, the people gladly accepted it as the true narrative.

On one occasion, however, Mr. Prentice was the victim of a shrewder joke than any he had practiced on others. For

a long time he was engaged to contribute weekly to the *New York Ledger* a half column of "Wit and Wisdom, original and selected." For this he received one thousand dollars annually, which, in times of gold and silver, and considering that the wit was more selected than original, was very good pay. Jasper H. Johnson, a queer genius and a rare humorist, who has said many funnier things than Prentice, Artemus Ward and the army of humorists put together, and who does not know his own worth, was an editor-of-all-work on the *Courier* at the time. and succeeded admirably in burlesquing Prentice's half column in the *Ledger* by a similar half column in the *Courier*. The *Ledger* is usually out two or three weeks before its natural time, being dated well into the future. Johnson saw in this a chance for a point, and after intimating several times that the public and the *Ledger* were swindled by wholesale plagiarisms from the *Courier* on the part of Mr. Prentice, he sprung his mine by publishing in the *Courier* of May 1 the precise wit and wisdom already given to the world in the *Ledger* of May 14. He again taxed Mr. Prentice with plagiarism, and held up these "damning proofs" to the public. Prentice, who seldom looked at the *Ledger*, except to see that his contribution was in its accustomed place, was nonplussed by this *coup de plume*, and it is doubtful if he ever accurately understood how the thing happened.

After the Ward riots, Mr. Prentice found his subscription list woefully depleted by the withdrawal of subscribers who censured the course he had taken during the trial. In order to retrieve this loss, he published daily for a week or two several columns of letters from imaginary subscribers who, having withdrawn, were anxious to subscribe again. These writers declared that they had been afflicted with terrible pains and "miserics" in the chest or head or stomach, or with rheumatic and consumptive ailments, and solemnly took oath that one reading of the *Journal* cured them completely. One individual declared that he had a tricky horse, but that he com-

menced taking the *Journal* again and the animal became mild enough for a country doctor. Such good-humor had its effect. The old subscribers laughed in their sleeves and subscribed again. When his course in favor of coercion was decided, his Southern subscribers, who were in a large majority on his list, dropped off rapidly, but the large cities of the North sent him long lists of new ones. He vented his ridicule on his Southern deserters in many instances through his columns. Here is one instance :

"UNIV. VIRGINIA, May 17, 1861.

"PRENTICE :

"Stop my paper ; I can't afford to read abolition journals these times : the atmosphere of old Virginia will not admit of such filthy sheets as yours has grown to be.

"Yours, etc.,

"GEORGE LAKE."

—

"LOUISVILLE, May 24, 1861.

"LAKE :

"I think it a great pity that a young man should go to a university to graduate a traitor and a blackguard—and so ignorant as to spell abolition with two *b's*.
G. D. P."

Prentice and William G. Brownlow, until a few years ago, were devoted friends, and during the early years of the war, when the fate of the latter and his Tennessee compatriots hung in the balance, Prentice suffered no little uneasiness on their account. He had a great regard for Maynard and Etheridge, who were closely allied at that time with the present Senator from Tennessee. But he was especially anxious about Brownlow. I was in his room with him, acting as his amanuensis, when he met them after their escape. He was dictating when a knock came at the door, and not wishing to be disturbed, he called a deep frown to his brow to warn unwelcome intruders off.

"Come in," he said, snappishly. The door was quickly opened and three rather rough-looking figures stood in view.

"Prentice, my old friend, how are you ?" said a hearty voice.

"Brownlow!"

The two leaped forward and clasped one another in a genuine embrace. "Etheridge! Maynard!" and a hearty shaking of hands greeted the others. But to Brownlow, Prentice immediately turned his eyes and his attention. At intervals, even in the midst of the conversation that ensued, the two, as if by one impulse, would grasp each other's hands and look affectionately into each other's eyes. Since the war these two old friends have become bitter enemies politically. I cannot say that the old affection does not still exist. It is, however, highly improbable that they will ever embrace so cordially again.

Mr. Prentice as a partisan editor has been uniformly successful, but he has never been a recipient of the spoils of office. He was once offered the nomination for governor of the State, and again for Congress, but on both occasions he declined the honor—which would have ensured an election—on the ground that his greatest wish was to be editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and that he could do his party more good in that capacity. In fact, he knows nothing of business outside of his editorial duties. He cannot promptly indite a police item, nor even fill out a check for a few dollars. He will, however, go almost any length for his party friends or his paper. Under Mr. Lincoln's administration, although he had stoutly opposed the Republican party in the previous campaign, he received the bestowal of several offices on account of his bold defence of coercion when coercion needed bold defenders. These he gave to his friends—Col. Wallace, one of his editors, becoming Assistant Secretary of the Senate under Emerson Etheridge, John J. Piatt receiving a clerkship in the Treasury Department, and A. M. Hancock, one of his friends, the consulship to Malaga.

His poetry is of the highest and sweetest order. His "Lines at My Mother's Grave" are among the most affecting, heartfelt expressions of love and sorrow ever uttered. They are the overflowings of a full heart which often throbs with fine and worthy sentiment. His poems

are not very extensive, and of late years do not usually evince his old ardor. On the unveiling of the Clay Statue in Louisville on the Fourth of July, 1867, a poem replete with the fire and pathos of his youth was written by him and sung by a hundred voices. More recently he published a "Greeting to Greeley," which was remarkable mainly for its platitudes, and as a convincing indication of how little heart Mr. Prentice gives to his present advocacy of Democratic principles.

His prose literary works are few. "A Life of Henry Clay" was written long ago, but never proved a success, and has now gone completely out of print. He lived with Clay at his home in Ashland for several months in order to complete the work, and became a bosom friend of the great statesman. He also published, about nine years ago, a book of witty paragraphs entitled, "Prenticeana," but it was a tasteless rehash of the short witticisms that had appeared from time to time in the *Journal*, and which, being clipped of their personal or political bearing, lost their prominent points. The book proved a complete failure. He regretted seriously that he had ever permitted its publication, and protested strongly against the title, "Prenticeana," which his publishers had substituted for his own more modest designation. He also had two or three lectures, which he was in the habit of delivering during the season, but they were not in his best style and none of them claimed to be witty. On the contrary, they were dull and didactic. His audiences, from his general reputation, had a right to expect a bright, humorous discussion, and were consequently seriously disappointed on being treated to a dry essay on the aspect of American politics.

In appearance, Mr. Prentice is short and rather stout, but he has a splendid head. His forehead is massive and full, and his eyes are very black and of the medium size, although they are so overshadowed by his shaggy eyebrows that at a glance they are supposed to be small and snaky. His nose is shapely, his cheeks are full, and the whole con-

tour of his face is round. His hair retains a jetty blackness, but is thinly distributed over his head, although only a small space of the scalp is actually bald. He is careless about his clothes, and feels utterly desolate in full dress, which he is sometimes compelled to undergo on state occasions.

Mr. Prentice was born in Preston, Connecticut, on December 2, 1803, and is consequently nearly sixty-six years old. He was graduated at Brown University at the age of nineteen, and became principal of a high school in Hartford. He afterward edited the *Hartford Review*, and became a personal enemy of Mr. Gideon Welles, who at the time was a rival editor in the same town. In 1830, however, he established the *Journal* in Louisville, and remained chief proprietor and editor of it until a few months ago, when, by a strange concatenation of circumstances, he lost his partnership. The paper since then has been consolidated with its oldest rival, and he is employed upon it as an assistant editor. The last ten years of his life have been full of trouble to the old man. During the war, notwithstanding his Unionism, both his sons went to the

rebel army. The elder was killed in battle. The younger, in a personal affray in Virginia, killed a comrade and was tried by military commission for murder. The old man obtained leave from President Lincoln and from Jeff. Davis to pass through the hostile lines, and remained at his son's side in the rebel camp during the trial, which resulted, partly through his efforts, in acquittal.

His wife, who was a musical composer of considerable note and a leader of the *ton* in his city, died only about a year and a half ago. Apparently, the flowery paths through which he wandered to poesy have become thorny and rugged at the end. He teaches in sorrow what he learned in song. He has still the old fire, and his genius would yet be dominant in Kentucky politics, but, forced by circumstances to adopt a creed in which he has no faith, he does not work with his old spirit. He lets younger heads and stronger wills usurp his accustomed place. His *Journal* was his idol, but it has been taken from the temple where he worshiped, and he and his idol are none the better for the separation.

CHARLES G. SHANKS.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST OF THE BUCCANEERS.

IN the nursery legend, in story and in song the name of William Kidd has stood forth as the boldest and bloodiest of buccaneers. The terror of the ocean when abroad, he returned from his successive voyages to line our coasts with silver and gold, and to renew with the Devil a league cemented with the blood of victims shot down whenever fresh returns of the precious metals were to be hidden. According to the superstitions of Connecticut and Long Island, it is owing to these bloody charms that honest money-diggers have ever experienced so much difficulty in securing

these buried treasures. Often, indeed, have the lids of the iron chests rung beneath the mattock of the stealthy midnight searcher for gold; but the flashes of sulphureous fires, blue and red, and the saucer eyes and chattering teeth of legions of demons, have uniformly interposed to frighten the delvers from their posts and preserve the treasures from their greedy clutches. But notwithstanding the harrowing sensations connected with the name of Kidd and his renown as a pirate, he was but one of the most inconsiderable of that mighty race of sea-robbers who during a long

series of years in the seventeenth century were the admiration of the world for their prowess and its terror for their crimes.

The first and most formidable name on the bloody catalogue of buccaneers is that of Henry Morgan, whose very name spread such terror abroad that with it old women frightened their children to sleep, and then lay awake themselves through fear. Morgan was the son of a wealthy farmer in Wales, but not satisfied with his secluded condition, he sailed for Barbadoes, where he was sold for a term of years for his passage. The term of his service having expired, he repaired to Jamaica, where the temptations spread before him by the buccaneers of rapidly arriving at wealth and fame induced him to join their community. In the course of several voyages, which were attended with great success, he evinced so much skill, prudence and judgment as to win the confidence of his companions, several of whom purchased a ship and conferred on him the command. This was the beginning of his career. He soon organized a fleet of nine vessels and made sail for Porto Bello, the third strongest post, at that time, in the American dominions of Spain. In order to secure secrecy, Morgan communicated his purpose to no living soul until he came in view of the town. Some of his bold spirits faltered for a moment, but he had the power to dissipate their fears even against odds so great. The castle was summoned to surrender on pain of putting every man found therein to death. The summons being disregarded, the castle was forced to yield to the impetuous assaults of the pirates. But there were yet other castles, and one of them the strongest, to be subdued. As a device to compel this to yield, the pirate-chief caused its walls to be planted round with scaling-ladders, upon which, in front of his own men, the religious in his hands—priests and nuns—were forced to ascend. But although these unfortunate people called to the governor, in the name of all their saints, to yield and save their lives, he was inflexible. Night

approached, and the contest yet raged. Finally, after performing prodigies of valor, the assailants succeeded in scaling the walls, and the castle was entered sword in hand. The entire town was now in possession of the invaders, and all the treasures of the churches having been placed in the castle for safety, they fell into the hands of the victors, together with a vast amount of money and plate. The crosses, pictures and bells of the churches were carried off for the purpose, as Morgan alleged, of founding a chapel in the island of Tortuga!

Amazed that a town so strongly fortified as Porto Bello should have been captured by so small a force, the president sent a message to Morgan desiring a pattern of the arms by which he had performed so brilliant an exploit. Morgan treated the messenger with courtesy, and returned to the president a pistol and a brace of bullets as "slender patterns" of the arms he had used, requesting his excellency to preserve them carefully for a twelvemonth, when he promised to come to Panama to bring them away. The president, however, sent the articles back, to save the pirate the trouble of coming after them. Morgan, after destroying the walls of the city, re-embarked and left Porto Bello a solitude, unbroken save by the hooting of the owl or the scream of the panther.

The fame of exploits like these caused the name of Morgan to resound throughout Europe, and large numbers of the English chivalry hastened to the New World, either to mend dilapidated fortunes or acquire new ones, and to participate in the unlawful glory which even the darkness of the deeds by which it was won could not eclipse.

These recruits having attached themselves to Morgan, the bold rover sailed in December, 1670, to pay the promised visit to the governor of Panama, the richest city of Spanish America. Preliminary, however, to landing upon the Isthmus, a detachment of the fleet was sent against a fortress at the mouth of the Chagres, which river it was necessary to ascend before disembarking for Panama. This fortress was built upon

a steep rock against which the waves of the sea were continually breaking, and was defended by an officer of distinguished ability and courage. For a time the contest was doubtful, but the Fates favored the freebooters. The Spanish commander was slain, and, the fort taking fire, the position fell into the hands of the besiegers. The manner in which the fire was communicated to the fortress was remarkable. During the fight an arrow from the bow of one of the garrison lodged in the eye of one of the pirates. Coolly extracting the barbed shaft from his head with his own hand, and binding some cotton around the missile, he set it on fire and shot it back into the fortress from the barrel of his gun. The burning arrow fell upon the roof of a house thatched with dry palm leaves, and a conflagration ensued which the garrison strove in vain to subdue. The chief obstacle to their progress being thus removed, the commander, with twelve hundred men, embarked in boats and canoes and commenced the ascent of the river toward the capital, the sacking of which was to be the crowning act of his career of outrage and blood. They were soon compelled to leave their boats, and their march for nine days was one of singular vicissitude and romantic incident.

In the day-time, gliding along on the elastic carpet of fallen cocoa leaves, they passed through groves fragrant with the mango and vocal with the song of birds. On either side of their path the feathery blossoms of the century plant grew in wild profusion, while suspended overhead, from the gothic arches of the cedro tree, were the nests of the oriole inwoven with the jessamine and the scarlet trumpets of the bignonia. Live-oaks, hoary and grim, stretched forth their arms clothed with the gray drapery of the Spanish moss. Aloft, the palm tree branched into round tables, spread for a banquet in the clouds; and below, the magnolia, whose virgin cheeks are never brazen with the paint of early frosts, modestly shrunk from the passing gaze.

At night, by the light of fireflies,
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they waded through swamps where cypresses rose like the columns of some vast sepulchre. Again, their way led them over matted vines and tangled morasses, or along the margin of deep, slimy pools, fringed with the rank and sickening vegetation of the Tropics. Occasionally a cloud of bats flapped their clammy wings in the faces of the intruders, or a dull plash announced the presence of the iguana and alligator.

At dawn on the morning of the ninth day the pirate band reached the crest of a high mountain. In the distance Aurora was bathing her rosy fingers in the great Southern Ocean, and beneath them, glorious in the sunlight, lay the glittering spires of the Spanish town. As soon as their vision had taken in the scene, this dark "mass of organized ferocity" paid an involuntary homage to the Deity, and for a moment corselet and morion, arquebus and crossbow flashed in the sun, as, kneeling, they gave thanks to God "for so auspicious a termination of their perilous journey!" Their first astonishment past, they gave themselves up to the wildest demonstrations of joy. They beat their drums, sounded their trumpets, threw up their hats, and fell on each other's necks in very excess of delight. Then, twining around the hilts of their broadswords the crimson passion flower, and shouting their battle-cry, they ran down the mountain, and before night-fall had encamped upon the great plain on which stood the city.

The invaders were early on foot on the morning of the tenth day. Arriving upon the summit of a little hill, they saw a force advancing to meet them. Their own numbers had been reduced on the march to less than a thousand men; and they now beheld an army consisting of two squadrons of horse and four regiments of foot, led by the governor in person, and preceded by a large herd of wild bulls; the design of which singular description of light troops was to throw the buccaneers into confusion. Beyond these, in immediate proximity to the city, they discovered the people of Panama in arms in yet greater numbers. But this force availed little. The Span-

iards, especially the cavalry, fought bravely for more than two hours, when they were forced to flee in confusion, leaving six hundred of their companions dead upon the field. Determined to finish on the same day the work they had begun, the buccaneers again advanced, and a second and fiercer encounter took place at the very gates of the city, which, after a stubborn resistance, was forced to yield. Neither party gave or received quarter, and after the capture the pirates killed nearly all who fell into their hands, sparing neither ecclesiastics nor women, and sucking, at each stroke, the drops of blood that fell from their sabres.

The city was at that time one of remarkable splendor. The private dwellings were chiefly built of cedar, and embellished with costly hangings, fine paintings, and everything that luxury or taste could supply. It was the see of a bishop, with two large churches and seven monasteries, all richly adorned with altar-pieces, gold, silver and precious stones. But the "gorgeous palaces and solemn temples" were doomed to the flames by Morgan himself, although he afterward attempted to fix the act of vandalism upon others. A portion of the valuables had been conveyed away by the inhabitants, but by the horrible processes of torture immense discoveries were made of treasures concealed in wells and in caves.

Morgan lingered at Panama until his men began to murmur at their protracted inactivity. The cause of this inaction will hardly be divined from the character, thus far developed, of this terrible free-booter; but it was nothing less than the tender passion. He had among his prisoners a beautiful Spanish lady who attracted his particular attention. She was a native of Spain and the wife of an opulent merchant, whose business had some time before called him to Peru. According to the historians of that day, she was still in the bloom of youth, and her cheeks, naturally ruddy, were heightened by a tropical sun into a warmer glow. The interest which her unhappy situation excited was fanned into admira-

tion by her elevated mien, and her whole deportment indicated a soul incapable of being degraded from its native rank by any reverse of condition or any depth of misery. Morgan, rude as he was and unused to the melting mood, was nevertheless charmed with her conversation, and the admiration which he felt for her bearing was ere long changed into more tender emotions. He provided a house for her, and assigned to her service a retinue of servants. Shortly afterward he attempted to open such a correspondence with her as might favor his desires, but failing in this, he proceeded to usurp some freedoms at which her delicacy revolted. With a virtue as exalted as that of the Roman matron who resisted, but in vain, the advances of the son of Tarquin, and with a yet higher courage, she sprang from him, exclaiming, "Stop! Thinkest thou, then, that thou canst ravage mine honor from me as thou hast wrested from me my fortune and my liberty?" Saying this, she drew from her bosom a poniard, and would have plunged it into his breast had he not avoided the blow. History has not preserved the name of this lofty specimen of female purity and honor, but, with that of Lucretia, it deserves the topmost niche in the temple of Virtue.

At length, in the month of February, Morgan took his departure from Panama, having one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden laden with silver and gold, jewelry and other precious articles. Returning down the Chagres, he finished the destruction of the castle at its entrance, and prepared to re-embark for Jamaica. Before going on board, however, a division of the plunder was made which gave great dissatisfaction. It seemed unaccountable to his men that so large an apparent amount of treasure should only yield two hundred pieces-of-eight *per capita*, and rumors of foul play were rife. Meanwhile he had richly laden his own ship, and in the course of the following night, while his companions were asleep, he hoisted sail and bore away for England. Such an instance of treachery had never before been known among the buccaneers,

and the rage that ensued cannot be described.

It has been asserted that the pirates after the restoration of Charles II. not only received encouragement and protection from the king, but were in actual partnership with that profligate monarch, His Majesty receiving a share of the booty even after he had publicly issued orders for the suppression of their practices. Be this as it may, it is certain that Morgan, on his return to England, became a commander in the naval service of his country, and received the honor of knighthood from the hands of Charles II.

With Morgan's relinquishment of the rude etiquette of the Spanish Main for the polished courtesies of the English Court, buccaneering began to wane; but, although there were subsequently no expeditions arranged upon so grand a scale as that of Morgan, the system was continued by minor rovers for nearly thirty years, when it may be said to have ceased, for a time at least, with the execution of William Kidd at Execution Dock in London in 1701. History, however, often repeats itself, and it was left for the present generation to furnish, in Maximilian, the *Last of the Buccaneers*.

It was in 1861 that Napoleon III., imitating the example of Charles II. in the case of Morgan, and taking advantage of the supposed weakness of a neighboring Christian nation then rent by a gigantic civil war, conceived the idea of a grand freebooting expedition, the object of which was the same glittering spoil that had so often tempted Morgan and his companions. The person selected to command was a young archduke of the House of Hapsburg—a weak and pliant gentleman, though highly accomplished and well versed in every branch of learning, as a pupil of the Jesuits must necessarily be. Accordingly, he was easily induced by the wily monarch to exchange the insignia of the Hapsburgs for the fatal purple of Iturbide, and to hasten from the peaceful shades of Miramar to the ensanguined

land of the Montezumas. But the events of his career are of too recent a date to call for an extended account. Amid the salvos of French cannon and the hypocritical cheers of the Church party, he made a triumphal entry into Mexico, usurped the government, and in 1865 issued a decree against the legitimate authorities, which held within itself such atrocities that even the acts of the most bloodthirsty of buccaneers are merciful in comparison. It was he—a European prince, who professed to have gone to Mexico to sow the seeds of civilization—who interrupted the humanities of war and set the horrid example of executions in cold blood. In his preliminary proclamation to the Mexicans he stated that President Juarez had fled from the soil of Mexico. This was a gross misstatement, for during the intervention Juarez had not left Mexican soil—not even to accept an invitation to dinner extended to him by the United States officers at El Paso del Norte. In the second paragraph he stated that the “honorable men” had assembled under his banner. But what is the history of the *honorable* leaders—such as Marquez, Miramon and the one who betrayed him at Queretaro? “Clemency will cease,” said the preamble, “for it will only profit the mob, who burn villages, rob and murder.” Yet after this sixteen populous villages were laid in ruins by the Imperialists in Coahuila, and their inhabitants driven to the mountains. In Article I. of the famous decree, Maximilian—himself an usurper—declared death to any Mexican who dared proclaim any political principles, or defend his country in any organization, even if it numbered one hundred thousand men—death within twenty-four hours following the sentence. In other words, the native troops of the Republic, who were defending the independence of their country against a stranger and an invader, were to be treated as brigands. Article II. gave even a corporal a right to try and shoot any Mexican general for offences committed under the decree. Article XIII. prevented any demand for pardon. Under this decree only ten days subsequent

there were executed in Michoacan two Liberal generals, four colonels, five lieutenant-colonels, eight commandants and many subordinate officers.

Then followed his short and stormy reign, which may be likened to the attempts of an inexperienced keeper to preserve order in his menagerie. Quarrels with the Church party, whose monopoly of lands he wished to break up, abortive attempts to obtain recognition from the United States, and the growing strength of the Liberals, soon began to sap the foundations of his throne, until the sternly-intimated will of our own government deprived him of his main arm of support, the French troops. But when Bazaine and his French legion forsook him—when the news of his wife's insanity was communicated to him; when, on every side, he saw treachery and vindictiveness; and when, finally, he perceived that *all* was lost—the nobler qualities of his mind came out in grander relief, and as a gentleman and a brave man no one can refuse him praise and admiration.

A comparison, however, between the marauding expedition of Napoleon and the freebooting one of Morgan is not strained. Indeed, it affords ample justification for designating the young archduke the Last of the Buccaneers. Both expeditions—stripped of all diplomatic subtleties—were for the purpose of plunder under the guise of punishing cruelty; both were characterized by treachery of the blackest dye; both invoked the blessing of Heaven and assumed to be under the special protection of the Church.

Nor does the parallel end here. A reference to the official correspondence of the seventeenth century on the subject of buccaneering, and to that which passed between the United States and France

on a similar subject, makes it still more striking. When, in 1607, the government of Spain complained bitterly to that of France of the outrages upon her commerce by the buccaneers—a large majority of whom were the born subjects of that nation—the answer of France was, that those piratical acts were not committed by the buccaneers *as her subjects*, and the Spanish ambassador was informed (I quote the exact language) that “his master might proceed as he saw fit.” When, in 1865, Mr. Seward requested France to interfere and put a stop to the wholesale butcheries being committed under the decree of Maximilian, the French Minister replied to Mr. Bigelow as follows: “Why do you not go to President Juarez? *We* are not the government of Mexico, and you do us too much honor to treat us as such. *We* are not responsible for Maximilian or his government; and if he violates your rights, you have the same remedies that we had!”

In one point, however, the parallel miserably fails. Morgan, after his successful descent upon Panama, returns to England to receive the caresses of his king and the emoluments of a handsome appointment: Maximilian, treacherously deserted by a monarch who was bound by even a rogue's honor to protect him, and betrayed by one of his own followers, stands before the escopettes of his incensed enemies, and falls breathing those two words of tender conjugal affection which have done so much to efface the memory of his oppressive and cruel acts.

Yet, when compared with the older villain Morgan, Maximilian was a pirate upon an insignificant scale—a mere bottle-imp by the side of Satan as portrayed in stupendous grandeur by Milton.

WM. L. STONE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ATTACHÉ.

IN my time the United States Legation in London consisted of Louis McLane as Minister, Washington Irving as Secretary, and several attachés. Two such representatives abroad the country has not often had together. Mr. McLane was a man of sterling worth in every respect, a thorough gentleman and a statesman of rare clearness and strength of intellect. As Representative, Senator, Ambassador and Cabinet Minister, he is one of the nation's "precious possessions," to use the phrase of Disraeli about Lord John. The quiet dignity of his manners made him peculiarly acceptable to the society in which he was called to move, and induced it to pay him attentions which few American envoys have received. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, the then heads of the British Ministry, were especially marked in their civilities, going far beyond mere official requirement. As to Irving, it may be said that he was the *enfant gâté* of the brightest and highest circles, the literary and fashionable worlds both striving to do him honor. His intimacy with Moore, Campbell and other demigods of fame brought them often to Mr. McLane's house, and I can see now the former immortal seated at the piano, his feet scarcely touching the carpet, warbling some ballad which perhaps he had just composed, or standing in enthusiastic admiration near a harp on which a young American damsel used to play with marvelous skill. With Campbell, boy as I was, I got to be on quite friendly terms, in consequence of a little article for his magazine which he was good enough to publish—and to pay for. Certainly no honorarium was ever received with keener satisfaction: *acceptissima semper munera sunt, auctor quæ preciosa facit*. Five guineas from the Bard of Hope were more for a juvenile scribbler than fifty, say, from Mr. Smith, especially with such a kind note as that

which accompanied them. The goodness of Campbell's heart was somewhat obscured by the sharpness of his tongue, which was not at all merciful to those whom he disliked; and accordingly he was not a general favorite. Miss Landon, I remember, whom I made the acquaintance of and danced with at an evening party, was quite satirical at his expense, turning a blue coat with brilliant buttons, worn by him with great apparent complaisancy, into endless shapes of fun. A delightful talker, by the way, was L. E. L., and I certainly did not anticipate her mournful career while listening to her quips and cranks and admiring her wreathed smiles. At that time she had just become famous, and was doubtless reveling in all those golden exhalations of the dawn which a poetess must enjoy more vividly than any one else. There are so many celebrated men, and so few celebrated women, that the sensation of *rara-avisism* must be superlatively delicious for the latter when personal fascinations are combined with mental charms. How proud I felt when she took my hobbledehoy arm and allowed me to put her into her carriage when she left what has been more than once sweetly described as the gay and festive scene! At that time, as seen now by the light of other days, she was plump, pretty, pleasant, piquant; and the live, everlasting love, which her initials were said to stand for, and her verse so abundantly exhaled, was as imperceptible in her talk as if she had been "suckled by Hyrcanian tigers."

Another authoress whom I recall in conjunction with Campbell was a lady with a superb physique and a hideous name (none other than Crump), which, in spite of her beauty, she never changed, although she was then said to be affianced to the widowed poet, by whom she was certainly much admired. One of her novels, *Geraldine of Desmond*, was quite equal to the average fictions

of the present day, though it has long since gone to where they will soon go; and some of her rhymes were agreeable to the ear, as, for instance, this couplet:

"Now rising with joy on a heaven-kissing wave,
Now sinking where hope finds a sorrowful grave."

Years afterward I met her in Paris, at the residence of Fenimore Cooper, who seemed to hold her in esteem, but, alas! she was fat and fifty, and not at all fair, and quite dispelled the illusion that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. The most intimate friends of Campbell were the Siddons family. Through his mediation a reconciliation had been effected between them and Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had faithlessly flirted with one of the daughters of the great actress (for he was the most coquettish of males, as well as the least masculine of painters); and in honor thereof the poet gave a fête to which the whole Legation was bidden, but to which its humblest member could not go on account of a spiteful gripe. He heard it, however, described as a most interesting and delightful reunion, one feature of which was the presence of Fanny Kemble, then in the first blaze of her histrionic glory. What an excitement, to be sure, there was about that distinguished damsel—the niece of her aunt as decidedly as was Louis Napoleon the nephew of his uncle! and what interest was lent to her performances by the spectacle of the grand old lady in one of the boxes near the stage, encouraging and sympathizing with her splendid development of hereditary genius.

When Moore published his life of Byron, Campbell took up the cudgels quite fiercely for Lady B.; and in reference to the dispute I heard Mr. Irving say that he had read the famous autobiography, and his impression, I think, was favorable to the husband—at least so far as to believe that general incompatibility, rather than any specific crime, was the cause of the rupture. How his kindly nature would have been shocked by the nauseous publication of Mrs. Stowe! and what a pity, supposing the tale to be true, that the lady did not imitate the discretion of old Montaigne,

who protests that if he had his hand full of truths he would take good care not to open it; or at least that of Cervantes, who declared that he would never display truths naked, but *en camisas*!—two prudential proclamations from which it may be inferred that those sagacious worthies were clearly of opinion that if truth be at the bottom of a well, it is often best to let that well alone. How much annoyance she would thus have saved herself and the rest of mankind! for she has touched pitch and been defiled: she has stirred such filthy filth that it has brought her into very bad odor; and she has infected the whole atmosphere in such a way as to make it positively smell to Heaven. Never, surely, has indiscretion—to give it the mildest name—been more severely punished, in spite of the chivalric Parton of Plymouth, the good knight who has proved that the age of chivalry is *not* gone, whatever may be said by Mr. Burke and his dittos, by shivering a lance for the somewhat venerable dame as gallantly as did Sir Wilfred for the youthful Rebecca, who was only tied to the stake, while Mrs. S. is being absolutely roasted. His success, to be sure, is not equal to his valor, but "the brave attempt shall yet excuse the fall."

The kindness of Mr. Irving to the younger members of the Legation was unceasing, and amply compensated them for the extra work of copying which his literary position obliged them to perform. Geoffrey Crayon, of course, Secretary though he might be, could not be called upon to play amanuensis to any chief, however distinguished. But he took great interest in the official business, making it pleasant by his genial ways and not infrequent jests. Once, upon a busy despatch-day, he had been amused by the over-zealousness of one of us, and when all the documents were off, he turned to the eager youth and with merry twinkle of eye, exclaimed, "Well, sir, through in excellent time—in *spite* of your assistance." The only things that bothered him in the diplomatic household were the uncapped heads of the female servants, who had been brought

from America; and he made various attempts to persuade them to imitate the English "maids" with their tidy caps, but was, of course, ignominiously repulsed. *Helps* necessarily scorned the idea of looking like the downtrodden menials of aristocratic despotism. No little amusement was caused by a bright mulatto body-servant, whose dislike to his handsome livery was at last found to proceed from the fact that he had passed himself off in a certain class of society, by no means the lowest, as an African prince on his travels! The fib he had no scruples about telling, but it went terribly against his conscience to be found out.

The drowsiness which used to overcome Mr. Irving at table must have been a serious interference with his social enjoyment. He would go off so easily that, if conversing with him at the moment, you might go on with the conversation for a while after he had become totally unconscious; as did once Lord Aberdeen in his own house, to the consternation, doubtless, of the disciplined diplomats in Mr. Irving's neighborhood. His kindly lordship, however, would not permit the well-beloved Geoffrey to be disturbed, so that he had his nap comfortably out. Sometimes, when he woke, he would take up the conversation around him where it had been broken off by his doze, although meanwhile it might have wandered into a very different subject; which of course would produce rather a comic effect, that no one would appreciate better than himself. It was impossible for him to resist the drowsiness, the tendency of blood to his head being such that his physician used to say that apoplexy would be the cause of his death—a prediction, however, which was not fulfilled. The infirmity was so well known and understood that it had become a matter of sympathetic interest, rather than annoyance, with his entertainers. His delightful talk before and after his Homeric nods, combined with his reputation, was ample recompense for any unavoidable infringement of social convenances.

One dinner, indeed, I recollect at

which Irving had no attack, but was uninterruptedly in his pleasantest mood, owing to the hour and the circumstances under which it was eaten, and the fact, perhaps, that he had his forty winks beforehand. He and Mr. McLane had gone to the House of Commons, leaving word that they would be back to dinner, which was accordingly kept waiting until after midnight, the debate having proved of special interest. Irving was in the highest spirits, and went on talking in the true Knickerbocker vein until almost cockcrow. Among the stories he told was one of a little dancing-dog he had met in Andalusia, giving so ludicrous a picture of its performance and the doings of its excitable master that Mr. McLane was nearly put into hysterics. The next morning, at breakfast, he indulged in emphatic vituperation of "that dog" for hindering his sleep, complaining bitterly that every time he closed his eyes he would see the little beast, with its drooping paws and pathetic phiz, cutting the most frantic capers on its hinder legs, so as to compel him to shout in a way that put all slumber to flight.

Among Mr. Irving's acquaintance, to whom he introduced me, was a pleasant and portly publisher, at whose hospitable table I once met a large assemblage of authors, of whom the most interesting—certainly the most amusing—was Theodore Hook. He was a very dry-looking specimen of the literati, and his appearance was anything but indicative of fun. He had no continuous conversation, but sat watching his opportunity until something enabled him to pounce on a joke, after which he would retreat into silence and await the next chance. "Capital Sauterne this!" exclaimed an enthusiastic bibber. "Quite right," said Hook: "it's not the trash that does so turn your stomach." The walk of some personage was described as giving the idea that he had the stone: "A sort of gravel walk," ejaculated the joker. The merits of Stuart Newton, the painter, were discussed, and some one remarked that his defect was want of shade. "Just so," replied the inveterate: "God said, Let Newton be, and all was *light*;" and so

on till the guests departed. If the jests were unduly successful, it was owing not a little to the uproarious delight of the jolly host, who, almost before they were uttered, would shout, "How funny!" and shake his fat sides with most infec-

tious vigor. Poor Yorick! his must have been melancholy mirth for such as were conversant with his inner life, the marks of which were plain enough on his careworn face and attenuated frame.

R. M. WALSH.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT is curious to see the fallacies sometimes put forth by men otherwise sensible when they begin to talk about financial matters. A writer in the *New York World*, for example, says, "There is not gold enough in the world to pay a debt of two billions and a half." That may be very true, but who ever supposed that the national debt was to be actually paid in *coin*? A debt is paid in coin when it is paid in that which the receiver regards as equal in value to coin. Before the passage of the Legal-Tender Act, every private debt in the nation, amounting in all doubtless to a larger sum than the present national debt, was payable in coin, because nothing else was a legal tender; but did any one wish or expect that all the vast amount was to be paid in coin? Certainly not. What all did expect was, that every debt would be paid in that which, to the receiver, was *more acceptable* than gold and silver. Just so with the national bonds. As they were issued when the government and banks were in a state of suspension, it has been provided that the public engagements, when due, shall be discharged with coin—that is, with that which shall be equal to coin in the estimation of the public creditor. That was all that was, or in the nature of the case could have been, intended. If the currency is restored to par with specie, as it must be sooner or later, so that the government notes from ten cents upward are at par with gold, instead of being, as now, at a discount of twenty-five per cent., then

every one who holds a bond will prefer the notes in payment; and in such an event there is no probability that specie would be demanded for a twentieth part of the whole amount of national indebtedness. When the credit of the government is established, as it will be when its currency has been made equal to gold, its bonds can be renewed at a low rate of interest. At present it is paying a most exorbitant rate—six per cent. in gold, equal to eight per cent. in currency, besides granting an exemption from local taxation equal in some States to two per cent. more—in all, what is equivalent in currency to about ten per cent.! Let Congress restore the currency to par, as it can easily do without the slightest injury to the production and wealth of the country, but to the great benefit of both, and the bonds of the United States—American consols at *four and a half* per cent.—will bear a premium in gold. Of this there cannot be the least doubt; and then what will be thought of the "impossibility" of "paying the bonds in gold?"

. . . The idea of a separation from England is spreading among our Canadian neighbors. The *Montreal Star* says: "A few months ago we found ourselves, with the exception of one coadjutor at Quebec and another at London, all alone in the advocacy of independence—a case of Athanasius against the world. To-day, we can count up at least twenty-five papers in Canada which are willing to support

independence in some form." Of course independence means either a customs-union or annexation ; so that, what with Cuba on one side and Canada on the other, there is a good prospect that the area of freedom (and of greenbacks) is to be more than doubled. When we get our cigars free of duty on one side, and our coal on the other—when we send our longcloths to Canada and our flour to Cuba—the protectionist and the free-trader will each have something to congratulate himself upon.

The Library Company of Philadelphia, it is understood, will accept, on the conditions prescribed in his will, the munificent bequest of the late Doctor Rush, amounting to more than a million of dollars ; so that in a few years its priceless collection of books will be safely housed in a fireproof building. It is intended to keep the circulating department of the institution in the present location—the Ridgway Branch, at Broad and Christian, being designed rather as a library of reference, like the Astor Library and the British Museum. It is estimated that after the executor of Dr. Rush has completed the fireproof building provided for in his will, there will remain a handsome endowment to be handed over to the Company for the maintenance of the Ridgway Branch. The Library Company will then become one of the most useful and creditable institutions in this city. Already we hear of two large and valuable private libraries—one of theology and the other of jurisprudence—which are to be added to the collection when there shall be a fireproof building in which to deposit them ; and donations of money will not be wanting to place an institution in which Philadelphia has a just pride, upon a solid foundation. Ultimately, the present edifice at Fifth and Library streets and the Law Buildings adjoining will be torn down and replaced by a fireproof building, to come out to the line of the street and to be erected at the expense of the fund now in hand and accumulating for that purpose. As the space required for the circulating

department, reading-room, etc., will be limited, a considerable part of the proposed new building in Fifth street will be reserved for offices, which will bring in a handsome income. Altogether, the future prospects of this ancient and honorable company are most flattering.

One of the most important books, in an historical point of view, relative to the late war, is Pollard's *Life of Jefferson Davis ; with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy*. The writer's opportunities as a journalist in Richmond enabled him to learn much of the veiled mysteries and inner scenes of what he calls "the weak and anomalous government that wrecked the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy." He states, for example, "a curious and romantic fact, not generally known, that the bulk of the valuable papers of the Confederate government, including the correspondence of Jefferson Davis, exists to-day in concealment ; that many days before the fall of Richmond there was a careful selection of important papers, especially those in the office of the President and letters which involved confidences in the North and in Europe, and that these were secretly conveyed out of Richmond, and deposited in a place where they remain concealed to this time, and will probably not be unearthed in this generation. Where is the repository of the secrets of the Confederate government the author is not prepared to say. Indeed, he has never been able to obtain other than very general information of the present place of those papers, and even as to the limits of the locality he was bound by obligations of private confidence which it is impossible to violate. The author can only assure the reader of three facts : that they still exist ; that there are living persons who know of their concealment ; and that they contain important evidences of the secret history of Mr. Davis' government." If this be so—and there is no reason to doubt it—the full and correct history of the rebellion will not be written for a long time to come, and fifty years hence, perhaps, the readers of that day will have

as rich a treat as we of this generation have had in the perusal of the *Correspondance de Napoléon I.* Mr. Polard himself is sadly "unreconstructed," but his book bears evidence of a desire to tell the truth, and to estimate justly the chief actors on both sides in the tremendous contest which has shaken the world, and which is yet destined to have momentous consequences in Europe. His book is eminently readable and original, and some of his remarks are striking. For instance, he says: "There is no more just and profound surprise to the thoughtful historian than the little regret which the people of the South have manifested for the loss of slavery." He might have added that the abundant crops and rapidly-growing prosperity of the South will tend to remove the last vestige of dissatisfaction with the change in question.

. . . In the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine* it is gravely stated that the master of a certain Ragged School has to "let the children out in time to *pick the pockets of the people leaving church,*" or else lose them! These hopeful scholars apparently do not get far enough in the catechism to learn "to keep their hands from picking and stealing."

. . . A writer in the July number of the *Westminster Review* makes the following startling assertion: "Certain it is that evidence of the most reliable kind justifies the belief that in England, at all events, the human constitution is deteriorating; that it is more prone to disease than it was thirty years ago; and that within the same period, notwithstanding the boasted progress meanwhile in the science and art of medicine, the average duration of life has lessened." When we add to this decline in the stamina of the English people the appalling fact stated in Parliament by the president of the Poor-Law Board, that in the short space of two years the pauperism of London has increased twenty per cent., so that a writer in *Blackwood* asserts that "pauperism is devouring the country," it is evident that England is threatened by insidious dangers which

portend, sooner or later, a catastrophe. How soon it will come is a doubtful question; but the *Fortnightly Review*, in a paper on the "Influence of Civilization on Health," winds up with the assertion that the close of the present century will have settled the question whether England will not be sacrificed in the struggle against the physical degradation now weighing her down. It must be remembered that in these days events march at the double-quick.

In the mean time, the United States themselves are menaced with serious dangers, mainly from the increasing corruption of their public men; and in a general survey of the human race it must be confessed that there is little to make the observer look for the speedy coming of the millennium. It is only when one takes long periods of time, and compares, for example, the cannibalism of the prehistoric races of Europe with our existing civilization, that one can believe at all in progress.

. . . A work has recently appeared in Portuguese, by J. F. D. Delgado, giving an interesting account of some explorations in the bone-caves of the district of Cesareda, from which it appears that man once existed in Europe in so uncivilized a condition that he lived in caves, ate human flesh and possessed chipped flints for his only weapons. The fragmentary condition of the human bones, which had been cut and scraped, the long bones having also been split to extract the marrow, appears to show that the author is right in regarding the caves as burial-places of a tribe of cannibals.

. . . It sometimes happens that a man's social standing obliges a learned society to publish what is, in reality—bosh. It is only by some such explanation that one can account for the publication in the last number of the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* of a report of the Council, in which the writer displays lamentable ignorance of his subject. He refuses, for example, to credit the recent discoveries relating to the antiquity of Man, and at the same time he makes the following *naïve* confession: "I express the opinions only

of an outside observer, without assuming at all to enter into details, or to follow the track of investigations *quite beyond the line of my information!*" Such being the case, he had better have said nothing.

We suspect that a like ignorance of the subject, combined with theological prejudice, will account for the quiet ignoring of scientific facts which characterizes a paper on "Primeval Man" in the September number of the *Catholic World*. The whole mass of evidence accumulated since 1849 to prove the immense antiquity of Man, and his barbarous condition in the Drift Period, is disposed of in two sentences: "Considering the late date of the Incarnation, we are not disposed to assign man a very high antiquity, and no geological or historical facts are, as yet, established that require it for their explanation. We place little confidence in the hasty inductions of geologists." In other words, the writer has a preconceived theory, as Lyell had, but, unlike Lyell, he is unwilling to look opposing facts in the face. Hence his article, otherwise able, will have no weight with scientific men.

. . . We beg respectfully to call the attention of Miss Susan B. Anthony to the fact that there is a traitor (or traitress?) in the camp. Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton has just published a book in London, entitled *Ourselves; or, Essays on Women*, in which she gives vent to such heresies as the following: "Though we [women] were certainly not sent into the world solely to supplement men's lives, and to have no original objects of our own, still, we cannot do without their liking; and it is only right that we should set our watches by their time. They are clearer-headed than we; less prejudiced, if less conscientious; more generous when generous, and more tender when tender. Being the stronger, they are larger in all things, even in their love. When they love, they love better than we love, if less absorbingly. . . . The half measure of a gallon is more than the full measure of a pint; and, weight for weight, the man's love is greater than the woman's." The whole book

deals with the faults and follies of women, while leaving their virtues comparatively untouched; and yet the author says she by no means wishes to strengthen the hands of the enemy! Call you this a backing of your friends? It is about such a backing as is furnished by the famous "Girl-of-the-Period" articles in the *Saturday Review*, of which articles, by the way, Mrs. Lynton has the credit of being the author.

. . . The completion of Elliot's *New and heretofore Unfigured Species of the Birds of North America*, which has been appearing in numbers (of elephant folio size) since the year 1866, deserves to be chronicled. It is the first work published upon American ornithology since the time of Wilson and Audubon which contains life-size representations of all the various species that have been discovered or acclimated in this country since the labors of those great men were finished. Mr. Elliot has figured and described one hundred and fourteen new species, mostly discovered through the agency of the various government expeditions. The plates are colored, and are equal in beauty and finish to those of Audubon's great work. Indeed, those drawn by Mr. J. Wolf of London—the ablest artist in this line out of Japan—are perhaps superior to Audubon's.

. . . Probably the best thing in Crabb Robinson's *Diary* is the following: The college beer was very bad at St. John's. "The brewer ought to be drowned in a butt of his own beer," said one fellow. A—— replied: "He ought. He does, indeed, deserve a watery bier!"

. . . The subject of "the satisfaction usual among gentlemen," about which a well-read contributor furnishes a chatty article in the present Number, is one of marked prominence just now in Italy. A terrible epidemic of dueling has raged for some time in that kingdom, though not attended with many fatal results. In two days five duels are reported, and a journal which apologizes for them says "they are falling on us in a shower." In fact, they are one of the pastimes of the Neapolitans. A man lends his friend seven lire, and when he requests payment

he is challenged to fight with the sabre. Another writes three lines in a journal without naming any one, and is directly called out. So that a sword or a pistol has become almost a necessary article of furniture. The same practice, though to a less extent, prevails in France.

. . . The prominent place occupied in the literature of the present day by periodicals is shown by the increasing number and popularity of the monthlies issued in England and the United States. Among the most successful in Great Britain is one recently started, entitled *The Sunday Magazine*, the monthly circulation of which sometimes reaches the extraordinary figure of one hundred and forty thousand copies. Intended to provide wholesome and agreeable Sunday reading, and to be at once attractive and edifying, it supplies a want which is at least as much felt in America as in Europe. Accordingly, the publishers of this Magazine have concluded arrangements for its issue here simultaneously with its appearance abroad. The October number commences a new volume, to the prospectus of which, on another page, we beg leave to call the attention of our readers. Special inducements are held out to those who subscribe for the coming year to *Lippincott's* and the *Sunday Magazine* together.

Many a good thing which has never been in print was said a hundred years ago, when our forefathers were British subjects, when the Quakers were in power in Pennsylvania, and when imprisonment for debt was both law and custom. Many, probably most, of the Quakers were what General Howe called Loyalists, and Tom Paine, Tories; and when the former was threatening this city, it was thought advisable that certain suspected persons should be incarcerated. Among others, James Pemberton was arrested in his own house. Inviting the officer to join him at dinner, he asked the object of the arrest. He was told that it was considered necessary for the cause of Liberty. "A rather singular way to secure my liberty," he replied, "to shut me up in jail!"

. . . John Morton, a respectable Philadelphia Quaker, would have nothing to do with the Continental money, because it was issued for war purposes. It was, however, made a legal tender, and a certain slippery debtor, who owed him some ten thousand dollars when Continental money was worth about one-half of its face, borrowed that sum from a friend, on a promise of returning it in two or three hours. Taking with him a witness, he called and laid the amount on the table of his Quaker creditor. Looking up from his writing, Morton quietly opened a large drawer, and, to the consternation of the debtor, sweeping the money into it, he shut and locked the drawer, saying, "Anything from thee, Daniel—anything from thee!"

. . . Nicholas Waln, though a regular Quaker preacher, was a great wag, and many are the good things said by him which are still current in certain Philadelphia circles. He was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Waln was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said an audible grace before meat. The Quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to *watch* and pray."

. . . Texts of Scriptures have often been inscribed upon coins. One of the most remarkable is on a copper coin issued by the Papal government, on which are the words, *Væ vobis divitibus*—"Woe to you who are rich!" When the greenbacks were first issued by the United States, Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, consulted, among others, the president of one of the Philadelphia banks in regard to placing some

motto upon them—such, for example, as has since been impressed upon the five-cent pieces—“In God we trust.” After mentioning several scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked our banker’s opinion. “Perhaps,” was the reply, “the most appropriate would be: ‘Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee!’” The project was abandoned.

. . . Gen. Smith, in Congress, while delivering one of the long, prosy speeches for which he was noted, said to Henry Clay: “You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity.” “Yes,” replied the great Kentuckian, “and it seems you are resolved to speak till your audience arrives!”

. . . “Gentlemen of the jury,” said an Irish barrister, “it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to wiredraw three bullocks out of my client’s pocket with impunity!”

. . . Young gentlemen at college will appreciate Heine’s witty remark, that “the Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been first obliged to learn Latin. These happy people,” said he, “knew in their very cradles what nouns have an accusative in *im*.”

Heine shared the general dislike of the natives of the Continent toward the English, whose exclusiveness and insolence he had suffered from in Germany. When he at last visited England, he told the verger of Westminster Abbey, as he handed him his fee, that he would willingly have given him more *if the collection had been complete!*

. . . A lady in New York, who may, for the present, be styled Mrs. Shoddy, sent one of her daughters to Mrs. ——’s young ladies’ seminary. Shortly afterward Mrs. —— received a visit from her. “Mrs. ——,” said Mrs. Shoddy, “I thought that you were a Christian.” “I hope I am,” replied Mrs. ——, “I try to believe like one.” “I am afraid that you are not,” rejoined Mrs. Shoddy: “yesterday my daughter brought home

a book that you had given her to study. It was a *heathen mythology!*”

Doubtless Mrs. Shoddy thought the teacher wanted to convert her daughter to the worship of

“All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!”

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to refer your correspondent “B,” who inquires (p. 235) the meaning of the phrase, “When the black ox has trodden on her foot,” to *Notes and Queries*, 3d series, vol. xii., p. 488, where it appears that this expression is at this day frequently applied in Scotland to an unfeeling person, and means that he has never experienced misfortune. I find it used by Lyly in his *Euphues* (p. 55, edition of 1868), where the context sheds light on its meaning. Lyly is speaking of women, and says: “When the black Crowes foot shall appear in their eye, or the black Oxe treade on their foote, when their beautie shall be like the blasted Rose, . . . who will like of them in their age who loved none in their youth?” The *origin* of the phrase still remains obscure. Why the *black ox*?
A. L.

The following exquisite translation of Toplady’s “Rock of Ages” was made by a gentleman of this city, and is now printed for the first time. It is, we think, at once more faithful to the original and more elegant in its Latinity than the paraphrase made a few years ago by the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone:

RUPES SECLORUM.
Seclorum Rupes! propter me
Fissa, lateam in Te.
Aqua, sanguis, ex Te manans
Mibi adsit flumen sanans;
Bis medendo, periturum
Solvat pœnâ, reddat purum.

Lachrymæ si rivi fiant,
Nil languoris studia sciant,
Culpam nequit hoc piare,
Solutus Tu potes salvare.
Nullum munus manu ferens
Resto Cruci semper hærens.

Dum fruor hac brevi sorte,
Oculos cùm claudam morte,
Novos mundos cùm intrabo,
Et in throno Te spectabo,
Seclorum Rupes! propter me
Fissa, lateam in Te.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Principles of Naval Staff Rank, and its History in the United States Navy for over a half century. By a Surgeon in the United States Navy. 8vo. pp. 240.

The navy is just now agitated somewhat by a discussion, which began more than a half a century since, about the position of its officers relatively to each other. On one side stand seven hundred and sixty-three officers, who form a class divided into eleven grades, constituting, so to speak, a catenated succession from midshipman to admiral, technically called "the line" (probably because they are eligible to promotion from grade to grade successively in a line or series); and on the other, five hundred and forty-nine officers, who form a class, composed of corps of several vocations, called the staff, because their functions are essential to support those of the line in the execution of their duties. Line officers require to be paid, fed and clothed; to be taken care of when sick or wounded; to have marine engines managed for them, and to be shrived perhaps before they die. In round numbers it may be said one-half the navy is arrayed against the other on the subject.

The "line" is the imperative class. It is always conspicuous. Its members claim exclusive right of authority, within limits for each grade, to direct and control the management of all details on board ship. The captain assumes to be supreme. He claims a right to direct payments without incurring responsibility, although the paymaster is under bonds to render a just and accurate account of the expenditure of all money and other property placed in his charge, and for which he only is responsible. Recently, one of the line has asserted for his class that the captain only has a legitimate right to determine whether officer or private is in condition of health to be temporarily excused from the routine of his duties, in spite of the surgeon's opinion on the subject. A medical officer has been tried, within a short time, by a court-martial for disobedience of orders and disrespect to his superior, because he refused, on the captain's order, to discharge from his list of sick a sailor who was suffering from a cutlass wound of his head, which in the surgeon's judgment disabled him and possibly placed him in peril of his life. Rumor says

that the sentence of the court sustained this pretension. The steam engineers also complain that their technical opinions and knowledge are not properly respected. And even the chaplains are not without grievance, as may be seen in the September number of the *Overland Monthly*, p. 201.*

About a dozen years ago a captain of a frigate, at anchor in a port whose inhabitants do not speak English, shouted to the chaplain, while he was preaching from the text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," "Stop, sir: you are disrespectful and insubordinate!" The supposed reason for the charge was that a party of sailors had been ordered by the captain to paint the outside of the ship during "divine service," as it was called. The chaplain, however, protested that he was not aware of the circumstance when he took the text, and deprecated the idea of disrespect or insubordination. Nevertheless, he was not permitted to continue his sermon, and the boatswain was ordered to "pipe down," the usual mode of dismissing the congregation, and the painting of the ship was continued. Since then, both captain and chaplain have gone where there is no reckoning of time, and all days are Sabbath days to them.

Apparently the staff men are at the mercy of those of the line. Whether they are comfortable or happy on board ship is contingent upon the good sense and manliness, or the martinetism and narrow-mindedness, caprice, meddlesomeness or tyrannical temper, of those of the line who happen to be associated with them in the performance of duties the object of which is the efficiency of the ship. Men clothed with power do not always exercise it with forbearance or judgment over subordinates, especially when the latter are left without the protection of legal barriers against this sort of imposition. There is a large share of human nature manifested in the navy as well as in other organizations of men; and for this reason it is necessary that wanton explosions of it should be checked by laws binding equally on all grades and ranks. There is a petty spirit of self-assertion or arrogance ascribed to the line, which leads to a

* "The Cruise of the *Monadnock*." By Rev. J. S. BUSH, D.D.

notion that men who use their hands as well as their heads in the exercise of their professional functions are necessarily of a caste inferior to those who only order to be done what they themselves have not the instruction or skill to do. Such false doctrine, if it really is entertained, should not be countenanced by a republican government. Its laws ought not to recognize any such pretension as that physicians, accountants or engineers, because they employ their hands in their vocations, cannot be the equals of a caste composed of those who constitute the line of its navy or army. It is true that under aristocratic and monarchical systems of government, kings and nobles exercised the profession of arms, and no other. But this is not a conclusive reason why all other professions are degrading; nor does it make manifest that those of a republic who are bred to arms at the public expense are thereby endowed with that quality of blood which, it is imagined, distinguishes kings and nobles and renders them superior to all other men, and so authorizes them to gratify all selfish desires at the cost of others without question. But regal and aristocratic blood is not the kind best fitted to equip a republican heart, which ought to be, and is, stout, just and gentle too in its movements. It seeks what it believes to be right, and submits to nothing which is clearly wrong.

The men of the staff, seeing that the defined positions which pertain to those of the line are respected by each other as well as by the Navy Department, ask Congress to assign to them also definite positions relatively to the line, which shall, in some degree at least, indicate the estimation or value at which the nation holds them in the naval organization. This they seek under the technical name of *rank*, the word meaning nothing more nor less than relative military position. The position of an officer of the line relatively to all others of his class, both above and below him in the scale of grades of which it is composed, is technically designated his rank. He prizes his rank because in general terms it is the measure of his official compensation and authority, as well as of his personal importance, privileges, immunities, accommodation, comfort and happiness. The staff corps believe that they too should have a rank which will lawfully carry with it analogous, if not identical, virtues in these respects. They do not seek a right to command in the line or to act outside of the sphere of their professional duties. The

chaplains wish to be allowed to inculcate the observance of the Sabbath and all Christian rules; the surgeons, to care for the sick and wounded; the paymasters, to expend public moneys and stores for which they are responsible only to the Navy Department; and the engineers, to run and keep in order the machinery in their professional charge without risk of useless and annoying interference while faithfully performing their duties.

In support of their pretension they argue that during the war they were exposed equally with those of the line to the perils, privations and toils incident to life on board ship, and that members of the staff corps were killed in battle, suffered in rebel prisons and sacrificed health and life in the execution of their duties. From such premises they conclude that their claim is entitled to respectful consideration.

They urge, too, that in recognition of their services Congress increased the grades and rank of those of the line, and passed by the staff without any notice—that the small addition of merely nominal rank which President Lincoln and his Cabinet, after careful consideration of the subject, conferred on staff officers, was taken from them by the existing administration, with the effect of reducing the small pay of all staff officers on the retired list—men ranging now from sixty-two to eighty years of age—who had spent all the vigor of their lives in the nation's service.

Our limits do not enable us to present the details of the arrangement proposed to settle this long-mooted question. The arguments are fully presented in the pamphlet from which we have derived our general view of the subject. It is well written: sometimes the author expresses himself warmly and strongly, but always with that decorum which characterizes the well-bred gentleman.

The Stomach and its Difficulties. By Sir James Eyre, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 113.

Works on medicine are not usually very entertaining reading, and it is rare to find a treatise on dyspepsia which one devours as he would a novel. But Dr. Eyre has invested an intrinsically dry subject with an unexpected charm. He gives the reader rather the results of his own experience as a physician than the dry details acquired from books, and he enlivens his page with humorous anecdotes bearing on the subject in hand. For instance, in illustration of the annoyance which doctors are often subjected to by the lo-

quacity of their patients, he tells the following anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy :

"A very talkative lady, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, which was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment that he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. 'Now, pray, madam,' said he, playfully, '*keep it out.*' The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match ; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for to an innkeeper who had had a quarrel with his wife, who had scored his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, 'Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself to treat your husband thus ? the husband, who is the head of all—*your* head, madam, in fact.' 'Well, doctor,' fiercely retorted the virago, 'and may I not scratch my own head ?' Upon this, her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned upon his heel, and confessed himself beaten for once."

Sir John endorses the opinion of Abernethy, that almost everybody eats too much. Quantity of food he considers of much more serious importance than quality, and he rejoices over the perfect liberty in this respect conceded in these halcyon days at the most hospitable tables. In his youth it was not so. "I once escaped," he says, "at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next. This had been so often repeated that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, *as a teacher by example*, might suffer, and replied that, 'If she pleased, I would take *breath.*'"

The author is of opinion that the main object of medical science should be to prevent rather than to cure disease, and hence this little book is rather a treatise on the laws of health than on therapeutics. After reading it, one does not wonder that it has gone through six editions in England.

Books Received.

A Guide-Book of Florida and the South for Tourists, Invalids and Emigrants, with a Map of the St. John River. By Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia : Geo. Maclean. 24mo. pp. 136.

Minor Chords. By Sophia May Eckley. London : Bell & Daldy. 16mo. pp. 277.

Man in Genesis and Geology ; or, The Biblical Account of Man's Creation tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Antiquity. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. New York : Samuel R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 149.

Mental Philosophy : Embracing the three Departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities and Will. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D. In two volumes. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 561, 705.

Under Lock and Key : A Story. By T. W. Speight, author of "Brought to Light," "Foolish Margaret," etc. Philadelphia : Turner Brothers & Co. 12mo. pp. 389.

Henry Esmond and Lovel the Widower. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the author. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 193, 60.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage ; or, Polygamy and Monogamy Compared. By a Christian Philanthropist. Boston : James Campbell. 16mo. pp. 256.

Essays on Political Economy. By the late M. Frederic Bastiat. Translated from the Paris Edition of 1863. Chicago : Western News Company. 12mo. pp. 398.

Apropos of Women and Theatres. With a Paper or two on Parisian Topics. By Olive Logan. New York : G. W. Carleton. 12mo. pp. 240.

Roland Yorke : A Sequel to "The Channings." By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 278.

In Silk Attire : A Novel. By William Black, author of "Love and Marriage." New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 126.

The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 464.

Sleep and its Derangements. By William A. Hammond, M. D. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 318.

Dream Numbers : A Domestic Novel. By T. A. Trollope. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 399.

Ruby Gray's Strategy. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 393.

The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 364.

Found Dead. By the author of "A Beggar on Horseback," etc. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 110.

Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 452.

One Poor Girl : The Story of Thousands. By Wirt Sikes. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 255.

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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. QUICKENHAM, Q. C.

ON the Thursday in Passion week, which fell on the 6th of April, Mr. and Mrs. Quickenham came to Bullhampton vicarage. The lawyer intended to take a long holiday—four entire days—and to return to London on the following Tuesday; and Mrs. Quickenham meant to be very happy with her sister.

"It is such a comfort to get him out of town, if it's only for two days!" said Mrs. Quickenham; "and I do believe he has run away this time without any papers in his portmanteau."

Mrs. Fenwick, with something of apology in her tone, explained to her sister that she was especially desirous of getting a legal opinion on this occasion from her brother-in-law.

"That's mere holiday work," said the barrister's anxious wife. "There's nothing he likes so much as that; but it is the reading of those horrible long papers by gaslight. I wouldn't mind how much he had to talk, nor yet how much he had to write, if it wasn't for all that weary reading. Of course he does have juniors with him now, but I don't find that it makes much difference. He's at it every

night, sheet after sheet; and though he always says he's coming up immediately, it's two or three before he's in bed."

Mrs. Quickenham was three or four years older than her sister, and Mr. Quickenham was twelve years older than his wife. The lawyer, therefore, was considerably senior to the clergyman. He was at the Chancery bar, and, after the usual years of hard and almost profitless struggling, had worked himself up into a position in which his income was very large and his labors never ending. Since the days in which he had begun to have before his eyes some idea of a future career for himself, he had always been struggling hard for a certain goal—struggling successfully, and yet never getting nearer to the thing desired. A scholarship had been all in all to him when he left school; and as he got it a distant fellowship already loomed before his eyes. That, attained, was only a step toward his life in London. His first brief, anxiously as it had been desired, had given no real satisfaction. As soon as it came to him it was a rung of the ladder already out of sight. And so it had been all through his life as he advanced upward, making a business, taking a wife to himself and becoming the

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father of many children. There was always something before him which was to make him happy when he reached it. His gown was of silk, and his income almost greater than his desires; but he would fain sit upon the Bench, and have at any rate his evenings for his own enjoyment. He firmly believed now that that had been the object of his constant ambition; though, could he retrace his thoughts as a young man, he would find that, in the early days of his forensic toils, the silent, heavy, unilluminated solemnity of the judge had appeared to him to be nothing in comparison with the glittering audacity of the successful advocate. He had tried the one, and might probably soon try the other. And when that time shall have come, and Mr. Quickenham shall sit upon his seat of honor in the new Law Courts, passing long, long hours in the tedious labors of conscientious painful listening, then he will look forward again to the happy ease of dignified retirement, to the coming time in which all his hours will be his own. And then, again, when those unfurnished hours are there, and with them shall have come the infirmities which years and toil shall have brought, his mind will run on once more to that eternal rest in which fees and salary, honors and dignity, wife and children, with all the joys of satisfied success, shall be brought together for him in one perfect amalgam which he will call by the name of heaven. In the mean time, he has now come down to Bullhampton to enjoy himself for four days, if he can find enjoyment without his law-papers.

Mr. Quickenham was a tall, thin man, with eager gray eyes and a long projecting nose, on which, his enemies in the courts of law were wont to say, his wife could hang a kettle, in order that the unnecessary heat coming from his mouth might not be wasted. His hair was already grizzled, and in the matter of whiskers his heavy impatient hand had nearly altogether cut away the only intended ornament to his face. He was a man who allowed himself time for nothing but his law-work, eating all his meals as though the saving of a few minutes

in that operation were matter of vital importance, dressing and undressing at railroad speed, moving ever with a quick, impetuous step, as though the whole world around him went too slowly. He was short-sighted, too, and would tumble about in his unnecessary hurry, barking his shins, bruising his knuckles and breaking most things that were breakable, but caring nothing for his sufferings, either in body or in purse, so that he was not reminded of his awkwardness by his wife. An untidy man he was, who spilt his soup on his waistcoat and slobbered with his tea, whose fingers were apt to be ink-stained, and who had a grievous habit of mislaying papers that were most material to him. He would bellow to the servants to have his things found for him, and would then scold them for looking. But when alone he would be ever scolding himself because of the faults which he thus committed. A conscientious, hard-working, friendly man he was, but one difficult to deal with; hot in his temper, impatient of all stupidities, impatient often of that which he wrongly thought to be stupidity; never owning himself to be wrong, anxious always for the truth, but often failing to see it—a man who would fret grievously for the merest trifle, and think nothing of the greatest success when it had once been gained. Such a one was Mr. Quickenham; and he was a man of whom all his enemies and most of his friends were a little afraid. Mrs. Fenwick would declare herself to be much in awe of him; and our vicar, though he would not admit as much, was always a little on his guard when the great barrister was with him.

How it had come to pass that Mr. Chamberlaine had not been called upon to take a part in the cathedral services during Passion week cannot here be explained; but it was the fact that when Mr. Quickenham arrived at Bullhampton the canon was staying at the Privets. He had come over there early in the week—as it was supposed by Mr. Fenwick with some hope of talking his nephew into a more reasonable state of mind respecting Miss Lowther, but, ac-



Mr. Quickenham expresses his opinion.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XLII.]

TO THE
ABOVE

cording to Mrs. Fenwick's uncharitable views, with the distinct object of escaping the long church services of the Holy week—and was to return to Salisbury on the Saturday. He was therefore invited to meet Mr. Quickenham at dinner on the Thursday. In his own city and among his own neighbors he would have thought it indiscreet to dine out in Passion week; but, as he explained to Mr. Fenwick, these things were very different in a rural parish.

Mr. Quickenham arrived an hour or two before dinner, and was immediately taken out to see the obnoxious building; while Mrs. Fenwick, who never would go to see it, described all its horrors to her sister within the guarded precincts of her own drawing-room.

"It used to be a bit of common land, didn't it?" said Mr. Quickenham.

"I hardly know what is common land," replied the vicar. "The children used to play here, and when there was a bit of grass on it some of the neighbors' cows would get it."

"It was never advertised to be let on building lease?"

"Oh dear, no! Lord Trowbridge never did anything of that sort."

"I dare say not," said the lawyer—"I dare say not." Then he walked round the plot of ground, pacing it, as though something might be learned in that way. Then he looked up at the building with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side. "Has there been a deed of gift—perhaps a peppercorn rent, or something of that kind?" The vicar declared that he was altogether ignorant of what had been done between the agent of the marquis and the trustees to whom had been committed the building of the chapel. "I dare say nothing," said Mr. Quickenham. "They've been in such a hurry to punish you that they've gone on a mere verbal permission. What's the extent of the glebe?"

"They call it forty-two acres."

"Did you ever have it measured?"

"Never. It would make no difference to me whether it is forty-one or forty-three."

"That's as may be," said the lawyer.

"It's as nasty a thing as I've looked at for many a day, but it wouldn't do to call it a nuisance."

"Of course not. Janet is very hot about it, but as for me, I've made up my mind to swallow it. After all, what harm will it do me?"

"It's an insult—that's all."

"But if I can show that I don't take it as an insult, the insult will be nothing. Of course the people know that their landlord is trying to spite me."

"That's just it."

"—And for a while they'll spite me too, because he does. Of course it's a bore. It cripples one's influence, and to a certain degree spreads dissent at the cost of the Church. Men and women will go to that place merely because Lord Trowbridge favors the building. I know all that, and it irks me; but still it will be better to swallow it."

"Who's the oldest man in the parish?" asked Mr. Quickenham—"the oldest with his senses still about him."

The parson reflected for a while, and then said that he thought Brattle, the miller, was as old a man as there was there with the capability left to him of remembering and of stating what he remembered.

"And what's his age—about?"

Fenwick said that the miller was between sixty and seventy, and had lived in Bullhampton all his life.

"A church-going man?" asked the lawyer.

To this the vicar was obliged to reply that, to his very great regret, old Brattle never entered a church.

"Then I'll step over and see him during morning service to-morrow," said the lawyer.

The vicar raised his eyebrows, but said nothing as to the propriety of Mr. Quickenham's personal attendance at a place of worship on Good Friday.

"Can anything be done, Richard?" said Mrs. Fenwick, appealing to her brother-in-law.

"Yes: undoubtedly something can be done."

"Can there, indeed? I am so glad. What can be done?"

"You can make the best of it," replied Mr. Quickenham.

"That's just what I'm determined I won't do. It's mean-spirited, and so I tell Frank. I never would have hurt them as long as they treated us well; but now they are enemies, and as enemies I will regard them. I should think myself disgraced if I were to sit down in the presence of the Marquis of Trowbridge: I should indeed."

"You can easily manage that by standing up when you meet him," said Mr. Quickenham. Mr. Quickenham could be very funny at times, but those who knew him would remark that whenever he was funny he had something to hide. His wife as she heard his wit was quite sure that he had some plan in his head about the chapel.

At half-past six there came Mr. Chamberlaine and his nephew. The conversation about the chapel was still continued, and the canon from Salisbury was very eloquent, and learned also, upon the subject. His eloquence was brightest while the ladies were still in the room, but his learning was brought forth most manifestly after they had retired. He was very clear in his opinion that the marquis had the law on his side in giving the land for the purpose in question, even if it could be shown that he was simply lord of the manor, and not so possessed of the spot as to do what he liked in it for his own purposes. Mr. Chamberlaine expressed his opinion that, although he himself might think otherwise, it would be held to be for the benefit of the community that the chapel should be built, and in no court could an injunction against the building be obtained.

"But he couldn't give leave to have it put on another man's ground," said the queen's counsel.

"There is no question of another man's ground here," said the member of the chapter.

"I'm not sure of that," continued Mr. Quickenham. "It may not be the ground of any one man, but if it's the ground of any ten or twenty, it's the same thing."

"But then there would be a lawsuit," said the vicar.

"It might come to that," said the queen's counsel.

"I'm sure you wouldn't have a leg to stand upon," said the member of the chapter.

"I don't see that at all," said Gilmore. "If the land is common to the parish, the Marquis of Trowbridge cannot give it to a part of the parishioners because he is lord of the manor."

"For such a purpose I should think he can," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

"And I'm quite sure he can't," said Mr. Quickenham. "All the same, it may be very difficult to prove that he hasn't the right; and in the mean time there stands the chapel, a fact accomplished. If the ground had been bought and the purchasers had wanted a title, I think it probable the marquis would never have got his money."

"There can be no doubt that it is very ungentlemanlike," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

"There I'm afraid I can't help you," said Mr. Quickenham. "Good law is not defined very clearly here in England, but good manners have never been defined at all."

"I don't want any one to help me on such a matter as that," said Mr. Chamberlaine, who did not altogether like Mr. Quickenham.

"I dare say not," said Mr. Quickenham; "and yet the question may be open to argument. A man may do what he likes with his own, and can hardly be called ungentlemanlike because he gives it away to a person you don't happen to like."

"I know what we all think about it in Salisbury," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

"It is just possible that you may be a little hypercritical in Salisbury," said Quickenham.

There was nothing else discussed and nothing else thought of in the vicarage. The first of June had been the day now fixed for the opening of the new chapel, and here they were already in April. Mr. Fenwick was quite of opinion that if the services of Mr. Puddleham's con-

gregation were once commenced in the building, they must be continued there. As long as the thing was a thing not yet accomplished it might be practicable to stop it, but there could be no stopping it when the full tide of Methodist eloquence should have begun to pour itself from the new pulpit. It would then have been made the house of God—even though not consecrated—and as such it must remain. And now he was becoming sick of the grievance and wished that it was over. As to going to law with the marquis on a question of common-right, it was a thing that he would not think of doing. The living had come to him from his college, and he had thought it right to let the bursar of Saint John's know what was being done; but it was quite clear that the college could not interfere or spend their money on a matter which, though it was parochial, had no reference to their property in the parish. It was not for the college, as patron of the living, to inquire whether certain lands belonged to the Marquis of Trowbridge or to the parish at large, though the vicar, no doubt, as one of the inhabitants of the place, might raise the question at law if he chose to find the money and could find the ground on which to raise it. His old friend the bursar wrote him back a joking letter, recommending him to put more fire into his sermons and thus to preach his enemy down.

"I have become so sick of this chapel," the vicar said to his wife that night, "that I wish the subject might never be mentioned again in the house."

"You can't be more sick of it than I am," said his wife.

"What I mean is, that I'm sick of it as a subject of conversation. There it is, and let us make the best of it, as Quickenham says."

"You can't expect anything like sympathy from Richard, you know."

"I don't want any sympathy. I want simply silence. If you'll only make up your mind to take it for granted and to put up with it—as you had to do with the frost when the shrubs were killed, or with anything that is disagreeable but

unavoidable—the feeling of unhappiness about it would die away at once. One does not grieve at the inevitable."

"But one must be quite sure that it is inevitable."

"There it stands, and nothing that we can do can stop it."

"Charlotte says that she is sure Richard has got something in his head. Though he will not sympathize, he will think and contrive and fight."

"And half ruin us by his fighting," said the husband. "He fancies the land may be common-land, and not private property."

"Then of course the chapel has no right to be there."

"But who is to have it removed? And if I could succeed in doing so, what would be said to me for putting down a place of worship after such a fashion as that?"

"Who could say anything against you, Frank?"

"The truth is, it is Lord Trowbridge who is my enemy here, and not the chapel or Mr. Puddleham. I'd have given the spot for the chapel, had they wanted it and had I had the power to give it. I'm annoyed because Lord Trowbridge should know that he had got the better of me. If I can only bring myself to feel—and you too—that there is no better in it and no worse, I shall be annoyed no longer. Lord Trowbridge cannot really touch me; and could he, I do not know that he would."

"I know he would."

"No, my dear. If he suddenly had the power to turn me out of the living, I don't believe he'd do it—any more than I would him out of his estate. Men indulge in little injuries who can't afford to be wicked enough for great injustice. My dear, you will do me a great favor—the greatest possible kindness—if you'll give up all outer and—as far as possible—all inner hostility to the chapel."

"Oh, Frank!"

"I ask it as a great favor—for my peace of mind."

"Of course I will."

"There's my darling! It sha'n't make me unhappy any longer. What! a stupid

lot of bricks and mortar, that, after all, are intended for a good purpose—to think that I should become a miserable wretch just because this good purpose is carried on outside my own gate! Were it in my dining-room, I ought to bear it without misery.”

“I will strive to forget it,” said his wife. And on the next morning, which was Good Friday, she walked to church round by the outside gate, in order that she might give proof of her intention to keep her promise to her husband. Her husband walked before her, and as she went she looked round at her sister and shuddered and turned up her nose. But this was involuntary.

In the mean time, Mr. Quickenham was getting himself ready for his walk to the mill. Any such investigation as this which he had on hand was much more compatible with his idea of a holiday than attendance for two hours at the church service. On Easter Sunday he would make the sacrifice, unless a headache, or pressing letters from London, or Apollo in some other beneficent shape, might interfere and save him from the necessity. Mr. Quickenham, when at home, would go to church as seldom as was possible, so that he might save himself from being put down as one who neglected public worship. Perhaps he was about equal to Mr. George Brattle in his religious zeal. Mr. George Brattle made a clear compromise with his own conscience. One good Sunday against a Sunday that was not good left him, as he thought, properly poised in his intended condition of human infirmity. It may be doubted whether Mr. Quickenham’s mind was equally philosophic on the matter. He could hardly tell why he went to church or why he stayed away. But he was aware when he went of the presence of some unsatisfactory feelings of imposture on his own part, and he was equally alive when he did not go to a sting of conscience in that he was neglecting a duty. But George Brattle had arranged it all in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory to himself.

Mr. Quickenham had inquired the

way, and took the path to the mill along the river. He walked rapidly, with his nose in the air, as though it was a manifest duty, now that he found himself in the country, to get over as much ground as possible and to refresh his lungs thoroughly. He did not look much, as he went, at the running river or at the opening buds on the trees and hedges. When he met a rustic loitering on the path, he examined the man unconsciously, and could afterward have described, with tolerable accuracy, how he was dressed; and he had smiled as he had observed the amatory pleasantness of a young couple who had not thought it at all necessary to increase the distance between them because of his presence. These things he had seen, but the stream and the hedges and the twittering of the birds were as nothing to him.

As he went he met old Mrs. Brattle making her weary way to church. He had not known Mrs. Brattle, and did not speak to her, but he had felt quite sure that she was the miller’s wife. Standing with his hands in his pockets on the bridge which divided the house from the mill, with his pipe in his mouth, was old Brattle, engaged for the moment in saying some word to his daughter Fanny, who was behind him. But she retreated as soon as she saw the stranger, and the miller stood his ground, waiting to be accosted, suspicion keeping his hands deep down in his pockets, as though resolved that he would not be tempted to put them forth for the purpose of any friendly greeting. The lawyer saluted him by name, and then the miller touched his hat, thrusting his hand back into his pocket as soon as the ceremony was accomplished. Mr. Quickenham explained that he had come from the vicarage, that he was brother-in-law to Mr. Fenwick, and a lawyer; at each of which statements old Brattle made a slight projecting motion with his chin, as being a mode of accepting the information slightly better than absolute discourtesy. At the present moment Mr. Fenwick was out of favor with him, and he was not disposed to open his heart to visitors from the vicarage. Then Mr. Quicken-

ham plunged at once into the affair of the day.

"You know that chapel they are building, Mr. Brattle, just opposite to the parson's gate?"

Mr. Brattle replied that he had heard of the chapel, but had never, as yet, been up to see it.

"Indeed! but you remember the bit of ground?"

Yes, the miller remembered the ground very well. Man and boy he had known it for sixty years. As far as his mind went, he thought it a very good thing that the piece of ground should be put to some useful purpose at last.

"I'm not sure but what you may be right there," said the lawyer.

"It's not been of use—not to nobody—for more than forty year," said the miller.

"And before that, what did they do with it?"

"Parson as we had then in Bull'ump-ton kep' a few sheep."

"Ah! just so. And he would get a bit of feeding off the ground?" The miller nodded his head. "Was that the vicar just before Mr. Fenwick?" asked the lawyer.

"Not by no means. There was Muster Brandon, who never come here at all, but had a curate who lived away to Hinton. He come after Parson Smallbones."

"It was Parson Smallbones who kept the sheep?"

"And then there was Muster Threep-away, who was parson wellnigh thirty years afore Muster Fenwick come. He died up at parsonage house, did Muster Threepaway."

"He didn't keep sheep?"

"No; he kep' no sheep as ever I heard tell on. He didn't keep much barring hisself—didn't Muster Threep-away. He had never no child, nor yet no wife, nor nothing at all, hadn't Muster Threepaway. But he was a good man as didn't go meddling with folk."

"But Parson Smallbones was a bit of a farmer?"

"Ay, ay. Parsons in them days warn't above a bit of farming. I warn't much

more than a scrap of a boy, but I remember him. He wore a wig and old black gaiters; and knew as well what was his'n and what wasn't as any person in Wiltshire. Tithes was tithes then; and parson was cute enough in taking on 'em."

"But these sheep of his were his own, I suppose?"

"Whose else would they be, sir?"

"And did he fence them in on that bit of ground?"

"There'd be a boy with 'em, I'm thinking, sir. There wasn't so much fencing of sheep then as there be now. Boys was cheaper in them days."

"Just so; and the parson wouldn't allow other sheep there?"

"Muster Smallbones mostly took all he could get, sir."

"Exactly. The parsons generally did, I believe. It was the way in which they followed most accurately the excellent examples set them by the bishops. But, Mr. Brattle, it wasn't in the way of tithes that he had this grass for his sheep?"

"I can't say how he had it, nor yet how Muster Fenwick has the meadows t'other side of the river, which he lets to Farmer Pierce; but he do have 'em, and Farmer Pierce do pay him the rent."

"Glebe land, you know," said Mr. Quickenham.

"That's what they calls it," said the miller.

"And none of the vicars that came after old Smallbones have ever done anything with that bit of ground?"

"Ne'er a one on 'em. Muster Brandon, I tell 'ee, never come nigh the place. I don't know as ever I see'd him. It was him as they made bishop afterward, some'eres away in Ireland. He had a lord to his uncle. Then Muster Threep-away, he was here ever so long."

"But he didn't mind such things."

"He never owned no sheep; and the old 'oomen's cows was let to go on the land, as was best, and then the boys took to playing hopscotch there, with a horse or two over it at times, and now Mr. Puddleham has it for his preaching. Maybe, sir, the lawyers might have a

turn at it yet ;" and the miller laughed at his own wit.

"And get more out of it than any former occupant," said Mr. Quickenham, who would indeed have been very loth to allow his wife's brother-in-law to go into a lawsuit, but still felt that a very pretty piece of litigation was about to be thrown away in this matter of Mr. Puddleham's chapel.

Mr. Quickenham bade farewell to the miller, and thought that he saw a way to a case. But he was a man very strongly given to accuracy, and on his return to the vicarage said no word of his conversation with the miller. It would have been natural that Fenwick should have interrogated him as to his morning's work ; but the vicar had determined to trouble himself no further about his grievance, to say nothing further respecting it to any man—not even to allow the remembrance of Mr. Puddleham and his chapel to dwell in his mind ; and consequently held his peace. Mrs. Fenwick was curious enough on the subject, but she had made a promise to her husband, and would at least endeavor to keep it. If her sister should tell her anything unasked, that would not be her fault.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EASTER AT TURNOVER CASTLE.

It was not only at Bullhampton that this affair of the Methodist chapel demanded and received attention. At Turnover also a good deal was being said about it, and the mind of the marquis was not easy. As has been already told, the bishop had written to him on the subject, remonstrating with him as to the injury he was doing to the present vicar and to future vicars of the parish which he, as landlord, was bound to treat with beneficent consideration. The marquis had replied to the bishop with a tone of stern resolve. The vicar of Bullhampton had treated him with scorn—nay, as he thought, with most unpardonable insolence—and he would not spare the vicar. It was proper that the

dissenters at Bullhampton should have a chapel, and he had a right to do what he liked with his own. So arguing with himself, he had written to the bishop very firmly, but his own mind had not been firm within him as he did so. There were misgivings at his heart. He was a Churchman himself, and he was pricked with remorse as he remembered that he was spiting the Church which was connected with the State of which he was so eminent a supporter. His own chief agent, too, had hesitated, and had suggested that perhaps the matter might be postponed. His august daughters, though they had learned to hold the name of Fenwick in proper abhorrence, nevertheless were grieved about the chapel. Men and women were talking about it, and the words of the common people found their way to the august daughters of the house of Stowte.

"Papa," said Lady Caroline, "wouldn't it, perhaps, be better to build the Bullhampton chapel a little farther off from the vicarage ?"

"The next vicar might be a different sort of person," said the Lady Sophie.

"No, it wouldn't," said the marquis, who was apt to be very imperious with his own daughters, although he was of opinion that they should be held in great awe by all the world—excepting only himself and their eldest brother.

That eldest brother, Lord Saint George, was in truth regarded at Turnover as being, of all persons in the world, the most august. The marquis himself was afraid of his son, and held him in extreme veneration. To the mind of the marquis the heir-expectant of all the dignities of the house of Stowte was almost a greater man than the owner of them ; and this feeling came not only from a consciousness on the part of the father that his son was a bigger man than himself—cleverer, better versed in the affairs of the world, and more thought of by those around them—but also to a certain extent from an idea that he who would have all these grand things thirty or perhaps even fifty years hence must be more powerful than one with whom their possession would come to an end prob-

ably after the lapse of eight or ten years. His heir was to him almost divine. When things at the castle were in any way uncomfortable, he could put up with the discomfort for himself and his daughters, but it was not to be endured that Saint George should be incommoded. Old carriage-horses must be changed if he were coming; the glazing of the new greenhouse must be got out of the way, lest he should smell the paint; the game must not be touched till he should come to shoot it. And yet Lord Saint George himself was a man who never gave himself any airs, and who in his personal intercourse with the world around him demanded much less acknowledgment of his magnificence than did his father.

And now, during this Easter week, Lord Saint George came down to the castle, intending to kill two birds with one stone — to take his parliamentary holiday and to do a little business with his father. It not unfrequently came to pass that he found it necessary to repress the energy of his father's august magnificence. He would go so far as to remind his father that in these days marquises were not very different from other people, except in this, that they perhaps might have more money. The marquis would fret in silence, not daring to commit himself to an argument with his son, and would in secret lament over the altered ideas of the age. It was his theory of politics that the old distances should be maintained, and that the head of a great family should be a patriarch entitled to obedience from those around him. It was his son's idea that every man was entitled to as much obedience as his money would buy, and to no more. This was very lamentable to the marquis; but nevertheless his son was the coming man, and even this must be borne.

"I'm sorry about this chapel at Bullhampton," said the son to the father after dinner.

"Why sorry, Saint George? I thought you would have been of opinion that the dissenters should have a chapel."

"Certainly they should, if they're fools enough to want to build a place to pray

in when they have got one already built for them. There's no reason on earth why they shouldn't have a chapel, seeing that nothing that we can do will save them from schism."

"We can't prevent dissent, Saint George."

"We can't prevent it, because, in religion, as in everything else, men like to manage themselves. This farmer or that tradesman becomes a dissenter because he can be somebody in the management of his chapel, and would be nobody in regard to the parish church."

"That is very dreadful."

"Not worse than our own people, who remain with us because it sounds the most respectable. Not one in fifty really believes that this or that form of worship is more likely to send him to heaven than any other."

"I certainly claim to myself to be one of the few," said the marquis.

"No doubt; and so you ought, my lord, as every advantage has been given you. But to come back to the Bullhampton chapel: don't you think we could move it away from the parson's gate?"

"They have built it, Saint George."

"They can't have finished it yet."

"You wouldn't have me ask them to pull it down? Packer was here yesterday, and said that the framework of the roof was up."

"What made them hurry it in that way? Spite against the vicar, I suppose."

"He is a most objectionable man, Saint George—most insolent, overbearing and unlike a clergyman. They say that he is little better than an infidel himself."

"We had better leave that to the bishop, my lord."

"We must feel about it, connected as we are with the parish," said the marquis.

"But I don't think we shall do any good by going into a parochial quarrel."

"It was the very best bit of land for the purpose in all Bullhampton," said the marquis. "I made particular inquiry, and there can be no doubt of that. Though I particularly dislike that Mr. Fenwick, it was not done to injure him."

"It does injure him damnably, my lord."

"That's only an accident."

"And I'm not at all sure that we sha'n't find that we have made a mistake."

"How a mistake?"

"That we have given away land that doesn't belong to us."

"Who says it doesn't belong to us?" said the marquis, angrily. A suggestion so hostile, so unjust, so cruel as this, almost overcame the feeling of veneration which he entertained for his son. "That is really nonsense, Saint George."

"Have you looked at the title-deeds?"

"The title-deeds are of course with Mr. Boothby. But Packer knows every foot of the ground, even if I didn't know it myself."

"I wouldn't give a straw for Packer's knowledge."

"I haven't heard that they have even raised the question themselves."

"I'm told that they will do so—that they say it is common land. It's quite clear that it has never been either let or enclosed."

"You might say the same of the bit of green that lies outside the park gate, where the great oak stands; but I don't suppose that that is common."

"I don't say that this is, but I do say that there may be difficulty of proof; and that to be driven to the proof in such a matter would be disagreeable."

"What would you do, then?"

"Take the bull by the horns, and move the chapel at our own expense to some site that shall be altogether unobjectionable."

"We should be owning ourselves wrong, Augustus."

"And why not? I cannot see what disgrace there is in coming forward handsomely and telling the truth. When the land was given we thought it was our own. There has come up a shadow of a doubt, and sooner than be in the wrong we give another site and take all the expense. I think that would be the right sort of thing to do."

Lord Saint George returned to town two days afterward, and the marquis was left with the dilemma on his mind. Lord

Saint George, though he would frequently interfere in matters connected with the property in the manner described, would never dictate and seldom insist. He had said what he had got to say, and the marquis was left to act for himself. But the old lord had learned to feel that he was sure to fall into some pit whenever he declined to follow his son's advice. His son had a painful way of being right that was a great trouble to him. And this was a question which touched him very nearly. It was not only that he must yield to Mr. Fenwick before the eyes of Mr. Puddleham and all the people of Bullhampton, but that he must confess his own ignorance as to the borders of his own property, and must abandon a bit of land which he believed to belong to the Stowte estate. Now, if there was a point in his religion as to which Lord Trowbridge was more staunch than another, it was as to the removal of landmarks. He did not covet his neighbor's land, but he was most resolute that no stranger should, during his reign, ever possess a rood of his own.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MARRABLES OF DUNRIPPLE.

"If I were to go, there would be nobody left but you. You should remember that, Walter, when you talk of going to India." This was said to Walter Marrable at Dunripple by his cousin Gregory, Sir Gregory's only son.

"And if I were to die in India, as I probably shall, who will come next?"

"There is nobody to come next for the title."

"But for the property?"

"As it stands at present, if you and I were to die before your father and Uncle John, the survivor of them would be the last in the entail. If they, too, died, and the survivor of us all left no will, the property would go to Mary Lowther. But that is hardly probable. When my grandfather made the settlement on my father's marriage, he had four sons living."

"Should my father have the handling



“Who says it doesn't belong to us?” said the marquis angrily.

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chapter XLIII.]

TO THE
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of it, I would not give much for anybody's chance after him," said Walter.

"If *you* were to marry there would, of course, be a new settlement as to your rights. Your father could do no harm except as your heir—unless, indeed, he were heir to us all. My uncle John will outlive him, probably."

"My uncle John will live for ever, I should think," said Walter Marrable.

This conversation took place between the two cousins when Walter had been already two or three weeks at Dunripple. He had come there intending to stay over two or three days, and he had already accepted an invitation to make the house his home as long as he should remain in England. He had known but little of his uncle, and nothing of his cousin, before this visit was made. He had conceived them to be unfriendly to him, having known them to be always unfriendly to his father. He was, of course, aware—very well aware now, since he had himself suffered so grievously from his father's dishonesty—that the enmity which had reached them from Dunripple had been well deserved. Colonel Marrable had, as a younger brother, never been content with what he was able to extract from the head of the family, who was, in his eyes, a milch cow that never ought to run dry. With Walter Marrable there had remained a feeling adverse to his uncle and cousin, even after he had been forced to admit to himself how many and how grievous were the sins of his own father. He had believed that the Dunripple people were stupid and prejudiced and selfish; and it had only been at the instance of his uncle, the parson, that he had consented to make the visit. He had gone there, and had been treated, at any rate, with affectionate consideration. And he had found the house to be not unpleasant, though very quiet. Living at Dunripple there was a Mrs. Brownlow, a widowed sister of the late Lady Marrable, with her daughter, Edith Brownlow. Previous to this time, Walter Marrable had never even heard of the Brownlows, so little had he known about Dunripple; and when he arrived there it had been neces-

sary to explain to him who these people were.

He had found his uncle, Sir Gregory, to be much such a man as he had expected in outward appearance and mode of life. The baronet was old, and disposed to regard himself as entitled to all the indulgences of infirmity. He rose late, took but little exercise, was very particular about what he ate, and got through his day with the assistance of his steward, his novel, and occasionally of his doctor. He slept a great deal, and was never tired of talking of himself. Occupation in life he had none, but he was a charitable, honorable man, who had high ideas of what was due to others. His son, however, had astonished Walter considerably. Gregory Marrable the younger was a man somewhat over forty, but he looked as though he were sixty. He was very tall and thin, narrow in the chest, and so round in the shoulders as to appear to be almost humpbacked. He was so short-sighted as to be nearly blind, and was quite bald. He carried his head so forward that it looked as though it were going to fall off. He shambled with his legs, which seemed never to be strong enough to carry him from one room to another; and he tried them by no other exercise, for he never went outside the house except when, on Sundays and some other very rare occasions, he would trust himself to be driven in a low pony-phaeton. But in one respect he was altogether unlike his father. His whole time was spent among his books, and he was at this moment engaged in revising and editing a very long and altogether unreadable old English chronicle in rhyme, for publication by one of those learned societies which are rife in London. Of Robert of Gloucester and William Langland, of Andrew of Wyntown and the Lady Juliana Berners, he could discourse, if not with eloquence, at least with enthusiasm. Chaucer was his favorite poet, and he was supposed to have read the works of Gower in English, French and Latin. But he was himself apparently as old as one of his own black-letter volumes, and as unfit for general use. Walter could hardly

regard him as a cousin, declaring to himself that his uncle, the parson, and his own father were, in effect, younger men than the younger Gregory Marrable. He was never without a cough, never well, never without various ailments and troubles of the flesh; of which, however, he himself made but slight account, taking them quite as a matter of course. With such inmates the house no doubt would have been dull had there not been women there to enliven it.

By degrees, too, and not by slow degrees, the new-comer found that he was treated as one of the family—found that, after a certain fashion, he was treated as the heir to the family. Between him and the title and the estate there were but the lives of four old men. Why had he not known that this was so before he had allowed himself to be separated from Mary Lowther? But he had known nothing of it—had thought not at all about it. There had been another Marrable, of the same generation with himself, between him and the succession, who might marry and have children, and he had not regarded his heirship as being likely to have any effect—at any rate upon his early life. It had never occurred to him that he need not go to India because he would probably outlive four old gentlemen and become Sir Walter Marrable and owner of Dunripple.

Nor would he have looked at the matter in that light now, had not his cousin forced the matter upon him. Not a word was said to him at Dunripple about Mary Lowther, but very many words were said about his own condition. Gregory Marrable strongly advised him against going to India—so strongly that Walter was surprised to find that such a man would have so much to say on such a subject. The young captain, in such circumstances, could not very well explain that he was driven to follow his profession in a fashion so disagreeable to him because, although he was heir to Dunripple, he was not near enough to it to be entitled to any allowance from its owner; but he felt that that would have been the only true answer when it was proposed to him to stay in England because he would

some day become Sir Walter Marrable. But he did plead the great loss which he had encountered by means of his father's ill-treatment of him, and endeavored to prove to his cousin that there was no alternative before him but to serve in some quarter of the globe in which his pay would be sufficient for his wants.

"Why should you not sell out or go on half-pay, and remain here and marry Edith Brownlow?" said his cousin.

"I don't think I could do that," said Walter, slowly.

"Why not? There is nothing my father would like so much." Then he was silent for a while, but, as his cousin made no further immediate reply, Gregory Marrable went on with his plan: "Ten years ago, when she was not much more than a little girl, and when it was first arranged that she should come here, my father proposed that I should marry her."

"And why didn't you?"

The elder cousin smiled and shook his head, and coughed aloud as he smiled: "Why not, indeed? Well, I suppose you can see why not. I was an old man almost before she was a young woman. She is just twenty-four now, and I shall be dead, probably, in two years' time."

"Nonsense!"

"Twice since that time I have been within an inch of dying. At any rate, even my father does not look to that any longer."

"Is he fond of Miss Brownlow?"

"There is no one in the world whom he loves so well. Of course an old man loves a young woman best. It is natural that he should do so. He never had a daughter, but Edith is the same to him as his own child. Nothing would please him so much as that she should be the mistress of Dunripple."

"I'm afraid that it cannot be so," said Walter.

"But why not? There need be no India for you then. If you would do that, you would be to my father exactly as though you were his son. Your father might, of course, outlive my father, and no doubt will outlive me, and then

for his life he will have the place, but some arrangement could be made so that you should continue here."

"I'm afraid it cannot be so," said Walter. Many thoughts were passing through his mind. Why had he not known that these good things were so near to him before he had allowed Mary Lowther to go off from him? And had it chanced that he had visited Dunripple before he had gone to Loring, how might it have been between him and this other girl? Edith Brownlow was not beautiful, not grand in her beauty, as was Mary Lowther; but she was pretty, soft, lady-like, with a sweet dash of quiet, pleasant humor—a girl who certainly need not be left begging about the world for a husband. And this life at Dunripple was pleasant enough. Though the two elder Marrables were old and infirm, Walter was allowed to do just as he pleased in the house. He was encouraged to hunt. There was shooting for him if he wished it. Even the servants about the place—the gamekeeper, the groom and the old butler—seemed to have recognized him as the heir. There would have been so comfortable an escape from the dilemma into which his father had brought him had he not made his visit to Loring.

"Why not?" demanded Gregory Mar-
rable?"

"A man cannot become attached to a girl by order, and what right have I to suppose that she would accept me?"

"Of course she would accept you. Why not? Everybody around her would be in your favor. And as to not falling in love with her, I declare I do not know a sweeter human being in the world than Edith Brownlow."

Before the hunting season was over, Captain Marrable had abandoned his intention of going to India, and had made arrangements for serving for a while with his regiment in England. This he did after a discussion of some length with his uncle, Sir Gregory. During that discussion nothing was said about Edith Brownlow, and of course not a word was said about Mary Lowther. Captain Marrable did not even know whether his uncle or his cousin was aware that that

engagement had ever existed. Between him and his uncle there had never been an allusion to his marriage, but the old man had spoken of his nearness to the property, and had expressed his regret that the last heir, the only heir likely to perpetuate the name and title, should take himself to India in the pride of his life. He made no offer as to money, but he told his nephew that there was a home for him if he would give up his profession, or a retreat whenever his professional duties might allow him to visit it. Horses should be kept for him, and he should be treated in every way as a son of the family.

"Take my father at his word," said Gregory Marrable. "He will never let you be short of money."

After much consideration, Walter Marrable did take Sir Gregory at his word, and abandoned for ever all idea of a further career in India.

As soon as he had done this he wrote to Mary Lowther to inform her of his decision. "It does seem hard," he said in his letter, "that an arrangement which is in so many respects desirable should not have been compatible with one which is so much more desirable." But he made no renewed offer. Indeed he felt that he could not do so at the present moment, in honesty either to his cousin or to his uncle, as he had accepted their hospitality and acceded to the arrangements which they had proposed without any word on his part of such intention. A home had been offered to him at Dunripple—to him in his present condition—but certainly not a home to any wife whom he might bring there, nor a home to the family which might come afterward. He thought that he was doing the best that he could with himself by remaining in England, and the best also toward a possible future renewal of his engagement with Mary Lowther. But of that he said nothing in his letter to her. He merely told her the fact as it regarded himself, and told that somewhat coldly. Of Edith Brownlow, and of the proposition in regard to her, of course he said nothing.

It was the intention both of Sir Gre-

gory and his son that the new inmate of the house should marry Edith. The old man, who up to a late date had with weak persistency urged the match upon his son, had taken up the idea from the very first arrival of his nephew at Dunripple. Such an arrangement would solve all the family difficulties, and would enable him to provide for Edith as though she were indeed his daughter. He loved Edith dearly, but he could not bear that she should leave Dunripple; and it had grieved him sorely when he reflected that in coming years Dunripple must belong to relatives of whom he knew nothing that was good, and that Edith Brownlow must be banished from the house. If his son would have married Edith, all might have been well, but even Sir Gregory was at last aware that no such marriage as that could take place. Then had come the quarrel between the colonel and the captain, and the latter had been taken into favor. Colonel Marrable would not have been allowed to put his foot inside Dunripple House, so great was the horror which he had created. And the son had been feared too as long as the father and son were one. But now the father, who had treated the whole family vilely, had treated his own son most vilely, and therefore the son had been received with open arms. If only he could be trusted with Edith, and if Edith and he might be made to trust each other, all might be well. Of the engagement between Walter and Mary Lowther no word had ever reached Dunripple. Twice or thrice in the year a letter would pass between Parson John and his nephew, Gregory Marrable, but such letters were very short, and the parson was the last man in the world to spread the tittle-tattle of a love-story. He had always known that that affair would lead to nothing, and that the less said about it the better.

Walter Marrable was to join his regiment at Windsor before the end of April. When he wrote to Mary Lowther to tell her of his plans, he had only a fortnight longer for remaining in idleness at Dunripple. The hunting was over, and his life was simply idle. He perceived, or

thought that he perceived, that all the inmates of the house, and especially his uncle, expected that he would soon return to them, and that they spoke of his work of soldiering as of a thing that was temporary. Mrs. Brownlow, who was a quiet woman, very reticent, and by no means inclined to interfere with things not belonging to her, had suggested that he would soon be with them again, and the housekeeper had given him to understand that his room was not to be touched. And then, too, he thought that he saw that Edith Brownlow was specially left in his way. If that were so, it was necessary that the eyes of some one of the Dunripple party should be opened to the truth.

He was walking home with Miss Brownlow across the park from church one Sunday morning. Sir Gregory never went to church: his age was supposed to be too great or his infirmities too many. Mrs. Brownlow was in the pony carriage driving her nephew, and Walter Marrable was alone with Edith. There had been some talk of cousinship, of the various relationships of the family and the like, and of the way in which the Marrables were connected. They two, Walter and Edith, were not cousins. She was related to the family only by her aunt's marriage, and yet, as she said, she had always heard more of the Marrables than of the Brownlows.

"You never saw Mary Lowther?"
Walter asked.

"Never."

"But you have heard of her?"

"I just know her name, hardly more. The last time your uncle was here—Parson John—we were talking of her. He made her out to be wonderfully beautiful."

"That was as long ago as last summer," said the captain, reflecting that his uncle's account had been given before he and Mary Lowther had seen each other.

"Oh yes—ever so long ago."

"She is wonderfully beautiful."

"You know her, then, Captain Marrable?"

"I know her very well. In the first place, she is my cousin."



Walter Marrable and Edith Brownlow.
[Vicar of Bollhampton. Chap. XLIV.]

"But ever so distant?"

"We are not first cousins. Her mother was a daughter of General Mar-
rable, who was a brother of Sir Gre-
gory's father.

"It is so hard to understand, is it
not? She is wonderfully beautiful, is
she?"

"Indeed, she is."

"And she is your cousin—in the
first place. What is she in the second
place?"

He was not quite sure whether he
wished to tell the story or not. The
engagement was broken, and it might
be a question whether, as regarded Mary,
he had a right to tell it; and then, if he
did tell it, would not his reason for doing
so be apparent? Was it not palpable
that he was expected to marry this girl,
and that she would understand that he
was explaining to her that he did not
intend to carry out the general expecta-
tion of the family? And then, was he
sure that it might not be possible for
him at some future time to do as he was
desired?

"I meant to say that, as I was stay-
ing at Loring, of course I met her fre-
quently. She is living with a certain
old Miss Marrable, whom you will meet
some day."

"I have heard of her, but I don't sup-
pose I ever shall meet her. I never go
anywhere. I don't suppose there are
such stay-at-home people in the world
as we are."

"Why don't you get Sir Gregory to
ask them here?"

"Both he and my cousin are so afraid
of having strange women in the house,
you know, we never have anybody here:
your coming has been quite an event.
Old Mrs. Potter seems to think that an
era of dissipation is to be commenced
because she has been called upon to
open so many pots of jam to make pies
for you."

"I'm afraid I have been very trouble-
some."

"Awfully troublesome! You can't
think of all that had to be said and done
about the stables! Do you have your
oats bruised? Even I was consulted

about that. Most of the people in the
parish are quite disappointed because
you don't go about in your full armor."

"I'm afraid it's too late now."

"I own I was a little disappointed
myself when you came down to dinner
without a sword. You can have no idea
in what a state of rural simplicity we live
here. Would you believe it?—for ten
years I have never seen the sea, and
have never been into any town bigger
than Worcester, unless Hereford be
bigger. We did go once to the festival
at Hereford. We have not managed
Gloucester yet."

"You've never seen London?"

"Not since I was twelve years old.
Papa died when I was fourteen, and I
came here almost immediately afterward.
Fancy ten years at Dunripple! There
is not a tree or a stone I don't know,
and of course not a face in the parish."

She was very nice, but it was out of
the question that she should ever be-
come his wife. He had thought that he
might explain this to herself by letting
her know that he had within the last few
months become engaged to, and had
broken his engagement with, his cousin,
Mary Lowther. But he found that he
could not do it. In the first place, she
would understand more than he meant
her to understand if he made the attempt.
She would know that he was putting her
on her guard, and would take it as an
insult. And then he could not bring
himself to talk about Mary Lowther and
to tell their joint secrets. He was dis-
contented with himself and with Dun-
ripple, and he repented that he had
yielded in respect to his Indian service.
Everything had gone wrong with him.
Had he refused to accede to Mary's
proposition for a separation, and had he
come to Dunripple as an engaged man,
he might, he thought, have reconciled his
uncle—or at least his cousin Gregory—to
his marriage with Mary. But he did
not see his way back to that position
now, having been entertained at his
uncle's house as his uncle's heir for so
long a time without having mentioned it.

At last he went off to Windsor, sad
at heart, having received from Mary an

answer to his letter, which he felt to be very cold, very discreet and very unsatisfactory. She had merely expressed a fervent wish that, whether he went to India or whether he remained in England, he might be prosperous and happy. The writer evidently intended that the correspondence should not be continued.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MYSELF?

PARSON JOHN MARRABLE, though he said nothing in his letters to Dunripple about the doings of his nephew at Loring, was by no means equally reticent in his speech at Loring as to the doings at Dunripple. How he came by his news he did not say, but he had ever so much to tell. And Miss Marrable, who knew him well, was aware that his news was not simple gossip, but was told with an object. In his way, Parson John was a crafty man who was always doing a turn of business. To his mind it was clearly inexpedient, and almost impracticable, that his nephew and Mary Lowther should ever become man and wife. He knew that they were separated, but he knew, also, that they had agreed to separate on terms which would easily admit of being reconsidered. He, too, had heard of Edith Brownlow, and had heard that if a marriage could be arranged between Walter and Edith the family troubles would be in a fair way of settlement. No good could come to anybody from that other marriage. As for Mary Lowther, it was manifestly her duty to become Mrs. Gilmore. He therefore took some trouble to let the ladies at Uphill know that Captain Marrable had been received very graciously at Dunripple; that he was making himself very happy there, hunting, shooting and forgetting his old troubles; that it was understood that he was to be recognized as the heir; and that there was a young lady in the case, the favorite of Sir Gregory.

He understood the world too well to say a word to Mary Lowther herself about her rival. Mary would have per-

ceived his drift. But he expressed his ideas about Edith confidentially to Miss Marrable, fully alive to the fact that Miss Marrable would know how to deal with her niece. "It is by far the best thing that could have happened to him," said the parson. "As for going out to India again, for a man with his prospects it was very bad."

"But his cousin isn't much older than he is," suggested Miss Marrable.

"Yes he is—a great deal older. And Gregory's health is so bad that his life is not worth a year's purchase. Poor fellow! they tell me he only cares to live till he has got his book out. The truth is, that if Walter could make a match of it with Edith Brownlow, they might arrange something about the property which would enable him to live there just as though the place were his own. The colonel would be the only stumbling-block, and after what he has done he could hardly refuse to agree to anything."

"They'd have to pay him," said Miss Marrable.

"Then he must be paid, that's all. My brother Gregory is wrapped up in that girl, and he would do anything for her welfare. I'm told that she and Walter have taken very kindly to each other already."

It would be better for Mary Lowther that Walter Marrable should marry Edith Brownlow. Such, at least, was Miss Marrable's belief. She could see that Mary, though she bore herself bravely, still did so as one who had received a wound for which there was no remedy—as a man who has lost a leg, and who nevertheless intends to enjoy life, though he knows that he never can walk again. But in this case the real bar to walking was the hope in Mary's breast—a hope that was still present, though it was not nourished—that the leg was not irremediably lost. If Captain Marrable would finish all that by marrying Edith, then—so thought Miss Marrable—in process of time the cure would be made good and there might be another leg. She did not believe much in the captain's constancy, and was quite ready to listen to the story about another love. And

so from day to day words were dropped into Mary's ear which had their effect.

"I must say that I am glad that he is not to go to India," said Miss Marrable to her niece.

"So, indeed, am I," answered Mary.

"In the first place, it is such an excellent thing that he should be on good terms at Dunripple. He must inherit the property some day, and the title too."

To this Mary made no reply. It seemed to her to have been hard that the real state of things should not have been explained to her before she gave up her lover. She had then regarded any hope of relief from Dunripple as being beyond measure distant. There had been a possibility, and that was all—a chance to which no prudent man and woman would have looked in making their preparations for the life before them. That had been her idea as to the Dunripple prospects; and now it seemed that on a sudden Walter was to be regarded as almost the immediate heir. She did not blame him, but it did appear to be hard upon her.

"I don't see the slightest reason why he shouldn't live at Dunripple," continued Miss Marrable.

"Only that he would be dependent. I suppose he does not mean to sell out of the army altogether."

"At any rate, he may be backward and forward. You see, there is no chance of Sir Gregory's own son marrying."

"So they say."

"And his position would be really that of a younger brother in similar circumstances."

Mary paused a moment before she replied, and then she spoke out:

"Dear Aunt Sarah, what does all this mean? I know you are speaking at me, and yet I don't quite understand it. Everything between me and Captain Marrable is over. I have no possible means of influencing his life. If I were told to-morrow that he had given up the army and taken to living altogether at Dunripple, I should have no means of judging whether he had done well or ill. Indeed, I should have no right to judge."

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"You must be glad that the family should be united."

"I am glad. Now, is that all?"

"I want you to bring yourself to think without regret of his probable marriage with this young lady."

"You don't suppose I shall blame him if he marries her?"

"But I want you to see it in such a light that it shall not make you unhappy."

"I think, dear aunt, that we had better not talk of it. I can assure you of this, that if I could prevent him from marrying by holding up my little finger, I would not do it."

"It would be ten thousand pities," urged the old lady, "that either his life or yours should be a sacrifice to a little episode, which, after all, only took a week or two in the acting."

"I can only answer for myself," said Mary. "I am sure I don't mean to be a sacrifice."

There were many such conversations, and by degrees they did have an effect upon Mary Lowther. She learned to believe that it was probable that Captain Marrable should marry Miss Brownlow, and of course asked herself questions as to the effect such a marriage would have upon herself, which she answered more fully than she did those which were put to her by her aunt. Then there came to Parson John some papers which required his signature in reference to the disposal of a small sum of money, he having been one of the trustees to his brother's marriage settlement. This was needed in regard to some provision which the baronet was making for his niece, and which, if read aright, would rather have afforded evidence against than in favor of the chance of her immediate marriage; but it was taken at Loring to signify that the thing was to be done, and that the courtship was at any rate in progress. Mary did not believe all that she heard, but there was left upon her mind an idea that Walter Marrable was preparing himself for the sudden change of his affections. Then she determined that, should he do so, she would not judge him to have done wrong. If he could settle

himself comfortably in this way, why should he not do so? She was told that Edith Brownlow was pretty and gentle and good, and would undoubtedly receive from Sir Gregory's hands all that Sir Gregory could give her. It was expedient, for the sake of the whole family, that such a marriage should be arranged. She would not stand in the way of it; and indeed how could she stand in the way of it? Had not her engagement with Captain Marrable been dissolved at her own instance in the most solemn manner possible? Let him marry whom he might, she could have no ground of complaint on that score.

She was in this state of mind when she received Captain Marrable's letter from Dunripple. When she opened it, for a moment she thought that it would convey to her tidings respecting Miss Brownlow. When she had read it, she told herself how impossible it was that he should have told her of his new matrimonial intentions, even if he entertained them. The letter gave no evidence either one way or the other, but it confirmed to her the news which had reached her through Parson John, that her former lover intended to abandon that special career his choice of which had made it necessary that they two should abandon their engagement. When at Loring he had determined that he must go to India. He had found it to be impossible that he should live without going to India. He had now been staying a few weeks at Dunripple with his uncle and with Edith Brownlow, and it turned out that he need not go to India at all. Then she sat down and wrote to him that guarded, civil, but unenthusiastic letter of which the reader has already heard. She had allowed herself to be wounded and made sore by what they had told her of Edith Brownlow.

It was still early in the spring, just in the middle of April, when Mary received another letter from her friend at Bullhampton—a letter which made her turn all these things in her mind very seriously. If Walter Marrable were to marry Edith Brownlow, what sort of future life should she, Mary Lowther, propose to

herself? She was firmly resolved upon one thing—that it behoved her to look rather to what was right than to what might simply be pleasant. But would it be right that she should consider herself to be, as it were, widowed by the frustration of an unfortunate passion? Life would still be left to her—such a life as that which her aunt lived—such a life, with this exception, that whereas her aunt was a single lady with moderate means, she would be a single lady with very small means indeed. But that question of means did not go far with her: there was something so much more important that she could put that out of sight. She had told herself very plainly that it was a good thing for a woman to be married—that she would live and die unsuccessfully if she lived and died a single woman—that she had desired to do better with herself than that. Was it proper that she should now give up all such ambition because she had made a mistake? If it were proper, she would do so; and then the question resolved itself into this: Could she be right if she married a man without loving him? To marry a man without esteeming him, without the possibility of loving him hereafter, she knew would be wrong.

Mrs. Fenwick's letter was as follows:

“VICARAGE, Tuesday.

“MY DEAR MARY:

“My brother-in-law left us yesterday, and has put us all into a twitter. He said, just as he was going away, that he didn't believe that Lord Trowbridge had any right to give away the ground, because it had not been in his possession or his family's for a great many years, or something of that sort. We don't clearly understand all about it, nor does he; but he is to find out something which he says he can find out, and then let us know. But in the middle of all this Frank declares that he won't stir in the matter, and that if he could put the abominable thing down by holding up his finger, he would not do it. And he has made me promise not to talk about it, and therefore all I can do is to be in a twitter. If that spiteful old man has

really given away land that doesn't belong to him, simply to annoy us—and it certainly has been done with no other object—I think that he ought to be told of it. Frank, however, has got to be quite serious about it, and you know how very serious he can be when he is serious.

“But I did not sit down to write specially about that horrid chapel. I want to know what you mean to do in the summer. It is always better to make these little arrangements beforehand; and when I speak of the summer, I mean the early summer. The long and the short of it is, will you come to us about the end of May?”

“Of course I know which way your thoughts will go when you get this, and of course you will know what I am thinking of when I write it; but I will promise that not a word shall be said to you to urge you in any way. I do not suppose you will think it right that you should stay away from friends whom you love, and who love you dearly, for fear of a man who wants you to marry him. You are not afraid of Mr. Gilmore, and I don't suppose that you are going to shut yourself up all your life because Captain Marrable has not a fortune of his own. Come, at any rate. If you find it unpleasant, you shall go back just when you please, and I will pledge myself that you shall not be harassed by persuasions.

“Yours, most affectionately,

“JANET FENWICK.

“Frank has read this. He says that all I have said about his being serious is a tarradiddle, but that nothing can be more true than what I have said about your friends loving you and wishing to have you here again. If you were here, we might talk him over yet about the chapel.” (To which, in the vicar's handwriting, was added the word, “Never!”)

It was two days before she showed this letter to her aunt—two days in which she had thought much upon the subject. She knew well that her aunt would counsel her to go to Bullhampton, and therefore she would not mention the

letter till she had made up her own mind.

“What will you do?” said her aunt.

“I will go, if you do not object.”

“I certainly shall not object,” said Miss Marrable.

Then Mary wrote a very short letter to her friend, which may as well also be communicated to the reader:

“LORING, Thursday.

“DEAR JANET:

“I will go to you about the end of May; and yet, though I have made up my mind to do so, I almost doubt that I am not wise. If one could only ordain that things should be as though they had never been! That, however, is impossible, and one can only endeavor to live so as to come as nearly as possible to such a state. I know that I am confused, but I think you will understand what I mean.

“I intend to be very full of energy about the chapel, and I do hope that your brother-in-law will be able to prove that Lord Trowbridge has been misbehaving himself. I never loved Mr. Puddleham, who always seemed to look upon me with wrath because I belonged to the vicarage; and I certainly should take delight in seeing him banished from the vicarage gate.

“Always affectionately yours,

“MARY LOWTHER.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. JAY OF WARMINSTER.

THE vicar had undertaken to maintain Carry Brattle at Mrs. Stiggs' house in Trotter's Buildings for a fortnight, but he found at the end of the fortnight that his responsibility on the poor girl's behalf was by no means over. The reader knows with what success he had made his visit to Startup, and how far he was from ridding himself of his burden by the aid of the charity and affection of the poor girl's relatives there. He had shaken the Startup dust, as it were, from his gig-wheels as he drove out of George Brattle's farmyard, and had declined even

the offer of money which had been made. Ten or fifteen pounds! He would make up the amount of that offer out of his own pocket rather than let the brother think that he had bought off his duty to a sister at so cheap a rate. Then he convinced himself that in this way he owed Carry Brattle fifteen pounds, and comforted himself by reflecting that these fifteen pounds would carry the girl on a good deal beyond the fortnight, if only she would submit herself to the tedium of such a life as would be hers if she remained at Mrs. Stiggs' house. He named a fortnight both to Carry and to Mrs. Stiggs, saying that he himself would either come or send before the end of that time. Then he returned home and told the whole story to his wife. All this took place before Mr. Quickenham's arrival at the vicarage.

"My dear Frank," said his wife to him, "you will get into trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"In the first place, the expense of maintaining this poor girl—for life, as far as we can see—will fall upon you."

"What if it does? But, as a matter of course, she will earn her bread sooner or later. How am I to throw her over? And what am I to do with her?"

"But that is not the worst of it, Frank."

"Then what is the worst of it? Let us have it at once."

"People will say that you, a clergyman and a married man, go to see a pretty young woman at Salisbury."

"You believe that people will say that?"

"I think you should guard against it, for the sake of the parish."

"What sort of people will say it?"

"Lord Trowbridge and his set."

"On my honor, Janet, I think that you wrong Lord Trowbridge. He is a fool, and to a certain extent a vindictive fool—and I grant you that he has taken it into his silly old head to hate me unmercifully—but I believe him to be a gentleman, and do not think that he would condescend to spread a damnably malicious report of which he did not believe a word himself."

"But, my dear, he will believe it."

"Why? How? On what evidence? He couldn't believe it. Let a man be ever such a fool, he can't believe a thing without some reason. I dislike Lord Trowbridge very much, and you might just as well say that because I dislike him I shall believe that he is a hard landlord. He is not a hard landlord; and were he to stick dissenting chapels all about the county, I should be a liar and a slanderer were I to say that he was."

"But then, you see, you are not a fool, Frank."

This brought the conversation to an end. The vicar was willing enough to turn upon his heel and say nothing more on a matter as to which he was by no means sure that he was in the right; and his wife felt a certain amount of reluctance in urging any arguments upon such a subject. Whatever Lord Trowbridge might say or think, her Frank must not be led to suppose that any unworthy suspicion troubled her own mind. Nevertheless, she was sure that he was imprudent.

When the fortnight was near at an end and nothing had been done, he went again over to Salisbury. It was quite true that he had business there, as a gentleman almost always does have business in the county town where his banker lives, whence tradesmen supply him and in which he belongs to some club. And our vicar, too, was a man fond of seeing his bishop, and one who loved to move about in the precincts of the cathedral, to shake hands with the dean, and to have a little subversive fling at Mr. Chamberlaine, or such another as Mr. Chamberlaine, if the opportunity came in his way. He was by no means indisposed to go into Salisbury in the ordinary course of things; and on this occasion absolutely did see Mr. Chamberlaine, the dean, his saddler and the clerk at the fire insurance office—as well as Mrs. Stiggs and Carry Brattle. If, therefore, any one had said that on this day he had gone into Salisbury simply to see Carry Brattle, such person would have maligned him. He reduced the premium

on his fire insurance by five shillings and sixpence a year, and he engaged Mr. Chamberlaine to meet Mr. Quickenham, and he borrowed from the dean an old book about falconry; so that in fact the few minutes which he spent at Mrs. Stiggs' house were barely squeezed in among the various affairs of business which he had to transact at Salisbury.

All that he could say to Carry Brattle was this—that hitherto he had settled nothing. She must stay in Trotter's Buildings for another week or so. He had been so busy, in consequence of the time of the year, preparing for Easter and the like, that he had not been able to look about him. He had a plan, but would say nothing about it till he had seen whether it could be carried out. When Carry murmured something about the cost of her living, the vicar boldly declared that she need not fret herself about that, as he had money of hers in hand. He would some day explain all about that, but not now. Then he interrogated Mrs. Stiggs as to Carry's life. Mrs. Stiggs expressed her belief that Carry wouldn't stand it much longer. The hours had been inexpressibly long, and she had declared more than once that the best thing she could do was to go out and kill herself. Nevertheless, Mrs. Stiggs' report as to her conduct was favorable. Of Sam Brattle, the vicar, though he inquired, could learn nothing. Carry declared that she had not heard from him since he left her, all bruised and bleeding, after his fight at the Three Honest Men.

The vicar had told Carry Brattle that he had a plan, but, in truth, he had no plan. He had an idea that he might overcome the miller by taking his daughter straight into his house and placing the two face to face together; but it was one in which he himself put so little trust that he could form no plan out of it. In the first place, would he be justified in taking such a step? Mrs. George Brattle had told him that people knew what was good for them without being dictated to by clergymen; and the rebuke had come home to him. He was the last man in the world to adopt a

system of sacerdotal interference. "I could do it so much better if I was not a clergyman," he would say to himself. And then, if old Brattle chose to turn his daughter out of the house on such provocation as the daughter had given him, what was that to him, Fenwick, whether priest or layman? The old man knew what he was about, and had shown his determination very vigorously.

"I'll try the ironmonger at Warminster," he said to his wife.

"I'm afraid it will be of no use," she answered.

"I don't think it will. Ironmongers are probably harder than millers or farmers, and farmers are very hard. That fellow, Jay, would not even consent to be bail for Sam Brattle. But something must be done."

"She should be put into a reformatory."

"It would be too late now. That should have been done at once. At any rate, I'll go to Warminster. I want to call on old Dr. Dickleburg, and I can do that at the same time."

He did go to Warminster. He did call on the doctor, who was not at home; and he did call also upon Mr. Jay, who was at home.

With Mr. Jay himself his chance was naturally much less than it would be with George Brattle. The ironmonger was connected with the unfortunate young woman only by marriage; and what brother-in-law would take such a sister-in-law to his bosom? And of Mrs. Jay he thought that he knew that she was puritanical, stiff and severe. Mr. Jay he found in his shop along with an apprentice, but he had no difficulty in leading the master ironmonger along with him through a vista of pots, grates and frying pans into a small recess at the back of the establishment, in which requests for prolonged credit were usually made and urgent appeals for speedy payment as often put forth.

"Know the story of Caroline Brattle? Oh yes! I know it, sir," said Mr. Jay. "We had to know it." And as he spoke he shook his head and rubbed his hands together, and looked down upon the

ground. There was, however, a humility about the man, a confession on his part that in talking to an undoubted gentleman he was talking to a superior being, which gave to Fenwick an authority which he had felt himself to want in his intercourse with the farmer.

"I am sure, Mr. Jay, you will agree with me in that she should be saved if possible."

"As to her soul, sir?" asked the ironmonger.

"Of course, as to her soul. But we must get at that by saving her in this world first."

Mr. Jay was a slight man, of middle height, with very respectable iron-gray hair that stood almost upright upon his head, but with a poor, inexpressive, thin face below it. He was given to bowing a good deal, rubbing his hands together, smiling courteously, and to the making of many civil little speeches; but his strength as a leading man in Warminster lay in his hair, and in the suit of orderly, well-brushed black clothes which he wore on all occasions. He was, too, a man fairly prosperous, who went always to church, paid his way, attended sedulously to his business, and hung his bells and sold his pots in such a manner as not actually to drive his old customers away by default of work. "Jay is respectable, and I don't like to leave him," men would say, when their wives declared that the backs of his grates fell out and that his nails never would stand hammering. So he prospered, but perhaps he owed his prosperity mainly to his hair. He rubbed his hands and smiled and bowed his head about as he thought what answer he might best make. He was quite willing that poor Carry's soul should be saved. That would naturally be Mr. Fenwick's affair. But as to saving her body with any co-operation from himself or Mrs. Jay—he did not see his way at all through such a job as that.

"I'm afraid she is a bad 'un, Mr. Fenwick: I'm afraid she is," said Mr. Jay.

"The thing is, whether we can't put our heads together and make her less

bad," said the vicar. "She must live somewhere, Mr. Jay."

"I don't know whether almost the best thing for 'em isn't to die—of course after they have repented, Mr. Fenwick. You see, sir, it is so very low and so shameful, and they do bring such disgrace on their poor families. There isn't anything a young man can do that is nearly so bad—is there, Mr. Fenwick?"

"I'm not at all sure of that, Mr. Jay."

"Ain't you, now?"

"I'm not going to defend Carry Brattle, but if you will think how very small an amount of sin may bring a woman to this wretched condition, your heart will be softened. Poor Carry! she was so bright and so good and so clever!"

"Clever she was, Mr. Fenwick, and bright, too, as you call it. But—"

"Of course we know all that. The question now is, What can we do to help her? She is living now, at this present moment, an orderly, sober life, but without occupation or means or friends. Will your wife let her come to her—for a month or so, just to try her?"

"Come and live here?" exclaimed the ironmonger.

"That is what I would suggest. Who is to give her the shelter of a roof if a sister will not?"

"I don't think that Mrs. Jay would undertake that," said the ironmonger, who had ceased to rub his hands and to bow, and whose face had now become singularly long and lugubrious.

"May I ask her?"

"It wouldn't do any good, Mr. Fenwick—it wouldn't indeed."

"It ought to do good. May I try?"

"If you ask me, Mr. Fenwick, I should say no; indeed I should. Mrs. Jay isn't any way strong, and the bare mention of that disreputable connection produces a sickness internally: it does indeed, Mr. Fenwick."

"You will do nothing, then, to save from perdition the sister of your own wife, and will let your wife do nothing?"

"Now, Mr. Fenwick, don't be hard on me—pray don't be hard on me. I

have been respectable, and have always had respectable people about me. If my wife's family are turning wrong, isn't that bad enough on me without your coming to say such things as this to me? Really, Mr. Fenwick, if you'd think of it, you wouldn't be so hard."

"She may die in a ditch, then, for you?" said the vicar, whose feeling against the ironmonger was much stronger than it had been against the farmer. He could say nothing further, so he turned upon his heel and marched down the length of the shop, while the obsequious tradesman followed him, again bowing and rubbing his hands, and attending him to his carriage. The vicar didn't speak another word or make any parting salutation to Mr. Jay. "Their hearts are like the nether millstone," he said to himself as he drove away, flogging his horse. "Of what use are all the sermons? Nothing touches them. Do unto others as you think they would do unto you. That's their doctrine." As he went home he made up his mind that he would, as a last effort, carry out that scheme of taking Carry with him to the mill: he would do so, that is, if he could induce Carry to accompany him. In the mean time, there was nothing left to him but to leave her with Mrs. Stiggs and to pay ten shillings a week for her board and lodging. There was one point on which he could not quite make up his mind—whether he would or would not first acquaint old Mrs. Brattle with his intention.

He had left home early, and when he returned his wife had received Mary Lowther's reply to her letter.

"She will come?" asked Frank.

"She just says that and nothing more."

"Then she'll be Mrs. Gilmore."

"I hope so, with all my heart," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"I look upon it as tantamount to accepting him. She wouldn't come unless she had made up her mind to take him. You mark my words. They'll be married before the chapel is finished."

"You say it as if you thought she oughtn't to come."

"No, I don't mean that. I was only thinking how quickly a woman may recover from such a hurt."

"Frank, don't be ill-natured. She will be doing what all her friends advise."

"If I were to die, your friends would advise you not to grieve, but they would think you were very unfeeling if you did not."

"Are you going to turn against her?"

"No."

"Then why do you say such things? Is it not better that she should make the effort than lie there helpless and motionless, throwing her whole life away? Will it not be much better for Harry Gilmore?"

"Very much better for him, because he'll go crazy if she don't."

"And for her too. We can't tell what is going on inside her breast. I believe that she is making a great effort because she thinks it is right. You will be kind to her when she comes?"

"Certainly I will—for Harry's sake and her own."

But in truth the vicar at this moment was not in a good humor. He was becoming almost tired of his efforts to set other people straight, so great were the difficulties that came in his way. As he had driven into his own gate he had met Mr. Puddleham standing in the road just in front of the new chapel. He had made up his mind to accept the chapel, and now he said a pleasant word to the minister. Mr. Puddleham turned up his eyes and his nose, bowed very stiffly, and then twisted himself round without answering a word. How was it possible for a man to live among such people in good-humor and Christian charity?

In the evening he was sitting with his wife in the drawing-room discussing all these troubles, when the maid came in to say that Constable Toffy was at the door.

Constable Toffy was shown into his study, and then the vicar followed him. He had not spoken to the constable now for some months—not since the time at which Sam had been liberated—but he had not a moment's doubt when he was thus summoned that something was to be said as to the murder of Mr. Trum-

bull. The constable put his hand up to his head and sat down at the vicar's invitation, before he began to speak.

"What is it, Toffy?" said the vicar.

"We've got 'em at last, I think," said Mr. Toffy, in a very low, soft voice.

"Got whom?—the murderers?"

"Just so, Mr. Fenwick; all except Sam Brattle, whom we want."

"And who are the men?"

"Them as we supposed all along—Jack Burrows, as they call the Grinder, and Lawrence Acorn as was along with him. He's a Birmingham chap, is Acorn. He's knowed very well at Birmingham. And then, Mr. Fenwick, there's Sam. That's all as seems to have been in it. We shall want Sam, Mr. Fenwick."

"You don't mean to tell me that he was one of the murderers?"

"We shall want him, Mr. Fenwick."

"Where did you find the other men?"

"They did get as far as San Francisco—did the others. They haven't had a bad game of it—have they, Mr. Fenwick? They've had more than seven months of a run. It was the 31st of August as Mr. Trumbull was murdered, and here's the 15th of April, Mr. Fenwick. There ain't a many runs as long as that. You'll have Sam Brattle for us all right, no doubt, Mr. Fenwick?" The vicar told the constable that he would see to it and get Sam Brattle to come forward as soon as he could. "I told you all through, Mr. Fenwick, as Sam was one of them as was in it, but you wouldn't believe me."

"I don't believe it now," said the vicar.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SAM BRATTLE IS WANTED.

THE next week was one of considerable perturbation, trouble and excitement at Bullhampton and in the neighborhood of Warminster and Heytesbury. It soon became known generally that Jack the Grinder and Lawrence Acorn were in Salisbury jail, and that Sam Brattle—was wanted. The perturbation and excitement at Bullhampton were of course

greater than elsewhere. It was necessary that the old miller should be told—necessary also that the people at the mill should be asked as to Sam's present whereabouts. If they did not know it, they might assist the vicar in discovering it. Fenwick went to the mill, taking the squire with him, but they could obtain no information. The miller was very silent, and betrayed hardly any emotion when he was told that the police again wanted his son.

"They can come and search," he said—"they can come and search." And then he walked slowly away into the mill. There was a scene, of course, with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny, and the two women were in a sad way.

"Poor boy! wretched boy!" said the unfortunate mother, who sat sobbing with her apron over her face.

"We know nothing of him, Mr. Gilmore, or we would tell at once," said Fanny.

"I'm sure you would," said the vicar. "And you may remember this, Mrs. Brattle: I do not for one moment believe that Sam had any more to do with the murder than you or I. You may tell his father that I say so, if you please."

For saying this the squire rebuked him as soon as they had left the mill. "I think you go too far in giving such assurance as that," he said.

"Surely you would have me say what I think?"

"Not on such a matter as this, in which any false encouragement may produce so much increased suffering. You, yourself, are so prone to take your own views in opposition to those of others that you should be specially on your guard when you may do so much harm."

"I feel quite sure that he had nothing to do with it."

"You see that you have the police against you after a most minute and prolonged investigation."

"The police are asses," insisted the vicar.

"Just so. That is, you prefer your own opinion to theirs in regard to a murder. I should prefer yours to theirs on a

question of scriptural evidence, but not in such an affair as this. I don't want to talk you over, but I wish to make you careful with other people who are so closely concerned. In dealing with others you have no right to throw over the ordinary rules of evidence."

The vicar accepted the rebuke and promised to be more careful, repeating, however, his own opinion about Sam, to which he declared his intention of adhering in regard to his own conduct, let the police and magistrates say what they might. He almost went so far as to declare that he should do so even in opposition to the verdict of a jury, but Gilmore understood that this was simply the natural obstinacy of the man showing itself in its natural form.

At this moment, which was certainly one of gloom to the parish at large, and of great sorrow at the vicarage, the squire moved about with a new life, which was evident to all who saw him. He went about his farm, and talked about his trees, and looked at his horses, and had come to life again. No doubt many guesses as to the cause of this were made throughout his establishment, and some of them, probably, very near the truth. But for the Fenwicks there was no need of guessing. Gilmore had been told that Mary Lowther was coming to Bullhampton in the early summer, and had at once thrown off the cloak of his sadness. He had asked no further questions: Mrs. Fenwick had found herself unable to express a caution, but the extent of her friend's elation almost frightened her.

"I don't look at it," she said to her husband, "quite as he does."

"She'll have him now," he answered, and then Mrs. Fenwick said nothing further.

To Fenwick himself this change was one of infinite comfort. The squire was his old friend and almost his only near neighbor. In all his troubles, whether inside or outside of the parish, he naturally went to Gilmore; and, although he was a man not very prone to walk by the advice of friends, still it had been a great thing to him to have a friend who

would give an opinion; and perhaps the more so as the friend was one who did not insist on having his opinion taken. During the past winter Gilmore had been of no use whatever to his friend. His opinions on all matters had gone so vitally astray that they had not been worth having. And he had become so morose that the vicar had found it to be almost absolutely necessary to leave him alone as far as ordinary life was concerned. But now the squire was himself again, and on this exciting topic of Trumbull's murder, the prisoners in Salisbury jail and the necessity for Sam's reappearance, could talk sensibly and usefully.

It was certainly very expedient that Sam should be made to reappear as soon as possible. The idea was general in the parish that the vicar knew all about him. George Brattle, who had become bail for his brother's reappearance, had given his name on the clear understanding that the vicar would be responsible. Some half-sustained tidings of Carry's presence in Salisbury and of the vicar's various visits to the city were current in Bullhampton, and with these was mingled an idea that Carry and Sam were in league together. That Fenwick was chivalrous, perhaps quixotic, in his friendships for those whom he regarded, had long been felt, and this feeling was now stronger than ever. He certainly could bring up Sam Brattle if he pleased; or if he pleased—as might, some said, not improbably be the case—he could keep him away. There would be four hundred pounds to pay for the bail-bond, but the vicar was known to be rich as well as quixotic, and—so said the Puddlehamites—would care very little about that, if he might thus secure for himself his own way.

He was constrained to go over again to Salisbury in order that he might, if possible, learn from Carry how to find some trace of her brother, and of this visit the Puddlehamites also informed themselves. There were men and women in Bullhampton who knew exactly how often the vicar had visited the young woman at Salisbury, how long he

had been with her on each occasion, and how much he paid Mrs. Stiggs for the accommodation. Gentlemen who are quixotic in their kindness to young women are liable to have their goings and comings chronicled with much exactitude, if not always with accuracy.

His interview with Carry on this occasion was very sad. He could not save himself from telling her in part the cause of his inquiries. "They haven't taken the two men, have they?" she asked, with an eagerness that seemed to imply that she possessed knowledge on the matter which could hardly not be guilty.

"What two men?" he asked, looking full into her face. Then she was silent, and he was unwilling to catch her in a trap, to cross-examine her as a lawyer would do, or to press out of her any communication which she would not make willingly and of her own free action. "I am told," he said, "that two men have been taken for the murder."

"Where did they find 'em, sir?"

"They had escaped to America, and the police have brought them back. Did you know them, Carry?" She was again silent. The men had not been named, and it was not for her to betray them. Hitherto, in their interviews, she had hardly ever looked him in the face, but now she turned her blue eyes full upon him. "You told me before, at the old woman's cottage," he said, "that you knew them both—had known one too well."

"If you please, sir, I won't say nothing about 'em."

"I will not ask you, Carry. But you would tell me about your brother, if you knew?"

"Indeed I would, sir—anything. He hadn't no more to do with Farmer Trumbull's murder nor you had. They can't touch a hair of his head along of that."

"Such is my belief, but who can prove it?" Again she was silent. "Can you prove it? If speaking could save your brother, surely you would speak out. Would you hesitate, Carry, in doing anything for your brother's sake? Whatever may be his faults, he has not been hard to you like the others."

"Oh, sir, I wish I was dead!"

"You must not wish that, Carry. And if you know aught of this you will be bound to speak. If you could bring yourself to tell me what you know, I think it might be good for both of you."

"It was they who had the money. Sam never seed a shilling of it."

"Who are 'they'?"

"Jack Burrows and Larry Acorn. And it wasn't Larry Acorn, neither, sir. I know very well who did it. It was Jack Burrows who did it."

"That is he they call the Grinder?"

"But Larry was with him then," said the girl, sobbing.

"You are sure of that?"

"I ain't sure of nothing, Mr. Fenwick, only that Sam wasn't there at all. Of that I am quite, quite, quite sure. But when you asks me, what am I to say?"

Then he left her without speaking to her on this occasion a word about herself. He had nothing to say that would give her any comfort. He had almost made up his mind that he would take her over with him to the mill, and try what might be done by the meeting between the father, mother and daughter; but all this new matter about the police and the arrest and Sam's absence made it almost impossible for him to take such a step at present. As he went he again interrogated Mrs. Stiggs, and was warned by her that words fell daily from her lodger which made her think that the young woman would not remain much longer with her. In the mean time, there was nothing of which she could complain. Carry insisted on her liberty to go out and about the city alone, but the woman was of opinion that she did this simply with the object of asserting her independence. After that the necessary payment was made, and the vicar returned to the railway station. Of Sam he had learned nothing, and now he did not know where to go for tidings. He still believed that the young man would come of his own accord if the demand for his appearance were made so public as to reach his ear.

On that same day there was a meet-

ing of the magistrates at Heytesbury, and the two men who had been so cruelly fetched back from San Francisco were brought before it. Mr. Gilmore was on the bench, along with Sir Thomas Charleys, who was the chairman, and three other gentlemen. Lord Trowbridge was in the court-house and sat upon the bench, but gave it out that he was not sitting there as a magistrate. Samuel Brattle was called upon to answer to his bail, and Jones, the attorney appearing for him, explained that he had gone from home to seek work elsewhere, alluded to the length of time that had elapsed, and to the injustice of presuming that a man against whom no evidence had been adduced should be bound to remain always in one parish; and expressed himself without any doubt that Mr. Fenwick and Mr. George Brattle, who were his bailsmen, would cause him to be found and brought forward. As neither the clergyman nor the farmer was in court, nothing further could be done at once; and the magistrates were quite ready to admit that time must be allowed. Nor was the case at all ready against the two men who were in custody. Indeed, against them the evidence was so little substantial that a lawyer from Devizes, who attended on their behalf, expressed his amazement that the American authorities should have given them up, and suggested that it must have been done with some view to a settlement of the Alabama claims. Evidence, however, was brought up to show that the two men had been convicted before—the one for burglary, and the other for horse-stealing; that the former, John Burrows, known as the Grinder, was a man from Devizes with whom the police about that town, and at Chippenham, Bath and Wells, were well acquainted; that the other, Acorn, was a young man who had been respectable as a partner in a livery stable at Birmingham, but who had taken to betting, and had for a year past been living by evil courses, having previously undergone two years of imprisonment with hard labor. It was proved that they had been seen in the neighborhood both before and after the murder; that

boots found in the cottage at Pycroft Common fitted certain footmarks in the mud of the farmer's yard; that Burrows had been supplied with a certain poison at a county chemist's at Lavington, and that the dog Bone'm had been poisoned with the like. Many other matters were proved, all of which were declared by the lawyer from Devizes to amount to nothing, and by the police authorities, who were prosecutors, to be very much. The magistrates of course ordered a remand, and ordered also that on the day named Sam Brattle should appear. It was understood that that day week was only named *pro forma*, the constables having explained that at least a fortnight would be required for the collection of further evidence. This took place on Tuesday the 25th of April, and it was understood that time up to the 8th of May would be given to the police to complete their case.

So far all went on quietly at Heytesbury, but before the magistrates left the little town there was a row. Sir Thomas Charleys, in speaking to his brother magistrate, Mr. Gilmore, about the whole affair and about the Brattles in particular, had alluded to "Mr. Fenwick's unfortunate connection with Carry Brattle" at Salisbury. Gilmore fired up at once, and demanded to know the meaning of this. Sir Thomas, who was not the wisest man in the world, but who had ideas of justice, and as to whom, in giving him his due, it must be owned that he was afraid of no one, after some hesitation acknowledged that what he had heard respecting Mr. Fenwick had fallen from Lord Trowbridge. He had heard from Lord Trowbridge that the vicar of Bullhampton was . . . Gilmore on the occasion became full of energy, and pressed the baronet very hard. Sir Thomas hoped that Mr. Gilmore was not going to make mischief. Mr. Gilmore declared that he would not submit to the injury done to his friend, and that he would question Lord Trowbridge on the subject. He did question Lord Trowbridge, whom he found waiting for his carriage in the parlor of the Bull Inn, Sir Thomas having accompanied him in the search.

The marquis was quite outspoken. He had heard, he said, from what he did not doubt to be good authority, that Mr. Fenwick was in the habit of visiting alone a young woman who had lived in his parish, but whom he now maintained in lodgings in a low alley in the suburbs of Salisbury. He had said so much as that. In so saying had he spoken truth or falsehood? If he had said anything untrue, he would be the first to acknowledge his own error.

Then there had come to be very hot words. "My lord," said Mr. Gilmore, "your insinuation is untrue. Whatever your words may have been, in the impression which they have made they are slanderous."

"Who are you, sir," said the marquis, looking at him from head to foot, "to talk to me of the impression of my words?"

But Mr. Gilmore's blood was up: "You intended to convey to Sir Thomas Charleys, my lord, that Mr. Fenwick's visits were of a disgraceful nature. If your words did not convey that, they conveyed nothing."

"Who are you, sir, that you should interpret my words? I did no more than my duty in conveying to Sir Thomas Charleys my conviction, my well-grounded conviction, as to the gentleman's conduct. What I said to him I will say aloud to the whole county. It is notorious that the vicar of Bullhampton is in the habit of visiting a profligate young woman in a low part of the city. That, I say, is disgraceful to him, to his cloth and to the parish, and I shall give my opinion to the bishop to that effect. Who are you, sir, that you should question my words?" And again the marquis eyed the squire from head to foot, leaving the room with a majestic strut as Gilmore went on to assert that the allegation made, with the sense implied by it, con-

tained a wicked and a malicious slander. Then there were some words, much quieter than those preceding them, between Mr. Gilmore and Sir Thomas, in which the squire pledged himself to—he hardly knew what, and Sir Thomas promised to hold his tongue for the present. But, as a matter of course, the quarrel flew all over the little town. It was out of the question that such a man as the Marquis of Trowbridge should keep his wrath confined. Before he had left the inn-yard he had expressed his opinion very plainly to half a dozen persons, both as to the immorality of the vicar and the impudence of the squire; and as he was taken home his hand was itching for pen and paper in order that he might write to the bishop. Sir Thomas shrugged his shoulders, and did not tell the story to more than three or four confidential friends, to all of whom he remarked that on the matter of the visits made to the girl there never was smoke without fire. Gilmore's voice, too, had been loud, and all the servants about the inn had heard him. He knew that the quarrel was already public, and felt that he had no alternative but to tell his friend what had passed.

On that same evening he saw the vicar. Fenwick had returned from Salisbury tired, dispirited and ill at ease, and was just going in to dress for dinner when Gilmore met him at his own stable door and told him what had occurred.

"Then, after all, my wife was right and I was wrong," said Fenwick.

"Right about what?" Gilmore asked.

"She said that Lord Trowbridge would spread these very lies. I confess that I made the mistake of believing him to be a gentleman. Of course I may use your information?"

"Use it just as you please," said Gilmore. Then they parted, and Gilmore, who was on horseback, rode home.

T O O L A T E !

I SIT alone in the dark and ponder
 On days hid deep in the bygone years :
 In the busy past my sad thoughts wander
 Far through the rain of my falling tears,
 Till I see him there as he stood before me,
 Pale with passion and stung with pain ;
 Just as of old he is bending o'er me,
 Telling the love which he told in vain.

How his voice's cadence grew changed and altered !
 His deepening color—it came and went ;
 But the tale of passion, it never faltered—
 A rushing tide till its force was spent.
 Oh, a knightly hero, a noble lover,
 How his deep voice rung with the true gold's ring !
 He fought with Fortune and soared above her,
 By love ennobled—a king, a king !

What answer I made him I know not surely—
 Something bitter and commonplace ;
 But I saw the hopes which had shone so purely
 Darken out from his pallid face.
 In the open doorway he seemed to linger,
 And my heart was yearning to call him back :
 A look, a whisper, a lifted finger ;
 But my pride was bitter—Alack ! alack !

How I watched and waited for hopeful tidings !
 And often, too, when they named his name,
 My heart would burst from my sternest chidings,
 And flush my face with a tell-tale flame.
 How we waited, I and my grief together,
 For word or whisper we never heard !
 Till the golden days of the summer weather
 Died with the voice of breeze and bird.

It was late in autumn : the leaves were scattered
 In withered heaps o'er the hill and lea—
 Dead as the vainest hopes which flattered
 My soul with dreams which were not to be.
 One night they told me his mournful story—
 How his bold, brave struggle for life was o'er :
 Shot in battle, but crowned with glory—
 Praised—promoted ! I heard no more.

From the weary fever at length I rallied,
 But only to bear my darker fate—
 Only to mutter, with lips how pallid,
 The bitter burden, "Too late ! too late !"

Only to see him, so pale and gory,
 Sinking down in the foeman's track :
 What care I for the praise and glory ?
 They cannot give me my darling back.

O hateful beauty that fooled and drew him !
 False pride unbending ! O cruel lie !
 I loved, yet mine was the hand that slew him,
 And drove him forth in the fight to die.
 My wreck went down in the storm out yonder :
 What have I saved from a life's despair ?
 What dream has my spirit left to ponder ?—
 This one love-letter, this lock of hair.

Fair Nature sighs in her short-lived sorrow,
 Then robes her form in a mantle gay :
 She weeps to-day, but she smiles to-morrow
 Over the flowers that strew her way ;
 But, alas ! for me there is no returning
 Of spring-tide's flowers or summer's prime ;
 By days of sorrow and nights of yearning
 Changed and sobered before my time !

From the daily struggle I shrink and shiver—
 A drooping flower athirst for rain :
 My life is lost like a rapid river
 That sinks from sight in the arid plain ;
 For I scorned the gift of a true heart's treasure ;
 Love's crown that crowned me, I flung it by ;
 The world knows naught of my grief's dark measure—
 My life's deception—a lie ! a lie !

Ah ! my heart is sad and my life is lonely :
 Its dreary burden I scarce can bear ;
 From night to morning my prayer is only
 To cease from troubling and meet him There.
 So I yield my days in a meek surrender
 To Him who orders and knows them best ;
 For I feel that His loving hands and tender
 Will take the spirit which longs for rest.

EDWARD RENAUD.

THE COMING CRISIS IN CANADA.

IT is a remarkable fact that people generally know least of what should be the most familiar things. Many a sage knows less of his next-door neighbor than he does of the dog star. Americans are knowing as to Venice, posted on Paris, wise on Rome, but who knows anything of Canada? Setting apart the special knowledge required to qualify one as to Pugwash and Ristigouche, Matapediac and Weymontachingue, who in the States knows within twenty thousand the population of Montreal, the situation of Ottawa, the whereabouts of Levis? The popular idea of Canada is that of a frozen land, inhabited by half-breeds called Canucks, who live on pork and pea-soup, and fall an easy prey to the Yankee clock-peddler.

If, then, such remarkable ignorance prevails as to the natural features of Canada—as to matters which are written in every geography, tinted on every atlas—is it to be wondered at that American ideas of Canadian politics are misty? When the correspondent of the best political journal in America reaches Montreal by crossing the Desjardins Canal five hundred miles distant, shall we expect to find the political deductions of that paper grounded firmly upon a necessary and intimate acquaintance with facts?

Hence, in proceeding to treat of a subject with which the future of your American republic is closely entwined, I propose briefly to describe the present political *status* and situation in Canada. The American correspondents have done so, often, worthlessly. The daily newspaper does not permit of study or analysis in matter any more than of elaboration in style. The correspondent who “does” a country of four million square miles, with a population of four millions under different political influences, in four days and three columns, labors under the same disadvantages as he who

undertakes French before breakfast or Greek in thirty minutes.

The three British-American colonies of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were originally Crown colonies, ruled by governors and councils nominated by the Imperial ministry. Responsible government was later introduced. A few years since, in the then province of Canada, a deadlock ensued. The inhabitants of Upper Canada, divided into two powerful parties, found themselves ruled, taxed and bound down by the insatiate Priest party of Lower Canada, who, united in firm phalanx, threw their weight with crushing force into the councils of the colony. Upper Canada—populous, wealthy, progressive, economical—was overbalanced by Lower Canada—intolerant, beggarly, conservative, spendthrift. Sixty-five votes were as good as sixty-five. Hence arose a clamor for Representation by Population, as a method of swamping the influence of Lower Canada. A deadlock ensued between parties. The fate of ministries depended on a single vote, and time and again Mr. Speaker's voice decided the result. In this crisis the Brown-MacDonald coalition of 1864 was formed on a basis of confederation. Upper Canada thus obtained additional representation on paper and the privilege of local self-government, which her people ardently desired.

Confederation was rapidly pushed forward, and was popular both in the colony and in the mother-country. The fools who attribute commercial depression exclusively to political causes were led to believe that under confederation commerce would extend, capital increase, manufactures multiply. Others saw in the inauguration of a more national government an era of administrative economy, of regulated finance. Others there were who looked on the confederation of the northern colonies as a necessity

if they would preserve their existence. Union, it was argued, is strength, and our undefended frontier of three thousand miles will be magically guarded when the word "Dominion" is chalked on the boundary-posts. Some there were, like the late Mr. McGee, whose eyes were dazzled by the impossible glories of a northern monarchy. The English statesmen cried, Unite—the people's hearts were sick of old strife or faint for new possibilities—the politicians swam bravely with the tide—and on the first day of July, 1867, the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Lower and Upper Canada were welded into the Dominion of Canada. The acquisition of the territory in the North-west, the recent movement in Newfoundland and the descent on Prince Edward's Island empower us to consider all British North America as part and parcel of the Dominion, and linked indissolubly with its fortunes.

Under confederation the people of Canada have a viceroy nominated in England, a Senate whose members are named by the Crown, and a House of Commons elected by the people on the basis of population. A Cabinet selected from these assemblies transacts the business of the general government. Each province has a lieutenant-governor, its own Cabinet, its own local legislature, who decree on local matters. Thus it will be seen that a very efficient government, almost independent of British connection, exists.

Such, then, is a brief description of the present political fabric here, and of the manner in which it has been brought about. I now proceed to describe the present political state of the country, and the causes to which the existing crisis may be attributed.

Seven men out of every ten will tell you that confederation is a failure. Why?

In the first place, it was a measure hastily pressed to maturity, and deliberately intended by the reckless faction then in office to perpetuate their own sway. Men said, "With union we shall have purity and economy—debt will no longer accumulate—public works will

no longer be useless occasions for jobbery. The party lines and party strifes will be lost in the grander era of national life." What a vision of Arcady for so practical an age! The same party still hold office; union has broken up party lines so far as their opponents were concerned, while their ranks it has linked more closely by the prospect of increased plunder. Extravagance, jobbery, nepotism, debt—seven other devils fiercer than the first—have entered into the house they found swept and garnished, and the last state thereof is worse than the first. With the same corruption on a larger scale people are tired.

Again: the commerce of the country has been prostrated by reckless overtrading and abominable insolvency. The great importing houses bought heavily, and vied with each other in disposing of their goods to the country traders. These latter overtraded in turn. Indifferent harvests and cramped finances induced serious loss to the honest, while the dishonest, with every facility afforded by the insolvency act modeled for their express protection, plied the competing "drummers" with orders, then failed for seven cents in the dollar. The Bank of Montreal notably withdrew its circulation from Canada to speculate in New York. A couple of smaller institutions failed, others were severely crippled. Manufacturers closed their works; mechanics fled the country; an illiberal immigration policy sent settlers to the adjoining republic. It is wrong wholly to attribute depression or stagnation to political causes, but human nature is shortsighted, and the first idea of a man with a bad crop is to damn the government. The opponents of the existing order of things would be fools did they allow so golden an opportunity to pass unimproved. In the words of one of the earliest advocates of a change: "A bad harvest will be a hundred thousand dollars in our pockets."

Besides, there were dissatisfactions latent two years ago. The Nova Scotians were disgusted at the unceremonious manner in which union was forced on them. A large party in New Bruns-

wick regarded with doubtful satisfaction their union to a colonial rake like Canada. And the opposition to the dominant party naturally transferred their hatred to the policy of that party, although it had been filched from themselves. The Protestants of Quebec gained nothing from confederation. It left them at the mercy of a powerful and unscrupulous majority, hostile to their religion, their race, their habits. The Province of Quebec is governed by the Catholic Conservatives. The English count as taxables—the French swarm in the offices. Agriculture may not be touched, so the burden is laid on trade and manufactures. Hence the Protestant minority of Quebec is peculiarly dissatisfied with the results of confederation.

Over the whole country, then, we see spread the germs of a crisis—a disordered finance, a struggling commerce, political dissatisfaction and uneasiness, latent opposition without direction, and a corrupt administration unnaturally strong. Nothing can be rationally looked for but a general movement toward political reform or change. It is, in this particular instance, a question of Independence or Annexation.

No other issue would be wide enough for a common platform for the opposition of the seaside and the opposition inland. A stagnant period follows a great national change, reform or convulsion. One great idea has been evolved—a direct precipitate—while all the others are travailing together. Thus the conclusion of the American rebellion was followed by a time of political insignificance, till now the Democrats are again regaining their activity. England, having wrecked one branch of the Church, is leaning on her axe before she lays it to the root of the parent tree. So here, confederation so utterly swamped the opposition that they were left swimming frantically, each for himself, like the crew of a shipwrecked vessel amid the hencoops and spars. Now, however, they are beginning to form a raft. Mere reform is not radical enough. A return to the old colonial state, a stultification of the principles of union, is im-

possible. All communities have at their starting an impulse given to them; and they cannot, having once set their hand to the ploughing, turn back or aside. Two great issues, and two alone, are before us—Independence and Annexation.

For the present, I entirely eliminate Annexation from consideration. It is not necessary to pronounce upon the merits of an utter impossibility at present. It cannot be that an English colony should be directly transferred to another nation. Confining myself, then, to the nearer issue, I shall proceed to trace the progress and describe the present position of the movement for independence, enumerating the arguments whereon its advocates rely, the benefits they anticipate from it; and till a later stage of this article, or perhaps till a future paper, defer the consideration of that phase of the situation which more intimately concerns the American people.

The direction of all colonies is toward independence, just as childhood tends toward manhood and responsibilities separate from the family. Especially is this the case with Canada. From military law to the Crown-colony system, thence to responsible government, thence to confederation,—these stages are natural and all in one direction, and more rapid as the colonies advance in strength and the march of political events generally becomes accelerated. Of late, the English government has begun to doubt the value of ordinary dependencies. India is a necessity from a commercial point of view—so is Gibraltar in a military aspect. But Canada has neither a vast population to consume British manufactures, nor an immense military or strategic advantage of position. New Zealand and Australia are of greater value than the British-American colonies, yet England is cutting them adrift. Colonies in time of war require a vast and extended power to defend them, and they must be equally sustained if the idea of sentimental attachment—of national honor and prestige—be entertained. In these days of rival armaments and of

sensational combinations the disparity of strength between nations vanishes, and any one country will have its hands full to defend itself. And in time of peace colonies avail little to a nation like England. She can sell cheaply, and whether Canada be a colony, an independent state or a portion of the American republic, she must buy from England. What more does England need of colonies? In the days of the reign of Manchester, of Bright, of Goldwin Smith, National Policy means Progress and Profit, social, political and material. All needless expenditure must be stopped, all useless dependencies lopped.

I express no opinions as to the morality or propriety of these ideas. They prevail. Weighed by them, what does Canada profit Great Britain? In the first place, she is, like all colonies, an expense. Her people, too, have been pampered with loans and guarantees till they are ruined for any useful habits of national self-dependence. Like an overgrown calf, Canada bleats after the well-drained teats of the old cow, and protests a loyalty less of the heart than of the belly. I have already shown that she is of no advantage to England as a market. And, lastly, she is a positive weakness. I am not of those who believe in the sentimental assurances that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations never will fight. They have fought twice in eighty-five years, and how many a time have their hands sought the pommel of the sword! If ever a war come, in summer or in winter, Canada is defenceless against American invasion. A marauding horde in green rags sufficed to keep the country in an expensive fever for six months. The hands of Mr. Thornton are hampered by these defenceless provinces whenever he comes to treat of the Alabama claims, or any subject whereon it is to the advantage of the Imperial government that it be in a position to take a determined stand.

All these are reasons for the desire on the part of England to cut us adrift. They are openly expressed by the popular *Times*, the Tory *Standard*, the Radical *Star*. Gladstone, Monsell and a

dozen others directly avow this policy. It is the policy of the Radicals, and they have a long lease of power before them.

So much, then, for the theories in England. Now for the practice in Canada.

The independence movement in Canada dates back definitely to last March or April. Previous to that time there were of course vague yearnings in that direction. When Sir John Young was appointed governor-general, people recollected that he had been lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and had managed to get rid of that troublesome and useless dependency in an ingenious and expeditious manner. It is matter of history—a romance of official life—that while Sir John was in public speeches exhorting the people to cherish British connection, he was privately urging the home government to get rid of them. The very natural conviction forced itself upon men's minds that Sir John was selected because there was more work of the kind to be done. The general depression and discontent wanted a word. That word was necessarily—Independence. Within a week of each other, the *Chronicle* of Quebec, the *Star* of Montreal, the *Free Press* of London hoisted the Independence flag.

For my own part, for many weeks previously I had been in close confidence and consultation with a most advanced Radical, a practical man, a deep and fearless thinker—a man who, free-thinker in religion, owned to faith in political matters, and, above all, one who was deep in the confidence of the great English Radicals and Liberals. From the surest of all sources, private letters, not meant to serve a political purpose, I found that the English leaders were determined to be rid of Canada as soon as possible, that the days of guarantee had gone by, that the whole military force was to be withdrawn and the colonists taught to shift for themselves. They preferred that Canada should take the initiative, but, whether gentle hints or strong manifestations of Imperial desire were necessary, go she must. As they very

justly wrote: "We must preserve India, for India is the keystone of England's wealth and power."

With this assurance to start on, certain that it would be a cause ultimately successful if presently unpopular, I committed the journal with which I was identified to the advocacy of Canadian independence. A few days later, events threw me into the society of some of the leaders of the movement, and from them I learned that it was well organized, that the Honorable Mr. Galt would head it, and that an attempt would be made to introduce the subject into the Commons, but without hazarding a vote. The early promoters were not so sanguine of success: indeed, they considered that if at the end of two years they succeeded in creating a popular agitation, that would be as much as could reasonably be expected.

Events have more than fulfilled expectations. Independence was preached, and the advocates of it were not stoned in the synagogues. Paper after paper took part in the discussion, which was all that was wanted. The Tory organs at first shut their eyes to the existence of such a question. Then they began virulently to abuse. There has, I must say, been very little argument in the literature of either party. The Independents have generally used the very powerful weapon of ridicule: they have held up our anomalous and lubberly position as a nation, our exaggerated and interested loyalty as individuals. On the other hand, the Tories have foolishly resorted to denunciation, to insinuations of treachery, to accusations of annexation proclivities. It can easily be understood that in such a warfare they who ridicule have much the best of it. The revolutionist or reformer has generally an advantage over him who conserves, so long as he confines himself to considering immediate change, not the ultimate conditions of that change. This tells powerfully on the masses, who ascribe all evils to a direct political cause, and who do not trouble themselves about anything more remote than the removal of that cause. However, abuse only spread

the idea, as winds waft seeds. People began to talk in their shops and at the corners, and though conservative Canada might bellow like an ox stung by the gadfly, still the larvæ had been insinuated, and the rest might be left to time.

The cause of independence received material support from several events which I may particularize. The first was the knighting of the Honorable Mr. Galt. As he was justly regarded as the head of the Independent party, the conferring of so patent a mark of Imperial favor could only be construed to signify sympathy with his views. Then the silence of the government of the Dominion on the question of independence gave rise to the conviction that the administration, at least, did not disapprove of the idea. This silence has only once been broken, by the publication of a remarkable article in *La Voix du Golfe*, the pocket organ of Mr. Langevin, Secretary of State. This article appeared during the presence at the place of publication of Mr. Langevin, and bore internal evidence of being his own production. It declared, emphatically, that British connection was the source of much danger to Canada, and that the cure for this lay in independence. Mr. Cartier has by letter expressed the belief that a change of political form was imminent, and on Sir John A. MacDonal's last visit to Montreal he stated in private conversation that at the next general elections the platform would be "Independence, or stay at home." The long coquetting with Mr. Galt, whose services the government were desirous to obtain as Finance Minister, has also intensified the feeling that the administration would declare for independence. Again: the proposed meeting of colonial representatives at Westminster in February, 1870, to discuss the situation, coupled with the withdrawal of the troops and Mr. Gladstone's positive declaration (in the debate on the guarantee of one million five hundred thousand dollars for the acquisition of the North-west) that this was the last guarantee under the vicious colonial system,—these events have all had their influence here. Prob-

ably, however, the greatest aid which the cause of independence has received has been from the speeches of the governor-general, Sir John Young. At Quebec, at a banquet given in his honor, he gave the people to understand that England would favorably consider any expression of the desire of the Dominion to assume a new form of alliance. He hinted independence in the most unmistakable, though in the most guarded, manner, and at Halifax and St. John he reiterated the statement. The many gildings of the assurance of Imperial love for Canada and desire to maintain the present connection fail to gild the pill while those Ionian Islands are on the map.

This discussion of the question by the governor-general has strengthened the hands of the friends of independence, and has widely spread the consideration of the idea. Many of the Tory journals—notably the *Toronto Telegraph*—have recognized England's desire to be freed from her colonial encumbrances, while they have deeply deplored it. The most stubborn have been impressed; the eyes of conservatism, blinded with prejudice and pride, are opened; the people are awake. The deathly calm which succeeded confederation has passed away; and as, centuries ago, while the spirit brooded on the anarchic immensities of space, the fragments of chaos were growing into ordered worlds, so the tumult of wrecked parties, of jarring problems, of new ideas has evolved the question of the day—Independence.

The crusade of independence has been entirely prosecuted in the press. Mr. Galt made some hazy remarks in the Commons last spring, wherein a vague and mild suggestion of independence was juggled about under oratorical thimbles like the pea in thimbliger. Mr. Huntington spoke squarely about it in the Commons, and was coldly received, for the people were not prepared for it. At present, however, the question is falling within the province of the speaker and politician. At the county agricultural exhibition for the district of Bedford, Mr. Huntington delivered a studied

speech in favor of independence, which was loyal in tone and was well received. The only importance in this was the fact that Mr. Huntington was invited over by the constituents of Mr. Chamberlin, the county member and a man of strong Tory convictions. The campaign has commenced. At the next session of the Commons the adoption of an address declaring that the country would materially be benefited by independence will be proposed. Not that the party expects to carry it: it is merely to place a declaration of political faith on record. Regular organization will follow, and at the next elections Independence will be the platform on which many candidates will stand.

The plan of independence suggested by Mr. Huntington, and which finds general favor, is a republican form slightly modified. An elective president and chambers, a ministry composed of representatives from these, a system of ministerial responsibility, and a civil service,—these are its features. It may be that, instead of electing a president, the premier of the ministry will occupy that position while his administration retains the public confidence. At any rate, the cheapest and simplest form of government must necessarily be adopted. A monarchy is too absurd to be thought of, setting the fate of Maximilian entirely aside. The new nation would be under the protectorate of England and the United States. And a zollverein or customs union with the American republic is also a prominent feature.

This is what is proposed, and what is likely to be adopted when the movement shall have been successful.

I have not thus far wasted, nor shall I waste, time on the theories and arguments of either party. They do not interest American readers, who care only for the actual facts of the movement, the objects it proposes to attain, the bases on which it is founded. I shall close this article without advertising to the annexation aspect of independence, since I could not properly treat of it in my limited space. It is, besides,

a matter so delicate, dealing with the private expressions of men whom I meet daily, and a matter which may seriously affect them and the cause, that I would fain give ample consideration ere the private history of the movement is written. There are jesuitry, inconsistency, concealment in all political affairs, but an honest avowal of design, an open publication of personal beliefs and aims, cannot harm any cause whose foundations are deep in sincerity and whose object is honorable. It is for this reason, and because, while identified with the advocacy of independence, I have done so from disinterested motives and now owe the party nothing, that I think it best in a future article to consider honestly the American question.

It remains only to report progress. I am certainly of opinion that every member of the Radical party in England, and a fair proportion of the Conservatives, are either opposed to the present system of colonial dependence, or—which is the same for all practical purposes—perfectly careless about the fate of the colonies. In Canada the governor-general has instructions to prepare the way for independence, and the members of the Dominion Cabinet are personally favorable to the scheme, while publicly they are silent. That they will adopt the idea as a war-horse to bear them to renewed victories, or that with the facility of Cleopatra they will embrace the new love so soon as it becomes popular, is certain. It is extremely probable that they will make it a government question at the session of 1870. So much for the politicians.

About three-fourths of the English press favor the idea of the dismemberment of the colonies. In Canada, from a quarter to a third of the journals either declare for independence or admit that it is a certainty. The number of converts is increasing daily.

As to the people, the feeling in Nova

Scotia is strongly for independence, as the repealers and annexationists see that their ultimate object cannot be attained without accepting the intermediate step of nationality. In New Brunswick the feeling is favorable in at least a third of the population. In Quebec, the cities and the eastern townships, and the Rouge or Republican party, are for independence; and they form a strong body. In Ontario, where there is less distress, there is less desire for a political change, but the people, especially in the centres of population, are becoming convinced that they must fling off the trammels of dependence, desire to retain them though they may.

It is of course difficult to gauge with accuracy the dynamics of any political movement. The presence of a prince, the failure of a harvest, the lowering of the discount rate, the crash of a bank,—these all may affect the people and give a direction to their cry. Informants may mislead through sheer ignorance or partial acquaintance—one's own judgment may insensibly be warped by daily contact with one set of people holding one set of views. Those in daily journalism are too apt to let desire engender prophecy, and prejudice color review. On such false foundations can rest none but unsound and unsafe buildings.

Honestly, however, I cannot but think that the cause of independence has made more headway in six months than was anticipated for three years, and that today it occupies the attention of all the inhabitants of the Provinces, and the cordial sympathy of at least one-fourth of their number. And judging less by the state of public sentiment here than by the determination of a strong majority at home and the evident drift of events, I cannot resist the conviction that before the close of 1871 the maiden flag of a new Anglo-Saxon republic of infinite possibilities shall have been given to the American winds.

G. T. LANIGAN.

INCOMPATIBLE.

TOM and I were absolutely certain that we should never quarrel after we were married. We knew very well that some married people did quarrel sadly, and that almost all differed more than was entirely comfortable: this knowledge forewarned us, and, after discussing the subject thoroughly, we felt that we were forearmed as well as forewarned.

Tom admitted that he had heard such words pass between his own father and mother as he should be very sorry to think would ever pass between us, but he said it was entirely unnecessary ever to have any difference amounting to a quarrel. Of course, people who had as positive temperaments as we both had could not agree entirely and at once, but a little concession would smooth away all difficulties; and for his part, he should always be happy to make any concessions which I should demand.

I thought Tom talked very well, and immediately assured him that so far as I was concerned he never would have to make any concessions at all; upon which he declared, with a most impassioned kiss, that my will should always be his law.

I thought over this conversation, which took place just a week before we were married, by myself, after Tom had gone, and I must say he seemed a rare treasure to me; for I could not recall another man among my acquaintances who was given to making concessions to the women of his household.

There was my father. Of course I loved father very much, but grown-up daughters are not always entirely blind to their fathers' peculiarities, and it did seem to me that he took delight in ploughing through and uprooting all mother's tastes and fancies.

Mother was English and of the Episcopal Church, and always wanted to observe Christmas, but father never would hear to it, because his ancestors came over in the "May Flower." He was

proud of the grim Puritan record of the first Christmas in this country: "And so no man rested at all that day." It was, in his eyes, a glorious protest against princely and prelatical tyranny; and I agreed with father and kindled with enthusiasm when he talked of the beginnings of Congregationalism, and of the grand days when Milton was its poet and Cromwell its hero; yet, for all this, I thought it was hard and bigoted in father not to let mother keep her own festival. So, when we children grew up, we brought about a sort of compromise. At Thanksgiving, which father celebrated with great zeal, we trimmed the house with evergreen and holly till it was like a bower; we had blazing wood-fires in every room, and added roast beef to the feast hitherto sacred to turkey and chicken-pie. The plum-pudding, being adapted to both festivals, was not displaced; and when mother said, with a gratified look, that it seemed quite English, we were triumphant. We felt that we had gained a great victory for her, and that we had got the better of father without hurting him. Father was an editor—a very influential man, generous in his way, especially kind to all young writers, and very chivalric toward all women in his office and at his writing-desk, but he did rage around most uncomfortably at home.

Mother said his literary life affected his nervous system, and so took particular pains to make his home cares light. I did not quite approve of mother's course: I thought it would do father good if she would occasionally pay him back in his own coin; but she never did, and never seemed to care about his being on such very good terms, as he was, with a great many pretty women; but sister Mary and I, who thought married people, in order to be happy, must be thinking of each other every moment, used to get quite jealous for her.

"Mother," said sister Mary on one

occasion, "do you like to have father write to that pretty Mrs. Colburn quite so much as he does?"

"I don't know as he writes to her any more than she writes to him," replied mother, indifferently.

"But, mother," said I, taking up the strain, "do you like to have father write so much to pretty women, any way?"

"Girls," said mother, "I like anything that diverts your father; and if these pretty women take up his attention, do, for mercy's sake, let them write."

"But, mother," persisted Mary, "if you were to die, and father should take it into his head to marry Mrs. Colburn, what should we do? Maggie and I should perfectly hate her. I almost know she could catch father if she wanted to, and of course she would, for father *is* handsome."

"Well," said mother, laughing, "in that case I hope Mrs. Colburn will stop writing, and take particular pains to see that the steak is never overdone, and that the water is always boiling the instant your father wants to shave. And now, children," said she, with a look that made us feel as if we wore bibs and drank milk out of little cups, "I never want to hear a word of this nonsense again. Your father and I are old enough to take care of ourselves and you too;" and she left us with an angry flash in her eye which father's most dyspeptic grumblings never called forth.

That very afternoon father was brought in senseless, after having been dragged half a mile by his horse: mother's agony was fearful, and it was terrible to see father's handsome face so pale and rigid.

Then consciousness came back, and he stretched out his arms to mother, exclaiming, "Oh, Mary, I thought of you as long as I could think of anything;" and they wept together, and murmured words of deeper tenderness than young lovers ever dream of.

Sister Mary and I ran away to cry together.

"Oh, Maggie," said she, with a blubbery voice, "it *is* his nervous system, and he *does* love mother after all; and *how* she loves him! and what *fools* we

were to think he cared a solitary *straw* for that Mrs. Colburn!"

I remembered this scene in father's favor, but it was pleasant to think that Tom would not only love me as well as father did mother, but would always be comfortable at home, which father certainly was not, even after this accident.

Then my brothers passed in review. Mother, Mary and I made all the concessions to them. They always hurried and worried us; and once, when Henry was going to Boston to spend the Fourth of July, he nearly brought the house down about our ears because his shirt bosom was not nicely ironed; as if in a Boston crowd anybody would notice his shirt bosom—or him, either, for that matter. But sister Mary, who, in the illness of our laundress, was responsible for the ironing, said Henry acted as if his shirt bosom were to be the principal piece in the fireworks. Brother Edgar was no better. He hurried Mary so about a picnic on this same Fourth of July that she went with a boot on one foot and a slipper on the other; and they were so early that when Henry drove back to get the other boot, he met the first express-wagon with its load of provisions, and Mary had the whole grove to herself while she finished her toilette.

With such experiences in the past, it was not strange that this conversation with Tom about quarreling and conceding was especially delightful to me, and made my future look uncommonly bright.

Tom and I had known each other for years, and had had an "understanding" for a long time. I had been away all summer, only coming home in season for this Thanksgiving-Christmas sort of festival of which I have spoken.

I wore white alpaca, trimmed with scarlet velvet, and holly berries in my hair. I danced constantly, and I never felt in finer spirits, for Tom was there, more devoted to me than ever, and I knew I was looking my best. At last some one called for vocal music, which made a pause in the dancing. (This dancing was another point which we had carried for mother against father, but I

will say for father that when he found he could not help it, he submitted with a good grace.) Feeling a little chilly, I threw a scarlet shawl over my shoulders. I think this shawl brought Tom to terms. for as I came into the room his eyes met mine with a light kindling in them which made my cheeks the color of my shawl. In an instant he had crossed the room and had drawn me into the library, used that night for a cloak-room, and in fifteen minutes we were engaged. I remembered the time, for as we crossed the hall I looked at our tall clock wreathed in evergreen, and it struck ten: I was in a delirium of excited feeling, longing to be alone with Tom, yet fearing it was all a happy dream, when sister Mary called me to come and give one last look at the supper-table. (The supper-table at a time like this!) Coming out, the tall clock came again exactly in my line of vision, and it was quarter-past ten; only fifteen minutes, and yet an age of bliss! To this day the sight of a tall clock with the hands at quarter-past ten makes all the chords of memory thrill.

"The table looks beautifully, I am sure," said I, in a dazed kind of way after we got into the dining-room.

"You and Tom are engaged," replied Mary, closing the door and holding the handle.

"Oh, Mary!" said I.

"Well, you are," said Mary. "Tom looked, when you came out together, as if he never had seen a woman in all his life: that look always means love and kissing. So now, Maggie, if you don't contradict it in one second, I shall tell everybody, and we shall make one job of the supper and the congratulations."

"Oh, Mary," said I again, but I could not contradict it; and Mary was as good as her word. The congratulations only ended with the last good-bye that night.

I was just twenty years old—a pronounced brunette, very slender, with what people called a graceful figure, and hands and feet that all the men praised and all the women envied. Tom was twenty-six, with chestnut hair, which curled thickly all over his handsome head; and I must confess that when the

sun shone fairly upon these beautiful curls they had a suggestion of red about them: he had rather fiery hazel eyes, and of course the impetuous, dashing temperament which goes with such hair and eyes—a splendid temperament for a lover, whatever it may be for a husband. Everybody said we were a very stylish couple, and that there was no reason why we should not be very happy.

We were married on New Year's day, my outfit for a winter in New York being turned into a *trousseau* when Tom declared he could not and would not wait; and, as we had known each other so long, there really seemed to be no cause for delay.

We were to go to Boston to live, and when some one condoled with mother on the separation, she replied, cheerfully, "Oh I think it is better for young married people to be by themselves—for the first year, at least;" so we were sent forth with a cheerful "good-bye" and "God bless you," and the old life was ended and the new one begun.

Tom and I were happier in our own fresh, tasteful and even elegant home than we had ever imagined we could be; but after a little time we found that we differed very decidedly upon some points, and I was surprised to see that if Tom had not forgotten his old doctrine of concession, he often ventured to ignore it.

I wanted to go to a Congregational church, but Tom declared for Episcopacy. I could not find my place in the Prayer-Book, nor did I know when to rise nor when to sit. An Episcopal service was a severe experience, and Tom's readiness and apparent devotion were quite exasperating to me.

Then Tom was scientific, and I was not: he wanted to go to scientific lectures, which I detested; while I wanted to go to literary and patriotic courses, which he absurdly called "sensational." He dragged me through one course upon astronomy, which was a sad penance to me, but I never complained till he brought out a tremendous book upon *The Origin of the Stars*, which he wanted me to read when he was down town.

I dare say it would have been a most excellent book for me, for

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star:
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

was all I knew about astronomy; but, unfortunately, it was all I wished to know; so I openly rebelled against *The Origin of the Stars*.

Then of chemistry, which was another pet science with Tom, I only knew that my old chemistry at school used to tell about oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen; and I had a vague idea that some of these were healthy and some were not. Tom, to be sure, went with me to my favorite lectures, but they seemed about as hard for him to bear as his were for me.

At length I thought I would talk with Tom about it, and, if need be, remind him that my will was to be his law. So one afternoon, as we were crossing the Common to call on Mrs. Foster, Tom's aunt by marriage, I said:

"Tom, you don't like to go to my lectures." It was a mild afternoon, and both Tom and I were as genial as the weather, for I had a new hat, and looked very well in it, and Tom had just told me so.

"Oh yes, Maggie," replied Tom, gallantly, "I like to go anywhere with you."

"No, Tom, you do not," I replied, "and I feel it."

"I certainly do, Maggie," responded Tom.

"No, Tom, you do not, and I should like it better if you admitted it."

"I do, I say," said Tom, in an irritated tone. "Can't you believe me?"

"Oh, Tom," said I, "you are positively cross."

"Well, you needn't give me the lie, then," replied he, savagely.

"Oh, Tom!" I exclaimed, cut to the heart, "I never thought—I never meant to say such a thing."

"Well, you said it plainly enough," retorted Tom, contemptuously. "Now come in and see if you can be as civil to Mrs. Foster as you are to me."

"Oh, Tom," I replied, "let us go

home: I can't go in—I shall die if I do."

"We'll see if you will," said Tom, pulling me into the parlor, where I burst into tears at once, and sobbed as if my heart would break.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Foster, deluging me with cologne and almost choking me with salts.

"Nothing," said Tom, "only Maggie has got very much excited."

Now, every man knows that telling a woman she is excited is the most intensely aggravating thing he can do.

"Excited!" I screamed. "He says I told him he lied, and I never thought of such a thing, and he knows it!"

"There it is again," said Tom, sarcastically, without any regard for my distress.

Poor Mrs. Foster looked greatly troubled. "You must try to bear with each other," was all she had time to say when callers were announced, and Tom seized me and dragged me out through the back parlor.

"Now, Tom," said I, calmly, for the fresh air revived me and I had cried off some of my emotion, "do you call this 'concession?'"

"Concession!" replied he, as if he had never heard of the word before. "Well, no—not exactly."

"Well," said I, "don't you remember that you told me you should always be glad to make concessions, and that my will should always be your law?"

"No," said Tom, stoutly, "I do not; and if I ever said such a silly thing, I should desire to forget it. Everybody knows that it is a woman's place to yield, and every true woman finds her highest pleasure in doing so;" and then he began a little whispering whistling of "Yankee Doodle," which he kept up all the way home, as if determined to show all the contempt he could for me.

For aught I could see, Tom was becoming as bad as my father and brothers, and this, too, when he had explicitly, and of his own accord, promised to concede. It was only four months—four little months—since that promise, sealed with that impassioned kiss, and now I

was expected to find my highest pleasure in submitting to his will.

One thing was certain : Tom *had* told a lie, whether I had "given" it to him or not. If he would tell a lie about one thing, why not about another—why not about everything? My days of happiness were over, for it was plain I never could trust Tom as I had done.

I had entirely forgotten that I had told him, with equal sincerity at the time, that he never would have to make any concessions to me, and that it was this lamb-like sentiment which had called forth his final declaration and kiss. I thought we should have a wretched time after this walk, which began so pleasantly and ended so sadly, but diversion came from an unexpected source.

Esther Flanders and her brother Philip came in to pass the evening : I liked Esther very much, but her brother I had never seen before. He was a most captivating man. "Captivating" is just the word to describe him. He took one's judgment, taste and fancy by storm : such fine manners, such rare culture, such delicate tact I had never seen united in one person, and although Tom and I were in such a miserable state, he succeeded in calling us out wonderfully. I was conscious that I had never talked so well, nor had I ever sung and played better than I did with this magnetic stranger to turn the leaves for me.

Tom was pleased with his evident but respectful admiration of me, and told me, with a half attempt at reconciliation, that he was quite proud of me, for Philip Flanders was the most fastidious and critical man he knew, and that he especially admired a woman who talked well, and I certainly did. I was not much gratified by Tom's praises, for I could not understand how he could so soon get over our storm of the afternoon : he seemed to have done so, however, and never alluded to it again ; but it rankled in my mind, and with every difference—we had them pretty often now—a sense of my wrongs in this matter of concession flamed up afresh. But I forgot my wrongs when with Philip Flanders ; and, indeed, in his presence I forgot every-

thing but music, culture and the gifted man who sang so well and for me alone, for he was often in of an evening ; and it so happened that his calls came on Tom's club evenings rather more frequently than at any other time. It was very pleasant, and I did not always tell Tom when he had been with me : I did not want to tell him everything, as at first, and by degrees I found myself thinking quite as much of Philip Flanders and his sympathy in any emergency as of Tom.

One evening, when Tom and I had exchanged some unusually hard words—as hard, I fancied, as those which he told me, at the time of the concession proposal, he had heard pass between his father and mother—Tom strode out through the front parlor, exclaiming angrily, "Don't try sulking with me—I am not the fellow to stand it," just as Philip Flanders entered the back parlor noiselessly, to find me sobbing almost hysterically. I was sure he had heard Tom's last words : how much more I could not tell.

It would take a very high-principled man—which Philip Flanders was not—of thirty-five (Philip's age), or of fifty-five, or of sixty-five, or indeed of any age to which man ever attains, to find a young and pretty woman in such a plight and not wish to console her with more tenderness than would be altogether prudent. Philip soon drew all my misery from me, and then said, in his most thrilling tones, holding my eyes meanwhile with his own fixed and magnetic gaze :

"How strange that we should both be so wretched—you with your husband and I *alone!* I have seen this from the first : you and your husband are not well matched : he does not understand the requirements of your nature. You are really incompatible."

"What can I do?" I cried, for I had not defined the case so clearly in my own mind.

"Do! Nay, poor child," replied he, slowly and pityingly, "I will help you bear your burden : perhaps I can lighten it a little. I have no wife, nor do I wish

for one *now*. We will be *more* than friends. Is it a compact?" he asked, persuasively.

I felt entirely powerless, and at that instant he pressed a burning kiss upon my lips.

A strange feeling of exhilaration, which I mistook for happiness, came with this kiss, and I thought my troubles were over; but when Tom came home that night, all hearty, and clubby, and smoky, I felt a remorseful aversion to him which I had never known before, and which was farther from happiness than the hardest quarrel would have been.

It seems to me that the next few weeks were passed in a sort of delirium: when not directly under Philip's influence, I was constantly wondering what father and mother and Mary and Henry and Edgar would think of all this. If they could only understand it, they would not blame me, for Philip placed the subject before me in the most sophisticated light; but, somehow or other, I always felt that they never could be made to understand it; so I was glad they did not know it, and I had a vague wish that the old quarrelsome days—we did not quarrel now—with Tom were back, and that I had never heard of Philip Flanders.

At length I broke down in a nervous fever, and after the crisis was past, as I lay weak and helpless, I overheard the doctor say to Tom,

"Your wife is in a very poor way: she must have change. She must go into the country, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

"You don't think it is anything serious?" said Tom in a husky voice, which made me almost love him again.

"I can't say: I hope not, I am sure; but I thought it was my duty to tell you this much," said the doctor in a business-like way, as he left the room.

Tom opened the door softly and bent over me for a moment, then kissed me very lightly, lest he should wake me, and crept out of the room on tip-toe, but he sighed very heavily, or else he tried to suppress a sob. Tom, whom I had never seen cry—could it be that he loved

me, after all, just as father did mother? I buried my face in the bed-clothes and prayed I might die and be through with it all, for there was Philip Flanders with his strange power over me, which I knew I never could resist. I did not die, however. Youth and a good constitution triumphed, and in a very short time I was pronounced fit for the country. I did not see Philip Flanders, and Tom was very tender with me: happiness seemed to be creeping back; and when Tom said I should go to Aunt Abigail's, as I begged, instead of home, I kissed him gratefully, and felt a quiet content stealing over me.

The last summer of my bright, care-free girlhood was passed away back among the hills, with Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail: the very thought of it was peace. Even now I sometimes think it was the happiest summer of my life: I had never been disappointed there: my ideals were all glorious heroes, who never came down from their pedestals. Life before me looked like one grand triumphal march: my only care for the future was to wonder, as girls will, what strong arm I should lean upon, and what manly tread would keep time to the music of my lighter step.

Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail were the rarest old couple in the world. Their love had reached its Indian summer, but it was not mournful, like that of the year: it did not suggest decay and death, but a world where such love must bloom over again in freshness and immortal youth. It had ripened slowly, I knew now, though I thought then it had always been thus peaceful, for Uncle Cyrus' once tawny-brown hair was like snow, and only a few threads of dark in the silver of Aunt Abigail's told of the wealth of black hair which framed her beautiful face when she came a bride to the old homestead.

Aunt Abigail was a "Friend" by birth and training, and when that non-resisting sect threatened to "read her out of meeting" because her whole soul turned in love to Uncle Cyrus, whose family had been "Congregationalists" for generations, her temperament and her training met in a hand-to-hand conflict. Tem-

perament won the victory, as it generally does in such cases; so she laid aside her drab, and brightened the bridal white of her wedding-hat with a bit of scarlet verberna, and sat in the choir with Uncle Cyrus the Sunday after they were married. She said "thee" but once after that time, and it was years and years after, when Uncle Cyrus told her, with a ghastly face, that Cousin George was dead—dead at Gettysburg. "Thee can't mean it, Cyrus," came in a shriek from her ashy lips, and she sank senseless at his feet. Poor Aunt Abigail! all the hope of her youth, coming back through the old familiar phrase to resist the shock, was powerless before the terrible truth. We thought her heart was broken, but after the first sharp agony was over, she was her own strong self again; and when they brought crape and bombazine, she exclaimed, "Shall I put on garments of mourning because my son has been 'promoted on the field?'" and she put them away with a face like that of an angel. Their grief was too sacred for sadness: if full of heart-break, it was also full of hope: boisterous mirth might be subdued, but no innocent enjoyment was ever checked by their presence.

The faith of the aged couple created a serene atmosphere around them which I, weak and morbid as I had become, longed for with an inexpressible longing; so when Tom placed me comfortably in the cars, for he could not go with me, giving the conductor enough charges to betray the fact of his being a very young husband, and I leaned languidly back, a sense of the tranquil cheerfulness which brooded over the home to which I was hastening filled my soul, and the thought of Philip Flanders seemed fading like the memory of a bad dream.

A caressing touch aroused me, and he, my evil genius, was beside me.

"Alone for such a journey, in such a state!" he said, softly.

I had been very ill, and was weak and morbid, as I have said, and before my journey was half completed I had an agonized conviction that I was a wretched, almost deserted wife, and that he was indeed my "more than friend." He

adroitly left at a station a few miles from Uncle Cyrus', regardless of the fact that I was more lonely and in a much worse state than he found me; but I did not think of this at the time.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, I thought I would tell Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail my sad story. They were always charitable to motives: they might understand me. If they did not, and the worst came to the worst—though of what that worst would be I had only a vague notion—there was my "more than friend" to whom I could appeal, and who would stand by me to the last. So, after prayers, I told them, as well as I could, that I had found that my marriage was a great mistake; that I was wretched and wanted to die; that I had but one friend, Philip Flanders (and I painted him in glowing colors); that he had understood me from the beginning; and that he said Tom and I were "really incompatible."

"Most men," said Aunt Abigail, with quiet but stinging satire, "have a lively sense of the wrongs of other men's wives."

"Incompatible!" cried Uncle Cyrus, looking at me over his glasses and turning very red in the face. "Drat the man! I wonder what your aunt would have done if some fool had told her we were incompatible before we had been married six months?"

Now "drat" was the strongest oath Uncle Cyrus ever used. It was well understood in the family that it bore no more dangerous relation to a regular "damn" than a single sneeze does to a three weeks' influenza; yet for all this, whenever he used it, Aunt Abigail always felt that the interests of religion and morality required her to say "Why, Cyrus!" when Uncle Cyrus, with a slightly crestfallen air, would reply, "Well, well;" and there the matter would end for that time. But on this occasion she did not reprove him, but looked as if she would have borne the stronger word had he chosen to use it.

This omission and this look nearly broke my heart, and exclaiming vehemently, "Everybody is against me!" I

rushed away to my room, cried myself to sleep, and awoke feeling indescribably better and very hungry.

Oh how hungry I was! But after such a tragic demonstration, how could I go down stairs and ask for something to eat? If I could only see Hannah from the window, I could get her to smuggle a nice lunch into my room; but no Hannah was to be seen, and the question seemed to be between pride and starvation, when I heard Aunt Abigail stepping cautiously over the stairs. That slow, steady step foreboded a lecture, and Aunt Abigail would make thorough work with me, I knew; but to meet it when I was so hungry did seem hard. Then the door swung open, the fragrance of coffee filled the room, and there stood Aunt Abigail holding a salver containing the most delicious lunch—one of her own old-fashioned china cups, my childish admiration, from the corner cupboard, for the coffee, two ham sandwiches and a single tart of homemade, flaky paste filled with clear, quivering currant jelly.

"Oh, Aunt Abigail!" exclaimed I, gratefully, with a watering mouth.

"Your uncle thought," said she, moving a little stand nearer the bed and placing the salver on it, "that you would like some of his ham: he cured it himself;" and I sat up and ate the ham that had been "cured" by the man who had just "dratted" my "more than friend," and felt better for it—better, in fact, than I ever had for anything that my "more than friend" had ever said or done, and I began to gain mentally as well as physically from that day.

Tom wrote constantly, telling me not to write to him till I was able, but that he was so very lonely he must write to me.

"A very good letter for a cold-blooded monster to write," said Aunt Abigail one morning, as I read her passages from my last.

I had just come, "as fresh as a rose," Uncle Cyrus said, from a long country drive through old roads, winding, as old roads will, here to a ferry and there to a mill; and Aunt Abigail, seeing I was

able to bear it, began to talk with me about my troubles. She laughed heartily over the concession story, and told me I was only learning what all wives must—the difference between a lover and a husband. Then she told about the differences of opinion and feeling which she and Uncle Cyrus had when they were first married—how she used to cry and wish she was back in the Friends' meeting-house, with her little drab bonnet on, and no Uncle Cyrus anywhere. Then grandfather came to see them. He was an old man—older than Uncle Cyrus is now—with a manner of gentle yet stately courtesy. Aunt Abigail thought he must have seen that she was not quite happy, for he took great pains to praise everything she did, especially when Uncle Cyrus was near to hear him: he used to read in the Bible to her: Saint John was his favorite apostle. He liked him, he said, because he was not born gentle, but had become so through his faith; for he was one of those who were called "sons of thunder;" and Aunt Abigail said grandfather's keen blue eye and high instep made her think his experience might have been like that of John; so she liked to hear him read and talk of him, but she thought the words, "Little children, love one another," were pretty sure to get into every reading.

One afternoon, when he was reading from his favorite John, a lady who was present said, "Well, after all, I like Paul better: John got to be a little too gentle. Now Paul," said she, "knew people must quarrel sometimes, for he said, 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.'" Then grandfather said that passage had been very much perverted, because people did not know how to place the emphasis properly; and when the lady looked surprised, he said the right emphasis was on the word "*you*"—"as much as lieth in *you*, live peaceably with all men;" and he said if it were read in that way it would be a perfect rule for all newly-married people. Aunt Abigail said she often thought of it after that conversation, and it was curious to see how frequently it prevented the retort that was springing to her lips.

Then, when grandfather went away, she watched him through the blinds with tearful eyes, for she loved the kindly old man who had strengthened and consoled her; and she heard him say to Uncle Cyrus, "You have a better wife, Cyrus, than I ever thought you would get: see that you are very kind to her, for she has given up a great deal for you."

Uncle Cyrus did not say anything then, but they were happier from that time; and the day after grandfather's funeral—for he did not live long: Aunt Abigail never saw him again—he told her those very words, not dreaming that she had heard them before, and that they had been among her choicest treasures since the bright autumn day when grandfather kissed and blessed her for the last time. I could not help thinking that grandfather's consolation was not much like that of my "more than friend;" and with this thought a sudden conviction that it was a great deal better swept through my mind with the refreshing effect of a cool evening breeze after a sultry day; and for the first time I felt like writing to Tom.

My letter brought back a most lover-like epistle, by return of mail, to say he would be with me in a week.

Aunt Abigail said it was the *sentiment* of love which carried people through courtship, but they must depend upon the *principle* of love to carry them through marriage. It often seemed as if this *sentiment* of love had been killed by the antagonism of the earlier periods of married life; but if the *principle* were developed by unswerving truth and loyalty to each other, under whatever temptation to the contrary, the *sentiment* would in time revive again, and the love and life would be transfigured.

I was greatly comforted by my talks with Aunt Abigail: they gave me hope for the future, and I resolved to be as intensely loyal to Tom as any one could desire. We did not talk much about Philip Flanders, for I felt that neither Aunt Abigail nor Uncle Cyrus did him justice. I knew he had not done right: he ought not to have kissed me, and I never would let him again. I should

talk frankly with him about it all, and tell him that I now saw I had been more to blame than Tom, and that we had become very happy. He had meant to be kind to me: he was wretched and lonely; and, after all, his only fault was that he had too much heart. It would be hard and cruel to give him up: every man needed a strong matronly friend, and I would be—he was thirty-five and I twenty—one to him.

But of all these resolutions I said not a word to Aunt Abigail, nor yet to Uncle Cyrus, as I did not wish to encounter another "drat."

The day that Tom was to come was as perfect as June could make it. Uncle Cyrus took me to the station in his old country-wagon, with its high green "settle," for I wanted Tom to see it and take his first drive in it. The station was thronged, for it was now the middle of the month, and crowds of city people were coming up for the remainder of the season. We gathered at the end of the platform to catch the first glimpse of the train, which was when it came around a sharp bend in the road: then it disappeared, and we could not see it again till it was just at the station. The train was late, and I began to fear an accident.

What if I never should see Tom again? Such things had happened to others—why not to me? The thought brought a sharper pang than I had ever known; but no—all was right. "There it is!" cried the people; and we watched it make the curve. A bright cloud caught my eye—it was just sunset—and at that instant there came a sound of agony from the crowd, and I *saw* the cars dash off the steep embankment, turn over and over, and plunge into the river below.

My Tom was there. I had only written to him once, and now I *never* could write to him again! Everything reeled around me. There was a terrible hush for a moment, then a sound of mad riding, then I recognized the voice of the station-agent. He seemed to be screaming in my ears: "They can't save a soul: we never had such a smash-up on this

road." Then two men took hold of me, very gently, to carry me into the station.

"Poor thing!" said one, his voice sounding far away: "had she any friends in the train?"

"Her husband," replied Uncle Cyrus, and his voice trembled, though it was so far away I could hardly catch the sound—"only married six months." Then all was blank. When I came to myself, it seemed to be midnight: a single lamp was burning on the table in the "Ladies' Room," where I was, and the station was as still as the grave. I thought, with a shudder, that all the people were at the river. Then I felt hot tears raining on my face, and knew that some one was sobbing over me.

"Aunt Abigail," said I, feebly, "I am glad I wrote to Tom;" and his own dear voice replied,

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie! I thought I never should see you again."

Then Tom told how he was in the front passenger car, the only one that was saved. The curve was so sharp that he looked back as he felt a strange jar, and saw the two back cars plunge off: then he knew there was no hope. "I learned what prayer meant in that second, Maggie," said Tom, reverently.

Then he took me in his arms and carried me out: he would not let Uncle Cyrus help him, and I could not yet stand; and Tom took his first ride, after all, in the old wagon with the high green settle. It was only eight o'clock when we got home, though it had seemed so much like midnight to me.

That night, as I awoke Tom for the fortieth time, to make sure that he was really by my side, and not a mangled corpse among the whirling waters and sharp rocks of the river, I said, softly,

"Tom, I *will* go to the Episcopal church, and I *will* make a business of learning to find my place in the Prayer-Book."

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, "I have taken a pew in your church—I forgot to tell you: this terrible shock put everything out of my head. When I thought it was all over with me, I hoped you

would find it out, and know I wanted to please you."

"Oh, Tom," said I, beginning to cry. "you always wanted to please me;" and I privately resolved to take *The Origin of the Stars* "by the horns," as father used to say, and learn everything about oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen as soon as we got home.

"Don't cry so, Maggie," said Tom, "you'll be getting hysterical next. Now I will tell you some home-news that will surprise you and make you laugh: Philip Flanders is engaged."

I *was* surprised, though I did not laugh. If ever anybody "saw stars," I did then, but I knew their "origin" without going to Tom's book for it.

"Engaged!" said I, with an unnatural airiness in my tone: "to whom, pray?"

"Guess," said Tom—"some one that you know."

I could think of no one but Lizzy Plummer, and I would not guess her, for I never could bear her, because she could wear a boot half a size and a glove a quarter of a size smaller than I could; so I gave it up.

"Mrs. Harriet Monroe," said Tom, with great solemnity.

"Why, Tom!" I cried, sitting up in bed—"she is forty-five, at least, and so fat!"

"Yes," said Tom, pulling me back, "and she has a 'fat' purse, which is all Flanders cares for: they have been engaged for a year, and have only waited to secure some property which was to come to her at this time. They will be married and go abroad at once."

A year! Then he was engaged to her before and after he became my "lonely," "wretched" "more than friend!"—all the time that he was singing with me and admiring my slender, willowy figure, and she so fat! He whose only fault had been that he had too much heart—whose misfortune and misery had been that he had met me *too late*—was going to marry an oldish widow for *money*.

Well, he had secured a strong matronly friend: I was glad, I was sure, or at least I ought to be. If my proposed occupation was gone, I should be at liberty to devote myself to Tom with a

clear conscience, or at least as clear as it could be under the circumstances.

"Do you know, Maggie," said Tom, "that James Roberts once tried to make me jealous of you and Flanders?"

"Of me?" said I, faintly.

"Yes," replied he. "Roberts came to me one day and said, 'Tom, isn't Flanders at your house a good deal?' 'Yes,' said I, 'he is: he is a help to Maggie about her music.' 'I thought he was there pretty often,' returned Roberts, 'for I have happened in several times when you have been at the club, and have always found Flanders. He is a confounded flirt, and if I had a young and pretty wife, I would not trust him with her. I would stay at home from the club and take care of her.'"

"Is he a flirt?" I interrupted.

"Oh yes," replied Tom—"particularly with married women. Roberts said he had made untold misery in a great many families. His 'dodge' was to make each woman believe that he was lonely, wretched and dying for sympathy, but that he should never marry, because he had not met her till it was too late."

Oh, wasn't I glad that I had never kissed Philip, and that his one passionate kiss had been a complete surprise to me?

Tom went on: "'I am much obliged to you, Roberts,' said I, when he had said all he had to say, 'but I do not choose to give up my club, and I can trust my little wife with any man.'"

"And so you can, Tom—so you can!" I cried, in a sudden gush of remorseful tenderness. "I always hated James Roberts: I wish he was dead."

"Oh, he meant well enough," said Tom, drowsily, "only in this case he made an ass of himself, and he saw that I thought so."

Then Tom gave me one kiss more and we went to sleep; and that was the last of our "incompatibility," though we still have some pretty sharp differences; and I suppose we shall so long as Tom is a sandy-complexioned man, with reddish-brown hair and fiery hazel eyes, while I have jet-black hair, and eyes which do not wait for long provocation before they flash.

Perhaps, when the hair is white, and the eyes are dim and look through spectacles, if we should live together so long—and God grant we may!—an Indian summer with bright tints indeed, but soft haze and quiet light, will come to us, as it has to Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Abigail.

A. W. H. HOWARD.

WITH THE YAM-EATERS.

TO enter the piney woods of Mississippi is like returning to North Carolina. To pass through them without eating roast yams and buttermilk is like passing through North Carolina without eating some hominy and a chine of bacon. To receive a positive answer of *yes* or *no* in them is like being saluted before you salute in North Carolina. To think of them apart from a bowl of strong waters is like thinking of North Carolina disconnected from a snuff-swab.

How dreary, skinny, stale and flat is

Eastern Mississippi in the winter! Between the ancient pine which blazons the border, and Meridian, the whole starveling narrative to Pearl river is condensed.

There is the fallow, ashen or yellowish soil, full of ague seeds and an unmeasured potentiality of yams and ugly spiders. There are the wide flats beneath the pines, with struggling wisps of broom-grass, where the sullen hiss or rattle of reptiles makes a sudden fluttering faintness in the blood; and black

swamps among the cypresses, full of miasmas, and fevers, and all biliousness. There comes up now and then the dank breath of the swamps: a passing cloud intercepts the sunlight, as

"The sudden sun,
By fits effulgent, gilds the illumined field,
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along;"

the pinched pine leaves sough in a sort of cold blue shudder; and Nature herself seems to be having the ague. Then comes the relapse. The sun's rays stream down in a kind of yellow, aguish glare, squatting and shimmering on the fences like fever-stricken witches, and blinking among the pines like the squinting eyes of imps. Now the pines move with an uneasy stir, as a fever patient sighs at times and rustles the covers of his couch as he tosses in his burning.

At evening, when the sun is set, the small frogs in a neighboring bog set up their shrill, monotonous piping for spring. They wriggle among the flags and long rotting grasses and floating scum, thrust out their cold green noses, and wink little silvery winks in the moonlight. Then the faint, tepid air, prelude spring, floats through the open windows, alternating in sickly clouds of cool and warm.

Such is Eastern Mississippi in February in its gaunt, sallow ugliness.

It was the warmest hour of the afternoon when I reached Meridian. Standing among the pines, in the midst of such a dreary flat as I have mentioned, it seemed to have chopped only so many trees as were built into itself, and yet, with the strange fecundity of the piney woods, was already a bustling city. All the business nucleus of it was of little frame houses, each with elbows akimbo, holding all its neighbors aloof. But all the suburbs were a nebulous cincture of log-cabins, with stick-and-clay chimneys—a rim of the war around a heart of reconstruction. The inn where I stopped was a great, square, unpainted tenement, old and tottering, with a deep veranda above and below, and enjoying the distinguished honor of being the only house which escaped Sherman's brand. It stood, all gray and *linton*, and swagging

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under the weight of years, among its mushroom neighbors, smirking in white paint, like an awakened Rip Van Winkle in the gaping crowd of villagers.

In the very small room devoted to the guests there was a miscellaneous crowd—from the trig young lawyer, in a suit of black and flippant with scraps of Byron, to the lank, sallow woodman, still wearing his Confederate coat with brass buttons. Their whole talk was of pistols, and indictments, and bail-bonds.

One was soliciting signatures to a testimonial of character, which he hoped would be efficacious in an impending trial. He had, at the hour of midnight, pursued his enemy through the streets, and, as he turned into an alley, shot him to the ground. He rode close beside him, leaned far over in his saddle, and when he heard his stertorous breath still gurgling in his blood, shot him through the temple, where God's pure moonlight lay bright upon it. Yet he had three hundred signatures, and a third of them of women! Such a choleric word may a "high-toned" young Mississippian speak, which in a lumpish oaf of the piney woods were flat blasphemy.

Against this foul instance I set another more pleasing. As we sat on the long benches beside the supper-table, I noticed that one of the servants, a boy about nineteen, with good Caucasian features, though perfectly black, was paying me particular assiduities. Standing at a respectful distance from my chair, he seemed to watch me only, and to anticipate my slightest wish before it was expressed. He brought me unasked the tenderest cuts, the sweetest and juiciest yams, the puffiest waffles, and whatever little kickshaws in their rude larder he counted dainty. I became interested in him and asked him his name. Thus encouraged, he told me that when he caught the first glimpse of my face he thought it was his young master risen from the dead, and he could hardly believe otherwise till he saw I did not notice him. His master had hurried among the first to the wars of the rebellion, and on the disastrous field of Antietam greatly fallen in his place; but

as he lay dying he whispered to his comrade a message for his wife, in which he manumitted all his slaves, mentioning Drake by name. As he told me this his voice became low and tremulous, and the tears gathered in his great dark eyes until they brimmed full over. He begged me, for the likeness I bore his beloved young master—"for," said he, "I know you will treat me kindly, as he did"—to permit him to share my journey. He would cheerfully walk with me through all perils, not only to California, but to the ends of the world. My pain at being compelled to deny him this trifling boon was only less than his; and when next morning I took poor Drake by the hand and spoke a last word, he wept like a child.

At Meridian terminated the march of Sherman's Ten Thousand; and there began his *Katabasis* to Vicksburg. All these villages and grimy towns, over which he drew his long firebrand—Meridian, Pelahatchie, Brandon, Jackson, Clinton—how they have gained strength by touching the ground! Barring the wanton destruction of private property, it was wholesome. Weather-worn, gray, swagging, they gave their tinder of piney beams and of shingles to the fining-fire; and from their embers they rose, by a greater than mediæval alchemy, in the whiteness of paint, springing clean and bright from flat destruction. These are Americans! No other people on earth would hew fresh rafters from the woods before the old were done smouldering. If the South would only lay the topmost brick on the chimney as well as it plasters the hearth!

Ten days a North Carolinian immigrant fells trees in the piney woods, choosing goodly stems far and wide, and flattens them on two sides. On the eleventh there come to him men out of the unbroken depths of the forest, by paths discernible to their eyes alone, in such numbers that one asks in astonishment, Whence do they all come? In a single busy day the logs are carried together, notched, saddled, laid in place and crowned with unhewn rafters. In a few days more the owner lays and weights

the shingles, knits a chimney with sticks, daubs the chinks with interstitial clay, and mortises a bedstead into the corners.

After a short interval the neighbors, summoned by some mysterious sylvan telegraphy, assemble again in the same unaccountable numbers, and the piney forest lays another egg. This tenement, though more pretentious than the other, rises even sooner, as if by magic, like the Miltonic temple reared in Pandemonium. It is embellished, too, with a clapboard gable; and has above the door a smooth-shaven shingle, bearing the universal legend of Mississippi—"Gem Saloon." Its bright golden face, softly wrinkling with aromatic boards, smiles a rich, ripe smile upon the thirsty wayfarer, inviting him to the delusive feast. No Mississippian can resist the blandishments of that smile.

From that day dates the nativity of the village. The meeting-house comes long after. As months and years pass on, Time touches that ample forehead with a mellow tint; and the golden hair, parted so straight across the brow, turns to auburn, and then to the linden gray of decline. It gives place at last to its successor, a weather-boarded house—very long, squat and narrow, with the square white gable and a little board awning universal in Mississippi.

The second public building in order is the grocery; third, a second saloon; fourth, a tavern; then a smithy, etc. But still the little town scarcely has breathing-room among the pines, for each citizen only cuts into the forest enough for a garden-place. Like a captive thrust down into an ancient round-tower, it lies languishing at the bottom of this donjon which the axe has bored in the mighty forest. Like plants in a darkened cellar reaching pally up toward the light, Mississippians grow taller than their fellows. At last the meeting-house is built, high-perched on posts. Comfortless as it is, with its painless wainscoting and pulpit, and stiff, hard benches, where children are thrust back till their little legs project forward straight as tenpins, the winter evenings bring together an unaccountable throng of youths

to breathe the rudiments of music as they unite with the singing-master in a solemn whine. Whence do they all come?

In the course of years a Georgia railroad engineer, with tape and theodolite, passes through the village, and months afterward he is followed by the asthmatic horse. This should be a prophecy of light, but still the village lingers, yellow and dingy, in its evergreen prison. Every day the locomotive reels over its uncertain course out of the forest, alongside the platform, pauses amidst a crowd of waxen, aguish-looking children, kinky-headed negroes, dogs and squeaking pigs; then plunges again into the forest. I hear the unaccustomed traveler, as he stands on the rear platform and measures the crowd with his eyes, ask in amazement, Whence do they all come?

At length the old barn-like tavern, built upon metropolitan expectations, swags and cracks in the middle, the chairs punch through the rain-rotted veranda, and swine crawl at night beneath the bar-room and emit dolorous noises at uncertain intervals. Still the larva village does not burst its forest shell. Huge ox-wains come and go, groaning beneath their baled portions of Mississippi's great fleece; and these lie upon the platform, puffing and swelling in their kingly pride of heart, shredded by boys and mouldering in the rain. And still the wonder grows, and still the question is, Whence do they all come?

How did Sherman ever find all these villages? How does the sun find them in Lent? Is it because *it* finds them more seldom that the *ague* finds them more often?

Between Meridian and Jackson there stretches a continuous wood, a "silent sea of pines," all islanded with gray, where the swamps send up the taller cypresses; and here, in this cheerless month, the green waves of the pines beat upon these wooded shores their dreary requiem to the dead year. Here, too, is the tender myrtle, and the great-leaved magnolia, and the ensanguined sweet-gum. Here the cypress roots, prowling wide beneath the black waters, kink sud-

denly up among the green-robed trees into long warts, bald and branchless as mile-stones. Vast trunks of cypress, felled by the axe or the storm, have seized in their long arms branches and neighboring trees, and dragged them down into mighty ruin. They lie in the black morass, rotting in the darkness, a refuge for bats and ghostly screech-owls, while parasite vines, yellow and blistering with poison, warm their roots beneath the bark and fatten on decay.

It was not till I came within sight of the stupid cupola of the capitol itself that I left the pines. In a minute more I stood upon the bank of that narrow, filthy misnomer, the Pearl, where it wriggles along under the gloomy cypresses. I knew by the color of its current that I had reached the Mississippi Valley, which at this point is separated from the pine woods with the greatest sharpness. When the moist Hyades of winter arouse it into a passion, it does not rasp the hills and run down all gory, like the rivers of Georgia; but, aping its great brother, flows with the mild and benignant futility of soap-suds. The peaceful old Father of Waters will tolerate no such bloody doings in his dominions. Neither will he suffer any mendicant of Nature to inhabit them. Fifty miles he stretches out his arm across the continent, and waves his banner of plenty in the very face of the legions of poverty, the grim pines.

Jackson is the first city really in the West. Here I found that regal and contemptuous largeness of traffic, that sublime scorn of small moneys, that roundness of prices, that complacent and lordly indifference of seller toward buyer whether he purchases or not, and that pride which disdains to ask the price, so characteristic of the Southwest. Almost burned and stamped out of existence as a business place, Jackson was still the coolest city I had passed. It united the poverty of the piney woods to the assurance of the rice-swamps.

Jackson forgets that it stands ever within sight of the piney woods, and that the Mississippi is still far distant. Its site is nothing, its traffic is nothing: it

has only politics, mixed drinks and indictments. In all these it excels, but specially in the first. Nowhere else in the Union do men so frequently and abundantly assert the inalienable prerogative of every American—the right to frame and pass a resolution. Nowhere else are the people so devoted to principles, for every candidate has one. Every principle also has a candidate. Georgia is ruled by farmers; Alabama, by scholars; but Mississippi, by politicians.

Immediately west of Jackson the plateau begins to heave into long, lazy ground-swells, as when a harbor stirs uneasily with the motion of a storm without. From Jackson to Vicksburg these swells, mostly parallel with the Mississippi, run continually higher and higher.

The soil is here the famous Miami loam, and bears magnificent forests of beeches in the russet robes bequeathed by the dead year; sweet-gums, still flickering with snatches of flame; oaks, elms and hollies. Broad cotton-fields stretch rolling away where once the whitening balls gave abundant promise of cloth.

But the land is still sick, deadly sick, with the poison of battles. As far around as the thunder of Grant's siege-guns echoed in the still summer night, it slumbers yet in a stunned torpor. All the fields are unfenced, untended and silent, save here and there where a solitary negro whacks his braying mule in the furrows. Orange-groves, whose leaves wink bright and silvery in the morning, and yet seemingly so lonesome and languishing in their motions, like loving eyes unloved, are companions only to blackened chimneys. Or perhaps there crouches among these ruins a grotesque but built of fragments, in which sumptuous paintings embellish a room like a sty, while the piano shines in absurd grandeur between the dresser and the pot-rack. All through the woods, from the Big Black onward, there are crowds of graves or trenches, dugged in haste at midnight by the flicker of the yellow torch or the uncertain flash of the cannonade. There the unreturning

dead of that sad, sad war sleep side by side, Unionist with rebel—the frenzied struggle, the shout, the moan, the muttered prayer forgotten in a common grave—all mustered now alike by Winter in the sere uniform of Death. The moonlight reveals by the roadside long ranks of boxes, warping and yawning in the tepid air, awaiting removal to the Vicksburg cemetery. The graves whence they were exhumed stare blackly at the placid moon—the eyeless sockets of the dead earth. A bull-bat sends out its guttural, dismal croak from a neighboring tree, and the flies which I disturb buzz about with a lonesome droning, as in the sickening green air of a charnel-house. All the faint air of night is sick with an old and horrible corruption, as if here the obscene demon of Pestilence shook off its pinions the effluvia of its yellow lair.

As I approach Vicksburg, the parallel ridges become steeper, and the road winds up and down by easy grades, while the locomotive first plunges through a deep perpendicular cut, and then bowls across a tressel fifty or seventy feet above the narrow valley. The trees gradually disappear, until there is nothing but coppices in the ravines. Long lines of earthworks troop along the yellow crests, crumbled by rains and palisaded with dry weeds: shattered shells and muskets lie rusting in the trenches. Already I am treading on ground more sacred than Trojan dust.

Crest rises over yellow crest before me, sweeping in a vast, irregular arc around the city. Nature herself, like Minerva with the Greeks, in that memorable battle-summer made auxiliary war on yon proud citadel of the Mississippi. All along these giant billows which she hurled against it are the sodded breakers of battle; and there, where human wave met wave and the spray of bayonets fiercely flashed, the early grass grows greener from its bloody watering.

A few steps farther brought me to the renowned place, half-way down one of the slopes, where two men sat under a tree and broke a celebrated backbone. Vandals had chipped the plain marble

monolith, which was removed, and a cannon, poised on the pedestal, and staring with its grim eye toward heaven, marked the place. May the republic never seek to commemorate a triumph of brother over brother by any other monuments than those erected to its dead!

Nearer the city the road swept through perpendicular cuts, which occurred even on the brow of the hill; and here in these steep, stark walls were the caverns dug during the bombardment. Crouching there like the early Christians in the niches of the Catacombs, the people counted through weary nights the slow pulse-beats of the cannonade, or listened breathless to its awful tumult by day. They heard the stupendous how-w-w-w of the sixty-four-pounder, the keen ping-g-g-g of the rifle-ball, and that most diabolical sound of battle, the infernal ragged yell of bursted bombs—whew-zz-zu—whish-e-ye—woop! They saw the red shells come and go in long and gleaming lines; they saw the bloody stretcher carried past; they heard at midnight the crash and sudden shriek from some stricken chamber. Vicksburg shudders yet at these hideous memories; nay, it is itself one great ghastly shudder of hills, a perennial geologic death-rigor.

A minute more and I stand upon the highest hill, which is crowned by the court-house. Looking down two hundred feet into the huge, sooty chimneys of the steamboats, I can almost see their flaming bowels of fire. Over on the opposite shore, Grant's grim dogs of war,

squatted on their haunches, bayed deep-throated thunder at the doomed city, while the musket-blazing crests in the rear wrapped it in a sheet of level flame. Beginning at that shore, the low flats of Louisiana stretch away westward, northward and southward, league upon league, until they lose themselves beneath the immeasurable span of heaven. Far off, across that haze, I see where the Father of Waters, coming down from the frozen North, reads his long argument for the Union. He rolls his vast flood southward, as if forgetting the Hill City, to a point due westward; then doubles grandly backward, then eastward; flows in a slow and solemn march toward the soldiers' cemetery beneath the hill, where he turns again southward, chafing his mighty flank, as if in affection, almost against the serried graves, and chanting an eternal requiem to the asserters of his freedom; hews his giant highway in the hillside; then sweeps before the city in the pride of his greatness.

I stand upon the brow of the ancient East. Across the partitioning flood of the Mississippi it scowls down at the youthful West, and wrinkles its ugly, sal-low brow in the impotent rage of senility at beholding the ample and placid forehead of the young giant across the river. The East clutches again for a moment the sceptre of barrenness which had been wrenched from its gripe, and in its expiring moments creates its ugliest and most monstrous—Vicksburg.

STEPHEN POWERS.

THE EAST: HOW I ENTERED AND HOW I LEFT IT.

EASTERN travel, like travel everywhere on this exhausted globe of ours, has no longer the interest of novelty, and unless one goes, as a dear friend of mine has lately, to that odd, secluded corner of the world whence our race came and visits Tiflis and Poti, or the mountains of Armenia, or wanders down the Tigris or Euphrates, there is no chance of telling the public anything new. And yet, are there not bright memories of Oriental adventure and Oriental scenes which may bear to be put on paper, and may have an interest for those who have shared and seen them, and those who have not? Let me tell of the great gateways of the East—how I entered them and how I left them.

On the morning of the 7th of September, 185-, after seventy days of sea monotony, with no sight of Mother Earth except the sand and pebbles picked up by the sounding-lead off the coast of Brazil, my uneasy slumbers—for in approaching land neither passenger nor navigator has quiet rest—were broken by a message to come on deck, for there was something worth seeing. And there was! There, in the dim, orange-tinted dawn of a spring morning—for September is spring in those latitudes—with the moon sinking in the west and the morning star over the mountains in the east—there was Africa, the "Cape of Storms," or, in that gentler phrase—one of the most beautiful I know of which has survived so long—the Cape of *Good Hope*. There was Africa—that vast continent, one quarter of the globe—with its fringes of civilization, its Carthage and Egypt in ancient days, its Algiers and this green spot at the far south now; but still Africa, on which the primeval power rests, and from which no mortal power can take the curse. And as I gazed on the scene of beauty, and as the Table Mountain and the ranges of hills—for the dim ridges seemed to rise to vast

distances to the north—swelled up before me, I could not but think of the mysterious destiny which haunts this continent, and of the translated miseries it has engendered, and of the freight of sorrow and suffering which the cupidity of Old England and the delegated, intensified greed of New England has sent across the ocean. And then, in the light of that poetic dawn, I thought of the heroic adventurer who, more than three hundred years ago, came hither in a humble craft as the herald of Occidental conquest, and of the sublime imagining of the poet of Portugal—of the Genius of Asia rising from the Ocean, and, as if prescient of the Future, warning him away.

We drew near the land, and the anchor dropped and the salute was fired, and there was mysterious silence in return; and the tragic message came to us that a bloody mutiny of black men against white men, of servants of an alien race against their masters, had burst forth, and that the great fabric of British empire in India, with its black, subsidized population, was tumbling down in bloody ruin. There were not left at the Cape artillerymen enough to fire a salute. And we went on shore and rested in a wilderness of flowers; for such is Southern Africa, the land of the ferns, and the bulbs, and the geraniums and the roses, with the orange trees in full blossom and the camellias just over.

What idea had I, or have you, gentle, well-educated reader, now of Southern Africa and this its capital? Hottentots and Caffres and Fingoes and elephants and ourang-outangs were my ideals. I certainly never dreamed of a picturesque town with wide, well-shaded streets and public squares, and libraries, and botanic gardens singularly beautiful, and omnibuses and hansom cabs, and brilliant equipages, and pretty, bright-eyed, fair-cheeked women; certainly not of an

easy journey into the interior over good roads carried up steep mountain slopes by gentle gradients, and lovely villages, such as Paarl and Wellington, and vineyards like good Mr. Cloete's at Constantia, and hearty welcomes in one's mother-tongue everywhere. Not that the traces of the early colonists, the Dutch, are wholly effaced. Far from it. The village names attest their existence yet; and he who drives into Stellenbosch—a perfect Paradise of white roses—at two o'clock in the afternoon, and finds, as I did, all the inhabitants asleep, will not doubt that Dutch repose is still unbroken.

Then onward we sped our journey across the wild Indian Ocean, and close by the mysterious and untenanted islets of St. Paul and Amsterdam, with their extinct volcanoes—a sort of testimony that there was no more need of destruction where there was nothing left to destroy; and on to Java—the Eden of the East; through the Straits of Sunda and the China Seas, with their wild typhoons, the memory of which, and the agonizing thought of those I had left at home and whom I never expected to see again, have hardly faded yet; and then we reached the haven where we would be;—and thus I entered the Eastern World!

On the 8th of February—nearly two years later—I passed another gateway of the East coming home, and the morning dawn in the Red Sea showed me Mount Horeb and Mount Sinai, the Tomb of Aaron, and the spot where Moses face to face held communion with the Almighty, and whence he came with “his face shining.”

And now let me for one moment pause and note an illusion which this pilgrimage of mine utterly destroyed. Till I saw these ancient and sacred and classic spots I had imagined that actual contact with them, their obscure ruin, their rust and filth and deformity, and the presence of usurping, hideous infidels (for such to me, I confess, all pagans are), would weaken faith. It was exactly the reverse. Let any one stand in Rome under the Arch of Titus, and see the sculp-

ture of the captive Jews and the shew-bread and the seven-branched candlestick as fresh as yesterday, though carved eighteen centuries ago, and he will believe. And when I looked at Horeb and Sinai in their silent desolation, I did not care if antiquaries doubted and disputed about details: the Genius of the place was on me, and my faith in sacred story was firmer and steadier than ever it had been at home, from the happy days of nursery credulity through all the phases of mild skepticism which every man is conscious of.

On the same day we went from Suez to Cairo across the Desert, where the Israelites had so much trouble, and over which, amidst the bones of camels and dromedaries, memorials of disused modes of transit, we were whirled in railroad cars said to have been made at Springfield, Massachusetts! And then the Desert! What ideas had I—or have you, reader—of a desert? Every one knows how difficult it is to retain one's antecedent imaginings when the reality is present, and I do not pretend to say what I once fancied a desert to be. I found it a mass of smooth white sand as far as the eye could reach. As you approach Cairo, the signs begin to show themselves of the great struggle between the Desert and the Nile's fertility: the sand thrown up by some opposing force into irregular conical hills (and no doubt the shape of the Pyramids was taken from these sand-hills), and then a new range of elevations of the most picturesque form conceivable; all white sand, wreathed like snow-drifts and quite as graceful and beautiful, where the fight seems to have ended and fertility to have conquered; for soon after there are a few stunted, dusty trees, and then Cairo and its minarets rising out of the Desert as out of the sea; and then the Pyramids, ruddy at a distance in the light of the Egyptian sun; and the Mosque of Ali, where the Mamelukes were butchered; and the Nile, and Alexandria, and the Pharos, and the Tomb of Saint Mark, and all that is left of the Great Temple, the sole survivor of the four hundred columns which as late as the twelfth

century—only six hundred years ago, a mere yesterday compared with the Pyramids—were lying round in fresh ruin.*

And then Malta and the dark, mysterious Catacombs, down which the traveler is guided by an ancient and very rusty monk carrying a torch, and trying to explain his theory of those strange caverns—at the best not very clear, and to me more perplexed than to any one, for my reverend friend could speak neither English nor French, and I no Italian or Maltese; and so was driven to the grim necessity of digging with painful effort out of the catacombs of memory fragments of my buried Latin, and striving to solve under these difficulties the antiquarian puzzle of these mystical remains.

And then Sicily, and the first glimpses of Calabria; and Vesuvius and Pompeii; and at last—to my mind the great

* "In the twelfth century, while the Crusaders were ravaging Syria, a learned physician of Bagdad, named Abdallatif, visited Egypt, and dwelt a considerable time there. He afterward wrote an admirable account of what he saw therein, and his work has been translated by some Arabic scholars. The best translation is by De Sacy (Paris, 1810). Abdallatif tells us that the column, now called by us Pompey's Pillar, which is so finely seen from the sea, was called by the Arabs 'the Pillar of the Colonnades;' that he had himself seen above four hundred columns of the same material lying on the margin of the sea; and he tells us how they came there. He declares that the governor of Alexandria, the officer put in charge of the city by Saladin, had overthrown and broken up these columns to make a breakwater. 'I have seen,' says he, 'all round the Pillar of the Colonnades considerable remains of these columns—some entire, some broken.' It was evident that these columns had been covered by a roof and cupola, which they supported."—*Relation de l'Égypte*, liv. i., ch. 4, as quoted by Miss Martineau, *Eastern Life*, vol. i., p. 13.

spectacle of all, dear to me as having given the purest and highest intellectual (or, if you please, sentimental) enjoyment I ever remember to have had—ROME itself: Rome, seen for the first time in the bright tints of an Italian winter sunset from the hills of Albano. And bear in mind, I visited these scenes not as the ordinary traveler on the beaten track from West to East, approaching Italy through the glittering capitals of Western Europe, but as one coming from the hideous East, where, though many a natural prospect pleases, man and his works are certainly very vile; where there is no historical association; where picturesque art has no existence, and where, from the weird cave of Elephantia to the Great Wall of China (for I passed almost from the one to the other), there is no single structure or erection of the hand of man—none at least within my range of vision—which is not repulsive. Fancy a traveler, after a wayfaring purgatory like this, standing amid the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, at the Tomb of Raphael or under the dome of Saint Peter's, and some idea may be formed of the emotions which I have sought to describe. My heart bowed down in gratitude then, as it does now, that these visions of beauty, these realities of intellectual enjoyment, had been vouchsafed to me.

Thus I began and thus I ended my Eastern travel. In the interval there were incidents and scenes of which I may write hereafter. This is a small installment of a traveler's garrulity.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ABDUCTION.

"Magnetism has been made, by turns, a trade, a pastime; a science, a philosophy, a religion: a lover's go-between and a physician's guide."—DELAAGE.

IN the study at Rosebank, on a Saturday afternoon, some ten days after Tyler's death.

"Is it possible, Mr. Creighton?" said Sydenham. "It sounds more like some coincidence invented to help out the plot of a novel than an incident in real life. What a strange chance!"

"Is there such a thing as chance?" replied Creighton. "We are wonderfully made: are we not also wonderfully led sometimes? What so strange as truth and God's economy! But are you sure as to the name?"

"Terence pronounced it Cunningem, and called him Sir Charles."

"It must be the same," Creighton said, referring to a paper before him: "*Charles Conynghame, Baronet.*"

"So that scoundrel Cranstoun could not keep to the truth even about so simple a matter as a name. Dunmore, he told Celia, the guardian's name was."

"He was afraid we might forestall him—writing first, or by the same post as himself."

"The suit is in Sir Charles' own name?"

"Yes. He takes Miss Ellinor's death, it seems, for granted."

"So, then, she is the heir?"

"As against him, certainly; but if my view of the law in the case—and Mr. Marshall's too, by the way—be correct, Miss Celia is co-heir, and the sisters will divide equally."

"The sisters! I can scarcely realize it."

"Mr. Cranstoun, however, would say your ward was excluded from the succession."

"Celia will be delighted."

"That's a great deal to say for any one, Mr. Sydenham."

"So it is, but you will find I am right."

Creighton's face flushed with pleasure: "It does one good to meet with a nature so noble as that."

"Did you know that Ellinor's name was Talbot?"

"No. And she never told me her guardian's name—only the general incidents of her story. I knew her only as Miss Ethelridge. Good that Terence peeped through that keyhole: how else should we have known what a heroine the young lady is? And then his deposition as to her identity is the very thing. But first I must see her, to make sure there's no mistake."

That same Saturday morning Celia entered Ellinor's room in riding equipment. "Another French scholar," she said—"Ellen Tyler. I've just been to see the poor girl. What suffering there is in this world!"

"Occupation is the surest alleviation. I'm glad she is coming to us."

"How does the list of scholars stand now?" asked Celia as Ellinor set down Ellen's name. "Is it up to what it was when I joined you?"

"Not quite, I see: five less—that's all. Good Mr. Sydenham's kind word at the Mite was help in time of need."

"And Lela's, the darling! But I've something more to tell you, Ellie. I've had *such* a time with dear auntie! I never saw her so near being downright angry with me before. I shall have to give up, I'm afraid, and you must help me."

"I wish I had been there to see."

"You needn't laugh. I had got aunt persuaded to let me pay Mr. Hartland a hundred dollars a year for my board, and eighty more for Bess. Now that it is her own house she rebels, and says if I won't accept my board and Bess' keep from my mother's sister, she'll never forgive me as long as she lives."

"She is in good circumstances, and

you owe her that kindness. You must agree to it, dear child."

"On one condition. I'll be a good girl if you will too. See here, Ellie! I wanted to help you in the school, and I've been nothing but a millstone about your neck."

"Indeed! I'd like to have a few more such. I had no idea millstones were such pleasant wear."

"It's serious, Ellie: don't put me out. Suppose Bess and I stay with auntie for nothing. Mr. Sydenham pays me a hundred and fifty dollars a year for Leoline's lessons; and I can't, with any propriety, spend more than that on dress and knickknacks."

"So you want to violate our articles of partnership, and make me take all the profits?"

"What a darling you are to guess it so nicely! Precisely, my dear: that's just it."

"You know, Celia—you *know* I can't do that."

"Indeed I don't. But I'll tell you what I do know. If you stand out against me, I'll stand out against auntie—I will. So you may take your choice. Then I want to whisper something in your ear."

"Be reasonable, Celia—"

"Certainly, if you will only listen. Strike, but hear!"

"Well?"

Celia whispered: "It's all in the family, my dear. Ethan will be auntie's heir. If I don't pay auntie, Ethan will lose a hundred and eighty dollars a year. That's all the same as if Mrs. Ethan lost it: 'they twain shall be one flesh,' you know. I'd be getting paid twice, Ellie: is that what you call reason? Then how are you going to buy that furniture? Ethan tells me his secrets sometimes."

"You are too bad!" But Ellinor took the laughing girl in her arms and caressed her and kissed her and called her pet names, till neither could refrain from tears. What they both cried for I don't exactly know.

After a while Celia said: "There are two sisters, Ellie—at least they made an

agreement they were to be sisters. I think the elder will be married soon. I don't believe the younger will ever marry—not for many years, at all events; and she has more than enough to live on comfortably. Now do you think it's just the sisterly thing for these two to keep such strict accounts that the elder can't have what she needs for wedding-things and to do a little toward house-furnishing, because the younger may possibly need some money ten years hence?"

"Ten years, Celia? You're going to make him wait that length of time?"

"Whom?"

A knock at the door and Nelly came in: "Mr. Creighton, Miss Ellinor, for to see ye."

"In a minute or two, Nelly, please tell him." Then, when the girl had gone: "If you don't know, Celia, or if Nelly did not stumble on the answer, then I can't pretend to guess. Wait for me, won't you, dear?"

In quarter of an hour she returned pale and agitated.

"What has Mr. Creighton been telling you? Bad news, Ellie?"

"No." Then, after a pause, "I ought to be glad."

"And yet you're sorry. You'll tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Yes, dear. I promised you I would, some day." She drew Celia to the sofa, retaining her hand.

"After mother's death I had a guardian—a rich man, not a good one—Sir Charles Conynghame. Mr. Creighton came this morning to know from me if that *was* his name. I don't know why: not from idle curiosity, he said, and that he would tell me more to-morrow. He had heard the name, it seems, from a man who once saved me—saved me I mustn't think from what—at my utmost need: a brave, good young fellow, the father of little Derry and Kathleen. Strange that I didn't know him again when he brought them to school!"

"Terence, the Irishman, who manages Mr. Sydenham's farm?"

"Yes; but I must go back to my story." Her gaze, as she paused, seem-

ed exploring some mysterious distance. Celia knew, as she looked at those eyes, how sad the recollections must be.

"How happy you were, Celia," Ellinor said at last, "to have had such a mother! Mine—but I dare say I was wayward and disobedient and hard to manage, or perhaps mamma was soured by some cross or grief. It's terrible to say, but I don't remember one really happy day at home. I *had* happy days, but they were spent with Cousin Constance. She was ten years older than I; and my idea of angels in heaven was that they must be like her. One childhood's recollection, standing out from all the rest, is my being dressed out in my first white silk frock—just seven years old then—for Constance's wedding. 'She's Lady Conyngame now,' my nurse whispered to me as the bridegroom placed the ring on her finger."

"She married your guardian, then?"

"Her husband afterward became my guardian—yes. I remember, when the marriage was over, I put my arms round the bride and told her, crying bitterly the while, what nurse had said, and asked her if she wasn't my cousin Constance any more. She smiled, then cried a little herself—which I thought was very strange on her wedding-day—and said she was my own very cousin Constance, and always would be till she died, and that there was nobody in all the world she loved as well as me. I suppose her husband didn't quite like that, but he took me up kindly and kissed me, and told me mamma had agreed that I should come and see Cousin Constance whenever I liked. 'Didn't you, Mrs. Talbot?' he said, appealing to her, and she assented."

"Mrs. Talbot?"

"Ah! I forgot. Mamma, who liked show and station, gave me three baptismal names—Mary Ellinor Ethelridge: Ethelridge was her maiden name. Constance always called me Ellie, and I only brought two of my four names with me to democratic America."

"Had Lady Conyngame children?"

"None—except me, she used to say. Mamma died when I was twelve years

old, making Sir Charles her executor and leaving me in his care, the property to go to him in case I died unmarried and without a will. I should have been perfectly happy with my cousin, only that, as I grew older, I saw that she was not happy. She had been over-persuaded to the marriage. Sir Charles was rich, indulgent, good-natured in a general way, but without any feeling deserving the name of love. He became a gambler, too, keeping dissipated company, and risking hundreds, if not thousands, on his favorite horses. Constance behaved admirably to him. He was proud of her, and grudged her nothing as long as the money lasted. But what sympathy, what companionship could there be? Some Frenchman talks of people who think themselves entitled to rank and fortune because they've taken the trouble of being born!* Well, my dear, Sir Charles was one of these."

"Poor Constance!"

"And if you had known, Celia, what a noble, loving darling she was! To me friend, sister, mother—teacher, too, and guardian. If I know anything, if I'm good for anything, it was her doing. I don't think one human being ever owed more to another than I to her. When I lost her—"

"She died?"

"When I was seventeen. We had been a year in Paris. The fashionable dissipation into which she was forced wore upon her, but far more her husband's increasing dissipation. Titled swindlers, professional gamblers, jockeys and stable-boys were his companions. He seemed to become daily more reckless, and was often embarrassed for money. Once, I remember, we had bailiffs in the house. But I think another grief wore on Constance's spirits more than all the rest. In some way—perhaps from himself, when flushed with wine—she must have come to know that he was using the money which as executor had been placed in his hands."

* "Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places; tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus."—BEAUMARCHAIS, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Acte V., Scène 3.

"Your property, Ellie?"

"Yes. Some eight or ten thousand pounds—I don't know the exact sum. On her deathbed, when delirious with fever, Constance spoke, in frenzied words which I shall remember to my dying day, of some terrible dishonor—some breach of trust of which her husband had been guilty. Suddenly she took me in her arms, lamenting over me in terms oh so pitiful!—then crying as if her very heart would break. Later I knew what it meant. I'm sure it hastened her death. Next morning—ah, Celia, I was never an orphan till then!"

Celia had taken Ellinor in her arms, and when a burst of grief, controlled up to that moment, had subsided, she asked her, "Had you to remain in Sir Charles' house?"

"What could I do? When we returned to London, his widowed sister, Mrs. Beaumont—hard, haughty, aristocratic in the worst sense—came to keep house for him. To her I was an encumbrance, and no day passed in which she did not make me feel it. I was far worse than alone. If a fervent longing could have brought death, I should soon have been with my lost darling again."

"You were spared to do good here, and for me to love you, Ellie."

"God overrules all, but in those days I had not learned to realize that. I fell into a weak, nervous state. The physician recommended exercise. To avoid driving out with Mrs. Beaumont, whom I hated, I went regularly to a noted riding-school not far off."

There she stopped. Celia guessed the reason. "If it pains you to go on, dear—" she began.

"I'm a coward: that's the truth. I linger over details, because the rest—Never mind, I want you to know it all."

"Well, Ellie?"

"The style of people who frequented our house after dear Conny's death changed much for the worse. Among them was one whom we had known while Constance was alive, and who had seemed to me, at first, better than most of the others. He was Sir Charles' intimate friend—Captain Halloran, of the

Guards. He was handsome, and I think may once have been good. I liked to talk to him more than he deserved: even then I used to be conscious that I did. Yet there was something genial and pleasant enough about him, except now and then when a certain look came over his face: I can't describe it, but it gave me the idea of a reckless, self-indulgent man. At other times I felt in his society quiet, satisfied, and, strange to say, often very drowsy."

"As I do, sometimes, near you, Ellie."

"Yes, dear. Once or twice in the evening I had to leave the drawing-room after talking with him, for I was actually afraid I should go to sleep. Yet it was some time before it occurred to me that he had anything to do with it: I thought it was only nervous weakness. One morning, when he called to see me, and when I pleaded my engagement at the riding-school as excuse for cutting short the visit, he begged so hard to accompany me that I yielded, though till then I had never allowed any one but a servant to attend me. During the lesson he remained in a small gallery overlooking the riding-arena, and to which gentlemen accompanying young ladies to the school were admitted. Once or twice during the hour I rode a sleepy fit came over me, so that the riding-master noticed it and asked me if I had not been up very late the night before. In returning home the unaccountable feeling so gained on me that I must have walked some distance in an unconscious state. The thundering rap which announced our return awoke me on the doorstep."

"What a wonderful thing!"

"When I thought it over, it recalled to me a discussion I had heard, a few evenings before, between Captain Halloran and several other gentlemen, but to which, at the time, I had paid little attention. They had spoken of human magnetism and its strange effects, and now it suddenly occurred to me that my drowsiness might be due to magnetic influence."

"Did you avoid him?"

"I never allowed him to go with me to the riding-school again; and I tried

to keep away from him as much as I could. But I found that a difficult thing to do. Several times, when he sat down by me and began to talk, I resolved, as soon as common politeness permitted, to rise and leave him. But when I tried to rise I felt that I had lost the power. It seemed to me as if he were telling me to sit still, and that I *had* to obey him. I felt, too, a sort of fascination, partly painful, partly pleasurable, in yielding to this mysterious authority."

"Poor Ellie!"

"I had a sense of danger, too; and had it been possible I would have left the house for some other where the captain could not reach me; for in his absence he was comparatively indifferent to me, and I had self-control enough left earnestly to desire that I might never see him again. But Sir Charles was the only relative I knew anything about—the only person, indeed, on whom I had any claim."

"Did Captain Halloran make love to you, Ellie?"

"About a year and a half after Lady Conynghame's death he proposed to me. With a strong effort I managed to refuse him; and very glad I was of it after he was gone. But he persisted, coming almost every evening, usually to dinner. Mrs. Beaumont, I saw, encouraged him. One day, when I felt that I grievously needed help, I asked him how he knew that Sir Charles would consent. Then it came out about my property. The captain said my guardian had squandered every penny of it, and of course would resist my marriage with any one. Then he professed that he cared nothing about the money: his father would 'come down handsomely,' he said, in case of marriage. But on my guardian's account it must be a private marriage—by special license. 'I have it here,' he said, taking a paper from his pocket. I've often wondered, Celia dear, how the poor little birds feel when the serpent's eye is on them and they can't even move a wing. When I read that license, it seemed to me like the fiat of doom. If I had had anybody to sustain me, I could have escaped. But everything

seemed crumbling around me, life valueless, and nothing worth striving for or striving against. I had, indeed, misgivings about my suitor, yet I felt a sense of protection, a soothing of nerves, when I was near him. All the other *habitudes* of the house were repulsive to me. Captain Halloran saw his advantage and pressed it, assuming my consent. I felt that I was giving up, half by attraction and half in despair."

"You agreed to marry him? Poor darling!"

"When it came to the point, and he told me, one afternoon, that he had a carriage a square off to take me to his aunt's, where the clergyman awaited us, I repented and flatly refused to go. To my surprise, he said it should be just as I pleased; he would wait my time and pleasure; he would speak to his servant and dismiss the carriage. How long he stayed after his return to the drawing-room I never knew, nor when nor how I left the house. I first awoke to a sense of my situation (as I had done in returning from the riding-school) at the loud rat-tat-at of a fashionable knock. I heard the captain swearing at his servant for making such a noise, and he looked uneasily at me. But I had presence of mind enough to express no surprise, and followed him submissively into the house, with one resolve on which I strove to concentrate my will—namely, not to suffer that stupor to return."

"Was the clergyman there?"

"A man with a hateful countenance, but scrupulously dressed in canonical robes. Then there was what *seemed*, at least, a lady, over-dressed, very condescending, and to whom the captain introduced me, calling her aunt: several younger ladies also, and a baronet, a friend of the captain, whom I had often met at our house. When the 'aunt' kissed me I shuddered. You will think me superstitious, I know, dear—"

"Perhaps not, Ellie."

"It came to me, I cannot tell how—I suppose a Swedenborgian would say—my interior sight was opened—it came to me, not in words I think, but flashing over my mind as if I had heard some

one whisper: 'No aunt, no clergyman: all false!' I turned suddenly to the woman, who spoke to me in what she meant for an affectionate style, introducing to me two of the young ladies dressed in white, who were to act, she said, as my bridesmaids. They also addressed to me some civil commonplaces. But something in the tone and manners of all three made me think they were not persons of position, accustomed to good society. The captain beckoned to the clergyman, who began the ceremony, speaking with a slight foreign accent, I thought. I let it go on till it came to the question whether I took this man to be my husband; and then to Halloran's utter astonishment—for I know he thought me still entranced—I answered with all the energy I could muster, 'No, I do not.'

"Brave darling! But what a terrible plot!"

"These things don't happen in novels only, Celia. The wonder is, that the strange control which animal magnetism gives is not more frequently abused. There was a pause when I came out with that unlooked-for denial, and I felt that Captain Halloran was exerting his utmost influence to throw me again into a somnambulant state. But either some mysterious guardian influence interposed, or my excited indignation enabled me to resist, for I succeeded in resisting.

"Go on," said the captain to the clergyman: "it was a mistake. Ask the question again." But before he had time to proceed I turned to the young baronet. "Sir George," said I, "a man of honor will not stand by and permit this."

"D—n it, Tom, this won't do," said he to the captain: "an elopement's all well enough, but a gentleman can't refuse a lady protection when she asks it."

"The captain turned white to the very lips with anger, but he choked it down and only said, 'You know she came here willingly, George.'

"Maybe," the other replied; "but a lady has the right to change her mind. Where do you wish to go to, Miss Talbot?"

"'Home,' I said, 'to Sir Charles'."

"'You hear?' said Sir George to the captain: 'it can't go on.'

"'Sir George,' cried Halloran, 'you shall answer for this.'

"All right, my good fellow," said Sir George, coolly. "But will you take her home, or shall I?"

"The captain, I saw, was furious, but after some hesitation he said that if the carriage was still in waiting, and if I insisted, he would escort me. With that he left the room. I expressed my gratitude to Sir George, and begged that he would see me safe out of the house. This, on the captain's return, he did, waiting till he heard the order given to the coachman: 'To Sir Charles Conyng-hame's.' Then I felt comparatively at ease again, having made up my mind to disclose the whole to my guardian, and to ask that Captain Halloran be forbidden the house. This threw me off my guard, particularly as the captain spoke in the most submissive terms, saying that he saw now that my aversion to him was unconquerable, and that it was useless to press his suit farther. As he said this I felt—and hated myself for feeling—that in spite of his gross misconduct, I had no aversion to him. On the contrary, I felt again that inexplicable attraction, and found myself seeking excuses for his behavior. It occurred to me that perhaps, in trance, I might have actually consented to leave Sir Charles' house; and then, as to the marriage, had I not seen the special license? This revulsion of feeling was dangerous—the more so, as we were in a coupé, single-seated, and I had no choice but to let the captain sit by me. He had lowered the blinds, which I was glad of, for I feared to be recognized as we drove along. Gradually that subtle influence began to steal over me again. The way seemed very long, but such was the fascination that I did not care how long it was. I felt as if I could go on so for ever. The last thing I remember was the thought that, though I was again sinking into trance, the knocking at Sir Charles' door would awake me."

"Did it?" asked Celia, eagerly.

"Alas, dear child! we never arrived there. When I awoke to partial consciousness we were ascending the stairs of a house that was unknown to me. It seemed to be divided into apartments after the foreign fashion. The door had been opened by Halloran's groom, whom I recognized; and in the passage I caught a momentary glimpse of a face—that of a servant in black—which I felt sure was the same repulsive countenance that belonged to the person who assumed to marry us. Then the whole base plot lay bare before me, and I knew that I had been brought, in trance, to Captain Halloran's private apartments."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Celia. "What *did* you do?"

Then Ellinor narrated to her friend the substance of the scene with which our readers are already familiar, ending with her escape, by Terence's aid, into the street.

"And then?" asked Celia, breathlessly.

"I hurried, I knew not whither, passing through street after street, and when darkness came on I found myself in a part of the city quite different from any I had ever seen—the streets narrow and dingy, the houses poor and dirty. It must have been some disreputable region, for, to my terror, I was several times accosted in a shocking manner by vulgar men, from whom I had the greatest difficulty in escaping. The bystanders offered me no aid: indeed, my alarm seemed to afford them amusement. Or perhaps it was my dress, so utterly out of place there. One ruffian, after talking to me in the most revolting terms, attempted by force to thrust me into a horrible-looking house. My screams brought a policeman to the spot. At first *he* seemed disposed to treat me with indignity also. But when I explained to him that I had lost my way, he became more respectful and offered to take me to the nearest stand for coaches. On the way a desperate resolve took possession of me. What explanation to my relatives was now possible? I *could* not face

my guardian and that insolent sister of his.

'Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!'

—these were the terrible lines that beat themselves into my brain. Yet I struggled for control as long as I was with the policeman, entering a cab, and, when he asked where the man should drive to, giving my guardian's address, in Grafton street, Piccadilly. Soon after, however, I stopped the cabman, asked which was the nearest of the bridges, and bade him drive there. He hesitated, muttering something about his fare. But when I produced a sovereign and insisted, he turned. I shuddered fearfully when I found he had obeyed my order. I seemed to hear the rebuke: 'You fear the face of man and affront the presence of God!' I had my hand on the cab window to lower it and call the driver. But Despair prevailed, ever recalling, with frighful iteration, the lines:

'Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!'

I was beside myself. I felt as if I were pursued by the Furies. Oh forgive me, darling!"

Celia could not reply for weeping.

"It's cruel, dear child," Ellinor resumed, "to grieve you so, but the rest is soon told. In the very act of springing from the bridge a friendly hand held me back. I turned, indignant at first, but when I met Mr. Creighton's honest, manly face, and heard a few words of gentle expostulation, the evil spirit was exorcised. Yet I was scarcely 'clothed in my right mind.' The remaining events of that night are phantasmagorical. I know we were roughly repulsed from several doors where Mr. Creighton sought to obtain a room for me. At last I found myself in bed. Toward morning I sank into a sort of stupor, from which a knock at my chamber door aroused me. I had lain down in my clothes, so I rose and unlocked the door. It was Mr. Creighton. He begged me, though it was early morning, to come with him

at once, as he had secured a lodging for me. As he hurried me into the street, I found that we were leaving a hotel, and I turned for an explanation, asking him where I had passed the night. He is one of God's noblemen, Celia, with the true instincts of God's nobility. I shall never forget how he spoke to me—with such delicate forbearance, with such tender regard for my feelings. 'Forgive me, young lady,' he said: 'it was an absolute necessity, since the alternative was that we should remain all night in the street. I *had* to give you my room.' Then, when he saw how dreadfully embarrassed I was, he added: 'You are too weak now to tell me by what terrible cruelty or injustice you were brought to despair, and perhaps you may never think me worthy to know. But to-morrow I shall call to ask if I can take a message to your friends or serve you in any way.' All the rest of his conduct was of a piece with this. When he found I was resolved never to see my relatives again, but to maintain myself by needlework, and that I positively refused to accept money from him, he refrained from visiting me except at considerable intervals; and when, after several weeks, he was obliged to leave London, he told me he had written about me to his uncle, an old Quaker gentleman, who would visit London in a month or two. I told you the rest. When Mr. Creighton took leave I don't think I said one grateful word, but I know Elizabeth Browning's glorious lines were in my heart:

'*Thee* I do not thank at all:

I but thank God, who made thee what thou art—
So wholly godlike.'

I don't know which I venerate most—Mr. Creighton, young as he is, or that saint-like old man, Uncle Williams, as I used to call him. They did far more than to save me from suicide: they reconciled me to life in a world where such honor and loving-kindness are to be found."

Celia took the weeping girl in her arms and kissed her again and again. "They were as kind to me as to you," she said: "they sent me a sister."

CHAPTER XLIII.

EVENTS THICKEN.

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

AFTER a time, when the two girls had become quieter, Celia fell into a reverie. When she looked up and saw Ellinor's eyes on her with that wonderful look of love they sometimes wore, she said, "I keep thinking—but that's foolish and ungrateful too—if you only *were* my real, real sister."

"Ah, that reminds me—I've something to tell you, Celia. It's almost as strange as that dismal story of mine, but it's not gloomy. Last evening I picked up a little book—a wonderful book, Celia; you must read it—Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*. Constance had once given me a copy of it, and it brought her forcibly to my mind. When I went to sleep, thinking of her, there came to me such a vivid dream. I can scarcely yet believe that I didn't actually see my darling standing beside the bed."

"She appeared to you?"

"As in very life, Celia, except that she seemed idealized, etherealized. How beautiful she was!"

"Did she say anything?"

"Not at first, but above her head—it seemed in letters of light—were the words: 'Bring forth the blind people that have eyes.' (I found the text this morning in Isaiah.) Then I saw in the distance, but gradually enlarging or approaching (I couldn't tell which), two figures—you, Celia, and, strange to say! myself. I—or rather my 'double'—seemed groping as if to touch you. Then I thought Constance turned, raised her hands as in blessing over us, and I heard, in a tone that went to my heart, the word 'SISTER!' With a start I awoke, and it was long before I could convince myself that Constance wasn't there."

"What could it mean, Ellie?" hesitatingly.

Ellinor smiled: "That I shall be blind, and that you will be to me a sister and a blessing."

"And you smile?"

"Constance smiled when she turned and blessed us, though I *had* to grope for you, dear child."

"But I'm not your real sister; so maybe you won't be really blind."

"As God wills."

"And if God does will it, I'll try to be 'eyes to the blind;' but, at all events, you must be my real cousin—my cousin Ethan's wife, Ellie dear. I don't think he would live if you were to refuse him."

Supper was late that evening at Dr. Meyrac's. They were waiting for Ethan Hartland, who had been invited to join them, but had first to go on business to Mount Sharon.

When they were seated, and Ethan had been telling them the news from the county-seat, Ellinor suddenly exclaimed,

"Who put out the lamp? Or was it the oil that failed? But in a single moment—how strange!"

No one replied. They all turned, in amazement, to Miss Ethelridge. She was not in the habit of jesting, and the look on her face was of unmistakable surprise.

"What did you say?" Ethan began, after a pause. Ellinor looked at him—at least her eyes, bright with intelligence, were directed, inquiringly, to his face. Was it possible? His very heart stood still at the thought.

"Ellinor, dear child," said Dr. Meyrac in French, "I would see you a moment in my study." He went up to her and took her hand: "Shall I conduct you?"

Ellinor's mind was in a maze, but she assented. "What is it, doctor?" she asked as he led her off.

"Is she ill, mamma?" said Lucille Meyrac.

"Alas, my child! It is as your father has feared. But how very, very sudden! And without the least pain, for she evidently thought not of it."

"Blind, mamma?" And the girl turned pale as a sheet.

"I remember that your father once told me of just such a case—in some town of the provinces. But I was in-

credulous. It is rare: it usually occurs by degrees."

"Is it paralysis of the optic nerve?" Ethan forced himself to ask.

"Yes. Poor dear *mignonne*!"

Then they were silent. After a time the doctor and Ellinor returned, and he assisted her to her seat. Ethan's bitter grief gave way to wonder and admiration. Not a trace of sorrow on that placid face. Could she not see him?—for the brilliant eyes turned to his, he actually thought, as if to discover how he bore it. But he knew now. It had come in very deed! How glad he was she didn't see his tears! *Did* she not see them?—for she said, in a tone that sank into his heart of hearts, "Do not grieve, dear friend. It is a relief to me that it is all over."

Dr. Meyrac was often abrupt, and now and then somewhat despotic, but he was a man of instinctive delicacy. He had found out how it stood with Ethan and Ellinor, and he so contrived it that when supper was cleared away they were left alone. "It is he who must be her physician henceforth, my dear Elise," he whispered to his wife. "See to it that no one intrudes on them."

Nor must we. When, at the end of an hour, Ethan rose to go, Ellinor said: "To-morrow evening, dear, dear Ethan. Cannot you wait for my decision till to-morrow?"

He kissed her fervently and tore himself away, without trusting his voice to answer.

Immediately after breakfast next morning, Creighton called at Mrs. Hartland's and sent up his card to Celia. She came down at once, but with her hat and shawl.

"You were going out, Miss Pembroke?"

"To see poor Ellie. You have heard—"

"Yes. But I have something to tell you that you ought to know before you go. It relates to her."

The evening before, Ethan had, with difficulty, persuaded Celia not to see Ellinor that night. When she came

down to meet Creighton she had been nervously impatient, and, almost unconsciously, had remained standing. But his words recalled her. Laying aside hat and shawl, she seated herself. "I'm afraid I've been very rude, Mr. Creighton," she said, blushing a little: "I shall be most happy to hear what you have to say."

Our readers know what it was. Celia felt as if she were dreaming. She scarcely took it in at first. She asked him again and again if he was sure, *quite* sure; and when the details he gave her, including Terence's testimony, left no longer a doubt on her mind, she suddenly recalled all that Creighton had done, and for whom.

Tears started to her eyes, and she gave him both her hands: "I know what a good man you are, Mr. Creighton: she told me yesterday. And you saved my sister's life."

Creighton blushed like a girl, but he turned it off, asking, "Will you tell her, or shall I?" As Celia hesitated, he added: "It will come best from you." Then, smiling, "You are not sorry now that I detained you, Miss Pembroke?"

All the way home Creighton kept thinking of the look she gave him in reply. But gratitude is not love.

And what were Celia's thoughts as she sped toward Dr. Meyrac's? They were mingled still, for a time, with incredulity. Sudden, unlooked-for joy, like some unexpected stroke of misfortune, often comes before us, for the moment, as incredible. Celia seemed to herself almost as walking in trance, and she half feared to wake and behold it a dream. Had the news been that her lawsuit was gained and a certain forty thousand dollars still her own, she would have received it joyfully, of course, but calmly, and she would have believed in it at once. But this was something beyond her wildest anticipations—like some gift in a fairy tale. Would it vanish away?

No. That mysterious being whom she had heard of as her father's first wife had been Ellie's mother. Never one happy day at home, Ellinor had

said. Ah! that explained her father's flight. But he must have loved Ellie. She thought of him taking his first-born in his arms, kissing her, weeping over her, perhaps, before he left; grieving after her, too, no doubt, even when a second daughter came. How strange it all was!

Another apology she found for her father's conduct. Though he had abandoned his little daughter, still she remained at first, as he knew, with her mother; and afterward, as he must also have known, in the care of one who was far more than that mother had ever been to her. She was well provided for, too. He had given the mother and child half his fortune.

A new train of thought! That forty thousand dollars would not go to profigate Sir Charles Conynghame now. Eliot Creighton had come that morning specially to talk to her on that branch of the subject. But at first, when he saw her wild joy at the discovery of a sister, he could not find it in his heart to speak to her of money. And afterward that look of Celia's, which he carried home with him, put it out of his head. A poor head for a lawyer, it must have been: he was ashamed to think of it when he got home. But Celia threaded her legal way without his aid. Creighton had already told her that the guardian was heir-at-law only in case the ward could not be found. Ellinor was the heir. The sole heir? Never mind: time enough to think of that by and by, for just then she reached Dr. Meyrac's garden gate.

At the first moment when she opened the blind girl's chamber door, and saw the large resplendent eyes fixed on her with all their wonted love, the arms stretched out in welcome and the face calm—yes, actually with a smile on it!—she was bewildered. But when she sat down beside her, and Ellinor put one arm round her and passed the other slowly, gently over her face, with a slight start as she detected the tears—then the reality burst on Celia at once. Never, never again to see the sun or the spring flowers or the face of a friend!

Morning and night, the glorious break of day and the peace-breathing twilight, all one changeless blank now! Over the whole fair external world the blackness of darkness for ever! She had been told of it the evening before: she had lain awake half the night thinking of it; but—

“Because things seen are greater than things heard”—

she had never felt it, it had never become part of her consciousness, till now. She had come to tell her sister the incredible secret, but even that, for the moment, passed from her mind. “Ellie, Ellie!” was all she could say; but the blind can detect sobs as well as tears; and no words could have told half as much as that warm embrace.

After the first gust of grief, however, Celia struggled bravely for composure. Ellinor’s silent caresses, too, produced their usual soothing effect. Then, with returning tranquillity, came back to her also the astounding, the rapturous news. The long swell after the tempest was there still, but the sun broke out on it.

—The sun, warm and cheering. Her heart overflowed under its glow. “Ellie,” she said, and the blind girl started: she felt that there was joy in the tone—“dear Ellie, you don’t *know* what I’ve got to tell you. It would have made me—it *has* made me—oh so glad!”

“Then it will make me glad, too, dear child. Tell it me.”

“I have a right to take care of you now. Till you’re married, Ellie, nobody—nobody in all the world—will have the same right.”

“What is it, Celia?—what is it?” The eyes turned eagerly, restlessly, to Celia’s face, as if, for the first time, the soul within were impatient of the darkness.

“Your mother thought herself a widow. She was not. Your father—our father, Ellie! think!—*our* father came to this country and changed his name from Talbot to Pembroke.”

“To Pembroke!” Celia feared, for a moment, that Ellinor would faint, she grew so deadly pale: the conflicting emotions of the last twenty-four hours

had sorely tried her nerves. But the color gradually returned to her cheeks, the sightless eyes lighted up, and a look came over her face such as Celia had never seen there before. It awed her. It seemed to her the expression of heavenly joy.

“God is good!” Ellinor said in a low tone—“oh how good! In man’s hands that’s terrible! but in His—” Then her lips moved as in prayer.

Yet after a time there was a sudden revulsion. She came back to this lower world again, all the feelings of her impulsive nature breaking over the bounds within which she had schooled them to abide. Her joy was exultant. Triumph was the expression Celia now read in her face. Ellinor took the astonished girl in her arms, kissed her passionately again and again, laughing and crying over her the while. “Sister!” she repeated—“sister! my own, my own!”

Then the current of her excited feelings changed once more. “Constance knew it,” she said, humbly: “she knew all that awaited me. Really blind, Celia; and this my real, real sister!” Gradually the wild excitement subsided, and she added: “God has given you your wish, dear child, and we shall be *so* happy!”

The first day of blindness! Yet it was said from the very heart.

When they had sat together a little space in silence, Ellinor resumed: “I think you know I would never tell you anything but the very truth.”

“I don’t believe in what I see and feel more than I do in your word.”

“I’m very glad of that. Then see, dear! In the last few hours two things have happened to me. I have become blind—I dare say for life; and I’ve found out that the very girl I would have chosen out of all the world—out of all the world, Celia—is my own, actual sister. Do you think that I would take back my sight on condition that I should remain all my life blind to what you’ve told me just now? I’ve gained far more than I’ve lost. As God is my witness, I do most religiously believe it.”

“Oh, Ellie, how *can* you talk so?”

A knock at the door, and Dr. Meyrac came in: "I think my patient had better keep out of church this morning, Mademoiselle Célie. We must have her a little accustomed to her new phase of life before she goes into public."

They assented, and then they told him the news. He was much surprised, of course, but he received it quietly, with French politeness: "I know not which of the two is the more fortunate. You are worthy of each other, my dear young ladies."

Then the business aspect of the affair struck him: "Ah, it is charming. That good-for-nothing of a Cranstoun is check-mated."

For the first time that day Celia saw a painful expression cross her sister's face, but Ellinor said nothing until the doctor, after inviting Celia to dinner, left the room. Then she took Celia's hand: "Sister, I see what good Dr. Meyrac means. It is to Sir Charles Conynghame that Cranstoun has written. If suit is commenced, it will be in Sir Charles' name."

"It has been commenced."

"Ah! Then my name can be used to arrest or defeat it; but it will be a mere form. We know well enough—Mr. Creighton is convinced—that—that father made a will, witnessed by Cranstoun, leaving his American property to your mother and you."

"He thinks so—that's all: there's no proof of it."

"Of course it's so. He knew—or he thought—that I was provided for. We *must* respect his wishes, Celia."

"Sister Ellie, you can't always have your own way, even if—" She commenced the sentence playfully, but broke off with a deep sigh.

"Even if I *am* blind. Well, dear?"

Celia sat lost in thought for a brief space; then she looked up: "There's nobody you respect more than Eliot Creighton."

"Nobody."

"You didn't hear his election-speech: I did. That man wouldn't swerve one hair's breadth from the right for favor of man or woman."

"He's the very soul of honor."

"Well, Ellie darling, there's one thing—only one—that we two sha'n't agree about. Let us refer it to him and abide his decision."

After some further talk, in which Celia stood her ground resolutely, her sister assented; and it was agreed that after dinner they would visit Mrs. Creighton. "I can't see my way," Ellinor said, "but I shall be love-led."

They found mother and son at home. Mrs. Creighton was a charming old lady—charming and handsome too—with bright, tender eyes undimmed by her fifty years. It was touching to see her reception of the blind girl. If she had been her own daughter, she could not have folded her in her arms with warmer tokens of affection. And she was delighted when the sisters—each setting forth the rights of the other—submitted their difference to her son as referee.

"Wise girls!" she said. "You're too romantic, both of you, to be trusted. I haven't quite made up my mind which of you two I like best; and I'm not sure that Eliot has. So I think you may trust him."

Ellinor thought she knew very well which was the favorite, but she did not say so. And it was on her lips to reply, "Mr. Creighton might be trusted to arbitrate between his best friend and his worst enemy," but neither did she make that remark. She quietly awaited Creighton's answer.

"I dare say mother's right"—he hesitated a moment, just a little bit abashed, then suddenly closed the sentence—"in what she says about romance. The matter ought to be decided at once, and I'm afraid it can't be without help. You honor me very highly, young ladies; and, since you wish it, I'll do my best."

He sent them his decision that evening. It read as follows:

"OPINION

in the Case of Ellinor Ethelridge Talbot and Celia Pembroke.

"Proof that Miss Talbot lives and establishing her identity, sent to Sir Charles Conynghame, will probably in-

duce him to withdraw his suit. If not, the identity can be established and he will certainly be defeated.

"Then the law of Ohio will regulate the case. I believe that, by that law, Miss Talbot and Miss Pembroke are equal heirs. But as there has been no decision in point by the Supreme Court, I may be mistaken. Miss Talbot might possibly be declared sole heir.

"I do not doubt that the late Frederick Pembroke (or Talbot) left a will, but it will probably never be found; and meanwhile the legal effect is the same as if it did not exist. That will did probably, but not certainly, make Miss Pembroke sole heir of the American property.

"Under these uncertainties, I think the matter ought to be decided according to what we may reasonably conclude to have been the wish of said Frederick Pembroke (or Talbot).

"But it was evidently his intention to leave half his property to each of his daughters. My opinion is, therefore, that each sister should take half of the American property, and that if any portion of the property now held by Sir Charles Conynghame as executor of the late Mrs. Talbot and guardian of her daughter should hereafter be recovered, that also should be equally divided between the sisters aforesaid.

"(Signed) ELIOT CREIGHTON."

Sydenham, who had called to see Ellinor, was at Dr. Meyrac's when this document arrived. It was submitted to him as Celia's guardian, and he heartily approved it.

So that affair, as such differences always can be between reasonable people, was settled at once.

And this opinion of Creighton helped Ellinor to decide in another matter more important than money. Ethan came for his answer. Celia had half won his cause in the course of the day. "We frail mortals are never satisfied," she had said to Ellinor: "prosperity spoils us—the more we get the more we long for. I found a sister: now I want a brother too."

Ellinor had been arguing herself into the conviction that to one of moderate means like Ethan a blind wife would be a pecuniary burden such as he ought not to bear. That scruple was removed: she would not come to him empty-handed; and whereas her lover's fate, till then, had been trembling in the balance, now the scale on which she had piled her doubts and scruples kicked the beam.

Thus in the course of twenty-four hours Mary Ellinor Ethelridge Talbot lost her sight, found a sister, acquired twenty thousand dollars and became an affianced bride.

Which may we fittingly do—rejoice or condole with her?

CHAPTER XLIV.

GOING HOME.

"So Ann still lov'd: it was her doom
To love in shame and sorrow:
Charles came no more; but, 'He will come,'
She said, 'to-morrow.'
Oh yet for her deep bliss remained;
She dreamed he came and kissed her;
And in that hour the angels gained
Another sister."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

SUMMER passed and part of autumn. During that time two items of news only broke the even tenor of events in our quiet village. First: a report came that an uncle of Mowbray, who had avoided all intercourse with him and his mother, was dead and had left Evelyn a fortune which rumor estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars. Second: Creighton had started for London: gossipry said to see about another fortune in the hands of a rich English nobleman, who, as Terence O'Reilly had found out, was Miss Ethelridge's cousin.

Up to the time when Mowbray went on a five or six weeks' visit to New York, on the business alluded to, he and Ellen had met every few days. It excited no remark, for their engagement had become public, and such was the habit of the place.

When Mowbray returned, it was known that he had been put in possession of the uncle's legacy—not quite as

large as was reported, but a comfortable fortune—a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, besides a handsome dwelling, richly furnished, in Philadelphia.

Then village gossips alleged that the meetings between the lovers became less and less frequent; but this might have been because Mowbray was busy selling their house, furniture and other possessions. Early in October his mother and he left Chiskauga: it was said to return no more.

The evening before they went an incident happened which Mowbray was never able to explain. He had been to take leave of a friend who lived beyond Mrs. Hartland's house, a mile out of town, and he was returning about ten o'clock. There was a new moon, but the sky was clouded. Just as he was crossing a street running west, that had been opened half a mile from town, but was not yet built up, he heard what seemed a rifle-shot close by, and for a moment he thought he was hit. But, removing his hat and touching himself all over, he found he was mistaken. The shot, he thought, had come from behind a board fence to a grain-field on the right of the cross street; but when he went up to it there was no one to be seen in the field. He did imagine, for a moment, that he could distinguish a figure gliding along at some distance close to the fence, but a second look dissipated that impression: he could see nothing stirring.

When he reached home he went straight to his room, having some packing still to do. As he deposited his hat on a table he started. Two holes, evidently from a good-sized rifle ball, right through the hat, about two inches below the crown! He sank on a chair. "I thought I felt something graze my hair," he said, half aloud. Conscience suggested a name, but a little reflection caused him to reject it. "She refused him," was his thought; "and then these country fellows might knock a man down in open daylight, but they're not assassins." It was an hour before he resumed his packing, and by that time he had resolved not to say a word to any one about it.

On the second morning after the departure of the Mowbrays, Hiram Goddard called at Rosebank much excited. Ellen Tyler, he said, who had seemed dreadfully depressed the day before, had not spent the night at home. She had been present at supper, though she scarcely touched anything, and had put Willie carefully to bed, but her own bed had evidently been unoccupied: she must have wandered out, no one knew whither. He had inquired at the village, and she had not been heard of there. What added to his alarm was that the night had been pitch dark, and after midnight there had been several hours of heavy rain. This had now ceased, but the morning was raw and gusty.

When Mr. Sydenham asked Goddard whether Chewauna creek was high, the poor fellow fairly broke down: "Surely you don't think, Mr. Sydenham—" There he stopped.

"No, Hiram — not that. But the banks are steep and rocky, and she might have lost her way in the rain and darkness."

It was agreed that Hiram should follow the line of the creek, and that Sydenham should explore the various roads and by-paths leading from the mill. At Leoline's earnest instance her father permitted her to accompany him.

Two or three hours were spent in fruitless search. At last Sydenham thought him that a few weeks before, when following an obscure bridle-path, he had caught sight, in the distance, of Ellen and Mowbray seated under a forest tree. Why it occurred to him that she might have wandered to that spot I cannot tell; but there, in truth, they found her. Insensible, it seemed; stretched out on the wet grass; her clothing drenched, for she wore a light cape only over her usual dress; her face deadly pale; the eyes closed; her hands cold as ice. Outwearied with a struggle she seemed, and sunk to rest at last. Beautiful in their calm, innocent expression were the sweet child-features, but there were traces of tears on the wan cheeks.

Leoline sprang from her saddle, knelt

down and chafed the cold hands, a gust of mingled sorrow and indignation filling her eyes the while. Mowbray was one of the men whom she could not endure.

Sydenham had taken the precaution to bring with him a blanket and a small flask of wine. He handed these to her: "Are you afraid to stay here, my child, till I ride home for the carriage?"

"Afraid, papa? Don't think about me. But how can you manage to get a carriage here?"

"We are only quarter of a mile from the road: I'll bring two or three of the men, and we'll rig up a litter. If she revives, give her some of the wine."

Leoline took off a thick sack which she wore, and contrived to substitute it for the thin cape that was soaked through. Then she wrapped Ellen up as warmly as she could in the blanket. But the poor girl seemed chilled through, and it was a long time before any symptoms of returning animation showed themselves. Soon after that Sydenham returned, and with him Mr. Harper. Ellen was a favorite of the good man. He had heard in the village vague rumors about her disappearance, and had come to Rosebank seeking more certain tidings.

The movement of the litter seemed gradually to revive the sufferer. When they had lifted her into the carriage, Mr. Harper, who had been walking with Sydenham, came to the door. "Ellen, my child," he said, "I promised your father the day before he died that if you ever needed help I would stand in his stead. I'm going to take you home to my little place."

Ellen was very, very feeble, but she contrived to take the kind old man's hand: "Oh, Mr. Harper, not to your house. I can't, indeed I can't—I don't deserve it."

"You felt, last night, as if you couldn't trust in God. That was wrong. But we can't always do right. We can't always trust in God when there's not a gleam of light in the darkness." Then he entered the carriage, arranged her pillows, sat down opposite to her and

bade them drive on. "You need very careful nursing, Ellen, and good old Barbara is an excellent nurse." She was about to remonstrate further, but he stopped her: "When we get home: you mustn't talk now." She obeyed him as a little child might, but she wept long and silently.

Barbara had been in Mr. Harper's service fifteen years during the life of his wife and twelve years since her death. She was at heart a kind soul, though a little stiff in some of her notions, and her reverence for her master was unbounded. She received the poor girl without question, and was unwearied in her endeavors to counteract the chill and prostration caused by that cruel night of storm.

In the course of the day Hannah Clymer came to aid in nursing the invalid. Dr. Meyrac, in his report to Harper, spoke somewhat doubtfully: "There is to fear *fluxion de poitrine*—vat we call pneumonie—but it may not come: in two, tree days one shall know for sure. She seems very triste. Is it that the poor child grieves? Has that nothing-worth perhaps deserted her?"

"I fear that he has, doctor."

"It is pity—that complicates the case: visout it the pronostic would be favorable. But if the heart sinks, who can tell? Seek to keep the heart up, Monsieur Harper. You may be better doctor than me."

In the evening Mr. Harper sat with the patient while Barbara was preparing tea, and Ellen said to him: "I hope you'll not be troubled with me long, Mr. Harper."

"For your sake, Ellen, I do hope you will speedily recover; and if I could see you more cheerful, I should feel sure of it."

She lay quite still for some minutes; then, hesitatingly: "Mr. Harper, is it wicked to wish to die?"

"We must all die, but it is our duty to wait God's good time."

"I think God wishes me to die. When people are bad they kill them; and perhaps if I die, God will think that was punishment enough and let me be with father and mother. It would be so

good of Him if He would! That's all I care about now."

Harper took one of her hands in both his: "Why do you wish to die, dear child?"

"I am *such* a great sinner. People will never pardon me here. I don't think there ever was a better man than you, Mr. Harper, but I've disgraced myself, and even you can't forgive me: I know that. But I think father will. Nobody was ever so kind to me as father. I would tell him everything. Mother too. I was such a little girl when she left me with father, and she won't expect much from me, maybe."

In spite of his best efforts, the tears were rising to the old man's eyes. Barbara came in with tea, and Harper, fearing over-excitement, pursued the subject no farther at that time.

Harper pondered over Ellen's words, wondering what their exact meaning might be. When Meyrac called next day, he told him what she had said. "Ah what child!" was the doctor's comment: "poor little simpleton! That has no self-esteem. One must sustain it." And after a brief visit to his patient he took a hasty leave. In the course of the day, Celia, Leoline, Ellinor, Mrs. Hartland and Mrs. Creighton came to see Ellen. Harper wondered whether Dr. Meyrac had begged them to call.

In the evening the patient asked to sit up: she seemed to suffer much when lying down. She had some fever and a hacking cough. She was quiet, but it was the quiet of resignation, Harper thought, not of hope. He sought to encourage her: "You see, Ellen, that the people you esteem most all come to visit you and interest themselves about you."

"Yes"—it was said sadly, despondingly—"they are all kind and good; and I'm very glad I shall not live to disgrace them." Then, looking up earnestly in that tender face: "Mr. Harper, I heard that you can read Hebrew and Greek, and know all about what the Bible says and what God thinks."

"It is true, my child, that I have spent most of my life in studying the Scriptures in the original tongues; but

God's thoughts are not as ours: His ways are past finding out."

"I'm very sorry for that."

"Why are you sorry for it, Ellen?"

"I'm so much afraid God won't let me go to father by and by, when I die; and I wanted so much to know, and I thought maybe you could tell me."

"Perhaps I can. There are some things that God *has* told us. Why are you afraid you will never be in heaven with your father?"

"Because father was such a good man—and—" she buried her face in her hands and he saw the tears trickle over her fingers: at last, in a low tone that went to his heart, she sobbed out, "and oh, Mr. Harper, I'm not a good woman!"

Harper looked at her as Christ, when he sojourned on earth, may have looked on some humble Judean penitent. Ere he could reply she interrupted him, speaking hastily, as if fearing her courage might give way: "I joined your church, and I know I ought to tell you. I promised father before he died that I wouldn't marry Mr. Mowbray till I was twenty-one—not for a year yet: we've been engaged five months. He wanted me to marry him sooner—this year. But I couldn't lie to father—and he just dead too—could I?"

"No: you did quite right to refuse him."

"Do you think so, Mr. Harper?"

"Yes, and God thinks so too."

"Does He?" with a pleased smile: in a few moments it faded: "But Evelyn was angry: he thought I didn't love him, and that made me very, very sorry, for he had been as kind and good to me as he could be. Then I thought what a poor thing I was compared to him, and what could I ever do for him? And I told him if he would only let me keep my promise to father, there wasn't anything else in the world I would refuse him; but Mr. Harper—" a feeling of oppression had been gradually gaining on the poor girl: she couldn't say another word. Harper was startled and fearful of what was coming; and, after he had bathed her throbbing temples and she had gradually revived, "Don't

talk any more," he said: "it exhausts you."

But though face and neck were flushing scarlet, and though her respiration was becoming hurried and painful, she went on: "I didn't mean—I never intended—maybe you won't believe me—" and she looked up at him—such an imploring look!

He understood it all now! The first impulse was to reprove the offender—to show up before her the enormity of her fault—but that suppliant look! His heart was not proof against it; and afterward, when he thought it over, he took himself to task for this; but just then he couldn't help saying, "Say no more, my child. I do most religiously believe you. You have a right to be believed. You wouldn't tell a lie and break your promise to your dead father: if you had, you might have been that bad man's wife to-day."

"Oh, please, please, Mr. Harper, don't call him a bad man. I'm not a bit better than he is."

"What did he say to you before he went?"

Ellen hesitated: "I haven't seen him for three weeks." The sigh and the look—so utterly hopeless both—aroused in Harper as much anger as that indulgent heart of his was capable of feeling.

"He forsook you without a word!" he broke forth, but seeing how much pain he gave her, he checked his indignation, saying gently: "Are you sorry for what you have done, my child?"

"I'm very sorry for it when I think of God: I'm sure it must have made Him angry, and I don't know as He'll ever forgive me. Yes, I'm very, very sorry: it was *so* wrong; only—I'm afraid that's wicked too—I'm not sorry Evelyn found out that I told him the truth about putting off the marriage. He knows now that it wasn't because I didn't care for him. He knows that I do love him; and I can't help being glad of that."

It was a new revelation to the warm-hearted, guileless minister. He looked at the girl with dimmed eyes, wondering, the while, whether that passage about Jona-

than's love "passing the love of woman" was not a mistranslation. His voice had a wonderful tenderness in its tones when he said, "You are glad you made him know that you love him, even though he deserts you without a single farewell?"

"Oh, Mr. Harper, how can I help forgiving him that? He is so rich now. He will have a great, fine house, with carriages and horses and servants: then fashionable people, that know so much, will all come to see him. And I know so little: I can scarcely speak French even. He would be ashamed of me if I was his wife."

"You have forgiven him everything, then?"

"I love him. Oh yes: I couldn't go and leave him for ever and not forgive him. I should never be happy, even with father, if I did that."

No complaint of death—not a spark of resentment toward the author of all her sufferings: loving still. Ellen had never read Goldsmith's two celebrated stanzas: she only acted them out. Her feeling was that she had "stooped to folly," and that she *had* to die.*

The kind old man's heart yearned toward her: he couldn't help it. "My poor child," he said, "you asked me if I could tell you whether God would forgive you and suffer you to be with your father, if you died—"

"*When* I die. Don't be sorry for that, Mr. Harper: I'm glad. You know I mustn't bring shame on your church and Miss Celia's school; and maybe they won't think so hard of me when I'm dead. Then, if I can only get to go to father, I'll be a great deal happier than if I had to stay here. Do you really think God will let me?"

"I'll tell you what Jesus Christ once did and said, and then you can judge: that's better than to take my word for it. It was when he was preaching in a city of Galilee, probably Nain. He was invited to dine with a man named Simon, one of those called Pharisees, who

* The sentiment, as expressed in a German translation (Lessing's, I believe) beginning—

"Lässt sich ein liebes Kind bethören"—
is more tender and delicate than the original.

thought themselves saints or godly men—better than all others: the people thought them so too. In those days men did not sit at meals: they lay on couches, with their feet uncovered. While they were at table a woman came in: most persons believe it was Mary Magdalene, but I don't think that was her name. This woman—"he hesitated—"you have done very wrong, Ellen, but this woman was a far more grievous sinner than you've ever been. All the city knew of her evil doings. Decent people would not associate with her. No doubt Simon thought she would never be forgiven, and he was shocked when he saw her come into the house and stand behind the couch where Jesus reclined. She wept, thinking of her sins; she kissed Jesus' feet, and anointed them with precious ointment and wiped them with her long hair. It was all she could do to show her love."

Ellen had been gazing at the narrator, her soul in her eyes. She must, no doubt, have read that chapter of Luke before, but how little common iterances—set words repeated week by week—come home, especially to the young and the happy! The story was all new and strange to her as Harper related it. When he stopped, struck by her eager, pleading look, she said, "Oh, go on, Mr. Harper: please go on. *Did* Christ forgive her?"

"You shall hear the very words," he said, taking a Bible from the table beside him. Then he read to her how Simon thought Jesus could not be the Christ or he would have known what sort of woman this was; how Jesus, divining Simon's thought, told him the parable of the two debtors; and how Simon had to admit the likelihood that when both these men were frankly forgiven their debts, he to whom most was forgiven would love the most. Then came the comparison between the cold reception given to his guest by the self-installed saint and the humble, tender regard of the self-accusing sinner. And finally the words—how few how simple! yet embodying the very essence of all that Jesus came to teach and to die for

—"I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

To the last that look of eager, doubtful inquiry! Then, when the gracious words came, such a deep sigh of relief! Her head drooped, her eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude: her lips moved—

"The voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all save Mercy's ear;
And which, if Mercy did not hear,
Oh God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of His—
This world of wisdom, goodness, light,
And endless love—proclaims He is!"

"And you forgive me, too?" were the first words Ellen was able to utter.

"I, dear child! A sinner like me! I forgive you with all my heart and soul. Dare I condemn when my Saviour proclaims forgiveness?"

Ellen never directly reverted to the subject afterward, but from that time her quiet wish for death was unmixed with despondency. The words of consolation had allayed grief and fear. Herself forgiving, she readily believed in forgiveness. Her sufferings thenceforth were physical only.

But these were great. At times, next day, she seemed unable to endure a recumbent position. Fever and cough had both increased, so had the feeling of oppression: there were great thirst, much lassitude, and no appetite whatever—a settled, stinging pain also on the chest. Meyrac employed the test of auscultation. It was, he then told Harper, a severe attack of pneumonia, caused by exposure. He bled Ellen—with some misgivings indeed, for he had lost, under similar treatment, one or two patients lately by this disease, and his professional faith in the theory about the congested lung that must needs be unloaded by use of the lancet was beginning to be shaken.

Hannah Clymer, relieved on alternate nights by Norah, spent most of her time by Ellen's bedside, and ere many days had passed she came to feel as if the life of some dear child of her own was at stake. So gentle and uncomplaining—such a calm cheerfulness even. Entire oblivion of her wrongs, utter forgetfulness of self; no "See how a Christian

can die!" about her. Yet, if the graces of our religion give title, a Christian indeed, in whom was neither bitterness nor guile. There was, no doubt, scant cultivation of the intellect, small scope of thought, little knowledge of the world and its wondrous economy: lack of strength, too, to hold firm, and of prudence or stern principle to restrain. For all her twenty summers, there was much of the child about her. Yet of such is the kingdom of heaven. There was faith, hope—above all, love. She had given up this world, the heart failing in the struggle through it: her thoughts and wishes were already in the next—to her not a shadowy object of belief, but an assured reality, close at hand. To Mrs. Clymer she loved to speak, as any child might, of going to see her father and mother, just as if she were from home for the time, but was soon to return to the shelter of the dear familiar arms.

On one occasion only her thoughts seemed to revert vividly to the past. As the disease ran its course the tor-

turing pain diminished, giving those around her hopes of her recovery—false hopes, for next day there was very high fever, running at last into delirium. Then the sufferer appeared to be greatly excited, addressing her lover as if present; now reasoning with him about the sacred promise made to her father; anon showing wild joy and conversing as if he had returned to leave her no more. But when the delirium passed off, though she was weak to utter helplessness, yet she was quite calm; and then all her allusions, breathing a sweet, trustful tenderness, were to her parents and to the welcome that was coming. It was her last thought, if one might judge from the smile that spoke from the quiet lips after the soul that gave it birth was gone—after the spiritual body, emerging to higher life, and awaking from the brief transition-slumber among rejoicing friends, had been ushered into its new home—there where there is "no more death nor sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for the former things have passed away."

THE SEVENTY THOUSAND.

MR. MALTHUS is a political economist. He is also a conservative. He establishes himself upon fundamental principles, clings to his inalienable rights and demands that all things shall remain as they are. He fights every great reform step by step: it is his intense mortification that reforms succeed in spite of him.

At the same time, Mr. Malthus is, in a certain sense, a disciple of progress. He believes in material advancement and in the diffusion of American ideas. Statistics are delightful reading for him.

"Seventy thousand more women than men in Massachusetts!" he exclaims, as if it were a pleasant truth. "Seventy thousand!" he repeats, nodding and

smiling at me. If there is anything which conveys a sense of serene and perfect satisfaction to the Malthusian soul, it is to hurl at me some tremendous and incontrovertible fact against which I can make no defence.

My line of action in such cases is clear. If I attempt to argue the question, he accepts the contest with supreme pleasure: he marshals whole brigades of collateral facts; he wheels the irresistible artillery of figures into order; he opens a harassing fire of subsidiary evidence; and so speedily and thoroughly possesses himself of the field that I must needs surrender at discretion.

But I have learned wisdom from defeat: I no longer waste myself in argu-

ment. I merely interpose a blank wall of denial. So on this occasion I said, boldly,

"I don't believe it, Mr. Malthus."

"My dear," he returned in a kindly, superior tone, "it is quite true. Statistics prove it. Figures cannot lie."

"But that dreadful man who makes the statistics can," I said, indignantly. "And I would like to know, Mr. Malthus, if Massachusetts pays him for taking pains to prove that God is all the time making a stupendous mistake?"

Mr. Malthus surveyed me with a look of mingled severity and indulgence:

"My dear, God has nothing to do with it. That is to say," correcting himself in haste, "in any particular sense. No doubt he exercises a general supervision over the affairs of this planet, but it would be carrying it quite too far to refer to Him the social difficulties of the time. The age is a progressive one. The hot blood of enterprise runs in its veins. It overruns the old limitations. It is natural that young men of character and energy should emigrate—that they should flow out to all the ends of the earth. They carry our exalted and refined ideas everywhere. The mission of Massachusetts is to originate ideas, and then to send out her sons to disseminate them. It is a noble mission."

"But," I said faintly, "these seventy thousand women—"

"Are a mere trifle," said Mr. Malthus, waving his hand, as who should say, "Thus I sweep them from the face of the earth. We cannot expect the tide of civilization to turn aside from its triumphal course for any such puny obstacle. It will go on upon its sublime journey—"

"Like that monstrous car of Juggernaut," I cried, indignantly. "I do wonder at you, Mr. Malthus. Aren't you continually harping upon the idea that woman's sphere is the house—clothing it in such beautiful and winning rhetoric that it passes for much truer than it really is? Aren't you for ever standing in the way of the woman's rights movement?"

"I believe in every woman's right to a good husband," interrupted Mr. Malthus in a chivalrous gush. "I always did, you know. If I've told you that once, I have a hundred times."

"Precisely, my love: I quite agree with you. But don't you see—you with your clear, logical, masculine brain—that here are seventy thousand women for whom that right can have no practical value. What do you propose to do with these?"

"Mrs. Malthus, you talk like a—a woman," said Mr. Malthus, rising and looking for his hat. "The few must be sacrificed to the many. Circumstances may bear hard upon the minority: it is inevitable. But time is the great equalizer. In fifty or a hundred years, or so, things will come out right. There's a deal of ferment just now: everything is hurried and unsettled. But by and by the sediment will fall, and the pure, transparent wine of life shall run clear."

"But these seventy thousand women will all be dead then," I pleaded, tearfully. "What matter how pure the wine when the grass is growing over them? The cup they drank was bitter. What shall atone for the defrauded hopes, the long, disappointing years, that cheated them of all pleasantness and offered no compensation in opportunity? Oh, Mr. Malthus, you and your statistics, and your civilization, and your progressive ideas are fearfully at fault, or God *did* make a mistake when he created women."

Mr. Malthus was gone and did not hear. It would have made no difference if he had heard. Mr. Malthus, as you may have guessed, is a conservative. He has cherished his pet theories until he has become the concrete embodiment of unreason. A most excellent man, but a fossil. Like a granite boulder swept down from some ruder time, he lies in the path of advance: the rains may wash it, and the snows beat and the sun smile upon it, and the winds caress it, but it stirs not. You must just go around and leave it lying there.

Was there, then, nothing for these seventy thousand women? I confess the question haunted me. Not that it

affects me personally. I am a very meek woman, with no aspirations. I know that my duty is toward Mr. Malthus. I am to keep his house, comfort his sorrows, quarrel with him affectionately upon occasion, and accept his dicta with implicit faith. If Mr. Malthus says that woman's sphere is the home, and the home only, I know that it is so.

But my heart aches for my less fortunate sisters. I am tired of seeing them impaled upon the pen of every smart *littérateur*—tired of the weak tide of shallow counsel and criticism which flows to them from the pulpit and lecture-platform. My deepest sympathies are with the Girl of the Period. Through her voluminous paniers, and her exaggerated chignon, and the montrosities of all sorts wherewith fashion disguises her, I recognize a common womanhood.

The seventy thousand haunted me. I saw them gathering from all the green hillsides and sunny valleys of Massachusetts—from quiet country towns where life stagnates and grows a burden—from the lonely seashore and from the solitude of great cities—a forlorn, ghostly procession, a melancholy, hopeless, superfluous fact.

There must be something for them. I pondered the subject a long time, and at last—I state it with diffidence—I hit upon a means of freeing society from this cumbrous superfluity of women. My diffidence must not be understood to imply a want of confidence in my plan. It is rather a reluctance growing out of my consciousness of the discomforts of martyrdom. I think the originators of great ideas are not always well received by their generation. I have an impression that some of them have been stoned and hanged and sportively broken upon the wheel, and in various ways made to understand that the other world was a more suitable place of residence for them than the present. But my sympathy prevails over my cowardice; and, besides, I put my trust in Mr. Malthus and the Editor of *Lippincott*. The expedient that I have to propose is not an innovation. It is merely a return to an old Oriental custom. When the Hindús

first began to extinguish a certain proportion of their female infants at birth, I cannot doubt that they were led to the course by some such embarrassment as that under which we are laboring. No one supposes that they bore the innocent creatures any special malice. It was only that there was not a career for all. And to these enlightened legislators summary methods appeared, as they usually are, the most merciful.

I confess that at first sight the suggestion has an aspect of cruelty. Tender hearts might possibly be revolted. But I suppose the mother-instinct is the same in all nations; and if those Hindú women could sacrifice their feelings, shall the Anglo-Saxon race be less brave? Moreover, anæsthetics are at our service.

Do you not see that my plan cuts the Gordian knot of difficulty? It is a short way out of a long woe. It would set at rest this vexed question, which is sure to obtrude itself into all questions of social science for fifty years to come. Look at it! Over and over again has woman been assigned to her sphere, and her adaptability to it, and none other, demonstrated. Books, essays, newspaper and magazine articles about her are as thick as the brown leaves in October. She has been toasted on the gridiron of the *Saturday Review*-ers; she has been made to run the gauntlet of convention and congress: she has been exhibited alternately as a model and as a horrid example: from the cradle to the grave everything that she is and has and does is criticised, questioned and denounced.

Her dress is suicidal: the deterioration of the race is due to the fortresses of whalebone and steel wherewith she encloses herself—to her habits of idleness, to her luxurious indulgences. Now she is scorned for her ignorance, and anon disliked for her intellectuality; now she is rebuked for her subserviency to the other sex, and presently scolded because she will do as she pleases. As soon as she is capable of learning anything she is taught that her destiny is marriage: in a thousand ways this idea is pressed home upon her until it comes to be accepted as an inviolable truth; yet if, by

any innocent art of dress or manner, she betrays a desire to attract—if she inadvertently allows it to be seen that she so much as thinks of marriage—she is given over to reprobation: she is an offence to all modest-minded men. If, peculiarly sensitive to the reproach of angling for a husband, she is retiring and hard of access, she is denounced as old-maidish and left to celibacy. If she seeks a career, she is reminded that she is to be a wife and the mother of future generations, and that she had best fit herself for her peculiar work. If she accepts this counsel, she is reminded of her ignoble position, and made to feel how humiliating it is. Dear friends, what would you have?

In view of the whole matter, I have come to the conclusion that the world was made for man. Woman was an afterthought at best—a superfluous, added creation, not inwrought into the original constitution of things; and this undoubtedly is the reason why she is such a thorn in the flesh. She is *de trop*. But one accepts the inevitable. Woman cannot be abolished, but superfluous women may be suppressed. Woman, at best a mitigated good, becomes by excess of numbers an unmitigated evil. And here, specially to meet the exigency, comes in this old Hindú custom. Is it cruel? But it seeks the greatest good of the greatest number. And, moreover, it is better than the waste of intellect and heart in fashionable society—than a life given over to vanity—than shameless husband-hunting—than the inaction which corrodes all noble energies, all sweet sympathies—than the dependence which beggars self-respect—than the almshouse in old age—than the opprobrium that waits upon celibacy.

I see, then, but one alternative for the seventy thousand—summary extinguishment, or respect and worthy work. In regard to this matter of the respect due to unmarried women, I am aware that I touch a difficult subject. Nothing would tempt me to approach it but a vivid and long-existing sense of the injustice that has been and still is meted out to them. I shall be told that their position is vastly

better than in the olden time—that certain noble women who have forsworn marriage for alliance with art or philanthropy have honored the whole sisterhood. This is in a measure true, but it is not half so true as it ought to be. The traditional old maid is indeed nearly extinct, but men still find it easy to sneer at a class to which the great women-workers of the age—the artists, the poets, the novelists, the philanthropists—belong. If it were only Pat Mulligan who did it—if only Adolphus Shoddy aired his feeble wit at their expense—one would not so much mind. But when in sermon, and lecture, and essay, by men of refinement and culture, the sneer is repeated, the very soul of womanhood is stirred to indignation.

Within half a decade of years there was a gathering of clergymen in a certain large town in Massachusetts. These gentlemen belonged to a denomination which justly prides itself upon its scholarship, its high culture, its hereditary refinement and good breeding. They were the apostles of a religion which claims to be the exponent of liberal and noble thought. They came together for a religious purpose, and the meeting had drawn out many women of culture and refinement—such women as are a power in the churches, whose presence in any community is a benediction, and who ornament society as much by their graces as they uplift it by their worth.

There appeared before this audience, as essayist, a gentleman of distinguished ancestry, one in whose veins flows some of the bluest blood of the commonwealth—a very Brahmin of the Brahmins—one who has added to the opportunities of home the advantages of university training abroad. In him one would have supposed a delicate consideration as natural as perfume to the flower: the very aroma of gentlemanhood should have breathed through all his speech.

This gentlemen, apropos of a certain subject, remarked:

“I know a young lady in ——’s Chapel—a *young* lady;” a pause: “I suppose she is about thirty-seven;” another pause. The gentleman had made

his point, he had given us his best hit, and an audible laugh and a decided sensation ran around that circle of ministers. He presently proceeded to show how this "young lady," in her zeal for a good cause, interpolated exhortations among the interludes of the dance. Nobody laughed, however, at this.

Now, in the name of all that is chivalrous and manly, I beg to ask why that unoffending woman deserved the ridicule of the speaker and his friends? It was assumed that she made ridiculous pretensions to youth. But can any one say why men are still young at forty, and women are considered superannuated and *passée*? To this the unfortunate creature added the crime of being a spinster. But if marriage is so great a good, and she missed when she would willingly have compassed it, her case calls for commiseration and not sneers. Or did she sacrifice her own hopes to nurse an ailing mother, or to assist an unfortunate father, or to support and educate young brothers and sisters? What would you say of her then? Or might it be that her perceptions are more delicate, her aspirations higher, than those of most of her sisters, and she has chosen solitude and self-dependence rather than bate aught of her ideal? Or did some holy work beckon her more urgently than any dream of selfish bliss? In either case, she knows best what she has lost. She has gone out into its darkness and looked her life in the face: she has explored the desolate future and come back pale but undismayed. She knows where her peculiar womanly gifts might find their most congenial exercise: she knows precisely how true is that germ of truth which lies at the core of the popular cant about woman's sphere. She has questioned how far the proudest achievements in art can fill the place of the gracious household ministries which she misses—which she cannot be a woman and not miss. Think you she has never shrank from her encounter with the world—never guessed the happiness of mutual service—never longed for a satisfying love—never been appalled by the lonely old age to come—never been

famished for sympathy—never had any dismal outlookings toward illness and sorrow? Does she not know

"How dreary 'tis for woman to sit still
On winter nights, by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising her far off?"

"I am not afraid to live alone," said a noble woman, "but I dare not marry unworthily."

Is there no fine heroism here? I think that to submit cheerfully to a single life where circumstances have been unkind, to choose it from a high sense of duty, or to accept it for the sake of loyalty to a high ideal, is as brave a thing as a woman can do. But, after all, the woman who does this simply demands to be let alone. She begs that you will not suppose her insensible to a stab because she does not cry out. She has her pride and her delicacy. She urges no claims upon admiration, but she has no consciousness of disgrace. One would naturally prefer swift death by a sharp blade to a continuous hacking with a dull weapon. She therefore declines to serve any longer as a target for all the dullards of the community to test their feeble wits upon.

The seventy thousand, then, assert their right to be! Nay, they point to the statistics and ask how they are to help being. And with the necessity of existence upon them, they also assert their right to respectful treatment, and their claim to worthy work. I ask Mr. Malthus what he proposes to do about it. For the immunity from ridicule and sneers I need only appeal to the latent chivalry in his nature. He has a good heart, but his notions are sadly wrong. Work for the seventy thousand! That is a tougher problem. Mr. Malthus will need to do a good deal of his best thinking in order to solve it. He must get breadth of mind and clearness of vision and unselfishness of purpose. Until he solves it, the irrepressible woman will never be laid: when he shall have done so, the golden age will have begun. But perhaps Mr. Malthus in despair will be forced upon the Hindú alternative: I therefore present it to his respectful consideration.

A. L. JOHNSON.

THE BANNED PRIEST.

A LEGEND OF BETSDORF.

I.

IF ye fain would hear, I will sing to you
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see)
 A legend old, and strange, and true,
 (The ban o' the Church is sore to dree.)

At Betsdorf once lived a sinful man,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see—)
 A priest whose faults brought him under ban,
 (The ban o' the Church is sore to dree.)

Far, far on a journey, in discontent,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 And filled with sorrow and shame, he went,
 (The ban o' the Church is sore to dree.)

And soon he was numbered among the dead,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 Nor mass for the rest of his soul was said,
 (The ban o' the Church is sore to dree.)

II.

His sister's daughter declared one day,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 "I have seen the old priest i' the churchyard pray,"
 (Great is the grace of our dear Ladye.)

"It cannot be so—thou hast dreamed, my child,"
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see.)
 "Nay, nay, it was he, and at me he smiled,"
 (Great is the grace of our dear Ladye.)

She day by day tripped to the selfsame place,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 And ever looked up as in some one's face,
 (Great is the grace of our dear Ladye.)

At length she spoke, and she waved her hands,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see:)
 "Go into the church, where the altar stands,"
 (Great is the grace of our dear Ladye.)

III.

In that very midnight's silence deep
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see)
 Were many mysteriously roused from sleep,
 (Unco strange things i' this world there be.)

They looked, and the church was all red with light,
 (Sweet is the lily and fair to see,)
 And the organ and choir pealed through the night,
 (Unco strange things i' this world there be.)

They heard, howsoever it came to pass,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 The responses that ended a requiem mass,
 (Unco strange things i' this world there be.)

And a loud voice uttered a name well known,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see :)
 'Twas the dead priest's voice, and the name—his own !
 (Unco strange things i' this world there be.)

IV.

As soon as the midnight mass was o'er,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 The church grew as mirk as it was before,
 (The worst o' sinners may find mercie.)

When the eldritch voice had ceased to sound,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 Once more spread a deathlike silence round,
 (The worst o' sinners may find mercie.)

The spirit would long ha' sought rest in vain,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 Unbidden to enter the church again,
 (The worst o' sinners may find mercie.)

But Innocence opened the sacred door,
 (Sweet is the lily, and fair to see,)
 And the ghost of the banned priest walked no more,
 (The worst o' sinners may find mercie.)

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

TOBACCO.

THE objections so frequently urged against the use of tobacco and similar articles can be conveniently met both with the assertion that there is no nation on the face of the earth that is not addicted to the use of a narcotic in one or more forms, and with its inference, that the influence they wield over the human economy cannot be hurtful.

This may, perhaps, be held to prove

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that certain narcotics lull a craving universally felt by the human race, for tobacco—a type of the class—is benumbing in its effects ; but it does not follow that the objects for which the craving was implanted are met by its extinction. A proper appreciation of the physiological effects of this drug is the only guide that will enable us to appreciate the good uses to which it may be put, and

warn us of the evils resulting from its abuse.

The influence it exerts is sedative in its character, and is first felt on the intellectual functions of the cerebrum: extending thence it impresses the seats of sensation at the base of the brain, as is well shown in the tottering gait and imperfect vision of the inebriate. If the influence extend still farther, the nerves of organic life become interfered with, and the results, which previously were mental, now become physical and painfully apparent.

The functions of the body become excessively disturbed: nausea and vomiting, great pallor of the surface and alarming prostration rapidly follow each other, and these in turn may be followed by death. That these results are caused by the action of a sedative of great power no one will deny; but, during the first stages of narcosis, when the cerebral hemispheres are alone or mainly affected, phenomena occur which do not appear, at first sight, to countenance the idea of sedation.

The effects of opium, for example, on a person of cultivated and susceptible mind are most curious. The mental attributes seem to be elevated above their material connection, and allowed, unfettered, to soar through the vast expanse to which past study and meditation have introduced them. The harmonizing power of the will is destroyed; and, in brief, that condition partially obtains which is characteristic of death. In the future, the body will be destroyed, and the immaterial, the mental and spiritual, will blossom into perfection; so through opium the cerebral hemispheres become paralyzed, from their being more impressible, while the animal life is still maintained.

The mind being in itself indifferent to all physical influences, and freed to a great extent from its connection with the brain, its instrument, gives its still living owner a foretaste, miserable and paltry though it be, of the unlimited freedom which is to be its heritage in the spirit-world.

By the continuous use of this drug,

however, its devotee subverts, as each one has the awful power to do, the purpose of his creation. Instead of building a foundation sure and strong, while here, on which a fitting superstructure shall be placed in the coming life, he, after having faithfully commenced the work, leaves it half finished, to idly dream of the palace to which in all probability he will never attain.

Tobacco possesses only to a very limited extent the narcotic power so conspicuously displayed by opium. Its food-action, however, is correspondingly prominent. It retards, as is supposed, the retrograde change which is constantly going on in our tissues. The nutritive forces of the economy thus gain an ascendancy, which results in an increase of the bulk of the body. Whether or not this be the correct explanation, tobacco and its congeners undoubtedly do promote nutrition when used properly; and this, indeed, is one of the benefits attending their judicious use.

The habitual consumption of this drug, however, is incompatible with full mental energy. The noblest function of the body—that of ministering to spiritual and mental growth—can be performed only by the brain; and it is on this organ, as we have seen, that the effects of tobacco are first and most powerfully felt.

By its sedative, benumbing influence active work is retarded, and after a time a condition of hyper-nutrition is induced by its use, in which the brain is as slow to respond to its stimuli as was Dickens fat boy, Joe, to the calls of his master, Wardle.

In this condition a man abrogates his greatest privileges: he despises his birth-right. Substituting a pleasing self-complacency for the vigorous mental unrest which should characterize a human being, tobacco presents to frail humanity many alluring charms. The pleasures afforded purely by the use of this drug are essentially brutish. The mind being crippled in its active operations, employs itself in reading the records of past actions and events, which results in a pleasing reverie. The pleasures of this

condition bear some analogy to those enjoyed by one of our domestic ruminants when she is bathed in the cool, shaded waters of a rippling brook and meditatively engaged in chewing her cud.

Although this drug, when perverted, becomes a curse, yet when rightly used it is a medicine of the highest value, particularly in the present age of science and scholarly attainments. The brain is very apt, in these days, to be overworked; and in the excited, irritable condition which follows excessive use of this organ, tobacco is invaluable. If an appropriate dose be taken, the brain is strengthened by the calm through which it passes, and is left in a much-improved condition for work.

It is, like recreation, a blessing of un-

told value when used as a means of increasing our efficiency in the conflict of life, but a sad curse when it is followed so earnestly as to overshadow and conceal from view the real aim of existence. During all seasons of peculiarly urgent demand on our physical and mental natures, tobacco may perform a very useful part, but after such seasons have passed away, and our wasted energies have regained their wonted elasticity, its use should be dispensed with; for it is

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know."

ONE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

"A WOMAN of the world," commented Max Sherburne, in reply to his friend's abrupt question.

"All woman are of the world," was the sententious rejoinder.

"The gentle Sidney waxeth wroth," said Max, with a light laugh. "How shall he be appeased?"

"By a straightforward answer to a straightforward question. What do you think of Miss Baynton?"

"Ah! you return to the attack? Well, I will elaborate my answer. Miss Baynton is a woman of the world, bent upon making sure of the good things of the world—social position, fashionable precedence, and, necessarily, wealth unlimited."

"With—in the present case—Leslie Sherburne in attachment thereto," Sidney Graeme added.

"Exactly," said Sherburne, in his deliberate, scornful manner.

Graeme laughed aloud.

The two men were standing together upon the steps leading to the main en-

trance of the far-famed "Lanark House," the hotel, *par excellence*, of the picturesque little town of Clydesboro'. They had been talking in low tones, as the conversation was hardly fitted for promiscuous hearing. Graeme's loud laugh encountered speedy rebuke: Max Sherburne was not in the mood for "society" in general.

"Do you want to bring a gaping crowd out here?"

"No fear of that," said the imperturbable Sidney: "everybody is beautifying for the concert—that is, everybody feminine—and we need have no fear of masculine eavesdroppers or intruders: the men are all out, smoking and otherwise enjoying the moonlight." Sidney Graeme leaned over the stone balustrade at his side, and shook the ashes from his cigar as he concluded: "So you came to Clydesboro' to save the unwary Leslie from entanglement;—and you came too late."

Max Sherburne, who had been leaning against the massive pillar at the right

of the great doorway, straightened himself up, and looked keenly at the man before him. "I do not understand you," he said, coldly.

"Miss Baynton herself made your enforced visit to Clydesboro' a work of supererogation. She declined to 'entangle' your susceptible cousin."

A low, mocking laugh greeted the announcement: "Who told you this likely story?" And in the moonlight Max Sherburne's face expressed contemptuous want of faith in this rumor regarding Ethel Baynton.

"Leslie Sherburne. Why! has he not told you?"

"I have not seen him since I came."

"Where is he?"

"At Marron Hill. He was obliged to go home for a few days: some business transaction made it necessary for him to leave here in haste, or he would have waited until I came; so he wrote to me yesterday." Max Sherburne stood a while in silence, evidently intent upon watching the thin blue smoke that curled upward from the cigar he held: then he said, musingly, "And Leslie would have married this woman! Who would have thought him so easily infatuated?"

"Not so easily, after all: Miss Baynton is a remarkable woman."

"I hate 'remarkable' women!" was the uncharitable reflection.

"Oh, Max Sherburne," said Graeme, "if only some woman would bend that stiff-necked pride of yours, I'd vote her 'remarkable' for evermore. Come down from your awe-inspiring loftiness, and look at your fellows from ordinary mortal altitude, lest the lips of some woman, worthy even in your estimation, reply one day to your solicitation, 'I hate remarkable men!' What then, my Maximus?"

"I bide my fate," was the laughing answer.

"And one of these days, when you are better enlightened upon the subject of Miss Baynton's excellences, you will say that of the two Sherburnes, so variously gifted, Leslie was the wiser. Will you bide that also?"

"My native modesty constrains me,

even now, to defer to my neighbor's superiority."

"Evidently you fear Miss Baynton."

"And the vulgar old dragon of an aunt—grandmother—what is it?—that takes care of the Baynton interest."

"Such an article as a 'vulgar' dragon never had existence. Your metaphors fret my soul."

"Are you going to the concert this evening? Where is it to be?" said Sherburne, endeavoring to effect a change in the conversation.

"Why, man, I'm one of the impressed!—a 'gentleman amateur,' in the elegant phraseology of the satin programme. Will you come?"

"I do not know where."

"To Mrs. Smithson's."

"I do not know the lady."

"You can easily procure a ticket."

"Oh, there *are* tickets, are there? What is the object?"

"Something benevolent. Mrs. Smithson will be delighted to tell you all about this newest hobby of hers. I'll introduce you."

"You are very kind," said Sherburne, ironically—"almost as kind as this unknown and unheard-of Mrs. Smithson. Who is she?"

"A charming widow, residing at present in Clydesboro'."

"And rich, I suppose."

"Ah me!" was the rueful reply—"rich' is not the word."

"You should marry this enchantress 'doubly armed.'"

"That depends—" philosophized Sidney Graeme.

"Is she young?"

"Same age as grandmother, but she thinks no one knows it; and, in fact, does not herself realize the truth. Upon the whole," Sidney added, "charming as the relict of the lamented Smithson is, I prefer Miss Baynton."

"Miss Baynton again!" said Sherburne, as if weary of the theme. "You are free to love her if the fancy be upon you, but I am heartily glad that Leslie escaped, even at the cost of a heartache or two. He is too good a fellow to be thrown away upon a frivolous woman—

a mere woman of the world, like this Miss Baynton and her kind."

"Good-evening, Mr. Graeme," said a clear woman's voice, so close that both men started at the sound and turned hastily toward the speaker. Sidney Graeme flung his cigar far away among the bushes that bordered the broad gravel walk in front, and replied, with evident embarrassment in his voice and manner, to Miss Baynton's salutation; for it was Ethel Baynton who had come so suddenly upon the scene and brought such dire confusion into the thoughts of one man at least. If Max Sherburne inwardly experienced annoyance, outwardly he gave no sign: he bowed very low in acknowledgment of Miss Baynton's presence, and then stood with uncovered head in the bright moonlight, thoughtfully stroking the ends of the moustache shading his firm, close-set lip.

"I hope that you will do your best to-night," said Miss Baynton, again addressing Sidney Graeme.

"I hope so: I see that you are arrayed for victory," answered Sidney, recovering confidence under the influence of Ethel Baynton's smiling serenity.

"As it should be," was the gay reply. "Am I not right, Mr. Sherburne?"

"Bent upon drawing me out," commented Max, inwardly. "Right to aim at victory?" said he, audibly. "Undoubtedly: a constitutional, inalienable right—the right of strife for success."

"Then, Mr. Graeme," she remarked, turning to Sidney, whose eyes were fixed upon the face so fair in the moonlight, "your reflection was invidious."

"Pardon, Miss Baynton: the intention, could it be well understood, would extenuate my grave offence in word. I am honored in being—your victim." A salutation, formidably reverent in its humility, closed the jesting speech.

"So easily vanquished!" she cried, shaking her head rebukingly at incorrigible Sidney Graeme.

"Scarce worth the trouble," said Sidney. "Ah! if I had Max Sherburne's armor of proof, I'd parry many a thrust and keep my heart whole in the fiercest

encounter. Would *that* strife be worth the trouble?"

Miss Baynton smiled dubiously, and made no reply.

"Glory dear-bought brings pangs to victor and vanquished, but triumph is sweet; and as for the rest—" Max hesitated.

"*Vae victis!*" said Miss Baynton lightly: then, turning away with a formal "Good-evening," she left the two friends to themselves.

She passed through the open doorway, crossed the hall and entered a room the door of which had been half open, revealing a dim light within. A stern-faced, middle-aged woman and a servant were holding close conference at the moment of Miss Baynton's entrance.

"What is the matter, Aunt Charlotte?"

"Nothing, nothing," was the hurried reply. Then Mrs. Hayward, the "Aunt Charlotte" addressed, thrust something into the servant's hand, and said, with a quick, nervous gesture, "Lay them on my table, Susan: I will be up in a few minutes."

Susan drew her heavy brows into an ominous frown, and muttering something about "queer creeturs in the world," went abruptly from the room. She carried in her hand a package of some sort, which the bright light in the hall resolved into a bundle of papers and letters. With gloomy face and slow steps, betraying her frame of mind, she ascended the stairs and passed on to Mrs. Hayward's room. Having deposited the package upon the table designated, she bustled about a while, putting in their places various articles disarranged by Miss Baynton in the progress of her "arraying for victory."

"Mighty proud is Miss Ethel," was the running comment in an undertone as the careful attendant strove to bring "order out of chaos"—"mighty proud, but good to the like of us, and that's good enough for me. I wish she had the letter!"

Some sudden thought drew the woman again to the table: turning over the letters and papers, and all the while mut-

tering to herself phrases decidedly uncomplimentary to "stone figgers as froze flesh and blood," she made a discovery that brought a look of terror into her face. One letter was missing, and that *the* letter referred to in Susan's vehement ejaculation? She looked anxiously about her, peered into every corner, and retraced her steps along the corridor, down the broad staircase and in the lower hall; but her search was vain: there was no trace of the missing letter.

"You lost a letter, I believe?" said Max Sherburne, who was standing in the hall near the foot of the staircase.

"Yes, sir," answered Susan in unconcealed agitation. "Did you see it?"

"It was lying here"—he pointed to the mat at his feet—"when I came in. I gave it to Miss Baynton."

"Gave it to Miss Baynton!" cried the woman, horrified in anticipation of the scene that would inevitably ensue. "Then it's all up, and I'm not sorry;" and Susan, gathering up her scattered courage, thanked Mr. Sherburne in an extraordinary laconism, "You might ha' done worse, sir:" then, bristling and defiant, she marched into the room in which she had left Mrs. Hayward.

"What's the matter now?" said Max to himself, laughing, yet wondering withal at the mysterious conduct of the servant.

He had found the letter lying in the hall, and seeing that it was addressed to Miss Ethel Baynton, he stood a while awaiting the reappearance of that lady. His patience was not sorely tried: Miss Baynton, anxious to be in time for the proposed musical entertainment, was advocating the necessity of "reasonable haste, at least, Aunt Charlotte." Max Sherburne could hear her quite distinctly: the door of the parlor was wide open, and the voice of the speaker, low and pleasant as it was, was clear enough to be heard where Max stood. "I will see whether Mrs. Graeme be ready or not, and by that time, Aunt Charlotte, I'll carry you off," said Miss Baynton at last, as the clock on the stairs struck the three quarters, and one guest after another emerged from the various rooms.

With the laudable intention of hurrying

ing Mrs. Graeme, Ethel left her aunt and came with quick, noiseless steps into the hall. She saw Max Sherburne standing at the foot of the staircase, and with an inclination, unsmiling yet strictly conventional, she would have passed on without a word.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Baynton," said he, detaining her: "I believe this is yours."

She took the letter from him, thanked him, and then, pausing a moment to examine the superscription, turned to him with a strange look of bewilderment, which he was quick to understand.

"I found it here," said he, in explanation: "perhaps you dropped it as you came down this evening."

"No," she replied, thoughtfully; and again thanking him, she went back to Mrs. Hayward.

"Aunt Charlotte," said she, in a voice expressive of more than mere surprise, "this was found in the hall. When did it come?"

Mrs. Hayward looked up hastily and saw the letter in Ethel's hand.

"What is it, Ethel?" she asked in tones of constrained calmness.

"This letter for me," came impatiently from the lips of Miss Baynton. "When did it come?"

"Susan brought a number of letters this afternoon while we were out. I suppose that is one of them. Probably she dropped it on her way up stairs," replied Mrs. Hayward, affecting to treat the matter carelessly.

"Why did Susan keep this letter from me?"

"I told her to leave *all* the letters on my table." Perhaps the emphatic "all" was intended to convince Miss Baynton that no distinction in regard to the correspondence in question had been thought of. "Do not wait to read it, my dear: we will be late, and Mrs. Graeme is waiting for us."

"From my mother," said Ethel, heedless of the injunction, as she tore away the outer envelope and recognized the familiar handwriting of the address within.

The letter, evidently the effort of a trembling hand, was very brief: "Ethel,

if you have any love for us, come home. We are in great trouble, and we appeal to you now for the last time. I have written three letters without receiving any answer; and John half believes that you have forgotten us, but I can trust my darling. Ethel, you will come." Then a few words more of affection and entreaty, and the letter closed.

"Where are the other letters, Aunt Charlotte?" Ethel asked, confronting Mrs. Hayward with ghastly face and wide, tearless eyes.

"Susan can tell you," replied Mrs. Hayward, satisfied that there was now no possibility of further evasion. Ethel Baynton was not to be driven from her position or baffled by temporizing.

"*You* can tell me," she said, bitterly, grasping her aunt by the arm in her excitement: then she cried out, in broken, piteous accents, "Oh, Aunt Charlotte, why did you keep them from me?"

Mrs. Hayward prided herself upon her iron endurance: above all sentiment, to use her own expression, she "despised theatricals, on or off the stage:" the sight of tears at once closed her heart against the lachrymose offender; but in Ethel Baynton's agonized face was something more potent than tears. Mrs. Hayward had loved her niece with a peculiar, selfish love, hedged about with pride, yet very earnestly withal, notwithstanding the great disparity in age and sentiment existent between them. Ethel, naturally strong-willed and firm of purpose, was looked upon by her aunt as one, in some manner of spirit, kindred to Mrs. Hayward's own hard-natured self, and regarded with favor accordingly. Moreover, she was young and attractive, and brought new life into the struggle for fashionable pre-eminence; and any homage, vicarious or otherwise, delighted the heart of the worldly-minded Charlotte Hayward.

"I knew that they wanted you to go home," said Mrs. Hayward, knowing all the while that the explanation would add fuel to the fire: "they wrote to me at the same time, and I thought that as you could be of no use to them, it was as well to keep back your letters."

"'Of no use!' " repeated Ethel, mechanically. "I love them," she said, after a brief pause, "and I might have comforted them, even if it were ever so poor a means of comfort. I must go home."

She turned away, but Mrs. Hayward caught her and held her with a close, detaining grasp. "You cannot," she said, sternly. "They will not want you now."

"Why did you keep me, then, when they did want me?"

"I had my own reasons."

"Were you afraid that my departure would endanger the success of any plan of yours?" A new light dawned in upon Ethel Baynton.

"Yes," Mrs. Hayward began: "Mr. Sherburne—"

Ethel interrupted with a haughty gesture, at the same time shaking off the hand that held her: "Mr. Sherburne is nothing to me—nothing but a friend in whose friendship I have perfect confidence."

"Did you tell him so?" asked Mrs. Hayward, with eyes flashing indignation at the offender.

"There was no need," was the proud reply. "You know me well, Aunt Charlotte, and Leslie Sherburne was generous enough to understand that I declined his attentions—not from mere coquetry, but because I would not stoop to wrong an honorable man by vain encouragement. Vain, indeed, it would have been, for I did not love Leslie Sherburne."

"Are you mad?" fiercely exclaimed Mrs. Hayward.

"Perhaps I am," said Ethel, sadly—"so many things perplex me."

At this juncture Susan entered, and Miss Baynton, with the same stony face and tearless eyes, said very calmly, "Susan, when I go up stairs with you, give me my letters."

"Yes, Miss Ethel," answered Susan, totally oblivious of the fact that her mistress was in a state verging upon fury, as her dark face gave indubitable testimony.

"Are you satisfied now?" Mrs. Hayward asked, entering Ethel's room not

many minutes later. Susan was on her knees, busy packing such articles of apparel as were needed for an immediate journey; and Miss Baynton, having divested herself of her evening attire, was rapidly preparing herself for traveling. "Are you satisfied that your mother, who never was over-wise, is the wife of a thief?"

In her rage Mrs. Hayward ignored all policy.

Susan looked up amazed, and then buried her head again in the mysteries of packing.

"Do not say anything about my mother," said Ethel, with the look of a strong spirit roused in her flashing eyes. "All will come right, Aunt Charlotte: my mother's husband is no thief—I am sure of that."

"Yet the bank has been defrauded, and this man's books, upon examination, have been proved to contain fraudulent entries. You are unreasonably zealous in your faith. Where are you going now?"

"Home."

"Alone? You are quite heroic," sneered Mrs. Hayward.

"The train for Philadelphia will pass this place in twenty minutes," said Ethel, consulting her watch; "and if you will permit Susan to go with me to the station, I shall be obliged to you. I shall remain in the city until the first train in the morning leaves for Holmhurst. I cannot lose any time, Aunt Charlotte."

Somewhat moved by Ethel's white face and changed manner, Mrs. Hayward said coldly, "It would not do for me to let you go alone. I will go with you."

"Not home with me, Aunt Charlotte," Ethel replied firmly. "I do not mean to be unkind, but I know they will not be pleased to see you now."

"Very well. Susan will go with you to Philadelphia: traveling at night is not very enviable, especially when one is alone."

Before noon of the next day, Ethel Baynton stood at the door of her mother's house in Holmhurst. Now that the unnatural mental strain was relax-

ing, there came an overwhelming sense of weariness that half dulled the pain in Ethel's heart. She looked vacantly at the bowed windows, scarcely thought of the unusual silence pervading everywhere: at that moment *her* everywhere was circumscribed within home limits. Then, when the door opened to her hasty summons, she crossed the threshold mechanically, and, still like one in a dream, made her way to the pleasant little room known to all the children of that house as "mother's sitting-room." The woman who had admitted her was a stranger, doing general duty in that time of sickness and trouble, and Ethel had entered unrecognized and unannounced. She opened the door of the sitting-room, and realized everything when she saw the little group assembled there. A child lay upon the sofa by the window, and another, a few years older, was poring over a book dear to his childish heart, as his absorbed attention testified; while a fair-haired, handsome boy, taller by many inches than the pale-faced mother to whose low words he was listening with such grave respect, stood, cap in hand, ready and eager to execute what was then required of him. Ethel took all this in at a glance, but she had eyes and thought only for the mother whose heart had clung so confidently to the absent child—for the mother who had endured so much, and who was in Ethel's arms before a word of welcome could find utterance through the white, trembling lips. Mrs. Vincent had borne her home-troubles unflinchingly; she had not uttered a word of complaining; but she found the joyful surprise of Ethel's coming more than she could meet without some compromise of composure. One look at her darling—Ethel's eyes were so like dead Phil Baynton's!—a half-defined consciousness of security and rest, and the brave little woman fainted away.

When she was restored to consciousness she looked up, dimly comprehending that some light had come suddenly into the shadow of a weary time of pain: with Ethel's eyes shining into hers, and Ethel's kisses on her pale, worn face,

she gathered in the truth—her darling had come home at last.

“Let me tell your father,” she said, at length, rising from the chair in which they had placed her. “He will be very glad, Ethel.”

Ethel knew by the manner of the words that John Vincent had need of some positive assurance of his step-daughter’s affection and fidelity: he had read, in her absence and delay, a chapter of doubt if not of unworthiness.

“Is papa better?” Ethel asked when her mother had left the room.

The question was not answered. A young girl ran into the room, almost noiselessly yet eagerly, and flung her arms about Ethel’s neck with a low, glad cry, ending in a burst of tears.

“Agnes,” said Ethel—and her own eyes were very dim—“have you been taking my place all the time?”

“Oh, Ethel, I could never take your place!” What a world of love and tenderness in the voice and in the words!

Not many minutes later, Ethel stood in the darkened room in which John Vincent lay. She had not loved her step-father in these later years, when she began to see his lack of manly energy: she had deferred to him and respected him as her mother’s husband, and for no other reason. Strong and self-reliant herself, she could not look upon instability in others with proper Christian forbearance; but the time for change was coming—was even now at hand—and Ethel Baynton had more than mere pity for the stricken man before her. She caught the feeble hand extended toward her, and kissed the poor white lips that now, as ever, had loving words for dead Phil Baynton’s daughter. This weak, vacillating man, whom Ethel in her strength of purpose had almost despised, was at this moment, in her eyes, invested with new dignity—the saddest of all, the dignity of suffering.

“You are a good child, Ethel: we missed you. Do you know all?”

“Mamma will tell me all.” The quiet voice compelled quiet, and Mr. Vincent, yielding to the stronger will, forbore fur-

ther talk upon the subject that dwelt night and day in his mind.

That afternoon, Mr. Benjamin Furneaux, the senior partner of the great banking-house in which John Vincent had seen years of honorable service, was surprised in his office by the announcement that a young lady wished to see him upon urgent business. As the dainty card presented to the official in attendance informed the heavy-visaged banker, the young lady’s name was Ethel Baynton. Mr. Furneaux was in close conversation with his solicitor at the time, and was inclined to resent the intrusion upon his golden moments, but, being a very methodical man, he compromised matters by instructing his clerk to request the lady to state the nature of her business.

“She declines to state the nature of her business to any but Mr. Furneaux,” said the clerk when he returned from his unsuccessful errand, “and she will wait until Mr. Furneaux is disengaged.”

The clerk withdrew, with a sly grimace at the unknown lady’s boldness in defying “Old Furneaux,” whose sternness and immovability were proverbial among his associates and men of business in general: indeed, one irreverent wag, in the employ of the great moneyed estate, had bestowed upon his austere chief the abbreviated cognomen “Ruat Cœlum,” leaving the initial sentence of the inexorable motto to be omitted or supplied according to the wisdom of the audience. The name enjoyed a long day, and there were few business men in Holmhurst who had not, at some time or other, heard of “Old Ruat Cœlum.”

“A Dorcas, probably,” said the solicitor to Mr. Furneaux, smiling significantly at that unbending gentleman.

“Oh no,” replied Mr. Furneaux, with an accession of erectness that implied plainly—“No ‘Dorcases’ ever venture within these hallowed precincts.”

“Well, I have some papers to look over, and you can attend to the lady in the mean while.”

Mr. Furneaux walked into the outer office, and saw there a woman veiled beyond the possibility of recognition—of-

fence number two: the first offence was the untimely visit. When the veil was raised a pale face, with clear, unshrinking eyes, met his gaze. Offence upon offence! Women had no right to be unabashed in the presence of their masters. Now, Mr. Furneaux was no Mussulman, yet he entertained certain unacknowledged and vague notions like unto those of the "Faithful," one of which touched upon the inferiority of women as a race: he did not enforce his opinion in words, but he let his own household know the full measure of his justice, and reigned supreme over that "weaker vessel" stranded, in a hapless hour, upon the bleak shores of his affections.

"Mr. Furneaux, I believe?" said the lady, rising and throwing back her veil at "Old Ruat Cœlum's" entrance.

Mr. Furneaux bowed with great dignity, and awaited further remarks.

The lady resumed her seat. "My father, Mr. Vincent," she began, with a certain tremulousness that could not at first be controlled, "tells me that you refuse to see him, and I have come to you to ascertain what he desires to know from your account only."

Another frigid bow and a general increase of stiffness on the part of Mr. Furneaux answered the appealing voice.

"Have you commenced proceedings?" asked Ethel Baynton, with all the old proud calmness in her voice and manner. She would not yield while there was chance of success to her cause, and she was, even at this early moment, growing impatient of the grim man's silence.

"We are about to do so."

"Upon what grounds?"

To say that Mr. Furneaux was astonished would be but weak expression of his state of mind. For him, Benjamin Furneaux, Esq., of the great house of "Furneaux, Son & Co.," to be submitted to cross-examination like this, in his own sanctum, and by a woman, too! It was past belief.

"Upon grounds already stated." That neat answer was regarded by Mr. Furneaux as a model of evasion.

"The evidence is insufficient," said

Ethel, boldly. "If the books have been altered, some one else may have altered them. My father was sick some months ago and unable to attend to his duties, and the books were in other hands during the time of his absence. Have you considered that?"

"We did not know it," answered Mr. Furneaux, surprised into a purely candid remark. "I was away from home for a time."

"You would not see my father: you would not come when he sent for you, and he was not willing to make explanations to any one who might question him. What, in this case, involves a second party, negatively, you must admit, favors the one originally accused."

Mr. Furneaux said nothing, and Ethel proceeded: "Why do you think that the missing money went into my father's hands?"

"I understand that Mr. Vincent spent unusually large sums of money this year," replied Mr. Furneaux, actually having the grace to redden as he made the mysteriously suggestive remark. Ethel nodded impatiently, and "Ruat Cœlum" had no choice but to continue: "He paid off the mortgage upon his property."

"I gave him the money," was the brief interruption.

"You!" Evidently Mr. Furneaux was permitting his strong politeness to suffer a default.

"When my aunt persuaded me to leave my mother and to live with her, she gave me a part of the money which should, rightfully, have come to my father: I speak now of my own father, not of Mr. Vincent. Mrs. Hayward, my father's sister, had never forgiven him for the marriage into which he entered against the wishes of his family: she stood by when my grandfather signed the will disinheriting his only son, and she promised to keep aloof for ever from the outcast."

The door of the inner office swung open and Ethel broke off, but no one appearing, she continued her explanation:

"After my grandfather's death she relented so far as to offer a home to me, but my father rejected her proposal as

an insult: she had denied admittance to him when his father lay on a dying bed, and she must not think that the mere husks of charity would satisfy now."

She paused a while. Some one was walking about in the adjoining room: she could see the shadow of a tall figure upon the wall and hear the sound of a manly step upon the floor.

"Our business, in this instance, is *his* business," said Mr. Furneaux, condescending to reassure Miss Baynton, and Ethel guessed rightly that the legal adviser of the moneyed man was within.

"When, after a long illness, my father died, Aunt Charlotte again offered a home to me, and we had no alternative. My mother's marriage with Mr. Vincent was the source of a second estrangement, and I refused to be parted altogether from my mother. At last, Aunt Charlotte promised to give me my father's just share of her property, and the bribe was too tempting to be declined, although the conditions imposed caused us many an unhappy hour. I was to live with Aunt Charlotte, and to visit my home, at her pleasure only. The mortgage upon the property had always been an anxiety to Mr. Vincent, and here was a means of getting rid of it. Aunt Charlotte was disposed to thwart me in my purpose, but without success, and the property was freed from all encumbrance as soon as the necessary formalities permitted."

The ground was going from under Mr. Furneaux at an alarming rate, but, true to the instincts of his genus, he essayed a desperate grasp at everything available: "Your brother is at an expensive school, Miss Baynton."

"Aunt Charlotte permits me to pay for Frank's education."

Poor "*Ruat Cœlum!*" This terrible, matter-of-fact woman, with her calm voice and overwhelming array of statements, was leaving him scarce a footbreadth to stand upon.

"But the altered books, Miss Baynton?" was the final gasp.

"My father wishes to see *you*, Mr. Furneaux," returned Ethel, very courteously and firmly: "he will make one

explanation to you in person. He would not trust even me with that, but he wishes to take his place again in the bank: he wants the people of Holmhurst to know that you *had* trust in him, not merely the pretence of it. He can do you no wrong," she pleaded earnestly: "he is completely broken down by the false charge against him; yet I think it would be new life to him if you would let him, for a day only, sit in his old place and thus silence scandalous tongues. You will do this, Mr. Furneaux? He is innocent: have I not almost proved it?"

"Almost," said Mr. Furneaux; and in the word the "*Fiat justitia*" of a motto irreverently applied came boldly out.

"Believe him altogether innocent, then, since you cannot prove him altogether guilty. May he come again when he is able? You will stay proceedings, Mr. Furneaux, until you have seen him?" Her voice was choked and her eyes were full of tears. What could Mr. Furneaux do but say "Yes" to her very reasonable requests? And he said "Yes" with a kindness that astonished the solicitor in the inner room.

"Have you been out, Ethel?" Mr. Vincent asked when Ethel again stood at his bedside.

"Yes, papa; the day would tempt any one to steal out and enjoy it." She arranged the pillows about Mr. Vincent's head, administered the cordial prescribed, and then stooped to whisper her word of comfort: "You must get well soon; you are to take your place again. Mr. Furneaux will be here to-morrow."

"Ethel, Ethel!" came hesitatingly from the white, quivering lips, "did you go there?" When Ethel had answered, Mr. Vincent raised his feeble hand and drew the fair young face close to his. "My little girl!" he said, in his earnest, graceful way: he kissed her fondly, still repeating, "My little girl!" And that was all the blessing he could give her: his broken voice failed him utterly.

Mr. Furneaux came according to promise. What passed in that long interview with John Vincent few persons ever knew. The partners in the banking-house heard all from the stern old

man, whose heart ached in the telling of a shameful story, and so did the solicitor to whom the case reflecting upon Mr. Vincent had been committed; but beyond these there were none to prove or disprove the many rumors respecting the visit that resulted so strangely.

There was no further talk of prosecution. Little by little a mysterious story began to gain ground among the gossiping community—a story that made honest men shake their heads and look none too leniently upon the record of young Ben Furneaux. Rumor ran that a forged note, drawn in the name of the firm, had been presented in due form to the head of the great house of "Furneaux, Son & Co.," in the apprehension, on the part of those who had rashly discounted the note, that Mr. Furneaux would disavow all knowledge of the signature; but, strange to say, the grim old banker, with a terrible look in his face, as the gossips faithfully reported, pronounced the note genuine and drew a check for it on the spot. What less could the unhappy father do? What more could he suffer?

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—a fair precept; too stern, however, for every case. Strict and just as old Benjamin Furneaux was, he let one act in the part of Brutus go by. Who blamed him for the failure? Who deplored the strong love that had swept out with heavy hand one scene too terrible for enacting? There may be some hiatus in the chronicle: old-time legends, like old-time words, lose even their characteristics in the long march of years, and haply in the story of the inflexible Roman some page that would have given a new reading to the tragedy dropped long ago from the file. But do not think that old Benjamin Furneaux stopped thus to speculate or to reconcile deed and word with cunning casuistry. No, no; he forgot his maxims and his phrases: he was a father and he loved his son.

One bright day in early autumn John Vincent sat in his old place again—very much changed, white and worn, but in his old place, and able to hold his head up among them all.

"I wanted to come," he said in reply

to a remonstrance from Mr. Furneaux, who was the first to greet him on his entrance. "A good neighbor of mine drove me down, and promised to bring me safe home again. Indeed, Mr. Furneaux, it gives me rest to be here."

"A very honorable man," Mr. Furneaux had said to Ethel respecting her father on the day of that memorable visit; and he never had reason to change his opinion. John Vincent was weak and timid, perhaps—given to trusting others to his own detriment, never to his neighbor's, however; yet a "very honorable man" withal.

In the course of the day, Mr. Ralph Furneaux, who was associated with his father in the banking-house, and Mr. Leslie Sherburne, the "Co." of the firm, came down to Holmhurst upon special business connected with the affairs of the bank. Their legal adviser came with them, and was present at the long-continued conference in the private office of Mr. Furneaux. Mr. Vincent was called in at times to make statements bearing upon the case under advisement—a duty which he performed in a painful, hesitating way, as if deprecating the necessity of the position thus forced upon him by the pressure of concurring circumstances.

"Max," said Leslie Sherburne to his cousin as they sat at dinner that day, "is it true that you went down to Clydesboro' to save me from Miss Baynton?"

Max reddened, and replied with the question, "Were you then in danger?"

"You are very kind," ironically returned the other—"very kind. Be equally good to yourself when the need comes."

"Thanks!" Max drawled out, leaning back and looking from under his half-closed eyelids at the handsome face opposite.

"You know nothing of Miss Baynton," Leslie began, with a light in his fine eyes at the mere mention of Ethel Baynton's name.

"Do I not?" interrupted Max, so sharply that Leslie Sherburne gazed at him in surprise. "Let me tell you something, Leslie Sherburne."

And he did tell him something that brought the conscious color into the face of speaker and listener alike.

"I have changed my mind," said Max, concluding.

"I have not," briefly commented his cousin. "Will you come with me to-night? I told Mr. Vincent to look out for a visitor or two."

"Not there?"

"Yes, there. Will you come? Do you prefer a stupid evening in a stupid hotel like this?"

"I will go."

"Not to save me from Miss Baynton, remember."

"Leslie, there is no need of that kind of talk," said Max, with a frown.

"I am glad that there is not. I will be a good boy, I assure you; and as for you, my proselyte, I intend to let you alone, in danger or out of danger. That has a selfish ring, has it not? But then you prefer independence, and I leave you to your preference—*sauve qui peut!*"

Ethel Baynton was indeed prepared for a visit from Leslie Sherburne, but she could scarcely conceal her surprise at the sight of the man who accompanied him. For a moment the embarrassment at meeting was mutual: each recalled that last evening in Clydesboro', in which certain invidious sentiments respecting a "woman of the world" had escaped Max Sherburne's lips within hearing of the "woman of the world" in question. For a moment only the embarrassment was visible: then Ethel Baynton's manner regained its easy grace and Max Sherburne his faultless courtesy.

The evening passed pleasantly. Leslie Sherburne fairly charmed away the girlish heart of pretty Agnes Vincent: she talked to him with all the bewitching artlessness and naïveté peculiar to one under such rare home-training; she played for him and sang his favorite songs in a style that pleased this fastidious lover of music to the very extent of his exacting; and she listened to his singing with eagerness that told its tale in shining eye and glowing cheek.

And all the while Max Sherburne

talked quietly to Ethel Baynton. He had, indeed, changed his mind!

"Who taught you?" Leslie Sherburne asked in the course of a conversation upon masters in general, composers and instructors alike included.

"Papa," the young girl replied.

"Yes," said Mr. Vincent in answer to Mr. Sherburne's inquiring look, "I taught Agnes. Does she reflect credit upon her teacher? I was a musician in my time," he added, "and my children still cling to their father's old love."

"Are you, then, organist at Saint Bede's?" inquired Max, abruptly.

"I was—I am not now: my health compelled me to make Sunday literally a day of rest."

"And Leslie and I have sat many a time in the old church and paid homage to the inspired hand that drew our thoughts away with its wondrous power. We never came to Holmhurst without giving a day to Saint Bede's; and my mind misgives me that piety was not the impelling motive in the case. I was there a few weeks ago, and the grand old organ rang out as usual. You played that day, Mr. Vincent?"

"No," Mr. Vincent answered with a smile. "My little girl is in my place now, and was then. I am opposed to it, but she has a strong will, and talks me out of my opposition at times."

"I do not understand," said Max, wonderingly, looking around at Ethel, whose face was scarlet under the scrutiny.

"Ethel is organist," said Mr. Vincent, with a fond glance at his daughter. "She crept into my place without my knowledge, and she will not withdraw: is she not a defiant little usurper? And she beguiled Agnes into the conspiracy against me. The new soprano at Saint Bede's—well, you can guess the rest. What do you think of my pair of rebels? I have not heard them yet in their new capacity."

"You shall hear them next Sunday," Leslie Sherburne broke in: "I will drive you over, and Max also. He is not in a hurry: he can wait."

Mr. Vincent accepted the proposal gratefully, but Max made no reply, and

soon after the two gentlemen took their leave.

"I understand it all," said Leslie as they walked back to their hotel. "Mr. Vincent's salary as organist was not to be forfeited without a struggle: those children are to be educated, an invalid's tastes to be ministered to, however moderately; and for all this money must be had."

"Even if Miss Baynton's fingers were to be the willing workers. Yes, I understand. What a woman! what a woman!"

After this, Leslie Sherburne paid many a visit at the house of Mr. Vincent. Sunday after Sunday found him in Saint Bede's, seemingly one of the most attentive in the worshipping throng. His household at Marron Hill wondered at his desertion, for he had not heretofore been given to rambling, as they phrased it. Then there came a whisper of his approaching marriage, and pretty Agnes Vincent listened with beating heart to the gossiping story; but she found out the whole truth at last from Leslie Sherburne's lips, and she whispered her secret to Ethel, not many minutes later, with tears and blushes untold: "He loved you first, Ethel: he told me all; and I loved you first, Ethel. Are you glad?"

Ethel kissed the tearful eyes and crimson cheeks, and let that be her answer.

"It was a splendid thing for a bank clerk's daughter," the world of Holmhurst agreed, as it flocked to the wedding, the grandest in Saint Bede's for many a day. Ethel Baynton and Max Sherburne came in for a fair share of admiration in their respective positions as bridemaid and groomsman, and were the occasion of much speculation upon the part of the observing many. Mrs. Hayward was present, and, like the fairy godmother in the story, had lavished

presents everywhere: she was anxious to make what reparation lay in her power, and it was deemed wisest on all sides to let the past be forgotten in the happiness of the present.

Ethel was a constant visitor at Mrs. Leslie Sherburne's — Agnes would not have it otherwise; and somehow, without any especial management, Max Sherburne always found time for "a day or two" at Marron Hill when Miss Baynton was there. One day Leslie drove his wife out to visit a friend at some distance, and Max was left with Ethel.

"Talk to me," he said to her, suddenly, drawing her attention from the music before her: she had been playing for some time, and was leaning now, half listlessly, against the piano.

"What shall I say?" was her reply as she averted her eyes from his gaze.

"Ah, if you would only say what I want!" he passionately answered. She rose hastily and would have fled, but he caught her hand: "Will you say it, Ethel?" His face was close to hers, and his eager eyes fascinated her: she dared not turn away. "Only yes, Ethel: will you not say 'yes' to my suit?"

"I!" she exclaimed, scornfully—"I say 'yes' to Max Sherburne! Of what importance can it be to him? I, a 'mere woman of the world!'"

"The one woman of the world for me!" said Max, grasping her hands closely. "Will you not forgive me? I am far from perfect, Ethel, but I love you: that is all the amends I can make for my injustice. That day in Mr. Furneaux's office— Yes, Ethel, I was in the inner room. Do you care, my darling, how I learned to love you?"

She resisted no longer. "Yes," she whispered, hiding her face upon her clasped hands—and so the story was told.

KATE P. KEREVEN.

SHALL HE BE EDUCATED?

A REPLY TO "THE FREEDMAN AND HIS FUTURE."

THAT schools should be kept open through all the warmth of a summer vacation, with a full and voluntary attendance of the pupils, seems rather incredible. That they should be kept open nearly under the Tropics, in all the heat of a Southern summer, seems more incredible. But that they should be kept open in summer, under a tropical climate, at the request of the boys and girls themselves, and partly at their expense, seems altogether incredible: it is not juvenile human nature. And yet it is the fact. So desirous of learning are the dark-hued scholars of our Southern States that their schools, when closed for the three months of summer, that their Northern teachers may return home to recuperate, have been reopened and their old teachers either engaged to remain or new ones been employed of their own color, and therefore somewhat inferior. In some cases these vacation-teachers have been the best and most advanced of the scholars in the late schools, who thus prepare themselves normally for wider experience in school-teaching on their own account. In Louisiana, in the summer of 1868, 178 schools, with 6026 pupils, continued through July with their old teachers. The same season, the Superintendent of the Freedman's Bureau in Mississippi made a special effort to go through the hot weather with all his healthily-located schools, and succeeded: 75 day schools, with an average attendance of 3500 scholars, and 47 Sunday schools, with an average of 3800 pupils, were kept open through all the heated term. In Kentucky, last year, 30 schools were continued through August with 1521 pupils.

Such an eager desire for learning makes the establishment of new schools an easy task. And yet it is wonderful to see how this intense longing for culture on the part of the negro, met by the

nation in the Freedman's Bureau and by individuals in various benevolent organizations, has resulted in the establishment of so many institutions of learning. Four years of peace have intervened since the light of freedom began to dawn upon the dark chaos of ignorance that brooded over the black man. Within these four years there have been established colleges—too often *sot-dísant* universities—at Washington (with its law, medical and theological schools), Nashville, Atlanta, Oxford, Mobile, Alleghany; 31 normal schools, at Hampton, Charleston, Macon, Talladega, Mobile and other places; high schools, at Wilmington, Beaufort, Savannah, Memphis, Chattanooga and Louisville; 500 graded schools, and 4400 common and Sunday schools, with an attendance of 256,000 pupils, where four years ago not a school nor a scholar could be found.

These make an educational advance such as the world has nowhere else seen. In a few years these 500 graded schools, these 39 normal and high schools, these colleges and universities, will pour forth an ample band of teachers, similar in race to the taught; but even at this early stage over a thousand of the teachers are colored.

Much of this educational work has been done by the Freedman's Bureau, that has so faithfully guarded the interests of the nation's wards. But much has also been done by a liberal charity, developed in all denominations and through manifold organizations. Of all the societies, however, the American Missionary Association has been the most forward, chiefly because it was earliest in the field. It has had at one time nearly six hundred teachers in colored schools, educating 40,000 scholars. In the retributive ordinance of a wise Providence its first school was established at Fortress Monroe, very near the

spot where, two hundred and forty-six years before, the first cargo of slaves was landed upon American soil. To-day, that association has more normal schools raising up corps of colored teachers than there were States in the late Confederacy. But it has also inaugurated a manual-labor normal school, that bids fair to give a great impetus to the education of the negro. This institute—located at Hampton, Virginia, where General Butler invented the audacious fiction “contraband of war”—boards the scholars at \$1.75 per week, which is met by the scholars laboring for a little more than a day and a half each week. More than two-thirds of their time is thus given to education; and if the board seems cheap and poor to us, we must remember that this is one of the few cases where the boarding school furnishes better board than the scholars obtain at home. The four hundred and twenty barrels of cabbages the scholars have raised the past year, the two hundred and thirty barrels of peas, their strawberries, beets and cucumbers, have netted them two thousand dollars. They have paid their way. The successful result of this plan is likely to introduce this class of schools into general use at the South. Already are there seventeen industrial schools raising up skilled laborers as well as scholars.

To comprehend fully the magnitude of this educational advance, we must recognize the circumstances under which it has occurred.

The negro started with poverty—houseless, landless, unskilled in labor, and with a terrible prejudice against him. He lives on large plantations, away from great thoroughfares, and where there are no common schools after which he can pattern. His time has been all needed for his material support. He has never known the beauty or excellence of knowledge by personal acquaintance. And yet through all ranks and ages there is this universal, widespread desire for knowledge. A teacher in Washington told the writer the past winter—which was one of unusual severity there from lack of work—that many of her scholars would go home at the day's close to find

neither food nor fire, would sleep on the bare ground of their miserable huts, and then come to school the next morning breakfastless: they had eaten no food for twenty-four hours, but they would come to school. The Superintendent of Schools in Virginia says that more than half of the pupils in the school at Louisa Court-house live over three miles from the school-house: many walk from five to eight miles in the morning, and return home again in the afternoon. At Gordonsville, two girls walk nine miles every morning and nine more back in the afternoon. And this is no fitful desire for knowledge: they have been doing this for two years, except in the muddiest weather, when they faithfully study their lessons at home. Six hours' walking every day that they may receive six hours' instruction! There are seven boys attending at the same school whose homes are seven miles distant, with Peter's Mountain intervening, which they cross twice a day to secure the advantages of education. Dr. Vogell, of North Carolina, reports that it is quite a common thing for children to come to school without any breakfast. Living in white families, they are not able to get their breakfast till after school-hours. One young man, working in the post-office, had an hour given him for dinner: he preferred to spend that hour in school and dined on a crust. Others have worked for half wages in order to obtain two or three hours for school. One of the most promising boys has clothed himself, earned his living in part, attended school, and saved a couple of hundred dollars to buy his mother a home. He is just twenty years of age, intends studying law and is a fine speaker. Many of the older girls, who are fitting for teachers, support themselves, wholly or in part, by taking in washing and other work.

From all parts of the South comes the same report of self-sacrificing earnestness in the effort after an education. This might be expected among those old enough to appreciate the blessings of education, but among the blacks it pervades to some extent the very youngest

scholars. They know that the eyes of their race are upon them, eagerly watching for the effects of that education for which their parents have always longed and of which they have ever been deprived. To the negroes, more than to any other race, knowledge is power. They instinctively recognize the fact that the great difference between them and the white man is not color, but culture; and culture they are determined to have.

There is something very touching in seeing the extreme eagerness of the old to learn at an age when learning can be of but little use. In the night schools at Washington I have frequently seen the extremely aged, whose hairs were whiter than their silver spectacles, learning in the same class with the youngest children. Children often become normal teachers of their parents and grandparents, whose days must be spent in hard labor. One little girl saved all her reward-cards to bestow on her grandmother when she had learned a good lesson. "Grandma," said a little darkey teacher of some seven summers, "if my teacher had to tell me how to spell a word as often as I have told you, she would get tired to death." Young and old alike hunger for instruction.

Rapid as has been the change of public opinion in this country on every phase of the negro question—and we must remember that the hale gentleman of fifty was a stout boy of seventeen when William Lloyd Garrison was led through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck—in none has it been more rapid than at the South on the education and suffrage of the black. Four years ago, school-houses for the colored people were burnt down and the teachers everywhere assaulted: to-day, the Southern mind accepts both facts as inevitable necessities, and is already preparing to like them at some far-distant date. Even now it is willing to use them. The more advanced thinkers of the South recognize the fact that reliable, skilled labor is cheaper at a high price than unskilled and unreliable labor at a low. In his recent address before the National

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Teachers' Association at Trenton, General Howard said that the teachers are now personally safe from assault: they are only ostracized from all white society. They must in many cases board with the blacks, and be recognized by them alone as acquaintances on the streets. On one occasion, General Howard accompanied two of his fair teachers to church and was shown to a seat. The lady who occupied the pew, when she lifted up her eyes and beheld who were the intruders, immediately vacated it and retired in disgust to another part of the church! But all this bitterness is dying out, though but slowly. Occasionally a resident clergyman will straggle in to see if the "niggers" are really capable of learning. Washington and Georgetown give the same common-school education to the blacks that they do to the whites. The city of Petersburg in Virginia has established a system of free schools for all children, without distinction of race. It receives aid from the Bureau and from the Peabody fund only to the extent of about one-fourth of the total expense. Astonishing as it may seem, the teachers in that city are mostly native Virginians. They have braved and broken down the unreasonable spirit of social ostracism which has hitherto awaited every one who should venture to instruct colored children. In all human probability, these Petersburg teachers are but the precursors of a great cloud of Southern teachers who are to devote themselves to teaching every one that will come to learn. In Columbus, Mississippi, where the school fund is derived from the rental of land given by the United States, the city authorities are now offering either to throw open the doors of their free academy to colored scholars—a proposition that would have led to the destruction of the building itself five years ago—or they will divide the money on a *pro rata* basis. From all parts of the South comes the same report—that in the midst of obloquy, of social ostracism, of Ku-Klux outrages, of deep and bitter prejudice, the Southern mind is slowly preparing to admit the black race into the educational arena,

just as it has been forced to admit him to the ballot.

Thirty-two years ago the State of Connecticut passed a law against teaching colored children of other States to read in Connecticut, and the school-house of Prudence Crandall, of Canterbury, was burned to the ground because she was so far in advance of New England ideas as to teach colored children. In 1854, Mrs. Douglas, herself a Southern lady, was incarcerated in the common jail at Norfolk for teaching the little darkies of Virginia to read. Three years later, thirty-six citizens of Berea, in Kentucky, were driven out of that State to Cincinnati for the crime of being connected with an educational institute for the negroes. To-day, their education is regarded as a duty in more than half the States of the Union, and Christian liberality is consecrating nearly a million of dollars a year to the elevation of the black man. Very slowly has the wave of prejudice ebbed southward, leaving behind it many bare and unsightly wastes of sand. Still it *has* ebbed, steadily and uniformly, and the once bare spots are rapidly being covered with a hue more pleasant to the philanthropic eye. Ten years ago there was not a colored school in the capital of the nation; to-day there are seventy-seven. Then there was not one black known to attend school south of Mason's and Dixon's line; to-day there are two hundred and fifty-six thousand of them, and still the work goes on. The Freedman's Bureau has come to an end except in its educational work; and that expires in a few months. The black man realizes the rugged fact that his education must be wrung from pov-

erty and prejudice and ignorance—that the burden of proof of his manhood rests upon him. It is a work that demands co-operation and complete organization. It is impossible to educate a nation of four millions of people from without: their education must come mainly from within. The prison-doors of slavery have been opened by the stern messenger of war: if the freed captives are to walk forth the equals of their fellow-men, the work is theirs—no one can do it for them. And they are doing it. We have brought forward some of the statistics of the schools, but these give but a small idea of the change for the better in morals, cleanliness, language and thought. To-day, more than half the colored schools are taught by white men: in ten years, the universities, colleges and normal schools of which we have spoken will send forth a corps of teachers amply sufficient for every negro school in the United States.

In the October Number of this Magazine, Mr. George Fitzhugh argues that it is an injury to the black man to educate him. These facts are an answer to his assertions. We care not to ask Mr. Fitzhugh whether Frederick Douglass would best employ the talents God has given him as a laborer in the fields, or as a laborer on a newspaper in Western New York, helping to mould public opinion? We simply point him to the educational facts of this article, and ask him whether it is in the power of any one to hinder a nation that has the franchise from acquiring an education?

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

AN ACTUARY'S STORY.

IT was the era of cheap eating-houses, and though then only a small boy, and the youngest clerk in a life-insurance company, I daily indulged in the luxury of a dinner at the Hôtel de Sweeney, which flourished for so many years in the neighborhood of the Post-office. It was there, one sultry day in the summer of 1848, that I met the eccentric character who is the subject of my story. I had despatched a small slice of beef and a single soggy potato when he approached the table at which I was seated, and, tossing his hat upon the window-ledge, called out in a shrill tone,

“Waiter—here, waiter—I say. Bring me dinner, and bring it quickly. A bowl of soup, slice of venison, broiled shad, pot of coffee, stewed rabbit, crackers and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. Mind! a *bottle*, not a *glass*, for nothing has entered my mouth but foul air and the fumes of an oyster-cellar since this time yesterday.”

My attention arrested by this rapid harangue, I looked up at the new-comer. He was not far from fifty, but he had a certain energetic air about him that made him appear several years younger. He was somewhat stout—in fact, rather corpulent—but the flesh lay on his ribs in ridges, being, as it were, corrugated by a tightly-fitting surtout, which, though the day was sultry, he wore buttoned closely up to the chin, leaving nothing white in view but a stiffly-starched shirt collar, which rose so high from his neck that it momentarily threatened to cut off his ears. The upper half of his figure had thus the appearance of a bag of feathers tied round with cords, but the lower half, encased as it was in very narrow trousers, closely resembled the legs of a pair of tongs, jointed at the knees, but too tightly bound about to admit of free motion or a kneeling attitude. His boots were brightly polished, and his hat, though almost destitute of nap, was set jauntily on one side of his

head at the precise angle of a ship on its beam-ends. His hair and beard, which were scrupulously brushed, were of a hue closely resembling that of a boiled tomato covered with a thin fall of snow; and this, with a prominent nose, large gray eyes, and a seamed, wrinkled face of the precise complexion of sole leather, gave him a striking and altogether nondescript appearance.

While I was making these observations the waiter had brought the stranger his dinner, and he set about the meal with an appetite that indicated either robust health or long fasting. An empty goblet was on the salver with the decanter of brandy, and it struck me as singular that he at once directed the servant to remove it from the table. Observing the half-curious, half-amused look with which I noticed this proceeding, he accosted me as follows:

“It is thus, my boy, that I put away temptation. An intoxicating dram has not passed my lips these five years, but long habit has made the fumes of alcohol essential to my digestion. I use it as a woman uses her smelling-salts;” and, applying the brandy to his nostrils, he took a long draught of its aroma.

“The habit is somewhat singular, sir,” I replied, smiling; “but it has the merit of economy.”

“Yes: it costs next to nothing, and it serves every purpose of drinking, except the simple one of oblivion; and oblivion, my lad!—there is no such thing as that. The man who seeks it in the brandy bottle plunges into a fire that is unquenchable. I *know*, for once I drank like a fish—drank to find that very oblivion.”

“It must have been sore trouble that could have driven you to that, sir.”

“Trouble!” and the man’s voice sank and his words came slow and with a painful effort. A singular light, too, flashed from out his great gray eyes, revealing a depth of character not to be

looked for in a man of such nondescript, almost uncouth exterior. "Trouble!" he repeated: "that is not the word. It was a nameless thing—a thing to make the blood run cold and the heart itself stand still with horror."

His tone and manner sent an icy chill through me, and for a moment I said nothing. Then I drew my chair nearer the table, and in an earnest, sympathizing way, remarked: "It must have been something terrible, sir, when you are so moved at its mere mention—something more than loss of property, though you must have seen better days."

"Better days!" he exclaimed. "My ships have been on every sea, my name good for a million half the world over; and now, my boy, I am a life agent, with not enough to keep me thirty days from the almshouse."

"A life agent!" I answered: "why, sir, I am in a life office!"

"Indeed! What one?"

I told him, and soon afterward, as I rose to go, he added, "I have taken a liking to you, my boy: do you dine here often?"

"Yes, sir—every day."

"Then we shall meet again, for I come here myself occasionally."

It was a week before we met again, and then it was not at the Hôtel de Sweeney, but at the office of the life company. The president, Mr. Fielding, had made his morning appearance when the stranger entered, but, giving no heed to him, he walked directly up to my desk, at the back of the president's, and accosted me as follows: "How are you, my boy? I have been out of town, or I should have met you at dinner."

I had scarcely time to return his greeting before Mr. Fielding rose, and taking the stranger by the hand, said, in a tone that was more than usually cordial and sympathetic, "Why, my friend, how do you do? It's long since we've met."

"Yes, it is, Mr. Fielding," he answered, with a certain air of quiet dignity; "but times, you know, are changed with me. My daughter's health keeps me much at home, and when I'm in town

my every hour is taken up in struggling for a living."

"Then times have changed with you, indeed; but sit down: tell me what you are doing?"

"Following *your* profession—canvassing for life policies; and I've come to ask if you don't want the services of an active young man like myself."

He smiled as he said this, but his tone told that he was in earnest in the application. His appearance had greatly improved: in fact, he looked almost another individual; but I soon discovered, much to my surprise, that this transformation was due wholly to an unbuttoned coat and a ruffled shirt bosom.

Mr. Fielding answered cordially, "I shall be delighted to have you act for us. You can come and go when you like, and be altogether your own master."

He came with us at once, but was seldom at the office—never, in fact, except to present some application for insurance. However, the risks he took were always large, and he was soon in receipt of a liberal income. With this change in his circumstances his personal appearance underwent a decided improvement. His hat took on a nap; his trousers grew longer in the legs; and his tightly-fitting surtout was exchanged for a loose sack cut in the latest fashion. Before this transformation occurred, however, he entered the office one day and asked to see the medical examiner. He was closeted with that gentleman for half an hour, and when he came out of his room I learned that he had made application for an insurance on his own life. I made out the policy, for I was now sixteen, and had risen to the post of policy clerk. It was for twenty thousand dollars, and was payable at his death to his daughter, or, as he expressed it in the application, "to my child, Lucy, in case she survives me; but in case she does not, then to my nearest of kin, Richard Messelrode, Esq., to be by him disposed of according to directions which I shall leave at my decease."

This last was a singular provision, and it added to the mystery which enveloped this singular man. He was, as I have

said, seldom at the office, but I often met him at the restaurant, and we soon came to be in intimate and friendly relations; so much so, that he would occasionally say to me, "Come promptly at one o'clock, my boy, for a half hour is short, and the one I spend with you is the happiest I have outside of my home. I like boys: they bring back to me my own boyhood."

But, notwithstanding these frequent meetings and our constantly increasing intimacy, he never again alluded to the subject of our first interview—never told me anything of his life, or even disclosed his place of residence. About this last he was especially reticent. All of his letters came to, and were mailed from, our office, and, owing to his frequent absences, they often accumulated largely. Once, I remember, when they had been uncalled for a fortnight, Mr. Fielding said to him, "Tell us where you live, and we will forward your letters."

"I live nowhere, sir," he answered, somewhat tartly; "or, rather, I live half a mile from nowhere. My letters will keep. They can wait until I call for them."

When he was gone the president turned about to me and said, smiling, "Dick, your friend is not over-communicative about himself."

"No, sir: there is a mystery about him. Who is he, sir?"

"When I was a boy," he answered, "he was one of the largest down-town merchants, trading with Europe, China and the West Coast of Africa. But in '37 his house failed, owing, it was said, to his having been away several years, traveling in Europe. He returned soon afterward, but I have seen and known very little of him since."

So things went on for more than three years, the business of the new agent constantly increasing in even a greater ratio than the general business of the company. Then—I think it was in the winter of 1851—I remarked that for an entire month he did not make his appearance at the office. One morning, as I was conjecturing what could be the cause of his prolonged absence, Mr. Fielding, who sat at his desk opening

the mail, turned suddenly to me and said, "Dick, look at the paper: see at what hour the next train leaves for New Haven."

"At half-past ten, sir."

"Then I've only time to get to the cars. Call at my house as you go to supper and tell Mrs. Fielding that I am summoned suddenly out of town, and shall not be home to-night. Mr. Merrick can open the rest of the letters."

Then, drawing on his overcoat, he hastily left the office.

I found him at his desk when I went down on the following morning, and I had no sooner entered the office than he said to me, "Dick, I want you to go for Mr. Merrick: be as quick as you can, and ask him to come immediately."

In half an hour I returned with the actuary, and then the two had a long and low conversation together. At last Mr. Fielding, who had all the while sat in his overcoat, rose to go out, and as he passed my desk I heard him say to Mr. Merrick, "He can't last more than a day or two. I had better stay till it is over."

Who was this who could not last more than a day or two? I did not know, but my inward sense told me it was our eccentric agent.

Mr. Fielding did not return till the third day following. Then I again found him at his desk when I went down town in the morning. He was thoughtful and abstracted, but after a time turned about on his chair, and said to me, "Richard, you and your mother live alone together?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large a house have you?"

"Six rooms and a pigeon-hole of an attic."

"That'll do. When you go home this afternoon will you tell your mother I will call on her this evening?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; and as he was again turning around to his desk, I added, "Mr. Fielding, will you let me ask you if anything has happened to Mr. M——?"

"Yes, Richard: he is dead. He died just before I left his house, a little after midnight."

Early that evening Mr. Fielding came to my mother's house, and asked for a private interview with her and myself. We went into the parlor, and were there with closed doors for an hour together. During that hour he disclosed the cause of his absence from the office, and lifted the veil of mystery that overhung the life of our eccentric agent.

As has been already said, while Mr. Fielding was yet a boy Mr. M—— was a great merchant, with ships on every sea and a name good for a million half the world over. He inherited the larger portion of his property, but his own wealth, large as it was, had been greatly augmented by an early marriage with a beautiful and accomplished woman, the only daughter of one of those large landed proprietors who in very recent years were known as "patroons" along the banks of the Hudson. One child, a daughter, was the fruit of this marriage. She was very beautiful, with fair hair, and eyes and features that revealed a soul all alive with intelligence and warmth of feeling. An only child, she was the idol of her parents, and not a cloud overshadowed her young life until the death of her mother, which occurred when she was just emerging into womanhood. She had now nothing left but her father, and instinctively she turned to him for sympathy and support in her great bereavement. But, weighed down by his own grief, he seemed to forget that of his daughter. Always greatly absorbed in his extensive business, he now became more engrossed than ever, as if seeking thus to drown the recollection of his sorrow. He was, too, often absent from home, leaving his daughter alone for days together. In these circumstances a devilish chance threw in her way a man who, under the guise of sympathy, drew out all the warm strength of her affectionate nature. He was young, brilliant and well connected—the son of a Liverpool correspondent of Mr. M——, and the American agent of his father's establishment. His visits soon became frequent, and it was not long before the two were secretly betrothed—secretly,

because, though he knew nothing against the young man's character, the father felt for him an instinctive aversion. At last the betrothal came to the father's knowledge, and he forbade the young man the house, adding in his anger that he should never marry his daughter, or, if he did, that it would be without a dollar of his fortune. The Englishman went away greatly incensed, and vowing a terrible vengeance for the insult. But the intimacy did not end. It was continued in stolen interviews. Thus things went on for nearly a year, when, going home one day at his usual hour in the afternoon, Mr. M—— found on his desk the following note from his daughter :

"DEAR FATHER :

"You have driven William from the house, and you persist in misunderstanding him and his intentions. He *does* love me, dear father, and he does *not* seek my fortune. He is willing to take me without a dollar ; and he will prove to you in the future that he is everything that is honorable. I love *you*, my dear father, but I cannot live without *him*. I have consented to go away with him, and to be married at his father's house, in Liverpool. But I will come back to you, and the love and duty I shall always give you hereafter will make you forget this one step I have taken against your wishes."

It was four o'clock, and the steamer had sailed at twelve, so pursuit was hopeless. The stricken man bowed his head upon his hands, and gave way to a storm of grief and anger. All the night he walked his room, and in the morning went to the office of his Liverpool correspondent. The clerks had no knowledge of the absence of the manager, and affirmed that he could not have gone away, for he had drawn nothing from bank, and could not have had about him money enough for the voyage. Puzzled and bewildered, Mr. M—— went away, but in half an hour one of the clerks came to him at his office. He had just discovered that the young Englishman had, the day before, drawn from bank every dollar that the firm had on

deposit, and had actually gone away on the steamer. The sum taken was large—over ten thousand dollars—and this showed conclusively that the absconding manager had no intention of going to his father's house in Liverpool.

Another steamer did not sail for a week, and in that week the stricken man underwent suffering enough to atone for the mistakes of a lifetime. What to him now were friends, wealth and honorable position—what, with his only child unknown leagues away and in the clutches of a villain?

The next steamer saw him on the way to Europe. Landing at Liverpool, he sought at once his correspondent. The worthy gentleman had not seen his son, and only that morning had heard of his departure from New York. So the father's worst fears were realized. His daughter had fallen a victim to the arts of a gilded villain. Without a marriage ring she was living with the man, already perhaps a prey to the shame and misery that were sure to overwhelm her when she awoke to her true condition.

Detectives were employed, and the fugitives were tracked to the Continent, but there all trace of them ended. The father, however, did not relinquish the pursuit. Alone he wandered over Europe, but for a whole year his search was fruitless. Then one night he saw them together in the dress-circle of a crowded theatre in Vienna. The young man's features bore traces of deep dissipation: *her* face wore a simple look, but she was decked out in a gaudy finery that told plainly of some mighty change that had occurred in the once pure and spotless woman. The father sprang to his feet and rushed toward the box which they occupied. When he reached it, it was empty: they had flown, no one knew whither. Again the police were set at work, and they were traced into France, and thence, from Dover, into the wilderness of London. Here, under an assumed name, the father continued his inquiries. By day and night for a whole year he followed the search, never resting; but all was of no avail: not a trace did he get of the fugitives. At

last even his hope gave way, and then it was that he sought oblivion in the bottle. He drank deeply, and often for weeks would lay almost unconscious with intoxication. Then he would come to himself, and again would resume his search with a sort of frantic energy. He filled the newspapers with offers of reward, and he covered the city walls with descriptions of his lost daughter; but, far away or hidden near at hand in some secret nook—perhaps some haunt of vice—she eluded his utmost vigilance. At last—it was at the end of another year—as he was recovering from a long debauch, he went out for a morning walk in one of the most secluded parts of London. Scarcely yet sober, he was, with the help of his cane, staggering along the half-deserted street when a female figure fitted by him and entered a carriage which was in waiting at a neighboring corner. Something in her appearance arrested his attention, and turning about he gazed after the retreating woman. It was his long-lost daughter! Instantly sobered by the shock, he sprang after her, shouting her name loudly; but the carriage door was closed, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away toward the heart of London. Fast it went, but as fast he followed, until at last he overtook a hack going in the same direction. Springing into it almost breathless, he shouted to the driver, "A hundred guineas if you catch up with yonder carriage!" The driver plied his whip, but his horse was a clumsy beast, and they entered Bloomsbury Square only to see the retreating vehicle turn a distant corner. Again he shouted to the coachman, and again the coachman plied his whip, and now with such effect that they reached the neighboring street in time to see the pursued carriage drawn up before the doorway of a tall brick house with faded front and closed shutters. A woman was going up the steps, and a man was following. He was the Englishman. The door of the house closed as the wheels of the hack grated against the curbstone. Instantly he was on the sidewalk and ascending the steps of the dwelling.

"Not in there—not in there, sir!" shouted the coachman. "It's one of the worst sort: I wouldn't trust myself in there without a score of police, even by daylight."

But his words were drowned by the loud ringing of the door-bell, and in a moment the father stood face to face with the fallen daughter. She uttered a piercing shriek and fell down senseless, and then he bent forward to raise her from the floor and to bear her away from the building. As he did so the Englishman sprang in between him and his child. No words were spoken, and it was all the work of a moment. But the Englishman was thrown to the ground, then lifted in the air and thrown to the ground again, and then left there, senseless, on the marble floor of the hallway. In another moment the father, with his daughter in his arms, had entered the hack and driven away to Morley's.

She was insensible all the way, and for an hour after their arrival at the hotel she did not regain consciousness. Then a rap came at the door of the room they occupied, and, opening it, the unhappy father was accosted by a burly man as follows: "I am an officer. In the queen's name I arrest you for murder."

"For murder! What murder?"

"The murder of a gambler at a notorious house in Bloomsbury Square. The coachman who brought you here is outside, ready to identify you."

Then the daughter opened her eyes, and looked up vacantly at her father. He went to her, spoke tenderly to her, called her by all the endearing names of her girlhood; but she thrust him from her, saying, "Go away! go away! I hate men. Oh leave me alone: you would leave me alone if you only knew I am so very wretched."

The officer then said, "Sir, I cannot wait. I pity you, but I must do my duty."

Then the wretched father was forced away, and the more wretched daughter was left alone to the tender mercies of strangers.

They took him to prison, and he lay there for many weeks, and then his trial

came off at the Old Bailey. This trial Mr. Fielding found reported in a newspaper slip which the unhappy man had carefully preserved among his papers. On the margin of this slip, in the bold hand of Mr. M——, is the following endorsement: "*From the London Times of Sept. 10, 18—.*" The extract is as follows:

"An affecting scene occurred yesterday at the Old Bailey. It was a sad glimpse of real life, but the finding of the jury gives evidence that British hearts are not yet utterly callous to human suffering.

"Lord Chief-Justice Tindale presiding, George Hammond, an American gentleman, was placed at the bar to be tried on an indictment found against him by the grand jury for the willful murder, with malice aforethought, of William Baldwin, a notorious gamester. The prisoner was a man of prepossessing appearance. His eyes were clear and mild, and his whole bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness and resignation. He was forty-one years of age, had a soft, pleasant voice, and a quiet dignity of manner that denoted genteel breeding and education.

"Being called upon to plead, the prisoner admitted that he killed Baldwin, and added that he deplored the act, but on his soul and conscience did not consider himself guilty of murder.

"A jury was then impaneled to try the prisoner. The indictment was read, and the act of killing being admitted, the government rested its case and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. Rising and turning toward the court and the jury, he addressed them as follows: 'My lord and gentlemen, my justification, if justification I have, is to be found in the recital of a few circumstances. Three years ago I lost a daughter, then fifteen years of age, and the sole memorial of a beloved wife whom it had pleased God to recall to himself. I lost her, but I did not see her die. She disappeared—was stolen from me by a villain. Under promise of marriage he wrought her destruction. She was a charming child, and I had no one else

in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I suffered cannot be described: you cannot imagine it. The villain brought her to England and I followed—followed them half over Europe. In advertising, on detectives and in fruitless searches I have expended a large fortune, but all without avail. I saw them once at Vienna, but they eluded me and came here to London. That was two years ago, and for these two years, during all of my rational moments, I have sought them in every alley and byway of this great city. At length, on Friday, the fourteenth of last July, I was passing along a narrow street leading from the Smithfield cattle market. A young woman suddenly passed me and entered a carriage which was in waiting at the street corner. It was my daughter, and in the carriage with her was her destroyer. I followed, and saw them enter a house near Bloomsbury Square. I was told it was a place of notorious character, but this made me only the more eager for my child's rescue. I rang the bell, she opened the door, and, seeing me, fell to the floor senseless. I was about to raise her in my arms when he stepped between me and my rescued child. I do not well remember the rest. A film came before my eyes. I know not how it was. I, habitually gentle—gentle almost to weakness—seized him by the throat and dashed him to the ground. Then I raised him in the air and dashed him to the ground again; and then, with my insensible child in my arms, I rushed from the building. An hour afterward I was told I had taken his life, and I repented what I had done; but a fortnight later I was sorry—sorry he had not had ten lives, that I might have taken them all at that one moment.

“‘These are not Christian sentiments,’ said the chief-justice, interrupting the prisoner. ‘How can you expect the court or the jury to look with favor on your defence, or how can you expect God to forgive you, if you do not forgive him—the man whom you sent, all unprepared, into the presence of his Maker?’

“‘I know, my lord,’ answered the

prisoner, ‘what will be your judgment and that of the jury; but God *has* forgiven me: I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not when I killed him, all the evil that man had done to my child. It was at the moment when all that evil was revealed to me that I felt that terrible thirst for vengeance. Some compassionate people brought my daughter to me in the prison, and then, my lord, I learned—I learned that she was no longer my child—no longer pure and spotless as she once was, but corrupt in body and soul, her manner and language infamous, and her reason altogether gone; so that she did not even recognize me, her father. Do you comprehend, my lord? That man had robbed me of the love and the soul of my child! And I—I had killed him but once!’

“A murmur ran through the crowded room, and the foreman of the jury rose and addressed the chief-justice. ‘My lord,’ he said, ‘we have agreed upon a verdict.’

“‘I understand you, gentlemen,’ answered the chief-justice; ‘but the law must take its course. I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate.’

“The case having been summed up, the jury retired, but in a moment they returned into court with a verdict of ‘Not guilty.’

“The scene which followed is indescribable. A deafening shout went up from the crowd, who over benches and chairs rushed upon the prisoner to bear him away in triumph. Even the women forced themselves into the prisoner's dock, hung about his neck and covered him with caresses. At last the sheriff restored some degree of order, and then with a strong escort led the acquitted man from the court; but the crowd followed, with deafening shouts and huzzas, all the way to his lodgings.”

Little remains to be told of this overtrue story. Some benevolent people had cared for the daughter while the father was in prison, and with her he soon sailed for America. Arrived here, he found his great commercial house had

gone down in the financial tornado which in the autumn of 1837 swept over the country. But he cared little for this loss of fortune. All his time and all his thought were now given to the restoration of his daughter. Saving some little from the commercial wreck, he took a small cottage in the country, and there, with a faithful servant of his family, devoted himself to the care of the invalid. There no prying eyes looked in upon them, for none there knew him as the once great merchant, or as the principal actor in that fearful tragedy. Under his ceaseless love and care there gradually came back to his child her reason, but with it, too, came bitter regrets and harrowing recollections. These undermined her health, and threw her into a long and lingering consumption. Day by day he watched her fading slowly away, but day by day there came to him consolation; for he saw her now clothed and in her right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

At last his money gave out, and he was forced to resort to some means of gaining a livelihood. It was at this period that I made his acquaintance.

This was what Mr. Fielding told us in that long interview, and as he ended the narration he said to my mother, "She is failing fast—she has not long to live: give her a home and a mother's love: it will be only a few months at the farthest."

It *was* only a few months, and then we laid her by her father's side in the secluded spot where she had found the Saviour. That was seventeen years ago; but even now we never speak of her without a swelling sigh and a falling tear for "poor Lucy."

In accordance with her father's will, the avails of the life policy went, at Lucy's death, to the "Home for Out-cast Women."

EDMUND KIRKE.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE slant sun shines through golden air,
From Southern skies his radiance sending
O'er sober fields and tree-tops bare—
A glory with a shadow blending.

'Tis not the fierce and ardent blaze
That poured from August skies its splendor,
But, mellowed by an opal haze,
A brightness dearer and more tender.

Thus on some gray cathedral's walls
A flood of mystic glory, streaming
Through topaz-tinted windows, falls
With half-subdued and tremulous gleaming.

Departing Autumn, lingering, throws
A silver veil o'er lake and meadow,
And each enchanted distance shows
A fairy scene, half hid in shadow.

The lake lies still beneath the mist,
 Beneath white clouds that o'er her hover—
 A sleeping beauty yet un-kissed
 By the west wind, her loitering lover.

A fragrance born of falling leaves
 Floats on the calm and unstirred ether,
 The last faint sigh that Autumn heaves—
 Farewell and benison together.

Along the marge of lake or stream,
 Each homely cot, each leafless willow,
 Borne on the mist's pale bosom, seem
 Uplifted on some airy billow.

Soft languor in the atmosphere,
 A dim, mysterious dreamy essence,
 Fills this sweet twilight of the year,
 And lulls us by its magic presence.

Sweet memories of forgotten hours,
 Responsive longings, crowd the bosom ;
 So in the scent of long-plucked flowers
 Lives yet the Summer's wealth of blossom.

Oh when departs life's summer day,
 When graver years shall gather o'er me,
 Mine be the soft and mellow ray
 That fills these golden days with glory.

CECIL DARE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE present Number closes the Fourth Volume of this Magazine, and its second year. The next will be a Holiday Number, and will contain, with numerous illustrations, a Christmas Story by Mr. F. R. Stockton, entitled "The Fairy and the Ghost," together with other papers suited to the season. The Hon. Robert Dale Owen's serial novel, "Beyond the Breakers," will be concluded in the February Number, and the "Vicar" shortly thereafter. It is not proposed to follow them immediately by any other long serial, so that room will be made for a variety of excellent articles now on hand and awaiting their turn for publication. While we have no apologies to make for the past, and are willing to let the Magazine speak for itself, our readers may be assured that no effort or expense will be spared to raise its standard of merit still higher in the future.

The publishers respectfully announce

that, in addition to *Lippincott's* and the *Sunday Magazine*, they have commenced the publication in this country of *Good Words*, a monthly which has a deservedly high reputation wherever the English language is read; and also of a profusely illustrated juvenile magazine, entitled *Good Words for the Young*. In these various periodicals, a prospectus of which will be found elsewhere, all tastes are consulted, and among their contents, taken together, every member of a family will find congenial reading.

We beg to call attention to a paper in the present Number on "The Coming Crisis in Canada," which contains information that will be new to the American public. We may add that it is understood a project is on foot looking to the appointment of a joint commission by Great Britain, the United States and Canada to consider and report upon equitable terms for the annexation of all British North America to the United States. The advantages which would accrue to ourselves from such a union are too obvious to need recapitulation; and no serious opposition will arise from Great Britain. The principal difficulty in the way will come from the feeling excited across the border by the senseless and patronizing tone in which too many American demagogues on the platform and in the press speak of Canada. The Canadians naturally do not relish the idea of annexation by brute force—the way an anaconda annexes a rabbit, the way the Romans annexed their Sabine wives—but our friends in the Dominion may be assured that such a thought is as foreign to the minds of all genuine Americans as it is unsupported by precedent in the history of this country. Since the United States were a nation they have purchased Florida, Louisiana, California and Alaska; but they have conquered no territory, Texas, the apparent exception, having come in voluntarily and belonging to them by right, with its existing boundaries. Every American

statesman dreads the expense of a war; and moreover forcible annexation is contrary to the principles of a government which proclaims that its just powers are derived from the consent of the governed. Other objections on the part of the Canadians are—the unsettled finances of this republic, its elective judiciary, its want of a responsible Cabinet, and the fear that Canada would not get its due share of the patronage of the general government. All these matters are proper subjects for the consideration of the commissioners who may be appointed by the three Powers interested. In a future Number the author of "The Coming Crisis in Canada" expects to discuss these points, and to consider the question of Annexation in all its aspects.

. . . Governments often license a cause of mischief, and then punish the effect—create a false institution, and then endeavor to counteract its baleful influence. A more striking instance of this sort has perhaps never been found than was exhibited in the "Gold Room" at New York on the memorable 24th of September last, when speculation made its grandest, wildest demonstration, and showed to the world what it could do, and also, very strikingly, what it could *not* do when government with its mighty forces entered the terrible arena with the Bulls and Bears, and decided the contest between them.

The premium had been carried up to sixty-two and a half per cent. A telegram from Washington brought it down in an instant to thirty. Five hundred millions of gold, it is said, had been bought and sold on that day; and there had been lost or won some forty millions! Such a slaughter of innocents as the news from Washington occasioned was never known before. Men worth millions were made bankrupts in a moment. The speculators were severely punished by the Secretary of the Treasury, but whether Bulls or Bears suffered most severely is not yet determined. In view of all the facts, not a few are ready to exclaim, "Served them right, no matter which side got the worst of it!"

Before we render such a verdict, however, would it not be well to inquire who is to blame for all the fearful results of such a demonstration? To what *cause* is this widespread disaster and demoralization to be attributed? What made it possible—nay, what made it certain—that events like these would take place? What created such a gambling Pandemonium as the New York Gold Room? These are the questions to be answered; and answered, we think, they may be by asking a few other questions: Would there have been any gold gambling at all if there had been no premium on gold? Would there have been any such premium if the currency of the country had been at par with gold? Would not the currency have been at par with gold if it had not been greatly redundant? How came there to be such an excess of currency compared with the natural wants of the country? There can be but one answer. Congress, during the war and from supposed necessity, issued some four hundred millions of its own notes, and authorized the so-called National banks to issue three hundred millions more; and when the war was over, and the supposed necessity no longer existed, Congress did not retrace its steps and gradually withdraw its own notes. Could it not have readily done this? Could not the greenbacks have been gradually converted into bonds and thus the currency have been restored to its natural limits? Undoubtedly it might. Then why was it not done? And if Congress might have done this, and did not, who is to blame for the mad speculations in gold and the general derangement of business inflicted upon the country?

But it may be said in reply, "All this is no justification of the Ring." Granted, if you please. We certainly have no sympathy with the speculating fraternity. We would not share in their profits or their plagues, but we protest against holding a little band of operators in Wall street responsible for the crimes and disasters of gold speculation. Far from it. We look for the CAUSE of all this, and we find it in the criminal delinquency of the Congress of the United States in not

taking immediate and decisive measures, as soon as the great struggle was closed, for the gradual restoration of the currency, by the withdrawal of its forced circulation and the repeal of the Legal-Tender Act. We see, as every reflecting man must see, that all this was feasible, and that there is no apology whatever for not doing it. When, therefore, we hear men denouncing "the Gold Ring" for deranging the monetary affairs of the country and raising the rate of interest so high as to be ruinous to trade, we say that all this is the natural and inevitable consequence of such a currency as Congress allows to exist. And then, again, are the small cliques in New York and other large cities the only persons engaged in gold speculation? Very far from that. Every importer in the nation is tempted to speculate, and the great body of importers do. They have engagements to meet for gold to pay duties. Now, if the present premium is, say, thirty per cent., and they believe it is likely to be higher a month ahead, when they know they will be called upon to pay duties, they buy the gold at once: if they think the premium will be lower, they borrow the gold now, to be returned thirty days hence. All this is fair and honorable, but are not operations of this sort in fact speculations? and do they not affect the market as truly as those of the Ring? Even the retired capitalist who hoards his coupons when gold is worth only thirty, and brings them forward when they will command thirty-five, is a speculator. So of every dealer in flour for export, every purchaser of imported goods: all alike are directly, and without any fault of their own, interested in the rise and fall of the gold premium, and they will act in view of that fact; and thus they are, in so far, *speculators* as truly as any combination in Wall street.

The fluctuating premium on gold introduces the element of CHANCE into all the business of the country. We are a nation of speculators, and we cannot help it while the government compels us to use a false and fluctuating standard of value. If such are the facts in the case,

we ask again, Who is to blame for all the evils which gold gambling and a depreciated currency inflict upon the trade, industry and morals of the country?

An American gentleman now resident abroad, whose ready pen has more than once contributed to our columns, writes thus about the Countess Guiccioli, a lady whom her late eccentric husband used to introduce as "La Marquise de Boissy, ma femme, ancienne maîtresse de Byron!" and who is now at work writing a biography of the Marquis:

Apropos of the "True Story of Lord Byron's Life," which has been the great literary sensation this fall, not only in America, but also in England and France, I must tell you of a visit paid some time since to the famous Countess Guiccioli, or, as her present title is, the Marquise de Boissy. It had already been rumored that the Marquise had in preparation, and nearly completed, her version of the career of the author of *Don Juan* and *The Corsair*. One of our enterprising American publishers, a personal friend, knowing me to be in Paris, wrote and urged me to endeavor to procure for him the advance sheets of the book, for translation and publication in the United States. Knowing no one who could give me an introduction to the Marquise, and judging that the only way to succeed in my errand was to see her in person, I resolved to present myself to her *sans cérémonie*, and state the object of my visit *sans circumlocution*. I was too late to secure the sheets, but not too late to see and converse with the woman whose name is so closely, if ignominiously, associated with the romance of Byron's Continental life.

The Marquise resides in one of those quiet, sombre streets which branch off from the outer line of boulevards, not far from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin—a quiet, modest, by no means aristocratic little thoroughfare, with plain houses and an air of moderate respectability. Her residence is in no way distinguished from the rest: there is no garden behind high walls, no spacious court, such as you find in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, where you would imagine the widow of a proud old Legitimist marquis would live. The house stands square on the street: a plain door admits to an equally plain—I was about to say, shabby—vestibule. Neither does the Marquise keep up more state inside than without her mansion. Let me here (in

parenthesis) say a word about the *feu* Marquis, her husband, who took her with all her faults and unattractive fame. He was eccentric, as might be guessed—an oddity, not without genius and some wit, a well-to-do nobleman of the Legitimist school. He was as much *the* character of the Corps Législatif, of which he continued to be a member till his death a year or two ago, as Davy Crockett was of his era in Congress, and Colonel Sibthorp of the House of Commons. But he was noted, above all, for one peculiarity—his persistent and ever-obtruding detestation of England and the English. He was the wildest Anglophobist of his generation. No matter what the topic on which he addressed the Chamber, he was sure to bring in a tirade derogatory to England: his colleagues settled themselves down to enjoy hearing England receive a good, hearty rating. The Marquis' spite was usually referred to one cause: the fact of the former relations of his wife with the "milorid Anglais," galled him, it was said, beyond endurance. The Marquis revenged his hatred of Byron's memory on Byron's government and nation. To return to the Marquise. Not a word did the world hear of her reminiscences of the bard until the odd, English-hating Marquis was gone: then she straightway set about the book which drew forth Mrs. Stowe's so-called revelation.

A domestic in his shirt sleeves admitted me: I was requested to sit in the somewhat shabby vestibule while my message was carried up. After a delay I was conducted up a plain staircase, then through a suite of rooms which were separated from each other by thick, festooned curtains in place of doors. At last I reached one of those boudoirs which are the pride of old-ladyhood in France. Too many cushions, curtains, ornaments; an almost suffocating plentifulness of furniture and garnishments; close and too snug. Here the Marquise sat at her table, and the manuscripts and proof-sheets before her betrayed that she was still upon the task promised to the Byron lovers. A still remarkably handsome woman, for all her threescore-and-ten years: her complexion fair and smooth, unwrinkled, unfreckled, not pinched nor "made up;" her eyes blue and soft, her features regular, her nose slightly aquiline, her mouth finely shaped, her hair a soft, lightish brown, with no gray hairs that one could see. A face, not exactly pleasing, yet refined, vivacious; not at all intellectual, hardly even intelligent—a face which must once have been a delicate oval, but which is

somewhat sharpened by age. In manners she was much like the typical French dowager of high society—rather studiously graceful, a society countenance, an admirable kind of commonplace *salon* conversationalist. She talked at first in very broken and painful English; then would slide off into French, which she spoke both rapidly and distinctly: if she saw that what she said was not understood, she would try, with great effort, to explain it in English—seldom with success. She talked freely and enthusiastically of Byron; seemed to have no idea that her connection with him was a thing to be otherwise than proud of. She spoke of him as a dreadfully ill-used man, not half understood; and appeared to pride herself on the prospect that it would be *her* lot to first open the eyes of the world as to the splendor and goodness of his real character. The vivacity, vigor, the conversational powers of the Marquise were very marked and apparent: neither her appearance nor manners betrayed the advent of old age. She did not in the least strike me as *old*: she seemed, too, far more a Frenchwoman than an Italian. Apropos of the Marquise, let me quote what has recently been said of her in a French periodical: “The Marquise de Boissy was, as every one knows, very beautiful. She declares that her intercourse with Lord Byron has never ceased. She writes to the great poet: places before her the large sheet of blue-wove paper, as Byron liked it, falls into a kind of ecstasy, lifts up her eyes to the ceiling, and, a few minutes afterward, her hand runs on the paper involuntarily, without her looking at it, and the answer comes. Two years ago, according to Dr. Cerise, Lord Byron’s letter announced that ‘an American author was preparing to write on his life a book full of false and horrible things.’” G. M. T.

Poor Byron! After life’s fitful fever he had long slept well when a hollow voice from the dead summoned him forth to answer for the terrible deeds done in the body fifty years ago! Perhaps he had some presentiment of a sacrilege like this when he wrote, with infinite pathos, these lines:

“ I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land’s language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and shall oblivion bar
My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head!

And be the Spartan’s epitaph on me—
‘Sparta has many a worthier son than he.’
Meantime, I seek no sympathies, nor need:
*The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted: they have torn me, and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from
such a seed.*”

Whatever may have been Byron’s faults, he never pretended or attempted to cloak them before the world: whatever were his enmities, they died with him. Even those who had grossly abused him he forgave; and they who had provoked his biting satire afterward participated in and cherished his undying friendship. “I have not waited for a death-bed,” he says, in response to a bitter, even scurrilous, attack upon him by Southey, “to repent of my actions.” And who can forget, in this connection, the interpolation of the fervent tribute to the gallant Major Howard who fell on the bloody field of Waterloo? In one of Byron’s letters he mentions his selection of this one only name among the heroes who perished in that great battle, because he desired to atone for an injustice done to his father, Lord Carlisle, in his satire on the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:

“ ONE I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that *I did his sire some wrong*,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower’d
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn’d files along,
Even where the thickest of war’s tempest lower’d,
They reach’d no nobler breast than thine, young, gal-
lant Howard!

“ There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee;
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not
bring.”

It may be that toward his last hours Byron thought far in the onward distance with Washington Irving, whose *Sketch-Book* he so warmly admired and cordially praised: “Who can look down upon the grave even of *an enemy*, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?”

The reader who is interested in the subject will find on a previous page a judicious paper on the use of tobacco. We may add that a French society to put down its abuse has lately been organized in Paris, of which laymen can become members on payment of five francs, and churchmen of one franc. If one can trust a paragraph in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, there is another remedy for the abuse of tobacco besides total abstinence: it is sufficient to drink a cup of coffee without milk. "The tannin in coffee," the writer assures us, "is the antidote to nicotine. The government tasters in France, who are obliged to smoke to excess, when their taste has been impaired by the number of cigars they have smoked take some coffee, and immediately regain a nicety of appreciation which enables them to go on with their work. In that matter the Turks are our masters. They found out at the start the means of smoking all the time with pleasure and without fatigue: after each pipe they take a cup of coffee, the grounds of which serve afterward to cleanse the long stems of their tchibouks. When tobacco was first imported into France, it was considered as a sort of universal panacea, and the doctors saw in it a remedy for all miseries: now-a-days the cigar-box is the box of Pandora—everything bad comes out of it. This latter opinion is almost as exaggerated as the former; but, inasmuch as no law obliges us to use tobacco, and as, if the habit is bad, we have only ourselves to blame, while Science has not yet seriously pointed out the dangers with which it tries to frighten us, we will have to let the teachers of morals have their talk out, while we wait with confidence a change in their opinions." There is another remedy for the bad effects of excessive smoking, which the writer of these lines, who has used the slow poison for thirty years, found out for himself. It is the free use of fruit. After smoking all the evening he eats two or three apples, or as many bunches of grapes, and the next morning finds no bad effects from the tobacco. Still, the advice of all inveterate smokers to those

who use not the weed must be that of *Punch* to persons about to marry—"Don't!" What would be the price of cigars if ten millions of American women used them? It is to be hoped that few of the fair sex will read the powerful paper of Dr. Hammond in the April number of the *North American Review*, in which the harmlessness of the weed when used in moderation is proved to the satisfaction of—every slave to tobacco.

The Welsh are a primitive people—perhaps as peculiarly so as any in Europe. The mountain peasant is hardly an anachronism as he stands among the cromlechs, carnedds and barrows of an earlier day, as fully a representative of the past as they. As a hill country collects and holds the detritus of a deluge, so also does it retain and preserve language, ethnic types, manners and customs. The spirit of the laws and constitutions of the ancient Britons has been preserved there, and domestic habitudes date their origin in the distant past.

Among the singular customs of the humbler people of Wales is one which will be explained by the following copy of a "*Welsh Bidding*," sent, in the form of a printed circular, to every house in the town or village of Caermarthen a few days before a wedding. On the day of the nuptials a person is deputed to receive and enter in a book the names of the givers and the sums given. The amount, of course, depends upon the rank of the parties married and the means of the giver: in the case now referred to one young girl gave threepence. As all are thus taxed, the request assumes the form of a claim from those who have formerly given their tribute to numerous friends entering the marriage state:

"CAERMARTHEN, May 20, 1832.

"As we intend to enter the Matrimonial State on Tuesday, the 19th of June next, we purpose to make a BIDDING on the Occasion, the same day, at the Sign of the Black Ox, Spilman street; when and where the Favor of your good Company is humbly solicited; and whatever Donation you may be pleased to confer on us then will be thank-

fully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion,

"By your obedient servants,

"REES JONES,

"CATHERINE THOMAS.

"☞ The young man's mother, Ann Jones, together with Mary Williams, desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Man on the said day, and will be thankful for all favors granted.

"Also, the young woman, together with Mary Thomas Rees, Black Ox, desire that all Gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the said day, and will be thankful for all favors conferred on her."

. . . For the last ten years every lover of books has been eagerly looking for the second volume of Allibone's *Dictionary of English Literature*. The first volume, published in 1859, included only the letters A-J. The second, now in press, comprises K-S, and will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is, if possible, even more full and painstaking than its predecessor, and the work, when finished, will be, probably, the most valuable book of reference ever published. Every British and American author is chronicled, with a list of his works, a short biographical notice, and, where the subject deserves them, critical remarks. Under the title "Alexander Pope," for example, the copious information afforded to the student is arranged under the following heads: 1. A Chronological List of Pope's Publications; 2. Collective Editions of Pope's Poetical and Prose Works; 3. Collective Editions of Pope's Poetical Works; 4. Opinions on the Essay on Criticism; 5. The Rape of the Lock; 6. Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard; 7. The Dunciad; 8. Essay on Man; 9. Translation of Homer; 10. Pope's Versification; 11. Pope's General Merits as a Poet; 12. Pope's Merits as a Commentator on Shakespeare; 13. Pope's Merits as a Letter-Writer; 14. Popiana. The Dictionary is by no means a mere servile compilation from existing authorities, but contains a large amount of original matter. For example, the author, in preparing his elaborate article on Mackintosh, wrote to Washington Irving and

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Edward Everett for their personal recollections of Sir James. From Mr. Everett he got a reply, of which the following is an extract:

"Sir James, as is well known, gave offence to some of his political friends by what they unjustly deemed his apostasy from liberal principles. The following amusing anecdote is occasionally repeated in London. I heard it told at a dinner-party, by the late bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), who, in telling it, imitated Dr. Parr's lisp. After the Irish Rebellion, Sir James, at a dinner where Dr. Parr also was present, alluding to one of the victims [Quigley], said 'he was the worst of men.' Dr. Parr paused a moment to construct a sentence, and then said, 'No, Sir James; he was a very bad man, but he was not "the worst of men." He was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman: he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer: he was a traitor—Sir James, he might have been an apostate;'—the latter part of the sentence being spoken with a fixed look at Sir James."

We should be glad to give further extracts, especially from the admirable paper on Shakespeare, but want of space forbids.

. . . The *Rural Carolinian* is the title of a new monthly, published at Charleston, South Carolina. It is remarkably well printed, profusely illustrated with good wood-cuts, and gives promise of long life and usefulness.

. . . From Mark Twain's readable but rather prolix volume, entitled *The Innocents Abroad*, we take the following specimens of the author's peculiar humor:

CIVITA VECCHIA. — "This Civita Vecchia is the finest nest of dirt, vermin and ignorance we have found yet, except that African perdition they call Tangier, which is just like it. The people here live in alleys two yards wide, which have a smell about them which is peculiar but not entertaining. It is well the alleys are not wider, because they hold as much smell now as a person can stand, and of course if they were wider they would hold more, and then the people would die."

A VISIT TO THE CZAR.—“It seems to come as natural to emperors and empresses to dress and act like other people as it is to put a friend’s cedar pencil in your pocket when you are done using it.”

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ARABS.—“Bedouins! Every man shrank up and disappeared in his clothes like a mud-turtle. My first impulse was to dash forward and destroy the Bedouins. My second was to dash to the rear to see if there were any that were coming in that direction. I acted on the latter impulse. *So did all the others.* If any Bedouins had approached us then, from that point of the compass, they would have paid dearly for their rashness. We all remarked that afterward. There would have been scenes of riot and bloodshed there that no pen could describe. I know that, because each man told what he would have done individually; and such a medley of strange and unheard-of inventions of cruelty you could not conceive of.”

. . . Hazlitt’s excellent collection of *English Proverbs*, just published in London, quotes the following rather improbable story from Higson *MSS. Collections*: “Teddy Bradley was sent by his master from Oldham with a note and a present of greyhound pups, enclosed in a poke, to a clergyman at Ashton-under-Lynn. He called, of course, at the halfway house to rest his limbs and wet his throttle, some wags the while exchanging the pups for sucking pigs. The clergyman read the note, saw the pigs, took it for an insult, and bundled the messenger out of doors. Teddy again called at the hostelry to tell his tale and drink his ale, and the wags took the opportunity of exchanging the grunters for whelps. On arriving home, Teddy at once proceeded to tell his master of the strange metamorphosis, and in proof emptied his poke, when out tumbled the pups; whereupon the bewildered messenger swore, ‘Dogs i’ Owdan—pigs i’ Ash’on!’”

It will be remembered that in May, 1862, the little army of General Banks, lying about Strasburg, in the Shenan-

doah, was unexpectedly taken in flank by Stonewall Jackson, and compelled to beat a rapid retreat toward Harper’s Ferry. By the almost superhuman efforts of the general and his officers the bulk of the trains was got into the van and kept there until safety was reached with the Potomac. When the retreating column passed through Winchester, some twenty miles from the first point of attack, the advance of the enemy was in plain sight, but a skirmish-line that had been deployed from our rear was gallantly disputing the ground and saving the golden moments for the retreating army. Although heavily outnumbered, the general was at first determined to engage with his whole force at this point; and he replied to some of his staff, who urged the contrary, “Gentlemen, I will retreat no further. *The opinions of the people are more imperative than the bullets of the enemy!*” The truth of history constrains us to add that the general was compelled to continue his retreat, notwithstanding; and thus was one of the most pungent expressions of the war robbed of half its effect.

. . . While the learned and venerable Dr. Lord still presided over Dartmouth College, and kept as keen an oversight upon the habits and morals of the young gentlemen of the institution as they required, a report reached him that one of the freshmen, C——, a good student, but rather a fast fellow, was contracting the awful vice of gaming. The Doctor was always accustomed to take the bull by the horns, and upon this occasion the delinquent was immediately summoned into the presence, and bluntly interrogated. “How’s this, Mr. C——?” the prex sternly questioned. “I hear that you have been known to play for stakes.” The eye of the young reprobate twinkled as he saw a chance for a joke; and he demurely responded, “You have been misinformed, sir. I have never played for *stakes*, though I must confess that I have, once or twice, for *oysters*.” The Doctor appreciated the ingenious witticism, and was easily satisfied that the delinquency had been grossly magnified.

. . . Counselor R——, one of the foremost advocates of the Bar of Central New York, was himself a collegian, and was naturally anxious that his oldest son should reap the honors of his own *Alma Mater*. The counselor had been quite wild in his early years, and Master Will manifestly inherited a superabundance of what the philosophers of the Josh Billings school would call "pure cussedness." During his first year at college, Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline, and arriving at home, he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father. "Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, laying down the volume of *Reports* that he was perusing, and looking reprovingly at Will over his spectacles: "A pretty beginning you've

made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloon pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent, becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, "what have you to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception." "Ah! Did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." "Ah!" (A slight pause.) "And who was it?" "My father, sir." As may be supposed, the last reply was a perfect *non sequitur*.

. . . In reply to a paper which called General Sherman "The Coming Man," a Georgia journal says it hopes he is not coming that way again!

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Königsmark, *The Legend of the Hounds*, and other Poems. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 244.

In the drama which lends to the volume before us its leading title, Mr. Boker has narrowly missed giving to us the crowning jewel of his fame as a dramatist, by presenting to the world a play fitted not only to delight the student in the closet, but to enchant the audience of a crowded theatre. He had an attractive and highly dramatic subject, and had he condescended to mingle some small portion of the baser metal of sensationalism with the pure gold of his poetic genius, the precious ore would have taken a current shape, and the Stage would have been enriched with that rarest of theatrical boons—a noble tragedy. As it is, he has given us a charming poem. He has drawn with vigorous yet delicate touch the picture of a pure, high-minded and yet loving woman, struggling amid the snares and pitfalls of a corrupt court, touching pitch yet undefiled therewith, and, by reason of her very purity and innocence, an easy victim to the wiles of a wicked rival. But had Mr.

Boker been content to sacrifice something of the delicacy and tenderness with which he has depicted Sophia of Zell—had he adopted Thackeray's opinion respecting her, and represented the attachment between Königsmark and herself as mutual, passionate and guilty—had he adhered faithfully to the historic picture of the Countess Platen, and displayed her in the dreadful moment of Königsmark's assassination planting her foot on the face of the dying man to stifle his possible revelations (a well-authenticated incident)—his play would not have lost in historic truth and would have gained immensely in dramatic power. Mr. Boker must not forget that the greatest dramatist this world has yet beheld did not scorn what we moderns, in the plenitude of our wisdom, call Sensationalism, and that *Macbeth*, *Othello* and *King Lear* present to us "startling effects," "thrilling incidents" and characters of exceptional wickedness, as well as matchless poetry and wondrous insight into human nature.

"Königsmark" abounds in passages of exquisite beauty. We transcribe one soliloquy, the musings of the libertine hero, whose heart

is at last stirred with a pure and hopeless passion :

"I have traced them one by one, the winding paths
Our loitering footsteps have so often trod.
How lonely seems yon walk which strays between
The lilac border and the boxwood hedge,
Though every tree hangs its pale violet blooms,
In drooping clusters, to the thievish air,
That steals the perfume, and, with ingrate haste,
Forsakes its benefactor ! There the path
Swerves from the sun, and plunging in the grove,
Is lost in dubious shadows. I, who stand
Under the frown of fortune, should consign
My sullen spirit to yon lowering wood :
This fair scene mocks me. Painted and unreal
Seems every flower ; the swaying trees no more
Wave gentle invitations to repose ;
Sternly they shake their threatening arms at me,
And whisper to themselves a tale of woe
Shaped from my future. Far above my head
The hard and steely sky encloses me
In its wide vault ; and the o'erbrooding sun,
Like the high cresset in a felon's cell,
Glares in my face with its unwinking eye
Ablaze with coming vengeance. Gracious Heaven !
I merit it. 'Tis bitter, but 'tis just
That Nature should forsake the erring man,
Now in his need, who in prosperity
Abused her bounty. Shall we never meet—
Never again ? Must the last glimpse of light
Go out before me, as I stagger on,
'Through the lone darkness, to my darker end ?
The shadow on my way is from myself,
Turning my back against the blessed sun.
Sin and remorse have wrapped my life in gloom ;
But, like a shipwrecked sailor without chart
Or guiding needle, I preferred the night
And its fair star, by which my course was steered,
To aimless daylight. Yes, this love of mine
Itself is sin—a sin that looks like virtue
Against the darker background of my crimes ;
But yet a sin, an insult to her truth,
And a wide blot upon my sullied soul
Before eternal eyes."

"The Legend of the Hounds" is a weird and wondrous story. Out of this terrible legend the poet has constructed one of the finest of the many noble productions of his genius. Of the minor poems in the volume the patriotic ones are too well and widely known to need more than a passing mention here. We would like to quote entire the beautiful and pathetic poem entitled "A Dirge," but as it originally appeared in our pages, its mournful melody and tender imagery doubtless yet linger in the memories of our readers ; and therefore we refrain, and substitute several of the verses of "Ad Criticum," as being less known and scarcely less beautiful :

" 'Tis well for you beyond the sea,
Where every toiling mattock delves
Among the spoils of history,
To bid us work within ourselves.

" All bare of legendary lore

Our grandest regions stretch away :
These are the pictured scenes, no more—
These are the scenery, not the play.

" The glories which a view puts on
Within the gazer's feeling lie :
A great deed on a hillock done
May lift it till it touch the sky.

" Who ever calls the Avon strait,
Or dwarfs the head of old Skiddaw,
Who looks in Shakespeare's book of fate,
Or bends to Wordsworth's kindly law ?

" Who questions now the sovereign right
That drew from Greek and Roman lore,
Or dares to jeer at the weird light
That shines round castled Elninore ?

" Not for myself, but for my art,
I claim all ages, every clime ;
And I shall scorn the lines that part
Country from country, time from time.

" O Poet of the present day !
Range back or forth, change time or place,
But mould the sinews of your lay
To struggle in the final race !

" Your triumph in the end stands clear ;
For when a few short years have run,
The past, the present, there and here,
To future times will be as one."

Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy in 1866-'7. By George Augustus Sala. London : Tinsley Brothers. 8vo. pp. 477.

Italy, by its consolidation into one kingdom, under the wise and enlightened policy of the great Cavour, seconded by the emperor of the French, has taken a prominent position among the progressive nations of the earth. Prior to consolidation the territory now composing the kingdom was divided into numerous small kingdoms and duchies, each having its own court and attendants, its own army, its own local and revenue laws, differing widely in text and administration ; each jealous of the other, each hampered by a most oppressive system of restraint upon trade and personal movement. No species of internal improvement was possible. Many portions of the most fertile districts lay unimproved, being inaccessible save over bridle-paths. All transportation, except over a few military roads constructed by the Romans and Napoleon I., was done by pack-mules.

The progress made during ten years is very marked, the change in custom-house and passport regulations being perhaps the most striking to the tourist familiar with the

ground. In former years, a traveler from Milan to Naples by the Via Æmilia had to submit to eight custom-house examinations of baggage, and not less than double that number of *visits*, or endorsements of passport. Now that route is traversed without inquiry or hindrance of any kind, passports having been abolished. Milan, Bologna, Florence, Naples have been improved and embellished to an extent that excites the wonder and amazement of even progressive America. Large streets have been pierced through the most ancient and populous quarters; magnificent rows of houses, stores and palaces have been built; sidewalks have been introduced, and granite tramways for vehicles in the principal streets have been laid down; underground drainage has been almost universally introduced in the cities and towns; a municipal police has been established, taking the place of the old and obnoxious military system; gas has been introduced in many places: in fact, a physical revolution has been effected greater than that accomplished in any other country in Europe during the present century. Nor has the change been confined alone to the cities. The smaller towns and villages have caught the same spirit of improvement, which is guided and directed by the wise policy of the central government. The changes and ameliorations have been made, where they could bear the expense, by the corporate authorities, but where the burden would have been too great the central government has aided.

In the amount and extent of crime a marked improvement has taken place. Statistics show that under the present government crimes against persons and property have greatly diminished. Under the former governments life and property were exceedingly insecure, owing to the facility of escape from punishment, offenders having but to pass the frontier of the neighboring state to secure immunity.

The progress of education has also been great. The census taken in 1860 showed that seventy-three per cent. of the whole population could not read or write, but the census of 1868 shows the agreeable fact that the proportion has been reduced to fifty-seven per cent. It should be remembered that during this period the kingdom was but in process of organization, and had to contend against reactionary influences of every kind, and especially those proceeding from the adherents of the old governments and from the authorities of the Church, in whom had been

vested the direction of the few public schools. Although the Church, as a body, has never been opposed to the instruction of the masses, yet the system pursued was such as to render instruction disagreeable and distasteful, being of a tendency so ecclesiastic as to render it unpopular. An element that greatly aids in extending education—at least primary education—is the conscription for military service. All conscripts are examined on entering the army as to their ability to read and write: those who cannot are instructed. In January, 1869, of the conscripts from Piedmont, twenty per cent. could not read or write: this was the lowest percentage of any province. One of the Sicilian provinces showed eighty-two per cent.: this was the highest. The annual conscription is about seventy-five thousand men, whose term of active service in time of peace is five years. Promotions are made from the ranks, and are competitive. In order to enable the men and officers to pass these examinations, company and regimental schools are established, and strict attendance is obligatory upon all. The system of competitive examinations is not confined alone to that portion of the army bearing arms, but is extended to all government factories, laboratories and workshops; and all employes below the rank of colonel are subjected to it. The inducements to study so as to attain superior grade are—aside from the honor, which is a powerful motive in a country where rank has so much weight—increased pay and privileges. Necessarily, many fail to pass the examinations, and the number of positions decreasing as the grade advances, the examinations are progressively more rigid. The knowledge acquired by the unsuccessful candidates is not lost, as at the end of their term of service they return to the body of the people and act as leaven to ferment the whole mass.

We who enjoy the privilege of universal public education are opposed to the system of annual conscription for the army, but in a government situated as Italy was at the period of consolidation, no system could have been devised that would have so effectually and promptly broken down the old barriers of prejudice, ignorance and superstition, and disseminated education and desire for information. It is not to be understood that conscription has done all that has been done, but it has done much: it has been a great and mighty lever, reaching the masses of the people, whom it would otherwise have been difficult to touch. It has operated quietly, pro-

voking no resistance because known to be irresistible, and acting steadily and regularly. It has submitted to no local, sectional or other influence, and is wholly free from all ecclesiastical interference. It has been, and is, moving onward: it has performed a great work.

In the early laws for general education no provision was made for the instruction of the female portion of the rural population, but public opinion has corrected that defect; and although as yet the instruction is voluntary, it is believed that at the coming session of the Parliament a law will be passed rendering attendance at school obligatory on all children. The system of examination prevails in the public schools, and an effectual bar to favoritism exists in the fact that the examinations are not made by the teacher of the school concerned. The days of visitation are fixed by law, and the day before the examination is held the detail of the visitors is made. Evening schools for adults have been established, which are popular and well attended; and all tends to show that the masses are being elevated.

The general population of Italy, from her peculiar political position for the past ten centuries, has remained comparatively stationary: her great minds have given to the world important physical and scientific discoveries, yet the material progress of the people has been small. Blessed with a genial climate and fruitful soil, and owning mountains filled with minerals and metals, the political organization of Italy has been such as to preclude development. But she is now striding onward, and a few years will place her socially, politically and financially in a position to be envied by her—at present—more advanced neighbors.

In the mean time, those who would get a correct idea of what Italy, and especially Venice, was before consolidation, and of what Rome is now, should read Mr. Sala's book. He tells just the things which other travelers leave out, and his vivid pictures of Venice under the Austrian rule, and of Rome under the Papal government, are the best arguments in favor of the new régime. Although a traveler of wide experience, "Up to this writing," he says, "I have seen nothing so forlorn and so revolting, so miserable and so degraded, as the 'humbler classes' in Rome. The streets of Rome, the houses of Rome—to the very palaces and museums—reek with such horrible odors that you are very soon left to conjecture that the ever-quoted malaria from

the Pontine Marshes has been made responsible for a great deal of which it is quite innocent; and that one of the chief predisposing causes of the Roman fever is the incredible filthiness of the people and their dwellings." This agrees with the remark of a recent American traveler, that Rome is "the most one-horse town he ever got into." The idea that cleanliness is next to godliness is one that is gradually pervading the renovated kingdom of Italy, but it would seem that it has not yet penetrated to the Papal dominions. Let us hope that the assembled bishops in the coming Œcumenical Council will exercise a gentle pressure on the Holy Father in favor of the trim school-house full of clean and rosy children—in favor of gas, water and well-paved streets, of perforated postage-stamps and common sense.

Lippincott's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology: containing Memoirs of the Eminent Persons of all Ages and Countries, and accounts of the various subjects of the Norse, Hindoo and Classic Mythologies, with the Pronunciation of their names in the different Languages in which they are used. By J. Thomas, A. M., M. D., author of the System of Pronunciation in "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," etc. etc. Philadelphia. 8vo.

Since the appearance of the last Number of this Magazine, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have commenced the publication of their new *Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*—a work which, in its preparation, we venture to say, has required more scholarly labor than any other recent issue from the American press. The task assumed by the learned author—and to which he has devoted nearly a score of years—comprises an attempt to gather within the compass of a work extending to some twenty-five hundred octavo pages (as is supposed), succinct accounts of all historical characters of all ages and nations, alphabetically arranged under a logical system of orthography, and exhibiting the correct pronunciation of the names in the various languages in which they are used. Hitherto, no standard authority for the *spelling*, in English, of Oriental biographical names, and no general standard for the *pronunciation* of foreign biographical names, have been accessible to the English writer or reader: hence, much confusion on these points has always prevailed, even among the best educated. Thus, following the lead of foreign authors of various nationalities, we find respectable English writers

spelling Oriental names in many different ways; as, for instance, the name of the most celebrated Mogul conqueror is indiscriminately written, *Jengis, Fenghis, Genghis, Djenguis, Djenguya, Tchenghis, Dschengis, Dschungis, Chingis, Chenghis, Chungis, Djinguis, Jingis, Gengis, Zingis*, etc.; and to attempt the pronunciation of these various spellings in the absence of a standard authority may well be considered a hopeless effort. We cite this name as the representative of thousands; and to reduce this orthographic chaos to order and system, and establish an authority that shall be in its department what our best dictionaries of the English language are in theirs, is a leading feature in the work under consideration.

Touching the matter of Pronunciation, the author in his preface forcibly says:

"In pronouncing modern proper names there are only three courses which can by any possibility be pursued: 1st. To blunder over or pronounce them at random, like a barbarian who should attempt to speak a language of which he knows nothing; 2dly. To endeavor to pronounce all names, foreign as well as English, according to the principles of our own language, giving each letter its proper English sound; or, lastly, To adopt the system of pronunciation now generally recognized by the more highly educated classes not only in England and America, but also in Germany and most other parts of Europe—that is, to pronounce all names, as nearly as possible, as they are pronounced by the well-educated people of the different countries to which such names belong, with the exception of those very few celebrated names, such as CALVIN, CERVANTES, GALILEO, LUTHER, NAPOLEON, PETRARCH, etc., which may be said to have acquired an established English pronunciation.

"Respecting the first method—if method it can be called—we need not waste our own or the reader's time in pointing out its absurdity. As to the second, although at the first glance it may have an appearance of plausibility, we shall find, if we scan it attentively, that for all practical purposes it is little, if any, better than the first. A few examples will suffice to show the utter absurdity of attempting to pronounce foreign names according to the English sounds of the letters. How, for example, should we pronounce the name of the celebrated German poet HEINE, according to such a system? Should the *ei* be sounded like *ee*, as in the English words *seize*, *ceiling*, etc.? or like long *ā*, as in *vein*,

weight, *inveigh*? or like long *ī*, as in *height*, *sleigh*, etc.? Should HEINE, then, be pronounced *heen*, *hān*, or *hīn*? or should we sound the final *e*, and make it *hee'ne*, *hā'ne*, or *hī'ne*? Or take, if you choose, another name, equally well or better known—that of SCHILLER. Now, the proper English sound of *sch* is *sk*, as in *school*, *scholar*, *schooner*, etc. We have no genuine English word in which *sch* has the sound of *sh*, although we have some, as *schism*, *schismatic*, etc., in which it sounds like simple *s*. Yet would any one in his senses seriously advocate pronouncing the name of Germany's most popular poet either as *Ski'ller* or *Sil'ler*? Innumerable instances, moreover, occur, in which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to pronounce the names of other countries according to the English sounds of the letters, as BJÖRNSSON, CZAJKOWSKI, etc., although there is not the slightest difficulty in pronouncing them according to the sounds of the languages to which they belong. A multitude of instances also occur in which the English mode of pronouncing, though not difficult, would be far less euphonious than the native pronunciation. CAGLIARI (kāl'yā-ree) and BORGOGNONE (bor-gōn-yō'nā), two distinguished painters of Italy, and CARVALHO (kar-vāl'yo), a Portuguese bibliographer, may serve as examples. Another insuperable difficulty in the way of pronouncing many foreign names according to the sounds of our own tongue, arises from the fact that in some languages the same sound is often represented by different letters. Thus, *œ* and *ö* in German are sounded precisely alike: hence, GOETHE and GÖTBE should clearly have the same pronunciation. Again, the Spanish *j* and *x* are, in sound, exactly equivalent to each other: therefore CARAVAJAL and CARAVAXAL should be pronounced exactly alike. So also the Portuguese *ch* and *x*, having the same sound (that of our *sh*), were formerly often interchanged, as in the names XAVES or CHAVES, XINGU or CHINGU, XOA or CHOA (written in English, SHOA, etc.). Innumerable examples of this kind might be adduced. It must be obvious, even to the least intelligent mind, that the attempt to pronounce names so differently written according to the English sounds of the letters would lead to endless confusion.

"The only rational course then left for us is to adopt the third method noticed above, and to pronounce modern names, as nearly as possible, like the inhabitants of the respective countries to which such names belong."

Our limits do not permit us to enter upon

a full exposition of the principles that have governed the author in the execution of his difficult and important task; but our readers will find that the pages of the work everywhere bear unmistakable evidences of being the result of ripe scholarship, combined with a most untiring industry in their preparation. When we consider that to carry out properly the design of this work requires both an acquaintance with the more familiar modern European languages, and also some knowledge of all the principal languages of the world, it is not difficult to realize something of the immense labor that has attended the preparation of the volume; and we believe it is not too much to say that there are few among the scholars either of this or any other country capable of such an undertaking.

Included in the general plan of the work, also, as its name implies, are notices of all the more interesting subjects of Mythology—the Norse, the Hindoo and the Classic—while at the close of all the principal articles, both biographical and mythological, are ample lists of references to works where, should fuller information be desired, more extended accounts of the subjects of the articles can be found.

We have only to add that *mechanically* the publishers seem to have left nothing to be desired—the clear type, toned paper and careful workmanship being quite in accordance with the general importance of the work.

Books Received.

- Dame Nature and her Three Daughters. Translated from the French of X. B. Saintine, author of "Picciola." Illustrated. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 268.
- Lake George and Lake Champlain, from their First Discovery to 1759. By B. C. Butler. Illustrated. Second Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 12mo. pp. 240.
- The Prince of Darkness: A Romance of the Blue Ridge. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 370.
- Scenes in Clerical Life, and Silas Warner. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 497.
- Sybaris, and other Homes. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 206.
- The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count de Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Bros. 12mo. pp. 255.
- History of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples and Italy. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 391.
- A Beggar on Horseback; or, A Country Family. By the author of "Found Dead," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 124.
- Hester Strong's Life-Work; or, The Mystery Solved. By Mrs. S. A. Southworth. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 453.
- Peg Woffington, Christie Johnstone, and other Stories. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 212.
- Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 529.
- Romola. By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 517.
- A Greek Grammar for Beginners. By William Henry Waddell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 104.
- The Two Baronesses: A Romance. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 261.
- He that Overcometh; or, A Conquering Gospel. By W. E. Boardman. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 12mo. pp. 303.
- History of Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 349.
- A Compendious German Grammar. By William D. Whitney. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 248.
- Seen and Heard: Poems or the Like. By Morrison Heady. Baltimore: H. C. Turnbull, Jr. 12mo. pp. 172.
- The American Joe Miller. Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 144.
- Life Pictures: A Poem in three Cantos. By J. H. Powell. Boston: Adams & Co. 16mo. pp. 167.
- The Career of the God-Idea in History. By Hudson Tuttle. Boston: Adams & Co. 12mo. pp. 216.
- The Atlantic Almanac for 1870. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 4to. pp. 64.
- The Minister's Wife. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 199.
- The Woman who Dared. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo. pp. 270.

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