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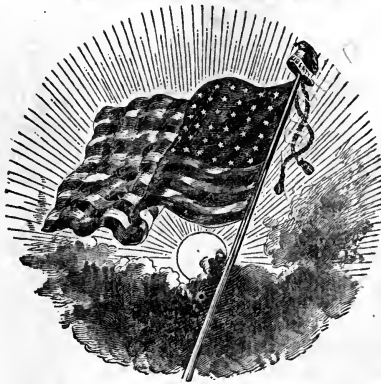
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

829

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXXI.



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BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

1873.

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI. — JANUARY, 1873. — NO. CLXXXIII.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

“Que faites vous là, seul et rêveur ?” —
“Je m’entretiens avec moi même.” —
“Ah ! prenez garde du péril extrême
De causer avec un flatteur.”

IN the winter of 1858-59 I was threading the streets of Glasgow, Scotland, seeking the residence of an old friend, formerly my father's confidential clerk, and who still, though an octogenarian, rejoiced in the name of John Wright, Junior.

It was a portion of the city that had grown up many years after I had known anything of Glasgow. Uncertain of my way and having for some time scrutinized the countenances of the passers-by, as is my wont before accosting any one in the street, I met a face that pleased me ; hale, ruddy, the shadow of some sixty years resting lightly and cheerfully upon it, despite the snow on head and beard : a benignant face, of leisure, that did not look as if it would grudge five minutes to a stranger. It lit up kindly when I asked how I should find the street I sought.

“I am going in that direction and shall be glad to walk with you.” Then, after a pause : “You 'll be a stranger

in Glasgow ?” The well-known accent and the turn of phrase brought all my youth back to me ; and, in reply to my smile, he added : “Or are you a Scotchman yourself, may be ?”

“I scarcely know,” I replied, “whether to call myself a stranger or not. It is more than thirty years since I have seen your city, yet Glasgow is my native place.”

“Ah ! In what part of the city were you born ?”

“In Charlotte Street.”

“Were you ? But in which house was it ?”

“In the last house on the right hand, next to the Green ; close to the iron gates that used to close the street.”

“Why, man ! That was David Dale's house ! How in the world did you happen to be born there ?”

“Very naturally. I am his grandson.”

“An Owen, then ?”

“Yes.”

He stretched out his hand ; and the

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firm, Scottish grip made my fingers tingle.

David Dale was a remarkable man ; and he lived, and labored through a busy and prosperous life, during a remarkable period of time. He witnessed, and did his part in aiding, the world's first Titanic steps in Industrial Science.

Born in Ayrshire and in the year 1738, in humble circumstances ; educated, as all children of reputable parents throughout Scotland even then were, in a strictly-disciplined public school ; he evinced, even while at work as a journeyman weaver, what became afterwards his chief characteristic, — expending regularly a portion of his scanty wages in relieving his poorer neighbors. With the steady perseverance of his country he gradually won his way to riches and position : so that, ere he had much passed middle-age, he was already a wealthy merchant and bank-director.

When nearly forty he won the hand of Miss Ann Caroline Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, who, having been, during the rebellion of 1745, Cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, got together a body of still loyal troops, conveyed the specie belonging to his bank to the castle of Edinburgh which held out against the Pretender ; and so, saved to the government a large amount of funds. This John Campbell came of a noted family and had a romantic history : his grandfather being a Scottish earl.

John Campbell of Glenorchy, born 1635 and created first Earl of Breadalbane in 1681, was (according to Nisbet) a man of sagacity, judgment, and penetration.* He aided King Charles II. and sought to induce Monk to declare for a free Parliament. He served in Parliament for the shire of Argyll, and was privy councillor under James II.

When King William had unsuccessfully endeavored to reduce the Highlands, Breadalbane undertook it singly with twelve thousand pounds ; and "effected it in such a manner as to

obtain the thanks of James for saving his people whom he could not succor."*

Being accused of complicity in the massacre of Glencoe, the Parliament, in 1695, instituted a process of high treason against him ; he was committed prisoner to Edinburgh castle, but afterwards released without trial ; it is said because no evidence was found against him.

Macky, a contemporary, says of him, probably not without reason : "It is odds, if he live long enough, but he is a duke : he is of a fair complexion and has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel."†

He died in 1716 ; leaving, by his wife, the Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the first Earl of Holland, —

1. Duncan, Lord Ormelie.

2. John, second Earl of Breadalbane.

3. The Honorable Colin Campbell, of Ardmaddie.

For this Colin Campbell, who was my great-great-grandfather, I have a far greater respect — with ample reason, I think — than I could ever entertain for that cold-blooded father of his, even if the complicity of the latter in the shocking affair of Glencoe had never been surmised. The son, who was an officer in the Life Guards, seems, indeed, to have had neither the gravity nor the cunning nor the worldly wisdom of his ancestor ; but to have possessed instead, inherited perhaps from his mother, the richer qualities of the heart.

At all events this Colin, true to his pastoral name, fell desperately in love with a Miss Fisher, the handsome daughter of a respectable farmer living on his father's estate. If he had seduced and deserted her, it would no doubt have been passed over, as a mere peccadillo, to be expected in the career of any young noble of that day. But he committed that unpardonable sin, for which we have no appropriate

* Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 238.

* Douglas, *Peerage of Scotland*, p. 230.

† Macky's *Memoirs*, p. 199.

word — not having yet learned (thank God !) to consider it a sin — but which the French call a *mésalliance*. So far as one can judge of the facts at this distance of time, he was irregularly but, according to Scottish law, legally married to one whom the old father no doubt contemptuously set down as “a peasant hussy.” And the culprit the son of one Earl and grandson of another ! Very shocking, of course !

The young officer tried to obtain the recognition of his bride by his parents ; and when his request was met by a haughty refusal, he left his native country ; residing, when off duty, in a French seaport ; and continuing to live with his wife until his death which occurred (at the age of twenty-nine) in 1708. He left one child only, whom its parents named after the grandfather, who persisted in ignoring its existence. Breadalbane died eight years after he lost his youngest son ; but whether he ever repented driving that son into exile to gratify family pride, does not appear.

At a later period the widow and her son brought suit to procure the acknowledgment of the marriage and the recovery of her husband's property. The terms upon which this suit was finally compromised sufficiently indicate the light in which the Breadalbanes regarded the matter. The family paid over to the claimants thirty thousand pounds ; a sum which, taking into account the difference in the value of money now and then, is to-day the equivalent of three or four hundred thousand dollars. But neither the mother's name nor the son's appears in the British Peerage ; and it may probably have been a condition of the compromise that this point should not be pressed. A wise woman, that peasant-ancestress of mine ! She accepted the substantial ; and refrained from insisting on reception by a family who imagined they had a right to look down upon her.

John Campbell — the Cashier, not the Earl — did well in the world. He married Lady Stirling of Glorit ; and

when she died without issue, contracted a second marriage with Miss Campbell of Tofts, by whom he had five children. Of these General Colin Campbell, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, was one, and my grandmother, Ann Caroline Campbell, another. Upon her seem to have descended the charms which may have led captive the Life Guardsman ; for my grandmother Campbell was noted throughout Scotland as one of the most beautiful women of her day : though she failed, unfortunately, to transmit her fair looks to her grandchildren of the Owen branch.

David Dale's marriage with this lady was, as I have always heard, a most harmonious union ; and, in every respect save its comparatively brief duration, a happy one. She died when her eldest child, my mother, was but twelve years old ; and upon that child devolved thenceforth the care of a widowed father and four younger sisters ; a charge the duties of which she fulfilled with a devotion and prudence beyond her years.

But David Dale himself, and his connection with the marvellous events of his time, are better worth writing about than his wife's relatives or their fortunes.

George III. succeeded to the British throne in 1760, and it was the lot of that weak sovereign to witness, during his sixty years' rule, a succession of inventions and discoveries such as was never before crowded into the reign of earthly monarch. They revolutionized the producing powers of man.

Though the expansive force of steam was understood, and even mechanical effects were produced by its agency, before the Christian era, yet when George became king, the steam-engine proper was unknown. Watt was at work upon it in 1765, and patented his invention in 1768-69.

So, again, when George ascended the throne, the foundation of all textile fabrics — that is, thread, whether woollen, cotton, linen or silk — was spun on the single wheel ; the same of

which the hum is still to be heard in some of the cabins of the West : * the spinner, with utmost exertion, producing but a few hanks by a day's labor. Ere he died that same king, had he passed through his British dominions, might have found nearly half a million engaged, in vast factories, in spinning and manufacturing cotton; each spinner turning out, on the average, some three hundred times as much yarn as before.

In 1771 the first cotton-mill — a small one, worked by horse-power — was built. Eleven years later Arkwright had four or five thousand persons employed in various mills, though his patents were still contested. He sought partnerships with capitalists; they furnishing the money and he contributing the right to use his cotton-machinery. In 1782 my grandfather and he had entered into such a partnership; the waters of the Clyde,† about thirty miles above Glasgow, to be used as motive-power.

In 1784 a village and several large cotton-mills were completed. The site was a strip of valley-land adjoining the river, about a mile from the ancient town of Lanark : and the entire waters of the Clyde, brought through a rock-tunnel a thousand feet long, formed the mill-race.

Then, for the first time, Arkwright (not yet Sir Richard) came to Scotland, to visit the new manufactory. Taking a post-chaise from Glasgow, Mr. Dale

and he reached the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the village, and on the gentle slope of which were laid out small garden spots, separated by gravel paths. It was a fine summer evening. Getting out of the carriage Mr. Dale led his partner to a favorable point, whence could be seen not only the entire establishment, including the vast factory buildings, the mechanics' shops, the school-house, and the rows of stone dwellings for the work-people, but also the picturesque river winding its way below, the mills between abrupt walls of shrub-covered rocks, the landscape bounded by a beautiful champaign country stretching out on the other bank. Well do I remember the scene!

"How does it suit you?" my grandfather asked at length.

Arkwright scanned the whole with a critical business eye for some time before he answered: "Capital! That site was selected with great judgment."

"You like the way the streets are laid out and the mill-buildings placed?"

"Very well, — could n't be better."

"Each family in the village has one of these garden patches."

"A very good idea."

"We had to tunnel the rock for a long distance at a heavy expense; but we gained a fall of twenty-six or twenty-eight feet."

"It's a spot in a thousand," cried Arkwright. "Might have been made on purpose."

"I'm glad you like it."

"I do, very much." Then, after another long look over the village and all its surroundings, he added, pointing to a wooden cupola within which the factory bell was hung: "But that ugly steeple — or whatever it is — what made you put it off at the end of the building?"

"Why, where would you have had it?"

"Over the middle of the mill, of course."

"I don't see any 'of course' about it. It's just right where it is."

"You think so?" asked Arkwright.

* The ancient emblems of female industry, the distaff and spindle, have been in use certainly more than three thousand years. At what period these were superseded in India by the spinning-wheel is not on record: but four hundred years ago the spinning-wheel was unknown in Europe, having been first used by English workmen in the reign of Henry VIII. For thirty centuries (and how many more we know not) the invention of the world found nothing better wherewith to manufacture thread than a small wooden wheel impelled by the foot on a treadle, and giving motion by a cord or belt to a single spindle. And now! A century since it would have required the manual labor of one third the population of the world to supply as much cotton yarn as is turned out to-day by the cotton-mills of Great Britain alone.

† The most important river of Scotland, passing by Lanark, Hamilton, Bothwell and Glasgow: and terminating, at Greenock, in the great estuary known as the Frith of Clyde.

"To be sure I do, or I would n't have put it there."

"Well, you've a curious idea of things. I'd like to hear a single good reason for having the thing stuck on to the end of that mill, the way you've got it."

"If a man's so blind he can't see that was the proper place, it is na worth while finding him reasons for it."

"Blind! A man with half an eye might have seen better. I don't care to argue with a man that has n't more common sense."

This was too much for my grandfather. "Arkwright," said he, "I don't care to have a man for a partner who would get stirred up anent such a trifle, and talk such nonsense about it too."

"Neither do I. So there's one thing we do agree about. I'm ready to sell out to you to-night."

"Good! Let's get into the carriage and I'll show you all over the place. Then we'll go back to the auld town" (so Lanark was usually called), "get something to eat and a glass of toddy,"—(my grandfather was a strictly temperate man, but no Scotchman in those days thought an occasional glass of Highland whiskey toddy an offence against temperance),—"and I daresay we can hit it off atween us."

That evening Richard Arkwright and David Dale dissolved partnership, the latter remaining sole proprietor of the village and mills of New Lanark.*

If such an issue in so important a matter seem strange, it was yet natural enough in the case of men born and circumstanced as these men had been. Successful strugglers both, through difficulty and opposition up to great success, accustomed as both had been, from their youth, to take their own way and to find that way the fortunate one, they had become unused to con-

* This anecdote, which I have heard many times from my father's lips, was confirmed to me, in all its essential particulars, by Mr. John Wright, during the visit to him referred to at the commencement of this chapter.

tradiction. Men of strong, untrained energy, they had grown to be self-willed even in petty things.

Their success in life, however, was not wholly due to character and abilities. The lines had fallen to them in wondrous places. They were pioneer workers in the richest mine ever opened to human enterprise. It had not entered into the heart of man to conceive the physical results that were to follow a contrivance simple almost to commonplace: consisting, substantially, in the substitution of rollers, driven by machinery, for the human hand. That invention determined the fate of nations. Coupled with the modern application of steam, it was mainly instrumental in deciding the giant struggle between England and the first Napoleon.

The soft fleece of the cotton-plant is peculiar in character. When freed from seeds and impurities, its fine, strong fibres slip past each other readily, and can, with facility, be arranged so as to lie in parallel lines. In the earliest days the Hindoo, holding in his left hand a staff around one end of which was wrapped a portion of the vegetable fleece, drew out, with forefinger and thumb moist and delicate, and then deftly twisted, the thread. After tens of centuries Arkwright substituted, for human forefinger and thumb, two sets of rollers, revolving with unequal velocity: the lower roller of each pair fluted longitudinally, the upper covered with leather. This gave them a sufficient hold of the cotton as it passed between them.

The space between the two pairs of rollers was made somewhat greater than the length of the cotton fibre. The back pair, which received the cotton in the form of a band or ribbon, revolved much more slowly than the front pair, which delivered it. The effect was that, at the moment when this cotton ribbon was released from the grasp of the back pair of rollers, the front pair, because of their greater velocity, exerted upon it a slight, steady pull. The result of this was twofold: first to

straighten out the fibres left crooked or double in the carding; secondly, to elongate the line of cotton presented to the action of these rollers, and thus diminish its calibre. In other words, the front pair of rollers drew the cotton out, as the finger and thumb, pulling on the contents of the distaff, had done; but with far more rapidity and regularity than human fingers ever attained. This process was repeated through three machines, and the cotton band was thus reduced in thickness by successive attenuations, and was then loosely twisted in long, cylindrical, revolving cans; (made into *rovings*, the mill-phrase was). By the front rollers of the last of these machines, usually called a *throstle-frame*, the cotton-cord was drawn out to the calibre or fineness of the thread to be produced; and underneath these rollers were stationary spindles (revolving with much greater velocity than the spindle of the cottager's wheel had done) on which the hard-twisted thread was finally wound.*

In this way, by an expedient so simple that a child may, at a glance, comprehend its operation, each set of four rollers, thus arranged in pairs, took the place of a human being; the metallic fingers, however, working much faster than those of flesh had done. The inanimate spinner, set in his frame, with a hundred other similar workmen ranged in rank beside him, turned out in a day several times the length of

* It need hardly be said, except to those who have never entered a cotton-factory or read the details of its operations, that, by an antecedent process, the raw cotton, after being cleansed and having its matted locks loosened and opened, and after being passed over cylindrical cards, whence it came out a thin broad sheet, was drawn together, converging into the continuous, soft, untwisted cord, or rather thick ribbon, of which I have above spoken.

Because the yarn made on the throstle-frame had a much harder twist than it had been possible to give it by the treadle of the old spinning-wheel, it was found that it could be fitly used for warp, for which, up to Arkwright's time, the weaver had been compelled to employ linen thread alone. This was a great advance.

I pass over the question whether thread-making by two sets of rollers was, originally, Arkwright's invention. We know that it was he who first brought that wonderful adaptation into practical operation.

thread which the most diligent housewife, toiling at her solitary spinning-wheel from morning till night, had been able to produce.

And each company of these *automata* had, for its leader or captain, not an adult, female or male, but a child, perhaps ten or twelve years old. The urchin learned to direct the ranks of his subordinates with unfailing skill. He noted their short-comings, corrected their blunders, supplied their deficiencies. If some thick, rough portion of yarn escaped the iron lips, he caught and excluded it. If one of his *automata* suffered a thread to break, the child's quick eye detected it, and his deft fingers mended it (*pieced it*, as the mill-phrase was) on the instant.

Thus a tiny superintendent, boy or girl, took the place of a multitude of adult work-people. Myself at the age of twenty-three superintending a manufacturing establishment where some fifteen hundred operatives were employed, I had a thousand opportunities to witness the skill and fidelity with which these child-rulers acquitted themselves. I found that each one of them, aided by the magical rollers, was even then producing as much, in any given time, as two hundred cottage-spinners had done before Arkwright's day.

It need hardly be said that, during the first years of such an industrial revolution, the profits, in large establishments, after making allowance for imperfect machinery and other accidents incident to every new scheme, were very great. The prices then obtained seem to us now incredible. Yarn, of a quality which in 1815 was sold for three shillings a pound, brought, in the infancy of the manufacture, as high as thirty shillings. The "British mulled muslins" which, when first manufactured were eagerly bought up by the rich at two dollars and a half a yard, are now offered to the poor — of less durable quality however — for six cents a yard!

The population of New Lanark in 1784 was upwards of seventeen hun-

dred, of whom several hundred were orphan children, from seven to twelve years of age; these being procured from the poor-houses of various parishes. It was, I believe, the largest cotton-spinning establishment at that time in Great Britain; employing about a thousand work-people. The orphan children were comfortably cared for, and but moderately worked; and they attended evening-school after the labor of the day was over.

My grandfather remained sole proprietor for thirteen years; that is, until 1797. He sought to make money, of course, as all business men do; but, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, he was not willing to do so at expense of the comfort of his work-people. Many of the manufacturers of that day, urged by the dazzling prospect of fabulous profits, became cruel taskmasters; demanding from children exertions which even from adults ought never to have been exacted. But David Dale was not one of those who, for gain, lay upon their fellows burdens grievous and heavy to be borne. A tourist, visiting New Lanark in 1796, thus describes its condition:—

“Mr. Dale deserves well of his country, dispensing happiness and comfort to many of his fellow-creatures by his attention not only to their health but to their morals; training them up in habits of industry, instructing them in the necessary branches of education, and instilling into their minds a knowledge of the important truths of Christianity. Four hundred children are entirely fed, clothed and instructed at the expense of this venerable philanthropist. The rest live with their parents in neat comfortable habitations, receiving wages for their labor. The health and happiness depicted on the countenances of these children show that the proprietor of the Lanark Mills has remembered mercy in the midst of gain. The regulations here to preserve health of body and mind present a striking contrast to those of most large manufactories in this kingdom, the

very hotbeds of disease and contagion. It is a truth that ought to be engraved in letters of gold, to the eternal honor of the founder of New Lanark, that out of nearly three thousand children who have been at work in these mills throughout a period of twelve years, only fourteen have died and not one has suffered criminal punishment.”*

The character of the man is well illustrated by an incident which occurred I know not at what precise date, but some years after the New Lanark mills were in full operation, and when their owner already saw what a large fortune he was reaping from Arkwright's patent. One of the principal factory buildings was destroyed by fire, throwing some two hundred and fifty persons out of employment. As soon as the news reached Mr. Dale at Glasgow where he then was, he hastened to the spot and found the work-people lamenting their hard fate, and expecting to be turned adrift at once. He caused them to assemble in the principal school-room, and when he rose to speak many of them shed tears. After pausing to control his own emotion, he said,—the Scottish idiom mixing in, as it always did in familiar talk with his own countrymen, especially when much moved, —

“Dinna greet my children. You've helped me to muckle siller by your labor; and I can weel afford to spend some of it in taking care of you till that mill's built up and started. You shall bide where you are till then. I'll employ as many of you as I can in clearing off the rubbish and other jobs. But I'll pay you all the same wages you've had till now. And be gude bairns till ye can go to work again. The Deil finds mischief, ye ken, for idle hands to do.”

It was long ere the mill was rebuilt and refitted; for the construction of the new machinery, in those days, was a very tedious process, the demand exceeding the supply. Between twenty and thirty thousand dollars were ex-

* *Life of Robert Owen.* Philadelphia, 1866; pp. 61, 62.

pended before the people were again at work. I can well understand how the villagers, even in my day, had preserved the memory of my grandfather's very words, and were wont to speak of "gude David Dale" as the best man the sun ever shone upon.

From my father's autobiography we learn that Mr. Dale was very religious, being at the head of a sect of "Independents"; that he had charge of about forty churches in different parts of Scotland, and preached every Sunday to his congregation in Glasgow.* These Independents were an order of Presbyterians who, conscientiously believing that the Word of God should be taught to men without money and without price, gave their pastors no salary nor other remuneration. Their preachers, in consequence, followed secular occupations; some, like my grandfather, being merchants or manufacturers; some, members of various professions; while others, in humbler position, labored, like Paul, with their hands. But after my grandfather's death the sect over which he had presided fell off; the doctrine embodied in a well-known text prevailing in spiritual matters; namely that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Strict Presbyterianism was my grandfather's belief, to the day of his death. But the abundant geniality of the man saved him from the intolerance, and the harshness toward offenders, which often ally themselves with such a creed. My father, who knew him intimately for years, and who was himself, even then, outspoken in his heresies, testifies to his father-in-law's unflinching good temper. He says: "Mr. Dale was one of the most liberal, conscientious, benevolent, and kind-hearted men I ever met with through my life: one universally respected for his simplicity and straightforward honesty of character. . . . From my marriage to his death he and I never exchanged one unpleasant expression or unkind word. Yet our religious opinions were widely

different, and we distinctly knew this difference." * My father mentions, also, that Mr. Dale was wont to close their frequent discussions kindly and affectionately, with some such expression as, "Thou needest be very right, for thou art very positive,"—which was doubtless quite true.

A trifling tradition, current in the family, illustrates his good-natured mode of dealing with sinners. Passing down the garden behind his house in Charlotte Street, early one morning, he discovered, crouched behind a large gooseberry-bush, a man with a bag evidently half filled with what in that country is a favorite fruit. Mr. Dale stepped quietly up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and—adopting a friendly Scottish mode of address toward one of inferior rank—asked: "Honest man, what are ye aboot there?" The culprit, confounded, stammered out some apology about his being very hungry, to which my grandfather replied: "Aweel, tak the berries and gang yer way; but think o' yer soul, man, and steal nae mair." A lad, who chanced to be in the vicinity, overheard and repeated this conversation; and, when the story got wind, David Dale's notion of an "honest man" excited many a smile among the friends who loved him.

Like most of his countrymen he had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and keenly enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense. One fine winter morning—being then advanced in years and having become quite corpulent, especially around the waist—he appeared, in his business office in St. Andrew's Square, his clothes bespattered with snow.

"Hae the bairns been snowballing ye, Mr. Dale?" laughingly asked an old friend who had been awaiting his arrival.

"Hoot no," replied my grandfather; "but it's slippery, and I just fell doon on the sma'" (small) "of my back."

"Weel, that's news to me, auld friend," rejoined the other; "I never

* Life of Robert Owen, written by himself. London, 1857; p. 71.

* Autobiography, pp. 71, 72.

kenned afore that ye *had* a sma' to yer back."

When my grandfather came home to the family dinner, that day, he repeated the jest with great glee.

He was generous to the poor, almost to a fault; "giving away," my father says, "large sums, often in mistaken charities." * My mother estimated that he must have expended for benevolent purposes, in the course of his life, more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Such a man — rich but open-handed, determined yet tender, sturdily upright but merciful to those who went astray, eminently religious yet feeling kindly toward those who differed from him in opinion, simple, humorous, familiar with all, high and low — was just the character to be appreciated by his countrymen. There were more distinguished men in Scotland, toward the close of the last century, than David Dale; but not one, perhaps, more generally loved. His townsmen mourned his death, which occurred in 1806, as a public calamity; and every shop in Glasgow was closed on the day of his funeral.

That funeral is, of all my childish recollections, one of the earliest and most distinct. I was then between four and five years old, for I was born November 7, 1801; and, as usually happens as to events dating from such an age, things important and unimportant retain their places with equal persistence. The coming from the tailor's of a suit of black, the unprecedented fact that I was hurriedly dressed in it the moment it arrived; the stream of visitors, the unexampled stir in the house and the vast assemblage around it; the show, the carriages and the interminable procession; the long walk, with my hand in my father's, just behind the hearse; the crowds along every street as we passed on, — all remain vividly stamped on my memory, as if of yesterday. A more dim reminiscence is of my grandfather himself: his gold-headed cane; his portly form filling the large easy-chair; then the

hand on my head and the face lighted up with kindness, — the nicest face, I thought, in the world, — that always welcomed me when I was brought to see him and talk with him in the parlor after dinner.

The next event that comes in life-like traits before me, dating about a year later, is a visit to Rosebank, my grandfather's country-seat on the banks of the Clyde, some four miles above Glasgow. It was occupied, at that time, by four maiden aunts, who vied with each other in efforts to spoil their eldest nephew, — not without success.

The sky-born charm that hallows certain familiar spots is a current phrase, not always meaning much. But the strange glamour under which my young eyes regarded what then seemed veritable fairy-land — the quaint old-fashioned mansion, with its honey-suckle-shaded porch, its pointed gables, its dormer-windows, the sunk area that surrounded it like a moat, its unexpected nooks and corners, and its perfume of mignonette from boxes set in window-sills; then the marvellous garden in front, with its succession of terraces, its gigantic evergreen-hedges, its enigmatical sundial, its wonderful bowling-green, and its wilderness of roses with a thousand unknown flowers beside; again, off to the left, the long, dim, pleached avenue of venerable beeches, with a ha-ha stone fence on one side whence a spacious lawn swept down to the river-bank; then, farther off beyond the garden, a mysteriously-shaded winding road that led down, through a dark alley, to another part of the Clyde — the inexplicable glamour, I say, which invested all this made the place, for me, an abode of bliss apart from the real world: its trees, its flowers, its mystical paths, all its accessories and its surroundings, like none other upon earth; instinct with vague fancies, feelings, obscure emotions, the like of which I may realize in the next world, but have never found since, in this.

There was, too, an element of wonder, rising to awe, that intervened among gentler excitements. A mile or

* Autobiography, p. 71.

more distant and on the opposite side of the river loomed up the "Clyde Iron Works," a large establishment with extensive foundries and rolling-mills. Its fires never went out; and the red flames that shot from its tall chimneys lit up, with lurid glare, the night landscape. I had never seen, or heard of, anything like it; I had no distinct idea what was going on there; and, when I gazed on it through the darkness, the scene called up the pictures, which my good mother had deemed it her duty to set before me, of a burning hell. Fancy peopled its mysterious regions of fire and smoke with grim, swart, unearthly figures, like the demons I had been told of, as inhabiting the Brimstone Lake.

But these visions vanished when day dawned on my fairy-world. All was rose-hued then.

What influence a brief episode in my life at Rosebank may have had in coloring its day-dreams I cannot tell; nor whether the incident itself was due to impulses inherited, in somewhat precocious phase, from my ancestor, the Life Guardsman. I had wandered off alone, one sunny day, into the shady Beach Walk, some distance from the house. There I met a certain little maid, a stray from a neighboring farm-house, (five past, she told me, her last birthday,) very neatly dressed in tartan, and, to my thinking, the prettiest creature my eyes had ever seen. We were soon well acquainted, walking up and down the ancient avenue, as older lovers no doubt had done before us. After a time it occurred to us that we might be intruded on in so public a place. Just back of the Beach Walk was a tall, thick hawthorn hedge in which we found a gap large enough for a Newfoundland dog to creep through. This admitted us to a meadow in which the grass was nearly as high as our heads, and there we found a charming resting-place where, day after day, we used to spend hours together; terribly afraid, at first, of being found out; but finally gaining confidence in the verdant screen that sheltered us.

If we had been readers of Campbell, we might have called to mind that description of his (carped at by Byron in one of his cynical moods) touching a sequestered spot "where transport and security entwine"; but I am not sure whether, at that time, the lines were written. My little love was somewhat coy at first; but after we had faithfully promised each other that we would be married as soon as we "grew big," we came to an excellent understanding, and had long talks about the sort of house we were to have built, and the nice time we were to have in it together, when it was finished.

Our nest was never discovered; and the birds singing in the fragrant hedge near by were not more blithe-hearted than we. Our love was warm and honest; and so were the tears we shed when at last, after a few weeks,—altogether too short weeks they were,—our prospects of domestic happiness were broken in upon, and I had to leave my land of enchantment for the work-a-day world at New Lanark,—or rather at Braxfield, for that was then my father's residence.

Robert Owen, born in Newtown, North Wales, in 1771, was, like my grandfather, a self-made man. His specific plans, as a Social Reformer, proved on the whole and for the time a failure; and this, for lack of cultivated judgment and critical research, and of accurate knowledge touching what men had thought and done before his time; also because he strangely overrated the ratio of human progress; but more especially perhaps because, until late in life, he ignored the spiritual element in man as the great lever of civilized advancement. Yet with such earnestness, such vigor, such indomitable perseverance, and such devotion and love for his race did he press, throughout half a century, these plans on the public, and so much practical truth was there, mixed with visionary expectation, that his name became known, and the influence of his teachings has been more or less felt, over the civilized world. A failure in gross has been at-

tended by sterling incidental successes ; and toward the great idea of co-operation — quite impracticable, for the present at least, in the form he conceived it — there have been, even since his death, very considerable advances made, and generally recognized by earnest men as eminently useful and important.

His father, also named Robert Owen, seems originally to have been what used to be called a man of substance ; but having lost in a lawsuit — as he believed through bribery of the lawyer he employed — an estate worth five hundred pounds a year,* he afterwards made a modest living in the saddlery and ironmongery business. Of his ancestors I know nothing save what my father has vaguely left on record in his Autobiography. He tells us that, at the age of nine, he was the daily companion of a young gentleman, ten years older than himself, Mr. James Donne, then studying at Oxford or Cambridge, for the church. The theological student afterwards became Dr. Donne of Oswestry, well known and highly respected for his learning and research. In 1817, when all England was stirred up by my father's public speeches to thousands at the City of London Tavern, Dr. Donne wrote to him stating that, in the course of his genealogical studies, he had traced my father's pedigree, in regular descent, from the native princes of North Wales, and offering to send him particulars.† My father, at that time engrossed by the exciting delusion that he was about suddenly to revolutionize society and reform the world, "cared," Gallio-like, "for none of these things," and over-

* The probable equivalent, in our day, of five thousand dollars' rental.

† I fear the line may have run back to a certain truculent hero, sung by Gray (translating from Gwalchmai, the son of Melir) in the ode beginning : —

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem,
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart."

The drawback is that this "dragon-son of Mona" was chiefly famed for his "wide-wasting sword" ; as the succeeding lines (describing a famous battle

looked the friendly offer. If the Doctor ever sent him a chart of the family tree, the matter has not come to my knowledge.

At the age of ten, his travelling expenses paid and ten dollars in his pocket, Robert Owen found himself in London whither he had been sent, to the care of an elder brother, to "push his fortune." Six weeks afterwards he obtained a situation as shopboy with an honest, kind Scotchman, Mr. James McGuffog, a linen-draper of Stamford, Lincolnshire, where he remained four years ; the first year for board and lodging only ; afterwards with a salary added, of eight pounds the second year and a gradual increase thereafter, — an independence for the child, who thenceforth maintained himself. The labor was moderate, averaging eight hours a day. McGuffog was childless ; but he adopted a niece, two years younger than his Welsh apprentice ; and between the two children there grew up a warm friendship. When my father finally decided, at fourteen years of age, to return to London, he and the family parted with mutual regrets.

He then became salesman in the long-established haberdashery-house of Flint and Palmer, on Old London Bridge. There he had twenty-five pounds a year, with board and lodging ; but he was occupied often till one or two o'clock in the morning, arranging and replacing goods, so that he was scarcely able to crawl, by aid of the balusters, up to bed. The details of the morning toilet I give in his own words : "We were up, had breakfast, and were dressed to receive customers at eight ; and dressing then was no slight affair.

gained by him, in 1157, over the combined forces of Iceland, Denmark and Norway) indicate : —

"Checked by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood ;
While heaped, his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground."

And, in the original, the concluding sentiment is : "And the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him praise."

Gwyneth is the ancient name for North Wales. Owen succeeded his father, Griffith ap Cynan, in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1137.

Boy as I was, I had to wait my turn for the hairdresser to powder and pomatum and curl my hair, — two large curls on each side and a stiff pigtail, — and until all this was nicely done, no one thought of presenting himself behind the counter.”*

He endured this ceremonious slavery for half a year; then found another, easier situation, and a larger salary with Mr. Satterfield in Manchester, which he kept for four years and until he was between eighteen and nineteen.

His life, so far, had been passed entirely in subordinate positions; in which, however, he acquired habits of regulated industry, strict order, and persistent attention to business.

For a few months after this he was in partnership with a Mr. Jones, manufacturing cotton machinery. While thus engaged, he received a cordial letter from his former master, McGuffog, now become old and wealthy, with a proposal, if Owen would join him in business, to supply all the capital and give him half the profits at once; and with the further intimation that he would surrender the entire establishment to him in a few years. It appears that the niece had conceived a childish attachment to her playmate, though the object of her affection did not discover that she had, till many years afterwards; and, perhaps, a knowledge of this may have influenced the uncle. “If I had accepted,” says my father in his Autobiography, “I should most likely have married the niece, and lived and died a rich Stamford linen-draper.” Why, then, only nineteen years old, he refused an offer in every way so eligible, does not appear. If, as is probable, he then expected large profits from his present enterprise, he soon discovered his mistake; separating from his partner, in whom he had lost confidence, after a few months, and taking, as his share of stock, three mule-machines only.

With these, however, he did well; engaging three men to work them and superintending the business himself.

* Autobiography, p. 19.

He bought *rovings* at twelve shillings a pound and sold them, spun into thread, for twenty-two shillings; thus gaining two dollars on each pound of yarn he turned out. At these rates the profits soon ran up to thirty dollars a week; a fact which lets one into the secret of the enormous fortunes then made in this business.

Some months passed, when one Monday morning he read an advertisement by a Mr. Drinkwater, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer, for a factory manager. A sudden impulse induced him to present himself, an applicant for the place.

“You are too young,” was Mr. Drinkwater’s curt objection.

“They used to object to me,” said my father, “on that score four or five years ago; but I did not expect to have it brought up now.”

“Why, what age are you?”

“I shall be twenty in May next.”

“How often do you get drunk in the week?”

My father blushed scarlet. “I never,” he said indignantly, “was drunk in my life.”

This seemed to produce a good impression. The next question was: “What salary do you ask?”

“Three hundred a year” (that is, three hundred pounds; as much as from two to three thousand dollars to-day).

“Three hundred a year! Why, I’ve had I don’t know how many after the place here, this morning; and all their askings together would n’t come up to what you want.”

“Whatever others may ask, I cannot take less. I am making three hundred a year by my own business.”

“Can you prove that to me?”

“Certainly. My books will show.”

“I’ll go with you, and you shall let me see them.”

He inspected them, was so far satisfied; and then my father referred him to Satterfield, McGuffog, and Flint and Palmer.

Ten days later Robert Owen was installed manager of what went by the name of the “Bank Top Mill.” A raw

youth, whose entire experience in the operations of cotton-spinning was limited to the running of three mules,—who had never entered a large factory in his life,—found himself suddenly at the head of five hundred work-people. It might conceal his first blunders, but in reality it added to the difficulty of the position, that Mr. Lee, the working partner and a practical cotton-spinner, had just formed another business connection and deserted Mr. Drinkwater, who, though an experienced fustian manufacturer and a successful importing merchant, knew nothing practically of the new manufacture then coming into vogue.

It was the turning-point in my father's fortunes. There is not, probably, one young man in a thousand, coming suddenly to a charge so arduous and for which no previous training had fitted him, who would not have miscarried, and been dismissed ere a month had passed. But Robert Owen had received from nature rare administrative capacity, large human sympathy, and a winning way with those he employed. For six weeks, he tells us, he went about the factory, looking grave; saying little, but silently inspecting everything; answering requests for instructions as laconically as possible, and giving no direct order in all that time; at night studying Mr. Lee's notes and drawings of machinery. Then he took the reins, and so managed matters that, in six months there was not, in Manchester, a more orderly or better disciplined factory. He had gained the good-will of employer and work-people; and had greatly improved the quality and reputation of the Bank Top yarn. He had also become an excellent judge of cotton; and, early in 1791, he bought, from a Mr. Robert Spear, the two first bags of American Sea Island cotton ever imported into England.

Then, one day, Mr. Drinkwater sent for him to his country residence. He describes his feelings when he received the unexpected invitation. "An ill-educated, awkward youth," he calls

himself; "alive to his defects of education; speaking ungrammatically a sort of Welsh-English; sensitive among strangers and dissatisfied with his own speaking and acting when in company: then also painfully subject to blushing which no effort of his could prevent."* (His eldest son, Robert Dale, inherited in full both bashfulness and ungovernable blushing; but I have bravely got over the first; and though I have not lost the habit of blushing, it is in moderation and no longer with painful consciousness.)

Mr. Drinkwater had an offer to make to his young manager,—a salary of four hundred pounds for the second year, five hundred for the third; after that, a partnership with himself and his two sons, with a fourth of the profits. It was gratefully accepted, and the contract signed ere they parted.

It was during the period of this contract that my father, boarding in Brazen Nose Street, Manchester, at the same house as Robert Fulton, of steam-boat celebrity, became intimate with that inventor, then much straitened for means. He advanced to Fulton, at various times, to aid the "project of running boats independent of locks," the sum of a hundred and seventy pounds. Of this the other repaid him sixty pounds in 1797; but was never able to acquit the remainder of the debt.

The contract with Drinkwater was never fulfilled. Before the third year closed there was a new son-in-law, who wished to take my father's place as partner. Mr. Drinkwater offered any salary that my father might name as manager, if the partnership was waived. In reply my father, who had his contract with him, thrust it into the fire, saying: "I desire no partnership in any case where it is unwelcome; but I decline to continue manager." And all Mr. Drinkwater could obtain from him was a promise to remain till some one else could be found to fill his place.

But by this time my father's name

* *Autobiography*, p. 31.

was up as one of the best fine-cotton spinners in England, and offers of partnership flowed in upon him. He finally connected himself, in the spring of 1797, with two rich and long-established firms, Borrodaile and Atkinson of London and the Bartons of Manchester, under the name of the "Chorlton Twist Company." Soon after, business took him to Scotland; and there, both as regards his domestic life and his future career, public and private, he met his fate.

A sister of the Robert Spear above mentioned happened, at that time, to be on a visit to my grandfather; and my father, walking near the Cross of Glasgow one day, met and recognized her. She introduced him to a young lady who was with her, Miss Ann Caroline Dale, David Dale's eldest daughter; and, turning, he walked with the ladies some distance. Miss Dale and the young cotton-spinner seem to have been mutually attracted from the first. She offered him an introduction to her uncle, then manager of her father's establishment at New Lanark; suggesting, at the same time, that the Falls of Clyde, a mile or two beyond the mills, were well worth seeing. The offer was eagerly accepted, and the lady then added that, when he had made the trip, she would be glad to hear from him how he liked it.

Of course he called, on his return to Glasgow, to render thanks for her kindness. Fortune favored the young people. Mr. Dale was absent; the morning was fine; a walk in the "Green" (the park of Glasgow) was proposed, and my father accompanied Miss Dale and her sisters to the banks of the Clyde. The young lady dropped a hint — not quite as broad as Desdemona's — that they would probably be walking there early next day.

But "on this hint" my father, less adventurous than Othello, spake not. He joined the party, indeed; but the day after he returned to his snug bachelor quarters at a country-house called Greenheys, near Manchester.

The standing and reputation of

David Dale dismayed him: not alone his wealth, his eminence as a manufacturer, his prominence as a popular preacher and bounteous philanthropist, his position as chief of the two directors, in the Glasgow branch of the Royal Bank of Scotland; but, more than these, his former station as one of the magistrates of Glasgow.

We of America are unfavorably situated, at this day, to appreciate the exalted respect with which the magistrates of Scotland's chief cities were then regarded; and which, to a great extent, they have retained till now. During a week which I spent, in 1859, with Robert Chambers, the well-known author and publisher, at his Edinburgh residence, I questioned him closely as to the manner in which the municipal affairs of the city were conducted. His replies surprised me. "I have never," he said, "heard even a suspicion whispered, affecting the unblemished integrity of our city magistrates. There is not a man who would dare approach one of them with any offer or suggestion touching official action inconsistent with the strictest honor. He would know that, if he did, he might expect to have a servant rung for, and bidden to show him into the street."

"And the contracts," I asked, "by the City Councils, as for building, street alterations, and the like, — how are they managed?"

"With better judgment and more economy, it is generally admitted, than the average of contracts by private individuals."

"Who are these incorruptible men? What are their antecedents?"

"Usually gentlemen who have made large fortunes here; eminent merchants or manufacturers or others who have retired, perhaps, from active business, and who consider it the crowning glory of their lives to take place among the magistracy of Edinburgh."

I must have smiled sadly, I suppose, for Chambers asked: "You are thinking of New York and some others of your own cities, with their universal suffrage?"

"Yes."

But my father was thinking of a Glasgow magistrate, such as held office toward the close of the last century; and he despaired of winning the great man's daughter. Nor is it likely that he would have seriously attempted the citadel, had it not been betrayed by the sympathetic imprudence of one of its fair allies.

Miss Spear, probably taking compassion on my father's lonely condition, told tales out of school.

"I could let you into a secret worth knowing," she said to him one day; "I don't think I ought to tell it, but it would make you very happy."

Of course my father earnestly begged to be made happy, and solemnly promised to make no improper use of what might be revealed.

Then it came out that, when my father, the first time he walked with Miss Spear and her Scotch friend, had parted from them, Miss Dale had made special inquiry as to who and what that Englishman was; and that, when her curiosity was satisfied, she had confessed to her friend, after a pause: "Well, I don't know how it is; but, it seems to me, if I ever marry, that is to be the man."

This breach of confidence by Miss Spear caused a third visit to Glasgow and more walks on the Green. After a while the younger sisters — discreet girls! — got into the way of straying off and giving my father a chance. The great life-question was put, and the lady answered, like a dutiful child: "You must get my father's consent, or you can never have mine"; adding, however, like a dear, frank girl as she was: "I daresay he won't agree; and if he does n't, I do not intend to marry at all."

I should be ashamed of my father, if he had not found some way out of this difficulty. But he was equal to the occasion. He had heard a vague report about the Lanark mills being for sale, and he resolved to make that a pretext for calling on the old gentleman. When he asked Mr. Dale's

terms, the reply was: "Why, you don't want to buy them. You're too young."

"But I'm in partnership with older men who have capital enough. We are cotton-spinners ourselves."

"Have you seen New Lanark?"

My father said he had taken a cursory view of it.

"Well, have a good look at it; see your partners, and bring them to me if they want to buy."

My father thought this was a put-off; but as Mr. Dale gave him a letter authorizing him to examine every part of the works, he posted to New Lanark at once, went over the mills and workshops thoroughly, and came to the conclusion (perhaps thinking of Miss Dale the while) that the property was a desirable purchase.

On his return to Manchester he brought over his partners to his views, and persuaded two of them to return with him to Glasgow. After brief negotiation, they purchased the entire establishment for sixty thousand pounds. This was in the summer of 1797.

The outworks were carried, but still the garrison held out. Miss Ann had spoken to her father of the suitor who had won her heart. But David Dale, like many of his countrymen, had his prejudices against the English (shared by his grandson Robert in the nursery, and for years after) as the oppressors of their northern neighbors and the murderers of William Wallace. He felt disposed to resent the attempt of a *land-louper* (foreign interloper) to carry off one of his daughters. So the lady wrote to her lover saying that he would have to resign her, and advising him to look for a better wife in England. Later, when they met at New Lanark, she repeated to him the assurance that, as her father held out against their union, she should never marry.

But my father, as might be expected in a character so strongly stamped as his with perseverance, had no idea of condemning his lady-love to a life of celibacy. Two years brought great changes. A Mr. Scott Moncrief, co-director with my grandfather in the

Royal Bank, and his wife were won over by the young couple to their interests. The lover had frequently to meet Mr. Dale on business, and took pains to please him; the young lady adhered to her resolution, refusing several eligible offers; and the father was indulgent, calling to mind what a faithful little housekeeper his daughter had been to him. And so it was brought about that, on the 30th of September, 1799, Miss Dale became Mrs. Robert Owen.

The Rev. Mr. Balfour, of the Scottish kirk, officiated. He bade the bride and bridegroom stand up, and asked them, respectively, if they took each other as husband and wife. They nodded assent, and he added: "Then you're married; you may take your seats." When my father expressed his surprise, Mr. Balfour replied: "I usually explain to the young couple the duties of married life; but with Mr. Dale present, and to his children, I

could not presume to do what he doubtless has already, and much better, done." Surely a modest and sensible speech.

For a few months my father remained manager of the Chorlton Mills. Then his partners wished him to take charge of New Lanark; which he did, at the commencement of the present century, — about the first of January, 1800.

At first, the newly-married couple spent their winters in Charlotte Street, and their summers in a cottage, with garden attached, near the centre of New Lanark. But, after a few years, my father took a long lease of Braxfield, a country-seat about a quarter of a mile from the village, belonging to Lord Braxfield, a judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland.

And thus it happened that it was to Braxfield House I returned, when I had taken leave of my indulgent aunts, and of that charming little country maiden at Rosebank.

Robert Dale Owen.

A W I S H .

O LOVE, love, would I were thy taper slim,
 Waxen and white, with a tall flower-like flame,
 Thy breath should make to tremble when I came
 To light thee to thy fragrant chamber, dim
 With lonely shadows; where thy hand should trim
 My fire so pale, that for thee, gentle dame,
 Consumes my life and wastes my mortal frame
 With burning anguish, till in fire I swim.

Then would I gaze my fill, O lily fair,
 Upon thy fairness and thy matchless grace,
 And through the mist-wreath of thy cloudy hair
 My rays should make a halo round thy face.
 Then would a coolness pass between thy lips,
 And all my longing vanish in eclipse.

Marshal Oliver.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

I.

UP THE SAGUENAY.

ON the forward promenade of the Saguenay boat which had been advertised to leave Quebec at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, Miss Kitty Ellison sat tranquilly expectant of the joys which its departure should bring, and tolerantly patient of its delay; for if all the Saguenay had not been in promise, she would have thought it the greatest happiness just to have that prospect of the St. Lawrence and Quebec. The sun shone with a warm yellow light on the Upper Town, with its girdle of gray wall, and on the red flag that drowsed above the citadel, and was a friendly lustre on the tinned roofs of the Lower Town; while away off on the south and east and west wandered the purple hills and the farm-lit plains in such dewy shadow and effulgence as would have been enough to make the heaviest heart glad. Near at hand the river was busy with every kind of craft, and in the distance was tenderly mysterious with silvery vapors; little breaths of haze, like an ethereal colorless flame, exhaled from its surface, and it all glowed with a lovely inner radiance. In the middle distance a black ship was heaving anchor and setting sail, and the voice of the seamen came soft and sad and yet wildly hopeful to the dreamy ear of the young girl, whose soul at once went round the world before the ship, and then made haste back again to the promenade of the Saguenay boat. She sat leaning forward a little with her hands fallen into her lap, letting her unmastered thoughts play as they would in memories and hopes around the consciousness that she was the happiest girl in the world, and blest beyond desire or desert. To have left home as she had done, equipped for a single day at Niagara, and then to have come

adventurously on, by grace of her cousin's wardrobe, as it were, to Montreal and Quebec; to be now going up the Saguenay, and finally to be destined to return home by way of Boston and New York; — this was more than any one human being had a right to do; and, as she had written home to the girls, she felt that her privileges ought to be divided up among all the people of Erie creek. She was very grateful to Colonel Ellison and Fanny for affording her these advantages; but they being now out of sight in pursuit of state-rooms, she was not thinking of them in relation to her pleasure in the morning scene, but was rather regretting the absence of a lady with whom they had travelled from Niagara, and to whom she imagined she would that moment like to say something in praise of the prospect. This lady was a Mrs. Basil March of Boston; and though it was her wedding journey and her husband's presence ought to have absorbed her, she and Miss Kitty had sworn a sisterhood, and were pledged to see each other before long at Mrs. March's home in Boston. In her absence, now, Kitty thought what a very charming person she was, and wondered if all Boston people were really like her, so easy and friendly and hearty. In her letter she had told the girls to tell her Uncle Jack that he had not rated Boston people a bit too high, if she were to judge from Mr. and Mrs. March, and that she was sure they would help her as far as they could to carry out his instructions when she got to Boston.

These instructions were such as might seem preposterous if no more particular statement in regard to her Uncle Jack were made, but will be imaginable enough, I hope, when he is a little described. The Ellisons were a West Virginia family who had wandered up into a corner of Northwest-

ern New York, because Dr. Ellison (un-
ceremoniously known to Kitty as Uncle
Jack) was too much an abolitionist to
live in a slaveholding State with safety
to himself or comfort to his neighbors.
Here his family of three boys and two
girls had grown up, and hither in time
had come Kitty, the only child of his
youngest brother, who had gone first
to Illinois and thence, from the pretty
constant adversity of a country editor,
to Kansas, where he joined the Free
State party and fell in one of the border
feuds. Her mother had died soon
after, and Dr. Ellison's heart bowed itself
tenderly over the orphan. She was
something not only dear, but sacred to
him as the child of a martyr to the
highest cause on earth; and the love
of the whole family encompassed her.
One of the boys had brought her from
Kansas when she was yet very little,
and she had grown up among them as
their youngest sister; but the doctor
would not let her call him father, and
in obedience to the rule which she
soon began to give their love, they
all turned and called him Uncle Jack
with her. Yet the Ellisons, though they
loved their little cousin, did not spoil
her, — neither the doctor, nor his great
grown-up sons whom she knew as the
boys, nor his daughters whom she called
the girls, though they were well-nigh
women when she came to them. She
was her uncle's pet and most intimate
friend, riding with him on his profes-
sional visits till she became as familiar
a feature of his equipage as the doctor's
horse itself; and the doctor educated
her in those extreme ideas, tempered
by humor, which formed the character
of himself and all his family. They
loved Kitty, and played with her, and
laughed at her when she needed
ridiculing; they made a jest of their
father on the one subject on which he
never jested, and even the antislavery
cause had its droll points turned to
the light. They had seen danger and
trouble enough at different times in
its service, but no enemy ever got
more amusement out of it. Their house
was a principal

entrepôt of the underground railroad,
and they were always helping anxious
travellers over the line; but the boys
seldom came back from an excursion
to Canada without adventures to keep
the family laughing for a week; and
they made it a serious business to study
the comic points of their beneficiaries,
who severally lived in the family records
by some grotesque mental or physical
trait. They had an irreverent name
among themselves for each of the
humorless abolition lecturers who
unfailingly abode with them on their
rounds; and these brethren and sisters,
as they called them, paid with what-
ever was laughable in them for the
substantial favors they received.

Miss Kitty, having the same natural
bent, early began to share in these
harmless reprisals, and to look at life
with the same wholesomely fantastic
vision. But she remembered one abo-
lition visitor of whom none of them
made fun, but treated with a serious
distinction and regard, — an old man
with a high, narrow forehead, and there-
on a thick upright growth of gray hair;
who looked at her from under bushy
brows with eyes as of blue flame, and
took her on his knee one night and
sang to her "Blow ye the trumpet,
blow!" He and her uncle had been
talking of some indefinite, far-off place
that they called Boston, in terms that
commended it to her childish apprehen-
sion as very little less holy than
Jerusalem, and as the home of all the
good and great people outside of Pal-
estine.

In fact, Boston had always been Dr.
Ellison's foible. In the beginning of
the great antislavery agitation, he had
exchanged letters (corresponded, he al-
ways used to say) with John Quincy
Adams on the subject of Lovejoy's
murder; and he had met several Bos-
ton men at the Free Soil Convention in
Buffalo in 1848. "A little formal per-
haps, a little reserved," he would say,
"but excellent men; polished, and cer-
tainly of sterling principle": which
would make his boys and girls laugh,
as they grew older, and sometimes pro-

voke them to highly colored dramatizations of the formality of these Bostonians in meeting their father. The years passed and the boys went West, and when the war came, they took service in Iowa and Wisconsin regiments. By and by the President's Proclamation of freedom to the slaves reached Eriecreek while Dick and Bob happened both to be home on leave. After they had allowed their sire his rapture, "Well, this is a great blow for father," said Bob; "what are you going to do now, father? Fugitive slavery and all its charms blotted out forever, at one fell swoop. Pretty rough on you, is n't it? No more men and brothers, no more soulless oligarchy. Dull lookout, father."

"O no," insinuated one of the girls, "there's Boston."

"Why, yes," cried Dick, "to be sure there is. The President has n't abolished Boston. Live for Boston."

And in fact the doctor did live for an ideal Boston, thereafter, so far at least as concerned a never-relinquished, never-fulfilled purpose of some day making a journey to Boston. But in the meantime there were other things; and at present, since the Proclamation had given him a country worth living in, he was ready to honor her by studying her antiquities. In his youth, before his mind had been turned so strenuously to the consideration of slavery, he had a pretty taste for the mystery of the Mound Builders, and each of his boys now returned to camp with instructions to note any phenomena that would throw light upon this interesting subject. They would have abundant leisure for research, since the Proclamation, Dr. Ellison insisted, practically ended the war.

The Mound Builders were only a starting-point for the doctor. He advanced from them to historical times in due course, and it happened that when Colonel Ellison and his wife stopped off at Eriecreek on their way East, in 1870, they found him deep in the his-

tory of the Old French War. As yet the colonel had not intended to take the Canadian route eastward, and he escaped without the charges which he must otherwise have received to look up the points of interest at Montreal and Quebec connected with that ancient struggle. He and his wife carried Kitty with them to see Niagara (which she had never seen because it was so near); but no sooner had Dr. Ellison got the despatch announcing that they would take Kitty on with them down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and bring her home by way of Boston, than he sat down and wrote her a letter of the most comprehensive character. As far as concerned Canada his mind was purely historical; but when it came to Boston it was strangely re-abolitionized, and amidst an ardor for the antiquities of the place, his old love for its humanitarian pre-eminence blazed up. He would have her visit Faneuil Hall because of its Revolutionary memories, but not less because Wendell Phillips had there made his first antislavery speech. She was to see the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and if possible certain points of ancient colonial interest which he named; but at any rate she was somehow to catch sight of the author of the "Biglow Papers," of Senator Sumner, of Mr. Whittier, of Dr. Howe, of Colonel Higginson, and of Mr. Garrison. These people were all Bostonians to the idealizing remoteness of Dr. Ellison, and he could not well conceive of them asunder. He perhaps imagined that Kitty was more likely to see them together than separately; and perhaps indeed they were less actual persons, to his admiration, than so many figures of a grand historical composition. Finally, "I want you to remember, my dear child," he wrote, "that in Boston you are not only in the birth-place of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal and enlightened in the national life has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its

people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where color, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence."

Kitty got her uncle's letter the night before starting up the Saguenay, and quite too late for compliance with his directions concerning Quebec; but she resolved that as to Boston his wishes should be fulfilled to the utmost limit of possibility. She knew that nice Mr. March must be acquainted with some of those very people. Kitty had her uncle's letter in her pocket, and she was just going to take it out and read it again, when something else attracted her notice.

The boat had been advertised to leave at seven o'clock, and it was now half past. A party of English people were pacing somewhat impatiently up and down before Kitty, for it had been made known among the passengers (by that subtle process through which matters of public interest transpire in such places) that breakfast would not be served till the boat started, and these English people had the appetites which go before the admirable digestions of their nation. But they had also the good temper which does not so certainly accompany the insular good appetite. The man in his dashing Glengarry cap and his somewhat shabby gray suit took on one arm the plain, jolly woman who seemed to be his wife, and on the other, the amiable, handsome young girl who looked enough like him to be his sister, and strode rapidly back and forth, saying that they must get up an appetite for breakfast. This made the women laugh, and so he said it again, which made them laugh so much that the elder lost her balance, and in regaining it twisted off her high shoe-heel, which she briskly tossed into the river. But

she sat down after that, and the three were presently intent upon the Liverpool steamer which was just arrived and was now gliding up to her dock, with her population of passengers thronging her quarter-deck.

"She's from England!" said the husband, expressively.

"Only fancy!" answered the wife. "Give me the glass, Jenny." Then, after a long survey of the steamer, she added, "Fancy her being from England!" They all looked and said nothing for two or three minutes, when the wife's mind turned to the delay of their own boat and of breakfast. "This thing," she said, with that air of uttering a novelty which the English cast about their commonplaces, — "this thing does n't start at seven, you know."

"No," replied the younger woman, "she waits for the Montreal boat."

"Fancy her being from England!" said the other, whose eyes and thoughts had both wandered back to the Liverpool steamer.

"There's the Montreal boat now, comin' round the point," cried the husband. "Don't you see the steam?" He pointed with his glass, and then studied the white cloud in the distance. "No, by Jove! it's a saw-mill on the shore."

"O Harry!" sighed both the women, reproachfully.

"Why, deuce take it, you know," he retorted, "I did n't turn it into a saw-mill. It's been a saw-mill all along, I fancy."

Half an hour later, when the Montreal boat came in sight, the women would have her a saw-mill till she stood in full view in mid-channel. Their own vessel paddled out into the stream as she drew near, and the two bumped and rubbed together till a gangway plank could be passed from one to the other. A very well dressed young man stood ready to get upon the Saguenay boat, with a porter beside him bearing his substantial valise. No one else apparently was coming aboard.

The English people looked upon him

for an instant with wrathful eyes, as they hung over the rail of the promenade. "Upon my word," said the elder of the women, "have we been waitin' all this time for one man?"

"Hush, Edith," answered the younger, "it's an Englishman." And they all three mutely recognized the right of one Englishman to stop, not only the boat, but the whole solar system, if his ticket entitled him to a passage on any particular planet, while Mr. Miles Arbuton of Boston, Massachusetts, passed at his ease from one vessel to the other. He had often been mistaken for an Englishman, and the error of those spectators, if he had known it, would not have surprised him. Perhaps it might have softened his judgment of them as he sat facing them at breakfast; but he did not know it, and he thought them three very common English people with something professional, as of public singing or acting, about them. The young girl wore, instead of a travelling-suit, a vivid light blue dress; and over her sky-blue eyes and fresh cheeks a glory of corn-colored hair lay in great braids and masses. It was magnificent, but it wanted distance; so near, it was almost harsh. Mr. Arbuton's eyes fell from the face to the vivid blue dress which was not quite fresh and not quite new, and a glimmer of cold dismissal came into them, as he gave himself entirely to the slender merits of the steamboat breakfast.

He was himself, meantime, an object of interest to a young lady who sat next to the English party, and who had something soft and Quaker-like or dove-like in the gentleness of her face and manner. She glanced at him from time to time, out of tender gray eyes, with a furtive play of feeling upon a sensitive face. To her he was that divine possibility which every young man is to every young maiden; and, besides, he was invested with a halo of romance as the gentleman with the blond mustache, whom she had seen at Niagara the week before, on the Goat Island Bridge. To the

pretty matron at her side, he was exceedingly handsome, as a young man may frankly be to a young matron, but not otherwise comparable to her husband, the full-personed good-humored looking gentleman who had just added sausage to the ham and eggs on his plate. He was handsome, too, but his full beard was reddish, whereas Mr. Arbuton's mustache was flaxen; and his dress was not worn with that scrupulosity with which the Bostonian bore his clothes; there was a touch of slovenliness in him that scarcely consorted with the alert, ex-military air of some of his movements. "Good-looking young John Bull," he thought concerning Mr. Arbuton, and then thought no more about him, being no more self-judged before the supposed Englishman than he would have been before so much Frenchman or Spaniard. Mr. Arbuton, on the other hand, if he had met an Englishman so well dressed as himself, must at once have arraigned himself, and had himself tacitly tried for his personal and national difference. He looked in his turn at these people, and thought he should have nothing to do with them, in spite of the long-lashed gray eyes.

It was not that they had made the faintest advance towards acquaintance, or that the choice of knowing them or not was with Mr. Arbuton; but he had the habit of thus protecting himself from the chances of life, and a conscience against encouraging people whom he might have to drop for reasons of society. This was sometimes a sacrifice, for he was not past the age when people take a lively interest in most other human beings. When breakfast was over, and he had made the tour of the boat, and seen all his fellow-passengers, he perceived that he could have little in common with any of them, and that probably the journey would require the full exercise of that tolerant spirit in which he had undertaken a branch of summer travel in his native land.

The rush of air against the steamer was very raw and chill, and the for-

ward promenade was left almost entirely to the English professional people, who walked rapidly up and down, with jokes and laughter of their kind, while the wind blew the girl's hair in loose gold about her fresh face, and twisted her blue drapery tight about her comely shape. When they got out of breath they sat down beside a large American lady, with a great deal of gold filling in her front teeth, and presently rose again and ran races to and fro from the bow. Mr. Arbuton turned away in displeasure. At the stern he found a much larger company, most of whom had furnished themselves with novels and magazines from the stock on board and were drowsing over them. One gentleman was reading aloud to three ladies the newspaper account of a dreadful shipwreck; other ladies and gentlemen were coming and going forever from their state-rooms, as the wont of some is; others yet sat with closed eyes, as if having come to see the Saguenay they were resolved to see nothing of the St. Lawrence on the way thither, but would keep their vision sacred to the wonders of the former river.

Yet the St. Lawrence was worthy to be seen, as even Mr. Arbuton owned, whose way was to slight American scenery, in distinction from his countrymen who boast it the finest in the world. As you leave Quebec, with its mural-crowned and castled rock, and drop down the stately river, presently the snowy fall of Montmorenci, far back in its purple hollow, leaps perpetual avalanche into the abyss, and then you are abreast of the beautiful Isle of Orleans, whose low shores, with their expanses of farmland, and their groves of pine and oak, are still as lovely as when the wild grape festooned the primitive forests and won from the easy rapture of old Cartier the name of Isle of Bacchus. For two hours farther down the river either shore is bright and populous with the continuous villages of the *habitans*, each clustering about its slim-spined church, in its shallow vale by the water's edge,

or lifted in more eminent picturesque-ness upon some gentle height. The banks, nowhere lofty or abrupt, are such as in a southern land some majestic river might flow between, wide, slumbrous, open to all the heaven and the long day till the very set of sun. But no starry palm glasses its crest in the clear cold green from these low brinks; the pale birch, slender and delicately fair, mirrors here the wintry whiteness of its boughs; and this is the sad great river of the awful North.

Gradually, as the day wore on, the hills which had shrunk almost out of sight on one hand, and on the other were dark purple in the distance, drew near the shore, and at one point on the northern side rose almost from the water's edge. The river expanded into a lake before them, and in their lap some cottages, and half-way up the hillside, among the stunted pines, a much-verandaed hotel, proclaimed a resort of fashion in the heart of what seemed otherwise a wilderness. Indian huts sheathed in birch-bark nestled at the foot of the rocks, which were rich in orange and scarlet stains; out of the tops of the huts curled the blue smoke, and at the door of one stood a squaw in a flame-red petticoat; others in bright shawls squatted about on the rocks, each with a circle of dogs and paposes. But all this warmth of color only served, like a winter sunset, to heighten the chilly and desolate sentiment of the scene. The light dresses of the ladies on the veranda struck cold upon the eye; in the faces of the sojourners who lounged idly to the steamer's landing-place, the passenger could fancy a sad resolution to repress their tears when the boat should go away and leave them. She put off two or three old peasant-women who were greeted by other such on the pier, as if returned from a long journey; and then the crew discharged the vessel of a prodigious freight of onions which formed the sole luggage these old women had brought from Quebec. Bale after bale of the pungent bulbs were borne ashore in the careful arms

of the deck-hands, and counted by the owners; at last order was given to draw in the plank, when a passionate cry burst from one of the old women, who extended both hands with an imploring gesture towards the boat. A bale of onions had been left aboard; a deck-hand seized it and ran quickly ashore with it, and then back again, followed by the benedictions of the tranquillized and comforted beldam. The gay sojourners at Murray Bay controlled their grief, and as Mr. Arbuton turned from them, the boat, pushing out, left them to their fashionable desolation. She struck across to the southern shore, to land passengers for Cacouna, a watering-place greater than Murray Bay. The tide, which rises fifteen feet at Quebec, is the impulse, not the savor of the sea; but at Cacouna the water is salt, and the sea-bathing lacks nothing but the surf; and hither resort in great numbers the Canadians, who fly their cities during the fierce, brief fever of the northern summer. The watering-place village and hotel is not in sight from the landing, but, as at Murray Bay, the sojourners thronged the pier, as if the arrival of the steamboat were the great event of their day. That afternoon they were in unusual force, having come on foot and by omnibus and calash; and presently there passed down through their ranks a strange procession with a band of music leading the way to the steamer.

"It's an Indian wedding," Mr. Arbuton heard one of the boat's officers saying to the gentleman with the ex-military air, who stood next him beside the rail; and now, the band having drawn aside, he saw the bride and groom, — the latter a common, stolid-faced savage, and the former pretty and almost white, with a certain modesty and sweetness of mien. Before them went a young American, with a jaunty Scotch cap and a visage of supernatural gravity, as the master of ceremonies which he had probably planned; arm in arm with him walked a portly chieftain in black broadcloth, repositively

adorned on the breast with broad flat disks of silver in two rows. Behind the bridal couple came the whole village in pairs, men and women, and children of all ages, even to brown babies in arms, gay in dress and indescribably serious in demeanor. They were mated in some sort according to years and size; and the last couple were young fellows paired in an equal tipsiness. These reeled and wavered along the pier; and when the other wedding guests crowned the day's festivity by going aboard the steamer, they followed dizzily down the gangway. Midway they lurched heavily; the spectators gave a cry; but they had happily lurched in opposite directions; their grip upon each other's arms held, and a forward stagger launched them victoriously aboard in a heap. They had scarcely disappeared from sight, when, having as it were instantly satisfied their curiosity concerning the boat, the other guests began to go ashore in due order. Mr. Arbuton waited in a slight anxiety to see whether the tipsy couple could repeat their manœuvre successfully on an upward incline; and they had just appeared on the gangway, when he felt a hand passed carelessly and as if unconsciously through his arm, and at the same moment a voice said, "Those are a pair of disappointed lovers, I suppose."

He looked round and perceived the young lady of the party he had made up his mind to have nothing to do with resting one hand on the rail, and sustaining herself with the other passed through his arm, while she was altogether intent upon the scene below. The ex-military gentleman, the head of the party, and apparently her kinsman, had stepped aside without her knowing, and she had unwittingly taken Mr. Arbuton's arm. So much was clear to him, but what he was to do was not so plain. It did not seem quite his place to tell her of her mistake, and yet it seemed a piece of unfairness not to do so. To leave the matter alone, however, was the simplest,

safest, and pleasantest ; for the pressure of the pretty figure lightly thrown upon his arm had something agreeably confiding and appealing in it. So he waited till the young lady, turning to him for some response, discovered her error, and disengaged herself with a face of mingled horror and amusement. Even then he had no inspiration. To speak of the mistake in tones of compliment would have been grossly out of place ; an explanation was needless ; and to her murmured excuses, he could only bow silently. She flitted into the cabin, and he walked away, leaving the Indians to stagger ashore as they might. His arm seemed still to sustain that elastic weight, and a voice haunted his ear with the words, "A pair of disappointed lovers, I suppose" ; and still more awkward and stupid he felt his own part in the affair to be ; though at the same time he was not without some obscure resentment of the young girl's mistake as an intrusion upon him.

It was late twilight when the boat reached Tadoussac, and ran into a sheltered cove under the shadow of uplands on which a quaint village perched and dispersed itself on a country road in summer cottages ; above these in turn rose loftier heights of barren sand or rock, with here and there a rank of sickly pines dying along their sterility. It had been harsh and cold all day when the boat moved, for they were running full in the face of the northeast ; the river had widened almost to a sea, growing more and more desolate, with a few lonely islands breaking its expanse, and the shores sinking lower and lower till, near Tadoussac, they rose a little in flat-topped bluffs thickly overgrown with stunted evergreens. Here, into the vast low-walled breadth of the St. Lawrence, a dark stream, narrowly bordered by rounded heights of rock, steals down from the north out of regions of gloomy and ever-during solitude. This is the Saguenay ; and in the cold evening light under which the traveller approaches its mouth, no landscape could

look more forlorn than that of Tadoussac, where early in the sixteenth century the French traders fixed their first post, and where still the oldest church north of Florida is standing.

The steamer lies here five hours, and supper was no sooner over than the passengers went ashore in the gathering dusk. Mr. Arbuton, guarding his distance as usual, went too, with a feeling of surprise at his own concession to the popular impulse. He was not without a desire to see the old church, wondering in a half-compassionate way what such a bit of American antiquity would look like ; and he had perceived since the little embarrassment at Cacouna that he was a discomfort to the young lady involved by it. He had caught no glimpse of her till supper, and then she had briefly supped with an air of such studied unconsciousness of his presence that it was plain she was thinking of her mistake every moment. "Well, I'll leave her the freedom of the boat while we stay," thought Mr. Arbuton as he went ashore. He had not the least notion whither the road led, but like the rest he followed it up through the village, and on among the cottages which seemed for the most part empty, and so down a gloomy ravine, in the bottom of which, far beneath the tremulous rustic bridge, he heard the mysterious crash and fall of an unseen torrent. Before him towered the shadowy hills up into the starless night ; he thrilled with a sense of the loneliness and remoteness, and he had a formless wish that some one qualified by the proper associations and traditions were there to share the satisfaction he felt in the whole effect. At the same instant he was once more aware of that delicate pressure, that weight so lightly, sweetly borne upon his arm. It startled him, and again he followed the road, which with a sudden turn brought him in sight of a hotel and in sound of a bowling-alley, and therein young ladies' cackle and laughter, and he wondered a little scornfully who could be spending the summer there. A bay of the river loftily shut in by rugged hills lay

before him, and on the shore, just above high-tide, stood what a wandering shadow told him was the ancient church of Tadoussac. The windows were faintly tinged with red as from a single taper burning within, and but that the elements were a little too bare and simple for one so used to the rich effects of the Old World, Mr. Arbuton might have been touched by the vigil which this poor chapel was still keeping after three hundred years in the heart of that gloomy place. While he stood at least tolerating its appeal, he heard voices of people talking in the obscurity near the church door, which they seemed to have been vainly trying for entrance.

"Pity we can't see the inside, is n't it?"

"Yes; but I am so glad to see any of it. Just think of its having been built in the seventeenth century!"

"Uncle Jack would enjoy it, would n't he?"

"O yes, poor Uncle Jack! I feel somehow as if I were cheating him out of it. He ought to be here in my place. But I *do* like it; and, Dick, I don't know what I can ever say or do to you and Fanny for bringing me."

"Well, Kitty, postpone the subject till you can think of the right thing. We're in no hurry."

Mr. Arbuton heard a shaking of the door, as of a final attempt upon it before retreat, and then the voices faded into inarticulate sounds in the darkness. They were the voices, he easily recognized, of the young lady who had taken his arm, and of that kinsman of hers as he seemed to be. He blamed himself for having not only overheard them, but for desiring to hear more of their talk, and he resolved to follow them back to the boat at a discreet distance. But they loitered so at every point, or he unwittingly made such haste, that he had overtaken them as they entered the lane between the outlying cottages, and he could not help being privy to their talk again.

"Well, it may be old, Kitty, but I don't think it's lively."

"It *isn't* exactly a whirl of excitement, I must confess."

"It's the deadliest place I ever saw. Is that a swing in front of that cottage? No, it's a gibbet. Why, they've all got 'em! I suppose they're for the summer tenants at the close of the season. What a rush there would be for them if the boat should happen to go off and leave her passengers!"

Mr. Arbuton thought this rather a coarse kind of drolling, and strengthened himself anew in his resolution to avoid those people.

They now came in sight of the steamer, where in the cove she lay illumined with all her lamps, and through every window and door and crevice was bursting with the ruddy light. Her brilliancy contrasted vividly with the obscurity and loneliness of the shore where a few lights glimmered in the village houses, and under the porch of the village store some desolate idlers — *habitans* and half-breeds — had clubbed their miserable leisure. Bewailing the steamer yawned the wide vacancy of the greater river, and out of this gloomed the course of the Saguenay.

"O, I hate to go on board!" said the young lady. "Do you think he's got back yet? It's perfect misery to meet him."

"Never mind, Kitty. He probably thinks you did n't mean anything by it. I don't believe you would have taken his arm if you had n't supposed it was mine, *any way*."

She made no answer to this, as if too much overcome by the true state of the case to be troubled by its perversion. Mr. Arbuton, following them on board, felt himself in the unpleasant character of persecutor, some one to be shunned and escaped by every manœuvre possible, to self-respect. He was to be the means, it appeared, of spoiling the enjoyment of the voyage for one who, he inferred, had not often the opportunity of such enjoyment. He had a willingness that she should think well and not ill of him; and then at the bottom of all was a sentiment of superiority, which, if he had given it

shape, would have been *noblesse oblige*. Some action was due to himself as a gentleman.

The young lady went to seek the matron of the party, and left her companion at the door of the saloon, wistfully fingering a cigar in one hand, and feeling for a match with the other. Presently he gave himself a clap on the waistcoat which he had found empty, and was turning away, when Mr. Arbuton said, offering his own lighted cigar, "May I be of use to you?"

The other took it with a hearty, "O yes, thank you!" and, with many inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, lighted his cigar, and returned Mr. Arbuton's with a brisk, half-military bow.

Mr. Arbuton looked at him narrowly a moment. "I'm afraid," he said abruptly, "that I've most unluckily been the cause of annoyance to one of the ladies of your party. It is n't a thing to apologize for, and I hardly know how to say that I hope, if she's not already forgotten the matter, she'll do so." Saying this, Mr. Arbuton, by an impulse which he would have been at a loss to explain, offered his card.

His action had the effect of frankness, and the other took it for cordiality. He drew near a lamp, and looked at the name and street address on the card, and then said, "Ah, of Boston! My name is Ellison; I'm of Milwaukee, Wisconsin." And he laughed a free, trustful laugh of good companionship. "Why yes, my cousin's been tormenting herself about her mistake the whole afternoon; but of course it's all right, you know. Bless my heart! it was the most natural thing in the world. Have you been ashore? There's a good deal of repose about Tadoussac, now; but it must be a lively place in winter! Such a cheerful lookout from these cottages, or that hotel over yonder! We went over to see if we could get into the little old church; the purser told me there are some lead tablets there, left by Jacques Cartier's men, you know, and dug up in the neighborhood. I don't think it's

likely, and I'm bearing up very well under the disappointment of not getting in. I've done my duty by the antiquities of the place; and now I don't care how soon we are off."

Colonel Ellison was talking in the kindness of his heart to change the subject which the younger gentleman had introduced, in the belief, which would scarcely have pleased the other, that he was much embarrassed. His good-nature went still further; and when his cousin returned presently, with Mrs. Ellison, he presented Mr. Arbuton to the ladies, and then thoughtfully made Mrs. Ellison walk up and down the deck with him for the exercise she would not take ashore, that the others might be left to deal with their vexation alone.

"I am very sorry, Miss Ellison," said Mr. Arbuton, "to have been the means of a mistake to you to-day."

"And I was dreadfully ashamed to make you the victim of my blunder," answered Miss Ellison penitently; and a little silence ensued. Then as if she had suddenly been able to alienate the case, and see it apart from herself in its unmanageable absurdity, she broke into a confiding laugh, very like her cousin's, and said, "Why, it's one of the most hopeless things I ever heard of. I don't see what in the world can be done about it."

"It is rather a difficult matter, and I'm not prepared to say myself. Before I make up my mind I should like it to happen again."

Mr. Arbuton had no sooner made this speech, which he thought neat, than he was vexed with himself for having made it, since nothing was further from his purpose than a flirtation. But the dark, vicinity, the young girl's prettiness, the apparent freshness and reliance on his sympathy from which her frankness came, were too much: he tried to congeal again, and ended in some feebleness about the scenery, which was indeed very lonely and wild, after the boat started up the Saguenay, leaving the few lights of Tadoussac to blink and fail behind

her. He had an absurd sense of being alone in the world there with the young lady; and he suffered himself to enjoy the situation, which was as perfectly safe as anything could be. He and Miss Ellison had both come on from Niagara, it seemed, and they talked of that place, she consciously withholding the fact that she had noticed Mr. Arbuton there; they had both come down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, and they had both stopped a day in Montreal. These common experiences gave them a surprising interest for each other, which was enhanced by the discovery that their experiences differed thereafter, and that whereas she had passed three days at Quebec, he, as we know, had come on directly from Montreal.

"Did you enjoy Quebec very much, Miss Ellison?"

"O yes, indeed! It's a beautiful old town, with everything in it that I had always read about and never expected to see. You know it's a walled city."

"Yes. But I confess I had forgotten it till this morning. Did you find it all that you expected a walled city to be?"

"More, if possible. There were some Boston people with us there, and they said it was exactly like Europe. They fairly sighed over it, and it seemed to remind them of pretty nearly everything they had seen abroad. They were just married."

"Did that make Quebec look like Europe?"

"No, but I suppose it made them willing to see it in the pleasantest light. Mrs. March — that was their name — would n't allow me to say that I enjoyed Quebec, because if I had n't seen Europe, I *could* n't properly enjoy it. 'You may *think* you enjoy it,' she was always saying, 'but that's merely fancy.' Still I cling to my delusion. But I don't know whether I cared more for Quebec, or the beautiful little villages in the country all about it. The whole landscape looks just like a dream of 'Evangeline.'"

"Indeed! I must certainly stop at Quebec. I should like to see an American landscape that put one in mind of anything. What can your imagination do for the present scenery?"

"I don't think it needs any help from me," replied the young girl, as if the tone of her companion had patronized and piqued her. She turned as she spoke and looked up the sad, lonely river. The moon was making its veiled face seen through the gray heaven, and touching the black stream with hints of melancholy light. On either hand the uninhabitable shore rose in desolate grandeur, friendless heights of rock with a thin covering of pines seen in dim outline along their tops and deepening into the solid dark of hollows and ravines upon their sides. The cry of some wild bird struck through the silence of which the noise of the steamer had grown to be a part, and echoed away to nothing. Then from the saloon there came on a sudden the notes of a song; and Miss Ellison led the way within, where most of the other passengers were grouped about the piano. The English girl with the corn-colored hair sat, in ravishing picture, at the instrument, and the commonish man and his very plain wife were singing with heavenly sweetness together.

"Is n't it beautiful!" said Miss Ellison. "How nice it must be to be able to do such things!"

"Yes? do you think so? It's rather public," answered her companion.

When the English people had ended, a grave, elderly Canadian gentleman sat down to give what he believed a comic song, and sent everybody disconsolate to bed.

"Well, Kitty?" cried Mrs. Ellison, shutting herself inside the young lady's state-room a moment.

"Well, Fanny?"

"Is n't he handsome?"

"He is, indeed."

"Is he nice?"

"I don't know."

"Sweet?"

"Ice-cream," said Kitty, and placid-

ly let herself be kissed an enthusiastic good night. Before Mrs. Ellison slept she wished to ask her husband one question.

"What is it?"

"Should you want Kitty to marry a Bostonian? They say Bostonians are so cold."

"What Bostonian has been asking Kitty to marry him?"

"O, how spiteful you are! I did n't say any had. But if there should?"

"Then it'll be time to think about it. You've married Kitty right and left to everybody who's looked at her since we left Niagara, and I've worried myself to death investigating the character of her husbands. Now I'm not going to do it any longer, — till she has an offer."

"Very well. *You* can depreciate your own cousin, if you like. But I

know what *I* shall do. I shall let her wear all my best things. How fortunate it is, Richard, that we're exactly of a size! O, I am so glad we brought Kitty along! If she should marry and settle down in Boston — no, I hope she could get her husband to live in New York —"

"Go on, go on, my dear!" cried Colonel Ellison, with a groan of despair. "Kitty has talked twenty-five minutes with this young man about the hotels and steamboats, and of course he'll be round to-morrow morning asking my consent to marry her as soon as we can get to a justice of the peace. My hair is gradually turning gray, and I shall be bald before my time; but I don't mind that if you find any pleasure in these little hallucinations of yours. *Go on!*"

W. D. Howells.

SONG.

WE sail toward evening's lonely star,
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar
 Btrnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
 Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
 Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
 To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer.
Upon the dark edge of the bay
 Lighthouses kindle far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
 Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
 Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
 Star beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
 Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
 Thou dearest! We are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
 Wave-cradled thus, and wind-caressed!

Celia Thaxter.

THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

"WE are in a wilderness without a single footstep to guide us." Thus wrote Madison to Jefferson, in June, 1789, from his seat in Congress, when President Washington, not yet three months in office, and without a Cabinet, was surveying the thousand difficulties of his position; "the whole scene," as the gloomy mind of Fisher Ames conceived it, "a deep, dark, and dreary chaos."

The government of the United States at that moment consisted of General Washington, Congress, and a roll of parchment; the last named being the Constitution, the sole guide out of the "wilderness" of which Mr. Madison wrote. Footstep there was none. No nation had travelled that way before; though all nations may be destined to follow the path which the United States have since "blazed" and half beaten. Everything was to be done, and there seemed nothing to do it with, not even money to pay the government's board; there being as yet no treasury, no treasurer, and no treasure. And worse: this outline, this sketch, this shadowy promise of a government was confronted with what seemed to the simple souls of the time a giant Debt,—a thousand-armed Briareus,—debt in all forms, paper of every kind known to impecunious man. The total approached fifty-four millions of dollars; to say nothing of the debts of the several States, amounting to twenty-one millions more. Worst of all, fifteen millions of the general debt was arrears of interest! Hence, the credit of the government was low; not so low as that of the late Congress, whose Promise to Pay to Bearer one dollar had passed, as money, in 1787, for eight cents; but so low that the money lent it to subsist upon for the first few months was lent chiefly as a mark of confidence in the men who solicited it.

There was not much real money in the country. No one, not even the richest man, could raise a large sum of unquestionable cash. The estate of General Washington was extensive, and not so unproductive as many; but, during the first year and a half of his Presidency, he was often embarrassed, and was once obliged to raise money on his own note to Tobias Lear, at two per cent a month, in order to enable "The Steward of the Household" to pay off the butcher and the grocer before leaving for Mount Vernon. Years later, we find the Secretary of the Treasury taken to task in Congress for presuming to advance the President a quarter's salary. The first Congress was paid, in part, by anticipating the duties at the custom-houses, each member receiving a certificate of indebtedness, which the collectors were required to receive for duties. The personal credit of the Secretary of the Treasury (when at last there was one) helped members to many a liberal shave, and lured from the Bank of New York several timely loans, which kept the life in a starving government.

"What are we to do with this heavy debt?" the new President asked of Robert Morris, who had so long superintended the finances of the confederacy, both in war and in peace. The answer was, "There is but one man in the United States who can tell you; that is Alexander Hamilton." Colonel Hamilton probably agreed with Robert Morris in this opinion. He had had an eye upon the office of Secretary of the Treasury; not from any commonplace ambition; but because, feeling equal to the post, he believed he could be of more service in it than in any other. "I can restore the public credit," said he to Gouverneur Morris. It was not in the nature of that cool, consummate disciple of Epicurus to sym-

pathize with the spirit of martyrdom ; and hence he endeavored to dissuade his young friend from encountering the obloquy and distrust which then so often assailed ministers of finance. Hamilton's reply was, that he expected calumny and persecution. "But," said he, "I am convinced it is the situation in which I can do most good." Washington was scarcely sworn in before he told Hamilton he meant to offer him the department of finance ; and the next day Colonel Hamilton called upon his old comrade, Colonel Troup, then a thriving lawyer in New York, and asked him if he would undertake to wind up his law business. Troup remonstrated against his making so great a sacrifice. Hamilton replied to him as to Morris, that the impression upon his mind was strong that, in the place offered him, he could essentially promote the welfare of the country. Without being devoid of a proper and even strong desire to distinguish himself, doubtless he accepted the office in the spirit in which he urged some of his friends to take places under the experimental government. "If it is possible, my dear Harrison," he wrote to one of those who shrunk from the toil, the wandering, and poverty of the Supreme Bench, "*give yourself* to us. We want men like you." Good and able men were wanted, because, as he said in the same letter, "I consider the business of America's happiness as yet to be done !"

It is the privilege of Americans, despite the efforts of so many misinterpreters of the men of that time, to believe that every member of General Washington's administration accepted office in the same high, disinterested spirit. Every one of them sacrificed his pecuniary interest, and most of them sacrificed their inclinations, to aid in giving the government a start. The salaries attached to their places were almost as insufficient as they are now. Not a man of them lived upon his official income, any more than the members of the government of to-day live upon theirs. In 1789 there seemed

(but only seemed) a necessity for fixing the salaries of the dozen men upon whom the success of the system chiefly depended, at such a point that their service was generosity as much as duty. There is an impression that we owe to Jefferson the system of paying extravagantly low salaries to high men. Not so. He was far too good a republican to favor an idea so aristocratic. Make offices desirable, he says, if you wish to get superior men to fill them. In giving his ideas respecting the proposed new constitution for Virginia, he dwelt upon this point, and returned to it. There is nothing in the writings of Jefferson which gives any show of support to temptation salaries or to ignorant suffrage,—the bane and terror of our present politics.

Henry Knox, whom President Washington appointed Secretary of War, had been, before the Revolution, a thriving Boston bookseller, with so strong a natural turn for soldiering that he belonged to two military companies at once, and read all the works in his shop which treated of military things. From Bunker Hill, where he served as volunteer aid to General Artemas Ward, to Yorktown, where he commanded and ably directed the artillery, he was an efficient, faithful soldier ; and, after the war, being retained in service, he had the chief charge of the military affairs of the confederacy, high in the confidence of the disbanded army and its chief. He was a man of large, athletic frame, tall, deep-chested, loud-voiced, brave, delighting in the whirl and rush of field artillery and the thunder of siege guns. But a Secretary of War is the adviser of the head of the government on all subjects ; and General Knox was only acquainted with one. Nor was he a man of capacious and inquisitive mind. He was one who must take his opinions from another mind, or not have any opinions. But such men, since they lack the only thing in human nature which is progressive,—original intelligence,—have usually a bias toward what we now call the conservative

side of politics. We hear sometimes of "the car of progress." Intellect alone appears to be the engine which draws that celebrated vehicle: everything else within us being burden or brake. Not only are indolence, ignorance, timidity, and habit conservative, but love and imagination also cling fondly to the old way, to the old house at home, and to all things ancient and sanctioned; so that, often, the highest genius in the community and its stolidest clodhopper belong to the same political party. Thackeray owned that he preferred the back seat in the car aforesaid, because it commanded a view of the country which *had been* traversed, — Queen Anne's reign, instead of Queen Victoria's, — and we observe the same tendency in most men of illustrious gifts.

It is only intellect, the fearless and discerning mind, that discovers the better path, or welcomes the news that a better path has been discovered. Happy the land where this priceless force has free play; for small as it ever is in quantity, we owe to it every step that man has made from the condition of the savage.

General Knox had much faith in the tools he was accustomed to use. His original remedy for the ills of the confederacy was as simple and complete as a patent medicine: Extinguish the state governments and establish an imposing general government, with plenty of soldiers to enforce its decrees. In the Cabinet of President Washington, he was the giant shadow of his diminutive friend Hamilton. When Hamilton had spoken, Knox was usually ready to say in substance, "My own opinion better expressed."

These two men were established as members of the Cabinet as early as September, 1789; Mr. Jay continuing to serve as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and all of them were highly valued by their chief. How honorable and how right was the conduct of this group of men in setting the government in motion! What an honest soul breathes in this first note which the President ever wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury:

"From a great variety of characters who have made a tender of their services for *suitable offices*, I have selected the following. If Mr. Jay and you will take the further trouble of running them over to see if among them there can be found one who, under *all circumstances*, is more eligible for the Post-Office than Colonel O——, I shall be obliged to you for your opinion thereon by eleven o'clock. Another paper, which is enclosed, will show how the appointments stand to this time. And that you may have the matter *fully* before you, I shall add, that it is my *present* intention to nominate Mr. Jefferson for Secretary of State, and Mr. Edmund Randolph as Attorney-General, though their acceptance is problematical, especially the latter."

It was in this spirit that everything was done: public good the object, patient inquiry the means.

Edmund Randolph, who accepted the post of Attorney-General, besides being a Randolph and a Virginian, had this claim to the regard of General Washington: he had been disinherited by his father for siding with the Revolution. He was a rising lawyer twenty-two years of age when his father, the king's Attorney-General, withdrew to England, — an act upon which the son commented by mounting his horse and riding by the side of General Washington as his volunteer aid, until the General could organize his military household. This marked "discrepancy" cost the young man his estate and made his fortune. The next year, 1776, young as he was, Virginia sent him to the convention which called upon Congress to declare independence. At twenty-six he was a member of the war Congress, in which he served three years, and at thirty-three was governor of Virginia. Being a Randolph, we might infer, even without Mr. Wirt's full-length portrait of him in the *British Spy*, that he was a man of great but peculiar talents, — resembling his eccentric kinsman, John Randolph of a later day, but sounder

and stronger than that meteoric personage. Tall, meagre, emaciated, loose-jointed, awkward, with small head, and a face dark and wrinkled, nothing in his appearance denoted a superior person except his eyes, which were black and most brilliant. Mr. Wirt, who knew him some years later when, after much public service, he had resumed the leadership of the Virginia bar, tells us that he owed his supremacy there to a single faculty, that of seeing and seizing at once the real point at issue in a controversy. "No matter what the question," says Mr. Wirt, "though ten times more knotty than the gnarled oak, the lightning of heaven is not more rapid nor more resistless than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it is as easy as vision." John Randolph possessed a residuum of the same talent in his power of condensing one side of a question into an epigram of ten words which pierced every ear and stuck in every memory.

But Edmund Randolph, keen and bold as he was before judge and jury, where the responsibility of deciding lay with others, was timid and hesitating when it was his part to utter the decisive word. He saw clearly, he saw correctly; but when the time came to vote, his ingenious mind conjured up difficulties, and he often gave his voice to the side his head disapproved; his argument supporting one party and his vote the other; or, as Jefferson expressed it, he sometimes gave the shells to his friends and the oyster to his enemies. Most men whose profession it has long been to use words would experience the same difficulty when called upon to deal with things; so much easier is it to be eloquent than to be wise. How confident the hero of the platform or of the editorial page; what vigorous blows he gets in at enemies remote or imaginary; how striking the skill with which he barbs, and the audacity with which he shoots, the poisoned arrow which will rankle a lifetime in an unseen breast! But put the same man

in a situation which requires him on his honor to *decide* the smallest practical question, and his confidence is gone! A government of orators and editors would never do, unless at or near the head of it there was one unfluent man trained in the great art of making up his mind.

Such were the gentlemen who were gathered round the council table at the President's house in New York in 1790. How interesting the group! At the head of the table, General Washington, now fifty-eight, his frame as erect as ever, but his face showing deep traces of the thousand anxious hours he had passed. Not versed in the lore of schools, not gifted with a great sum of intellect, the eternal glory of this man is that he used all the mind he had in patient endeavors to find out the right way; ever on the watch to keep out of his decision everything like bias or prejudice; never deciding till he had exhausted every source of elucidation within his reach. Some questions he could not decide with his own mind, and he knew he could not. In such cases, he bent all his powers to ascertaining how the subject appeared to minds fitted to grapple with it, and getting *them* to view it without prejudice.

I am delighted to learn that Mr. Carlyle can seldom hear the name of Washington pronounced without breaking forth with an explosion of contempt, especially, it is said, if there is an American within hearing. Washington is the exact opposite of a fell Carlylean hero. His glory is, that he was *not* richly endowed, *not* sufficient unto himself, *not* indifferent to human rights, opinions, and preferences; but feeling deeply his need of help, sought it, where alone it was to be found, in minds fitted by nature and training to supply his lack. It is this heartfelt desire to be **RIGHT** which shines so affectingly from the plain words of Washington, and gives him rank so far above the gorgeous bandits whom hero-worshippers adore.

On the right of the President, in the place of honor, sat Jefferson, now forty-

seven, the senior of all his colleagues ; older in public service, too, than any of them ; tall, erect, ruddy ; noticeably quiet and unobtrusive in his address and demeanor ; the least pugnacious of men. Not a fanatic, not an enthusiast ; but an old-fashioned Whig, nurtured upon "old Coke," enlightened by twenty-five years' intense discussion — with pen, tongue, and sword — of Cokerian principles. Fresh from the latest Commentary upon Coke, — the ruins of the Bastille, — and wearing still his red Paris waistcoat and breeches, he was an object of particular interest to all men, and, doubtless, often relieved the severity of business by some thrilling relation out of his late foreign experience.

Opposite him, on the President's left, was the place of Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in all the alertness and vigor of thirty-three years. If time had matured his talents, it had not lessened his self-sufficiency ; because, as yet, all his short life had been success, and he had associated chiefly with men who possessed nothing either of his fluency or his arithmetic. A positive, vehement little gentleman, with as firm a faith in the apparatus of finance as General Knox had in great guns. He was now in the full tide of activity, lobbying measures through Congress, and organizing the Treasury Department, — the most conspicuous man in the administration, except the President. As usual, his unseen work was his best. In organizing a system of collecting, keeping, and disbursing the revenue, he employed so much tact, forethought, and fertility, that his successors have each, in turn, admired and retained his most important devices. He arranged the system so that the Secretary of the Treasury, at any moment, could survey the whole working of it ; and he held at command all the resources of the United States, subject to lawful use, without being able to divert one dollar to a purpose not specially authorized. He could not draw his own pittance of salary without the signatures of the four chief officers of the de-

partment, — comptroller, auditor, treasurer, and register.

"Hamilton and I," Jefferson wrote, "were pitted against each other every day in the Cabinet like two fighting cocks." Age had not quenched the vivacity of either of the four secretaries : Jefferson, forty-seven ; Knox, forty ; Randolph, thirty-seven ; Hamilton, thirty-three. When, in the world's history, was so young a group charged with a task so new, so difficult, so momentous ? At first, what good friends they were ! No "opposition," in the party sense, seems to have been thought of. "I remember," said a lady who was living in 1858, "how Hamilton and Madison would talk together in the summer [of 1789], and then turn and laugh and play with a monkey that was climbing in a neighbor's yard." But how suddenly was all this changed when the administration set to work in earnest ! An opposition sprang into being full-formed. By the time Jefferson took his seat in the Cabinet, it had attained even menacing proportions ; and it was chiefly due to Hamilton's inexperience and precipitation, his ignorance of man and his ignorance of America.

In September, 1789, when his appointment to the place of minister of finance had set the seal of Washington's approval to his reputation, his position before the country was commanding. The dead corpse of the public credit, of which Mr. Webster spoke (repeating the tradition of his father's fireside), took a startling leap even before Hamilton could be supposed to have "touched" it : thirty-three per cent from January to November. The mere establishment of a government "clothed," as Hamilton expressed it, "with powers capable of calling forth the resources of the community," had wrought this third part of a miracle. The appointment of Hamilton, who was known to be in favor of using those powers to the uttermost, accelerated the rise, which received a further impetus when Congress, late in September, before adjourning over till

January, referred the knotty subject of the public credit to the Secretary of the Treasury, requesting him to report a plan for its restoration. He threw himself upon this work with honorable ardor, not disdaining to consult Madison, Morris, and all accessible men competent to advise on a matter so full of difficulty. The rumor of what he intended to recommend had such effect upon the market that the debt rose in price fifty per cent more in the last two months of 1789; making a rise of eighty-three per cent in the year. The day on which the Report was read in the House of Representatives, January 14, 1790, was memorable for the throng of eager auditors that gathered to hear it in gallery and lobby, and the breathless interest with which so difficult a paper was listened to. The Senate still sat with closed doors, in secrecy meant to be awful; but the public were admitted to what the Federalists were pleased to designate the Lower House.

Hamilton's Report on the public credit is one of the most interesting documents in the archives of the United States. It began the strife of parties under the new Constitution. It was hailed with triumphant rapture by the moneyed few, and received by the landed many with doubt and distrust, which soon became opposition, hostility, rancor, mania.

How much does the reader suppose the Revolution cost per annum? Seventeen millions and a half of dollars; about six days' expenditure of the late war. Such was "the price of liberty." The debt of the United States in January, 1790, was \$ 54,124,464,56; of which, as before remarked, nearly fifteen millions were arrears of interest; and, besides this general debt, there was a chaos of State debts amounting, as the Secretary erroneously computed, to twenty-five millions more. Not eighty millions in all; not a month's expenditure during the Rebellion. But if the billions of our present debt were multiplied by two, the stupendous total would not affright us half as much as these figures did the people of 1790, four

millions in number, mostly farmers and fishermen, without steam; without cotton, without the mines, without a West. It was a grave question with intelligent men, whether it was possible for the country to pay the interest and carry on the general government at the same time. The expenses of supporting the government could not be kept, Hamilton thought, under six hundred thousand dollars a year, and the interest of the whole debt was four millions and a half. Would the country stand such a drain? The Secretary thought it possible, but not probable. "It would require," he said, "an extension of taxation to a degree and to objects which the true interest of the public creditor forbids." This was a polite way of stating the case, but the meaning was sufficiently clear: The people will not bear a tax of a dollar and a quarter each per annum. What then?

The Secretary's answer to this question was: Fund the debt at a lower rate of interest. But how could a country borrow at a lower rate, which already owed fifteen millions of unpaid interest? It was in answering this question that the young financier displayed too much ingenuity and not enough wisdom. He answered it very much as John Law would have done, if John Law had been a man of honor. His suggestions were so numerous, so complex, and so refined as to suggest to opponents the idea that he had contrived them on purpose to puzzle the people. Nothing could be more unjust. He was a financier of thirty-three, whose mind was as full of ideas as his pockets were empty of money and his life devoid of experience. But every page of his Report is warm with the passion of honesty which possessed the author's mind. If some cool, practised man of the world, like Gouverneur Morris, had gone over this Report, stricken out three out of every four of Hamilton's ingenuities, kept his best ideas and given them the simplest expression, an admirable result might have been attained. But what could the most uncommercial and uncapitalled

of all people on earth be expected to think of a scheme which would require the United States to embark in the business of selling annuities, and contracting loans. "on the principles of a tontine, to consist of six classes"? I think I see the country gentleman of the period puzzling over the Secretary's lucid explanations of the annuity business: "One hundred dollars, bearing an interest of six per cent for five years, or five per cent for fifteen years, and, thenceforth, of four per cent, (these being the successive rates of interest in the market,) is equal to a capital of \$122.510725 parts, bearing an interest of four per cent; which, converted into a capital bearing a fixed rate of interest of six per cent, is equal to \$81.6738166."

A valuable suggestion was to turn the waste lands to account in paying part of the debt. He wished to raise one loan by giving every holder of the debt the option to fund his whole amount at six per cent, or, receiving one third of it in land at twenty cents an acre, fund the rest at four per cent. Another loan of ten millions he proposed to effect on Law's own plan of utilizing depreciated bonds: every man subscribing one hundred dollars, to pay half in money and the other half in Congress paper; the whole to bear an interest of five per cent. A third scheme was founded upon the erroneous opinion that the rate of interest would decline from six per cent to four in a few years. Besides suggesting six different plans of luring money from the public in aid of the government, he proposed a stiff duty upon liquors, wines, tea, and coffee. But even his tariff had the vice of complication. Each grade of tea (four in number) had its special rate of duty; and every barrel of liquor was to be tested by "Dica's hydrometer" to ascertain exactly how many degrees it was above or below proof. There were to be six rates upon liquor, beginning with twenty cents a gallon upon spirits ten per cent below proof, and rising to forty cents a gallon if it were forty per cent

above proof. If the Report *had* been contrived, as some of its heated opponents charged, to perplex the people and multiply custom-house officers, it could hardly have been better done. Even the loans on "the tontine plan" were to be of "six classes."

Congress, of course, disregarded the refinements and the ingenuities, and adopted the substance of the Report; the opposition concentrating upon two points.

The public debt, as the Secretary remarked, was "the price of liberty." The veterans of the Revolution, a kind of sacred class at this period, had been the most numerous original holders of it; and many of them, through the failure of Congress to pay the interest, had been obliged to sell their claims for a small fraction of their amount. It was not as when a poor widow in a hard time sells her diamond for a quarter of its value; for in the case of the Revolutionary soldier it was neither his fault nor his necessity that lessened the value of his property, but the government's inability to keep its promise. Hence there was a wide-spread feeling in the country that, in funding the debt, original holders should be credited with the full amount of their claims; but the "speculator" should receive only what he had paid for his certificate, with interest, and the rest should go to the original holder. The Secretary of the Treasury, anticipating this opinion, argued against it with equal ability and good feeling. Probably there is not to-day a man in Wall Street nor in the Treasury Department at Washington who will not give his approval to Hamilton's reasoning upon this point. But, in 1790, an immense number of the most able and just-minded men denounced it with bitterness. What! pay a speculator a thousand dollars, with ten years' arrears of interest, for a bond which he had bought from a veteran of the Revolution for a hundred and fifty! Yes, even so; because it is not in the power of so cumbrous a thing as a government to execute any scheme for avoiding this

twofold wrong which would not cause more wrong than it would prevent. To those who have shall be given, and from those who have not shall be taken away that which they have. Such is the scheme of the universe, which man's devices can but regulate and mitigate; but in a large number of instances this profoundly beneficent law appears to the sufferers to work sheer cruelty. After a long and severe struggle, in which Madison strove worthily for the soldiers' interests, Congress accepted Hamilton's conclusion as the law of necessity governing the case.

This contest was at its height while Jefferson was floundering through the mud from Virginia to New York. Immersed at once upon his arrival in the business of his own department, and having a dislike of financial questions, he took no part in the strife. But Hamilton, unhappily, had cumbered his Report with a recommendation that Congress should assume the debts of the States. To him, born in a little sugar island, from which he had early escaped, and therefore unable to comprehend or sympathize with the hereditary love of the native citizen for the State in which he was born, nothing seemed more natural or more proper than this sweeping measure. Debt is debt. The people of the United States owe this money. How much better to arrange it all under the same system! He surveyed this tangled scene of debt as Bonaparte may be supposed to have looked upon the map of Europe when he was about to piece out a new kingdom for one of his brothers. Here is a nice little duchy to round off that corner; this pretty province will make a capital finish to the western boundary; and, to fill up this gap on the north, we'll gouge a piece out of the king of Prussia, poor devil. The reader, perhaps, in looking upon the map of New England, has sometimes thought what an improvement it would be to the symmetry of things to obliterate the lines which make Rhode Island a separate State, with its own apparatus of government; not expensive, indeed,

but superfluous. If the reader has ever had this bold thought, let him, the next time he finds himself in Thames Street, Newport, propose the scheme of merging Rhode Island into Massachusetts to the inhabitants of that too narrow thoroughfare. The idea will seem to the worthy sons of Newport too preposterous to be considered; but if you could succeed in convincing one of them that the plan was seriously entertained, with some remote possibility of success, you would perhaps discover why Hamilton's plan of assumption excited, not disapproval merely, but passion. It cut deeply into State pride. It gave the party which had held out longest against the new Constitution an opportunity to turn upon the Federalists with a bitter, Did we not tell you so? What is *this* but consolidation?

Besides, the rapid rise in the value of the public debt, and especially the jump toward par which it gave when the funding resolution was passed, had had the usual effect (so familiar to us of this generation) of enriching several individuals not the most estimable of men, and of luring from honest industry a considerable class of speculators. Whoever saw exaggerated Wall Street when gold was going up and down the scale ten per cent a week, or whoever has read of the precisely similar scenes in Paris when Louis XIV. had died insolvent, leaving France littered with every kind of fluctuating paper for John Law to operate with and upon, can form some idea of the horror excited in the unsophisticated minds of country members in 1790 by the spectacle of sudden wealth gained by speculation in the public debt. As a rule, no sudden fortune is made without wrong to some and injury to many. It is in the highest degree undesirable for money to be made fast; and, in a healthy, proper state of things, it will seldom be done. During the colonial period, it is questionable if one individual had made a fortune even in so short a period as ten years, except by wrecking or privateering; and privateer fortunes were proverbially demor-

alizing and evanescent. It was thought remarkable that Franklin should have gained a competence in twenty years by legitimate business, and he never ceased to speak of it himself with grateful wonder. And what made these paper fortunes of 1790 and 1791 so aggravating to country gentlemen was, the serious decline in the value of their own lands. In Hamilton's Report upon the public credit occurs this sentence: "The value of cultivated lands, in most of the States, has fallen, since the Revolution, from twenty to fifty per cent." And here were speculators in the public debt setting up their carriages in the face of honorable members of hereditary estates, hard put to it to pay their board! At that period, *all* Southern members were country members; the whole South, except Charleston, being "country."

On public grounds, too, the mania for getting rich in a week was deplorable, since it injured those who lost and spoiled those who gained. It was a true mania, as Hamilton himself admits. "In the late delirium of speculation," he wrote, after the worst of it was over, "large sums [of the public debt] were purchased at twenty-five per cent above par and upwards"; which was just what happened when John Law "touched the corpse" of French credit in 1717. "Since this Report has been read," exclaimed a fiery member from Georgia, "a spirit of speculation and ruin has arisen, and been cherished by people who had an access to the information the Report contained, that would have made a *Hastings* blush to have been connected with, though long inured to preying on the vitals of his fellow-men. Three vessels, sir, have sailed within a fortnight from this port, freighted for speculation; they are intended to purchase up the State and other securities in the hands of the uninformed, though honest citizens of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. My soul rises indignant at the avaricious and moral turpitude which so vile a conduct displays."

Thus, the virtuous Georgian. And, indeed, few persons then perceived the usefulness of speculators, — the men who employ themselves in applying the redundancy of one place to the scarcity of another. Too many nutmegs in London, not enough nutmegs in New York: it is the speculator who remedies both evils at a stroke, with occasional advantage to himself. But how far a speculator may honorably avail himself of special knowledge is a question upon which Wayland's "Moral Philosophy" (school edition) is clear and decisive, but which presents difficulties in practical life. Those three fast-sailing schooners play a great part in the journalism and politics of the time. Whether they were phantom vessels or genuine two-masted schooners is not certain, but they excited profound and general horror. "If any man burns his fingers," said the indignant Jackson of Georgia, "which I hope to God, with all the warmth of a feeling heart, they may, they will only have their own cupidity to blame."

Now, the proposed assumption of the State debts, even if the principle could be admitted, even if the measure could be thought desirable or timely, was open to the obvious objection that it would throw upon the market twenty-one millions more of the fuel that had caused this alarming conflagration. It would be like putting gallons of tar into the furnace of a Mississippi steamboat already making nineteen miles an hour, with a colored boy on the safety-valve; a proceeding usually applauded by the gamblers and betting men on board, though extremely displeasing to steady-going passengers.

Some of the States, moreover, had paid off half their war debt; others were making strenuous efforts in that direction; but some had not diminished their indebtedness at all, nor tried to do so. The proposed assumption placed all the States upon a level. The five foolish virgins were to have their lamps filled for them at the door of the mansion, and to be allowed to flaunt into the banqueting-room on the

same footing as their wise companions. The bad apprentice and the good apprentice were each to marry his master's daughter, inherit the business, and be lord-mayor.

For these and other reasons, a small majority of the House (31 to 29), in spite of the outcries of an army of creditors, and in spite of Hamilton's dazzling prestige and irrepressible resolution, rejected the plan of assumption. So acrimonious had been the debate, so intense the feeling on both sides, on the floor, in the lobby, in "the street," that when at last the rash scheme was rejected, it seemed as if the experiment of a general government had failed. Congress assembled every morning as usual, but only to adjourn at once; as the two sides were "too much out of temper to do business together." It was a case of Town *versus* Country, North against South, centralism against the rights and dignity of the State governments.

But why so much ill-humor? Because Hamilton and his friends, the men who were conducting the experiment of Federal government by the people, had no faith in the principle. It was not in their blood to submit at once, without a word, to the decision of a majority. The cogent arguments of Madison and the republican members against assumption, instead of instructing this brilliant young pupil of John Law, only irritated him, only made him the more resolute to carry his point, only convinced him the more that the people do not know what is best for them. He had an unteachable mind. "I will not give him up yet," he said, when he heard of Madison's opposition; as though it were a moral aberration in a friend to object to his measures; and when it became clear that Madison was fixed in his opposition, he had the immeasurable insolence to say, "Alas, poor human nature!" The idea never crossed his mind of dropping the scheme. And we may be sure that, at such a time, the clamor of an interested lobby will make itself heard; for the vote against

assumption was a shivering blow to many a paper fortune.

In this extremity, to whom, of all men in the world, should Hamilton apply for assistance but Jefferson, his colleague of three weeks' standing, up to the eyes in the work of his own department! Chance gave him the opportunity. On an April day, as the Secretary of State was walking from his house, 54 Maiden Lane, to the President's mansion, at the corner of Pearl and Cherry Streets, Hamilton met and joined him, and broke into the topic that filled his mind. The distance being much too short for his purpose, he "walked" his colleague to and fro in front of the President's house for half an hour, descanting upon the situation, dwelling especially upon the dangerous temper into which Congress had been wrought, and the fierce disgust of members whose States were supposed to have more to receive than to pay. That word of fearful omen, *secession*, was then first uttered in connection with the politics of the United States. There was danger, Hamilton said, of the secession of the opposing members, and the separation of their States from the Union. At such a crisis, he thought, members of the administration should rally round the *President*, who was "the centre on which all administrative measures ultimately rested," and give a united support to such as he approved. This misinterpretation of the situation shows us how much he was "bewitched by the British form." The man was incapable of comprehending the crisis. There *was* no crisis, except of his own making. One of the suggestions of his Report having been rejected by the House of Representatives, he and his friends had only to acquiesce in becoming silence, and all was well. But, confused by their familiarity with the English system, excited by the clamor of the street, and having an ample share of false pride, they must needs persist until they had produced a crisis.

Thus appealed to, Jefferson fell back upon the expedient which had been so

successful in Paris during the French crisis of August, 1789, — a dinner. He told his anxious colleague that he was a stranger to the whole subject, not having yet informed himself of the system of finance adopted, and unable, therefore, to decide how far this measure of assuming the State debts was "a necessary sequence." But of one thing there could be no doubt: if its rejection was really perilous to the Union at this early stage of its existence, all partial and temporary evils should be endured to avert that supreme catastrophe. "Dine with me to-morrow," he continued, "and I will invite another friend or two, and bring you into conference together. I think it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, can fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which is to save the Union."

The conference occurred. Jefferson, as usual with him on such occasions, did not join in the discussion, but only exhorted his friends to conciliation, and quieted their minds by his serene presence. A compromise was effected; but, unhappily, it was not a compromise of opinion. Contending interests had to be assuaged; and thus a vast permanent wrong was done in order to tide over a temporary inconvenience. Nay, two permanent wrongs: log-rolling was invented, and the city of Washington was sprawled over the soft banks of the Potomac.

As early as September, 1789, the question of a capital of the United States had been debated in Congress, and debated with that warmth and irritation which such a subject excites always. A Ring loomed up dimly upon the imaginations of members, supposed to have been formed "out of doors," in order to fix the capital at "Wright's Ferry on the Susquehanna"; a place which has since developed into Wrightsville, containing, according to the *Gazetteer*, "two saw-mills and thirteen hundred and ten inhabitants." Few, perhaps, of these thirteen hundred and ten inhabitants know what a

narrow escape their secluded village had of being the capital of their country. The members from New England and New York agreed in preferring it, as the point nearest the centre of population, wealth, and convenience; and for many days it seemed to have a better chance than any of the other places proposed, — Harrisburg, Baltimore, New York, Germantown, Philadelphia. Wright's Ferry was shown in the debates to be the veritable "hub of the universe," a region favored by nature above others; where, as one member remarked, not merely the soil, the water, and the "advantages of nature" were unsurpassed, but where, "if honorable gentlemen were disposed to pay much attention to a dish of fish, he could assure them their table might be furnished with fine and good from the waters of the Susquehanna."

But Wright's Ferry lost its chance through the opposition of the Southern members; and the Ring rumor was the ass's jawbone which they used to kill the project. "Preconcerted out of doors," said Madison. "I am sorry the people should learn," remarked the loud Jackson of Georgia, whose home was a thousand miles from Wright's Ferry, "that the members from New England and New York had fixed on a seat of government." Such a report, he thought, would "blow the coals of sedition and endanger the Union."

The members from New England and New York denied the offensive charge, and contended that Wright had fixed his ferry at the point which would be "the centre of population for ages yet to come." With regard to the country west of the Ohio, "an immeasurable wilderness," Fisher Ames was of opinion (and it was everybody's opinion) that it was "perfectly romantic" to allow it any weight in the decision at all. "When it will be settled, or how it will be possible to govern it," said he, "is past calculation." Southern gentlemen, on the other hand, denied the "centrality" of Wright, and

maintained that the shores of the noble Potomac presented the genuine centre to the nation's choice. The Potomac! Horror! A deadly miasma hung over its banks; and no native of New England could remain there and live. "Vast numbers of Eastern adventurers," said Mr. Sedgwick of Massachusetts, "have gone to the Southern States, and *all* have found their graves there; they have met destruction as soon as they arrived." Centre of population? "Yes," said Sedgwick, "if you count the slaves"; but "if *they* were considered, gentlemen might as well estimate the black cattle of New England."

One remark made by Madison in the course of this long and too warm discussion has a particular interest for us who live under a network of telegraphic wires. "If," said he, "it were possible to promulgate our laws by some instantaneous operation, it would be of less consequence, in that point of view, where the government might be placed." But even in that case, centrality, he thought, would be but just, since the government would probably expend every year as much as half a million of dollars, and every citizen should partake of this advantage as equally as nature had rendered it possible.

And so the debate went on day after day. The Susquehanna men triumphed in the House; but the Senate sent back the bill with "Susquehanna" stricken out, and "Germantown" inserted. The House would not accept the amendment, and the session ended before a place had been agreed upon. The subject being resumed in the spring of 1790, it was again productive of heat and recrimination; again the South was outvoted, and the Potomac rejected by a small majority. Baffled in the House, Southern men renewed their efforts over Mr. Jefferson's wine and hickory-nuts in Maiden Lane. Two sets of members were sour or savage from the loss of a measure upon which they had set their hearts; Southern men had lost the capital, and North-

ern men assumption. Then it was, that the original American log-roller—name unrecorded—conceived the idea of this bad kind of compromise. The bargain was this: Two Southern members should vote for assumption and so carry it; and, in return for this concession, Hamilton agreed to induce a few Northern members to change their votes on the question of the capital, and so fix it upon the Potomac. It was agreed, at length, that for the next ten years the seat of government should be Philadelphia, and, finally, near Georgetown. How much trouble would have been saved if some prophetic member had been strong enough to carry a very simple amendment, to strike out ten years and insert one hundred! And, in that case, what an agreeable task would have devolved upon this generation, of repealing Georgetown and beginning a suitable capital at the proper place!

To the last of his public life, Jefferson never ceased to regret the part he had innocently taken in this bargain. Even as a matter of convenience (leaving principle out of sight) he thought the separate States could reduce their chaos of debts to order, and put them in a fair way to be discharged better, sooner, and cheaper than it could be done by the general government. But while the crisis lasted, the minds of all men were filled with dismay and apprehension; for the threat of disunion had then lost none of its terrors by repetition and familiarity. The letters of the time are full of the perils of the situation. Jefferson himself, in a letter to his young friend Monroe, dated June 20, 1790, held this fearful language: "After exhausting their arguments and patience on these subjects, members have been for some time resting upon their oars, unable to get along as to these businesses and indisposed to attend to anything else till they are settled. And, in fine, it has become probable that, unless they can be settled by some plan of compromise, there will be no funding bill agreed to, and our credit (raised by late

prospects to be the first on the exchange at Amsterdam, where our paper is above par) will burst and vanish, and the States separate to take care every one of itself."

And so Hamilton triumphed. The young Republic rose in the estimation of all the money streets of Christendom, and in Amsterdam, a few months later, a new United States loan of two and a half millions of florins was filled in two hours and a half. What a contrast from the time when all Mr. Adams's pertinacity and eloquence, united with Mr. Jefferson's tact and suavity, had only been able to wring florins enough from Holland to keep the servants of Congress in Europe supplied with the necessaries of life! At home, the sudden increase in the value of the widely scattered debt enriched many people, improved the circumstances of more, and gave a lift to the whole country. America began to be. New York entered upon its predestined career. Corner lots acquired value. But the corpse of the public credit, having got firmly upon its feet, began soon to dance, caper, leap, and execute gymnastic wonders; for the young gentleman at the head of the treasury must needs apply the galvanic fluid once more. That "Bank of the United States," of which he had dreamed by the camp-fires of the Revolution, he was now in a position to establish. Deaf to the warnings of the prudent and the arguments of the wise, he forced it through Congress, and sat up all night writing a paper to convince the President that he ought to sign the bill. The books were opened. In a day—as fast, indeed, as the entries could be made—the shares were all taken, and large numbers of people were still eager to subscribe.

Then arose in the United States just such a mania for speculation as France experienced when the gambler, Law, and the *roué*, Regent, put their heads together in 1717. Every scrap of paper issued by the United States or bearing its sanction, whether debt

or shares, acquired a fictitious value. "What do you think of this scrippomania?" asks Jefferson of a friend in August, 1791. "Ships are lying idle at the wharfs, buildings are stopped, capitals are withdrawn from commerce, manufactures, arts, and agriculture, to be employed in gambling, and the tide of public prosperity, almost unparalleled in any country, is arrested in its course and suppressed by the rage of getting rich in a day. No mortal can tell when this will stop; for the spirit of gaming, when once it has seized a subject, is incurable. The tailor, who has made thousands in one day, though he has lost them the next, can never again be content with the slow and moderate earnings of his needle." Hamilton, too, was alarmed at the "extravagant sallies of speculation," which, he said, disgusted all sober citizens and gave "a wild air to everything." Such periods, happily, can never be of long duration; under the magic touch of Law, the corpse of French credit kept upon its feet eight months; then collapsed, and "a hundred thousand persons ruined." The period of inflation in the United States lasted about the same time, and was followed by the usual depression and the sudden return of the speculating tailor to his needle.

We laugh at those periods of collapse when they are past; but, while they are passing, the hurricanes of the West Indies, the simooms of Sahara, the earthquakes of the Andes, are not more terrible. They once threatened to play the same part in the spiritual history of America as the "terrible aspects of nature" did in that of Spain, where, as Mr. Buckle remarks, famines, epidemics, and earthquakes kept the human mind in a bondage of terror, and rendered it the easy prey of the priest.

The Secretary of State, meanwhile, was grappling with the weighty, unobtrusive duties of his place. No one knew, at first, what those duties were, or were not. For a while he was Postmaster-General, and we find him

inviting Colonel Pickering to dinner to confer upon a dashing scheme of sending the mail over the country at the furious pace of one hundred miles a day. His idea was to employ the public coaches for the service; but as they only travelled by day, he wished to "hand the mail along through the night till it may fall in with another stage the next day." He was commissioner of patents as well; and, in that capacity, saw what "a spring" was given to invention by the patent law. Happy were the inventors to find so appreciative an examiner of their devices! Oddly enough, too, it was to him the House referred a pretended discovery of one Isaacs for converting sea water into fresh. He gave a quietus to the claim of the enterprising Isaacs by inviting him to try his hand upon a few gallons of salt water in the presence of Rittenhouse, Wistar, Hutchinson, and himself, all members of the Philosophical Society. The process proved to be mere distillation, (known and practised for many years,) veiled by a little hocus-pocus of Mr. Isaac's own contriving. He reported against the claim, and advised that a short account of the best way of extemporizing a still on board ship be printed on the back of all ship's clearances, with an invitation to forward results of such attempts to the Secretary of State.

The question of establishing a mint was referred by a lazy House of Representatives to the Secretary of State. Shall we send abroad to get our coins made, or manufacture them at home? At home, said Mr. Jefferson. "Coinage is peculiarly an attribute of sovereignty. . . . To transfer its exercise into another country, is to submit it to another sovereign." So the mint was established at Philadelphia, workmen were invited from abroad, and a quantity of copper ordered from Europe to be made into American cents.

Some questions which would now be answered by the Supreme Court were referred to him for an opinion. One was this: If the President nomi-

nates an ambassador, has the Senate a right to change the grade of the nominee to plenipotentiary? It has not, was the opinion given. Even the validity of a grant of land was referred to him. Many a day of arduous toil, and many an hour of earnest consultation, were devoted by Jefferson in the summer of 1790 to a Report, called for by the House, of a plan of establishing uniformity in coinage, weights, and measures, — a subject familiar to his mind for many years. In this most elaborate and able paper, packed close with curious knowledge and illumined with happy suggestions, he made one more attempt to introduce the decimal system. If his advice had been followed, school-boys, to-day, might be "saying" their tables in this fashion: "Ten points one line; ten lines one inch; ten inches one foot; ten feet one decad; ten decads one rood; ten roods one furlong; ten furlongs one mile." But this was too audacious for Congress to accept. The only decimal table adopted was the one relating to the new Federal money. But the people long clung to the familiar difficulties of pounds, shillings, and pence, aggravated by the intricacies of the different State currencies. After the lapse of eighty-two years, — so inveterate is habit, — we are not yet universally submissive to the easy yoke of the decimal currency. "Dime" comes slowly into use; the words "sixpence" and "shilling" linger after the coins are gone; and the popular propensity is to call an eagle a "ten-dollar piece."

In addition to these domestic duties, it devolved upon the Secretary of State to superintend the laying out of the District of Columbia, and the planning of the public edifices in the dense forest that covered the site of Washington. Hence, perhaps, the general resemblance of that city to ancient Williamsburg in Virginia, where the Secretary of State attended college, studied law, played the violin, and loved Belinda. If Jefferson could have forgotten the spacious, pleasant old town, there was "dear Page" at his

side and plenty of other graduates of William and Mary to remind him of it.

In the autumn of 1790 the government packed up its traps and removed from New York to Philadelphia. New-Yorkers took the loss good-humoredly enough, if we may judge from the newspapers. "And so Congress is going to Philadelphia," said one. "Well, then there is an end of everything; no more pavement; no more improvements of any kind." And the editor wound up a long, jocular article by telling the story of Charles II. and the Lord Mayor of London. "What did the king say?" asked his Lordship of a deputation of aldermen just returned from court. "He says, if we don't give him more money, he'll remove his court to Windsor." "Is that all?" cried the Mayor. "I thought his Majesty said he'd take the Thames away." New York, too, has found its Thames sufficient.

In November, then, of 1790, the Secretary of State, after a delightful month at Monticello, was established in Philadelphia, living in "four rooms" of a spacious lodging-house on the pleasant outskirts of the city, not far from where Dr. Franklin flew his immortal kite. Near by the Secretary had a stable and coach-house with stalls for six horses, four of which were occupied; so that Madison, Monroe, and himself could enjoy a canter together along the delicious banks of the Schuylkill. It was oftener a walk than a ride. Once it was a "wade." "What say you," he writes to Madison, during a rainy week in April, 1791, "to taking a wade into the country at noon? It will be pleasant above head at least, and the party will finish by dining here." He was raised to the dignity of grandfather in February, 1791. "Your last two letters," he writes to his daughter, "gave me the greatest pleasure of any I ever received from you. The one announced that you were become a notable housewife; the other, a mother. The last is undoubtedly the keystone of the arch of matrimonial happiness, as the first is

its daily aliment." Monticello waited for him to name the baby. "Anne" was his choice, because it was a name frequent in both families.

He had also the honor, at this time, of being a kind of martyr to his principles,—an *ex post facto* martyr. It was Jefferson who had taken the lead in destroying the ancient system of primogeniture and entail in Virginia, and one of the first great heirs who suffered by the reform was his own son-in-law, Randolph. The father of the young husband, a brisk and social old gentleman of the old school, gave alarming symptoms of a second marriage. A girl in her teens was the object of his choice, upon whom he proposed to make a settlement so lavish as to greatly abridge the inheritance of the young couple, as well as to throw a great part of the charge of their immediate settlement upon Mr. Jefferson. The letter which he wrote to his daughter on this occasion has been a thousand times admired, and will be admired again as often as it is read by a person in whose disposition there is anything of magnanimity or tenderness. He told her that Colonel Randolph's marriage was a thing to have been expected; for, as he was a man whose amusements depended upon society, he could not live alone. The settlement upon the old man's bride might be neither prudent nor just, but he hoped it would not lessen their affection for him.

"If the lady," he continued, "has anything difficult in her disposition, avoid what is rough, and attach her good qualities to you. Consider what are otherwise as a bad stop in your harpsichord, and do not touch on it, but make yourself happy with the good ones. Every human being, my dear, must thus be viewed, according to what it is good for; for none of us, no, not one, is perfect; and were we to love none who had imperfections, this world would be a desert for our love. All we can do is to make the best of our friends, love and cherish what is good in them, and keep out of the way of

what is bad ; but no more think of rejecting them for it, than of throwing away a piece of music for a flat passage or two. Your situation will require peculiar attentions and respects to both parties. Let no proof be too much for either your patience or acquiescence. Be you, my dear, the link of love, union, and peace for the whole family. The world will give you the more credit for it in proportion to the difficulty of the task, and your own happiness will be the greater as you perceive that you promote that of others. Former acquaintance and equality of age will render it the easier for

you to cultivate and gain the love of the lady. The mother, too, becomes a very necessary object of attentions."

The marriage took place, and the settlements upon the bride were made. The young couple, in consequence, were much more curtailed in their resources than any one had expected. But the daughter of Jefferson remained, for thirty-five years, "the link of love, union, and peace for the whole family"; one member of which, John Randolph of Roanoke, estranged as he was from her father, toasted her as "the noblest woman in Virginia."

James Parton.

A FADED LEAF OF HISTORY.

ONE quiet, snowy afternoon this winter, I found in a dark corner of one of the oldest libraries in the country a curious pamphlet. It fell into my hands like a bit of old age and darkness itself. The pages were coffee-colored and worn thin and ragged at the edges, like rotting leaves in fall ; they had grown clammy to the touch, too, from the grasp of so many dead years. There was a peculiar smell about the book which it had carried down from the days when young William Penn went up and down the clay-paths of his village of Philadelphia, stopping to watch the settlers fishing in the clear ponds or to speak to the gangs of yellow-painted Indians coming in with peltry from the adjacent forest.

The leaves were scribbled over with the name of John, — "John," in a cramped, childish hand. His father's book, no doubt, and the writing a bit of boyish mischief. Outside now, in the street, the boys were pelting each other with snowballs, just as this John had done in the clay-paths. But for nearly two hundred years his bones had been crumbled into lime and his

flesh gone back into grass and roots. Yet here he was, a boy still ; here was the old pamphlet and the scrawl in yellowing ink, with the smell about it still.

Printed by Rainier Janssen, 1698.
I turned over the leaves, expecting to find a sermon preached before Andros, "for the conversion of Sadducees," or some "Report of the Condition of the Principalities of New Netherland, or New Sweden, for the Use of the Lord's High Proprietors thereof" (for of such precious dead dust this library is full) ; but I found, instead, wrapped in weighty sentences and backed by the gravest and most ponderous testimony, the story of a baby, "a Sucking Child six Months old." It was like a live seed in the hand of a mummy. The story of a baby and a boy and an aged man, in "the devouring Waves of the Sea ; and also among the cruel devouring Jaws of inhuman Canibals." There were, it is true, other divers persons in the company, by one of whom the book is written. But the divers persons seemed to me to be only part of that endless caravan of ghosts that has been crossing the

world since the beginning ; they never can be anything but ghosts to us. If only to find a human interest in them, one would rather they had been devoured by inhuman cannibals than not. But a baby and a boy and an aged man !

All that afternoon, through the dingy windows of the old building, I could see the snow falling soft and steadily, covering the countless roofs of the city, and fancying the multitude of comfortable happy homes which these white roofs hid and the sweet-tempered, gracious women there, with their children close about their knees. I thought I would like to bring this little live baby back to the others, with its strange, pathetic story, out of the buried years where it has been hidden with dead people so long, and give it a place and home among us all again.

I only premise that I have left the facts of the history unaltered, even in the names ; and that I believe them to be, in every particular, true.

On the 22d of August, 1696, this baby, a puny, fretful boy, was carried down the street of Port Royal, Jamaica, and on board the "barkentine" *Reformation*, bound for Pennsylvania ; a Province which, as you remember, *Du Chastellux*, a hundred years later, described as a most savage country which he was compelled to cross on his way to the burgh of Philadelphia, on its border. To this savage country our baby was bound. He had by way of body-guard, his mother, a gentle Quaker lady ; his father, *Jonathan Dickenson*, a wealthy planter, on his way to increase his wealth in Penn's new settlement ; three negro men, four negro women, and an Indian named *Venus*, all slaves of the said *Dickenson* ; the captain, his boy, seven seamen, and two passengers. Besides this defence, the baby's ship was escorted by thirteen sail of merchantmen under convoy of an armed frigate. For these were the days when, to the righteous man, terror walked abroad, in the light and the darkness. The

green, quiet coasts were but the lurking-places of savages, and the green, restless seas more treacherous with pirates. *Kidd* had not yet buried his treasure, but was prowling up and down the eastern seas, gathering it from every luckless vessel that fell in his way. The captain, *Kirle*, debarred from fighting by cowardice, and the Quaker *Dickenson*, forbidden by principle, appear to have set out upon their perilous journey, resolved to defend themselves by suspicion, pure and simple. They looked for treachery behind every bush and billow ; the only chance of safety lay, they maintained, in holding every white man to be an assassin and every red man a cannibal until they were proved otherwise.

The boy was hired by Captain *Kirle* to wait upon him. His name was *John Hilliard*, and he was precisely what any of these good-humored, mischievous fellows outside would have been, hired on a brigantine two centuries ago ; disposed to shirk his work in order to stand gaping at black *Ben* fishing, or to rub up secretly his old cutlass for the behoof of *Kidd*, or the French when they should come, while the Indian *Venus* stood by looking on, with the baby in her arms.

The aged man is invariably set down as chief of the company, though the captain held all the power and the Quaker all the money. But white hair and a devout life gave an actual social rank in those days, obsolete now, and *Robert Barrow* was known as a man of God all along the coast-settlements from Massachusetts to *Ashly River*, among whites and Indians. Years before, in *Yorkshire*, his inward testimony (he being a Friend) had bidden him go preach in this wilderness. He asked of God, it is said, rather to die ; but was not disobedient to the heavenly call, and came and labored faithfully. He was now returning from the *West Indies*, where he had carried his message a year ago.

The wind set fair for the first day or two ; the sun was warm. Even the grim Quaker *Dickenson* might have

thought the white-sailed fleet a pretty sight scudding over the rolling green plain, if he could have spared time to his jealous eyes from scanning the horizon for pirates. Our baby, too, saw little of sun or sea; for being but a sickly baby, with hardly vitality enough to live from day to day, it was kept below, smothered in the finest of linens and the softest of padúasoy.

One morning when the fog lifted, Dickenson's watch for danger was rewarded. They had lost their way in the night; the fleet was gone, the dead blue slopes of water rolled up to the horizon on every side and were met by the dead blue sky, without the break of a single sail or the flicker of a flying bird. For fifteen days they beat about without any apparent aim other than to escape the enemies whom they hourly expected to leap out from behind the sky line. On the sixteenth day, friendly signs were made to them from shore. "A fire made a great Smoak, and People beckoned to us to putt on Shoar;" but Kirle and Dickenson, seized with fresh fright, put about and made off as for their lives, until nine o'clock that night, when seeing two signal-lights, doubtless from some of their own convoy, they cried out, "The French! the French!" and tacked back again as fast as might be. The next day, Kirle being disabled by a jibbing boom, Dickenson brought his own terrors into command, and for two or three days whisked the unfortunate barkentine up and down the coast, afraid of both sea and shore, until finally, one night, he run her aground on a sand-bar on the Florida reefs. Wondering much at this "judgment of God," Dickenson went to work. Indeed, to do him justice, he seems to have been always ready enough to use his burly strength and small wit, trusting to them to carry him through the world wherein his soul was beleaguered by many inscrutable judgments of God and the universal treachery of his brother-man.

The crew abandoned the ship in a heavy storm. A fire was kindled in

the bight of a sand-hill and protected as well as might be with sails and palmetto branches; and to this, Dickenson, with "Great trembling and Pain of Hartt," carried his baby in his own arms and laid it in its mother's breast. Its little body was pitiful to see from leanness, and a great fever was upon it. Robert Barrow, the crippled captain, and a sick passenger shared the child's shelter. "Whereupon two Canibals appeared, naked, but for a breech-cloth of plaited straw, with Countenances bloody and furious, and foaming at the Mouth"; but on being given tobacco, retreated inland to alarm the tribe. The ship's company gathered together and sat down to wait their return, expecting cruelty, says Dickenson, and dreadful death. Christianity was now to be brought face to face with heathenness, which fact our author seems to have recognized under all his terror. "We began by putting our trust in the Lord, hoping for no Mercy from these bloody-minded Creatures; having too few guns to use except to enrage them, a Motion arose among us to deceive them by calling ourselves Spaniards, that Nation having some influence over them"; to which lie all consented, except Robert Barrow. It is curious to observe how these early Christians met the Indians with the same weapons of distrust and fraud which have proved so effective with us in civilizing them since.

In two or three hours the savages appeared in great numbers, bloody and furious, and in their chronic state of foaming at the mouth. "They rushed in upon us, shouting 'Nickalees? Nickalees?' (Un Ingles.) To which we replied 'Espania.' But they cried the more fiercely 'No Espania, Nickalees!' and being greatly enraged thereat, seized upon all Trunks and Chests and our cloathes upon our Backs, leaving us each only a pair of old Breeches, except Robert Barrow, my wife, and child from whom they took nothing." The king, or Cassekey, as Dickenson calls him, distinguished by a horse-tail fastened to

his belt behind, took possession of their money and buried it, at which the good Quaker spares not his prayers for punishment on all pagan robbers, quite blind to the poetic justice of the burial, as the money had been made on land stolen from the savages. The said Cassekey also set up his abode in their tent; kept all his tribe away from the woman and child and aged man; kindled fires; caused, as a delicate attention, the only hog remaining on the wreck to be killed and brought to them for a midnight meal; and, in short, comported himself so hospitably, and with such kindly consideration toward the broad-brimmed Quaker, that we are inclined to account him the better bred fellow of the two, in spite of his scant costume of horse-tail and belt of straw. As for the robbery of the ship's cargo, no doubt the Cassekey had progressed far enough in civilization to know that to the victors belong the spoils. Florida, for two years, had been stricken down from coast to coast by a deadly famine, and in all probability these cannibals returned thanks to whatever God they had for this windfall of food and clothes devoutly as our forefathers were doing at the other end of the country for the homes which they had taken by force. There is a good deal of kinship among us in circumstances after all, as well as in blood. The chief undoubtedly recognized a brother in Dickenson, every whit as tricky as himself, and would fain, savage as he was, have proved him to be something better; for, after having protected them for several days, he came into their tent and gravely and with authority set himself to asking the old question, "Nickalees?"

"To which, when we denied, he directed his Speech to the Aged Man, who would not conceal the Truth, but answered in Simplicity, 'Yes.' Then he cried in Wrath 'Totus Nickalees!' and went out from us. But returned in great fury with his men and stripped all Cloathes from us."

However, the clothes were returned, and the chief persuaded them to hasten on to his own village. Dickenson, sus-

pecting foul play as usual, insisted on going to Santa Lucia. There, the Indian told him, they would meet fierce savages and undoubtedly have their throats cut, which kindly warning was quite enough to drive the Quaker to Santa Lucia headlong. He was sure of the worst designs on the part of the cannibal, from a strange glance which he fixed upon the baby as he drove them before him to his village, saying with a treacherous laugh, that after they had gone there for a purpose he had, they might go to Santa Lucia as they would.

It was a bleak, chilly afternoon as they toiled mile after mile along the beach, the Quaker woman far behind the others with her baby in her arms, carrying it, as she thought, to its death. Overhead, flocks of dark-winged grakles swooped across the lowering sky, uttering from time to time their harsh foreboding cry; shoreward, as far as the eye could see, the sand stretched in interminable yellow ridges, blackened here and there by tufts of dead palmetto-trees; while on the other side the sea had wrapped itself in a threatening silence and darkness. A line of white foam crept out of it from horizon to horizon, dumb and treacherous, and licked the mother's feet as she dragged herself heavily after the others.

From time to time the Indian stealthily peered over her shoulder, looking at the child's thin face as it slept upon her breast. As evening closed in, they came to a broad arm of the sea thrust inland through the beach, and halted at the edge. Beyond it, in the darkness, they could distinguish the yet darker shapes of the wigwams, and savages gathered about two or three enormous fires that threw long red lines of glare into the sea-fog. "As we stood there for many Hour's Time," says Jonathan Dickenson, "we were assured these Dreadful Fires were prepared for us."

Of all the sad little company that stand out against the far-off dimness of the past, in that long watch upon the beach, the low-voiced, sweet-tempered Quaker lady comes nearest and is the

most real to us. The sailors had chosen a life of peril years ago; her husband, with all his suspicious bigotry, had, when pushed to extremes, an admirable tough courage with which to face the dangers of sea and night and death; and the white-headed old man, who stood apart and calm, had received, as much as Elijah of old, a Divine word to speak in the wilderness, and the life in it would sustain him through death. But Mary Dickenson was only a gentle, commonplace woman, whose life had been spent on a quiet farm, whose highest ambition was to take care of her snug little house, and all of whose brighter thoughts or romance or passion began and ended in this staid Quaker and the baby that was a part of them both. It was only six months ago that this first-born child had been laid in her arms; and as she lay on the white bed looking out on the spring dawning day after day, her husband sat beside her telling her again and again of the house he had made ready for her in Penn's new settlement. She never tired of hearing of it. Some picture of this far-off home must have come to the poor girl as she stood now in the night, the sea-water creeping up to her naked feet, looking at the fires built, as she believed, for her child.

Toward midnight a canoe came from the opposite side, into which the chief put Barrow, Dickenson, the child, and its mother. Their worst fears being thus confirmed, they crossed in silence, holding each other by the hand, the poor baby moaning now and then. It had indeed been born tired into the world, and had gone moaning its weak life out ever since.

Landing on the farther beach, the crowd of waiting Indians fled from them as if frightened, and halted in the darkness beyond the fires. But the Cassekey dragged them on toward a wigwam, taking Mary and the child before the others. "Herein," says her husband, "was the Wife of the Canibal, and some old Women sitting in a Cabbin made of Sticks about a Foot

high, and covered with a Matt. He made signs for us to sitt down on the Ground, which we did. The Cassekey's Wife looking at my Child and having her own Child in her lapp, putt it away to another Woman, and rose upp and would not bee denied, but would have my Child. She took it and suckled it at her Breast, feeling it from Top to Toe, and viewing it with a sad Countenance."

The starving baby, being thus warmed and fed, stretched its little arms and legs out on the savage breast comfortably and fell into a happy sleep, while its mother sat apart and looked on.

"An Indian did kindly bring to her a Fish upon a Palmetto Leaf and set it down before her; but the Pain and Thoughts within her were so great that she could not eat."

The rest of the crew having been brought over, the chief set himself to work and speedily had a wigwam built, in which mats were spread, and the shipwrecked people, instead of being killed and eaten, went to sleep just as the moon rose, and the Indians began "a Consert of hideous Noises," whether of welcome or worship they could not tell.

Dickenson and his band remained in this Indian village for several days, endeavoring all the time to escape, in spite of the kind treatment of the chief, who appears to have shared all that he had with them. The Quaker kept a constant, fearful watch, lest there might be death in the pot. When the Cassekey found they were resolved to go, he set out for the wreck, bringing back a boat which was given to them, with butter, sugar, a rundlet of wine, and chocolate; to Mary and the child he also gave everything which he thought would be useful to them. This friend in the wilderness appeared sorry to part with them, but Dickenson was blind both to friendship and sorrow, and obstinately took the direction against which the chief warned him, suspecting treachery, "though we found afterward that his counsell was good."

Robert Barrow, Mary, and the child,

with two sick men, went in a canoe along the coast, keeping the crew in sight, who, with the boy, travelled on foot, sometimes singing as they marched. So they began the long and terrible journey, the later horrors of which I dare not give in the words here set down. The first weeks were painful and disheartening, although they still had food. Their chief discomfort arose from the extreme cold at night and the tortures from the sand-flies and mosquitoes on their exposed bodies, which they tried to remedy by covering themselves with sand, but found sleep impossible.

At last, however, they met the fiercer savages of whom the chief had warned them, and practised upon them the same device of calling themselves Spaniards. By this time, one would suppose, even Dickenson's dull eyes would have seen the fatal idiocy of the lie. "Crying out 'Nickalees No Espanier,' they rushed upon us, rending the few Cloathes from us that we had; they took all from my Wife, even tearing her Hair out, to get at the Lace, wherewith it was knotted." They were then dragged furiously into canoes and rowed to the village, being stoned and shot at as they went. The child was stripped, while one savage filled its mouth with sand.

But at that the chief's wife came quickly to Mary and protected her from the sight of all, and took the sand out of the child's mouth, entreating it very tenderly, whereon the mass of savages fell back, muttering and angry.

The same woman brought the poor naked lady to her wigwam, quieted her, found some raw deerskins, and showed her how to cover herself and the baby with them.

The tribe among which they now were had borne the famine for two years; their emaciated and hunger-bitten faces gave fiercer light to their gloomy, treacherous eyes. Their sole food was fish and palmetto-berries, both of which were scant. Nothing could have been more unwelcome than the advent of this crowd of whites,

bringing more hungry mouths to fill; and, indeed, there is little reason to doubt that the first intention was to put them all to death. But, after the second day, Dickenson relates that the chief "looked pleasantly upon my Wife and Child"; instead of the fish entrails and filthy water in which the fish had been cooked which had been given to the prisoners, he brought clams to Mary, and kneeling in the sand showed her how to roast them. The Indian women, too, carried off the baby, knowing that its mother had no milk for it, and handed it about from one to the other, putting away their own children that they might give it their food. At which the child, that, when it had been wrapped in fine flannel and embroidery had been always nigh to death, began to grow fat and rosy, to crow and laugh as it had never done before, and kick its little legs sturdily about under their bit of raw skin covering. Mother Nature had taken the child home, that was all, and was breathing new-lusty life into it, out of the bare ground and open sky, the sun and wind, and the breasts of these her children; but its father saw in the change only another inexplicable miracle of God. Nor does he seem to have seen that it was the child and its mother who had been a protection and shield to the whole crew and saved them through this their most perilous strait.

I feel as if I must stop here with the story half told. Dickenson's narrative, when I finished it, left behind it a fresh, sweet cheerfulness, as if one had been actually touching the living baby with its fair little body and milky breath; but if I were to try to reproduce the history of the famished men and women of the crew during the months that followed, I should but convey to you a dull and dreary horror.

You yourselves can imagine what the journey on foot along the bleak coast in winter, through tribe after tribe of hostile savages, must have been to delicately nurtured men and women, naked but for a piece of raw deerskin, and

utterly without food save for the few nauseous berries or offal rejected by the Indians. In their ignorance of the coast they wandered farther and farther out of their way into those morasses which an old writer calls "the refuge of all unclean birds and the breeding-fields of all reptiles." Once a tidal wave swept down into a vast marsh where they had built their fire, and air and ground slowly darkened with the swarming living creatures, whirring, creeping about them through the night, and uttering gloomy, dissonant cries. Many of these strange companions and some savages found their way to the hill of oyster-shells where the crew fled, and remained there for the two days and nights in which the flood lasted.

Our baby accepted all fellow-travelers cheerfully; made them welcome, indeed. Savage or slave or beast were his friends alike, his laugh and outstretched hands were ready for them all. The aged man, too, Dickenson tells us, remained hopeful and calm, even when the slow-coming touch of death had begun to chill and stiffen him, and in the presence of the cannibals assuring his companions cheerfully of his faith that they would yet reach home in safety. Even in that strange, forced halt, when Mary Dickenson could do nothing but stand still and watch the sea closing about them, creeping up and up like a visible death, the old man's prayers and the baby's laugh must have kept the thought of her far home very near and warm to her.

They escaped the sea to fall into worse dangers. Disease was added to starvation. One by one strong men dropped exhausted by the way, and were left unburied, while the others crept feebly on; stout Jonathan Dickenson taking as his charge the old man, now almost a helpless burden. Mary, who, underneath her gentle, timid ways, seems to have had a gallant heart in her little body, carried her baby to the last, until the milk in her breast was quite dried and her eyes

grew blind, and she too fell one day beside a poor negress who, with her unborn child, lay frozen and dead, saying that she was tired, and that the time had come for her too to go. Dickenson lifted her and struggled on.

The child was taken by the negroes and sailors. It makes a mother's heart ache even now to read how these coarse, famished men, often fighting like wild animals with each other, staggering under weakness and bodily pain, carried the heavy baby, never complaining of its weight, thinking, it may be, of some child of their own whom they would never see or touch again.

I can understand better the mystery of that Divine Childhood that was once in the world, when I hear how these poor slaves, unasked, gave of their dying strength to this child; how, in tribes through which no white man had ever travelled alive, it was passed from one savage mother to the other, tenderly handled, nursed at their breasts; how a gentler, kindlier spirit seemed to come from the presence of the baby and its mother to the crew; so that, while at first they had cursed and fought their way along, they grew at the last helpful and tender with each other, often going back, when to go back was death, for the comrade who dropped by the way, and bringing him on until they too lay down, and were at rest together.

It was through the baby that deliverance came to them at last. The story that a white woman and a beautiful child had been wandering all winter through the deadly swamps was carried from one tribe to another until it reached the Spanish fort at St. Augustine. One day therefore, when near their last extremity, they "saw a Perre-augoe approaching by sea filled with soldiers, bearing a letter signifying the governor of St. Augustine's great Care for our Preservation, of what Nation soever we were." The journey, however, had to be made on foot; and it was more than two weeks before Dickenson, the old man, Mary and the

child, and the last of the crew, reached St. Augustine.

"We came thereto," he says, "about two hours before Night, and were directed to the governor's house, where we were led up a pair of stairs, at the Head whereof stood the governor, who ordered my Wife to be conducted to his Wife's Apartment."

There is something in the picture of poor Mary, after her months of starvation and nakedness, coming into a lady's chamber again, "where was a Fire and Bath and Cloathes," which has a curious pathos in it to a woman.

Robert Barrow and Dickenson were given clothes, and a plentiful supper set before them.

St. Augustine was then a collection of a few old houses grouped about the fort; only a garrison, in fact, half supported by the king of Spain and half by the Church of Rome. Its three hundred male inhabitants were either soldiers or priests, dependent for supplies of money, clothing, or bread upon Havana; and as the famine had lasted for two years, and it was then three since a vessel had reached them from any place whatever, their poverty was extreme. They were all, too, the "false Catholicks and hireling Priests" whom, beyond all others, Dickenson distrusted and hated. Yet the grim Quaker's hand seems to tremble as he writes down the record of their exceeding kindness; of how they welcomed them, looking, as they did, like naked furious beasts, and cared for them as if they were their brothers. The governor of the fort clothed the crew warmly, and out of his own great penury fed them abundantly. He was a reserved and silent man, with a grave courtesy and odd gentle care for the woman and child that makes him quite real to us. Dickenson does not even give his name. Yet it is worth much to us to know that a brother of us all lived on that solitary Florida coast two centuries ago, whether he was pagan, Protestant, or priest.

When they had rested for some time, the governor furnished canoes and an

escort to take them to Carolina, — a costly outfit in those days, — whereupon Dickenson, stating that he was a man of substance, insisted upon returning some of the charges to which the governor and people had been put as soon as he reached Carolina. But the Spaniard smiled and refused the offer, saying whatever he did was done for God's sake. When the day came that they must go, "he walked down to see us embark, and taking our Farewel, he embraced some of us, and wished us well saying that *We should forget him when we got amongst our own nation*; and I also added that *If we forgot him, God would not forget him*, and thus we parted."

The mischievous boy, John Hilliard, was found to have hidden in the woods until the crew were gone, and remained ever after in the garrison with the grave Spaniards, with whom he was a favorite.

The voyage to Carolina occupied the month of December, being made in open canoes, which kept close to the shore, the crew disembarking and encamping each night. Dickenson tells with open-eyed wonder how the Spaniards kept their holiday of Christmas in the open boat and through a driving northeast storm; praying, and then tinkling a piece of iron for music and singing, and also begging gifts from the Indians, who begged from them in their turn; and what one gave to the other, that they gave back again. Our baby at least, let us hope, had Christmas feeling enough to understand the laughing and hymn-singing in the face of the storm.

At the lonely little hamlet of Charleston (a few farms cut out of the edge of the wilderness) the adventurers were received with eagerness; even the Spanish escort were exalted into heroes, and entertained and rewarded by the gentlemen of the town. Here too Dickenson and Kirle sent back generous gifts to the soldiers of St. Augustine, and a token of remembrance to their friend, the governor. After two months' halt, "on the eighteenth of

the first month, called March," they embarked for Pennsylvania, and on a bright cold morning in April came in sight of their new home of Philadelphia. The river was gay with a dozen sail, and as many brightly painted Indian pirogues darting here and there; a ledge of green banks rose from the water's edge dark with gigantic hemlocks, and pierced with the caves in which many of the settlers yet lived; while between the bank and the forest were one or two streets of mud-huts and of curious low stone houses sparkling with mica, among which broad-brimmed Friends went up and down.

The stern Quaker had come to his own life and to his own people again; the very sun had a familiar home look for the first time in his journey. We can believe that he rejoiced in his own solid, enduring way; gave thanks that he had escaped the judgments of God, and closed his righteous gates thereafter on aught that was alien or savage.

The aged man rejoiced in a different way; for being carried carefully to the shore by many friends, they knowing that he was soon to leave them, he put out his hand, ready to embrace them in much love, and in a tender frame of spirit, saying gladly that the Lord had answered his desire, and brought him home to lay his bones among them. From the windows of the dusky library, I can see the spot now, where, after his long journey, he rested for a happy day or two, looking upon the dear familiar faces and wav-

ing trees and the sunny April sky, and then gladly and cheerfully bade them farewell and went onward.

Mary had come at last to the pleasant home that had been waiting so long for her, and there, no doubt, she nursed her baby, and clothed him in soft fooleries again, and, let us hope, out of the fulness of her soul, not only prayed, but, Quaker as she was, sang idle joyous songs, when her husband was out of hearing.

But the baby, who knew nothing of the judgments or mercy of God, and who could neither pray nor sing, only had learned in these desperate straits to grow strong and happy in the touch of sun and wind, and to hold out its arms to friend or foe, slave or savage, sure of a welcome, and so came closer to God than any of them all.

Jonathan Dickenson became a power in the new principality; there are vague traditions of his strict rule as mayor, his stately equipages and vast estates. No doubt, if I chose to search among the old musty records, I could find the history of his son. But I do not choose; I will not believe that he ever grew to be a man, or died.

He will always be to us simply a baby; a live, laughing baby, sent by his Master to the desolate places of the earth with the old message of Divine love and universal brotherhood to his children; and I like to believe too, that as he lay in the arms of his savage foster-mothers, taking life from their life, Christ so took him into his own arms and blessed him.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

THE morn is softly beautiful and still,
 Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold and gray
 Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
 Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
 Uprise, as mute and motionless as they!

Yea! mute and moveless; not one flickering spray
 Flashed into sunlight, nor a gaunt bough stirred;
 Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines to stray,
 We catch a faint thin murmur far away,
 A bodiless voice, by grosser ears unheard.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
 Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furled,
 Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
 Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
 From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah, can it be the antique tales are true?
 Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
 Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
 And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
 That strange, unearthly music of despair?

Or, can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
 And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
 Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
 Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
 Yearns for the sharp sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
 Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
 All woodland sounds — the pheasant's gusty drum,
 The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum —
 Scarce heard for that weird, sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowséd sense, from deep to deep
 Of spiritual life, its mournful minor flows,
 Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
 Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
 Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose!

Paul H. Hayne.

BARBARA'S DUTY.

ON a corner of the village street smirked the smart little white frame-house of Dr. Davidson, a house to look at twice. It was built in the Grecian style, — a style to make the old Athenian architects wince in their sepulchres. It had its porch supported by alternate square and round pillars, and its pediment adorned with the finest devices of H. Billings, carpenter. In that pretentious small abode dwelt the least pretentious man in Churchill, Dr. Davidson, dentist, and his wife and their six children, the eldest of whom was Barbara.

She, Barbara, was standing, toward the close of an autumn day, in the centre of the best room of the house, a room in which taste was continually at work checking the forwardness of poverty, and rebuking the inroads of time, when her brother entered, and crossing the floor with three strides sat down at the piano, and, laying his hands noiselessly on the keys, looked at her. The mood of the moment it appeared was quite too strong for her. She seemed not to have noticed his entrance, and was not under the least apprehension, as usually she was, that his assaults on the instrument would require the services of a tuner on the morrow. As if to avoid the necessity of looking at or speaking to him, she walked to the window and gazed outward on the street.

What did she see? Familiar objects which she had looked at ever since she was born. Opposite, the white frame-church with its square tower built in Gothic style, — Goth looking down on Greek! Next it the parsonage; and then, white houses, yards, and trees, with here and there a trace of summer's bloom. A prospect pleasant, chiefly because of its peaceful signs of neighbors, friendship, and good-will. How many people crazed with city toils, chagrins, and noises would have hailed

the sign of final escape into such a street and neighborhood! Barbara looking forth over the scene sighed with deep dissatisfaction. There must be many mansions, if at last all are to feel at home.

While she stood and gazed at the lowly-minded brown sparrows and the serene doves pecking on the sidewalk, the youth at the piano felt moved to break the silence. He did so with a kind of violence.

"Don't you see you can't take and polish 'em as you would a lot of tin pans! Where would be the good of brightening up the outside only? They're live things," said he.

"That's just it!" she answered in a low voice, half turning toward him. "Assimilation and growth are just what confound me. I can't live a hundred years, Dick, to see whether the aloe will bloom or not, after all my pains. And I don't want to die without the sight."

"Jupiter Olympicus! will you go crazy over those trundle-bed folks? They'll never thank you."

"O Dick, don't talk! If I only knew *anything*! I am so disappointed! But I can be honest: I have just proved that to myself. I have sent Jane Spingler to Professor Jay. He can teach her thorough-bass, and she ought to learn it."

The eyes which it had seemed just now might fill with tears in a moment brightened here, and an expression half triumphant appeared on Barbara's face. As she kept that face resolutely toward the window, however, perhaps for this very reason that Dick might not witness her varying emotions, he had only his ear to guide him in reply, — his ear and his boy-spirit.

"What did I tell you ages ago!" he exclaimed. "You would teach, in spite of everybody."

"Has mother ever objected? or father?"

"Poor father and mother know how little would be gained by talking."

"Perhaps they feel there's a need of helpers in this house."

At this remark, dryly uttered, Master Dick, just seventeen, three years younger than his sister Barbara, and a great deal wiser than Solon, turned toward the front window also to look out on the narrow street, which induced her suddenly to take up a tattered sheet of music and bestow upon it her serious attention. Then he sighed inwardly, impatiently, as she.

O, for a man's work and a man's salary! he thought. The few dollars for which Barbara was exchanging her time and her life, how pitiful, how disgusting! Everything, in fact, was in these days disgusting to the eager young red-head. He had the utmost admiration for his sister, and that her life should be annoyed, her conscience afflicted by duties and her own shortcoming in performing them, troubled his affectionate, proud heart. He knew what it must have cost her to give up her best pupil, and he weakly wished that Jane Spingler had "hung on," in spite of Barbara's conscience. He could see, though, that Barbara had done the honorable thing. And that was the worst of it; in every dispute he perceived that the ground she took was the ground that must be taken. He knew that with six children in a house to be fed and clothed, and four of them yet to be educated, there was need of help from some quarter; and since those two young dentists had come to Churchill, bringing with them all modern improvements in their art to set young people agog, the father's income could not be expected to increase. Barbara had done the thing she must do when she began to teach the little she had learned in music. But it would be a long time before poor Dick would grow into the strength which generously acquiesces when, with all its valor, it is not able to overcome.

Standing by the window and watching the leaves borne past on clouds of

dust, ignominiously yielding to the fate which had overtaken them at last after the long summer's pride and beauty, the youth suddenly recollected the letter in his pocket.

"Oh!" he said, "you have had a fortune left you, I guess; here is something for you."

"From old Uncle Joshua!" said Barbara at once; and she looked at the seal as if Destiny might really be concealed within.

"If he wants you at the Mills, you'll go, of course," said Dick. "You will feel that you have a call, and we will fit you out and send you as a missionary. Then you will have done with this beastly whim of teaching."

"If anybody wants me anywhere," began Barbara, speaking very quickly; then she checked herself, and Dick was satisfied because she looked a little less like grief and a good deal more like indignation. Anything but the sign of sorrow or of sad perplexity upon his sister's handsome face.

Destiny, perchance, was in the letter. The contents were at least serious enough to demand a family consultation; and the result of the consultation was a decision on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Davidson that their eldest daughter must give up her school and music teaching, and go forthwith to the Mills. Aunt Araminta, the wife of Uncle Joshua, the miller, had suddenly fallen into a feeble state of mind and body, and required a housekeeper, companion, nurse; and in the circle of family relations there was no one beside Barbara who could be called to serve in either capacity.

The decision arrived at, this elect young woman was within a week on her way to Altman's Mills. O, the mountain of honor which she had aspired to climb! O, the valley of obscurity into which she was descending! Yet her mood on the whole was joyful. She was going to earn her living, and no pretences were required. She could perform the work which she engaged to

do. How many times she went over the programme which common sense, aided slightly by imagination, laid out for her, I will not attempt to say. She was to keep her uncle's house in order; see that the wheels of domestic economy rolled easily, and that the clock of comfort never ran down. Other and more sorrowful and trying duties might be linked with these, but she would stand on the solid foundation of a willing heart. "I have had my call," she said, and she strengthened herself thinking of Abram who went forth from Chaldea. She had a pleasant journey, on the whole, though it was made alone. The country which she passed through was the baldest, brownest, loneliest east of the great plains, and winter was too evidently coming on; but all the way she was thinking, "I shall do my duty, I shall solve the problem. I am twenty years old. If I were father's son instead of father's daughter, I should have a trade by this time, and they would look to me for help and lean on me. But never mind, as Dick says, I am going now on a mission, and I did not seek it for myself. I will let myself be led till I can see an inch before me."

So she journeyed toward the Mills, and at the close of day found her uncle's nephew, Joseph Altman, waiting for her at the station; and her courage on arriving was in kind at least like that of Christopher Columbus when he saw floating on the ocean a token from the land.

Joseph had driven to the Kill to meet her; and when she stepped from the car, he knew that she had arrived, because no other passenger walked across the platform; but he made the circuit of the station office twice, and surveyed her trunk with doubting eyes, before he ventured to present himself and answer her question whether any one had inquired for Miss Davidson. So there were persons, it appeared, to whom the coming was of consequence, as well as the arrival.

When Joseph had answered Barbara's first question, and told her that Aunt Araminta was expecting her, she

felt that the right woman might be in the right place at last; and still more clear was her conviction when she stepped from the old buggy and entered the old stone house, and looked at the old people; and in the fulness of her secret satisfaction, she thanked God that he had done for her that which would have sent hundreds of girls to water a sleepless pillow with streams of homesick tears.

So alive, so in earnest was she, that she proved nearly incapable of bungling in the home to which she had been called. She had come to do what her relations needed to have done; above all what they wanted to have done, to please them and to serve them.

"Don't dictate; they're old, they'll want things their own way," her mother had said when summing up the parting instructions. "Araminta always was particular, and you could no more change Uncle Joshua than a weathercock could change the wind."

"If I find the house upside down, may I turn it right side up?" Barbara had inquired.

"Not unless they ask you to do it, child. It is their house, and they're old people. Be modest, Barbara, and be patient. I know that I can trust you."

Barbara meditated on this counsel and encouragement to such good purpose, that having acted on it for a week or two she was rewarded by seeing the anxiety which had fretted the pale face of the old woman removed from among the furrows. The great grief of the miller's wife, in the days when the grasshopper became a burden to her, had been that strange hands must now be laid upon her household treasures, strange eyes overlook the riches of her closets and her chests, strange feet walk about her milk-room. Full forty years she had reigned in her kitchen: must pots and pans now know another ruler? Barbara was in the house, but hardly with her aunt's consent. It was not till she had actually fallen down the cellar-stairs in a fainting fit, that the poor old woman had yielded. And

how exceeding hard she found it to cease from work and wait for death ! Yet to have escaped this pang do you think she would have had her recollections of home-life limited to private rooms in a public boarding-house ?

Barbara was in the house indeed, and not merely to be looked at ; as time passed on, how shocked Dick would have been, and Barbara's best pupil, who wrote her such impassioned notes week after week, could they have beheld her in the occupation of her new sphere, an upper and an under-servant in her uncle's family, having nobody to confer with in her manifold perplexities except the " Altman boys."

Such service as she rendered was in fact not to be shirked. Domestic service in the neighborhood was considered in the highest degree derogatory to the respectability of the free-born American (*citizen* was going to get itself written down there unawares !). So successfully had the sewing-machine wooed the ready-handed daughters of the Flats, that in all the country round not a girl was to be discovered who would " undertake to do housework" at the Mills.

So there was the washing and ironing, the baking and cooking, to be done, and sharp-eyed criticism in the persons of three men to behold the doing. It is not a little to say that Barbara acquitted herself day after day to the admiration of beholders ; for old Altman had his female pedigree with their achievements at his memory's end, and Joseph Altman and Bartholomew Bright were, thanks to Aunt Araminta's training, both critics in their way.

But do not imagine that Barbara stepped easily and with perfect satisfaction into the place she had come to fill, when she perceived its dimensions. When she found what was expected of her, and what she must do if she remained at the Mills, Barbara conferred with herself, according to her custom, and decided that to turn from the plough on which she had laid her hand, merely because the furrows were rough,

would be disgraceful and impossible. " I did not bring myself here," she said. " It's lonesome, and there is n't a thing as I expected to find it. But I shall earn my living, and I came because I was wanted." And she fortified herself by thinking that all the sages from Buddha to Beecher have declared that it is n't work, but worry, which kills all creation.

So the days came and went ; autumn ended, winter set in. Commendation far and near smiled upon our exile. Winter had no terrors for her, and he blessed her in departing. By and by came March ; and April, smiling on his bluster, soothed earth into serenity. In May a grave was made in the field, shadowed by elm-trees whose branches drooped, one way, over the waters which turned the miller's mill-wheel. Yes, Araminta lived through the autumn and the winter and into the last of the spring months, and now, in blissful June, Barbara had been saying over and over, thirty times at least, as the clock struck seven in the morning, " Just at this moment Aunty breathed her last," and had felt again the awe of the moment when the silence was broken by a low surprising cry from Joseph, and the miller's solemn, " Is it all over with Araminty ? Dear ! dear !"

And for thirty days, at least, she had been asking of herself, " Shall I now go back to Churchill ?"

For the service she had come to render at the Mills was rendered and well rendered, her exacting conscience told her. She had soothed and comforted a poor sick soul on its passage from the earth, and might she not now return to her father's house, to her old friends, to the pleasant yards and gardens, the young folks and the music, of Churchill ?

Uncle Altman, it was true, seemed to be like a lost child on her hands ; but could any one expect that, for his sake, Barbara would consent to dwell in banishment and servitude, as, without the sufficient explanation of dying Araminta, her own blood relation, in view, her life at the Mills must be regarded ?

Here were "the boys," Joseph and Bartholomew; but Joseph certainly stood in need of none of the ordinary sources of human comfort; he could at any moment take up the world on his back and go out in search of other conditions of existence. No sentimental compunctions would ever interfere with the conduct of his life. As to Bartholomew, of whom nobody seemed to take thought, she had certainly no call to consider whether she might be useful to him. Should she, then, go back to Churchill? Thirty times at least, as I said, the question had come back to Barbara. She was now beginning to feel, with a sense of injury sustained, that the home people ought to decide the question for her. If she had duties, had not they? Why did they not insist on her coming, instead of saying, as her mother had said in the letter lying in her work-basket a week old now, "If you think that you are necessary to poor Uncle's comfort in his loneliness, dear child, we do not object to your staying with him through the summer, as you say that you feel you must."

She did, of course, see that she must; but then—but then! O, if well-disposed mortals could but widen their sphere and control all circumstances, what a noble exhibit they would make! Is it true that the race of marble gods and heroes is in no wise to be confounded with the race of men that produced them? Must the kingdom of heaven still be taken by violence, Barbara?

At the close of a sultry afternoon on the first of June, she sat in the newly whitewashed sitting-room, thinking her one tiresome, perplexing thought, and moreover of the "boys."

The boys somehow compelled her to take thought of them. If Joseph was not a tyrant, it was because out of his elements early training could not develop one; and if Bartholomew was not an underling, it was for the reason that Nature would not permit him to become one. Barbara did not see that

Joseph was a tyrant, perhaps, but that he was "born to rule"; Bartholomew, to her observation, did not come under the servile distinction, possibly, but could she help perceiving that if really "crazy on wheels," as Joseph said and all admitted, the worst place for him was the miller's house. For there was perpetual antagonism between the young men, and it had perpetual display; and in every time of conflict the old man kept close to the wall.

Yet why should this antagonism disturb her? Was this one of the burdens of human nature which the spectator is not merely to behold, but to lift up and bear also on his own shoulders? Had she a call to become here in her uncle's house a peacemaker between two lives, neither of which a year ago could have found excuse to hope for a moment's notice of her? What good would be accomplished, though she kept on saying forever, "Poor Bartholomew"? Poor Bartholomew! Was there really anything to pity? If he did not like the service in which he was engaged, had he not the manliness to leave it? What though Uncle Joshua did rely upon him for the steady performance of duties, his own and also those that Joseph neglected; he was not a bond servant, he was of age, he could choose another employer if he wished to do so. Indeed, was it not his duty to look for another? Barbara had often pondered this question with others, and she now began to see that she might hint to Joseph that possibly the misunderstanding between him and Bartholomew might some day lead to Bartholomew's departure. Her utmost duty in this direction would then certainly be performed. But it almost took her breath away to think of it. Why? Because Joseph was Joseph. Then she was afraid of him? Barbara afraid of Joseph!

The little room in which she sat thinking was a model in its way. It had its corner cupboards, and its high mantle painted blue, its fire-board covered with pretty flowered paper like that on the best room walls, and its

handsome striped carpet woven by the hands now folded in their rest. The little square window, opened wide on its hinges, revealed the thickness of the wall of the miller's "stun house," and suggested the summer coolness and winter warmth there which were Mr. Altman's boast whenever the new house, Araminta's unfulfilled dream, was talked about. By that window Barbara sat; through it came the odors of dear old-fashioned flowers; and with the odors seemed to come the blended hues of clematis and morning-glories, white, purple, pink, and blue. The question revolving in her mind was still revolving when, suddenly looking up from her work, Barbara saw Bartholomew approaching the house. To give him an instant's pleasure she called to him to break a spray of morning-glory vine for her, and stretched her hand through the window to take it.

He smiled as he complied with her wish, laid the vine-branch in her hand, called her attention to the fact that it was covered with buds which would have opened in the morning, and went his way.

A few minutes passed, and there was a sound of voices in the yard and near the window. Barbara looked up again and saw Joseph and Bartholomew together outside. Master and man? Not quite. Master and master, perhaps. Barbara looked twice, and thought she understood why, when she first came to the house, she had felt an insecurity, a disturbance, which went deeper seeking its cause than the not well-understood duties, and the fact that a dying woman was in her care.

Was it a pitiful thought for the poor flowers cheated of their day that made her go to the shut-up parlor and bring thence the pretty china vase for which Aunt Araminta had exchanged Uncle Joshua's great-coat three years ago? Surely then she should not have been followed from the darkened room, which was to her as Aunt Araminta's tomb, by an accusing phantom!

When Bartholomew came in to tea he saw the vine-branch in the centre

of the table, saw the china vase, and recognized it as one of Aunt Araminta's treasures. So did Joseph; so did the miller. Did Barbara suddenly become conscious that they were all thinking thoughts as her eyes ran round the little circle, and she saw what looked like a shadow on the brown face of giant Joseph, and an unmistakable smile in the pleasant gray eyes of Bartholomew, and the softening light of a tender memory diffusing itself over the old visage, the gray hairs, and the wrinkles of Miller Altman? Possibly, for she began to talk, and soon had drawn mankind to the consideration of this agitating question, What were the garden's prospects as long as the hens and chickens were at liberty to go over and under and between the pickets at any hour of the day?

After tea, when her quick feet and nimble fingers had disposed of the tea things and she sat again by the window and resumed the family mending, — for it was Friday and the week's washing had been delayed by rains, and industrious hands alone could accomplish the accustomed work by Saturday, — she was all at once seized by an impulse that made her drop her work and hasten from the house. She had heard an irresistible summons, — there was nothing supernatural in it, — the voice of the red light, equal to Alpglow for color, on the wall opposite to her. Time enough, it said, for patching and darning when those lovely tints shall all have perished from the sky, and fields and woods have retired into darkness.

Though it was not an attractive region in which Mr. Altman's house stood, it had attractive points — to those who could see them. The swift little race on whose banks the mill was built was richly adorned with lily pads above the dam, and, in the season, with beautiful white lilies; and there were willows below, whose branches touched the waters and were swayed by the swift current, and this

made them look as if, were it possible, they would be gay and lively.

Then there was no end of ferns along the shady banks. Barbara knew the path by the stream well; she had often walked in it, and Nature and she were on the friendliest terms. Going forth from the house now, it was to see her friend in her glory, and the act showed her courteous spirit. But could she find anywhere, in field or wood, a key to old Sphynx Duty's secret?

She was walking down the lane, when Bartholomew appeared in the door of the mill. She saw him looking up at the warm blue sky, covered in the west with soft bright pink cloudlets, and in the north and south sustained as it were by pillars of fire; and, before he observed her, she said, "How divine it can be, even here!"

At that Bartholomew looked down.

"You have a poor opinion of us," he said. "We have only the sky and the meadows, but I thought Nature was able to hold her own anywhere."

A little surprised by the remark, Barbara answered, "That may be. She makes me feel, though, that I have very little regard for her, sometimes."

"Is that when you shut yourself in the back room and give yourself up to mending old clothes? I wonder you can stand it!"

"You do not understand me. When I think of the Peaks all down with fever and ague just because they came into the country to make her acquaintance, that sets me wondering whether Nature is just and kind."

"Peak should have known better than to build in a swamp. I might as well take a ride on the mill-wheel in order to learn the action."

Do not suppose that Bartholomew used this illustration because it was handiest. No; he wanted, had long wanted, to talk to Barbara about WHEELS, about *his* wheel, and he had nearly despaired of an opportunity.

The way she answered him brought such a glow into his face that he looked verily transfigured.

"I want to hear about that wonderful piece of work of yours," said she. "You and Joseph have jested about it so often, that I begin to think there is nothing in it."

What humiliations were buried deep as Herculeaneum by these words! She had not, then, heard and seen the insults; she had taken all the sharp-shooting, cross-firing, tripping up and knocking down which, figuratively speaking, had occurred in the skirmishes between himself and Joseph, merely for jesting!

"I can't tell you all I think is in it," said he. "It would 'nt be very wise."

"Why not?"

"I may be mistaken."

"Let us take it for granted that you 're not," she said, and the speech ran through him like an electric spark, as if "Your time has come!" had flashed through every nerve and fibre of his being.

"Wait till you see it doing the work of half a dozen!" said he, his eyes as bright as they were in the days when he first took to his heart the hope that was now the sole joy of his life.

"Shall I see it here?" she asked. "Do you think you will find it *here*?"

There was that in the question that invited Bartholomew's confidence. What he had longed to say for weeks, and what he had restrained himself from saying, was now said. "I want success here, if anywhere on earth. Why have I stayed so long, if not for that?"

He had now stepped down from the door of the mill, and they were walking slowly up the lane.

"Uncle is a magnet strong enough to keep us all here, it seems to me," said Barbara.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Altman," returned Bartholomew; "but I have served him as I would not serve another man. And she was like a mother to me, if I was not as a son to her. But these things perhaps could not keep me, if it was n't for the wheel. I think so. I am *afraid* so."

"Tell me about the wheel. I am so glad there is something in it."

"All my life is in it!" So the inmost truth escaped him!

"Why, then I am delighted! You must set it up and let all the neighborhood see it work. This very summer! What reason can there be for waiting?"

When Barbara had said this, she was aware that she had pronounced a decree, and that she had spoken the first word of good cheer to which Bartholomew had ever been able to respond with all his soul. How did she know it? Who is it that asks the explanation?

But he answered gravely, though with not a trace left of his usual dependence either in voice or countenance, "It will cost money, and I have not laid by enough yet. It is slow work, getting ready."

There was something in his way of saying this that excited in Barbara a feeling not unlike anger. It was not in this way that poor Dick or Joseph would have spoken, even of any unimportant purpose they had formed. Did she like Joseph's way better? There was certainly nothing like Uriah Heep's humility in Bartholomew's careful estimate of his faculties and himself; the modest statement of the fact was as unlike self-depreciation basely proposing to creep into the place of power, as it was unlike Joseph's defiant demand for the thing he coveted or desired. After a thoughtful pause, out of the sacred treasure-house of stillness came this kind of inspired speech, "Uncle has money."

"A man don't like to run the risk of losing it for him, though."

To the ends of the brown locks which fringed the old straw hat he wore, Bartholomew seemed to be glorified when he had made this honest answer.

Barbara reflected again and said, "Ought there to be any risk?"

"Perhaps not." When he had said this, Bartholomew in turn was still. Only for a moment; he continued in a

way that showed the activity with which his mind was working: "You are quite right. There ought not to be any risk. I thought that I was patient. I must learn to be."

"Do you know," said Barbara, "I like to hear you say that! I really believe in you."

"God bless you!"

"I shall tell Uncle and Joseph what I think about it."

"I believed you would work wonders when you came here. That old mill first gave me something to hope for; that is the reason why I love this country which seems so poor to you."

Barbara turned and looked at the mill, above which the full moon was rising; she gazed as if the old red frame-building had not stared her in the face these six months, morning, noon, and night. Was it, too, transfigured? — by the moonlight?

"The country does not seem so poor to me," said she, her voice full of apology.

"The old things are all dear to me," he said. "It won't do for me to turn my back on this country till I've shown I was worth raising."

"O, can anybody show that!" exclaimed Barbara, laughing. "But then it may be worth while to try."

At this Bartholomew looked at her with not a little wonder. Did he understand her aright? Was it true that anybody besides himself felt dissatisfied with life, and knew what it was to be discouraged out of effort? And if he did understand her, was this fact one to kindle the warm flame that shot up from his heart and gave light to all that was in his dwelling? No wonder, perhaps, exceeds this, that in a moment, by a word, one may become possessed of the life of another to do with it whatsoever he will. If Bartholomew felt just now a power of will unknown to him before, it was because he felt that Barbara might do with him as it pleased her.

Uncle Joshua, returning from the

store where the daily mail was received, now approached them; and she went back to the house to light the lamp for him, and he sat down according to his nightly custom to read the morning paper, and, moreover, to consider seriously what had been suggested to him when he saw the young people in the lane.

For this old man, remarkable for foresight, was accustomed to consider seriously whatever passed before his eyes, and, even when Joseph interfered with his action, to do his own thinking.

And so, when he found Barbara walking with Bartholomew in the lane by moonlight, he felt compelled to say to Joseph that very evening, "If you mean to set up for yourself, sir, you will never find anybody likelier than Barbara to make as good a wife as my poor wife made me."

Joseph hesitated in making an answer; finally he said, "Perhaps so." Not that a doubt lingered in his mind as to the truth of the remark or the force of the suggestion, but a hint as to the conduct he might best pursue was the last thing he desired. It did not now occur to him that it would be kindly to say to the old man what would have expressed a true state of things, "I have seen it this long time, father."

"If you'll take my advice," the miller added, in spite of the slight encouragement he had received, "don't lose any time."

To avoid further instructions, Joseph now left the room. And the old man, with a sigh which would have surprised himself, had he heard it, turned again to his newspaper.

But though Joseph went beyond the sound of the miller's voice, he carried with him the thoughts which Altman had expressed in his hearing, and that emphatic glance over his spectacles which the old man had given him when he bade him lose no time.

Joseph had understood the significance of like glances on other occasions. There was something definite

in the old man's thoughts,—a real rival, must not one suppose?

But what rival could that neighborhood produce? There was only Bartholomew,—and Bartholomew! It was an interesting theme, though, for a moment's speculation, the process that would be best adapted to the restoration of Bart to his senses, if it should happen that his dreaming habit ran in this direction the length of insanity. In this game of Who Wins? with an imaginary opponent, Joseph was capable of feelings which probably he would have hesitated to demonstrate by deeds. But perhaps not.

After a little excitement, which was by no means disagreeable to him, Joseph called himself to order and perceived that it was only the old man's cautious way of speaking and acting which had warned him against loss of time. With him always the thing to be done must be done at once.

Still the doubt, though he would not harbor it, gave Joseph a restless night. Morning, however, found him saying to himself that he was rich and Barbara was poor, and he could do as he pleased. Mr. Altman would give him a deed of the mill property to-morrow, if he asked it; and she was in a sense dependent. In the new house which he would build, his wife would be more at home than she could be, or ought to be, in the old stone dwelling. And she should have servants who could execute the orders she knew so well how to give, even if he were compelled to import them. Barbara was a lady, good-tempered, and handsome. She had only to say "Yes." He would speak to her to-morrow.

And as he looked at himself in the glass, why should Joseph doubt? He had the aspect of a commander. His voice and behavior corresponded with his seventy-five inches. What could not Barbara make of such an abundance of raw material? A gentleman perhaps. If ever there was mission-ground for a soul in quest of a mission, did not these waste-places furnish it?

The next day after the miller had spoken to him, Joseph said to Barbara, choosing an hour when she was alone in the house, and busy enough, for it was her baking-day, "I have been thinking that we shall never know how to get along here without you, Barbara. And I for one have made up my mind not to try it." That was the way he began; if a fellow wants a thing, why, let him take it.

But when he had gone so far as to declare his intentions, he unexpectedly met a difficulty, — Barbara herself, looking at him quietly and saying, "It is n't to be expected that you will live out your life at the Mills, Joseph. So I shall have very little to do with it."

"You are mistaken," said he. "I have often spoken about going to some other place, but, of course, there is no place for me except the Mills while father lives; and I do not intend to go away. I would not wish to go as long as you are here; and I mean to keep you always!"

"You are too kind," said Barbara. "But do you see how busy I am? Please go away. I have n't time to think or talk."

"You are never anything else but busy; I have to take you as I can find you. Take me the same! I am none too good — but — things can't stay here as they are, always."

"No; there may be an earthquake," answered she; and if Joseph wished her to consider gravely the words he had spoken, she certainly was looking gravely enough. Her brain had, in fact, served her like a traitor at this important moment. Trying to grasp at this conclusion, "Go your way and I will go mine," she found all her powers of thought and of will shaken as in a kaleidoscope, and lo! presented before her for consideration were Dick and all the children, her father and mother, and the decay of old-fashioned dentistry in Churchill!

"It is not the fair way to answer a man," said Joseph, after a brief pause, doubting whether he understood the force of the earthquake suggestion, and

half offended. "I don't know how to talk with you about it, but I wish I could make you see that you might be happy as my wife, here at the Mills." Then he gathered courage and spoke in a way not suggestive of diffidence, or fear of his intentions with regard to the new house and the new mill. It should never be asked of his wife, he said, to spend her days in such labors as had kept his mother in the kitchen and cellar, year in, year out, all her life. He knew that Barbara had not been accustomed to that way of living until she came to their house, and he did n't feel it was right to allow her to keep on. He had already gone up and down the country in search of help, in vain, but he did not intend to stop looking till he found what was needed.

"Why," said Barbara, when he stopped speaking, "as to what I am doing to make Uncle comfortable, I don't consider it anything. Don't trouble yourself further. I had no idea you were disturbed about it."

"You are not going to keep on here as our servant," said he; "I won't permit it."

"I have never thought of myself in that light," returned Barbara. "I am staying for Uncle's sake. Please to see that, Joseph. When I ask for wages, it will be time to talk about service."

Poor Joseph now sat down at his wits' end. What could he say to conclude this business as he had decided it must be concluded. The fact was, if he could have seen it, he stood on vantage-ground, and had powerful invisible advocates. If persuasion had ever learned to sit upon his tongue! But as he saw it, command was his best argument, and surrender her best wisdom.

After he had sat silent awhile he arose and left the room; going out he stopped a moment and looked at Barbara. He did not speak. She did not lift her eyes; but as he went his ways, he began to persuade himself that, if he could have spoken, he would not have been answered unkindly.

This conviction grew upon him ; and the suspicion that he had acted the part of a lover in a contemptible manner urged him to say to her the next afternoon, with not the least humbleness of manner, "Have you forgotten what I tried to tell you yesterday?"

There was no need that she should answer the question. It was very evident that what he had said had not, during a single waking moment, ceased to occupy one of Barbara's thoughts.

"Can't you give an answer yet?" he said, aware now of a cowardly hope that she would not, because all at once he felt afraid to hear what she might say. So his pride came toppling down.

"Did I not answer you, Joseph?" she asked.

"No." Did she really waver? He thought there was a tone in her voice that not even his hope was waiting to hear!

"Did you suppose that I could be so foolish as not to know my own mind? That is just my difficulty."

"You have only to say yes," urged Joseph, "and then stand by your word. No matter about your mind."

"It looks easy enough," said Barbara, with a troubled smile. "You have only to shut your eyes and jump!"

"Then do it!"

"No, no, you deserve better treatment. I had to give up music-teaching; I had made up my mind to that, though. There don't seem to be anything gained by thinking, or letting it alone, does there? But when I give you an answer, it ought to be the one I can stand by forever."

"That's what I expect," said Joseph; and now he did not fear, or quake, or hesitate; he was himself again. It was clear though that he must wait for his answer; so he went to the mill, and all the afternoon, and until it became too dark there to move about without danger of stumbling over bags and barrels, he kept quietly at work; Bartholomew, meantime, was

busy in the loft above, whistling and singing and doing good execution, evidently, under the influence of his brisk accompaniments. These cheerful sounds at length began to irritate Joseph, and he went down into the yard and asked himself what would happen, probably, if it should appear that Bartholomew was his rival and the real hinderance to Barbara's decision.

Who then so happy as he when on going into the house Barbara met him with these words, "I hope you will never have reason to repent what you have asked of me, Joseph."

"I will look out for that," he answered, quite satisfied with the exhibition of good sense she had now made. So here was a man who, not by the grace of God, neither by the grace of nature, but, according to his own thinking, by his own will, had won to himself a girl who—but this was not in his thought—must henceforth all her life be seeking changes of costume wherein Duty should successfully personify Love.

Barbara had been thinking, and to the point, as usual. She had taken cognizance of her mission. What was her life worth to the world, that is, to her own family and to Joseph? "There is something I can do for him," she had concluded with regard to the latter. "He must prove a blessing to all the neighborhood. There is enough of him for that."

It was therefore comparatively easy for her to meet Joseph with a smile and say to him the words which she instantly perceived he had expected to hear!

It was now, of course, an easy thing for Joseph to patronize Bartholomew. At the tea-table he manifested a revived interest in mill-wheels, and asked Bart what he was doing now. The question took Bartholomew so by surprise, that, instead of answering, he looked at Barbara. Had she been pleading his cause? and with Joseph! Seeing only a pleased smile on her

face, and that smile directed not towards himself, he answered that the wheel had n't taken a new turn lately that he knew of.

"You must talk to father about it, for it seems to me there is something in it; and we shall begin on the new mill, say this season. Eh, father? why not next month?"

"Maybe so," answered the old man, well pleased, like Barbara, to hear Joseph taking this new turn. "We have had many talks about the wheel, Barty and I have. How is it, Barty? shall we run the risk?"

"Not yet," said Bartholomew, speaking with less enthusiasm than one might have expected, since never had opportunity like this offered for pushing his invention into a place where it could make an unobstructed revolution. He had long held the opinion that if Joseph had chosen to do so he could have made Mr. Altman see the force of the reasoning on which his wheel was constructed. But how was he to account for the sudden change from indifference to interest which Joseph manifested? On the answer to that question depended the satisfaction he could feel.

Later in the evening, when he found himself alone with the miller and going over the ground of his work, he heard Joseph invite Barbara to ride to the village with him. They were standing in the porch watching the moon rise. Would Barbara go with Joseph? Why should she not? Yet when she was gone, Bartholomew lost so entirely his interest in mill-wheels, that his listener found it almost impossible to keep him to the point.

"You are going to be successful," said Barbara to him the next day. "Anybody might predict it now."

"Did you say anything about the wheel to Joseph?" he asked, hesitating, and so coldly that her enthusiasm might easily have felt the chill.

"Not I. It surprised me when he began to talk about it. But I suppose among friends it ought not to be sur-

prising that thoughts become contagious."

"I did not suppose Joseph could come near enough to guess my thoughts — or — yours."

"Now you surprise me. I would n't like to think with you. I don't believe that you understand each other; and it is high time you should."

"Then explain him to me, Miss Barbara."

Miss Barbara reflected. Was not this work of the peacemaker also pertaining to her mission? At last she said, "If he understood you better, Bartholomew, you would not find it so difficult to understand him. He is more in the wrong than you are. Joseph is a great stone quarry. There is enough of it to make a temple finer than Solomon's."

For an instant these words made the young man marvel. The next he began to doubt what Barbara might mean by them. They were not spoken in the spirit of joyful prediction, but as if with the determination to set the truth before herself.

"Why do you say this to me?" he asked.

"Because, Bartholomew, — because I want you to help me make him see that he is not just — to you."

A flood of light broke in upon Bartholomew. "There is a surer road to peace between him and me. You said this was not the place for me; you saw the truth," he said. "It was getting to be intolerable before you came. I see. I will go away. I must go. There's no other way."

"I do not think that would be wise," answered Barbara with a deliberation which was not resorted to for his sake, but was expressive of the slowness with which her mind now acted. "You will succeed with your wheel here, and nobody needs you anywhere as much as Joseph does."

"He!"

"He needs you more than I will say; but neither of you would agree with me. So I will keep my reasons to myself."

"Knowing exactly how it is with me, you would advise me to think only of a fellow who has never cared for anybody except himself!"

Barbara hesitated.

"You have your reputation to look after in the neighborhood," she said finally, half expostulating, half entreating. "You told me that yourself, you recollect."

A gleam of light came into the eyes which had turned upon her hopelessly.

"I ought to let them see they laughed too soon," he exclaimed, "but they shall, wherever I am!"

It was for the comfort and harmonious co-operation of the household that Barbara was working! She paid no heed to his last outburst, but said quietly, "Uncle will let you have what you need for making the experiment, the very day you are so certain of yourself that you ask his assistance. I know it! and I really think that you are bound to go on." After a moment she added, for he stood with his eyes downcast, his thoughts running along no sunlit track. "Every man owes some sort of success to the community, and you don't propose to tear down and not build up. You mean to give to the neighborhood and Uncle Joshua, something better than you take away in the old wheel."

What a power there was in the sweet voice, and in the expectation and confidence it declared! Perhaps, after all, it was worth while to have come into the wilderness to inspire that faint heart with a new hope and a higher, at the moment when it seemed that she had taken the best possible away.

"It must be as you say," he said. "I have been a great while at work here. It would be a pity to give them occasion for saying I have fooled away my time."

But if Barbara had seen him walking about the old mill as night came on, and sitting down at last in the darkness with the old cat only for his companion, and the dismal drip of water, from the now motionless wheels, alone breaking

the silence, — if she had seen him in the solitude which no words ever could express, feeling himself an outcast and an alien, heart and mind void of the cheerful inspiration of his hope, — she might have sighed over the providence that had brought her to the mills. For she would have seen that he had wakened to the knowledge that she was further from him than the shining stars. She would have seen, too, that the gulf between Bartholomew and Joseph was one which no effort of hers could span.

Barbara went about her work next morning light of heart, since made clear as to duty; believing that all things would yet work well for all the household, when a cry rang through the house, "Barbara! Barbara!"

In a moment the heart stands still; in a moment an end of all things.

Bartholomew was lying in the arms of Joseph when she came, a drenched, maimed, bleeding, and motionless figure.

"What has he done?" cried Joseph when he saw her, and his voice sounded strange as his words.

"Not this," answered Barbara; "O, let me help you!"

Now and then we are told of the wonderful works of science. Fruits which nature labors fondly to perfect through weeks of tropic heat are perfected in a day. The heart works greater wonders. Looking down on that poor crushed flower of youth, Barbara called herself hard names, and would have given gladly all she had of self-satisfaction so to have quickened his spirit with assurance. It seemed to her the cruel prejudice and tyranny of Fate, that in a moment Bartholomew should have ceased from among men. He had filled an humble place; but he seemed to her a defrauded power as he lay on Joseph's bed, to which, as if urged by the same impulse, they had carried him.

Joseph plainly had thought that he carried his victim in his arms.

"Not so," said Barbara; but the

thought led her to many others, and finally compelled her to say to Joseph while by night they kept watch from hour to hour over the insensible yet breathing body: "I must take back what I said yesterday. I can't keep my promise. You and I will be as we were before. It is not required of me."

"Don't talk about it now," he answered quietly.

"But you understand me," she said. "It is not required of me."

He did not answer.

We have expressed ourselves quite freely concerning Joseph, and have told merely the truth. But how is one ever to get at the entire truth concerning another, or predict with certainty concerning character and conduct in unexpected situations? If Bartholomew could have looked up into the face of Joseph that night, even after Barbara had spoken the words above recorded, he would not have seen in it the frown of an enemy or the cruel scorn of a tyrant. "Is this Joseph?" Barbara said to herself more than once as the hours went on; but neither his gentleness nor his anguish drew her nearer to him. It was not, however, without a curious kind of satisfaction that she saw these kindly manifestations. "He has a good heart," she said. Yet she was glad that she had resigned it.

As to Joseph, it was evident that he was not thinking of her. When he brought the doctor, he had only eye and ear for him, and to see him place himself under direction, to hear him as he asked opinion and instruction, was to think, Is the stone hewn, and the Temple built? Yet Joseph had merely been relieved of an incubus, — himself. He had only suddenly come to see an adversary who was without offence lying helpless before him, and the field of strife was abandoned, all its issues forgotten.

But how would it be when Bartholomew began to live again, and the cruel doubt whether he had really

sought death had been removed? Thought would probably run in its accustomed channels then, the old will assert itself in usual ways, and life reveal itself as heretofore. Barbara's folly as displayed on that night when they were all beside themselves was at least not to be remembered. All this perhaps was to be expected and should now have record; but other facts besides these wait for record.

A week after Bartholomew had risen from his bed to walk about the house and to talk like his emancipated self, Mr. Altman, finding himself alone with Barbara, said to her with a formality of speech that made her apprehensive, "Let me see now, Barb'ra, you've been with us, — it's eight months since Aunt Minty died."

He laid down his newspaper to say this, and to look at her. She hurriedly picked up her work and bestowed her attention upon it, as she answered, "I was just thinking the same thing, Uncle"; and she might have made the same answer any hour of any day, for her thoughts were continually haunting the border-land as if to seek the counsel of the dweller in light.

"We don't want you to leave us, Barb'ra. Joseph don't for one, as you must know. I have a — been speaking to him." The old man said these last words with a tremulous gravity that communicated itself, or its symptoms, to Barbara. If he was going now to plead for Joseph, what could she say?

"Did he tell you anything, Uncle? I have wanted so much to say something to you! I have felt so sorry! You cannot guess. No, Uncle, I assure you." It was better to speak than to wait his speech, so Barbara rushed into words.

"You can't quite make up your mind to our Joseph; is that it, Barb'ra?" said the old man, slowly passing his old hands over his old face.

"I am so sorry, Uncle, but it is the truth."

"Well, if you can't, you can't. That's the way I see it. I never wanted but

one. Money's no object with me though, Barb'ra."

"I am so glad to hear you say so, Uncle! I began to think I was the only person in the world who felt so. I don't care for money, I only want to earn my living. It is all I have ever asked for or expected."

"Just so, Barb'ra, I approve your sentiments. But it's a good thing to have a comfortable home of your own, with things to your mind for the wishing."

"But what would you think of me Uncle, if I married for a home?"

"I'd be glad to have you, if you married right! Why should n't you? I don't want you to leave us. You're my daughter, Barb'ra; that's down in my will, and they know it in Churchill."

"I will never leave you, Uncle, while you need me. My place is here, and I know it. That's in *my* will, Uncle." Yes, on one point Barbara was absolutely clear.

The old man looked well pleased. He was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again it was slowly, but not with hesitation, as if he would feel his way; rather with the reluctance of justice, which, in spite of all things, will be just: "I have two boys, you mind."

Barbara turned her eyes bright with amazement on the slow-speaking advocate who was not looking at her, but steadfastly on the floor. When he found that she would make no answer, he continued, "We are all agreed on one point. We can't spare you. The boys came to me about it. They understand each other better than they ever did before. It's just which one of 'em you'll have. And if you won't have either, just say so and they'll trouble you no further about it."

"Did Joseph say that, Uncle?"

"Well, yes, Barb'ra, something like that."

"And Bartholomew?"

The old man was silent; he lowered his spectacles over his eyes, and stretched out his hand as if reaching after his newspaper. Instead of the "Tribune," he found Barbara's hand in his. She beheld her duty now clear as we see the rising sun on an unclouded morning.

"Let us not say anything more about it," said she. "Things can rest as they are. I will be a daughter to you, Uncle Joshua."

"But there are my boys," said he. "The business was not settled."

"Shall you try the new wheel in the new mill, Uncle?"

O Dick! what would you have made of Barbara's question? Would you have heard your dear girl's heart in her voice, or merely duty's cold urgency?

"Yes, yes, it'll come to that of course. I always meant to have it so." The old man spoke warmly, and drew his hand across his eyes!

"I gave Joseph my answer, Uncle. I have n't changed my mind."

Heart or duty, what do you think? All one? It would seem so.

"Well, well, I'll say no more."

Need we? The world is wide, and from the peak of magnanimity to which he had ascended, if by any stretch of meaning the word has force in this connection,—and are there not divers ways of yielding to the inevitable?—Joseph saw how far the horizon extended, and so it is not to be wondered at that by and by he went out "seeking a country," and Barbara, remaining at the Mills, felt satisfied that she had found hers, and could there fulfil her mission.

Caroline Chesebro'.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

BETHNAL GREEN is mainly known to Americans who remember their nursery ballad books as the residence of a certain Blind Beggar's daughter, the details of whose history indeed we confess ourselves to have forgotten. Known by its beggars in the era of primitive poetry, the region has beggary still for its sign and token. Its wretchedness has been so great that, till within a few months past, there may well have been a question whether a blind beggar was not rather a lucky person, and his imperfect consciousness a matter of congratulation. But now there is a premium on good eyesight, for Bethnal Green discerns itself through the thick local atmosphere the unilluminated possessor of a Museum and a gallery of pictures, — treasures which all well-dressed London is flocking eastward to behold. Half in charity and (virtually) half in irony, a beautiful art-collection has been planted in the midst of this darkness and squalor, — an experimental lever for the "elevation of the masses." The journey to Bethnal Green is a long one, and leads you through an endless labyrinth of ever murkier and dingier alleys and slums, and the Museum, whether intentionally or not, is capitally placed for helping you to feel the characteristic charm of art, — its being an infinite relief and refuge from the pressing miseries of life. That the haggard paupers of Bethnal Green have measured, as yet, its consolatory vastness, we should hesitate to affirm; for though art is an asylum, it is a sort of moated strong-hold, hardly approachable save by some slender bridge-work of primary culture, such as the Bethnal Green mind is little practised in. There are non-paying days at the Museum, as well as days with a sixpenny fee, and on the occasion of our visit the sixpence had excluded the local population, so that we are obliged to repeat

from hearsay a graceful legend that the masses, when admitted, exhibit, as one man, a discrimination of which Mr. Ruskin himself might be proud, and observe and admire on the very soundest principles. In the way of plain fact we may say that the building, as it stands, is the first of a projected series of District Museums, to be formed successively of various fragments of the temporary structure at South Kensington, as this great collection is more solidly enclosed; that it was erected toward the close of last year, and opened with great pomp by the Prince of Wales in the following June; and that it immediately derived its present great interest from the munificence of Sir Richard Wallace, — heir of that eccentric *amateur* the late Marquis of Hertford, — who offered the Museum the temporary use of his various art-treasures, and had them transported and installed at his own expense. It is with the Marquis of Hertford's pictures that we are concerned; the collection otherwise consisting of a small Animal Products Department, which we leave to more competent hands, and (rather grimly, under the circumstances) of a group of FOOD SPECIMENS, neatly encased and labelled, — interesting from a scientific, but slightly irritating from a Bethnal Green, that is, a hungry point of view.

Sir Richard Wallace has become eminent, we believe, for his large charities to the poor of Paris during the tribulations of the siege and the Commune, and the observer at Bethnal Green may almost wonder whether a portion at least of his benevolence may not have come to him by bequest, with Lord Hertford's pictures. The most striking characteristic of the collection, after its variety and magnificence, is its genial, easy, unexclusive taste, — the good-nature of well-bred opulence. It

pretends as little as possible to be instructive or consistent, to illustrate schools or to establish principles; that a picture pleased him was enough; he evidently regarded art-patronage as an amusement rather than a responsibility. The collection, for instance, is rich in Berghems; a painter for whom you have n't a word to say but that you like him, and that, right or wrong, the pretty trick which is his sole stock in trade amuses you. We remember, *apropos* of Berghem, expressing in these pages a rather emphatic relish for the very favorable little specimen in the possession of the New York Museum. The painter was then new to us; he has since become familiar, and we have at last grown to think of him as one of that large class of artists who are not quite good enough — to put it discreetly — to be the better for being always the same. The Bethnal Green catalogue opens with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, and it mentions no more delightful works than the three or four first-rate examples of these deeply English painters. There is something, to our perception, so meagre and ineffective in the English pictorial effort in general, that when it asserts itself, as in these cases, with real force and grace, it stirs in the sensitive beholder a response so sympathetic as to be almost painful. The merit is not at all school-merit, and you take very much the same sort of affectionate interest in it as you do in the success of a superior *amatcur*. Nothing could well be more English, from the name inclusive, than Gainsborough's "Miss Boothby"; a little rosy-cheeked girl, in a quaint mob cap and a prodigious mantilla, surveying adult posterity from as divinely childish a pair of hazel eyes as ever was painted. The portrait, though sketchy as to everything but the face, is rich with the morality of all the English nurseries, since English nurseries were. Of Reynolds there are a dozen specimens; most of them interesting, but all inferior to the justly famous "Nelly O'Brien," — a picture in which you hardly know

whether you most admire the work or the subject.

In a certain easy, broad felicity it is almost a match for the finest Italian portraits, and indeed one may say that what Titian's "Bella Donna" at Florence is in the Italian manner, this charming portrait is in the English. Here, truly, is an English beauty, and an English beauty at her best, — but comparisons are odious. Otherwise we should not scruple to say that *character* plays up into the English face with a vivacity unmatched in that of Titian's heroine, — character, if we are not too fanciful, as sweet and true as the mild richness of color, into which the painter's inspiration has overflowed. As she sits there smiling in wholesome archness, a toast at old-time heavy suppers we may be sure, his model seems to us the immortal image of a perfect temper. She melted many hearts, we conjecture, but she broke none; though a downright beauty, she was not a cruel one, and on her path through life she stirred more hope than despair. All this we read in the full ripe countenance she presents to us, slightly flattened and suffused by the shadow in which she sits. Her arms are folded in her lap; she bends forward and looks up, smiling, from her book. She wears a charming blue hat, which deepens the shadow across her face (out of which her smile gleams all the more cheerfully); a black lace shawl envelops her shoulders, and exposes her charming throat adorned with a single string of pearls; her petticoat is of a faded cherry color, further subdued by a kind of gauze overskirt, and her dress is of blue satin striped with white. The whole costume is most simply, yet most delightfully, picturesque, and we respectfully recommend it as a model to be followed literally by any fair reader at loss what to wear at a masquerade. Sir Joshua's treatment of it shows him to have been within his narrow limits an instinctive colorist. His watery English sunlight compels the broken tones of silk and satin into a delicious silvery harmony; and hang-

ing there in its crepuscular London atmosphere, the picture has a hardly less distinct individuality of coloring than that to which, as you stand before the Veroneses of the Ducal Palace, the reflected light of the Venetian lagoon seems to make so magical an answer. The painter's touch in the flesh-portions is less forcible; the arms and hands are sketchy, and rigidly viewed, the face and bosom lack relief; but expression is there, and warmth and a sort of delightful unity which makes faults venial. The picture misses greatness, doubtless; but it is one of the supremely *happy* feats of art. If as much can be said for another Sir Joshua, equally noted, the "Strawberry Girl" (from the collection of Samuel Rogers), it must be said with a certain reserve. This is a charming sketch of a charming child, executed in hardly more than a few shades of brown with that broad, tender relish of infantine dimples in which the painter was unsurpassed; but that it is a little more fondly mannered than critically real, such a trio of neighbors as the unpromising little Spanish Infants of Velasquez (to whom a child had the same sort of firm, immitigable outline as an adult) helps us materially to perceive. Velasquez's children are the children of history; Sir Joshua's, of poetry, or at least of rhymed lullaby-literature: and the two sorts of representation are as far asunder as Wordsworth and Cervantes. An irresistible little ballad-heroine is this Strawberry Maiden of Sir Joshua's: her pitifully frightened innocent eyes make her the very model of that figure so familiar to our childish imagination, — the Little Girl Devoured by a Wolf. There are various other Reynoldses in the collection, but they rarely approach the high level of the two we have spoken of. Oftenest, and especially in the case of the portraits of women, their principal charm is the air of fresh-colored domestic virtue in the sitter. They offer a vivid reflection of this phase of English character. Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Blessington" in no de-

gree casts them into the shade. The lady's extremely agreeable face is no more than that of a model English countess than the artist's clever hand is that of a first-rate painter.

Except in a couple of capital little Wilkies, four small Turners, and a charming series of Boningtons, English talent figures further with but moderate brilliancy. Turner, however, is a host in himself, and the four little finished water-colors which represent him here are almost a full measure of his genius. That genius, indeed, manifests, proportionately, more of its peculiar magic within the narrow compass of a ten-inch square of paper than on the broad field of an unrestricted canvas. Magic is the only word for his rendering of space, light, and atmosphere; and when you turn from the inscrutable illusion of his touch in these matters, the triumphs of his cleverest neighbors — those of Copley Fielding, for instance — seem but a vain *placage* of dead paint. He never painted a distance out of which it seems a longer journey back to your catalogue again than the receding undulations of rain-washed moor in the little picture entitled "Grouse-Shooting." It is hard to imagine anything more masterly than the sustained delicacy of the gradations which indicate the shifting mixture of sun and mist. When Art can say so much in so light a whisper, she has certainly obtained absolute command of her organ. The foreground here is as fine as the distance; half a dozen white boulders gleam through the heather beside a black pool with the most naturally picturesque effect. The companion to this piece, "Richmond, Yorkshire," reverses the miracle, and proves that the painter could paint slumbering yellow light at least as skilfully as drifting dusk. The way in which the luminous haze invests and caresses the castle-crowned woody slope which forms the background of this composition is something for the connoisseur to analyze, if he can, but for the uninitiated mind simply to wonder at. Opie's famous reply to the youth

who asked him with what he mixed his colors, "With *brains*, sir!" is but partly true of Turner, whose pigments seemed dissolved in the unconscious fluid of a faculty more spontaneous even than thought, — something closely akin to deep-welling spiritual emotion. Imagination is the common name for it, and to an excess of imagination Turner's latter eccentricities are reasonably enough attributed; but what strikes us in works of the period to which these belong is their marvellous moderation. The painter's touch is as measured as the beat of a musical phrase, and indeed to find a proper analogy for this rare exhibition of sustained and, as we may say, *retained* power, we must resort to a sister-art and recall the impression of a great singer holding a fine-drawn note and dealing it out with measurable exactness. If Turner is grave, Bonington is emphatically gay, and among elegant painters there is perhaps none save Watteau (here admirably represented) who is so rarely trivial. Bonington had hitherto been hardly more than a name to us, but we feel that he has been amply introduced by his delightful series of water-colors (some thirty in number) at Bethnal Green.

Bonington died young; these charming works and many more he executed before his twenty-eighth year. They are full of talent and full of the brightness and vigor of youth; but we doubt whether they contain the germs of a materially larger performance. The question, however, is almost unkind; it is enough that while Bonington lived he was happy, and that his signature is the pledge of something exquisite. His works, we believe, have an enormous market value, and this generous array of them gives much of its lordly air to the present collection. He was a colorist, and of the French sort rather than the English. His use of water-color is turbid and heavy, as it is apt to be in France, where he spent most of his life; but he draws from it the richest and most surprising effects. He packs these into small and often sombre *vignettes*, where they assert

themselves with delicious breadth and variety. "Inattention," — an ancient duenna droning aloud from some heavy tome to a lady lounging, not fancy-free, in a marvellous satin petticoat of silver-gray, among the mellow shadows of an ancient room; the "Old Man and Child," — a venerable senator in a crimson cap, bending over a little girl whose radiant head and tender profile are incisively picked out against his dusky beard and velvet dress: these are typical Boningtons, — bits of color and costume lovingly depicted for their own picturesque sake, and that of that gently fanciful shade of romantic suggestion which so much that has come and gone in the same line, during these forty years, has crowded out of our active conception. The painter strikes this note with an art that draws true melody; his taste, his eye, as the French say, are unsurpassable. No wonder your æsthetic voluptuary will have his Bonington at any price!

Bonington brings us to the French School, which contributes largely, both in its earlier and its later stages. As we see it here, its most salient modern representative is unquestionably Decamps, of whom there are more than thirty specimens. We have already had occasion to speak of Decamps in these pages; if not with qualified praise, at least with a certain qualified enjoyment. But it is the critic's own fault if he does not enjoy Decamps at Bethnal Green; such skill, such invention, such force, such apprehension of color, such immeasurable vivacity, are their own justification; and if the critic finds the sense of protest uppermost, he need only let out a reef in his creed. His protest, in so far as he makes it, will rest on his impression of what for want of a polite word he will call the painter's *insincerity*. The term is worse than impolite: it is illogical. There are things, and there is the intellectual reflex of things. This was the field of Decamps, and he reaped a richer harvest there than any of his rivals. He painted, not the thing regarded, but the thing remembered,

imagined, desired, — in some degree or other intellectualized. His prime warrant was his fancy, and he flattered — inordinately, perhaps — that varying degree of the same faculty which exists in most of us, and which, we should never forget, helps us to enjoy as well as to judge.

Decamps made a specialty of Eastern subjects, which he treated with admirable inventiveness and warmth of fancy, — with how much, you may estimate by comparing his manner, as you have here two or three opportunities of doing, with the cold literalness of Jérôme. Decamps paints movement to perfection; the animated gorgeousness of his famous "Arabs fording a Stream" (a most powerful piece of water-color) is a capital proof. Jérôme, like Meissonier, paints at best a sort of elaborate immobility. The picturesqueness — we might almost say the grotesqueness — of the East no one has rendered like Decamps; it is impossible to impart to a subject more forcibly that fanciful turn which makes it a picture, even at the cost of a certain happy compromise with reality. In color, Decamps practised this compromise largely, but seldom otherwise than happily; generally, indeed, with delightful success. We speak here more especially of his oil pictures. His water-colors, though full of ingenious manipulation, are comparatively thick and dull in tone. Several of these (notably the "Court of Justice" in Turkey and the "Turkish Boys let out of School") are masterpieces of humorous vivacity; and one, at least, the "Fording of the Stream," with its splendid dusky harmonies of silver and blue, its glittering sunset, and the splash and swing and clatter of its stately cavaliers, has a delicate brilliancy which possibly could not have been attained in oils. A noticeable point in Decamps, and the sign surely of a vigorous artistic temperament, is that he treats quite indifferently the simplest and the most complex subjects. Indeed he imparted to the simplest themes a curious complexity of

interest. Here is a piece of minute dimensions, entitled, for want of a better name, "The Astronomer," — a little ancient man in a skull-cap and slippers, sitting in profile at a table, beyond which an almost blank white wall receives a bar of sleeping sunlight. This meagre spectacle borrows from the artist's touch the most fascinating, the most puzzling interest. Decamps preserves his full value in the neighborhood of Delaroche and Horace Vernet, who contribute a number of small performances, most of them early works. "Touch" had small magic with either of these painters; pitifully small with the former, we may almost say, in view of his respectable and generous aims. He was the idol of our youth, and we wonder we can judge him so coldly. But, in truth, Delaroche is fatally cold himself. His "Last Illness of Mazarin" and his "Richelieu and Cinq Mars" (small pieces and meant to be exquisite) exhibit a singular union of vigorous pictorial arrangement and flatness and vulgarity of execution. His clever sunset-bathed "Repose in Egypt" (a much later picture) shows that he eventually only *seemed*, on the whole, to have materially enriched his touch. Various other contemporary French painters figure in the Museum; none at all considerably save Meissonier, whose diminutive masterpieces form a brilliant group. They have, as usual, infinite finish, taste, and research, and that inexorable certainty of hand and eye which probably has never been surpassed. The great marvel in them is the way in which, in the midst of this perfect revel of execution, human expression keenly holds its own. It is the *manliest* finish conceivable. Meissonier's figures often sacrifice the look of action, but never a certain concentrated dramatic distinctiveness.

We hardly know why we have lingered so long on these clear, but, after all, relatively charmless moderns, while the various Dutch and Spanish treasures of the collection are awaiting hon-

orable mention. The truth is that Velasquez and Murillo, Ruysdael, Terburg, and their fellows have been so long before the world that their praises have been sung in every possible key, and their venerable errors are a secret from no one. Before glancing at them again we must not omit to pay a passing compliment to Watteau, surely the sweetest French genius who ever handled a brush. He is represented at Bethnal Green on a scale sufficient to enable you to say with all confidence that, the more you see him, the more you like him. Though monotonous in subject, he is always spontaneous; his perpetual grace is never a trick, but always a fresh inspiration. And how fine it is, this grace of composition, baptized and made famous by his name! What elegance and innocence combined, what a union of the light and the tenderly appealing! It almost brings tears to one's eyes to think that a scheme of life so delicious and so distinctly conceivable by a beautiful mind on behalf of the dull average of conjecture, should be on the whole, as things go, so extremely impracticable: a scheme of lounging through endless summer days in grassy glades in a company always select, between ladies who should never lift their fans to hide a yawn, and gentlemen who should never give them a pretext for doing so (even with their guitars), and in a condition of temper personally, in which satisfaction should never be satiety. Watteau was a genuine poet; he has an irresistible air of believing in these visionary picnics. His clear good faith marks the infinite distance, in art, between the light and the trivial; for the light is but a branch of the serious. Watteau's hand is serious in spite of its lightness, and firm with all its grace. His landscape is thin and sketchy, but his figures delightfully true and expressive; gentle folks all, but moving in a sphere unshaken by revolutions. Some of the attitudes of the women are inimitably natural and elegant. Watteau, indeed, marks the high-water point of natural elegance. With the turn of the tide,

with Lancret, Nattier, Boucher, and Fragonard — masters all of them of prettiness, and all here in force — affectation, mannerism, and levity begin. Time has dealt hardly with Watteau's coloring, which has thickened and faded to a painfully sallow hue. But oddly enough, the dusky tone of his pictures deepens their dramatic charm and gives a certain poignancy to their unreality. His piping chevaliers and whispering countesses loom out of the clouded canvas like fancied twilight ghosts in the garden of a haunted palace.

In the Dutch painters, Sir Richard Wallace's gallery is extraordinarily rich, and many a State collection might envy its completeness. It has, for instance, no less than five excellent Hobbemas, — a painter whose works have of late years, we believe, brought the highest of "fancy prices." Ruysdaels, too, Cuyp's and Potters, Tenierses and Ostades, Terburgs and Metzus, — the whole illustrious company is there, with all its characteristic perfections. Upon these we have no space to dilate; we can only say that we enjoyed them keenly. We never fail to derive a deep satisfaction from these delectable realists, — the satisfaction produced by the sight of a perfect accord between the aim and the result. In a certain sense, no pictures are richer than the Dutch; the whole subject is grasped by the treatment; all that there is of the work is enclosed within the frame. Essentially finite doubtless: but the infinite is unsubstantial fare, and in the finite alone is *rest*. M. Ary Scheffer (to whom we owe a hundred apologies for not mentioning him more punctually) has attempted the infinite in his famous "Francesca da Rimini"; he sends us over with a rush to Gerard Duow. There is no great master of "style" to gainsay us here; the two small Titians being of slender value. The eleven Rembrandts are, for the most part, powerful examples of the artist's abuse of *chiaroscuro*; of the absolute obscure we might indeed almost say, for in some of them the lights are few and far between. Two or three of the por-

traits, however, are very frank and simple, and one extremely small picture, "The Good Samaritan," is a gem. If the little figures were ten feet high, they could n't be more impressive. There is a splendid array of Murillos, though perhaps the term would be extravagant if applied to them individually. Four or five out of the eleven represent Murillo at his best,—his ease, his grace,

his dusky harmonies, his beggars and saints, his agreeable Spanish savor; but even these merits fail to make him seriously interesting. His drawing, though often happy, is uncomfortably loose, and his intentions, somehow, fatally vague. Velasquez proudly outranks him. *His* intentions were distinct enough and his execution seldom betrayed them.

H. James Jr.

ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right! Good by, old chap!
 Twenty-four hours, that won't be long.
 Nothing to do but take a nap,
 And—say! can a fellow sing a song?
 Will the light fantastic be in order,—
 A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor?
 What are the rules for a regular boarder?
 Be quiet? All right!—*Cling clang* goes the door!

Clang clink, the bolts! and I am locked in.
 Some pious reflection and repentance
 Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
 To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence,—
 "One day whereof shall be solitary."
 Here I am at the end of my journey,
 And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very!—
 I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney!

He took my money, the very last dollar,—
 Did n't leave me so much as a dime,
 Not enough to buy me a paper collar
 To wear at my trial;—he knew all the time
 'T was some that I got for the stolen silver!
 Why has n't he been indicted too?
 If he does n't exactly rob and pilfer,
 He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then did n't it put me into a fury,
 To see him step up, and laugh and chat
 With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,
 When all was over,—then go for his hat,—
 While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
 And all I could do was to stand and stare!
 He had pleaded my cause,—he had played his part
 And got his fee,—and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
 The world goes jogging on the same!
 Old men will save and boys will squander,
 And fellows will play at the same old game
 Of get-and-spend, — to-morrow, next year, —
 And drink and carouse, — and who will there be
 To remember a comrade buried here?
 I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me!

And Sue, — yes, she will forget me too!
 I know! already her tears are drying.
 I believe there is nothing that girl can do
 So easy as laughing and lying and crying.
 She clung to me well while there was hope,
 Then broke her heart in that last wild sob; —
 But she ain't going to sit and mope
 While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt;
 And I must forget to speak or smile.
 I shall go marching in and out,
 One of a, silent, tramping file
 Of felons, at morning and noon and night, —
 Just down to the shops and back to the cells, —
 And work with a thief at left and right,
 And feed and sleep and — nothing else?

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?
 I can see them now on the old home-place:
 His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
 There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
 While she goes wearily groping about
 In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad! —
 But this won't do! I must sing and shout,
 And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although, for a minute,
 I was there in my little room once more.
 What would n't I give just now, to be in it?
 The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
 The Bible is here on the neat white stand:
 The summer-sweets are ripening now;
 In the flickering light I reach my hand
 From the window, and pluck them from the bough!

When I was a child (O, well for me
 And them if I had never been older!)
 When he told me stories on his knee,
 And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder;
 When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
 And gave me in bed my good-night kiss, —
 Did ever they think that all their care
 For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
 And gnashing the teeth! And yet — somehow —
 I have n't thought of them so for years!
 I never knew them, I think, till now.
 How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!
 When I should have been in my bed asleep,
 I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
 And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie, — how could I bear to leave her?
 If I had but wished — but I was a fool!
 My heart was filled with a thirst and fever
 Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
 I can hear her asking, — “Have you heard?”
 But mother falters, and shakes her head:
 “O Jennie! Jennie! never a word!
 What can it mean? He must be dead!”

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
 I left my home that morning in May;
 What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
 And what have I — where are they all — to-day?
 Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
 Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend, —
 And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming:
 Arrest and sentence, and — this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison?
 Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go?
 Return to them, like one arisen
 From the grave, that was buried long ago?
 All is still, — it's the close of the week;
 I slink through the garden, I stop by the well —
 I see him totter, I hear her shriek! —
 What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am! What's the use of grieving?
 Five years — will it be too late to begin?
 Can sober thinking and honest living
 Still make me the man I might have been? —
 I'll sleep; — O, would I could wake to-morrow
 In that old room, to find, at last,
 That all my trouble and all their sorrow
 Are only a dream of the night that is past!

J. T. Trowbridge.

"THE KITCHEN COMMON-SENSE."

IN Seaport they were rather shy of new things, and for years after the invention of stoves preferred to shiver before wood-fires the long winter through, to having their chilled and comfortless rooms warmed by imprisoning the fire in iron boxes. Mrs. Atwater, widow of a forgotten magnate of the Essex bar, had the first cooking-stove ever seen in Seaport. She lived in one of the grandest and coldest houses in the town; and though her wood-pile was of the largest, and the "great fires up the chimney roared," she could never warm her large, handsome, old-fashioned kitchen, and so, from December to April, she and Nabby, her ancient serving-maid, sat crouched before the mighty blaze of maple and birch, with scorched faces and frozen backs. Mrs. Atwater's daughter, knowing how cold the house was in the winter, sent her mother a cooking-stove, then a comparatively recent invention, hoping therewith to make the old lady comfortable during the cold season, and also to render Nabby's culinary labors more light. Early one fine mild November day the stove arrived, and was set up in the kitchen. Before Nabby had a chance to kindle a fire in the machine, Mrs. Atwater put on her glasses, took a chair, and sat down in front of it and examined it thoroughly. She opened and shut the doors, lifted the covers, peeped into the oven, puzzled herself with the dampers, looked regretfully towards the closed-up fireplace, and then, in a mild but decisive manner, told Nabby to have *the thing* taken away immediately; and taken away it was, and as long as Mrs. Atwater lived no other stove was allowed to be brought into the house.

The story of Mrs. Atwater's stove was heard with sympathy by neighbors and acquaintances, many of whom looked upon that new-fangled abomination called a cooking-stove with dis-

trust, if not with fear. But when, a few years after Mrs. Atwater's death, Colonel Blumphy, the popular Whig representative to the Great and General Court from Seaport, invented a cook-stove, his partisans, almost to a man, had the "Saddle-Bags" (so the Colonel's stove was called) put up in their kitchens. I dare say you never heard of either Colonel Blumphy or his cooking-stove. They flourished before your time. The Colonel—bland, gentlemanly, and portly, full of joke and jest, and good-natured to a fault—was carried off by a fever at a ripe old age, a few years before the breaking up of the great Whig party, of which he was so long an honorable and honored member; and the "Saddle-Bags," pushed aside by newer and better stoves, went years ago to the limbo of forgotten things. It was a success in its day, and was praised and prized by half the housewives in Essex County. I have a fading memory of a "Blumphy's Patent" in the house of an old woman who smoked a long-stemmed clay-pipe, and of whom I used to buy yeast for mother when a small boy. It was, as I remember it, a very homely stove, and seemed to smoke upon the slightest provocation, though not so badly as a cantankerous old chimney. It was a wood-stove, and must have consumed a prodigious quantity of hemlock-spruce, that being the kind of wood which the patentee said was the best and most economical for the "Saddle-Bags." Yet it warmed the room, baked, boiled, and set the teakettle singing in much less time and at much less expense than a fire on the hearth.

I have an hereditary love of wood-fires blazing in capacious fireplaces. My great-grandfather, who commanded one of Jack Beach's ships, and made the famous seven years' voyage, of which you may or may not have heard, was a notable firesider. He declared more than many times, and even enforced

his assertion with a mighty oath, that there were three things in particular which he thoroughly hated,—priestcraft, Englishmen, and stoves. The dear, fiery-souled old man! how he did scold and rage and swear when, upon coming home from sea, he saw the Franklin stove which his wife, during his absence, had set up in his favorite sitting-room! "By —, madam, you have been spending my money very foolishly! I'll be d—d if I'll sleep in the house to-night unless that—that devilish thing is kicked into the street! What business had Ben Franklin to invent a d—d stove? Better have stuck to candle-making. A great man, but d—n me if I don't wish he'd spent his time better! This humbug is unworthy of him, unworthy of anybody but a d—d Englishman!" At the conclusion of this fine speech, the captain went into the kitchen and sat down before the cheerful hearth-fire, which he loved and all but worshipped. He soon grew calm and mild, and kindly informed his wife, who had followed him to the fireside, that as it was so late in the afternoon, she need not send the d—d stove away before the next morning. If ever an American Fuller writes the history of the worthies of New England, this stout and sturdy sailor will be honorably mentioned therein.

His son, who had his father's dislike of stoves, if not of priestcraft and the English, was so angry with the Whigs for approving of Colonel Blumphy's patent, that he left the party and went over to the Democrats, who denounced the "Saddle-Bags" as an anti-republican invention. I don't think, however, that all the Democrats in the United States, like their friends in Seaport, thought it unconstitutional to use the Colonel's cook-stove. Every autumn, as long as my grandfather lived, his big barn was filled with piles and piles of birch and maple, and for nearly all the year round the fires blazed and crackled within his ample fireplaces and shone upon smiling elders, laughing girls, and gay young bachelors. After his death, the house-

hold fires burned less brightly and the company grew smaller and sadder every year, till at last the house, once the home of pleasure and jollity, was only occupied by my mother and myself, and a little old lady who dwelt alone in the sunny front sitting-room, carefully comforting and cosseting her "sickness-broken body" and diligently reading her large-print Bible. As a child I took much pleasure in wandering over the silent and melancholy old house, stealing awestruck into the great gaunt rooms, peeping into dark, mysterious closets, and standing between the jambs of vacant fireplaces, watching the clouds go over the top of the chimney. Especially did I like the rough, half-finished upper chambers, with their little rusty glass windows and unpainted doors, upon one of which were faded pencil-drawings of ships and other vessels,—real works of art to me then, but now, I suppose, I should prefer one of Lane's marine paintings to the best of those black-lead masterpieces. There was in one of these chambers a bureau of pine, curiously painted and oddly shaped, in which I found a little torn copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a wonderful little double-block, which would have done admirably for a Liliputian man-of-war, and which a certain shadowy uncle of mine made with a jack-knife when a boy. There was also in the same room a long blue chest (how well I remember it!) which contained, among other things, a forlorn old fiddle that once had made the house blithe with its music, but out of which I could never get any melody. Perhaps the fiddle was not wholly to blame for that. And let me not forget to mention the window in the recess which looked up the river, to the many-steeped town, and "the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean." It seems to me I was always at that window during the warm weather watching the vessels. O, how happy I felt when I saw, as I often did on golden summer mornings, a fine new ship with all sail set creeping away to sea, or a

fleet of lumbermen or wood-coasters coming, one by one, through the draw of the chain-bridge, and sailing up the broad and beautiful river, right past my window! Particularly did I love to sit at this window on sunny summer Sunday mornings, listening to the music of the multitudinous bells, and gazing upon the happy flags waving from the shipping as if in grateful acknowledgment of the beauty and holiness of the day. But in winter, when, as in Mr. Burke's old English palaces, the bleak winds howled through the long entries and clattered the doors of the shivering chambers, I could only pay few and brief visits to this window, and had to pass most of my time in our dark low-studded kitchen with mother and the cat. Ah me! how many long and lingering old-fashioned winters (it makes one shiver to think of them!) did not we three pass in that dear and dismal room, with only a wood-fire deep within the mighty fireplace. Though having, as above said, an hereditary love of a fire on the hearth, I was not sorry—but, on the contrary, I was very glad—to hear mother say, one bitter cold day of a bitter cold season, that she would not live through another winter without a stove. Our house-neighbor, the old lady (whom we called Aunt Nancy), seated close to the fire in her stuffed-and-quilted-backed arm-chair, with a foot-stove at her feet, with great shawls over her shoulders, with a thick, double cap on her head, bore the cold with invincible patience, and just managed not to freeze during the short cold days of those long cold winters; she advised mother to think twice before she got a stove, as if she had not been thinking of the matter ever since I was a baby, and I was now a big boy who had outgrown jackets and just put on his first coat. And the Dobleys, people of wealth and fashion, who boasted that they consumed twenty cords of wood every winter, counselled mother to have nothing to do with stoves. "Surely," said fine Mrs. Doble, "one would rather suffer ever so much with

the cold, than be warmed with such a beggarly thing as a stove." But mother was not too genteel to be comfortable, and, moreover, owing to the increasing dearness of wood, could not afford the luxury of freezing before a hearth-fire another winter.

Having decided to buy a stove, it soon became time to determine whether it should be a wood or a coal stove. After much anxious inquiry among the neighbors and much painful deliberation, mother was about to declare her preference for a coal-stove, when she was told by an old gentleman of eminent gravity that coal was little better than rocks, unless the draft was right, and that depended upon the chimney. Would our chimney be friendly to a coal-stove? The old gentleman, after peeping up the flue, said, very sagely, it might and it might not. What should she do? She consulted the stove-dealers, who seemed to know almost as much about chimneys as Franklin or Count Rumford. Those who were most interested in wood-stoves thought it would not be best for her to try coal; and those who dealt principally in coal-stoves had not the least hesitation in advising her to burn coal. Being somewhat perplexed by these kindly given, if not perfectly disinterested opinions, she went to Richport and talked the matter over with Uncle Rolt, who was curiously well informed in practical every-day things. She returned no wiser than she went. Uncle Rolt knew nothing about the construction of her chimney, and had a poor opinion of all coal-stoves except "Spit-fires" or "Salamanders." She had not, however, been at home many days when she was surprised by a visit from Uncle Rolt, who came to Seaport to superintend the casting of a mammoth "Salamander." After a slight examination of our chimney, Uncle Rolt declared he would eat all the coal a decent stove would not burn. Mother could doubt or hesitate no longer; it should be a coal-stove.

It was then, however, a little too

early in the season to buy it: the dealers had not got their new stoves blacked and polished and ready for sale. But one day late in September, Miss Sally Dole (one of our neighbor's poor relations) came running across the street with the "Seaport Herald" in her hand. "Here's to-day's 'Herald,'" she said as she gave mother the paper. "Ma'am Bagley thought you'd like to read the stove sellers' advertisements." Sally had hardly gone when there was a rap at the door and a boy with a "Herald," with a great black mark round the advertisements of stoves. Just before dinner a schoolmate came in, followed by Achilles (a big black dog) with a "Herald" in his mouth for mother; and just after dinner Rosebud, the block-maker's daughter, came blushing into the room, saying, as she handed mother a paper, "Grandmother says there's some advertisements in the 'Herald' which you would like to see." The wife of our minister also sent her little maid to us with a "Herald" containing those wonderful advertisements. What good neighbors we had! what kind friends! That afternoon Mrs. Deacon Ambrose, a notable good-natured gadabout, called upon us, and with no little pride and exultation informed mother that at last the deacon had consented to have a cooking-stove. "Now please listen a moment," said Mrs. Ambrose, taking the "Herald" from her reticule and reading the familiar advertisements aloud. "My dear," she added, putting the paper into the bag, "let's you and I go down town to-morrow and pick out our stoves before the best of them are sold. If I don't get mine right off, I fear Ambrose'll change his mind; and if he does it'll be dreadful hard work to coax and scold him round again, he is so obstinate!" Mother agreed to her gossip's proposal, and on the next day they set off together for down town. Down town!—where the ships were, and the tall steeples with the big bells in them,—what magic to me there was in these words once!

They left home with the determina-

tion of devoting the whole day to the business in hand, and probably would have passed the forenoon at least among the stoves, had not Madam Bagley, who saw them from her window, rapped for them to come in. In her happy and lovely old age, Madam Bagley was the pride and the boast of her friends, who were more numerous than Parson Primrose's poor relations. How shrewd and sensible and witty she was! How rich and racy were her reminiscences of the past,—her past and your past! She knew more about dead-and-forgotten people than you did of your next-door neighbors, and always had an anecdote of your grandfather or a story of your grandmother which you had never heard before.

Upon such topics as the Embargo, and the great fire, and Lafayette's visit to Seaport, she would discourse for hours, never tiring herself, and, what is more remarkable, never tiring you. To-day she was full of the French claims, and held her impatient callers with her glittering eye, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding-guest, from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while she prattled upon that interesting historical and political subject. Sally Dole, who followed mother and Mrs. Ambrose to the door to have the last word with them, warned them, as they descended the steps into the street, not to buy a stove unless the iron was good.

When they got down town the twelve-o'clock bell was ringing, and as they did not care to buy stoves on an empty stomach, or even to look at them in that unfavorable condition, mother proposed that they should dine at Uncle Bass's. He lived right in the heart of the town, amidst the hurly-burly of business, and was the very soul of hospitality, and made you feel that you were doing him a kindness by dropping in to dine with him. He was in excellent spirits to-day; greeted mother and good Mrs. Ambrose with more than customary cordiality, and led them both by the hand, as a mother leads her little children, into the quaint old parlor

and presented them to his son, a little, round-faced, elderly man, with wonderfully fine eyes and a rich musical voice, who had just returned from an East India voyage. Undoubtedly mother and her friend were anxious to be gone about their business; yet to please Uncle Bass they returned to the parlor after dinner to have a little more talk with the sailor, who was so entertaining (he was notoriously known to be a great liar) that they soon grew oblivious of stoves, and actually sat till tea-time, listening to the strange stories of this salt-sea rover. On their way home at dusk they met Miss Sally Dole, who hoped that their stoves were of good iron. "Sister Susan's first stove," continued Sally, "was made of poor iron, and it would neither bake nor keep the room warm, and she was glad when it cracked so badly that her husband had to sell it and buy a new one, 'The Family Friend,' which is good iron and bakes beautifully." Mrs. Ambrose, not willing to acknowledge how fruitlessly the day had been spent, said they had postponed the purchase of their stoves till to-morrow, so as not to be too hasty in their choice.

In the first store they entered next day they saw "The Family Friend,"—a large, clumsy, unhandsome stove, which neither of them liked, though the dealer maintained that it was the best stove in the world. Good for wood or coal, of which it consumed wonderfully little, compared with other stoves. It was the best of bakers, and threw out the heat all over the room, except in warm weather, when it passed off through the funnel after heating the oven and boiling the teakettle. "Though not so ornamental as a New York cook-stove, which is good for nothing but to look at, it will out-bake and out-heat and outlast the best of them; and yet," continued the honest merchant, waxing warm, "many of the women run after those figured-up New York stoves, and turn up their noses at 'The Family Friend.' All sensible women," he added, "prefer a sensible stove like 'The Family Friend.'" Ver-

ily, "The F. F." must have been a model stove, and I marvel that neither mother nor Mrs. Ambrose would have it. They knew they could believe all the dealer said in its praise, for he was a church-member and would have lost the sale of a dozen stoves rather than utter a single untruth concerning them.

The next shop they visited was kept by a Mr. Kelly, who, according to his friends, was a Scotchman, and according to his enemies an Irishman. He was happy to see them, and delighted to show them his stock of cooking-stoves, which was, he informed them several times, the largest and best in Essex County. "This, ladies," he said, pointing to a squat, ugly stove, "is 'The Gem.' Truly, she's not handsome, but give her plenty of wood and she'll bake hard and brown. If you want a coal-stove, here's 'The Cook's Delight,'" patting a smart-looking stove, as one pats a child or a favorite dog. "She's a beauty, and with a handful or two of coal she'll bake and boil and warm the room. My! what a love of a stove she is, and how the ladies do praise her!"

"Why! 'tis a New York stove," exclaimed mother, reading the legend inscribed on the hearth.

"All the better for that, madam," answered Kelly, with a peculiar smile on his poor pock-marked face. "But I fear a certain old Christian who deals in stoves has been lying to you about New York stoves. But he knows as well as I do that the New-Yorkers make better as well as handsomer stoves than the Yankees."

"What do you think of 'The Family Friend,' Mr. Kelly?" asked Mrs. Ambrose.

"A very good stove of its kind, madam; but the poorest of my second-hand stoves, which I bought for a song and will sell for a song, will cook better and heat better than 'The Family Friend.'"

Mrs. Ambrose was almost induced to buy "The Cook's Delight," but mother, who was so displeased with Mr. Kelly that she could not or would

not see any great or peculiar excellence in the stove, advised her friend to look farther before purchasing.

After leaving Kelly's, the stove-hunters betook themselves to the "House-keepers' Emporium," the proprietor of which was the husband of the famous Mrs. Baldry, who was the queen of beauty in Seaport half a lifetime ago. Mother saw, as she entered the "Emporium," a handsome small-sized cooking-stove, standing genteelly on three long legs. It was called "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and was manufactured by G. E. Waring of Rippowam, in the State of New York. Although she had never seen just such a stove before, and knew nothing at all about it, she felt, as soon as she laid her eyes on it, that "The Kitchen Common-Sense" was to be hers, and would have been sorry to hear Mr. Baldry say anything in its disparagement, which of course he did not do, but, on the contrary, praised it as a lover praises his "fairest fair." You need not be told that mother bought the stove, the identical one she fell in love with at first sight. She paid "many a shining dollar" for it and for the little brass-headed poker and a heap of useful and useless things which the smooth-tongued dealer talked her into believing were the usual and necessary equipment of a cook-stove. Mrs. Ambrose also purchased a "Kitchen Common-Sense"; though hers, I think, was a size or two larger than ours.

The momentous business of selecting their stoves being satisfactorily ended, the two friends parted company. Mrs. Ambrose went to take tea with Mrs. Bollydunder (widow of rich old Captain Bollydunder), and mother made a call upon her wood-merchant, with whom she had dealt for many years, and with whom she was to deal no more, save perhaps for a little kindling wood when charcoal was scarce and dear. The old man, though rolling in wealth, as the phrase is, was just as eager for gain as ever, and, thinking that mother had come to order her winter's fuel, he greeted her kindly and

cordially, and informed her that he had some fine, dry, sound Eastern wood and some first-rate up-river wood. When told that she was going to burn coal, (in which he did not deal,) he shook his head doubtfully, and said he feared she would miss her cheerful fireplace. Did he know anything about coal, mother asked, and would he advise her to buy her coal of A or of B? He knew nothing about coal, he replied, and would n't have it in his house; but he thought she'd better go to B's for her coal; "He's my wife's cousin's son, and an honest man." Mr. B knew all about coal, and profoundly observed that white-ash was best for those that liked it, and red-ash best for those that liked it. If she wanted coal that would consume slowly, she'd better have white-ash; if she wanted coal that would kindle easily and burn freely, she should have red-ash. Mother decided upon red-ash, and paid for three tons of what Mr. B said was the best coal in the United States.

That night mother came home with an unsmiling face: the thought of her purchases troubled her. She babbled of stoves in her sleep, and dreamed of a gigantic red-hot "Kitchen Common-Sense," which changed into poor old Mr. Fetty the wood-sawyer, who asked her how she could have the heart to take the bread out of his mouth. Howbeit, she went to work next morning with heart and will, and was soon ready for the stove, and waited with impatience for its arrival. Just as we had concluded it would not come before dinner, a wagon drove up to the door, containing two smutty-faced men and "The Kitchen Common-Sense." The smutty mechanics understood their business well, and, as they were not "working by the hour," soon took their departure. They left the stove standing in our kitchen on a bright square of zinc, and just in front of the new sheet-iron fire-board, behind which was the deserted fireplace, and the old brick oven in which had been baked so many mince-pies and squash-pies, and pandowdies, to say nothing of the

Sunday beans and bread and Indian puddings.

Immediately after dinner, and before mother had kindled a fire in the stove, or tidied up a bit, the dear neighbors, who had seen or heard of the arrival of the "Common-Sense," came flocking in to see it. How kind and complimentary they were! One said it was a cunning little stove, but feared her family would starve if she had to cook with it. Another had no doubt it would do well if it did not crack the first time a fire was made in it. A third observed that if folks must have such things as cooking-stoves, she supposed this might be about as good as any of them, though she should like it better if it were less ornamental. A grandmotherly personage hoped it would warm the room without setting the house on fire. Aunt Nancy shook her head, and muttered something about a pretty toy. Sally Dole said it would do very well, if the iron was good. As soon as the amiable visitants were gone, mother brought from the cellar a pan of charcoal, and a canvas-lined basket containing a handful or two of shavings and a few small dry chips, and proceeded to kindle a fire in the "Common-Sense." With fear and hope and anxiety she held the burning lucifer beneath the grate. The smoke poured out thick and fast from every cranny and crevice of the stove, — the chimney was unfriendly to the "Common-Sense," we feared, — and in a moment or two the fire blazed and roared, and the smoke went willingly through the funnel and up the chimney, which was friendly to the stove after all. Mother smiled, and put a shovelful of coal into the grate, and the "black Pennsylvanian stones" ignited finely. Yes, the draught was good, and the coal would burn, and we should do bravely if the heat did not crack the stove, which it did not do, though every time a piece of coal snapped in two with a loud noise we thought the machine was broken. O, how happy we were as we sat in front of the "Common-Sense" that afternoon, gazing upon the glowing grate, and listening

to the singing of the teakettle! Next morning the stove baked us some nice light biscuits for breakfast, and cooked our modest little dinner beautifully. The "Common-Sense" baked our Thanksgiving pies and Christmas puddings. It also roasted the Thanksgiving turkey and the Christmas goose to a turn, — could the old tin-kitchen have done more than that?

As the season advanced and the fierce cold days of winter came, we found that our little stove was equal to the occasion, and threw out the heat generously. Mother soon grew to be very fond and very proud of "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and slaved to keep it black and bright, somewhat to the dislike of Sally Dole, who thought it almost sinful to have a cook-stove shine like silver. Indeed, the "Common-Sense" made our kitchen so warm and comfortable, that mother invited Miss Peachy to come and pass a few weeks at our house during the winter, and Miss Peachy came, and the stove and its mistress gave her a warm welcome. She was, as I remember her, a small, comely, black-eyed woman in a faded green silk. In their girlhood, Miss Peachy and mother had been almost as great friends as Shakespeare's Hermia and Helena. They had not met before for years, and so there was a deal to be said about old times and old friends. One night, as they sat before the "Common-Sense," and were warmed by its genial heat, they reconstructed the world of their youth and peopled it with a crowd of shadows which they called up from the awful past.

Miss Peachy was as great a student of novels and romances as Miss Buskbody herself, and had brought with her a bountiful supply of her favorite literature; and just as soon as the tea-things were cleared away and the stove well poked, she would seat herself at the little mahogany light-stand, and read, by the dim light of an oil lamp, chapter after chapter of some long-winded novel or other. She never skipped a word, however dull or prosy the book might be, for skipping she held to be

the unpardonable sin of novel-readers. She read all moral or didactic passages with great slowness and emphasis. She laughed freely at the funny things, and expected you to do the same. Whenever she came to a pathetic scene she wept, and looked up with tear-dimmed eyes to see if you were not weeping also. I don't remember the names of many of Miss Peachy's darling romances, though I heard them read with considerable interest. The world, I fear, has forgotten them too. I dare say that "Annie Gray" and the rest of them could be found upon the dusty top shelf of many an old family library. I have a kindness for the memory of Miss Peachy. She gave me a taste for the pleasures and delights of novel-reading.

As soon as Miss Peachy got through all her volumes, she flitted with them to another old schoolmate in a distant town, to whom I suppose she read the dear familiar stories with new interest and undiminished pleasure. Mother hugely enjoyed Miss Peacly's readings, and missed them so much after they were over, that she borrowed many a foolish novel and silly romance from the circulating library in Seaport, which was rich in such productions. I read these works aloud in the evening, in, I fear, a careless, hurried, blundering way, which must have been in painful contrast to Miss Peachy's careful and correct manner; but thus was begun a long and, upon the whole, a delightful course of light reading, which was not all so very light, however, for we worried through some mighty heavy books.

By the time we had perused a dozen or more of the circulating-library romances it was late in spring, and a coal-fire was getting uncomfortable. So one May morning we took the stove down and reopened the fireplace, and made a fire on the hearth out of chips from the ship-yard; which is a fire that hints of the sea and suggests volumes of ocean adventure. The crane and pot-hooks, and the andirons, and the bellows, and the shovel and tongs, were in

use once more. Our old tin baker was taken from its hiding-place, and scoured bright; but it would not bake near as well as the "Common-Sense," and mother, who prided herself on her bread, and loved to have the loaves cracked and brown, was not sorry upon this account, as well as others, when the time came round to have the stove back again.

Mrs. Ambrose's "Common-Sense" did n't bake well at all, she complained; and it was, she had discovered at last, too ornamental a stove for her kitchen; and she gave her husband no peace till it was exchanged for a new one of the very latest style: for there are as many styles and fashions in cooking-stoves as in bonnets, and some women have a new stove about as often as they have a new bonnet.

Mother, however, maintained that in "The Kitchen Common-Sense" cooking-stoves had reached perfection, or as near perfection as it was possible or even essential to have them. True, she admitted it was just possible that A's stove consumed a trifle less fuel than hers, but then A's was a slack baker; or that B's threw out a little more heat sometimes, but it was an awkward, unhandsome thing; or C's was more easily "cleared out" in the morning, but it had n't an open grate and the fire could not be seen. Now the "Common-Sense," she said, baked as well as a brick oven, was as handsome as a picture, and had a pleasant open grate, through which you saw the glowing coal, which looked like a mass of molten gold. With what polite incredulity and pitying contempt she listened to her friends' fine stories about the merits of some new upstart cook-stove, the prodigy of the season, the housewife's dear last favorite! When told by kind neighbors that the "Common-Sense" was sadly out of fashion, she said it was fashionable enough for her, and should never be pushed aside for a newer trifle till it was fairly worn out or burnt out.

I grew from a boy to a man, and still the old stove (how soon things

grow old in this world!) was nearly as good as ever, apparently, and more prized than when new. And when we left the ancient house where we had lived so long and enjoyed so much, and came to Carterville, the "Kitchen Common-Sense" came with us, and was set up in our new home; and the sight of so familiar a friend in that strange and unfamiliar house took the chill out of our hearts before we had kindled a fire to take the chill out of our fingers.

In truth, the "Common-Sense" was now doubly dear to us. It baked and boiled and threw out the heat as generously as of old. It was also a pleasant remembrancer of other days, and its tin teakettle sang eloquently of the past and hopefully of the future.

But it touched me and grieved me to see with what loving care and patience mother waited and tended upon the "Common-Sense" in its venerable but infirm old age, lifting the poor burnt-out covers as tenderly as one lifts a day-old baby, and handling the poker as gently as if she feared a too violent motion of that potent little instrument would be fatal to the age-worn stove, which, though sadly decrepit, performed its daily duties re-

markably well. I can see mother with her spectacles looking wistfully at the "Common-Sense," fearful of discovering some hole or crack in the thin iron.* Yet with all the wear and tear of its long years of service, it outlasted its owner, and after she was gone consumed tons of coal, and baked I know not how many pots of Sunday beans, and warmed and comforted and consoled a poor solitary bachelor.

At last, however, the "Common-Sense" became too old and disabled for use, and was deposed, and now stands lonely and rusty and forlorn in the cellar, never again to be the pride and pet of the kitchen, never again to bake bread or boil teakettle or perform the least and humblest culinary labor. I have not the heart to sell the "Common-Sense" for old iron, but keep it for the same reason that the Cid refused to bear arms against the town of Zamora, "because of the days which are past."

J. E. Babson.

* Some years since I searched Boston for a "Kitchen Common-Sense," but the stove had been long out of the market and the dealers knew it not. Even Westcott, who knows as much about old stoves as Perry Burnham knows about old books, had forgotten "The Kitchen Common-Sense," and smiled and shook his head when I asked him if a second-hand one was likely to turn up soon.

S Y L V I A .

"S Y L V I A !" The happy face looked up
 With love's unvoiced reply;
 Beneath his, deep light brimmed her eye,
 As a blue blossom fills its cup
 From fulness of the sky.

Sylvia! It was her wedding-day:
 Her story seemed complete.
 No voice had made her name so sweet
 Along the rustic maiden's way, —
 So rhythmic to repeat.

The sylvan, quaint, romantic name
 Had drifted to her door
 From the Atlantic's eastern shore,
 Where some ancestral English dame
 Its style Arcadian wore.

But here it breathed of rose and fern,
 And salt winds of Cape Ann ;
 Of timid wild-flowers hid from man
 Behind the gray cliffs' barrier stern,
 In woods where shy streams ran.

And they twain wandered in a wood
 By vague sea-whisperings swept ;
 To soul, through sense, fine odors crept ;
 Within the northern air, the mood
 Of tropic sunshine slept.

'Mid sassafras and wintergreen,
 Elder and meadow-rue,
 In dazzling bridal-raiment new, —
 Glorious in exile as a queen, —
 The white magnolia grew.

"Sylvia ! my own magnolia-flower !"
 The proud young husband said.
 With creamy buds he crowned her head ;
 And Sylvia smiled, and blessed the hour
 Of summer she was wed.

The years went on, and Sylvia grew
 Pale at her work, and thin.
 The pair no green woods wandered in ;
 Cold through the corn the north-wind blew ;
 Their bread was hard to win.

Furrowed his brow became, and stern,
 As his own farm-lands rough.
 He called her "Wife !" in accents gruff.
 Why should she for her girl-name yearn ?
 Was she not his ? Enough.

Enough ! — enough to fill the bound
 Of woman's heart is he
 Who leaves no heaven-growth in her free ?
 Who guards not for her what he found
 Her life of life to be ?

The tired wife's woodland name to her
 Gospels of freedom meant.
 And he with every dream was blent ;
 His "Sylvia !" in her soul could stir
 Long ripples of content.

But now, for dreary weeks and years,
 Her name he never spoke.
 Into no storm her dull dawns broke ;
 Life was not sad enough for tears ;
 Her heart more slowly broke.

Sometimes, deep in an oaken chest
With ample linen filled,
The touch of a dead blossom thrilled
Into blind pain sweet thoughts repressed,
And in long silence chilled :

Again the rich magnolia breathed
Through the New England air
Its hint of Southern summers rare ;
Again her head the warm buds wreathed ;
Her bridegroom twined them there.

She shut the chest : she would not think
Her life the dry pressed flower
She knew it was. Yet hour on hour
More stifling grew ; and lock and link
Crushed down with steadier power.

He boasted of her skilful hands,
Her quick, unresting feet.
" No woman like my wife I meet ;
On all the Cape none understands
How to make home so neat."

She, proud to be her husband's pride,
For bread received a stone.
Love lives not by such bread alone ;
And hungry longings woke and cried
For better things unknown.

Only by toil the wife could keep
Her girl-heart's clamor down.
Care's ashes all her tresses brown
Sprinkled with gray. An early sleep
Came death, life's ache to drown.

When, by the blank around, he knew
What she had been to him,
And, in remorseful guesses dim,
Measured the joy she failed of, too,
Thought bittered, to its brim.

He sought the sea-washed woods, where tall
Black pines at noon made night.
The flowers stood still in lovely light :
He seemed to hear his dead bride call
From every blossom white.

The warm-breathed, fresh magnolia-bloom
In hands that never stirred
He laid, with one beseeching word —
" Sylvia ! " — that pierced the death-dimmed room :
Her soul smiled back : she heard !

Lucy Larcom.

IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

ON Tuesday, the 19th of March, about noon, we left Sandy Point, where we had been passing several pleasant days. It is the only settlement in the Straits of Magellan, and lies midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Its position marks a sudden and decided change in the general aspect of the region, — the shores in the eastern portion of the straits being open and low, and the passages between them wide as compared with those of the western portion. I like to remember that afternoon. To me it was full of vague anticipation, for we were on the threshold of the region where, we had been taught to believe, mountains rise sharply up from narrow ocean channels, and glaciers dip into the sea; where the scenery at once delights and stimulates the imagination, suggesting more than it reveals. The weather was beautiful, a mellow autumn day with a reminiscence of summer in its genial warmth. The cleft summit of Mount Sarmiento was clear against the sky, and its snow-fields, swept over by alternate light and shadow, seemed full of soft undulations. Cloven peaks are, by the way, a common feature of mountains in the Straits of Magellan, as we afterward found. Indeed, from this time forward, for many days, our way was in the midst of scenery which, though constantly varied by local features, had a certain uniformity throughout. All those narrow passes marked on the maps as Froward Reach, English Reach, Crooked Reach, and the still more intricate passage, known as Smythe's Channel, are so many ocean defiles hemmed in between mountains, the lower slopes of which are heavily wooded. Bays and inlets, deep fiords and small sheltered harbors, break the base of these mountain walls on either side, while above the sombre forests, above the line of vegetation, lie vast fields

of snow and ice, glaciers in which you count every rift and crevasse as you steam past them, and from which countless cascades descend to join the waters beneath. Such were our surroundings for three delightful weeks. On the particular afternoon in question we were bound to the bay of Port Famine, where we anchored before sunset. Its name recalls the sad story of the men who landed there nearly three centuries ago, and watched and waited for the help that never came. I do not know whether the slight vestiges of ruined buildings, and the moss-grown cannon still to be found on a height above the bay, mark the site of Sarmiento's ill-fated colony, but they naturally associate themselves with the old tradition. The beach at Port Famine is lined with singularly regular but completely upturned strata, their edges either worn down or cut to one level so as to be almost even with each other. As we returned to the ship that evening, the moon was just rising over the brow of the hill, and her light rippled across the still water, side by side with the red reflection from a huge fire built by our sailors on the beach. Sailors have a cheery affection for an open fire. Perhaps it recalls home and the domestic, cosy side of life, so far removed from the fore-castle. Whatever be the reason, our men were never on shore for half an hour without building a glorious structure of drift-wood and dry branches, laid with such art that it was a pleasure to see the blaze creep through and finally burst in triumph from the top.

The great event of the next day was the rounding of Cape Froward, a huge mass of rock thrown out in a bold promontory from the north side of Froward Reach. So close did we coast along, that the geology was quite legible even in detail from the deck of our vessel. The contorted strata forming the base

of Cape Froward's rugged cliffs, the rounded shoulders of the mountains in marked contrast to their peaked and jagged crests, the general character of the snow-fields and glaciers, not crowded into narrow valleys, but spread out on the open slopes of the loftier ranges, or fitted dome-like over their single summits; all these features passed constantly before us in an ever-shifting panorama. One of the most beautiful points in the view was a huge twin glacier, or rather a glacier single in its origin but divided at its lower end by a mountain spur. In the afternoon we passed Cape Holland, another very bold and striking headland, and anchored in Fortesque Bay early enough to have several hours of daylight before us. In this sheltered harbor, with Mount Cross for a breastwork against the west wind, we found ourselves in a different climate from the one in which we had passed the morning, with a strong breeze blowing dead against us.

We spent the remainder of the day in wandering along the rocky, pebbly beach; penetrating sometimes, though on account of the underbrush but for a little way, among the trees. Here I first saw the wild fuchsia in full bloom, growing along the shore in large banks as thick and abundant as those of the mountain-laurel in New England, and also the beautiful pink bells of the "*Philesia buxifolia*," an exquisite flowering shrub. We came upon a Fuegian hut on the beach. We often saw their deserted camps afterward, but they never differed from this first specimen. Dwellings they can scarcely be called. A few flexible branches are stuck in the ground in a semicircle, and their ends are drawn together so as to form a kind of hood in the shape of a chaise-top. It is too low for any posture but that of squatting or lying down. In front is always a scorched spot where their handful of fire has smouldered; at one side is invariably a large heap of empty shells, showing that they had occupied this spot until they had exhausted the supply of

mussels, their favorite, or at least their principal, food. We had already met Fuegian Indians in their canoes. The very day before, as we left Port Famine, a boat containing three men and two women had put off from a spot we had been watching with some interest, because a smoke on the edge of the wood, and a few figures moving about, indicated a camp. They showed no disposition to come on board, but seemed rather by their gestures inviting us to pay them a visit, — pointing to their fires, and frantically waving skins which no doubt they wished to barter for tobacco, though their wild shrieks and shouts were then unintelligible to us. One would hardly believe that five human beings could make so much noise. One of the men, the more prominent spokesman, (though where all screamed in unison it was difficult to give pre-eminence to any,) was decently dressed in a flannel shirt and drawers. The others were scarcely clad at all, unless scant skins hanging loose from their shoulders could be called clothing. The women were naked to the waist; their babies were lashed to them, leaving them free to paddle lustily with both arms and nurse their children at the same time. Their boats are usually of their own making, and one can only wonder that people ingenious enough to make bark canoes so neatly and strongly put together, and so well modelled, should have invented nothing better in the way of a house than a twig hut, compared with which a wigwam is an elaborate building; and that they should not provide themselves with a covering for warmth, if not for decency, in a climate where snow and rain are the rule rather than the exception.

The next morning as we steamed out of our snug anchorage, the snow-fields, spite of heavy clouds behind us, lay glittering on the mountains like purest marble in the early light. They were dazzling to look upon. The weather improved as we went on, and indeed we congratulated ourselves upon having in this unkind climate a day when

freakish, capricious sunshine, like a moody artist, brought out bits of landscape here and there, while from time to time a rainbow's broken arch fell through the drifting fleece of clouds. We were bound through the so-called Narrow Reach, a long, winding corridor with rocky walls, opening right and left into narrow picturesque valleys which abut at their farther end against the loftier ranges of snow-mountains. The sides of these valleys as well as the walls of the channel itself in their lower portions, and indeed sometimes for their whole height, are *moutonnés*; that is, they are worn into gently rounded swelling mounds or knolls. The evening before at Fortesque Bay, Mr. Agassiz, who was always hunting the lost thread of a past glacial period and trying to recement its broken fragments, had found many glacial pebbles and boulders bearing all the characteristic marks of ice action. Did they belong to a former extension of local glaciers, or to the general all-embracing action of a still more ancient and universal ice-time? However this may be, it became evident to him, as we advanced, that the two sets of phenomena existed together, one underlying the other, and that to unravel the whole story correctly they must be tracked separately. The well-known feature of glacial action just alluded to, the *moutonnées* surfaces, became a guide for him in tracing, not only the direction in which the ice-sheet had moved, but also its original thickness. The abrupt line where the undulating surfaces yield to sharply cut jagged crests indicates in the Straits of Magellan, as in the Alps, the highest limit of glacial action. One most remarkable instance of this is in Mount Tarn, whose long serrated edge is like a gigantic saw, while the lower shoulders of the mass are hummocked into a succession of rounded hills. Just at the entrance of Narrow Reach, Bachelor Peak forms a bold mountain bluff dividing two beautiful valleys, York Valley in which runs the little York River, and what we may call Jerome Valley, since Jerome Moun-

tain forms its higher boundary. In both these valleys the summits of their lateral walls are jagged and rough, with snow-fields lying between their abrupt points; while lower down their slopes are all symmetrically rounded in the most striking way.

We sailed prosperously along through this beautiful scenery till about three o'clock in the afternoon; but the fitful promise of the morning betrayed us in the end. The wind, which had been strong all day and coming upon us in flaws, increased with sudden fury. Rushing through the narrow tunnel in which we were caught, it seemed to gather strength and speed in proportion to its compression. I had never imagined such a tumult of the elements. In an inconceivably short time the channel was lashed into a white foam, the roar of wind and water was so great you could not hear yourself speak, though the hoarse shout of command and the answering cry of the sailors rose above the storm. To add to the confusion a loose sail slatted as if it would tear itself in pieces, with that sharp, angry, rending sound which only a broad spread of loose canvas can make. It became impossible to hold our own against the amazing power of the blast, and the captain turned the vessel round with the intention of putting her into Borja Bay, not far from which, by good fortune, we chanced to be. As she came broadside to the wind in turning, it seemed to my inexperience that she must be blown over, so violently did she careen. Once safely round, we flew before the wind, which now helped as much as it had hindered, and were soon abreast of Borja Bay. Never was there a more sudden transition from chaos to peace, than the one we made as we turned out of the main channel into its quiet waters, — a somewhat difficult manœuvre under the circumstances, for a driving cloud of mist and rain now enveloped us. Our ship almost filled the tiny harbor shut in between mountains, and there we lay safe and sheltered in breathless quiet, while a few yards from us the

storm raged and howled outside. These frequent, almost land-locked coves are the safety of navigators in these straits; but after this day's experience it was easy to understand how sailing vessels may be kept waiting for months between two such harbors, struggling vainly to make a few miles, and constantly driven back by sudden squalls.

The next morning fresh snow lay on the mountains around us, and we were still detained in our harbor by inclement weather. Spite of the storm, two of our companions ascended the peak on the side of the bay. They found the same smoothed and rounded surfaces which we had observed along our whole route to a height of fifteen hundred feet, above which the rocks were broken and rugged. From the brink of the snow-covered ridge on which they stood, they saw below them a cup-shaped depression holding two little lakes, and looking singularly green and peaceful as seen from the upper region of gusts, snow, and rain in which they found themselves. These lakes fed a pretty cascade, which poured over the rocks at the side of our vessel. In Borja Bay we made our first acquaintance with the so-called "Williwaws" of the straits. A "Williwaw" is a curious phenomenon to the inexperienced. All may be quiet, not a breath stirring; suddenly a gust strikes the ship, and she is shaken for a moment from masthead to keel as if in a giant's grasp, and almost before you have time to feel the shock the wind has passed, vanished into the calm out of which it came, leaving all still again.

On Saturday, the 23d of March, in weather which, though still doubtful, was not wholly unpromising, we started once more. We passed through what is called Straight Reach as distinguished from Crooked Reach, where we had been caught by the storm on Thursday. Like the latter it is narrow, bordered by the same picturesque scenery, but almost without a curve. The early part of that day is, however, like a shifting panorama in my memory. In truth,

the fitful curtain of mist hanging for so much of the time over this whole region is deceptive; one hardly knows what may be the extent or height of the mountains. Sometimes a magnificent peak is suddenly revealed behind and above the nearer mountains, and is gone again almost before you can say you have seen it. You cannot but have constantly in your mind the adventures of the early explorers, feeling their way along in their small sailing vessels through this labyrinth of mountain and ocean, half hidden, half revealed by driving fog and rain; the channel sometimes narrowing suddenly between its rocky walls, a headland looming unexpectedly upon them out of the mist, an absolute ignorance of the safe harbors on either side, and the waters so deep that they might drop their anchor within a foot of the shore and find no bottom.

I pass over two or three days spent on and about the Hassler Glacier, having already given an account of their adventures in a previous number of the "Atlantic," and come to a lovely afternoon when we entered Chorocua Bay, lying on the southern side of the straits, very near their opening into the Pacific Ocean. The scenery during the morning had had a new scientific interest, because we had kept along the southern side of the channel, having hitherto held our course nearer the northern shore. There is, in truth, a marked difference between the northern and southern sides of the straits; the latter being more abrupt and less generally rounded than the former. This fact had a special value for Mr. Agassiz, as an observer of glacial phenomena, for the following reason. In Switzerland it is well known that the surface of any rocky slope or ledge over which a glacier advances will be less influenced by its action than one toward and against which it moves. The ice, though flexible enough to fit itself to an inequality not otherwise to be passed over, is nevertheless a solid, and where it is possible will bridge a depression or hollow without touching

it. A sheet of ice advancing across a valley from the south northward, for instance, will drop over the southern brink into the hollow, coming into contact only with its edge, just as a waterfall may shoot free of the ledge over which it springs; but once in the valley, in order to ascend the opposite bank this same ice-sheet must force itself up against the slope, wearing, furrowing, and grinding the surface as it goes. These are facts daily witnessed in the Alps; their results are readily recognized by any one familiar with glacial action. Supposing, therefore, that during the glacial period the ice sheet in the southern hemisphere advanced from south to north, (I speak now of a universal ice-time preceding and in its effects underlying all local glacial phenomena,) this difference between the two banks of the straits would be natural; the north side being the strike side, while the opposite wall, especially where most abrupt, might not have come in contact with the ice at all. At all events, their general aspect, as compared with each other, led Mr. Agassiz to believe what he had already theoretically inferred as probable, namely, that there has been a movement of the ice in the southern hemisphere from the south northward, corresponding to that which has taken place from the north southward in the northern hemisphere. For the sake of local accuracy, I may mention one of many instances. On the southern side of the straits, just opposite the Gulf of Xualtequa, a lofty wall of rock descends into the water, the upper portions of which are everywhere modelled by glacial action, while the abrupt, steep exposure forming its lower half is quite free of rounded surfaces. From its aspect one would say that the sheet of ice had ground over its upper slopes and then dropped over the lower wall, bridging the space between it and the water. These remarks would mislead were they understood in an exclusive sense. Both sides of the straits are rugged in parts; both are rounded and hummocked in parts; but

the southern shore is much the more abrupt of the two.

We were tempted to turn into Chorocua Bay by Captain Mayne's mention of a glacier descending into the water. There is a large glacier in sight above it on the western side, though not directly accessible, as we had hoped to find it. Notwithstanding this disappointment, we rejoiced that we had entered this bay, for it is singularly beautiful. Deep gorges open on either side, bordered by steep richly wooded cliffs, and overhung by ice and snow-fields on loftier heights. Where these channels lead, into what dim recesses of ocean and mountain, it is impossible to say, for within them, so far as I know, no one has penetrated. The weather was most friendly to us. Chorocua Bay, with all its adjoining inlets and fiords, was glassy still; only the swift steamer ducks, as they shot across, broke the surface of the water with their arrowy wake. Quiet as in a church, voices and laughter seemed an intrusion, and a shout came back to us in repeated echoes, dying away at last in far-off, hidden retreats. We left the place with great regret; we would gladly have explored, if only for a little distance, these narrow, winding, ocean pathways within which mountains and forest-covered walls were mirrored on this tranquil afternoon with absolute fidelity. But we could not venture to stay, with the risk of being kept there by a change of weather. Provisions, coal, the necessities of the vessel, admonished us to keep on our way, and we crossed to Cape Tamar and anchored before night-fall within Sholl Bay, the vestibule as it were of Smythe's Channel. The shores of this large gulf, unveiled by mist, were clear in the evening light. Pearly tints, pale pink, blue, and amethyst, faded over the snow mountains opposite our anchorage; and when the same ashy paleness came upon them which follows sunset on the Alpine snows, the whole range was reflected in dead white in the water, as if it had been built of marble.

The next day we divided forces. Botanists, zoölogists, sportsmen, and sundry nondescripts, such as Mrs. Johnson and myself, landed on the beach at about six o'clock in the morning, taking with us a tent, deck-blankets, lunch, everything needful, in short, to make us comfortable for half a day's sojourn, with possible vicissitudes of weather. The vessel put out into the straits again with the rest of the party, for the purpose of making soundings and dredgings in the neighborhood of Cape Tamar. Mr. Agassiz was much interested in the form and structure of the beach in Sholl Bay. The ridge of the beach itself is a glacial moraine, and accumulations of boulders, banked up in uniform morainic ridges concentric with one another and with the beach moraine, extend far out from the shore like partly sunken reefs. The pebbles and boulders of these ridges are not local, or at least only partially so; they are erratic and have the same geological character as those of the drift material throughout the straits. Our morning on this beach was very interesting. Having pitched our tent, deposited our wraps, provisions, etc., and built our fires, we dispersed in various directions. It did not look like approaching winter. Luxuriant banks of fuchsia, Desfontainea, and Philecia crowned the beach ridge, and were brilliant with blossoms, while other bushes were full of sweet and juicy berries. Following a creek of fresh water that ran out upon the sands, we came to a romantic brook forming a miniature cascade and rushing down through a gorge bordered by old moss-grown trees and full of large boulders, around which the water surged and rippled. This gorge was a haunt of ferns and lichens carpeting all its nooks and corners. We tracked the brook to a small lake lying some half a mile behind the beach. The collections made along the shore were numerous, and included a great variety of animals. Among them were star-fishes, volutas, sea-urchins, sea-anemones, medusæ, doris, and small

fishes from the tide-pools, beside a number drawn in the seine.

Toward the middle of the day we all strayed in one by one from our wanderings, and assembled around or within the tent for lunch. All luxuries and superfluities had long dropped off from our larder; mussels roasted on the shell, salt pork broiled on a stick, and hard-tack formed our frugal meal; but such as it was, we were called upon to share it with a numerous company. A boat rounded the point of the beach, and as it approached we saw that it was full of Indians, — men, women, and children. The men landed (they were five or six in number) and came toward us. I had wished to have a near view of the Fuegians, but I confess that, when my desire was gratified, my first feeling was one of utter repulsion and disgust. I have seen many Indians, both in North and South America, the wild Sioux of the West, and various tribes of the Amazons, but I had never seen any so coarse and repulsive as these; they had not even the physical strength and manliness of the savage to atone for brutality of expression. Almost naked (for the short, loose skins tied around the neck and hanging from the shoulders could hardly be called clothing), with swollen bodies, thin limbs, and stooping forms, with a childish yet cunning leer on their faces, they crouched over our fire, spreading their hands toward its genial warmth, and all shouting at once, "Tabac, tabac," and "Galleta," — biscuit. We had no tobacco with us, but we gave them the remains of our hard-bread and pork, which they seemed glad to have. Then the one who appeared, from the deference paid him by the rest, to be chief, sat down on a stone and sang in a singular kind of monotone. The words were evidently addressed to us, and seemed from the gestures and expression to be an improvisation concerning the strangers. There was something curious in the character of this Fuegian song. It was rather recitation than singing, but was certainly divided into something like strophes or stanzas; for

although there was no distinct air or melody, the strain was brought to a close at regular short intervals, and ended always exactly in the same way and on the same notes with a rising inflection of the voice. When he finished we were silent with a sort of surprise and expectancy; his blank, disappointed expression reminded us to applaud, and then he laughed with pleasure, imitated the clapping in an awkward way, and began to sing again. I do not know how long this scene might have lasted, for the man seemed to have no thought of stopping, and the flow of words was uninterrupted; but the Hassler came in sight, her recall gun was fired, and we hastened down to the beach landing. Our guests followed us, still clamorously demanding tobacco, and we signed to them that they might follow us on board the vessel, where they would get some. Meantime the women had brought their boat close to ours at the landing. They began to laugh, talk, and gesticulate with much energy. They are, or at least they seemed whenever we saw them, a very noisy people, chattering constantly with amazing rapidity and all together. Their boat, with the babies and dogs to add to the tumult, was a perfect Babel of voices, especially after the men joined them. We reached the ship first, but they presently came along-side, still shouting and shrieking without pause and in every key, "Tabac, tabac," "Galleta, galleta." We threw them down both, and they grabbed for them like wild animals. From the fierceness with which they snatched at whatever was thrown into the boat, it seemed that each one was the owner of what he could catch, and that there was no community of goods. I threw down some showy beads and bright calico to the women, who seemed pleased, though I should doubt their knowing what to do with the latter. They wore a coarse kind of amulet made of shells tied in a string around the neck, so that the

beads would certainly come in play. They had some idea of trade and barter, for when they found they had received all the tobacco and biscuit they were likely to get gratuitously, they held up bows and arrows, wicker baskets, birds, and the large sea-urchin, which is an article of food with them. Before we parted from our friends, they seemed to me more human than when I first saw them. Indeed the faces of one or two were neither brutal nor ugly. One boy was eminently handsome; a lad of some sixteen or seventeen years perhaps. He looked like an Italian, and in the garb of a *lazzarone* would have passed muster in a Neapolitan street without detection. His complexion was dark, but ruddy and rich in tone, his features were regular, his eyes large and soft, and his teeth superb. He showed them, for he was always on the broad grin. His figure remains in my memory as he clung like a monkey to the side of the ship, his free hand stretched toward us, his head thrown back, half laughing, and crying to the last minute, "Tabac, tabac." Indeed, long after the steamer had started and when their position seemed really perilous, both men and women hung on the side of the vessel, dragging the boat below, trying to climb up, stretching their hands to us, praying, shrieking, screaming for more tobacco. When they found it at last a hopeless chase, they dropped off and began again the same chanting recitative which we had heard on the beach, waving their hands in farewell. So we parted. I looked after them as they paddled away, wondering anew at the strange problem of a people who learn nothing even from their own wants, necessities, and sufferings. They wander naked and homeless in snow and mist and rain as they have done for ages, asking of the land only a strip of beach and a handful of fire, of the ocean shell-fish enough to save them from starvation.

Mrs. E. C. Agassiz.

AFTER THE FIRE.

WHILE far along the eastern sky
 I saw the flags of Havoc fly,
 As if his forces would assault
 The sovereign of the starry vault
 And hurl Him back the burning rain
 That seared the cities of the plain,
 I read as on a crimson page
 The words of Israel's sceptred sage :—

*For riches make them wings, and they
 Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,
 What hue shall paint the mocking light
 That burned and stained the orient skies
 Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
 As if the sun had lost his way
 And dawned to make a second day,—
 Above how red with fiery glow,
 How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,
 Flashed the false jewels of the fire ;
 Girt with her belt of glittering panes,
 And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,
 Our northern queen in glory shone
 With new-born splendors not her own,
 And stood, transfigured in our eyes,
 A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,
 And still the midnight sky is red ;
 As the lost wanderer strays alone
 To seek the place he called his own,
 His devious footprints sadly tell
 How changed the pathways known so well ;
 The scene, how new ! The tale how old
 Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came
 Writ in the rubric of the flame :
 Howe'er we trust to mortal things
 Each hath its pair of folded wings ;
 Though long their terrors rest unspread,
 Their fatal plumes are never shed ;
 At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
 And blot the day and blast the night !

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
 Around us, never spreads her wings ;
 Love, though he break his earthly chain,
 Still whispers he will come again ;
 But Faith that soars to seek the sky
 Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
 And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
 The cloudless azure whence they came !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BOSTON, November 13, 1872.

AMONG THE RUINS.

SINCE Boston was fated to burn, I think any one may blamelessly regret that he was not by to see it, if he had the misfortune to be absent during the red thirty hours of its loss. As a spectacle, it must have been one of the most impressive that human eyes ever beheld, and those who looked upon it are truly to be envied. That steady and resistless destruction of the finest business architecture on the continent, by flames that melted the piles of solid granite like sand, and consumed the prosperity of long years of successful commerce, lacked the dramatic poignancy of most other great conflagrations ; comparatively few homes were burned, there was little of the agony of attempts to save things dear by use and association, or of the sacrifice of what nothing could buy again ; but as those millions of money were licked up by the fire and vanished forever in the crimson glare and dusky fume, all the more potent must have been the lesson of human effort paralyzed, and of human industry and achievement absolutely annulled.

In contrast with this, it was but a cold and poor experience to wander among the ruins of the great fire ; and yet these, once seen, had a dreary fascination that drew you again and again and enforced their tragic interest, so that to him who gazed upon the scene, the idle people who seemed to spend their days amidst the ruins, and to look

and look, and stand and stand, and apparently suffer no change from hour to hour save as they shifted the weight of the body from one leg to the other, were not at all inexplicable.

I first caught sight of that chaos on the Monday night after the fire, when Washington Street was still drenched from the engines that screamed and panted at every corner, and launched their streams into the semi-luminous fog-bank beyond, out of which dimly rose a broken wall here and there, with hollow windows and a certain solemn gauntness of outline. The approaches forbidden by many bayonets, the obscurity of the streets still without gas, — the shops being ineffectively lit with kerosene and candles, — and the recent arrival of twenty-seven carloads of New York roughs (all happily slain by the police and chemically annihilated during the night), made it undesirable to inspect the ruins then ; but a mild, fair afternoon of an early day following invited whatever Volneys could get a pass from the Chief of Police to come and meditate upon them.

A great many Volneys, of both sexes and all ages, seemed to have got passes, so that there was nothing more notable amidst the ruins than the number of people who had as little business there as myself. Here and there were occupants of the former buildings, at work in getting out their safes ; or —

if their places were, as often happened, still masses of red-hot brick — listlessly kicking the rubbish or picking up bits of iron or other fantastically shapen fragments of the wreck, gazing at them vacantly a moment, and then flinging them away. On one hopeless heap of ruin I saw a young man standing with his wife and looking silently about him; some one came up and saluted him by name with a cheery "How's biz?" "Never better; tip-top!" he answered in a voice which somehow failed to make one gay. "Let me introduce you to my wife. Thought we'd come down to my store and have a look at the improvements." The wife gave her hand with but a wan smile.

But most of the people, I say, had nothing to do there but get in the way of the firemen whose steamers were working at a score of points, and then get out of it as the flying streams of water were shifted from one seething mass to another. They seemed to be nearly all relic-hunters, and they were nearly all happy and anxious in some bit of blackened crockery or warped ironmongery, which they had secured with great trouble and were afraid would be taken from them at the lines by the police. The most concerned were women who appealed to such blue coats as they met, to know if they could keep this or that, — women with something remorselessly detective of unfashion and second-rateness in their dress, or in the style of the young men who had brought them down into the burnt district for a holiday. It seemed to be quite a trysting-place, like

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

But to turn from these and take in with one long gaze the ruin around was an experience never to be matched again. Imagine a space of sixty or seventy acres, strewn in wildest confusion with bricks and mortar, broken columns of iron, and lumps of granite; a hundred unextinguished fires still blazing brightly above the wreck or

smouldering under sullen volumes of smoke, or shooting up clouds of steam as the engine jets were turned upon them, and making a tremulous, dim red haze, through which the tall chimney of some vanished manufactory rose monumental, and from point to point loomed the fragments of yet upright wall. These were mostly portions of two sides knit together by a corner; sometimes they were quite broad at the base and narrowed at the top; sometimes a façade rose nearly whole; but in all cases, save along Washington Street, they were brick, and not the granite in which we had so much trust and pride. It was curious, indeed, to see the state to which this faithless stone had been reduced by the fire. It was scaled and coarse sand under foot, it impeded the steps in lumpy balls and ovals, it was scattered about in shapeless masses, and it nowhere kept the sharpness or design that the chisel had so laboriously given it; while the poor plebeian and despised brick, which in our vain-glory we had hoped to see wholly displaced by it, not only gave the ruin picturesqueness and dignity, but approved its own strength where it lay in red-hot masses above the subterranean fires, still keeping its form. Far up along the cornice of the new Post-Office, the granite ornamentation resembles so much sculptor's clay, in which some design had been studied and then crushed and smeared by a rejecting hand, — so soft and fictile has the fire made it seem. Some of the lower columns look as if hewn by an axe, and recalled to my average ignorance the appearance of certain pillars in the Forum at Rome, which I had marvelled to see so hacked and chopped, as I supposed. Indeed, one could not behold the burnt district without being reminded of whatever time-honored ruins he had looked upon, though, of course, Pompeii was most forcibly suggested, with here and there a touch of Rome; and I trust it was with an excusable vanity and a due remembrance of the sore adversity which paid for

the sensation, that I perceived that Boston ruined as effectively as the famous cities of antiquity. A score of centuries might, but for the steamers and the policemen, (the relic-hunters were not at all discordant,) have been supposed to have consecrated the scene by their lapse, so solemnly did those broken walls rise against the pale blue evening sky and let the tenderness of an almost Italian twilight show through their speculationless windows.

This sense of antiquity in the scene removed to a remote period the days when I used, now and then, to give myself the pleasure of a stroll through Franklin Street down into Winthrop Square, and dwell fondly upon the grandiose beauty of the architecture. It looked so solid and perpetual, so free from all meanness of haste or material, that I fancied it somehow typical of Boston at its best: thoroughly substantial and impressively adapted to its use, and yet liking to be handsome and admirable. Those superb seats of commerce were really so many palaces; in Italy they would have been called so; if one had come upon them there he would have turned curiously to his guide-book for their name and history; and outside of Italy I do not know where else one was to find any single group of edifices more noble in aspect. It was fine, too, that this beauty should be devoted to business, and that the homes of these merchants, however elegant, should not compare in architectural magnificence with the places where they met for traffic; there was something original and authentic in that. But what gave the crowning sense of satisfaction in it was its perfect security. "Ah!" you said to your friend, the stranger whom you led through this part of Boston,—slowly that it might grow upon him and crush him in his miserable assumptions on behalf of New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or St. Louis,— "there is nothing can touch it, except an earthquake." You showed him again all that luxury of sculptured granite and slated roof. "Every inch fire-proof,

you see. The whole city might burn up, and you'd merely suffer with cold, down here."

And at present Franklin Street and Congress Street and Summer Street and Winthrop Square have less to show for their former splendor than the Street of Plenty in Pompeii.

Many sites are separable from the others by the lines of broken walls, which lie fallen inwards. Tangled amidst the several heaps are the warped and twisted gas-pipes and other iron-work used in the complicated machinery of a modern house; and everything else is utterly consumed. As you look upon the scene, the obliteration of the cities of old, far more strongly built than the solidest part of Boston, is comprehensible as it never was before. Leave these ruins to the winters and summers of a hundred years, and nature would hide them so well that the owl and the antiquary would ask no more congenial haunt. A thousand years, and Baalbec or Palmyra would be as a flourishing metropolis to the Burnt District of Boston.

But in the mean time we walk about those streets on which the workmen are clearing a difficult way, and try to fix in mind the details of a picture which not nature, but reviving business, will soon hide from us. They are very meagre, indeed. Here and there is a safe standing open at a corner and boldly handbilled with "Look at it! one hundred hours in the fire!" and you admire its soundness, and turn your compassionate eyes from the condition of other safes which lurk unplacarded in the wreck and have apparently yielded up their contents in the form of charcoal. One very small wooden building boasts itself the first of the fledgling phoenixes to rise from the ashes, and, having risen, has evidently nothing to do. Many rude signs direct the passer to localities where businesses have begun anew, and some of these are funny, as "Removed on account of the heat," and other serious ones are quite as sad as if they were funny. Nothing in the way of a jest is

so happy, I fancy, as that legend on a tottering corner, inscribed before the fire, and still legible, "Warfield's Cold Water Soap. Try it, will you!" Perusing this, you strive with the associations of the place, which imply that it was a fire-proof material, and that if the Mayor and Chief of the Fire Department had laid in a sufficient supply the conflagration would have been promptly checked.

Here and there they are getting out rolls of scorched and saturated dry goods; in one place I see a great pile of sodden overcoats; odorless bits of leather kick about under foot, and the ways are very sloppy from the engines and fire-butts. In one place they are pulling down a wall which flings itself to pieces in the air long before it touches the ground, like a column of falling water dispersed in spray.

These are the sights all day long. There are other particulars, however, that one notices, such as the exceeding smallness of the sites on which those mercantile palaces lately towered. The fronts are incredibly narrow, and the depth of the lots far less than it used to look. The whole space burnt over has suffered a like diminution. It used to be a good walk from Bedford Street to State, but now one traverses the area between with no feeling of distance, and a space nearly a third larger than both the Common and the Public Garden does not seem half so great. All local associations are destroyed, of course, and one passes strange by the most familiar places. This heightens the confused, half-doubting sense with which you regard the ruins; you understand theoretically that this melancholy chaos was once the most magnificent part of Boston, but really it might be any other city of any other time. It relates itself as I have hinted to the storied and touristed ruins of old, and it is hard to believe that it is other than the mere spectacle that these have become, that the men upon whom its disaster has fallen are all about us, alive to their loss, and summoning their energies to repair it.

You know well enough how far and in what undreamt-of directions the fire darted its destroying flames, consuming this widow's portion and that orphan's slender heritage; you know that it has devoured the prosperity, not only of the young and strong and hopeful, but of ageing men who trusted that their work was nearly done, who had earned the repose to which they looked forward, and who must now return to their blasted enterprises with the flagging spirits of declining years. But it is not in the presence of the smoking ruins that you can think of the loss, the sorrow, the despondency that they would imply. The community is astir with resolution to repair and rebuild, and begin again, and forget, and you think how soon it will all appear as a vision of uneasy slumber, and you cannot bring the suffering to mind; even those whose lives were licked up by the ravaging flames are as little in your compassion as the dead whose dust was quickened with long-forgotten heat in the crypt of old Trinity.

But for this unreality in them, I could not easily forgive myself for looking at the ruins in an æsthetic rather than a sympathetic mood, or for enjoying as I did a moonlight ramble through them, while they were yet in the first week of their desolation.

There was nothing more alien to our wonted life in the striking traits of that week than the occupation of our streets by the citizen soldiers, who patrolled them by night and guarded the lines enclosing the Burnt District night and day. Whether they were tramping down the pave to the beat of their drums, or picturesquely grouped in front of the City Hall, or about those places where the municipality dispensed hot coffee and other refreshments, they always gave that strangeness which our nature craves to the aspect of the city, and made one feel himself a personage in dramatic events. The mounted officer out of whose way you precipitated yourself, bestowed a tragic dignity upon you by almost riding over you. But good as these good and brave fellows

were by daylight, they needed the moon to bring out what was most impressive in their presence ; and as my friend and I presented our passes at one of the lines, we could not repress a thrill as the moonlight glistened upon the bayonet of the sentinel who admitted us. We even admired the officer who called us back, and made us observe that our passes, lacking the signature of the commanding military authority, were not good for a moonlight stroll among the ruins. Denied at one point what was simpler than to try at another ? Here a solitary soldier, not veteran in years at least, opposed us with the same objection. We represented our ignorance of the new order, and the impossibility of getting the countersign at that time of night. "Well, those are my orders," said the sentry ; "what 's the use of my being here, if I don't obey them ?" "That 's so," we answered ; "you must obey your orders." The sentry was struck by our prompt assent to his logic ; he saw that we were true men. "You can go in," he said, and resumed his sleepless vigilance.

At other points we found the guard lounging about bivouac fires which they had kindled in the strange, desolated street, and taking with superb effect of light and shade the ruddy glare on their accoutrements, their jolly faces, and their outstretched hands, while all round them steamed and smoked the ruin in the pale lustre of the moon, and away by the water-side flashed the gleeful blaze of the mounds of burning coal. As we strolled up and down the lonely avenues we met a policeman on his beat, or a patrol of soldiers ; and we came again and again upon the steamers at their work, each with its little group of firemen, and each sending up with its hoarse respirations black volumes of smoke, shot through and through with

golden sparks. Afar off, a column of steam mounting phantasmal into the moonlight told where each jet of water descended. But for these infrequent sights and sounds, the whole Burnt District was empty and silent. All mean details were lost, and the spectacle had no elements that were not grand and simple. The gaunt and haggard walls, that climbed and seemed to tremble over the desolation now stood black shadows against the moon, and now faintly caught its light through the wavering veils of smoke and vapor as our passing steps shifted the perspective, and the tall edifices that surrounded the place threw a deep shadow upon the border and would not let us see where the destruction ended and began. It was a scene that refused to relate itself to the city of our daily knowledge ; its sad magic estranged whoever looked upon it, and made him for the moment a spirit of other lands and ages revisiting the ruins of remotest time.

Why then could we not be content with this poetic transmutation ? Why must the Shop tower insolently up from that solemn scene, and remind us that if we were going to describe it our picture would lack its finest effect unless we could get the ruins of Trinity Church in, with the moon somewhere looking through them ? We deliberately set about the capture of this effect ; we walked from this side to that, we went up and down the street ; we advanced in one direction as far as the houses would let us, in another till we were repelled by the guard. But it was in vain. The moon and the ruin declined to lend themselves to our paltry purpose. With serene and sad dignity they refused to group, and we left them with something like what I conjecture must be the feelings of a baffled Interviewer.

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week, —
 I wonder what month of the year, —
 Will it be midnight, or morning, —
 And who will bend over my bier?

—What a hideous fancy to come
 As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
 While Eleanor gives the last touch
 To her robe, or the rose in her hair!

Do I like your new dress — pompadour?
 And do I like *you*? On my life,
 You are eighteen, and not a day more,
 And have n't been six years my wife!

Those two rosy boys in the crib
 Up stairs are not ours, to be sure! —
 You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
 All sunshine, and snowy, and pure!

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
 The little wife laughs and makes cheer —
 But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
 I wonder what month of the year!

T. B. Aldrich.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

WE are disappointed, to find that Mr. Stone's "History of New York City," which was evidently written with assiduity and earnest desire to produce a really

History of New York City from the Discovery to the Present Day. By WILLIAM L. STONE, Author of "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.," "Life and Writings of Colonel William L. Stone"; etc., etc., etc. New York: Virtue and Yorston. 1872.

The Greeks of To-day. By CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN, late Minister-Resident of the United States at Athens. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1872.

Joseph Noirel's Revenge. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Translated from the French by WILLIAM F. WEST, A. M. New York. Holt and Williams. 1872.

A Summer's Romance. By MARY HEALY. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

Keel and Saddle. A Retrospect of Forty Years of Military and Naval Service. By JOSEPH W. REVERE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 12mo.

valuable work, shows only unappreciative thought and superficial treatment of the subject. The author, it is true, departs sufficiently far from the ordinary record

A Comedy of Terrors. By JAMES DEMILLE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

A Chance for Himself; or, Jack Hazard and his Treasure. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

The Lives of the Novelists. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. With Notes. New York: A. Denham & Co. 1872.

Biographia Literaria; or, Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Prepared in part by the late HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE. Completed and published by his Widow. 2 vols. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Letters from High Latitudes; being some Account of a Voyage of the Schooner Yacht "Foam," 85 O. M., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By the Earl of Dufferin, K. P. etc. Toronto: Adam Stevenson & Co. 1872.

of "enterprise" and "incidents," to insist that the city is not without "traditions," a claim which he advances with ever-recurring emphasis, and in support of which he brings forward many long extracts from the gossip of the past; some of them pleasant and entertaining enough. But the thinking reader looks for so much more than these things. Glorification of great feats accomplished, and gossip about social scenes in "legendary" coffee-houses or among eccentric characters of a generation or two ago, play an appropriate part in volumes of personal recollections, or in garrulous autobiographies; but they do not make a history, nor do descriptions of popular "sensations" and disturbances, without connection or especial pertinence. Neither does New York consist entirely of buildings, "monuments of public enterprise." We should be glad to know something of the population of the great city, so strangely mingled from all the peoples of the world as to make the place utterly unlike all others; of the growth of characteristics, customs, and classes; of the past and present situation of rich and poor; of the means of care for the latter, and of the internal administration among this mass of human beings; of the history of the municipal organization and its problems; of the great schemes of speculation — and speculation — that have risen, had their day and their incalculable influence, and gone down; in fact, if our demands, in our character of everyday reader, are not too exorbitant, we should like to know something of the human, the political, and the politico-economical history of New York.

We would not willingly do injustice to a work undertaken in the sincere, and, as far as it goes, entirely praiseworthy spirit which animates this book; and in endeavoring to point out the really great field that a historian of New York City has before him, we have perhaps seemed unfair to an author whose chief error may lie in a mistaken title-page, and who from the beginning only intended to collect some recollections and detached narratives useful to future writers. But we must take Mr. Stone at his word, and when he tells us in title and Preface that he has written a history, we must judge it accordingly. We might justify by many citations that dissatisfaction with the result of his labor's which we have been obliged to express in somewhat too general terms. But we need only notice one or two examples, chosen

entirely at random, of the way in which important periods are neglected, while the author hurries on to personal anecdote and plentiful "recollections."

We will take an instance from the earlier portion of the work. It would naturally be supposed that New York, during the beginning, and in fact the whole continuance of the Revolution, would afford a theme for a chapter of average length at least. And the reasonable space which Mr. Stone accords to the years before the outbreak of the war, though by no means so great as that devoted later to the description of a few "eccentric characters," — barber, confectioner, and others, — leads us to hope for this. But when we come to the actual outbreak of hostilities, we are amazed to find a single sentence (page 243) devoted to the fact that "New York, imitating the example of her sister Colonies, formed a Provincial Congress," and "appointed five delegates to the Continental Congress" in Philadelphia. A page more brings us to the arrival of Washington in New York; and from this (June 25, 1775) two pages only are required to carry us through the whole eventful year to the Declaration of Independence. Surely something was doing in New York City all this while! Having most superficially described its capture, Mr. Stone tells us that "the history of New York City during its occupation by the British is not one that Americans can recall with pleasure," and apparently believing that this fact excuses him from telling us anything about it, fills some ten pages with a gossiping letter from Madame Riedesel, containing anecdotes of the period, and then suddenly astonishes us with the news of peace; and the Revolution is over.

This easy method of passing over the change of his chosen city from the chief town of a Colony to the metropolis of a new nation, is in itself a somewhat remarkable achievement of the historian; it is a fair example of the way in which the author fills the spaces between the unimportant gossip of the book; but it becomes insignificant when we find, very much later, that his sole mention of the Rebellion in 1861, or anything connected with it, is comprised in a single sentence of general statement and a most imperfect chapter on the New York Draft Riots of 1863. The sentence (page 538) is as follows: "In 1861 and 1862, the citizens of New York, almost to a man and without distinction of

party, rose grandly to sustain the Union." We should have supposed it impossible to write the history of the smallest village in the country, and not say more about the effect of the Civil War than this; yet this sentence is absolutely and literally the only direct mention Mr. Stone makes of the fact that there *was* a war. The chapter on the riots deals only with them apart from any connection with what was doing outside the city. It is made up of quotations from the files of the "New York Herald,"—from reporters' accounts written in all the fear and excitement of the moment,—and altogether is as little worthy the name of history as anything could well be. The rioters are called "the people" (pp. 542, 548, and often), and a mild tone of conciliation runs through the articles. In a short clause of a sentence of one of them (page 543), casual mention is made of the fact that the rioters "burned the Colored Orphan Asylum in Fifth Avenue and tore up a portion of the New Haven Railroad track"!

Thus the war is disposed of without a word of its effects upon the city; of the men sent out and those who never returned; of the aid that came from the merchants' coffers; of the Sanitary Commission and the support it found there; of those after-influences of the great convulsion which New York felt more, perhaps, than any city in the country; and of a thousand things that should find a place in any worthy record.

The same superficial treatment is accorded to the financial panic of 1857, to the uprising against the Tammany misrule of a year ago, and many other episodes which the ordinary observer is disposed to think most important in New York's history. Nothing, indeed, is told completely, and the most remarkable feature of the book, if we may be guilty of the bull, is the great amount of valuable information it has left untold. Only at its end do we begin to find what a history of New York City might really be made, when we read the author's extracts from Dr. Osgood's excellent address before the New York Historical Society.

Matters of inaccuracy of style and statement there is little need to mention. We were somewhat surprised, it is true, to find one, whom we supposed to have an independent fame, introduced to the reader (page 137) as that "early and bosom friend of the late Dr. Nott,—Alexan-

der Hamilton"; or to come upon passages as remarkable as this (page 175), "the union of Church and State. . . . was, like the 'Skeleton in Armor,' ever present to their imaginations." But enough has certainly been said, without allusion to any minor points, to show that we have good reason for wishing that whatever is valuable in the volume might have been given us in a different form and under a different title; and that Mr. Stone's evidently sincere research and labor might have been bestowed for other and more useful results.

—When the American traveller gets into Italy he feels a surprise, which he is commonly not honest enough to avow, at the Italian sky. This sky is blue, but the American does not find it, on the whole, much bluer than his own sky, and he had expected to find it ever so much bluer, because he had taken the word of English writers who may be said never to have seen the sky in their own country, and are, therefore, justly enraptured by the aspect of the Italian heaven. In like manner, English writers have prepossessed the American traveller concerning the moral traits of the Continent. When he quits his own country the Englishman leaves behind him the manly honesty of the English domestics, the chastity of the English poor, the social content and mutual helpfulness of all ranks and grades, the universal intelligence and prosperity; and he naturally finds most other people treacherous, prejudiced, insolent, servile, licentious, revolutionary, ignorant, and miserable. This cannot be helped, but there is no reason why we who have skies and errors of our own should accept the skylless and immaculate Englishman's estimate of other countries. How should we like to have his estimate of *us* generally accepted? It is chiefly against the commonly received English opinion of "The Greeks of Today" that Mr. Tuckerman's book is directed (though we believe that the lively Monsieur About is partly answerable for the low esteem in which the Greeks are held), and we do not see why he has not successfully combated it. If he had not liked the Greeks, he would probably not have written a book in their favor; but he does not love them blindly, and he does not seek to establish their claim to more than a fair share of the slender common stock of human virtues. He thinks them industrious, enterprising, sober, and chaste,

and sufficiently truthful and honest; but he does not ask us to believe that they are all so; and he accounts for the abuse that has been heaped upon them by the facts that they are politically ambitious, and have the "great idea" of themselves solving the Eastern question by driving out the Turks; that they are commercially unprofitable; and that they prefer French to English ideas. Besides, they had a bad name to begin with; and they are poor and proud, and dependent and spirited. This is Mr. Tuckerman's explanation; but no people who have been travelled among and written about would demand any explanation save the misconceptions and dislikes of travellers and diplomatists. We care more for those parts of the book relating to the political character of the Greeks; to their "idea" of possessing their race and religion of the dominion of Turkey; to their desire for education so universal that every man and woman in the kingdom can read and write; and to the progress that they have made since their independence. This is mainly in the direction of commerce, which is so considerable that in all the eastern Mediterranean there are two Greek sail for every one of another nation, though of course British tonnage is vastly greater. Agriculture does not flourish, because the land is desperately poor, and the peasants are slow to change inherited habits and methods. Yet "such a thing as absolute poverty does not exist in Greece; food is abundant, though of the coarsest kind; and compared with the 'smiling landscape' of English rural life, there is more domestic contentment and domestic virtue, temperance and chastity, in the peasant life of a single province in Greece than in all the greater part of rural England." His education and his constant reading and talking beget an intense patriotism in the Greek, which is fostered by the memories and monuments of the past, and is now and then appealed to by such events as the official revival of the foot-races and games on the ancient course at Athens. It is also consecrated by his religion, not outlawed by it, as for instance the Italian's is; and his religion is something that, with all its superstitions, seems not so very bad. At least he will not give it up for ours; and Mr. Tuckerman's chapter on the Missionaries in Athens is not encouraging to Protestant zeal for the conversion of the East. The famous massacre of English travellers of

Marathon in 1869, and brigandage generally in Greece, are fully treated, and Greek brigandage appears in nowise different from Italian brigandage. It had its rise in the times of oppression; it is encouraged by the immunity of the robbers on Turkish soil, as the Italian brigand was protected on Papal territory; and like the Neapolitans the Greek brigands have their forced spies and allies among the peasants, who keep them informed of all operations against them. One cannot read without horror of the loss of the English travellers, nor without indignation of the exaction by the English government of a money penalty from the Greeks. Imagine our paying indemnity to the English government for an Englishman scalped by Apaches, or our demanding it for an American garroted in London!

Mr. Tuckerman's book is temperately written, and he tells us nothing of the Greeks — though he tells so much in their favor — that is not easy to believe.

— We spoke of M. Cherbuliez's story, *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*, during its serial publication in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, and now that we have it as a whole in English we have not to modify our opinion of it greatly. We still feel that nearly every point is put with excess; the language itself, in its brilliancy and force, has the exaggeration that surcharges the author's intention, and carries him beyond the line at which a finer artist should have paused. Yet at times M. Cherbuliez is able to impress you almost as a man of genius; and he certainly has poetical feeling little short of genius. The book is a romance, not a novel, and it would not be right to judge it by the strict rules of probability applicable to the novel; but it has united so many realistic elements with its romantic excess that the result is puzzling to say the least. In the beginning is the description of the Mirion family at Geneva, which is delightful, though it shares the exaggeration of the whole book. M. Mirion, who has made his money in the furniture business, and who is preserved from the worst vulgarity by his frank content with his vocation and the luxuries it has brought him; Madame Mirion, his wife, to whom he is subject and who is as ambitious and eager for social honor as he is indifferent; the various relations who help to fill up the comfortable house at Mon-Plaisir, are each as if studied from life, though each portrait is toned above nature. The most natural is the

daughter, Marguerite, the heroine of the dismal tragedy about to ensue. She is an exceedingly lovely person; beautiful, good-tempered, admirably educated, simple and fine. She is a young girl like the European young girls; she has not seen enough of the world to love any one; she yields to her mother's ambition and her father's wish, and marries Count Roger d'Ornis, who has a mediæval castle in Burgundy, and a mediæval crime on his conscience, having killed his dearest friend in a sudden quarrel, and a mediæval enemy, holding Count Roger's written confession of the homicide. But enemy is not quite the word either for the old blackguard dealer in *bric-à-brac*, who has nothing against the Count, and merely uses his secret to get money out of him. He appears one night at the castle half drunk, and in her husband's absence is rude to Marguerite, who is bewildered that the Count does not resent the insult. Already she has felt the strange secrecy and darkness of her husband's character; now she overhears him talking with this drunken wretch of some dreadful fact known only to them. It is just before sickness in her family calls her home for a few days. At Mon-Plaisir there is no one to whom she can speak but Joseph Noirel, a workman of her father's, whom M. Mirion took when a boy from a life of abject misery, taught his trade, and brought up in his family. Noirel is bitterly grateful, knowing that he is a monument to M. Mirion's goodness. He is a type of character produced only by modern theories and modern conditions, a workman with a workman's one-sided education, but a gentleman's sensitiveness and more than a gentleman's pride; a man of great natural talent and force too. He is in love with Marguerite, but reverently, and he will give his life for her. She is sure that her husband's secret is not to his dishonor; she implores Joseph to help release him from the dealer in *bric-à-brac*, and so Joseph takes service with the latter, and finally possesses himself of the Count's confession, but not till it has been made known to Marguerite. Joseph is now unable to rise above his passion, and be truly generous and heroic. Marguerite is in despair at the avowal of his love. Fate has so closed her simple, kindly, happy life about with crime and evil, that she sees no escape. She offers to spend a day at a little village near Geneva with Joseph, if at the end he will take her life and his own.

Thus, after destroying the confession, they die together, the author pursuing Marguerite's emotions to the moment she is killed. "Joseph raised his arm, but it refused to strike because she was looking at him. In a broken voice he begged her to close her eyes. . . . She turned away her head, and the last thing she saw was an immense Castle d'Ornis on the wall before her which was spinning swiftly like a top. Then she gave a feeble cry; Joseph had stabbed her to the heart, and with such a blow that death was instantaneous." Such is the plot of this wonderfully clever, all too clever book. It scarcely holds together, even for the plot of a romance. Yet it is prodigiously effective; the movement and development of the story are almost intolerably interesting; and the character painting is often marvellously good. We know nothing better in its way than the inexorable, vulgar vanity of Marguerite's mother, who, when Marguerite comes home for refuge after discovering that her husband is a murderer, thinks only of the neighbors' talk of the failure of the brilliant marriage, — "of what the Patets will say," — and drives her daughter back to D'Ornis, with no hope of escape but through death. There are passages in the narrative of the first excellence, of the saddest beauty. We think here of the first days of Marguerite's married life, while she and her strange remorse-haunted husband are devoted to each other, and are together in all his pursuits, and a possibility yet exists of happiness for her; there is one scene where she falls asleep in the woods, and he awakens her, not enduring to be alone, that is exquisite in its melancholy charm. But the supreme effect of the book is at its close, in the description of that innocent, awful last day with Joseph. The sweetness and sunshine of spring in all the world around these tragical figures; Joseph's repeated prayers for release, and proposals of flight, and life and love elsewhere; Marguerite's calm resolution to die, and little bursts of fantastic caprice, and her half-gay deceit of the peasant at whose house they are, — form, with the terror of the end, a picture of such bewildering fascination, that one scarcely ventures at last to pronounce the catastrophe a piece of false or even inadmissible art.

— Miss Healy's "Summer's Romance" indicates more careful and serious study than most novels, but we think that the writer is capable of still better work, and

it is this hope which induces us to try to point out what seem to us to be great faults. A young woman is introduced to us as the companion of a British matron who is as stern as the original of any French caricatures, and we receive the intended impression of a heroine who is pretty in spite of her pale face, and who is very ready for any romance that time or circumstances may offer her. The matron dies, leaving a certain sum of money to Louisa, the heroine, which she determines to make use of by giving herself a vacation at Capri, where the scene of the story is laid. She makes the acquaintance of one of the islandwomen and, under her advice, takes rooms in the house of a priest. Living in the same house is a young English painter, and the two naturally become acquainted and fall in love. At this stage appears a man of the world, Mr. Carryl Crittenden, whose unreal character is clearly indicated by his name. He is represented as an old friend of the novel-reader; his manners are faultless, but his heart is colder than the iceberg; outwardly, he cringes deeply before lovely woman, while within he meditates naught but bitterness and cynicism. Sharpened by his wide experience, he soon sees the state of affairs, and being a sworn foe of wedlock he warns Lester, the young painter, against the threatening dangers. To convince his friend of the frivolity of the female sex, he proposes to make Louisa fall in love with himself. For once, however, this hitherto successful heart-breaker is baffled. Instead of making the pale-faced young woman fall in love with him, he falls deeply in love with the pale-faced young woman, and is enraged by her coldness. Lester at last tells his love to Louisa, — for if there was anything calculated to bring him to the point, it must have been seeing his friend's devotion, — and she accepts him. Crittenden, however, vows that she shall never be his wife. This result he accomplishes by telling Lester that his aunt, the British lady who died in the beginning of the book, has left him a large fortune on condition that he should not marry beneath him. The legal value of any such condition we shall not discuss, but it certainly had a strong influence on Lester. Crittenden urges a mock marriage and at last threatens to break with him, and by his earnestness induces Lester to consent to the mock marriage. Unfortunately their conversation is overheard by Louisa, who never sees either of them again, but hides with the Capriote-

woman, and dies, while Crittenden carries Lester off on a false scent, and so the novel ends.

All the incidental parts of the story are admirably managed, the scenery is well described, the subordinate characters are intelligently delineated, and, in general, the first part of the story is told with a great deal of skill. We see simply the effect that this love-affair has upon Louisa, we sympathize with her little joys and woes, and become thoroughly interested. But later there is a feeling of disappointment. Crittenden is a most artificial creation; there is to be sure no lack of men who consider themselves irresistible to women; there are some, too, who feel a cynicism that so many affect; but in Crittenden there is a theatrical vein of intense self-consciousness that shows how slightly the writer understood the character she tried to draw. It may be said, moreover, that she misses the most important point of the novel, which would naturally be the struggle in Lester's mind between love on one hand and self-indulgence on the other. As it is, he gives up his affection for Louisa without a serious struggle, at the bidding of Crittenden, and shows himself thereby to be so feeble, so fibreless a character, that the reader who considers for a moment is rejoiced that Louisa escaped marrying him. Of course, in real life, such cases happen continually, and they are fair subjects of fiction, but such absolute worthlessness as is here shown by Lester vitiates the whole merit of the book. It was either blind infatuation on the part of Louisa, which we fancy it was hardly the writer's intention to represent, or a total misconception of the way in which Lester would show his treachery. The real action of the novel lies here, and this is hurried over in a way that is far from satisfactory. The writer ignores the difference between Lester as we first see him, and as he appears when under Crittenden's influence, and it is this contradiction to which we object. All this is perhaps taking the novel more seriously than was intended by the writer or is desired by the reader, who will find much that is pleasing in it and will undoubtedly be entertained by it.

— Colonel Revere's retrospect of forty years of military and naval service will, we have no doubt, be received with great favor by young men who possess a healthy taste for adventure; and, indeed, it is not without interest for all classes of readers. The writer is a descendant of that famous

Paul Revere who took the midnight ride "on the eighteenth of April, seventy-five." There are few men living who could tell such a story of personal travels and adventures as this book records. Entering the United States Navy as a midshipman, at fourteen years of age, Revere joined the Pacific Squadron in 1828, and from that time until near the close of the late civil war he appears to have been seldom off the deck or out of the saddle, although he did not hold a commission from this government during the whole of that time. He took part in or witnessed a good deal of fighting in different parts of the world, and made the acquaintance of many curious characters, — some known to fame and some unknown. He gives, with other attractive anecdotes, an interesting account of an interview with Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom he was sent with an invitation to visit an American war-vessel, then lying at Sidon, not very far from her Oriental home. He came away from the interview with a feeling that Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and whose death was supposed to have affected the mind of this noble lady to whom he had been engaged, was, on the whole, fortunate in having been released from all earthly engagements.

But the most wonderful story which Colonel Revere has to tell is that which relates to "Stonewall" Jackson. While going up the Mississippi River in 1852, he made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson of the United States Army; and their conversation happening one evening to turn from nautical astronomy to astrology, Jackson showed unusual interest in the subject, and gave his reasons for believing that there might be something useful to mankind underlying the present practice of that occult science. Before they separated at the end of the journey, Revere, who had studied astrology somewhat, to while away the dull hours on shipboard, but who had no faith in it, gave Jackson the necessary data for calculating a horoscope. Not long after he received a letter from the Lieutenant, enclosing a scheme of their nativities, by which it appeared that their destinies ran in parallel lines, and that somewhere about the first days of May, 1863, they would both be exposed to great danger. The letter and the calculations made but little impression upon the experienced man of the world, and they were put aside and forgotten.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, which

took place in the early part of May, 1863, Revere, who commanded a brigade, was engaged in the inspection of his picket-line, stationed in the vicinity of the plank-road, when a party of horsemen approached his position from the direction of the Confederate lines. The remainder of the story we give in the writer's own words: "The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and, riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me levelled his rifle for a shot at him; but I forbade him, as I did not wish to have our position revealed, and it would have been useless to kill the man, whom I judged to be a staff-officer making a reconnoissance. Having completed his observations, this person rejoined the group in his rear and all returned at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible; and the silence of the night was unbroken save by the melancholy cries of the whippoorwill, when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first; and I heard cries in the same direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly and rode towards the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me and I reined up in the presence of a group of several persons gathered round a man lying on the ground apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers; but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great-coat of a private soldier such as was worn by both parties, I sat still, regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sabre, as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then, speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to 'ride up there and see what troops those were,' indicating the Rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent and rode slowly in the direction indicated, until out of sight of the group; then made a circuit round it and returned within my own lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank-road began firing; and I could plainly hear the grape

crashing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of Confederate officers."

The "Richmond Inquirer" of May 13, 1863, after giving an account of the manner in which "Stonewall" Jackson met his death through the mistake of one of his own regiment, says: "The turnpike was utterly deserted, with the exception of Captains Wilbourn and Wynn; but, in the skirting of the thicket on the left, some person was observed by the side of the wood, sitting, his horse motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered; and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Captain Wilbourn directed him to ride up there and see what troops those were, — the men who fired on Jackson; and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer."

Colonel Revere's book is, on the whole, well written and well arranged; much better than is usual with the retrospects and reminiscences of unprofessional writers. There are several short stories at the end of the personal narrative which are well worth reading.

— Mr. DeMille's "Comedy of Terrors" is rather too long for the sort of success aimed at, — the entertainment of the reader by exciting adventures which the tone of the book advertises him will all turn out well. An extravaganza in five acts is not so diverting as if in one; and yet, if you grant its premises, and do not blame it for not being a tragedy or a melodrama or a genteel comedy, it is diverting enough. In Mr. DeMille's story there is no pretence of doing more than playing with the feelings which your ordinary fiction wrings and lacerates, and its sincerity in this respect is a relief. Besides, the people, several of them, are original and amusing, though like the plot there is a little too much of each of them. Mrs. Lovell and Mr. Grimes are certainly a unique pair of lovers; the notion of the tie between them — the chignon that goes over the cliff and up in the balloon, and is cherished by Grimes through all his perils — is a conceit both new and humorous; and there is something very comical in the inability of either Grimes or Mrs. Lovell to see it in an entirely unheroic light. Mr. DeMille

also gets a good deal of fun out of his mock-serious use of the well-worn machinery of fiction; while it cannot be said that he has spared incident by flood or field, or lacks ingenious surprises. It is a story that reads better as a whole than when broken into monthly instalments.

— Mr. Trowbridge carries forward in "A Chance for Himself" the history of that small canal-driver, Jack Hazard, whose fortunes he had told of before. Jack has found a home in good Deacon Chatford's family, and he is very happy in it till he discovers a treasure of silver half-dollars in an old log on Squire Peternot's land. The story is all about how the Squire got this money away from Jack, and how Jack repossessed himself of it through the Squire's back window, and was arrested, and escaped from the constable, and afterwards gave himself up, and was finally set free on consenting to let the Squire have the money, — which turns out to be counterfeit. It is a story for boys, and it is so thoroughly good in naturalness of character and incident, and in vigor of movement, that any one not greatly past middle life may read every page of it (as we did) with no regret save for the fact that few stories written for men in this country are half so well in their way. It is not in thought or diction above the heads of the boys, but its art is such as we all must admire, and its people such as we at once recognize. There is not a falsely conceived or overdrawn personage in it; the slightest sketch is full of life and truth.

The whole story breathes of the country in which its scenes are laid, and in its course, which nowhere passes the modesty of nature, there are marks of such honest study and thorough knowledge of farm life and farm folk, such delicate and true touches in the higher motives of the plot, that one is not only entertained by this tale for boys, one is charmed and delightfully surprised.

— Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," and Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" are three late republications each so good in its way that there are no new books we can commend half so heartily to those who have not yet read them, — and the number of those who have not yet read any given book constantly increases, alas! in spite of all the diligence of fame. They are not works to be criticised; they are hardly to be examined by the mere passing book-noticer of the hour; and yet, with regard to

the "Biographia" especially, one confesses "There are a great many new ideas in that book," as the gentleman said of Plato's "Phædo." Here, for example, is something so fresh that it might almost have been written for the instruction of the ungenial critics of our own day and country, to whom at any rate we suggest the meditation of it: "Till, in the place of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the reviewers support their decisions by reference to fixed canons of criticisms, previously established and deduced from the nature of man, reflecting minds will pronounce it arrogant in them thus to announce themselves to men of letters as the guides of their taste and judgment. To the purchaser and mere reader it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells me that there are defects in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating. . . . I know nothing that surpasses the vileness of deciding on the merits of a poet or painter (not by characteristic defects; for where there is genius these always point to his characteristic beauties, but) by accidental failures or faulty passages; except the impudence of defending it as the proper duty and most instructive part of criticism."

In Scott's charming lives of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Radcliffe, Walpole, and the other more elderly British novelists and romancers, one cannot help feeling that after all there is no really valuable criticism save that from authors, — critics who have not only given hostages to fortune, but who have learnt through their own attempts the limitations of creative literature. The patience, the generosity, the sensitive appreciation shown in these Lives — lightly undertaken as prefaces to the volumes of "Ballantyne's Novelist's Library," and now growing just a little quaint and old-fashioned as to criterions, though far from that as to principles — are inexpressibly refreshing; and the opinions come with the authority of one who knows because he has done, and does not merely pronounce because he likes or dislikes.

It is Lord Dufferin's appointment as Governor-General of Canada, no doubt, which has inspired his Canadian publishers to reprint (and, we are sorry to say, largely misprint) the lively letters which he wrote

seventeen years ago from Iceland and other frozen parts of Northern Europe. The ordinary tourist does not take Iceland in his course, and a book about Iceland so old as this is still in some sort a new book. At any rate, it is a very pleasant book, full of the spirit of comfortable adventure, good-natured, and even humorous, though with here and there the signs of a disposition to pass mere fun off for humor; sentimental with a wholesome sentiment, and not unslangy. The material is pretty meagre; the lava-fields, the geysers, the icebergs, are not much varied by modern human interest; but Lord Dufferin has a love for Saga-lore, and sets the present stupor of that strange and northern world against its past glory with many artistic effects, in letters which unfailingly entertain the reader.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

As a proof of the way in which Turgenieff's fame is slowly advancing among the reading public, and as a volume containing a great deal of information on a subject that is not taught in our common schools, we recommend to our readers Otto Glagau's *Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew*. It is a small book consisting of a series of articles contributed to the *National-Zeitung* of Berlin, which, by the way, is one of the best newspapers published in Germany, — one for which Julian Schmidt often writes. The author begins by a brief but satisfactory account of the earlier efforts of Russian writers; of Pouchkine's "Oneguine" he expresses a very different opinion from that which is held by most Russians who write, and who, apparently, mistake their patriotic pride in the first eminent work in their literature for critical approval. It is, in spite of its national subject, hardly more than an offshoot of Byronism on foreign soil. The "Captain's Daughter," which was translated into French about twenty years ago, and a new edition of which was lately announced, Mr. Glagau praises much more warmly. With equal justice he commends Gogol's *Tarass*

* All books mentioned under this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Die Russische Literatur und Iwan Turgenjew. Von OTTO GLAGAU. Berlin. 1872.

Drei Novellen. Von I. TURGENJEW. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1872.

Nanon. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris. 1872.
Les Nouvelles Amours d'Hermann et Dorothee. Par l'auteur du "Peché de Madeleine." Paris. 1872.

Boulba, which is certainly a remarkable novel. Of it, too, a new edition is announced. Mr. Glagau gives the reader an analysis of the story, for which we have not space here; we must content ourselves with simply recommending it to our readers, who will find in it a genuine flavor of the soil, a grim fierceness which marks the half-savage Cossack; besides this there is the same pathos which we find in Turgénieff's novels. With these exceptions, Russian literature was more remarkable for its formal imitations of various styles of composition than for any positive merit of its own; the country, or at least the cultivated portion, felt the same yearning, one might judge, that inspired those now three-quarters forgotten American writers who tried to give immortality to our early history and to the Revolutionary War by writing Virgilian epics about them.

The greater part of the book is taken up with a discussion of Turgénieff, giving us a brief account of his life, and detailed critical sketches of his various writings. Those who are familiar with these books will find themselves repaid by reading Mr. Glagau's remarks; and to those who have yet to make the acquaintance of, perhaps, the greatest novelist living, we can warmly recommend this book as an interesting introduction. With many merits, it has one noticeable omission, that, namely, of any definite statement of Turgénieff's high position as a writer; this is everywhere implied, to be sure, but a piecemeal criticism that goes over the ground without any summing up is as unsatisfactory as a trial without a verdict. Many of the critical remarks will be found to be true and often ingenious, while others again seem to us to be written with a very heavy hand. For Turgénieff's love of nature and his marvellous power of describing it, for his touching descriptions of the sufferings of the serfs and of their solemn resignation, Mr. Glagau gives him as much credit as the most enthusiastic admirer could demand. By means of his intelligent remarks and by his copious extracts the most indifferent reader would feel, supposing that he had never even heard of Turgénieff, that he had discovered a great author; but there are other remarks made, at which admirers might easily, and to our thinking very justly, take exception. Turgénieff's power as it is shown in his love-stories meets with very slight recognition; the author often, indeed, makes it the subject of very severe criticism. He does

not seem to discern the delicacy which marks Turgénieff's writing, even when his subject is one which, if coldly stated, would prepare the mind in its natural, modest state for something more than hardihood on the part of the writer. Most of Turgénieff's stories are full of passion; we have human beings whose whole nature is moved by one great impulse, and not as we commonly find in English novels, for instance, an account of a conflict between etiquette and love on the part of two amiable people. And in such subjects criticism always has one of its surest positions,—one namely, that demands of it to keep a watchful eye on literature, art, or whatever it may be, to see that morality is not offended by any artist who, naturally enough, looks more especially at the formal beauty of his work. A just critic should have full perception of this beauty, while, not so much by teaching the world as by expressing its opinion, he indicates to the artist what in the long run the world will demand of him. No formal rules can be put down, nor is this the place to try to clear away the ground for abstract principles; but in the specific case before us, Mr. Glagau, as we have said, seems to judge too hastily, or, to put it with greater justice, more severely than many will think warrantable. He does not seem to feel Turgénieff's real modesty, as it is shown, for example, in *Frühlingsfluthen*, of which mention was made in these pages a month or two since. Moreover, in judging these love-stories, Mr. Glagau seems to regard them with too cold an eye, trying to determine whether such or such a love-affair is reasonable, as if it were the universal rule that love-making should be reasonable, should be controlled by as careful coolness and forethought as a fop shows in the choice and preparation of his raiment. If Turgénieff selects a psychological impossibility for the subject of a story he deserves blame, but it is easier to detect the inadvisability of a match than it is to know all the subtle laws that control men's and women's hearts.

The few pages on Turgénieff's realism, and the comparison which is made between him and Pisemski, can be recommended; here the critic does both authors full justice.

Towards the end of the book we have an account of two imitators of Turgénieff, Karl Detlef and Sacher-Masoch. The best thing that this last-named author ever wrote appeared in a somewhat modified form, and modified to its credit, in the *Revue des*

Deux Mondes for October 1. It was called *Don Juan de Kolomea*, and the imitation of Turgénieff was clearly to be seen. Moreover, it was certainly a striking story, although in many ways an unpleasant one. But there never was a sadder case of mis-used talents; the author has sunk from bad to worse, and his later writings would deserve to be burned by the public hangman, if that were not the surest way of increasing their circulation. Mr. Glagau gives him the denunciatory criticism that he deserves. We hope that one result of the appearance of Mr. Glagau's book will be an increase in the number of the readers of Turgénieff; we on this side of the water need not mind the novelist's occasional flings at the Germans in Russia, which seem to rankle in his critic's breast, and every reader will find much food for thought in the author's treatment of his subjects.

— While we are speaking of Turgénieff, it may be well to mention the appearance of a new volume of a German translation of his works. It contains three stories. One, *The Lear of the Steppe*, appeared a few months ago in the *Revue*, in French, and in this country in "Every Saturday," while another translation is announced by Messrs. Holt and Williams. The third, *Der Oberst*, has appeared in French in a little volume of his shorter tales, under the title of *Le Brigadier*; while the second one, *Der Fatalist*, is here presented to Western Europe and to this country for the first time. *Der Oberst* is one of the most touching tales that Turgénieff ever wrote; by its pathos and simplicity it fascinates every reader. It would be perhaps as good a story as one could find through which to make Turgénieff's acquaintance. *The Lear of the Steppe* hardly deserves such praise; it is by no means one of this author's most successful stories. *Der Fatalist* is a short character-sketch, with apparently great local truth as the description of a type with which we of this age and country are unfamiliar; this fact, however, will probably only make it more interesting to us by partly idealizing a tale which, as it stands, needs any softening that can be given it, to alleviate its grimness. It is not, nor is it likely that it was intended to be, one of his masterpieces, but it is marvellously well told. Of course to those who have not read it all such phrases are as meaningless as gestures in the dark, but it is too much to ask of any one to spoil a story the merit of which lies in the telling.

— As noticeable a French book as any is George Sand's last novel, *Nanon*. We understand that this author lost the greater part of her property in the late war, and that for this reason she is compelled to continue writing at a time when she would probably be glad to lay down her pen. This novel is written in autobiographical form; it is the story of a peasant-girl who lived through the times of the Revolution, not among the horrors which the great cities saw, but in the country which had its own fears and distress. Running through it all is a love-story, as purely and innocently told as possible, with none of the uneasy curiosity that makes so many of this author's novels objectionable. But while the story has this merit, and contains a most charming description of Nanon's childhood, as a whole it is rather tedious; still it may be recommended as a harmless example of this remarkable woman's power of invention and narration. The reader who skips with ease will not be sorry to have read the novel; if it is dull, it is only dull in comparison with some other of her novels.

— Another story of a different sort is *Les Nouvelles Amours d'Hermann et Dorothée*. It is told by means of a series of letters between a Prussian officer who is in the army investing Paris and his fiancée, who is in Berlin. Of course there is plenty of ridicule of the *lourd Allemand*, but it is not merely that. It has, besides, a little love-story, showing how the Prussian succumbed to the graces of the Parisian siren. It is not a remarkable work of fiction, but it is very readable. It will readily kill an idle half-hour.

DANISH.*

DENMARK has always had the reputation of being a tender mother to her great sons, — after their death. In their lifetime she has seldom strewn their path with roses; and still, in spite of her step-motherly treatment, they have always clung to her with touching devotion. Tycho Brahe is no exception to this rule; persecuted and unjustly driven into exile, he thus addresses his ungrateful country: —

"Denmark, O what was my crime, that cruelly thou dost reject me?"

O most beloved of lands, say, why as a foe thou dost treat me?

* Tyge Brahe. *En Historisk Fremstilling. Efter Trykte og Utrykte Kilder*. By F. R. FRIS. (Tycho Brahe. An Historical Account. From Printed and Unprinted Sources.) Copenhagen. 1871.

Have I not swelled thy fame, and raised thee a
 name among nations,
 Crowned thy brow with laurels of praise and glory
 eternal?
 Tell me which of thy children hath given thee more
 in possession?
 Art thou then wroth, that on high on the firma-
 ment's vast, vaulted arches,
 Fatherland, I thy name have writ in the far-gleam-
 ing star-world?
 Why dost thou thrust me away? Sooth, thou wilt
 know me hereafter,
 Future ages shall sound thee my name and shall
 cherish my labors,
 Generations to come shall value the dower I left
 thee."

Apropos of these verses, there are probably not many who have known Tycho Brahe as a poet before; but this volume, which is, by the way, a very charming volume in spite of its somewhat pedantic style, gives us many a pleasant glimpse of the great astronomer's every-day life and habits, and also informs us that he was a very constant worshipper of the Muses. Not only are his astronomical books and manuscripts according to the custom of the age furnished with dedicatory verses and inscriptions, but even the walls of his castles and his observatories are covered with them. If a foreign prince visits Tycho, it immediately inspires him to write Latin hexameters; if he has chosen a husband for his daughter, the invitations for the wedding move to the same graceful measure; and if, bowed down by disappointment and misfortune, he sits gazing at the sky of a strange land, even his grief and his longings seek relief in well-sounding stanzas.

The present biography of Tycho Brahe is in every sense of the word a scholarly performance, being written by a man who is gifted with that kind of microscopic sight and indefatigable patience for scientific research which we have got into the habit of regarding as a peculiarly German accomplishment. But Mr. Friis is a Dane, and on every page gives evidence of his Danish nationality. He compels us to accept nothing on his authority, but continually quotes his sources, and even in a number of instances prints his original document in full, which probably adds not a little to the scientific value of his work, while it detracts considerably from its interest to the general reader.

Tycho Brahe was born in December, 1546, and the reading of his life brings one face to face with almost every famous man of the sixteenth century. Monarchs, diplomatists, and men of science equally

courted his acquaintance and frequently visited him at his wonderful establishment on the island of Hoen, or, as he himself calls it *Insula Venusia vulgo Hoenna*. With a view toward educating himself for a diplomatic career he went abroad at the age of sixteen, accompanied by his tutor, the celebrated Danish historian, Anders Vedel; but the starry heavens already attracted him more than diplomacy, and having once formed his resolution, neither threats, promises, contempt, nor the prohibitions thrown in his way by his noble relatives, could thwart his designs. Frederick the Second of Denmark was himself a lover of the sciences, and when Tycho's discovery of a new star had attracted the attention of the world to him, the king was not slow to recognize and engage his services. Of the discovery of the new star the author gives the following account:—

"November 11, 1572, he (Tycho) had, as was his wont, spent the greater part of the day in his laboratory. The sky had for several days been cloudy, but in the evening, as he was walking from the laboratory back to the mansion, it had cleared off. As, according to his old custom, he lifted his eyes toward the starry heavens, he was not a little surprised to discover right above his head in the constellation of Cassiopeia a new and very bright star which he had never seen before. Hardly knowing whether to trust his own eyes or not, he hastened back to his laboratory to ask his workmen if they too could see it. He also addressed the same question to some peasants who just came driving along the road."

The portion of the book describing Tycho Brahe's castle, Urainborg, his observatory, laboratory, and various other establishments at Hoen, reminds the reader forcibly of a certain class of romantic fiction, whose chief merit consists in a complicated machinery of trap-doors, secret springs, subterranean passages, etc. Here, however, you are not at liberty to indulge the romantic fancies which naturally thrive in such a mystic atmosphere, for at once comes the author with his proofs, ground-plans, bird's-eye views, and longitudes and latitudes, and abundant references to Tycho Brahe's and other people's writings, which immediately convince you that you are actually treading on *terra firma*. And still we cannot help thinking that Tycho's many and wonderful establishments, at the same time that their value to science is beyond dispute, would have furnished an ex-

cellent stage for dramas of the German Zacharias Werner school, which deal largely in astrologers, dooms, and subterranean scenery.

Tycho, in spite of his astrological lore, did not perceive the doom that was hanging over his own head. The old King Frederick died, and was succeeded by his son, Christian the Fourth, to whom Tycho and his science were equally indifferent. And looking upon his labors from a mere pecuniary point of view, it was not to be denied that they had cost the state a very considerable amount of money. The king, therefore, began to show his dissatisfaction by gradually depriving Tycho of all his abbeys and provinces, the income of which had hitherto gone to procure astronomical instruments and to keep up his costly establishments at Hoen, and by continually harassing him with petty commands and investigations into his private affairs. Tycho was probably, like most other nobles of his age, no lenient master to his peasants; but, on the other hand, the persevering watchfulness with which the government now suddenly began to protect the interests of its subjects at Hoen, has certainly a very suspicious flavor of wilful persecution. The biographer, for some reason or other, contin-

ually attempts to shield the king by throwing the blame for his injustice upon his counsellors, some of whom were known to be hostile to the astronomer. Had the king been a man of a weak and vacillating character, the excuse might have been a valid one; but Christian IV. was the ablest and most independent monarch of the whole Oldenburg race, and undoubtedly knew what he was about. In the year 1597, Tycho Brahe was compelled to leave the island, where he had spent the greater part of his life and his fortune in the service of his science and his country, but was soon after engaged by the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, who gave him the castle Benatky in Bohemia. But his life had already struck its roots too deeply into the paternal soil. A year later we find him vainly striving to extract some sorry solace from the old, comfortless maxim, *ubi bene, ibi patria*:

"Sacred and dear to me is each spot where the heavens high-arching
Over us roll, and men can read in the glittering star-world."

At Benatky he was visited by Kepler, who like himself had fled from the persecutions of a tyrannical government. Tycho Brahe died in the year 1601, four years after his arrival in Bohemia.

A R T.

MR. GEORGE INNESS, now of Rome, is a painter whose works should be studied by those who are desirous to estimate the present condition and prospects of American painting; and it has chanced that a good opportunity for such study has been offered, in a group of pictures exhibited at intervals during the past two months by Messrs. Williams and Everett, as well as in an earlier though minor work, to be seen at the rooms of Messrs. Doll and Richards. The smaller landscape was painted about twelve years ago, and shows the artist, not only in quite a different mood from that which prevails in the later works, but with a method somewhat bolder in appearance, though less pure and refined. Imagine a weird, wild, little yellow sunset, flaring up behind dark trees, with a sharp church-spire rising sombrely against the glow; in the foreground, shepherds in

blouses stand, chilled by the humid night-fall, among their flocks. All is swept in with strong strokes of a brush carrying a thick charge of color; and a deep sense of coming night is exhaled by the picture. But, if we speak of it critically, we must notice a certain excess of roughness and vigor in the handling of the color. There is some confusion among the curling dashes of paint welded together in this rich whole, they are rather knotted and tied together than woven into a unity wherein the points of connection become imperceptible. That, however, is what Mr. Inness could do twelve years ago. If, as it chanced to us the other day to do, we were to examine a piece of the artist's work executed at a period twice as far removed from the present, we should easily overlook any flaw of this kind, in the perception of how much he had advanced in the interval. About coeval with this

sunset is the earliest of the group now at Williams and Everett's. It represents the conflagration of a ship at sea. On the right goes up the volleyed mass of flame and black smoke from the burning vessel, scattering flaky sparks — blazing, tarry scraps — into the blackness of the night above. A brown sea rolls and swashes in long billows, from foreground to background, and upon it rides a small boat, manned by fugitives from the burning ship. We cannot say that we are acquainted with seas of this particular hue; but it rolls with the motion of the veritable ocean. And, what is more, the boat sweeps over the back of the wave with also a motion of its own. Not every man who can paint a boat upon moving waters can depict its gliding over the flood too. But, to tread on more familiar ground, let us now turn to a landscape conceived on a grand scale, and wrought out in a massive manner quite accordant with the size of the piece. We refer to a "Sunset near Medway," in the possession of Mr. H. E. Maynard of Boston, which serves to illustrate the time between the painting of our little yellow-clad landscape above, and the scenes from Italian neighborhoods which make up Mr. Inness's latest contribution to our knowledge of him. Again the sun descends solemnly, kindling the heavens with a splendor that seems to check and overawe the twilight, hovering timidly beneath the dusky trees. Hither comes, along the grass-grown road-bend from the left, the rough figure of a man bearing fagots, and with him, though lost in ruminations and meditations suited to their bovine nature, a group of cows. They bring to us the last breath of the departed sun. To the left, the imbrowned trees are growing vague in shadow, but through the darkness show faintly those fleecy weeds and grasses that lend their ageing whiteness to the year's maturity. A single file of trees leads the eye to the middle, where, behind them, the sky is aflame, and a still smoke goes up from a lonely house. Two or three birds dart about over the trees, and then we see the luminous clouds rising as if irradiated from the sun, recalling the vibrations of the earth-heated air on days of summer. This picture gives the whole chord of which the painter was continually sounding the key-note at this period. It is easy to see that this strong, poetic genius is tyrannized over by his moods. So long as golden sunsets melting into darkness nights moved him the most strongly, he would paint little

else. Whether it was after this time that Inness produced his great picture of a rainbow, "The Sign of Promise," we do not at this moment recall. We are inclined, however, to believe that it was. At least, it would have been a fitting solution to the vague problem which his brush is here ever striving to express. And the series of allegories which "The Sign of Promise" ushered in might well have cleared his temperamental atmosphere to some such degree as that in which we find it cleared when his large view of the Catskills looms up through it. Here he deals with the sunlight and the green as if he knew of nothing else. He has wooed Nature from another side, and she has responded in ways as fresh. Many noble pictures belong to this time. The painter is not spoiled by the favors of his mistress, but continues sincere and earnest. Still, you do not know quite what to look for in Mr. Inness next; and though he will not now return to the lonely evening, with its weariness and its turning homeward, still he can surprise, by unexpectedly expending all his power upon the most unpretending subject. Witness his "Coming out of the Woods," in which he gives the poetry of approaching the light and the open ground from the pillared maze of the forest. The landscapes from Italy, dated this year, display a feeling and style more serene and pure than that of his earlier years. That fit of symbolic landscape which preceded the works we have just described no doubt taught him that he would do best to follow Nature, without crowding upon her own peculiar and profound significance any additional meaning. We find him now content to give us the reticence of spring, the abundance of later summer, or the pensive glory of a sunset seen behind the dome of St. Peter's. From these pictures we gain a new impression of the native strength and independence of his genius. He does not go to Rome to paint street-scenes and *contadine*, but landscape, and this of a bold and sturdy kind. Here is a view of St. Peter's and the Vatican, taken from behind a bend in the Tiber. But it is light and color that the artist fixes his mind upon, and St. Peter's is a mere gray shade against the broad and beautiful sunset. There is a tender grace and refinement in these later works which is the legitimate outcome of a long course of sincerity and devotion. We wish we might describe how gently the painter lingers upon delicate distinctions of color in foliage,

how he clothes his vision of Italian sky in tints that seem borrowed from the vesture of the pearl.

But, if all must be said, there comes upon us, as we close this brief review of some of his best pieces, a sense of incompleteness in Mr. Inness's art. It is not that he is uneven in finish: the variation in this must be accounted for, if we regard the object which the painter proposes to himself in each of his undertakings, by the perception that different effects require different treatment. But there is a certain experimental air pervading all. The conquest of technicalities has not been completed, though carried far enough to win our admiration. This we speak of, not so much in its special application to Mr. Inness, as that we may remind our readers how very generally the same observation holds true of work by many most talented American painters. It is difficult to describe what we allude to; but, for one thing, we may say that American painters in especial, as all other painters in general, cannot too often remember Couture's advice, though it be addressed only to students, "*Dessinez, dessinez, matin et soir.*" It is just as good advice for mature painters. A writer can never afford not to be studying language; a painter must continually insinuate himself into the soul of lines. Meantime, Mr. Inness is leading his generation in many respects. His position in relation to the body of painters in America at this day will no doubt hereafter be placed with certainty somewhere near the high-water mark.

Modern art is not so distinctly characterized by symbolism as that of former epochs. But in the memorial sphinx, designed by Mr. Milmore of Boston, and recently placed opposite the chapel in Mount Auburn Cemetery, we have an example of fresh and vigorous symbolism in monumental art. The figure of the Union volunteer, in cloak and in arms, standing on guard or at rest over the pile raised to the memory of his comrades, or multiplied so as to occupy the four corners of the usual stone edifice, which, without any particular appropriateness, it has been the custom to build in commemoration of our fallen soldiers, has become worn by repetition, however fitting and pathetic in the first instance; and we must be understood as fully sympathizing with the tender feeling embodied in this figure of the sentinel comrade. But even after this sentiment is admitted, there would seem to be a doubt whether it fur-

nishes a sufficient reminder to the men of future generations. If there is any use in monuments, it is undoubtedly that, by presenting something inspiring to the sight, no less than truly symbolic of the event commemorated, they should rekindle noble memories. The offspring of great deeds, their faces should give the grand features of their ancestry. Enough, then, has been done to express the loss we suffered, and we are glad to receive a more hopeful emblem, inspired by the sense of a noble gain. In Mr. Milmore's design, the wistful figure of the mourning or sentinel volunteer has retired to give place to a monument which expresses the sum of all. The form of a sphinx, the body of which is copied from the Egyptian model, — being that of a wingless lion, — is couched upon a massive granite block, and there lies bathed in sunlight and backgrounded by trees. The head is clothed in the close and primly plaited hood which enfolds the Egyptian sphinx-heads with that peculiar look of silence which seems the absolute expression of the lonely desert; but above the brow this cap projects into the head of a bald-eagle, which looks down upon the sphinx's face, — a face belonging to the noblest type of American womanhood. A clear forehead, the delicate eyebrows bending away from the long, straight nose, with a slight droop at the temples, but not from weariness or care — rather, the expression of a patient steadfastness. However far this sphinx looks back, she is still prepared to gaze into an illimitable future, —

"Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes."

She is, however, a wholly new birth, we take it, and her past will date from to-day, — the to-day which has brought the two races, depicted in the African mythic figure and the American face, into such strange and close association. This association is expressed in the inscription on the pedestal: —

AMERICA CONSERVATA
AFRICA LIBERATA
POPULO MAGNO ASSURGENTE.
HEROUM SANGUINE FUSO.

Again, on either end of the granite block is sculptured a flower, the one a lotus, the other a white water-lily, which we may suppose to have drifted to their present places on the two currents of thought which meet in the conception of the Americanized sphinx.

MUSIC.*

WE notice with great pleasure the appearance of the "Fourth Music Reader." The want of good books of this sort, adapted to general musical instruction in our public schools, has long been felt in this country. Now that music has become one of the regular branches of our public-school education, the importance of having some systematically arranged text-book in which the simplest rudiments, not only of vocal culture and solmization, but also of harmony and the general theory of music, should be set down in a clear and compact form, cannot be overlooked. Of late years there has been no lack of musical instruction books of greater or less excellence; but they have been for the most part written on the self-sufficient, "music-without-a-master" plan, and have thus contained much that was superfluous, even embarrassing to both teacher and pupils, where used as text-books for class instruction. Moreover the literary value of these various "Methods," "Systems," etc., has often been more than questionable; and their authors, ambitious of forming general rules of an exhaustive and comprehensive nature, have been too prone to sacrifice clearness and exactness of expression to epigrammatic brevity and compactness of style; or else, fearful of the possibility of being misunderstood, they have clothed their teachings in that ingeniously involved diction so much affected by classical school-grammars, and which, in spite of its almost legal exactness of expression, fails to convey any very definite idea to the average school-boy or school-girl mind. But the "Music Reader" in question is, as it professes to be, a text-book, not a self-acting "instructor," and is well adapted for schools and classes. The theoretical part contains all that it is indispensable for the average music-lover to know, and the rules are set down clearly and briefly. Of course the book is only valuable in the hands of a competent teach-

er, as there are many points that require more explanation than is found in its pages. We are sorry to see that it adopts the melodic minor scale, in which the leading note is dropped a semitone in descending. The explanations of the minor scale given in Chapter XXV. are for the most part excellent, although the statement in § 3, "A scale is said to be relative to another when it is composed of the same identical sounds," is not strictly true. No two scales can consist of "the same identical sounds," or they become one and the same scale. In fact § 8, of the same chapter, directly contradicts the statement by saying, "Every diatonic scale must have a leading note, consequently the G" (in the scale of A-minor) "must be sharpened," thus at once introducing a sound foreign to the scale of C-major, its relative. We would strongly oppose the idea that the leading note is a change introduced into the minor scale merely for the sake of euphony (like the sharpened sixth, for instance, in the ascending melodic scale). We cannot but look upon the leading note as a necessary and organic part in the structure of the minor as well as of the major scale; without it every scale immediately loses its identity. § 11 says: "The upper semitone of the minor scale is variable" (thus in turn contradicting § 8), "and the descending scale differs from the ascending." It may indeed be urged with some show of reason that the leading note is not so important in a descending scale as in an ascending one, but on the other hand, the scale, as aforesaid, completely loses its identity, and from being in A-minor, we suddenly find ourselves in C-major if the G \sharp is put down to G \natural . The long step of three semitones from the leading note to the sixth degree of the descending minor scale has indeed a certain ungainly appearance, but more to the eye than to the ear, and the best masters have found nothing disagreeable in it. In fact the descending minor scale with the flattened leading note is of very rare occurrence in music, whereas the descending scale with the long step between the leading note and the sixth degree is almost invariably used by classical composers. The exercises in the book for class practice are most excellent, not only for singing but for

* *The Fourth Music Reader.* By JULIUS EICHBURG, J: B. SHARLAND, H. E. HOLT, LUTHER W. MASON. Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1872.

Two Morning Services. Composed by DUDLEY BUCK. Op. 53 and 60. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

St. Peter, an Oratorio. The Words selected from the Bible, and the Music composed by JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

cultivating the pupil's musical taste. Especially useful are the exercises intended to be sung in canon by dividing the class into two, three, or four parts. The collection of music in the latter half of the book is the best of its kind that we have yet seen, although we should be glad to see such things as "The Bird let loose in Eastern Skies" left out of this or indeed any collection. These arrangements *à la* Lowell Mason from instrumental works of the great masters are of very questionable value, educational or otherwise. In an exceedingly unmusical community these dilutions of fine music may possibly have some good effect in creating a kindly feeling toward the great composers in the tunefully disposed masses; but there is in music enough good milk for babies as well as meat for strong men, without converting the works of great masters into ignoble pap for the bringing up of our sucklings. But by far the larger proportion of the duets and part-songs in the "Reader" are most admirably adapted to their intended use, and the book can well bear comparison with many similar collections in use in the schools in Germany.

Of two quite interesting Morning Services by Dudley Buck, we have before us a Te Deum in B-minor, with Benedictus in E and a Te Deum in C. Although they indubitably belong to that rather questionable class of compositions which long-established custom has forced us to accept as church music, they have excellences which place them above many compositions of their order. The Protestant church-service of to-day (always excepting the music of the German Lutheran Church) is, in its way, almost as much a hybrid form of composition as the modern parlor ballad, the mongrel character of which we have tried to point out in a previous number of this magazine.* From the time of Sebastian Bach, and even before then, down to the present day, the greater proportion of the music written especially to be used in Protestant churches has been the work of organists, and the prevailing style of organ-music of the day has had a strong influence upon the character of vocal church compositions. An organist lives in a somewhat different musical atmosphere from that of any other musician; from the nature of his special department of musical labor he is continually under some of the best and highest, as well as some of the worst musical influences. An organist, worthy of

the name, is a man of high if perhaps one-sided musical culture; he is brought into daily contact with many of the finest inspirations of the great masters, clothed in the highest and purest musical forms; the music that he instinctively looks to as his daily æsthetic food is of the highest intellectual and purely artistic character. But, on the other hand, his relations to the public are, especially in our own times, of the most perplexing nature, and he is forced in his professional work to cater to a far lower, or we should perhaps say a more perverted or undeveloped, musical taste than any other musician of equal culture and artistic good-will. One of the most perplexing features of the case is, that he is almost inevitably forced down from his artistic pedestal by much higher, at all events by much more amiable motives than induce other musicians to cater to an uncultivated public taste. An organist has to furnish music for a public who has no claims or even pretensions to being musical, but who are, nevertheless, capable of receiving pleasurable and even elevating musical impressions, and have firmly fixed musical likings and dislikes. A large proportion of the people who compose the congregations in our churches have never given music a thought unless it was directly forced upon them, never think of going to a concert, or of taking any pains whatever to hear music; yet when music comes to them in any form, they are quite as anxious to be pleased by what they are hearing as are people more distinctly musically disposed. An organist's business is to furnish music which these people can enjoy just as much as it is to appeal to higher musical organizations, and the church is just the place of all others in which the unmusical have equal claims with the musical. Other artists can always in a greater or less degree control their public; an organist is to the fullest extent the servant of his public. Thus an organist is forced to play and conduct much music that he does not in the least enjoy or even respect; and however high his motives may be in doing so, the constant playing of music which to his own perception is intellectually and artistically unworthy of its office cannot but end in degrading his æsthetic sense, and all the more so, if his artist's instinct—as in every wholesomely æsthetic nature it necessarily must—leads him to look for beauty even where there is in fact little but ugliness, until he at last persuades

* Atlantic for June, 1872.

himself that ugliness is beauty. The same influence that forces an organist to cater to a low musical taste in his playing and choir-leadership will also be felt in his compositions for church use; it is only the few "original men," as Carlyle has it, who write music or anything else for themselves and posterity, and he who writes for the present market must to some degree try to meet the popular demand. Thus it comes about that the church compositions of most organists, though they show more or less the genuine culture of the composer and the sound influences he has been under in his musical studies, yet also bear unmistakable marks of the poorer side-influences that he lives among. In most of the Episcopal Church music of to-day, which, by the way, is far the best, although we can trace the influence of the older classical English writers, of Handel, Haydn, and others, sometimes even of Sebastian Bach, we can yet almost invariably find touches of Lefébreure Wély, Battiste, and others of the modern French sentimental organ school, not to mention other men and styles which have as little as possible to do with anything sacred. That wondrous, cosmopolitan mongrel, the modern ballad, has also some part in giving shape to our church music; and we have no doubt that, if things run on in their present course for some years more, we shall find touches of Offenbach, Hervé, and the like, in the sacred music of the time. But this last is as yet purely prophetic. Mr. Buck's compositions have the advantage of well-defined and often sympathetic melody, and easily flowing, scholarly harmony. Their besetting fault is a certain sentimentality, which at times suggests the Wély-Battiste organ-music, and which, to distinguish it from the would-be passionate sentimentalism of the modern love-ballad, we will characterize as *religious sentimentalism*, for want of a better epithet. *SENTIMENTALISM! Violà le grand mot lâche!* All the bad influences to which an organist is exposed tend after all to this: sentimentalism, which in the end is but diluted sentiment. A great genius, one of the few elect of art, appeals to those who are below his own artistic level, by simplicity of form and expression; all lesser geniuses and talents seem to find it necessary to dilute their *ideas* to bring them within the comprehension of the multitude. This dilution is by no means necessarily voluntary, but is undoubtedly in a great measure the result of the composer's habit-

ual relation to his public. That Mr. Buck has ideas, even of the large, inspiring sort, has been abundantly proved by his "Festive Hymn," a composition which, in spite of some blemishes in style, especially in the contrapuntal figuration of the accompaniment, has nevertheless a flavor of real grandeur in its melody, harmony, and rhythm; and its sentiment, though it may strike some as a shade too sensuously intense, is still genuine and refined. Whatever we have said at all depreciating Mr. Buck's Church Services must not be understood to apply to them alone, but to the whole grade of compositions to which they belong. If music of this sort is to be sung in our churches, we know of no recent publications whose incontestible merits recommend them more strongly than these very things of Mr. Buck's.

Before fulfilling our promise of last month, of saying something about Monsieur Wieniawski, we must notice, for the present only cursorily, the most important original composition that has appeared in America for a long time, namely, Mr. John K. Paine's Oratorio of St. Peter, just published by Ditson and Company. It is impossible to give an adequate criticism upon a work of such importance, after only three or four days' acquaintance, and we must postpone all further notice of it to a future number.

In Monsieur Wieniawski we have the greatest violinist who has yet been heard in America. Of all violinists now living, Joachim alone can claim superiority over him. Of his executive ability it is needless to speak. His quality of tone, intonation, management of the bow and fingers, are all as absolutely perfect as we can imagine. His playing is characterized by the most admirable grace and refinement of style, grandly broad and delicately finished phrasing, that power of expression which makes every note tell upon his hearers, and above all, the perfection of artistic good taste. Of depth of sentiment, passion, and that absorption in the music which makes his hearers forget him in what he is playing, we see little in him. In whatever he is playing, Wieniawski himself is ever before us. We feel that every note is as he intended it should be, and that what he intended is right, but we also feel that his playing is as perfect as it is because he knew what was right and was able to do it, not because he was irresistibly impelled to do it and could not help it. In this respect

he stands in strong contrast to Rubinstein. Weinawski's playing is as perfect as faultless *technique*, artistic culture, great æsthetic sensibility, and perfect mastery over himself and his instrument can make it. It reminds us of Goethe's lines, —

"He is crowned with all achieving
Who first perceives and then performs." *

But with all its perfection, we cannot but feel that the great, original, heaven-and-earth-moving master-soul is wanting.

SCIENCE.

THE "Evolution of Life," by Dr. Henry T. Chapman, is a brief summary of the evidences of what is currently known as the Darwinian theory; and it is, likewise, so far as we know, the first attempt to place before the English reader, in connected shape, the results of Professor Haeckel's inquiries and speculations. The book is, indeed, to such an extent the mere reproduction of Haeckel's "Schöpfungsgeschichte," that, if the latter work had ever been rendered into English, the present work would have had no *raison d'être* at all. For, in passing through Dr. Chapman's mind, the theories of Haeckel have not undergone any further elaboration, — not even that kind of elaboration which would have been implied in the terse and condensed presenting of them. They are simply repeated, in a curtailed and fragmentary sort of way, as naturally results from the attempt to bring into a book of 180 pages the substance of a book five times as large. Nor can it be said that Dr. Chapman's style of exposition is such as to render more intelligible or more attractive the doctrines which he sets forth. We do not mean to imply that his sentences are ambiguous or obscure; certainly no one at all familiar with the subject can find any difficulty in following his exposition or in estimating the bearings of his arguments. But the "general reader" — that terrible bugbear which scientific writers profess to be so desirous of propitiating — will certainly be repelled by the pitiless way in which Dr. Chapman sets out to drag him into the midst of intricate mooted questions in comparative anatomy and classification; and he must often be puzzled, not to say bewildered, by the suddenness with which one line of argument is dropped and another taken up. For example, the subjects of the ability of natural selection to work deep-seated variations, of the pairing of hybrids, of transitional varieties, of the

duration of geologic time, of the acquirement of instincts and *a priori* ideas through inherited modifications of the nervous system, and of the development of complex organs, like the eye and ear, are all treated within the compass of three pages (157-160); so that, just as the reader's mind has become prepared to follow the further discussion of the question in hand, it is forthwith dropped, and a fresh question taken up.

Though not strikingly original, nor attractive, nor sufficiently thorough, Dr. Chapman's book is, however, by no means devoid of interest and value. Though we fear that the author will be disappointed in the expectation held out in the Preface, that much of the current misapprehension concerning the Darwinian theory will be cleared up by his book, there are nevertheless many persons, already somewhat familiar with natural history and the doctrine of evolution, who will find here much that is serviceable. Especially good are the genealogical tables of the animal and vegetal kingdoms, though they would have been more instructive if thrown into the form of family trees, as in the plates at the end of Haeckel's "Generelle Morphologie." In the absence of any translation of the last-named colossal work, or of its lesser companion, the "Schöpfungsgeschichte," it is a good thing to have presented in English the main outlines of Haeckel's classification. The sections on classification are the most satisfactory in the book. The author follows Haeckel in erecting a third kingdom, called protists, comprising such organisms as are neither distinctively animal nor vegetable; an arrangement which many naturalists condemn, but for which there is much to be said, provided no attempt be made to draw a hard and fast line between the protistic and the two higher kingdoms;

* Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust," Part Second, Prologue.

and no follower of Haeckel is likely to make such an attempt. Since a *gregarina* or a *bacterium* is certainly not an animal, and certainly not a vegetable, while it is certainly a living thing, there would seem to be great convenience in having a region to which to assign it; though this "region" of protists, or lowest organisms, be not strictly a "kingdom," but rather the border-land between the animal and vegetable worlds on the one hand and the realm of inorganic existence on the other.

The old Cuvierian sub-kingdom of Radiata is broken up, as it ought to be, since it was merely a provisional grouping of all such animal forms as are neither Vertebrata, Annulosa, nor Mollusca, and thus brought together forms so utterly different as corals and star-fishes. Of the organisms which composed it, the infusoria are transferred to the kingdom of Protists, the echinoderms form a sub-kingdom by themselves, leaving for the lowest animal sub-kingdom the Cœlenterata, comprising on the one hand the actinozoa, represented by the anemones and corals, and on the other hand the hydrozoa, represented by the jelly-fish. Haeckel's views concerning the origin of the true radiate type, as exemplified in the echinoderms, are very interesting, and are strikingly similar to Mr. Spencer's explanation of the origin of the annulose type already commented on in these columns. First let us note that just above the cœlenterata, though not necessarily derived from any known forms of them, comes the group of Worms, — a feature of the old Linnæan classification revived. Whether it be regarded as a true sub-kingdom or not, — and it is in harmony with the doctrine of evolution that such a point should be difficult to settle, — it appears indubitable that the group of worms forms, as it were, the foundation for the four great groups, echinoderms, articulata, mollusca, and vertebrata. We have elsewhere (May, 1872,) remarked upon the probability that the annulose animal is originally a colony of little spheroidal animals, the coalescence being explicable as a case of arrested reproduction by spontaneous fission. In similar wise, Haeckel supposes the true radiate type, as exemplified in the star-fish, to have been formed by the coalescence of five worms. An analogous case is that of Botryllus, which is made up of many little ascidians; and, as Dr. Chapman observes, "there is nothing more extraordinary in five worms living together as a [primeval]

star-fish." Embryology favors this view. "The egg of the star-fish is transformed into a larva, provided with an intestine from the inner part of the body of the larva. Around its mouth appear five distinct layers, which, uniting at their posterior ends, form the body and arms of the mature animal. The same kind of reproduction is seen in the Sipunculi, which are supposed to be indirectly the ancestors of the star-fish, and also in the Nemertian worms from which, or their allies, the Sipunculi and other articulated worms have descended. Within a few years there have been found a very well-preserved group of fossil worms, — the Phractalminthes, or mailed worms. These are considered by Haeckel to be intermediate between the Sipunculus and the star-fish, they being scarcely distinguishable from the arms of the latter. Through the union of worms like the Phractalminthes have the star-fishes been produced. The origin of the star-fishes from the worms is in perfect harmony with the structure, development, and petrified remains of the group. The most striking facts of their economy are explainable on such a theory, but are perfectly meaningless on any other. The star-fishes are probably the ancestors of the remaining echinodermata."

While the union of primeval worms into this radiated structure has been productive of comparatively few forms of life, the longitudinal coalescence, on the other hand, has given rise to the great sub-kingdom of the articulata, numbering, in the insects alone, a greater variety of forms than is to be found in all the remainder of the animal world taken together. As a third and totally different offshoot from the group of worms, we have the Bryozoa, leading us up to the sub-kingdom of molluscs, and the Tunicata, an aberrant molluscoid type, of surpassing interest, from its close relationship to the lowest forms of vertebrate life. Kovalevski's important discovery of the correspondences in embryonic development between the ascidian and the amphioxus, or lowest surviving vertebrate, is well described by Dr. Chapman, who, here as elsewhere, closely follows Haeckel. Here the most considerable of all the "missing links," directly connecting the vertebrate animal with a lowly form rooted plant-like to the earth, has at last been found.

Passing over many interesting points, until we come to the classification of mammals, it is to be observed that Dr. Chapman, differing in this instance — though,

we think, unfortunately — from Haeckel, is inclined to derive the existing orders of monodelphians from various corresponding orders or pseudo-orders of didelphians; that is, the monkeys from a marsupial like the opossum, the ungulates from a marsupial like the kangaroo, the carnivora from a wolf-like marsupial, etc. On this view, we have to suppose that a great variety of animals, scattered all over the earth, have agreed in losing the pouch and in acquiring a placenta; while on the common view, that all monodelphians are the divergent progeny of some one didelphian, like the opossum, we have to suppose that exposure to similar physical conditions has caused several orders of monodelphians to undergo changes like those previously experienced by didelphians. And this is unquestionably the more probable supposition.

One of Haeckel's chief faults is his positiveness. In his most praiseworthy effort to trace the pedigree of man even back to the congeners of the ascidian, he is not content with stopping short of telling us, at each step, that we have *den sicheren Beweis*, "the sure proof," of the preceding. We are strongly inclined to suspect that in no case have we as yet obtained "sure proof," save in the classification of man with the Catarrhinæ, and in the indication of a proximity between the amphioxus and the ascidians. Undoubtedly our grandchildren will be able to point out many cases in which our scrutiny of the forms of animal life has been faulty. So, also, with regard to the submerged continent of "Lemuria," where, as Haeckel and Dr. Chapman think, the human race had its origin, we ought to be content to admit that we know next to nothing. That a continent has existed, connecting Madagascar with Sumatra and Java, seems to be quite probable; and it is not at all improbable that, if we could explore that submerged land, we might find traces of the earliest type of simioid man. But dogmatic statements on such a point are at present as absurd as they are unneeded.

Professor Tyndall's little book on the "Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," has just appeared, being the first volume of that "International Scientific Series" for which we are indebted to the zeal and energy of Dr. Youmans. It is a charming little book, pleasant for learned and unlearned readers alike. If this is a

fair specimen of the series which is to follow, Dr. Youmans will indeed be entitled to the gratitude of the four or five nations which share in the benefits of the undertaking. The next volume — "Physics and Politics," by Mr. Bagehot — is, not only a charming book, but a book rich in original thought, judging from the fragments we have seen; and when it appears we hope to call attention to some of the questions raised in it.

The Lowell Institute has seldom been so crowded as on the evenings of Professor Tyndall's lectures, and seldom has a Boston audience witnessed neater or more satisfactory experimentation. The manner of the lecturer, barring some slight nervousness, was agreeable; and the lectures were elementary (not to say *rudimentary*) enough in style and matter to satisfy even those who are most afraid of approaching abstruse subjects. One would suppose it difficult for any one to have heard the second lecture and not remember forever after what spectrum analysis means. There is one point, however, in which Professor Tyndall's usual explicitness seems to fail him, because, as we think, it is a subject on which one cannot attain the distinctness of conception upon which explicitness of expression depends. We refer to the hypothesis of a universal ether in which the molecules of all bodies float as in a boundless sea, the waves of which constitute heat, light, or actinism. The existence of such an ether is by many persons supposed to be a necessary postulate of the wave theory of light and heat; but so far is this from being true, that, not only Euler, one of the founders of the undulatory theory, but Mr. Grove, the greatest living English physicist, has rejected the hypothesis as a quite unnecessary encumbrance. We do not purpose here to enter into a discussion of the matter. But we do not think Professor Tyndall could possibly be better employed than in giving a course of lectures on the ether-hypothesis, in which, after rigorously defining the ether by its physical attributes, he should proceed to explain the known phenomena of undulation, without once (if we may be allowed the best expression for it) "going back on" his definition. We do not say it cannot be done. We do not know positively that it has not been done. But we should very much like to see it done.

POLITICS.

IN this period of statistics, encyclopædias, maps, charts, and pictorial and tabular knowledge of all kinds, it is singular that it has not occurred to the ingenuity of any one to make a series of historical maps or tables of what might be called International Affinities. Such tables would not be so difficult to construct as it may at the first blush seem; not so difficult, for instance, as the construction of those national rise-progress-and-decay maps which geographies used to contain. Every people changes from time to time its moral and intellectual relation to every other. During one century or half-century the international ties are very strong, during the next they become weak, loose their hold, disappear, the period of friendship or dependence being succeeded by one of limitation, doubt, distrust, fear, contempt, ignorance, or hatred. On such a table as we have in mind these friendships, alliances, and estrangements might be represented by the convergence or divergence of imaginary lines of national sentiment. Taking, for instance, England during the last fifty or sixty years, her line of international or popular affinities would first carry her (in close connection with the lines representing Russia and the other powers which took part in the anti-Napoleonic alliance) directly away from the line representing France, and this divergence would be at its maximum about 1815. The lines would afterwards begin to change their direction, those of England and France converging on the one hand, and diverging at the same time from that of Russia, these alterations of affinity reaching their maximum at the time of the Crimean War, or not long after it.

The line of the United States would be very curious and instructive. About the year 1765 the line of England would gradually divide itself into two; the angle of divergence becoming greater and greater during the last century and the early part of this; while the new line representing the United States would approach that of France and remain for a long period almost lost in it. At the same time the line representing Ireland would approach that of the United States, while at a later period the lines of Russia and this country would begin to near one another. In the second

quarter of the century, however, the English and American lines would slowly draw nearer one another, the angle of convergence increasing down to the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. Then there would be a sudden change, English and American lines separating at an angle of about ninety degrees at the date of the recognition of Confederate belligerency, the angle increasing to nearly one hundred and eighty degrees at the date of the escape of the Alabama, and after 1865 beginning to decrease again. Meanwhile the American line would begin to leave the Irish as well as the French, with a marked change of the Irish-American angle about the time of the New York riots, and another at the time of the discovery of the Ring frauds, and quite suddenly, in the year 1870 or thereabouts, it would exhibit a decided tendency towards that of Germany.

By carrying out this scheme conscientiously in detail, we might leave posterity a valuable skeleton record of historical emotions; of course there would be contemporaneous doubts as to the directions of lines and the size of angles, but there are always such doubts with regard to all historical facts. Some people, for instance, would no doubt question the accuracy of the opinion we have just expressed as to the *rapprochement* now beginning between this country and England, and the estrangement from Ireland and France. "What!" they might say, "friendship with our traditional enemy! Enmity with our traditional friends! The names of these countries represent to us ideas. With the name of Ireland, we have been taught from our cradles to connect that of resistance to tyranny, and with her resistance to English tyranny we have always sympathized deeply; France is the birthplace of democracy, and our long-tried and steadfast friend, in adversity as well as success. But with England we have nothing in common but language, no feeling for her but indignation. When we loved her with a filial love, she oppressed us; when we admired her afterwards as an equal, she treated us with contemptuous indifference; when, in a struggle for life, we asked at least for a just neutrality, she helped our enemy. Our love of peace may hereafter lead us to treat her with indiffer-

ence, but she need expect nothing else. All this talk about healing our wounds by arbitration, or an award of damages, or even by an apology, is politicians' nonsense, which is perfectly understood on both sides to be nonsense. Even now, with their usual dishonesty, the English are trying to impugn the motives which influenced the Emperor of Germany, in his San Juan award, while one of the arbitrators at Geneva gets off the bench on which he has been masquerading as a judge to declare his real character in a stump speech on behalf of his government. We may forgive, but we cannot forget."

On the other hand there are numbers of intelligent Englishmen who doubt the possibility of any permanent good feeling between the two countries on different grounds. Mr. Froude's self-imposed mission to the United States is an indication of the state of feeling on the other side of the water. Mr. Froude comes here, he tells us, to explain the real history of the relations between England and Ireland, because the misunderstanding of those relations in this country has led to a wide-spread and misplaced sympathy for Ireland and the Irish. This sympathy it is which has led to Fenianism and the raids on the Canadian border, and hence to general distrust on the part of England of our professions of good faith. Then, too, there is the old-fashioned belief in the "irrepressibility" of the conflict between such a form of social existence as that of England and such a form as ours. Besides this there is even among the most *bourgeois* of the English aristocracy a sincere and natural disgust with what they call the vulgarity and rawness of life here, and for which they still offer the old, foolish, *ex cathedra* explanation that it is the inevitable result of a democratic form of government. All Englishmen were naturally alarmed at the threats of repudiation in which some of our most notorious politicians indulged themselves a few years ago, and are horrified at the general dishonesty and venality of the political class throughout the country, the scandalous behavior of such State governments as that of South Carolina, the anarchy in Louisiana, the large popular following of such men as General Butler in Massachusetts, and O'Brien in New York, the condition of the bench and bar, and many more things at which we are beginning to be a little horrified ourselves.

Nevertheless we think it may be shown that there are many good reasons for believing that the two countries are likely to

become better friends as time goes on,—reasons which it would be well for the rabid politicians of both countries, but particularly of our own, to heed.

From a purely political point of view the settlement of the Alabama question and the ridiculous San Juan dispute removes from the field of controversy the more exasperating matters at issue between us. The Irish question may seem to Mr. Froude and Father Burke likely to give rise to grave international difficulties; and as they are no doubt sincere in their respective opinions, we suppose it will not do to quarrel with them for fanning into a momentary flame the embers of an old quarrel. But the idea that there is any large or influential party among native Americans which desires to take a part in the quarrel between Ireland and England is a sheer delusion. The "sympathy with struggling nationalities" was at its height thirty years ago. Undoubtedly at that time the best and most influential Americans felt deeply for the wrongs of Italians, Hungarians, Irishmen, or indeed any people that had suffered at the hands of any other. Possibly, if there had been no Irish emigration to this country, we might to-day believe in Fenianism. But having in so many parts of this country of late years been governed by the Irish, we can better understand why England thinks it impolitic and even inhuman to allow them to govern themselves.

That this wild, half-civilized race, barely emerged from the clan condition, being admitted into a civilized foreign state should have actually succeeded, even for a time, in obtaining and controlling with an iron hand the affairs of its chief commercial centre, will, perhaps, one of these days, appear to our descendants what it really is,—one of the curiosities of history. Meantime, contemporary observers have certainly not beheld the results of the Irish invasion with any peculiar satisfaction. Wherever in the country the Irish population has got the upper hand, government has shown a marked tendency to sink to a savage level. We have had "home rule" in New York.

There is another aspect of the Irish question, too, which it is quite important to consider, though not easy to mention with all the seriousness and gravity it deserves. At the same time that they undertook to do our governing for us, they also took upon themselves the no less delicate

though subordinate mission of domestic service, and in service as in politics they have distinguished themselves by the lack of every quality which makes service endurable to the employer or a wholesome life for the servant. In-obedience, fidelity, care, and accuracy they have proved themselves the inferiors of every kind of servants known to modern society. In every kitchen in the land, as we may say, there has been at least one of these strange people stationed, doing her best for the last thirty years to wean us from all sentimental attachment to the country she came from. Besides this, the Irish have done their utmost to keep alive the Democratic party, and have proved the main stay of the Catholic religion,—two of the forces most thoroughly organized in this country for opposition to every modern idea. It is to their Catholic bigotry, and to the stupid kind of Protestantism which that bigotry engenders, that we owe the "Bible in the public schools" agitation,—an agitation which, turning as it does on the necessity of an amount of a religious instruction not sufficient to be more than mere form, ought long ago to have been ended by the mutual concession of secularization.

In short, in their various capacities of legislators, mayors, laborers, cooks, Democrats, and Catholics, the Irish have themselves been explaining the difficulties of the Irish problem to us in all its details. Perhaps the most fundamental feeling with regard to the Irish in the minds of Americans at the present day is a profound sense of fatigue with the various annoyances their immigration has inflicted upon us, combined with a vague, sad reminiscence of the sentiment of the by-gone days, when we knew them only from the portraits of O'Connell, and the fascinating pages of Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer, or the Irish melodrama, as conceived by English playwrights.

But how is all this consistent with our sympathy with the Fenians and the loud-mouthed professions of our politicians at the time of the raids on the Canadian border, and the establishment of the headquarters of the Irish Republic in New York? Without in the least defending these things, English people ought to remember that it was after all at the hands of the government of this country that the Fenian movement received its death blow. If any real sympathy with the movement for the conquest of Canada had been de-

veloped, the movement would be still going on. We have yet to hear of any native American who has ever given a dollar to the support of the Irish cause. There was indeed a good deal of amusement and satisfaction felt here at the raid, because Canada has never been much loved by Americans, and has always been laughed at as a Province, and the Alabama question was then still unsettled, and the Dominion scheme was looked upon by some people as a device by Great Britain for inserting a thorn in the national side. The general spirit of recklessness and love of disorder fostered by our war, then but just over, must be taken into account also. The news of a Fenian raid on Canada was welcomed by many newspapers and politicians as a joke, which they might exaggerate into a "sensation," and thus amuse themselves with the fears they excited. That this notion of the function of a newspaper or politician should exist is no doubt a great pity; but it does exist in the United States and in other countries. The mistake made in England is of taking newspapers and politicians of this class as representing the prevailing tendency of the country. It is of course difficult to substantiate general statements of this kind, but we think we speak within bounds when we say that there has been within the past few years a visible diminution in the influence upon the government of those spasmodic and frenetic ebullitions of popular excitement upon which sensational editors and politicians live. That the country is in the best hands, or that it is not threatened with very serious internal dangers, we are far from saying; but of that peculiar kind of danger which comes of the intentional fostering of civil dissensions among powers with which we are at peace, there is less and less. We may go wrong in international affairs from that spirit of lawlessness exhibited in such matters as the French arms sale and the San Domingo protectorate, or the disregard of decency shown in the preparation of our "case" in the Alabama arbitration; but the probability of our outraging the feelings of England by any warm sympathy for the wrongs of oppressed Ireland is extremely small. In fact, intelligent people are beginning to understand that in Ireland the Sassenach of to-day is doing all he can to make modern life possible to a people still singularly antique in their feelings, opinions, and customs, and that the main obstacle in the way of the

progress of the Irish nation is their own intellectual and moral condition.

But there are other and deeper reasons for thinking that the American anglophobia of the past will probably be succeeded, though not by anglomania, certainly by respect and esteem. It is not only that the political differences of the past are being swept into oblivion, but that a certain amount of *rapprochement* is going on steadily between the moral and social conditions of the two countries.

In the first place it is a truism to say that the work which was begun by steam is now completed by the telegraph, and England and the United States, which a generation since were in opposite worlds, are now next-door neighbors. The intimate union thus effected must year by year gradually blend together the commercial and intellectual interest of the two divisions of the English-speaking race. Every additional merchant who draws on London or New York is one more guaranty of the peace between the two countries. Every additional English author who writes for American readers, every additional American author whose books go to England, even in the present pitiful condition of the copyright question, make war additionally difficult. Of course this would not be the case if there were any wide diversity of interests. The intimate business connections of the North with the South did not prevent slavery from bringing us to war. But there is no such diversity. Both nations are commercial; both are Protestant; both govern themselves through the machinery of representation; in both are to be found the same general division of the powers of government; and in both speech and opinion are free.

Both countries, too, are every year coming more and more under the influence of capital. In England wealth obtains political power by getting hold of the House of Commons; in the United States it is working its way into every department of the government,—an inevitable result of breaking down all the barriers which a secure tenure of official positions interposes. In fact, we may say, speaking in a general way, that England is governed by capital, and this country is governed by such politicians as capital sanctions by silence or approval. The Legislature of New York did whatever they were requested to do by Fisk, until Fisk's own exertions had called into existence a capitalized hostility powerful

enough to overthrow him. As soon as a large enough number of stockholders had been defrauded by Fisk, and a large enough number of other capitalists had been swindled by Fisk's judges, the balance of power was reversed, and Fisk, or rather Fisk's assigns, were removed from power. Now Vanderbilt's capital controls the movement of the political machinery. In the same way, the effect of capital upon politics is seen in the total failure of the repudiation scheme of a few years ago; and in the recent election, it was not questioned that one of the heaviest blows suffered by the Greeley party was the capitalists' support of Grant. The escape of taxation by large corporations in this country, and in England the expense of Parliamentary elections, point in the same directions. Some of the results are bad, others good; but the general fact of the steadily increasing influence of capital on politics in both countries, and the tendency of this influence to unite the two countries, cannot be disputed. "Erie Reform," it will be remembered, was originally an English movement, stimulated solely by self-interest.

There are people who will insist that the two countries are necessarily foes, because one is democratic and the other an aristocracy. No doubt, if the aristocracy of England were what it was in the days of George III., and the democracy of the United States were throughout a community of New England town governments, there might be some reason to think that there was little hope of an understanding of one country by the other. But although there is still a great difference between the social system of England and the United States, a steady assimilation has been for a long time going on.

In the last hundred years almost everything which made England a representative of mediæval customs and ideas has passed away. Religious freedom has taken the place of intolerance, extended suffrage of rotten boroughs, speech and opinion and trade have won their way to absolute freedom, the crown has been shorn of most of its power, the bench has become in fact, as well as in theory, the dispenser of justice, the press has obtained a power and dignity unknown elsewhere, the foreign policy of the country has become peaceful, while the whole community has thrown itself into commercial pursuits with an ardor that has easily enabled it to distance all competitors. The social hierarchy still exists, and

serves to give a fierce zest to the struggle for existence, but it is idle to compare the English aristocracy of to-day with that of the last century. A hierarchy into which the lowest born may find his way if he is successful in art, law, letters, even trade, soon ceases to have many features in common with an historic order which makes military ancestry the test of admission. When, in 1832, the English ministry threatened to force the Reform Bill of that year through the House of Lords by the creation of new peerages, a principle was admitted into the government fatal to the old *regime*. The English peerage of to-day is a peerage created within the last two hundred years, and of which half the titles are no older than the present century. Such a peerage is no doubt a useful order, but it is not an aristocracy in the old sense of the word.

As regards the relations of employer and employed, England has completely changed her system. Although the manufacturing districts in England are not perhaps even yet the workingman's paradise, the laborer has Americanized his condition to such an extent that he is almost as well off as if he undertakes to Americanize it by emigration. The purchasing power of wages is so much greater there than here, and the taxation so much more fairly adjusted, that the skilled laborer is perhaps better off in England. It is the unskilled workmen, the poorest kind of laborers, who improve their chances in life now by coming to this country. The difficulty of obtaining skill, accuracy, and fidelity is universally admitted to be one of the most serious obstacles in the way of the pursuit of the higher branches of industry in the United States. Forty years ago this was not so. When Lowell was the seat of the most intelligent factories in the world, the United States could fairly claim the right of advising even the best English artisans to change their citizenship. But everything wears a new face to-day; our factories are full of unskilled, ignorant hands, while the lesson originally learnt from us the English have made such good use of, that we must now learn it again from them.

In the organization of industry, too, far more progress has been made in England than with us. Whether or not we regard co-operation or trades-unions as the probable ultimate solution of the labor question, it is not difficult to see that both have been most effectually organized in England. Almost the only successful co-operative exper-

iments have taken place there, and the testimony taken by Parliament certainly shows that the trade-union system has obtained a hold upon the public opinion of the working classes which far outstrips anything we have in this country. Should the trade-union prove, as seems not impossible, the necessary stepping-stone from the contract to the co-operative system, they are nearer by far to one important social goal than we are.

In her vices, too, England has become as modern as she has in other respects. The day of fox-hunting priests, drunken noblemen, and duelling legislators is gone by, but speculation and fraud have come in. Brutality yields the place to cunning, the philistine passion for material comfort has become the general appetite of the country. The "mean admiration of mean things," which was never an historic peculiarity of the English race, has been held up to the public for scorn by the chief modern English satirist, as a modern tendency of English society. In the corruption which prevails at elections, too, in the gradual disappearance from Parliament of all oratorical power, and the rise into legislative influence of men whose sole title to such distinction is their wealth, and in the growing power and reckless irresponsibility of corporations, we see the same tendencies which are at work on this side of the Atlantic, and may, too, for convenience, be termed modern.

While England has been with every year losing its hold upon the past, and really bringing itself under the influence of the spirit which it was the fashion a generation ago to call "American," but which now really belongs to no one country, but is the common spirit which animates civilized society at large, — while England has been moving slowly in this direction, America has been gradually placing herself in a position in which intellectual and moral aid from England is as useful for her further advance.

Naturally enough, at the time of the Revolution, Americans looked to France, not only for sympathy, but instruction; it is too late now to blame Jefferson and his followers for having gone to France for political metaphysics at a time when France was a great centre of intellectual activity, and when every branch of knowledge, from politics to theology, was based on metaphysical speculation of some sort. The American system was as little dependent for practical construction upon metaphysics, as a

tree is for its growth upon a knowledge of organic chemistry on the part of the planter. But the theories with regard to the nature, origin, and province of government made use of by the party which soon acquired control of the machinery, undoubtedly derived their force from the highly metaphysical speculations of the French political writers of the last century. And no doubt, in the existing condition of knowledge, the abstract rights of abstract man, and the social contract, were realities sufficiently solid to build societies upon, or destroy them with.

To-day the case is quite different. We are as much in need now of the anti-metaphysical, positive kind of knowledge, which the experience of England has yielded her, as we then were of the speculative. Both law and the art of government have been raised above the metaphysical level of the past century into the clear light of positive knowledge by the exertions of English students. Whether we think of such writings as those of Austin and Mann and Hare, or such practical discoveries as those of the Irish prison system, or the abolition of political patronage in the civil service, or the immense improvement in the machinery of the administration of justice and the repression of crime, it is impossible not to see that, in many of the matters which concern the deepest interests of society, we must go to England for instruction and advice; and when we turn to reflect upon the loud-mouthed vapidity of the men who have lately called themselves our statesmen, on such custom-houses as those of New Orleans, on such legislatures as those of South Carolina and Louisiana, on such judges and jails as those of New York, on the irresponsibility of our officials, on such recklessness of property and life as we have lately seen in Chicago and Boston, we must admit that the sooner we begin to borrow what we may from the experience of England the better it will be for us.

Intellectual assistance is not the only aid which we may derive from England. There are many moral qualities which are the common inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race, but which to-day exhibit themselves in the English branch of it far more than in the American. In the furious scramble for wealth which has been going on here for the last generation, our traditional virtues of self-respect, dignity, moderation, rever-

ence, love of law, have been sadly lost sight of. It is useless to attempt to persuade the world that this is true only of a certain class of Americans. The disease breaks out in too many classes not to be epidemic; there are too many politicians exposed, too many railroad-men arrested for fraud, too many insurance companies disappear after great fires, too many lawyers have understandings with judges, too many newspapers publish the evidence of too many editors' rascality, for the world to believe that there is not throughout the country a wide-spread capacity to exhibit sudden immorality of a very startling kind.

As we have already said, there is plenty of speculation and plenty of commercial immorality in England; that there is too much self-respect, reverence, and love of decency and decorum in either country we are not inclined to believe; but no one who is unprejudiced and is at all familiar with English character can doubt that these virtues are more common than with us, or, to say the least, that in the control of public affairs, in the management of business, and giving public expression to the national character in a literary form, those Englishmen who have these qualities have far more influence than the same sort of man has with us.

We have no desire to be prophetic as to the relations of England and America; and in what we have been saying we have merely endeavored to point out certain considerations, which have an important bearing on those relations, and which from motives of national vanity are frequently kept in the background. It is high time that the cheap philosophy of that patriotism which inculcates it as a duty to frown upon all public criticism of the defects of one's own nationality should come to an end. For better or for worse, the English race has become cosmopolitan, and cosmopolitan powers cannot indulge themselves in provincial emotions. Neither England nor the United States is an ideal state, but their ideals are so alike, and their interests so closely united, that each may find in the experience of the other the surest guide. During the early portion of the history of this country, England derived many valuable lessons from the "American experiment." It is now our turn to learn from England.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI. — FEBRUARY, 1873. — NO. CLXXXIV.

ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS.

IN a remarkable and famous passage in *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne says, "There is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the 'music of the spheres': for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which disclaim against all church-music. For myself, not only from my obedience but from my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God, — such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding." (Sec. IX. Part II.)

Of this passage, De Quincey declared

that it was the only thing he recollected "said adequately on the subject of music in all literature," "with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in *Twelfth Night*." Yet in some way, heroically or vulgarly, politely or awkwardly, every epoch and every nation, after their manner, have celebrated the praise of song and yielded themselves to its winsome thralldom. The Yankee, especially the elder type of him, goes practically to work to estimate its value, and cannot get himself out of the habit of regarding it in connection with that village church around which centre his supreme interests, whether of religion, politics, trade, gossip, or love. William Godwin, in his life of Chaucer, quotes from an historian of Danish literature the song of a Runic bard commemorative of his art: "I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect. I know a song which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds; for the moment I sing it, my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth at liberty. I know a song useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons

of men, the moment. I sing it they are appeased. I know a song of such virtue that, if I be caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm."* And these raptures of the bard are not altogether hyperboles, "conjured up to serve occasions of poetic pomp"; for in Diodorus Siculus we read concerning the British bards that "sometimes when two armies are standing in order of battle, with their swords drawn, and their lances extended, upon the point of engaging in a most furious conflict, the poets have stepped in between them, and by their soft and fascinating songs calmed the fury of the warriors and prevented the bloodshed. Thus even among barbarians, rage gave way to wisdom, and Mars submitted to the Muses." (Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.) Nor does this incident, or any sacredness attached to the office of bard which may serve to give the story some probability, suggest too high an opinion of musical sensibility and culture in England. If I pronounce that England, particularly in its peasantry of the olden time, is assuredly one of the foremost musical countries in the world, visions of beef-eaters and of ale-swiggers at fairs come up before the mind, and the assertion is likely to be considered merely an instance of a writer's partiality for his subject. But the affirmation is true nevertheless, albeit the beef and ale do certainly foam and drip in a manner through all the music, as well as in the songs which eulogize the national viands. It is true that England has no high art, no great composer; but Scotland is still more barren in this respect, though her store of folk-songs is incomparably more beautiful than England's, being surpassed, if at all, only by the German *Volkslieder*. It is true, also, that there is a sad falling off in English music, not only as to production but as to cultivation; the music belongs, like the unequalled ballads of the same tongue, to an heroic

age which has passed long ago, and great artists have succeeded to the mantle of the popular vigor in poetry alone; but England was renowned for music before German genius suspected its own riches, and her musical annals contain the first example of secular music in parts yet found in any country. From the time of the Saxons, who brought with them both memories and followers of the northern scalds and bards, music flows in a clear and hearty, if not a very ideal or imaginative, stream through English life and manners, till it is lost in the matted growth of modern industries and politics; though we may believe that it still flows on underneath all these, betraying itself by the subdued clamor, like

"Rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course."

The Saxons not only had different musical instruments, — among which they specially delighted in the harp, — and their "gleemen," or professed poets and musicians, venerated and courted by all ranks and conditions, but they enjoyed also some generally diffused musical culture, as we learn from the venerable Bede, to whom Strutt refers as stating "that, as early as the seventh century, it was customary at convivial meetings to hand a harp from one person to another, and every one who partook of the festivity played upon it in his turn, singing a song to the music for merriment's sake." Bede relates that, on one occasion, the poet Cædmon, when he saw the harp passing round, arose and went home; and King Alfred adds that the poet departed for shame that he was not able to sing and play with the others. The Saxons have left illustrations of their fondness for music in certain curious illuminations used as frontispieces to copies of the Psalms, in which David — his dignity intimated by a stature much larger than that of the other figures — is depicted seated upon his throne playing on a harp, and surrounded by indubitable Saxon "gleemen" performing on

* "This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air." *The Tempest*.

various instruments, and even dancing and executing feats of agility or magic. The honest illuminators were no more conscious of incongruity than the old preachers who delighted to riot in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and to depict the splendors that celebrated his return, when his father "fitted him with boots or *Venetian slippers* and provided music of *violins* and *English cornets*." Saxon England was by no means a stranger to minstrelsy and its wandering votaries. But after the Conquest, under the rule of the Normans, many minstrels came over from France, where especially they abounded; their example and the favor extended to them probably excited the emulation of the English, and the kingdom swarmed with itinerant musicians and singers. They were favored with many immunities and privileges, were sacred in time of war, were welcomed in crowds at the houses of the great, and could enter even the royal presence without leave or introduction. Not only monarchs but the great barons and earls supported minstrels munificently, both as to numbers and as to pay and clothing, and took them in their train when they travelled. Minstrels were distinguished by a peculiar dress, and seem in some places to have been united into guilds or similar organizations. Their ample rewards made them prosperous, and some were even distinguished for their wealth. But as it is with nations, so with trades, professions, and individuals; there is nothing so hard to turn to good account as prosperity, and it becomes shortly the most invincible of all ills. The minstrels became greedy, and ready with many tricks and cunning devices. They displayed their rich presents wherever they performed, so as to excite the generosity of others; and they artfully celebrated in their songs the rewards given to minstrels, which they knew well how to invent munificently. Strutt quotes from the metrical romance of *Ipomedon*, where the poet speaks of the knight's marriage,—

"Ipomydon gaff, in that stound,
To minstrelles five hundred pound."

Finally, they became so inflated and outrageous that, uninvited, they beset opulent houses in great numbers and claimed to fix for themselves the amount of their pay, which they did according to their notions of the wealth and good-nature of their patron. They became flatterers and parasites; their success attracted large numbers to the profession, and among them many of the idle and dissolute; the more as the minstrels unhappily had always united the offices of dancing-master, jester, mountebank, and sorcerer to their instrumental or vocal music, and these tricks could be assumed by pretenders and knaves.

This grievous abuse of minstrelsy at last attracted the attention of the law; in the reign of Edward II. a law was passed to restrain vagrants from intruding, under pretence of minstrelsy, into the houses of the wealthy and exacting, not only meat and drink, but clothes or other gifts; and it was enacted that none but true professed minstrels should resort to the great houses, nor of these more than three or four in a day; and that they should not go unasked to the dwelling of any person below the rank of a baron, nor, when invited, presume to ask for anything, but simply take what might be offered them. After another century, similar abuses again excited complaint, and from this time minstrelsy rapidly declined both in favor and character. The invention of printing hastened its downfall, not merely because of the greater diffusion of knowledge and the more scientific cultivation of music and poetry by the learned, but because of the competition of the ballad-singers, a new order of men, who sang their songs gratuitously and sold printed copies for a penny. The minstrels sank into utter contempt. By way of contrast to their former wealth and prosperity, Chappell mentions the case of Richard Sheale. This minstrel, to whom we owe the preservation of the heroic ballad of "*Chevy Chace*,"—which Ben

Jonson declared he would rather have written than all his works, and of which Sir Philip Sydney said that he never heard it without finding his "heart moved more than with a trumpet," — was robbed on Dunsmore Heath of sixty pounds; but he could get no sympathy because he could not persuade the incredulous people that he had ever possessed sixty pounds. He thus bewails his calamity: —

"I may well say that I had but evil hap,
For to lose about threescore pounds at a clap.
The loss of my money did not grieve me so sore,
But the talk of the people did grieve me much more.
Some said I was not robbed, I was but a lying knave,
It was not possible for a minstrel so much money to have."

In the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth an act was passed to restrain vagrants; and among these, "minstrels wandering abroad" were enumerated, were held to be "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were to be apprehended and punished as such. This decree seems to have given the final blow to minstrelsy. Puttenham, in his "Arte of English Poesie," A. D. 1589, writes concerning both ballad-singers and minstrels contemptuously: "The over-busy and too speedy return of one manner of tune doth too much annoy and, as it were, glut the ear, unless it be in small and popular musicks sung by these *cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels' heads, when they have none other audience than boys or country fellows that pass by them in the street; or else by blind harpers or such like tavern minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the Tale of Sir Topas, Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwick, Adam Bell, and Clyn of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rhymes, made purposely for the recreation of the common people at Christmas dinners and bride-ales, and in taverns and alehouses, and such other places of base resort." Ritson cites the following lines by one Dr. Bull, probably the same whose fame as

a musician preceded him all over Europe: —

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house,
(Whose daughter was about to die,)
He turned the minstrels out of doors
Among the rascal company:
Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues by act of Parliament."

The melancholy end of minstrelsy, however, does not count at all against the love of music and proficiency in the art, which, as I have said, distinguished England from the Saxon period until recent times. St. Aldhelm, who died in 709, gained the attention of his semi-barbarous countrymen to his serious teachings by mingling these with minstrel ballads which he sung and recited on the bridges and highways; and a harp, which was the common and favorite instrument with the Saxons and other Northern nations, was held in high esteem and was even a sign of rank. "By the laws of Wales," says Chappell, "a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman or a freeman; and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favorite instruments or could not play upon it. To prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt; because the want of it would have reduced him from his rank to that of a slave." In 1185 Giraldus Cambrensis writes of the part-singing among the Welsh and Northern Britons, as performed with much ease and grace, and practised even by the children. King Alfred, who, as writes Sir John Spelman (quoted by Chappell), "provided himself of musicians, not common, or such as knew but the practice part, but men skilful in the art itself," according to many testimonies, established a school of music at Oxford. Down to a comparatively late period, music was the only science for the study of which degrees were conferred, and, till very

lately, if not now, they were conferred in England alone. The old poets of the English tongue surpass all others in their constant and enthusiastic mention of music, and Chappell remarks that Chaucer's poems form almost a complete treatise upon the English music of his day. His "yonge squier," who was "A lover, and a lusty bachelor, . . . Of twenty yere of age, . . . And grete of strengthe, . . . Singing he was or floyting (fluting) alle the day," and "He coude songes make and well indite." His nun, "Ful wel she sange the service divine, Entuned in her nose ful swetely." The Frere, who understood the virtue of wealthy acquaintance and was an "esy man to give penance, . . . Certainly he hadde a merry note, . . . Well coude he singe and plaien on a rote";

"And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night."

The five-times-married wife of Bath, who certainly may be supposed to know how, chiefly, a woman might be attractive, says that she is often valued, "for she can other sing or dance," and mentions, among her own charms, "coude I dance to an harpe small, And sing yevis as any nightingale": and of the carpenter's wife it is said, "hire song, it was as loud and yerne (fresh), As any Swalow sitting on a berne." The "gentil Pardonere," —

"Full loude he sang, 'Come hither, love, to me.'
The Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun
Was never trompe of half so great a soun":

which stentorian "burdoun," or drone-bass, probably, after the manner of a bagpipe, calls to mind the testimony of Hentzner, writing near the end of the sixteenth century, that "the English excell in dancing and music," and "are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringing of bells" (Strutt),* and reminds us

* *Sir Toby*. . . . But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch. — *Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3.

of a certain hale, hearty, bluff character and strongly marked rhythm pervading the old English music. We learn from Chaucer, says Chappell, "that country squires in the fourteenth century could pass the day in singing or playing the flute, and that some could 'songes well make and indite'; that the most attractive accomplishment in a young lady was to be able to sing well, and that it afforded the best chance of her obtaining an eligible husband [perhaps a little too strongly stated for Chaucer's language]; also that the cultivation of music extended to every class." According to Goodwin's "Life of Chaucer," "Church music was one of the studies most assiduously pursued in the colleges of this period; . . . and no accomplishment led with greater certainty to the most eminent stations in the church. The Gospels, the Epistles, and almost every part of the service, were, in these times, set to music, and performed by rules of art. Dancing, as well as music, appears also to have constituted a part of the service of the church." To this may be appended the close of Chaucer's description of the before-mentioned seller of indulgences, the "gentil Pardonere," who knew how to estimate his song from a business point of view, —

"Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therefore he sang the merier and loude."

The following is a charming picture, from the "Knight's Tale," of English life, as ruddy and buxom as the "morwe" when "Arcite had romed all his fill, And songen all the roundel lustily," with a dash of a hale love of nature in his lay; for the delight in natural beauties of meadow, hill, and grove which warbles deliciously through German popular song is not altogether absent from English folk-lore: —

"The besy lارke, the messenger of day
Saleweth in hire song the morwe gray:
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves

The silver drops, hanging on the leves,
 And Arcite, that is in the court real
 With Theseus the squier principal,
 Is risen and looketh on the mery day.
 And for to don his observance to May,
 Remembering on the point of his desire,
 He on his courser, stertering as the fire,
 Is ridden to the feldes him to play,
 Out of the court, were it a mile or twey.
 And to the grove of which that I you told,
 By aventure his way he gan to hold,
 To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
 Were it of woodbine or of hawthorn leves,
 And loud he song agen the sonne shene.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
 Right welcome be thou faire freshe May ;
 I hope that I some greine here getten may."

As it is my purpose to give specimens of the English folk-music, that their quality may speak to the reader for itself, it will be well from this point to take up in order the periods into which the history of English song naturally divides itself. For this arrangement, as well as for all the melodies presented, I am obliged to Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time." These valuable and learned volumes constitute, so far as I am aware, the only ample work upon her folk-songs which England can boast ; unlike Germany, whose scholars have dwelt with most loving attention upon their rich store of beautiful melodies binding together for many generations the common sympathies of the people, and have celebrated them in countless collections and editions. The English music cannot, indeed, be compared for beauty with

the German ; but it has a beauty and strength of its own, which we ought to love as the Germans do theirs ; and it would be well for us if England (and this country) rang now with a people's music as good, and merry, and hale withal, and as well-beloved, as of yore.

Before the time of Henry VIII., Chappell has found but four pieces of music preserved, three songs and a dance-tune, bridging over about two hundred years from the middle of the thirteenth century. The earliest of these, which here follows, I have previously referred to, as being the earliest example of secular music in parts which has been found in any country. The words form one of the most antique examples of English song to be met with ; and the music precedes by one century, if not two, any similar composition found elsewhere. Chappell is of opinion that there is a notable "airy and pastoral correspondence between the words and music," and believes this "superiority to be owing to its having been a national song and tune, according to the custom of the time, as a basis of harmony, and that it is not entirely a scholastic composition." The most eminent authorities concur in referring this song, which I give in modern spelling and melody, to about 1250 : —

Sum - mer is a com - ing in, Loud - ly sing cuck - oo :

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth wood a - new, Sing cuck - oo ! Ewe bleat - eth af - ter lamb, Low'th af - ter calf the cow ;

Bul - lock start - eth, Buck to fern go'th, Mer - ry sing cuck - oo ! cuck - oo !

cuck - oo ! Well sing'st thou, cuck - oo ! Nor cease thou ev - er now.

From Henry VII. to Elizabeth, between thirty and forty melodies have been preserved. This interval was very far from inactive in musical cultivation. Henry VIII. was himself no mean composer for the day, and, according to Hollinshed, "exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing at the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads." Erasmus writes of the English that they can claim, as their peculiar distinctions, beauty, *music*, and *well-furnished tables*: "and it is certain," says Chappell, "that the beginning of the sixteenth century produced in England a race of musicians equal to the best in foreign countries, and in point of *secular* music decidedly in advance of them." "To sing at sight was so usual an accomplishment of gentlemen in those days, that to be deficient in that respect was considered a serious drawback to success in life. Skelton, in his 'Bowge

at Court,' introduces Harvey Hafter as one who cannot sing 'on the booke,' but he thus expresses his desire to learn, —

' Wolde to God it wolde please you some day,
A balade boke before me for to laye,
And lerne me for to syng *re, mi, fa, sol,*
And when I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.' "

I subjoin two of the songs in favor at this period. The first is the famous "John Dory," which, without any especial merit to recommend it, held its place in popular esteem for nearly or quite two centuries. It is mentioned in a play printed in 1575, and Dryden refers to it as hackneyed in his time : —

" To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When fiddlers sing at feasts."

Ritson says "'John Dory' was the constant companion of the minstrels ; he stuck to them to the last, and may be said indeed to have died in their service." As the words have no particular interest, I give only one stanza : —

As it fell on a hol-i-day, And up-on a ho-ly
tide-a, John Do-ry bought him an am-bling nag To Par-is for to
ride-a, To Par-is for to ride-a, And up-on a ho-ly tide.

The other song referred to is the equally celebrated and much more beautiful "Hunt's-up." This is a matin song, intended to arouse and cheer in the morning. Any song with this purpose was formerly called a "hunt's-up." In the exquisite parting between Romeo and Juliet (Act III. sc. 5), Juliet figures the lark as having changed voices with the toad, and "hunting" her love "hence, with *hunt's-up* to the day." In old English weddings, which were much gayer than now, the rite was begun with a hunt's-up in the morning to awake the bride ; and the same compliment was very commonly paid also to young girls on their birthdays. This

was one of the many songs parodied by the Puritans for their own purposes. The following is the first of the seventeen stanzas of one of these parodies : —

" The hunt ys up, the hunt ys up,
Loe ! it is almost daye ;
For Christ our Kyng is cum a huntyng,
And brougt his deare to stay."

Ritson cites the first stanza of a similar Scotch parody, —

" With hunts up, with hunts up,
It is now perfite day ;
Jesus our king is gane 'a' hunting,
Quha likes to speed they may."

The following is the melody with words which Chappell thinks may be those written by one Gray, — mentioned by Puttenham as growing into

good estimation with "King Henry (VIII.) and afterwards with the Duke of Somerset, Protectour, for making

certain merry ballades, whereof one chiefly was, 'The hunte is up, the hunte is up':—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well - nigh day; And
Har - ry our king is gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay.

"The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled,
And the merie horne wakes up the morne
To leave his idle bed.

"Behold the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around,
The grasse is greene, and so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.

"The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are running free,
The woodes rejoyce at the mery noise
Of hey tantara tee ree!

"The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye,
To see and to be seene.

"Awake, all men, I say agen,
Be mery as you maye,
For Harry our Kinge is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye."

I subjoin, as being chaste and pretty, an example of the morning greeting of the hunt's-up used as a love-song, taken from the same manuscript with the preceding:—

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free,
The sun hath risen, from out his prison,
Beneath the glistering sea.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright,
The morning lark is high, to mark
The coming of daylight.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair,
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,
Browse in the morning air.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady gay,
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
And it is now broad day.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sheen,
The hills look out, and the woods about
Are drest in lovely green.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady, dear,

A morn in spring is the sweetest thing,
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bower, at this loved hour,
My own true love to greet."

I pass to the reign of Elizabeth, which, though exhibiting no marked division or break in the stream of song flowing from the preceding reigns, deserves to be counted a special era, as it were, because of the universal esteem in which music was held and the cultivation of it by all classes. "Not only," says Chappell, "was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. In Deloney's 'History of the Gentl^e Craft,' 1598, one who tried to pass for a shoemaker was detected as an imposter, because he could neither 'sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme.' Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade and even the beggars had their special songs; the bass-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors [and it was not an uncommon instrument for women to play upon during or near this period]: and the lute, cittern, and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. ["Now," remarks Strutt, and it is emblematic of the change which has come over society, "the newspaper is substituted for the instrument of music."] They had

music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play." Morley, in his dialogue entitled "Introduction to Practical Musick," 1597, makes the pupil say, "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I *could not*, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I go now to seek out mine old friend, Master Gnorinus, to make myself his scholar." Peacham requires his "Compleat Gentleman" (1622) to be able "to sing his part *sure and at first sight*, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute"; and declares, "I am verily persuaded that they [who love not music] are by nature very ill-disposed, and of such a brutish stupidity that scarce anything else that is good and savour-eth of virtue is to be found in them." It was essential to a gentlewoman's education that she should play and read music at sight; and lute-strings were very commonly offered as gifts to ladies at the New-Year's season. England not only overflowed with musicians, but supplied other countries and foreign courts with many of their best, in high repute and demand. "We are indebted," says Chappell, "to foreign

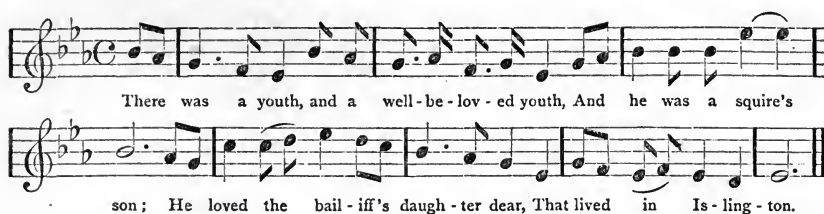
countries for the preservation of many of the works of our best musicians of this age. Dr. Bull's music is chiefly to be found in foreign manuscripts." Concerning this Dr. Bull, the same probably who wrote the lampoon on the vagrant minstrels before quoted, the story is told that while travelling *incognito*, a continental musician showed him a vocal work in forty parts, and boasted that it would be found impossible to add so much as one more part; whereupon the English composer, taking the score, speedily added forty more parts, eliciting from the astonished musician the opinion that "he that added those forty parts must either be the Devil or Dr. John Bull." In the reign of Elizabeth, indeed, scholastic vocal compositions, madrigals, motets, etc., reached their height in England, and thereafter began their decline, while instrumental music took their place. Of the popular or folk songs of the day, I will give two specimens, omitting the melodies which specially illustrate Shakespeare as not being, on the whole, so attractive, although there are some beautiful and plaintive minor melodies among them. Minor keys are very common throughout English folk-music, and there is much of it that is exceedingly tender and plaintive, although the bold, courageous, and hearty predominates. The following delicate little melody is set to the ballad of the "Spanish Lady." I give but one stanza, the beautiful and well-known poem being easily accessible in Percy's "Reliques":—

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Will you hear a Span-ish la - dy, How she wooed an Eng-lish-man? Gar-ments
 gay, and rich as may be, Decked with jew - els, she had on. Of a come-ly
 coun - te-nance and grace was she, And by birth and par - en - tage of high de - gree.

The "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," a simple and pretty ballad also to

be found in Percy, is set to the following pleasing melody:—



There was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was a squire's
son; He loved the bail-iff's daugh-ter dear, That lived in Is-ling-ton.

From Elizabeth to the Commonwealth, instrumental music, as I have said, obtained the ascendancy; but music in general was still in very high esteem and cultivation. Early in this period "ballads were first collected into little miscellanies, called Garlands, whose names, e. g., 'Garland of Good-Will,' 'Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' etc., remind us of the painful ingenuity in the matter of titles displayed by the makers of our Sunday-school music-books; and it may be said in passing that the excellent reform which we are now witnessing in the style of pictures made for children, should be forthwith extended to the music they are made to sing, which is at present, for the most part, the laborious patch-work of 'lack-lustre' composers, and vapid beyond what, otherwise, it had entered into the mind of man to conceive. I might safely engage to compile the best two or three books of music for children that ever were made; because the fruitful sources of English and German folk-songs, and those of other countries, replete with the warmth and color of the fresh national genius, and simple as they are beautiful through absence of all scho-

lastic interference, have been neglected to make room for spiritless and dilute effusions with little inspiration save the need of making a living.

"Musicians in the service of noblemen and gentlemen seem to have held a prescriptive right to go and perform to the friends and acquaintances of their masters, whenever they wanted money: such visits were received as compliments, and the musicians were rewarded in proportion to the rank of their masters. Innumerable instances of this will be found in early books of household expenses." But in course of time, this privilege was abused, like the corresponding concessions to the old minstrels, and in the reign of King James I. the unwarrantable intrusion of musicians into all companies became a constant subject of rebuke.

I give three examples of the popular songs of this period. The following melody was very popular in its early days, and is "still current," says Chappell; "for in the summer of 1855, Mr. Jennings, organist of All Saints' Church, Maidstone, noted it down from the wandering hop-pickers singing a song to it, on their entrance into that town":—



O-ver the moun-tains, And o-ver the waves,
Un-der the foun-tains, And un-der the graves,
Un-der floods that are deep-est, Which Nep-tune o-bey, O-ver
rocks that are steep-est, Love will find out the way.

"Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For the receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If Love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

"You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight :
But if she, whom Love doth honor,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

"Some think to lose him,
By having him confined ;

And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind :
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out his way.

"You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East ;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey :
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover ;
He will find out his way."

The following is a lively and graceful melody which was sung to many different ballads : —



Pan, leave pip-ing, The gods have done feast-ing, There's nev-er a god-dess a hunt-ing to-day ; The
Mor-tals marvel at Cor-i-don's jest-ing, That gives them assistance to en-ter-tain May.



lads and the lasses, With scarves on their faces, So live-ly time pass-es, Trip over the downs ;
Much mirth and sport they make, Running at Barley-break, Good luck, what pains they take For a green gown.

One of the most delightful melodies I have ever met in any folk-music, and indeed worthy of any country or any composer, is the following minor piece, entitled "Cupid's Courtesie ; or,

The young Gallant foiled at his own Weapon. To a most pleasant *Northern Tune.*" The words, save the first stanza, have not much claim to merit ; they are in Collier's "Roxburghe Ballads" : —



Through the cool shad-y woods As I was rang-ing,
I heard the pret-ty birds Notes sweet-ly chang-ing.



Down by the mead-ow's side There runs a riv-er ;



A lit-tle boy I spied With bow and quiv-er.

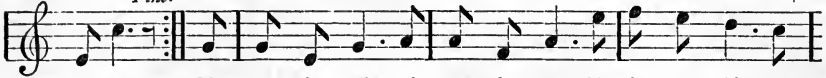
The following, called "The Country Lass," is comely and vigorous, both in words and melody. It is the melody to which "Sally in our Alley" is now sung with slight variation, the old ballad-tune having entirely super-

seded the melody which the author of the latter song composed for it and which was used in the ballad-operas. The burden, "derry, derry down," is very common in old English song.

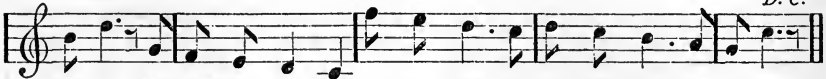


Al - though I am a coun - try lass, A lof - ty mind I
I think my - self as good as those That gay ap - par - el
Down, down, down der - ry der - ry down, Hey down - a down - a
A der - ry der - ry der - ry der - ry down, Hey down - a down - a

Fine.



bear - a ; My coat is made of come - ly gray, Yet is my skin as
wear - a ;
down - a ;
der - ry.



soft - a As those that with the choi - cest wines Do bathe their bod - ies oft - a.

"What though I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
Shall shroud me from the sun-a ;
And when I see them feeding by,
Where grass and flowers spring-a,
Close by a crystal fountain side
I sit me down and sing-a.

"Dame Nature crowns us with delight
Surpassing court or city,
We pleasures take from morn to night,
In sports and pastimes pretty :
Your city dames in coaches ride
Abroad for recreation,
We country lasses hate their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

"I care not for the fan or mask,
When Titan's heat reflecteth ;
A homely hat is all I ask
Which well my face protecteth ;
Yet am I, in my country guise,
Esteemed a lass as pretty,
As those that every day devise
New shapes in court or city.

"Then do not scorn the country lass,
Though she go plain and meanly ;
Who takes a country wench to wife
(That goeth neat and cleanly)
Is better sped than if he wed
A fine one from the city,
For there they are so nicely bred,
They must not work for pity."

The history of English music under the Commonwealth, and as affected by the influence which culminated in the Puritan uprising, would require almost an ample monograph for its adequate treatment. It is most certain that for a long time the Puritan element exercised a most pernicious and depressing effect upon music; and the hostility of the zealots finally concentrated itself in a virulent fanaticism, which

treated music, and especially church-music, as an invention of the Devil. In a "Declaration and Petition to the House of Commons," 1644, Sir Edward Dering averred that "one single groan in the spirit is worth the diapason of all the church-music in the world." In 1648, an officer was appointed "with power to seize upon all ballad-singers," from which Chappell thinks "we may safely assume that no more ballads were written in their (the Puritans') favor, and that the majority, at least, had long been against them." But the honest zealots in general detested music for its own sake, as by its very nature savoring of popery and all other uncleanness. They exercised themselves in destroying the church-organs in many towns, which they "brake down," and "taking two or three hundred pipes with them, in a most scornful and contemptuous manner went up and down the street piping with them." Chappell quotes from Philip Stubbes, who printed an "Anatomy of Abuses" in 1583, which went through four editions in twelve years; in the chapter devoted to music, the author says that by reason of "a certain kind of smooth sweetness in it, it is like unto honey, alluring the auditory to effeminacy, pusillanimity, and loathsomeness of life. . . . And right as good edges are not sharpened, but obtused, by being whetted upon soft stones, so good wits, by hearing of

soft music, are rather dulled than sharpened, and made apt to all wantonness and sin"; and "through the sweet harmony and smooth melody thereof, it estrangeth the mind, stirreth up lust, womanisheth the mind, and ravisheth the heart." In a pamphlet entitled "A Request of all true Christians to the Honorable House of Parliament," 1586, it is requested "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of Psalms, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antechrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other Rabble of Miscreants and Shavelings." This choice and handsome language was so effective, that in 1644 were published two ordinances of Parliament "for the speedy demolishing of all organs, etc." But alas! there were no organs to demolish; they were already destroyed; and "as said by a writer of the time, —

'No organ-idols with pure ears agree,
Nor anthems, — why? nay, ask of them, not me;
There's new church-music found instead of those,
The women's sighs tuned to the preacher's nose.'

But, on the other hand, there must have been often a savor, not merely of fanaticism, but of rudeness and vulgarity in all this tirade; for Cromwell himself was exceedingly fond of music, attracted musicians about him, and had his daughters instructed in the art. Oxford "seems to have been a place of almost peaceable retirement for musicians during the Protectorate," rejoicing even in weekly music parties. Though church-music seemed to bereave a Puritan of his senses, yet Shakespeare speaks of them as singing Psalms to hornpipes; and "in 1642, ballads respecting 'the great deeds of Oliver Cromwell at Worcester and Edgehill' were gravely proposed to Parliament to be sung at Christmas in place of Christmas-carols." I append two specimens of the popular songs of this period. All the pieces recorded by Chappell are either of a general character or are cavalier ballads. If the Puritans had any music besides their Psalms sung to hornpipes, it has not survived. The following, says the historian, "may be termed the 'God save the King'" of the period: —

What tho' the zeal - - ots pull down the prel - ates, Push at the
Shall we then nev - - er once more en - deav - or, And strive to

pul - pit, and kick at the crown, Shall not the Round - head
pur - chase our an - cient re - nown? Then we'll be mer - ry,

soon be con - found - ed? Sa, sa, sa, say, boys, Ha, ha, ha,
drink clar - et and sher - ry, Then we will sing, boys, God, bless the

ha, boys, Then we'll re - turn with tri - umph and joy.
king, boys, Cast up your caps, and cry *Vive le Roy.*

The "Devil's Progress" is the name of the following. "It was no doubt this ballad which suggested to Southey his 'Devil's Walk': —

Fri - ar Ba - con walks a - gain, And Doc - tor Faus - tus too;
 Pros - er - pine and Plu - to reign, O'er many a gob - lin crew. With
 that a mer - ry dev - il To take an air - ing vowed.
 Hug - gle, dug - gle, ha, ha, ha, The Dev - il laughed a - loud.

"What think you that he laughed?
 Forsooth he came from court;
 And there, amongst the gallants,
 Had spied such pretty sport:
 There was such cunning juggling,
 And ladies grown so proud, —
 Huggle, duggle, etc.

"With that into the City
 Away the Devil went,
 To view the merchants' dealings
 It was his full intent;
 And there, along the brave Exchange,
 He crept into the crowd, —
 Huggle, duggle, etc.

"He went into the City,
 To see all there was well;
 Their scales were false, their weights were light,
 Their conscience fit for hell;
 And 'bad men' chosen Magistrates,
 And Puritans allowed, —
 Huggle, duggle, etc.

"With that into the country
 Away the Devil goeth,
 For there is all plain-dealing,
 And that the Devil knoweth:
 But the rich man reaps the gains,
 For which the poor man ploughed, —
 Huggle, duggle, etc.

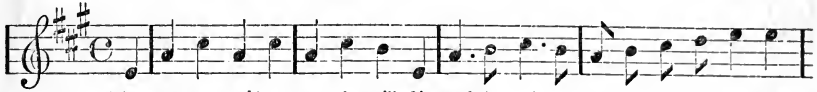
"With that the Devil in haste
 Took post away to hell,
 And told his fellow-furies
 That all on earth was well;
 That falsehood there did flourish,
 Plain-dealing was in a cloud, —
 Huggle, duggle, ha, ha, ha,
 The devils laughed aloud."

According to one authority, "from the restoration of Charles II. may be dated an entire change in the style of music till then cultivated in England." The "learned counterpoint" and elaborate working-up which distinguished English composition, both vocal and instrumental, gave way to a more flowing and melodious style, and to a con-

current taste for foreign songs, which had become fashionable even in the reign of Charles I. After the invention of recitative, English musicians were willing to concede the superiority of the Italians in vocal music; but it seems to have been as generally conceded that the English bore the palm in instrumental composition. There were not wanting some protests against the prevailing taste for Italian songs among cultivated people. "This present generation is so sated with what's native," wrote Henry Lawes, in 1653 (the friend of Milton and composer of the music to *Comus*), "that nothing takes the ear but what's sung in a language which, commonly, they understand as little as they do the music. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humor, I took a table or index of old Italian songs, and this index, which read together made a strange medley of nonsense, I set to a varied air, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it passed for a rare Italian song. This very song have I here printed." Pepys, who could sing at sight, play on the lute, the viol, the violin, and the flageolet, and compose music, wrote in his diary, on hearing a celebrated Italian piece, "Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of"; and again, of a lady's singing, "Indeed, she sings mightily well and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knipp's songs, to

a good English tune, the manner of their ayre not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural." The dramatists of the day "commonly attribute to the servants in their plays the ability to sing at 'first sight'; and Pepys with his wife and her maid and his own waiting-boy used to sit in his garden "singing and

fiddling" till midnight, "with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbors by their casements opening," and "a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house." Of the many popular songs of this period, the following is a sprightly and original melody; the words are from a ballad-opera called "The Jovial Crew":—



There was a maid went to the mill, Sing trol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly, lol-ly lo, The



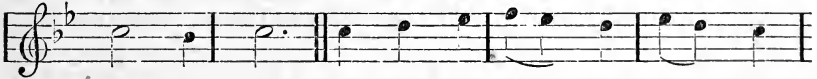
mill turned round, but the maid stood still, Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! Oh, oh, ho! did she so?

"The miller he kissed her; away she went,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo;
The maid was well pleased, and the miller content,
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! was it so?
"He danced and he sung, while the mill went clack,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly lo;
And he cherished his heart with a cup of old sack,
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! Oh, ho! did he so?"

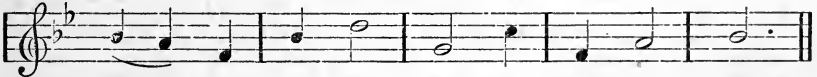
The following beautiful melody was a favorite with the makers of the ballad-operas; but as the songs in these productions have little interest apart from the dramas, Chappell has "adapted an old lullaby" to the music:—



Gold - en - slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you



when you rise, Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not



cry, And I will sing a lul - la - - - by.

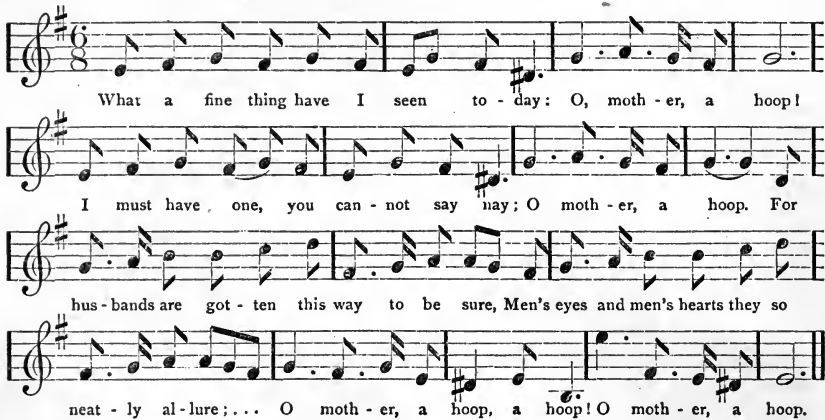
"Care you know not, therefore sleep,
While I o'er you watch do keep;
Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby."

From the time of Charles II., music has steadily declined in cultivation. The decline began in Charles's reign, among gentlemen; among ladies it declined more slowly, and they still frequently performed upon the bass-viol. But the old melodies enjoyed a revival after 1727, through the success of the ballad-operas, incorporating the folk-music of "the olden time." "The Beggars' Opera" was the first, produced at the Theatre Royal in January, 1728. It was received

with great applause two successive seasons in London, and spread into all the great towns of England, and into Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; it banished for the time the Italian opera, which had been the height of fashion for ten years; and it was followed by a host of similar works, ballad-operas being written even for "booths in Bartholomew Fair." Chappell records a story of Rich, the manager, "who, when the customary music [before the play] was called for by the audience at the first performance of 'The Beggars' Opera,' came forward and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is no music to an opera,' (setting the house

in a roar of laughter), 'I mean, ladies and gentlemen, an opera is all music.' " I will end this article with two selections from popular songs since A. D.

1700. The following excellent minor melody, of the beginning of the last century, celebrates an article of dress then as now apparently much in esteem:—



What a fine thing have I seen to-day: O, moth-er, a hoop!

I must have one, you can-not say nay; O moth-er, a hoop. For

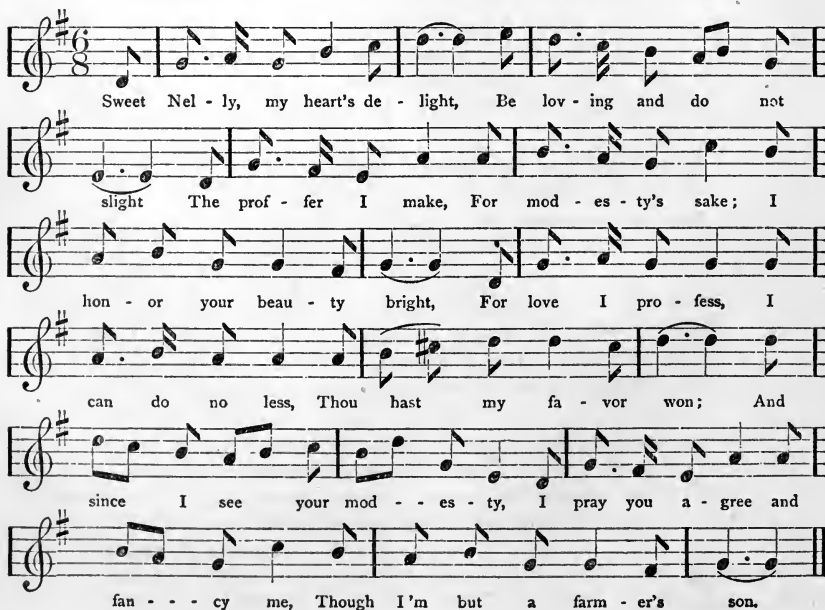
hus-bands are got-ten this way to be sure, Men's eyes and men's hearts they so

neat-ly al-lure;... O moth-er, a hoop, a hoop! O moth-er, a hoop.

The following stanza from another song on the same subject has a view of the matter not unfamiliar to our own ears:—

"Pray hear me, dear mother, what I have been taught,—
 Nine men and nine women o'erset in a boat,
 The men were all drowned, but the women did float,
 And by help of their hoops they all safely got out;
 O mother, a hoop!"

The following song of "The Farmer's Son," which was exceedingly popular at the beginning of the last century, is still held in high esteem. It is "regularly printed in Yorkshire," and "no song is more in favor with the small farmers and the peasantry." The melody is original, pleasing, and exceedingly well adapted to the words:—



Sweet Nel-ly, my heart's de-light, Be lov-ing and do not

slight The prof-fer I make, For mod-es-ty's sake; I

hon-or your beau-ty bright, For love I pro-fess, I

can do no less, Thou hast my fa-vor won; And

since I see your mod-es-ty, I pray you a-gree and

fan-cy me, Though I'm but a farm-er's son.

" *She*. No ! I am a lady gay,
It is very well known I may
Have men of renown
In country or town ;
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget or Sue,
Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
Their loves will soon be won ;
But don't you dare
To speak me fair
As if I were
At my last prayer
To marry a farmer's son.

" *He*. My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year, and more ;
Besides sheep and cows,
Carts, harrows, and ploughs ;
His age is above threescore ;
And when he does die,
Then merrily I
Shall have what he has won.
Both land and kine,
All shall be thine,
If thou 'lt incline
And wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

" *She*. A fig for your cattle and corn !
Your proffered love I scorn.
'T is known very well
My name it is Nell,
And you 're but a bumpkin born.

He. Well, since it is so,
Away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done.
Farewell ! Adieu !
I hope to woo
As good as you
And win her too,
Though I 'm but a farmer's son.

" *She*. Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree ;
For, man, I protest
I was but in jest :
Come, prythee, sit down by me :
For thou art the man
That verily can
Win me, if e'er I 'm won.
Therefore I shall
Be at your call,
To marry a farmer's son."

J. V. Blake.

BEYOND.

I HAVE a friend, I cannot tell just where,
For out of sight and hearing he has gone ;
Yet now, as once, I breathe for him a prayer,
Although his name is carved upon a stone.

O blessed habit of the lips and heart !
Not to be broken by the might of Death.
A soul beyond seems how less far apart,
If daily named to God with fervid breath.

If one doth rest in God, we well may think
He overhears the prayer we pray for him :
Our Father, let us keep the sacred link ;
The hand of Prayer Love's holy lamp doth trim.

Were the dear dead once heedless of God's will,
Needing our prayer that he might be forgiven ;
Against all creeds, that prayer uprises still,
With the dim trust of pardon and of heaven.

Charlotte F. Bates.

BOY-LIFE IN A SCOTTISH COUNTRY-SEAT.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I MUST have been, from my earliest years, a very self-willed youngster, I recollect my mother telling me of some of her troubles, dating from the time when I was still unable to walk; the old story of the baby screaming persistently, if refused anything he had set his little heart on. Very gentle though she was, the doctrine of innate depravity, in which she had been bred, urged her to slap me into quiet. But my father — an advocate of system, and an undoubting believer in his favorite tenet that “man’s character is formed for him, not by him” — stoutly opposed that. Yet the screams, whenever my mother objected to having her lace collar torn, or a teacup, of some old china-set, snatched from the table and flung to the floor, remained a stubborn reality which no theory could get over; and it seriously disturbed my father as well as the rest of the house. Something must be done.

“When the child screams from temper, my dear Caroline” (my father thought my mother’s middle name more romantic than the plain Ann; but I think I should have called her *Annie*), — “when the child screams, set him in the middle of the nursery floor, and be sure you don’t take him up till he stops crying.”

“But, my dear, he’ll go on crying by the hour.”

“Then let him cry.”

“It may hurt his little lungs, and perhaps throw him into spasms.”

“I think not. At all events it will hurt him more if he grows up an ungovernable boy. Man is the creature of circumstances.”

My mother, who had been a dutiful daughter, was also an obedient wife, and she had a great respect for my father’s judgment — in temporal matters. So the next time I insisted on

trying innocent experiments on teacup or collar, I was, carried off to the nursery and set down, screaming lustily, on mid-floor.

My mother must have suffered dreadfully for the next hour; but soon after that the fury of disappointment wore itself out, and I dropped asleep on the pillow behind me.

This punishment had to be repeated five or six times. My mother was beginning to despair when she found, one day, to her great relief, that baby could be crossed in his wishes and made to give up, with just a little fretting. After a time even the fretting ceased. The infant culprit had learned a great lesson in life, — submission to the inevitable.

This was all very well; but the temper remained, and culminated, six or seven years after the nursery experiments, in a fit of indignant rage, after this wise.

Braxfield House was situated about half-way between the village of New Lanark and the ancient shire-town of Lanark. The latter is famed in Scottish history; and on “the Moor” near to it *wappin-schaws* used to be held in the olden time. There was no post-office in the village, and one of the supplementary workmen there, a certain James Dunn, an old spinner who had lost an arm by an accident in the mills, was our letter-carrier, — the bearer of a handsome leather bag with gay brass padlock, which gave him a sort of official dignity in the eyes of the rising generation; and by this time there were some three or four young vine-shoots growing up around the Owen family table.

If James Dunn had lost one arm, he made excellent use of the other; constructing bows and arrows and fifty other nice things, for our delectation,

and thus coming into distinguished favor. One day he gave me a clay pipe, showed me how to mix soap-water in due proportion, and then, for the first time in our lives, we children witnessed the marvellous rise, from the pipe-bowl, of the brightly variegated bubble; its slow, graceful ascent into upper air; and, alas! its sudden disappearance, at the very climax of our wonder. My delight was beyond all bounds; and so was my gratitude to the one-armed magician. I take credit for this last sentiment, in extenuation of the crime which was to follow.

We had in the house a sort of odd-job boy, who ran errands, helped occasionally in the stables, carried coals to the fires, and whose early-morning duty it was to clean the boots and shoes of the household. His parents had named him, at the fount, after the Macedonian conqueror; but their son, unlike King Philip's, suffered nicknaming, or at least contraction of his baptismal title into Sandy:

Sandy, according to my recollection of him, was the worst of bad boys. His chief pleasure seemed to consist in inventing modes of vexing and enraging us; and he was quite ingenious in his tricks of petty torture. Add to this that he was most unreasonably jealous of James Dunn's popularity; especially when we told him, as we often did, that we hated *him*.

One day my brother William, a year younger than myself, and I had been out blowing soap-bubbles ("all by ourselves," as we were wont to boast, in proof of our proficiency), and had returned triumphant. In the court-yard we met Sandy, to whom, forgetting, for the moment, by-gone squabbles, we joyfully related our exploits, and broke out into praises of the pipe-giver as the nicest man that ever was. That nettled the young scamp, and he began to abuse our well-beloved post-carrier as a "lazy loun that hadna' but yin arm, and could do naething with the tither but cawp letters into the post-office and mak up bairns' trashtrie."

This incensed me, and I suppose I

must have made some bitter reply; whereupon Sandy snatched the richly prized pipe from my hand, deliberately broke off its stem close to the bowl, and threw the fragments into what we used to call the "shoe-hole"; that contemptuous appellation designating a small outhouse, hard by, where our tormentor discharged his duties as shoeblack.

Unwilling to be set down as telltales, we said not a word about this to father or mother. But when, an hour later, I burst into tears at the sight of James Dunn, I had to tell him our story. He made light of it, wisely remarking that there were more pipes in the world; and, shouldering his post-bag, went off to the "auld town." If my readers can look back far enough into their early years, they may imagine my joyful surprise when, on his return, he presented me with another pipe.

I took it up to an attic room of which I had the run when I wished to be alone; locked the door, with a vague feeling as if Sandy were at my heels; sat down and gazed on the regenerated treasure. The very ditto of the pipe I had tearfully mourned! brand new, just from the shop. But the delight its first sight had given me faded when I thought of the sacrifices that dear, good man had been making for my sake. It was so generous of him to give me the first pipe! I had no idea whatever of its money value; to me it was beyond price. Then here his generosity had been taxed a second time. Again he had been spending for me out of his wages, which I supposed must be small, since he had only one arm to work with. And who had been the cause of all this woful self-immolation? That vile, cruel, rascally Sandy! To him it was due that James Dunn had felt compelled to make a second purchase, — to the stinting, perhaps, of his poor wife and children! And — who could tell? — the same malignant ill-turn might be repeated again and again. Ah! then my indignation rose, till I could hear the heart-beats.

I remember distinctly that no plans

of revenge had arisen in my mind caused by the destruction of my first pipe, however enraged I was at the perpetrator of that outrage. It was only when I found one of my dearest friends thus plundered, on my account, that my wrath, roused to white heat, gave forth vapors of vengeance.

I brooded over the matter all day, so that I must needs plead guilty to malice aforethought. Toward evening my plans took shape; and, ere I slept, which was long after I went to bed, every detail had been arranged. My adversary was a large, stout, lubberly fellow, more than twice my age; and I had to make up in stratagem for my great inferiority in strength.

Next morning, before the nursery-maid awoke, I crept furtively from bed, dressed in silence, descended to the court-yard, and armed myself with a broom: not one of your light, modern, broom-corn affairs, but a downright heavy implement, with a stout handle and heavy wooden cross-head attached, set with bristles. It was as much as I could do to wield it.

Then I reconnoitred the enemy's camp. No Sandy yet in the "shoe-hole"! I went in, set the door ajar, and took post, with uplifted weapon, behind it.

I had long to wait, Sandy being late that morning; but my wrath only boiled the more hotly for the delay. At last there was a step, and the door moved. Down with all the might of concentrated rage came the broom—the hard end of the cross-piece foremost—on the devoted head that entered. The foe sank on the ground. I sprang forward—but what was this? The head I had struck had on a faultlessly white lace cap! It flashed on me in a moment. Not the abhorred Sandy, but our worthy housekeeper, Miss Wilson!

Miss Wilson was one of a class common in Great Britain, but rare in this country,—a notable, orderly, painstaking, neatly dressed maiden of thirty-five or forty summers; deeply read in all the mysteries of household-craft;

but kindly withal, and much disposed to make pets of the children around her. With the exception of James Dunn, she was one of our greatest favorites. I am afraid one element in our affection for this good woman was of a selfish nature. She had obtained from my mother permission to have us all to tea with her every Sunday evening, on condition of a two thirds dilution with warm water, but without any sumptuary regulation as to the contingent of sugar.

Now, in that country and in those days, young folks, both gentle and simple, were restricted to very frugal fare. For breakfast, porridge* and milk; for supper, bread and milk only. At dinner we were helped once sparingly to animal food and once only to pie or pudding; but we had vegetables and oatmeal cake *ad libitum*. Scottish children under the age of fourteen were rarely allowed either tea or coffee; and such was the rule in our house. Till we were eight or ten years old we were not admitted to the evening meal in the parlor. Miss Wilson's tea-table furnished the only peep we had of the Chinese luxury.

Thus the Sunday evening in the housekeeper's parlor (for Miss Wilson had her own nicely appointed parlor between the kitchen and the servants' dining-hall) was something to which we looked eagerly forward. On that occasion we had toast as well as tea; and the banquet sometimes culminated with a well-filled plate of sugar-biscuit, a luxury doubly prized because its visits were rare as those of angels.

* It may or may not be necessary here to say that porridge is a sort of mush, or hasty-pudding, made by gradually dropping oatmeal into boiling water, seasoned with salt. The cake spoken of was composed of oatmeal and water, rolled out thin, and browned before the fire.

In the Scottish dialect oatmeal porridge is called *parritch*; and there is a story illustrating the ridiculous extent to which early promotion, even of mere children, in the British army is, or was, obtained by family influence; and marking also the customary breakfast-fare in the nursery. A gentleman, visiting a family of distinction in the Highlands and coming down stairs in the morning, heard a loud bawling. Meeting a servant, he asked him what was the matter. "O sir," said the man, "it's naething but the Major, greetin' for his parritch."

These hebdomadal symposia gave rise, among us, to a peculiar definition of the first day of the week. We took this, not from the sermons we heard, or the catechism we learned, on that day, but from the delicacies on Miss Wilson's table, somewhat irreverently calling Sunday the *toast-biscuit-tea-day*. I am not certain whether this juvenile paraphrase ever reached my mother's ears; for Miss Wilson was too discreet to retail the confidential jokes which we permitted ourselves in the privacy of her *petits soupers*.

Under the circumstances one may judge of my horror when I saw on whom the broom-head had fallen. The sight stunned me almost as much as my blow had stunned the poor woman who lay before me. I have a dim recollection of people, called in by my screams, raising Miss Wilson and helping her to her room; and then I remember nothing more till I found myself, many hours later, in the library; my mother standing by with her eyes red, and my father looking at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Would n't you be very sorry, Robert," he said at last, "if you were blind?"

I assented, as well as my sobs would allow.

"Well, when a boy or man is in such a rage as you were, he is little better than blind, or half mad. He does n't stop to think, or to look at anything. You did n't know Miss Wilson from Sandy."

My companion told me that was true. I had struck without waiting to look.

"You may be very thankful," my father went on, "that it was n't Sandy. You might have killed the boy."

I thought it would have been no great harm if I had, but I did n't say so.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?"

I said that I was very, *very* sorry that I had hurt Miss Wilson; and that I wanted to tell her so. My father rang the bell and sent to inquire how she was.

"I am going to take you to ask her pardon. But it's of no use to be sorry, unless you do better. Remember this! *I have never struck you. You must never strike anybody.*"

It was true. I cannot call to mind that I ever, either before or since that time, received a blow from any human being; most thankful am I that I have been spared the knowledge of how one feels under such an insult. Nor, from that day forth, so far as I remember, did I ever myself give a blow in anger again.

The servant returned. "She has a sair head yet, sir; but she's muckle better. She's sittin' up in her chair, and would be fain to see the bairn." Then, in an undertone, looking at me: "It was a fell crunt,* yon. I didna think the bit callan could hit sae snell."

When I saw Miss Wilson in her arm-chair, with pale cheeks and bandaged head, I could not say a single word. She held out her arms; I flung mine round her neck, kissed her again and again, and then fell to crying, long and bitterly. The good soul's eyes were wet as she took me on her knee and soothed me. When my father offered to take me away, I clung to her so closely that she begged to have me stay.

I think the next half-hour, in her arms, had crowded into it more sincere repentance and more good resolves for the future than any other in my life. Then, at last, my sobs subsided, so that I could pour into her patient ear the whole story of my grievous wrongs: Sandy's unexampled wickedness in breaking the first pipe; James Dunn's unheard-of generosity in buying the second; the little chance I had if I did n't take the broom to such a big boy; and then —

"But, Miss Wilson," I said when I came to that point, "what made *you* come to the shoe-hole, and not Sandy?"

* *Crunt*, to be interpreted in English, must be paraphrased. It means a blow on the head with a cudgel.

"I wanted to see if the boy was attending to his work."

I then told her I would love her as long as she lived, and that she must n't be angry with me; and when she had promised to love me too, we parted.

It only remains to be said, that about a month afterwards, Sandy was quietly dismissed. We all breathed more freely when he was gone.

If I deserved more punishment for this outbreak than my father's reproof and the sight of Miss Wilson's sufferings, I came very near receiving it, in a fatal shape, a few months afterwards.

The estate of Braxfield is beautifully situated on the banks of the Clyde. The house stands on a bit of undulating table-land, then set in blue-grass, containing some thirty or forty acres; and the slope thence to the river was covered with thick woods through which gravel-paths wound back and forth till they reached the Clyde, a quarter of a mile below the mills. What charming nutting we used to have there!

At low-water there was a foot-path, under the rocks, by which these woods could be reached from the village; and, of course, there was great temptation, on Sundays, for the young people—pairs of lovers especially—to encroach on this forbidden ground; to say nothing of the hazelnut temptation, when autumn came. Nothing could be more romantic and inviting.

Of course it would not have done to give two thousand people the range of the woods: so trespassing therein was strictly forbidden. Yet I remember, one Sunday afternoon when my father had taken me out to walk, seeing, through the underwood in a path below us and to which our road led, a lad and lass evidently so intent in conversation that they were not alive to anything else: if they had known who was near, they would have taken to flight at once. My father stopped and looked at them, calling to mind, I dare say, his own walks in the Green with Miss Ann Caroline. "They don't see us," he said to me; "let us turn back.

If I meet them, I must order them off the place; and they have so few pleasures and so much work! It's hard." So we took another path; and the lovers pursued their way, unconscious of the danger that had approached them.

Besides this wooded "brae" in front of the mansion, there was, on one side, a steep declivity into a deep, bushy dingle, with large, old trees interspersed, and, rising on the other side, a precipitous bank of similar character, on the summit of which was perched the house of our next neighbor. This could not be reached, by vehicle, without making a circuit of a mile and a half; but a slanting foot-path led, from our stable-yard, down into the glen, and a rough, scrambling way ascended thence the opposite bank, conducting the pedestrian, by a short cut, to the old town. This rude pass was known, far and near, by the euphonious name of *Gullietoodelum*.

All this afforded good cover for foxes; and one of these midnight prowlers had carried off certain fowls and ducks belonging to James Shaw, a burly farmer who tilled the arable portion of the Braxfield estate, and whose cottage we were wont to frequent, attracted by the excellent mashed potatoes, prepared with milk, with which Mrs. Shaw secretly treated us. They turned a penny by supplying our family, from time to time, with poultry; and now the "gudeman" took arms in defence of his live stock. Having loaded a fowling-piece heavily with slugs, he deposited it in a dark corner of the coach-house, which, with stables attached, stood on the edge of the wooded dingle where Reynard had been seen.

There, during a morning ramble, my brother William and I came upon the gun. It was a flint-lock, of course; for the days of percussion-caps were yet afar off. Having brought it out to the light, for inspection, my brother amused himself by pointing it at me and attempting to draw the trigger. I reminded him that our mother had for-

bidden us ever to point guns at one another.

"But it's not loaded," remonstrated William.

"I know that," was my reply (though how I came to that hasty conclusion I am quite unable to explain), "I know it is n't loaded, but mamma said we were never to pretend to shoot one another, whether the gun was loaded or not."

Whereupon he submitted, and I further informed him that the flint of a gun could not be snapped without drawing back the cock, which I showed him how to do, having once snapped a gun before. With my aid he then hugged the stock of the weapon under his right arm, pointing the barrel in the air, and pulled the trigger; this time so effectually that the recoil threw him flat on his back.

He struggled to his feet and we looked at each other. Not a word was spoken. I seized the gun, flung it back into the coach-house, not quite certain whether that was the end of the explosion, and, by a common impulse, we both took to our heels, fled down the glen-path, nor stopped till at the foot of Gullietoodelum. There we paused to take breath.

"I do believe, Robert," my brother ejaculated at last, — "I do believe that gun was loaded!"

I had gradually been coming to the same conclusion; so I did not dispute the point. Slowly and silently we re-ascended from that dark glen to the upper world again, sadder and wiser boys.

I have often thought since how Young America would have laughed us to scorn as Molly-caudles, for our green ignorance, at seven or eight, touching fire-arms and their use. Half a year later, however, I obtained leave to go on a shooting expedition with a young man who had a salary from the New Lanark Company as surgeon of the village, and who attended the sick there gratuitously. We proceeded to a neighboring rookery where sportsmen were admitted on certain condi-

tions. I carried a light fowling-piece, and was then and there initiated into the mysteries of loading and firing. Though at heart mortally afraid, I stood stoutly to my gun, and brought down two confiding young crows who were yet inexperienced in the wiles and murderous propensities of men and boys.

As we were returning home in the dusk I overheard a brief conversation, not intended for my ears, between the surgeon and a comrade of his who had accompanied us. They had been pleased, it seems, with the spirit I had shown; and the mention of my name attracted me.

"He's a fine, manly boy, that," said the comrade.

"He's a noble little fellow," rejoined the surgeon.

Most children, I think, accustomed to hear themselves commended, would have forgotten the words within twenty-four hours; but they sunk into my heart, and I could swear, to-day, that I have textually repeated them here. This wineglass full of praise intoxicated me; for I think it was the first I had ever tasted. My father's creed was that "man is not the proper subject of praise or blame"; being but what circumstances, acting on his original organization, make him. So his approval, when I deserved approval, was testified only by a pleased smile or a caress.

The words haunted me all the way home and for days afterwards. Their effect was similar to that sometimes produced during the excitement of such camp-meetings as I have witnessed in our Western forests. They woke in me what, in revival-language, is called "a change of heart." I solemnly resolved that I would *be* what these men had said I was.

Next morning, accordingly, I not only myself submitted, with exemplary forbearance, to the various matutinal inflictions of cold bathing, scrubbing, hair-combing, and the like, but I exhorted my younger brother and sisters to similar good conduct. The nursery-

maid was amazed, not knowing what to make of it; no doubt I had been rebellious enough in the past.

"What's come over the bairn?" she exclaimed. "Where has he been? I think he must hae gotten religion." Then, looking at my sober face, she asked me, "Were you at the kirk yestreen, Robert?"

"No," said I, "I was shooting crows."

"Shootin' craws!" I remember to this day that look of blank perplexity. The girl was actually alarmed when she missed my wonted wilfulness. "It passes me," she said at last; "the callan must hae gane daft. He's no the same bairn ava."

This fit of meekness lasted, in its extreme phase, so far as I remember, about ten days. Yet—strange if it seem—I think it left its impress on my character for years.

The powerful influence which seeming trifles exerted over my conduct in those days—now stirring to revenge, now prompting to reformation—may in part be traced to the recluse lives we led in that isolated country-seat; a seclusion the more complete because of the unquestioning obedience to the strictest rules (especially as to metres and bounds) in which we were trained. The Clyde, though the largest river in Scotland, was not, at its usual stage and where we were wont to bathe, over thirty or forty yards wide; and we were pretty good swimmers. The enterprise of any urchin, ten years old, in our own day and country, would undoubtedly have suggested the construction of a small raft on which to convey our clothes across, and then an exploration of the unknown regions beyond. But we were forbidden to trespass there; and it did not enter into our heads to break bounds.

There was a bridge over the river, but little more than a mile below our house; but, during the first decade, my mother was unwilling to trust us so far from home, and we had never crossed this bridge except in our carriage and on the turnpike road. I had

passed my tenth birthday when my father told William and myself, one day, that he was going to take us a walk across the bridge and on the other side of the river. Our blissful anticipations of this remote expedition were enhanced by knowing that there was to be found, close to the bridge, a far-famed baker's shop, of which the *parleys* (that is, thin, crisp ginger-cakes) were celebrated all over the county; and when my mother put into our pockets sixpence apiece, to be there expended as we pleased, our joy was full.

But if, as regards pedestrian excursions, we were held under strict rule, in other matters we were free and privileged. We had the unrestricted range of my father's library, which was a pretty extensive one.

I have no recollection as to when and how I learned my letters. All I remember is that, at seven or eight years of age, I was an omnivorous reader. "Robinson Crusoe," pored over with implicit faith, made the first deep impression. Then, one after another in succession, came Miss Edgeworth's winning stories,—household words they were in our family. "Sandford and Merton" came next into favor; succeeded by "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Arabian Nights." After these I devoured Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"; not a doubt obtruding itself as to whether the gallant and romantic military gentleman—the courteous Knight of Ellerslie, whom the lady's pencil has depicted in rosy colors—was the veritable champion of Scotland,—the same hot-blooded and doughty warrior, sung by Blind Harry, who, while yet a stripling, stabbed, in a Scottish castle, the son of its governor, in requital of a few insulting words. My indignation, originally roused by nursery legends, was rekindled, and my national prejudices confirmed, by this more modern version of Monteith's treachery and his noble victim's cruel fate. These feelings were intensified during a visit to Cartland Crag (or *Craigs*, as we pro-

nounced the word),—a deep, narrow gulch a little way beyond the town of Lanark, walled by precipitous rocks some two hundred feet high, and forming the water-course of a small stream called the Mouse. From the bed of that stream we climbed thirty or forty feet up the face of the rocks to a deep cleft known to all Scotland as “Wallace’s Cave,” and to which, when in peril of his life, that sturdy chieftain was wont to retreat. No Fourth-of-July oration, no visit to Plymouth rock, ever produced, on young scion of Puritan, a deeper impression than did the sight of this narrow, secluded cell upon me,—its pavement worn by the feet of patriotic pilgrims. I think, if I had but been stirred by a Hamilcar of a father prompting me, I might have sworn, then and there, eternal enmity against the English. But, in my case, the paternal sentiment was, “Love to the whole human race”; so that, outgrowing hate-bearing prejudices in the genial atmosphere of home, I have reformed, and can say, as Webster said of himself on a well-known occasion, “I am very little like Hannibal”; having come to eschew strife of all kinds, and devoutly believing that “love is the fulfilling of the law.”

My mother, a devout Presbyterian, though too gentle to be bigoted, was thoroughly imbued with the belief that the most orthodox form of Protestantism is essential to happiness, if not to virtue. Upon this conviction she acted with persistent conscientiousness. It colored her daily conduct. Was any one among us sick? She sat, hour after hour, by his bedside; and administered, by turns, temporal comforts and spiritual consolation. Had we lost a pious friend? His death was spoken of as a translation to a world of bliss. Did any of us ask for a pretty story? It was selected out of the Scriptural pages. We were told of the place above for good boys and girls, and of the fire below for the wicked; and when we asked who were good and who were wicked, we were taught that all boys and girls and men and women

were wicked unless they believed, in the first place, that Jesus Christ was the only Son of God, and, in the second place, that nobody could escape from hell except by vicarious atonement through his death and sufferings. My mother added that all who believed that, and who read the Bible every morning, and said prayers every night, and went to church twice every Sunday, became good people, and would be saved and go to heaven; while all who disbelieved it were lost souls, who would be punished forever with the Devil and his angels.

My father, a Deist, or free-thinking Unitarian, was tender of my mother’s religious sentiments, and did not, in those days, interfere with her instructions or seek to undermine our belief. I recollect, one day when he had been explaining to me how seeds produced plants and trees, that I asked him where the very, *very* first seeds came from, and that his answer did not go to shake my faith in the Mosaic account of the creation.

Thus left to orthodox teaching, I soon became an apt and zealous scholar; often prejudiced, I was never indifferent; still more often mistaken, I was sincere in my errors, and I always sought to act out what I believed.

Very peculiar was my state of mind in those early years. Breathing an orthodox atmosphere, I never doubted that it extended over the whole earth. I had just heard of pagans and Romanists and infidels; but I thought of all such dissenters from the creed I had learned as a handful of blinded wretches, to be met with in some small remote quarter of this vast world,—a world that bowed to Christ alone as its God and Saviour. To set up my own opinion against all the pious—that is, against all good men, or rather against all men except a few who were desperately wicked—was an acme of arrogance that did not once cross my thoughts.

My good mother—more amiable than logical—did not perceive the perilous insecurity of a creed so nar-

row in a character like that of her eldest son. In a chart given to me, in the year 1827, by Spurzheim, causality and conscientiousness are marked as predominant organs, and self-esteem as a large one. If that diagnostic may be trusted, the danger to my orthodoxy was the greater. The first doubts as to the religious belief of my infancy were suggested when I was about eleven years old.

By this time the New Lanark establishment had obtained considerable celebrity, and was frequented by visitors of some distinction. Among these a bishop of the Anglican Church, having brought a letter of introduction to my father, was invited to his table, and I sat next to him. During dinner conversation turned on the original depravity of man, which, to my utter astonishment, my father called in question; the bishop, of course, stoutly affirming it. I listened, with greedy ears, to the discussion; and, during a pause, I put in my word.

"Papa," said I, "I think you'd find it a very difficult thing to make a bad heart a good one."

The bishop, amused and astonished to find so youthful an auxiliary, patted me, laughingly, on the back and said, "You're in the right, my little fellow. God only can do that." Then he encouraged me to proceed, to the no small increase of my vanity and self-importance. My father, instead of checking me, replied patiently to my argument; and his replies left me much to think about.

Next day I had a lecture from my mother on the sin of self-sufficiency, and was told that little boys must listen, and not join in grown people's conversation. But this did not quiet me. When I pressed my mother closely about my father's opinions, she confessed, to my horror, her doubts whether he firmly believed that Christ was the Son of God.

I remember, to this day, the terrible shock this was to me, and the utter confusion of ideas that ensued. My state of mind was pitiable. I knew

there were wicked unbelievers among the Hottentots and New-Zealanders whom I had read about; and my mother had once confessed to me that, even in England and Scotland, there were a few low, ignorant people who read the books of an infidel called Tom Paine: but my own father!—kind, indulgent to us all, and loved and respected by everybody,—was *he* wicked? was *he* as bad as the pagans? I took to watching his benevolent face; but he talked and smiled as usual. There was no cloven foot to be seen, nor any sinister inference to be drawn from his quiet, pleasant demeanor.

In fear and trembling I laid my perplexities before my mother. Excellent woman! I know well now in what a strait she must have found herself, between her creed as a Calvinist and her love as a wife. Somewhat at expense of conscience, perhaps, she compromised matters. Swayed by her great affection for my father, and doubtless also by her fears that the disclosure of his heresies might weaken the paternal authority, she sought to soften their enormity by declaring that, but for these, he was everything that was good and estimable. "Pray to God, my child," she would say, "that he will turn your dear father's heart from the error of his way and make him pious like your grandfather." Then, with tears in her eyes, "O, if he could only be converted, he would be everything my heart could desire; and when we die he would be in heaven with us all."

"If he could only be converted!" These words sank deep. "My father is too good a man," I said to myself, "to sin on purpose. Perhaps nobody ever explained holy things to him as my mother did to me. If I could only save his soul!"

The more I pondered upon this, the more it seemed possible, probable, at last unquestionable. I called to mind some texts my mother had read to us about the mouths of sucklings, and what they might do; also what Jesus Christ had said about little children as

being of the kingdom of Heaven. I did not, indeed, conceal from myself that my father was a wise and prudent man: I saw that men listened to him with respect and treated him, on all occasions, with consideration. But my mother, whose habit it was to read a chapter from the Bible to us every evening, happened, about that time, to select one from the Gospel of Matthew, in which Christ returns thanks to God that things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. It occurred to me that perhaps God had caused my mother to read that chapter for my especial encouragement.

Then again, I had great faith in the efficacy of prayer. Several years before, while we were staying, for a time, in my grandfather's town-house, I had been shooting with bow and arrow in the same garden where David Dale found that *honest* man. I had lost my best arrow, and sought for it a long time in vain. Then, instead of following Bassanio's plan, —

“ When I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth,” —

I dropped on my knees behind a gooseberry-bush and prayed to God that he would show me where my missing arrow was. Rising and turning round, lo! there it stood, deep sunk in the ground close to another bush. My mother, when I told her of this, had, indeed, expressed doubt as to the propriety of prayer for a thing so trifling; but I retained the conviction that God had answered my supplication: and every night, on my knees, I prayed, as fervently, I think, as any young creature ever did, that He would help me also to convert my father.

But, as commonly happens to propagandists, more selfish motives super-vened, to enkindle my zeal. We learn from history that Louis XIV. was prompted to repeal that charter of religious freedom, the edict of Nantes, by the desire to save an abject soul, loaded down with the debaucheries of a lifetime, from perdition. And though

the class of sins to which I was prone differed somewhat from those of the French monarch, they weighed heavily upon me, nevertheless. A hundred times my mother had told me that I was a miserable sinner; and conscience brought up before me many proofs of this.

My activity being great, and my spirits of a restless order, the breach of the fourth commandment was my besetting sin. Though I had successfully resisted a great temptation to play at foot-ball on Sundays, yet when James Dunn, one Saturday evening, brought me a new hoop of his own manufacture, I hid it in the woods, stole away in the afternoon of the next day, and “broke the Sabbath” by trundling it for an hour, stung with compunction the while. Then there was that conspiracy against Sandy, with its awful result! Add to this that I was terribly given to yawning in church, and that, on two different occasions, I had fallen sound asleep during evening prayers. Worse still, there was a romance (entitled “Anne of Brittany,” I remember) in which, when I was summoned to bed one Saturday evening, I had left the heroine in a most interesting and perilous situation, and next morning, when my mother came quietly into the library to tell me it was time to prepare for church, so absorbed was I in Anne's imminent danger, that I was detected — *flagrante delicto* — in the very act of reading a novel on the Lord's day! Could there be a doubt as to my innate depravity? And was it strange that, while Louis sought salvation by coercing millions of Huguenots to flee or to embrace Catholicism, I should strive to have my father's redemption placed to my credit on that great book that was to be opened on the Day of Judgment?

But aside from religious convictions and the desire to atone for my sins urging me on, there was that organ of self-esteem, hereditary perhaps, the size of which in my brain the great phrenologist had detected. Under its influence I could not get away from

the resolve to convert my father. I say the resolve to *convert him*, not to *attempt his conversion*; for so I put it to myself, nothing doubting.

I don't think I had any clear conception what a mission is. Yet I had a vague idea that God had chosen me to be the instrument of my father's salvation, so that he might not be sent to hell when he died.

I was mightily pleased with myself when this idea suggested itself, and I set about preparing for the task before me. Summoning to my recollection all my mother's strongest arguments, I arranged them in the order in which I proposed to bring them forward. Then I imagined my father's replies; already anticipating my own triumph and my mother's joy, when I should have brought my father to confess his errors and repent. But I said not a word of my intentions to her or to any one. The joyful surprise was to be complete.

I recollect, to this day, the spot on which I commenced my long-projected undertaking. It was on a path which skirted, on the farther side, the lawn in front of our house and led to the garden. I could point out the very tree we were passing when — with some misgivings, now that it was to be put to the test — I sounded my father by first asking him what he thought about Jesus Christ. His reply was to the effect that I would do well to heed his teachings, especially those relating to charity and to our loving one another.

This was well enough, as far as it went; but it did not at all satisfy me. So, with some trepidation, I put the question direct, whether my father disbelieved that Christ was the Son of God?

He looked a little surprised and did not answer immediately. "Why do you ask that question, my son?" he said at last.

"Because I am sure —" I began eagerly.

"That he *is* God's Son?" asked my father, smiling.

"Yes, I am."

"Did you ever hear of the Mahometans?" said my father, while I had paused to collect my proofs.

I replied that I had heard of such a people who lived somewhere, far off.

"Do you know what their religion is?"

"No."

"They believe that Christ is not the Son of God, but that another person, called Mahomet, was God's chosen prophet."

"Do they not believe the Bible?" asked I, somewhat aghast.

"No. Mahomet wrote a book called the Koran; and Mahometans believe it to be the word of God. That book tells them that God sent Mahomet to preach the gospel to them, and to save their souls."

Wonders crowded fast upon me. A rival Bible and a rival Saviour! Could it be? I asked, "Are you *quite* sure this is true, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, I am quite sure."

"But I suppose there are very few Mahometans: not near — *near* so many of them as of Christians."

"Do you call Catholics Christians, Robert?"

"O no, papa. The Pope is Anti-christ."

My father smiled. "Then by Christians you mean Protestants?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are many more Mahometans than Protestants in the world: about a hundred and forty million Mahometans, and less than a hundred million Protestants."

"I thought almost everybody believed in Christ, as mamma does."

"There are probably twelve hundred millions of people in the world. So, out of every twelve persons one only is a Protestant. Are you *quite* sure that the one is right and the eleven wrong?"

My creed, based on authority, was toppling. I had no answer ready. During the rest of the walk I remained almost silent, engrossed with new ideas, and replying chiefly in monosyllables when spoken to.

And so ended this notable scheme of mine for my father's conversion.

My mother had claimed too much. Over-zealous, she had not given her own opinions fair play. Even taking the most favorable view of the Calvinistic creed, still what she had taught me was prejudice only. For if looking to the etymology of that word, we interpret it to mean a judgment formed before examination, then must we regard as prejudices his opinions, however true, who has neglected to weigh them against their opposites, however false. Thus even a just prejudice is always vulnerable.

Had my mother been satisfied to teach me that the Old Testament was a most interesting and valuable contribution to ancient history, filled with important lessons; had she encouraged me to compare the ethical and spiritual teachings of Christ with those of the Koran, or of Seneca, or Socrates, or Confucius (all of which were to be found in our library); and had she bid me observe how immeasurably superior they were in spirit and in civilizing tendency to all that had gone before, — she would, I think, have saved me from sundry extreme opinions that lasted through middle life.

But she was not content without setting up the Bible, as Caliph Omar did the Koran, not only as the infallible but also as the solitary source of all religious knowledge whatever. The days of Max Müller were not yet. My mother had no doubt heard of comparative anatomy, but never of comparative religion. Lowell's lines had not then been written:—

“ Each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right.”

The immediate effect, however, of my mishap in the attempt to make a Calvinist of my father was good. My failure served as a practical lesson in humility. I listened and thought and doubted more than had been my wont, and I spoke less.

Nor did I give up the creed of my childhood without a long and painful struggle.

I daily searched the Scriptures as diligently, I think I may say, as any child of my age could be expected to do; coming upon many seeming incongruities and contradictions, which were sad stumbling-blocks. The frequent discussions between my father and his visitors, to which I eagerly listened, still increased my doubts. After a time I lost faith in my mother's favorite doctrine of the infallible. The axe had been laid at the root of my orthodoxy.

For more than a year, however, I listened with exemplary patience — even with more attention, indeed, than formerly — to my mother's pious homilies, and was seldom deficient when called up to repeat my catechism-task. I did not say anything, during all that time, to betray my growing scepticism; but neither did I, as I formerly had done, profess zeal for religion, or implicit faith in the Bible. I do not recollect ever to have deceived a human being on a matter of conscience; and this I owe to my parents.

On one point the teachings of my father and mother strictly harmonized. My father sought to impress it upon me that I could never become a gentleman unless I spoke, on all occasions, the exact truth; while my mother's teaching on that subject was that the Devil is the father of lies; and that, if I told falsehoods, God would reckon me among the Devil's children. The organ of conscientiousness, if Spurzheim had made no mistake, may have aided these lessons. At all events, I grew up to regard a lie as of all sins the most heinous.

To this sentiment it was due that, in the end, my conscience sharply reproached me for a deceptive silence, and I determined to tell my mother that my faith was changed. Once or twice I had resolved to do so after our evening devotions; but her sad face — for she had begun to surmise that all was not right — deterred me.

Finally I stated the facts, plainly and succinctly, in a letter which I intrusted, one evening just before going to bed, to an aunt who was staying with us.

Had I known the effect my missive was to produce, I do not think I should have sent it. My mother did not appear next morning at breakfast, and I afterwards found out that she had spent the night in tears. She had always considered me, as she told me afterwards, the most devout among her children, — the most careful for the future welfare of my soul, the most earnest in my zeal for the things of another world, her most attentive listener too; and her disappointment, when she found me a backslider, was the greater because of the hopes she had cherished.

Unwilling to add to her sorrow by engaging with her in any religious debate, I fell back, for a solution of some of my difficulties, on a good-natured private tutor, named Manson, who, for a year or two, had been doing his best to teach my brother and myself Greek and Latin, after the tedious, old-fashioned manner. He had studied to qualify himself as a minister of the Scottish Kirk, was orthodox, but mild and tolerant also, and did not meddle with my spiritual education.

The old, old enigma, unsolved through past ages and but dimly guessed at to-day, came up of course, — the enigma of evil and its punishment.

"Mr. Manson," said I one day, "does God send all unbelievers to hell, and are they tormented there in the flames forever?"

"Certainly. Have n't you read that in the Bible?"

"Yes. Does not God love all men, and wish them to be happy?"

"He surely does. His tender mercies are over all his works."

"Yes; I know the Bible says that too. Then I don't understand about the unbelievers. God need not have created them, unless he chose; and he must have known, before they were born, that they would sin and that they would soon have to be burned to all eternity."

"But you know that God puts it in our power to save ourselves; and if we neglect to do so, it is our fault, not his."

"But yet," persisted I, "God was not obliged to create a man that was sure to be an unbeliever. Nobody said he must. He might have prevented him from being born, and that would have prevented him from being wicked, and prevented him from going to hell. Would n't it have been much better for such men not to be born, than to live a few years here and then be tormented for ever and ever?"

I took my tutor's silent hesitation for consent, and added, "Well, then, if it would have been better, why did n't God do it?"

"I cannot tell you," Mr. Manson said at last; "and I advise you not to think of such things as these. It *seems* better to our human reason; but it cannot *be* better, or else God would have done so."

As may be supposed, this putting aside of the question was unsatisfactory; and from that day I became a Universalist.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE BRIDE OF TORRISDELL.

LONG ago while yet the Saga's dream-red haze
 Lay o'er Norway's dales and fjords unbroken;
 Ere with Olaf's * cross men saw her steeples blaze,
 Ere their mighty iron tongues had spoken;
 Then the Neck, the Hulder, elves, and fairies gay
 Wooed the summer moon with airy dance and play.
 But alas! they fled,
 As with flaming head
 O'er the valley shone St. Olaf's token.

Thorstein Aasen was forsooth the boldest swain
 Ever church-road trod on Sabbath morning;
 As a boy he fought the savage bear full fain,
 Spite of mother's tears and father's warning;
 Never yet was rafter for his heel too high, †
 Haughtiest mien he fronted with unquailing eye;
 And the rumor's tide
 Bore his glory wide,
 Still with virtues new his name adorning.

Like a ling'ring echo from the olden time,
 Wondrous legends still the twilight haunted,
 And o'er Brage's goblet still heroic rhymes
 In the merry Yule-tide oft were chanted,
 How of Thorstein's race had one at Necken's ‡ will
 Stayed the whirl and roar of many a noisy mill;
 How in wild delight
 At the fall of night
 He would seek the river's gloom undaunted.

Late one autumn night, as wild November storms
 Whirled the withered leaves in frantic dances,
 And half-moonlit clouds of huge fantastic forms
 Swift to horror-dreams from rapturous trances
 Plunged the restless earth, anon in sudden fear
 E'en the raging storm-wind held its breath to hear:

* St. Olaf was the king who finally Christianized Norway. The Pope, after his death, made him the patron saint of the country.

† To be able to kick the rafter is regarded as a great proof of manliness in Norway.

‡ Necken or the Neck is the spirit of the water. He is usually represented as an old man, who plays his harp or (according to others) his violin in the roaring cataracts. His music is said to consist of eleven chords, which are the very essence of all music, and all music appeals to the human heart in the same degree as it partakes of the inherent qualities of "Necken's chords." The legends tell of mortals who have attempted to learn these chords, and have succeeded. Some have learned two, others three, but few more than six. He who is taught to strike the eleventh chord, it is said, must give his own soul in exchange. At the ninth, lifeless objects begin to dance, and when the tenth is struck, the player is seized with such a rapture that he can never sleep, but plays on forever.

From the river's lair
 Rose a tremulous air,—
 Rose and fell in sweetly flowing stanzas.

But as morning came forth with frosty splendor keen
 Where the birch-trees o'er the waters quiver,
 Found the grooms their lord with bow and violin,
 Ghastly staring down the brawling river.
 To his instrument was closely pressed his ear,
 As if there some charmed melody to hear;
 In his sunken sight
 Shone a weird delight;
 But life's mystery had flown forever!

From that time the secret sorcery of the tone,
 Passed from sire to son by sure transmission,
 Had full oft a witching web of music thrown
 O'er the lonely forests of tradition;
 And full oft the son with pride and secret dole
 Heard those strange vibrations in his inmost soul,
 Like the muffled knell
 Of a distant bell
 Fraught with dark and bodeful admonition.

Where the river hurls its foam-crests to the fjord,
 There lies Torrisdell in sunshine gleaming;
 Oft its valiant lord 'gainst Aasen drew his sword,
 And the red cock crew* while blood was streaming.
 But his daughter Birgit,—by the holy rood
 Ne'er a fairer maid on church or dance-croft stood!—
 Like the glacier's gaze
 In the sun's embrace
 Shone her eye with tender brightness beaming.

And when Thorstein Aasen saw that lily maid
 On her palfrey white on church-road riding,
 Aye his heart beat loud, and fierce defiance bade
 To ancestral feuds their hearts dividing,
 And young Birgit, the fair maid of Torrisdell,
 Little cared or strove that rising flame to quell;
 For, ere spring new-born
 Did the fields adorn,
 Him she pledged her word and faith abiding.

Loud then swore her angry sire with mead aglow,
 (Deadly hate was in his visage painted,)
 Rather would he see his daughter's red blood flow,
 Than with shame his ancient scutcheon tainted.
 In her lonesome bower then fair Birgit lay,
 Wept and prayed by night and prayed and wept by day;

* "The red cock crew" is the expression used in the old Norse Sagas for a nightly attack with fire and sword.

O'er her features pale
 Crept a death-like veil ;
 With her waning hopes her heart had fainted.

But when winter came and merry Christmas-tide,
 Birgit's sire her wedding torches lighted ;
 Out his varlets rode through seven valleys wide,
 Far and near to bridal-feast invited.
 For that lily sweet with summer's fervor blest
 Must its blossom waste on winter's snowy breast, —
 To a hoary swain,
 Kalf of Nordarstien,
 Torrissdell's fair maid her troth had plighted.

Sooth a goodly feast he gave, the doughty lord ;
 Through the halls shone ninety torches blazing.
 Forward bent in flight, stood on the bending board —
 As upon their trail the hounds were chasing —
 Stag and hind ; and through the wide-flung doors
 Poured the noisy throng like breakers on the shores.
 But in silent gloom
 With her hoary groom
 Sat the bride on all that splendor gazing.

Seven days they feasted all that lusty throng
 In the midnight flush of bright December :
 On the seventh eve the bride with play and song
 Burst in glory forth from out her chamber.
 For the last time now she stood there silver-crowned ;
 Strove to feign good cheer, while tears her accents drowned ;
 Then an awful cry
 Shook the rafters high,
 "Birgit Torrissdell," it said, "remember !"

Open flew the doors : there fell a silence dread ;
 In sprang Thorstein bounding to the rafter,
 Round he swung a flaming torch above his head
 Till a trail of blood-red sparks flew after.
 "Birgit !" cried he, — "Birgit !" but about the bride
 Clung the affrighted women close on every side.
 "Come, my beauteous elf,
 Hast thou hid thyself ?"
 And he whirled the torch with frantic laughter.

Hark ! — then trembling chords as on the night-wind blown
 Came with fitful throbs and weird vibration ;
 Quickly stayed he, shuddered, and his wild eye shone
 With a restless, strange illumination ;
 And as eager falcon darts upon his prey,
 Seized a violin and straight began to play.

Up then springs in haste
 Every drowsy guest,
 Smitten with the tone's intoxication.

As the fifth stroke fell, then quaked the lofty roof,
 Quaked the tottering walls too that upbore it,
 Wild and wilder danced the rout, and hurled aloof
 Torches, tables, benches, all before it.
 Ninth — and lo, as if the horror-laden deep
 Burst its gnawing chains of long-enforcéd sleep,
 Hid in midnight's shroud
 Shrieked the doom-fraught cloud,
 As the wrathful storm-wind beat and tore it.

Fierce with stifled hissing came the tenth accord,
 While the tempest blew its strain sonorous ;
 Down the hungry heavens swooped upon the fjord,
 And our world was gloom beneath and o'er us.
 Off was hurled the roof ; by maddening frenzy caught,
 Wild with glaring eyes the guests together fought,
 And like angry hosts
 Of appalling ghosts
 Joined the tempest's terror-haunted chorus.

Densely and more densely rolled the waves of gloom,
 Everywhere above them and around them :
 Onward rushed the player and the guests of doom,
 Making midnight blacker where it found them.
 On and ever onward, over land and sea,
 In the darksome clouds the hapless dancers flee,
 Till the last sound died
 In the sullen tide,
 And the tempest's roar in distance drowned them.

Centuries have faded, and the kindly earth
 Hides the mouldering beams of Birgit's bower ;
 But the dooméd dancers still with frantic mirth
 Breast the tempest and the midnight's power.
 And full oft the peasant from his hearthstone warm
 Hears those fitful notes, that bode the coming storm,
 And his mirth will die
 In a pitying sigh
 At the fate of Torrisdell's fair flower.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SECRETARY OF STATE.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S chief difficulties, after the public debt had been provided for, arose from the relations of the young Republic with foreign powers. To weakness everything is difficult. The necessity of keeping the peace was so manifest and so urgent, that the government could not meet the representatives of an unfriendly power on equal terms. The United States then signified merely a thin line of settlements along the Atlantic coast, open on the side of the ocean to a hostile fleet, and on the western boundary to the Indian tribes; Spain holding New Orleans, and Great Britain Canada. There was no army, no navy, no surplus revenue; and the country was but just recovering from the exhaustion and ravage of an eight years' war. Happily, for one reason or another, from policy or sentiment, all Christendom wished well to the infant nation, excepting alone the king and ruling class of Great Britain. These could not forgive America the wrongs they had done her. There was, also, a small, but influential class in the United States, whose ancient fondness for the land of their ancestors had survived the war, and affected their judgment concerning questions in dispute between the two countries.

When General Washington came to the Presidency in 1789, six years had elapsed since the peace. In the treaty of 1783, Great Britain had agreed to evacuate, without needless delay, every fortified place within the boundaries of the United States; and yet British garrisons still held seven American posts of little use to her, but of vital importance both to the honor and the safety of this country, — posts the retention of which was a menace as well as an injury; for they kept open the great natural highways from Canada into the United States. These posts were Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdens-

burg, Niagara, and two commanding places on Lake Champlain, called then Iron Point and Dutchman's Point. Independence was not complete while the English flag flew above these posts; nor were the frontiers safe. What could the Indians think of it? An Indian head is a small, poor thing, which cannot hold many ideas at a time. The Indians could see that familiar flag, and could recognize those red-coated soldiers as servants of the power to which they had been submissive for thirty years; but what could they know of President Washington and his government, distant a month's journey?

The fur-trade, too, which would have been important to an infant nation obliged to buy so much in Europe, was necessarily in the hands of men having access to those posts. John Jacob Astor was already a furrier in New York, doing business in 1790 at No. 40 Little Dock Street; but while the English held the posts, he could only tramp the eastern half of the State of New York, with his pack of gewgaws and paint upon his back, and gather furs from the friendly part of the Six Nations. A nice little business he had, it is true; but not sufficient to encourage him to think of building an Astor House or founding an Astor Library. Captain Cooper (father of Peter Cooper), who had a small hat factory in the same street, and bought many a beaver-skin of this thriving furrier, would have had them cheaper if his neighbor could have ranged free over the Western country. Another grievance was this: In evacuating New York, the British commander, in open disregard of the treaty, had permitted a large number of slaves to find passage in the fleet; three thousand of whom had been received on board under the eyes of the American commissioners appointed to prevent it, in spite of their remonstrance, and in

consequence of an avowed order of the general in command.

To these substantial wrongs was added a neglect, an indifference, a silence, that looked like systematic discourtesy. Congress sent Mr. Adams to London, in 1785, to represent the new member of the family of nations near the court of one of the oldest. No English minister was sent to America till six years after. Mr. Adams, though he was received civilly enough, was kept haunting antechambers for three months before he began to get any certainty as to the reason why the posts were retained. When the king, in 1775, made war upon the Colonies, suddenly suspending commercial intercourse, America owed British merchants vast sums. The long-credit system had been so encouraged by the merchants, that the Colonies were, perhaps, a year behindhand in their payments. The war lasted nearly eight years, and left the country exhausted and impoverished, — with an alarming public debt to provide for, with a host of needy soldiers to appease, with the means of recuperation destroyed, with the commerce of the West Indies closed to them, and all the old commerce gone into other hands. But the treaty of peace had not been signed before the British creditors began to clamor for their debts, with interest! Eight years' interest added to the principal! Interest for the long period when every port was blockaded, and the productive industry of the country suspended by the power which owed protection to both! Not Grotius, nor Vattel, no, nor Puffendorf, nor all these learned pundits in accord, were ever able to convince New England merchants or Virginia planters that this was right. Every State passed laws protecting its citizens against ruinous suits to recover these debts. There was a general intention to pay the ancient principal; but the war interest no Whig could feel to be just.

Mr. Adams had, at length, the satisfaction of sitting face to face with Mr. Pitt, the heaven-born minister, aged twenty-six, still in the splendid dawn

of his wonderful career. "What are the principal points to be discussed between us?" Mr. Pitt inquired. The American minister enumerated them. The posts, the negroes, and a treaty of commerce were the chief. With regard to the negroes, Mr. Pitt was candid and explicit. Carrying them off, he said, was so clearly against the treaty, that if Mr. Adams could produce the requisite proof of their number and value, the British government "must take measures to satisfy that demand." This was a good beginning. Another point, relating to certain captures of American vessels after the armistice of 1783, Mr. Pitt thought was "clear," and could be "easily settled." But those were all the concessions the English minister was disposed to make. "As to the posts," said he, "that is a point connected with some others that, I think, must be settled at the same time." We can imagine the eager interest with which Mr. Adams asked what those points were. "The debts," was Mr. Pitt's reply; "several of the States have interfered against the treaty, and by acts of their Legislatures have interposed impediments to the recovery of debts, against which there are great complaints in this country."

The secret was out. The creditors, as Mr. Pitt remarked, were clamorous. In London they formed themselves into a society for the purpose of urging on the government to press their claims, and this society was so powerful that no administration could willingly disregard its wishes.

The conversation continued. No American jury, Mr. Adams said, would ever award any interest for the time of the war. That would surprise people in England, Mr. Pitt observed; for wars never interrupted the interest or principal of debts; and he could see no difference between this war and any other, and English lawyers made none. This was too much for Mr. Adams. "I begged his pardon here," he reports, "and said that American lawyers made a wide difference; they contended that the late war was a total

dissolution of all laws and government, and, consequently, of all contracts made under those laws." This being the case, he thought the two governments should come to an understanding, so that the same rule of law might be observed on both sides. Mr. Pitt seemed to think this not unreasonable, but he frankly owned that the administration "would not dare to make the proposal without previously feeling out the dispositions of the persons chiefly interested."

From this subject they turned to the desired treaty of commerce, so necessary to enable America to pay these very debts. It was unaccountable, Mr. Adams said, that Great Britain should sacrifice the general interest of the nation to the private interest of a few individuals interested in the whale-fishery and ship-building, so far as to refuse to take American oil and ships in payment of the debts. Mr. Adams became eloquent on this point. "The fat of the spermaceti whale," he said, "gives the clearest and most beautiful flame of any substance known in nature; and we are all surprised that you prefer darkness, and consequent robberies, burglaries, and murders in your streets, to the receiving, as a remittance, our spermaceti oil. The lamps around Grosvenor Square" (where Mr. Adams lived) "I know, and in Downing Street" (where this conversation occurred), "I suppose, are dim by midnight, and extinguished by two o'clock; whereas our oil would burn bright till nine o'clock, and chase away before the watchmen all the villains, and save you the trouble and danger of introducing a new police into the city."

The whole conversation was sprightly and good-tempered. Mr. Pitt sent a thrill of triumphant joy through the frame of Mr. Adams by saying, as the conference closed, that he was in favor of taking advantage of the recess to mature a plan for settling the differences. The American minister declared he was rejoiced to hear it. He would be ready at all times to attend whenever explanation was wanted.

Meanwhile, he *was* anxious about the posts; he *would* like an answer on that point, so vital to the peace and safety, as well as to the business of his country. "I am in duty bound," said he, "to insist on their evacuation." To which the wary Pitt replied, that that point was connected with others, and he should be for settling all these together.

And that was all the satisfaction Mr. Adams received during his three years' residence in England. No summons from the Ministry came, no explanation was asked, no apology was offered. King, Parliament, and people were against him, against America, against receiving oil from Nantucket, or ships from Maine; against remitting the war interest; against giving up the posts till the debts were paid; against affording a young nation the slightest chance of getting on in the world. In these circumstances, what could the Ministry do but do nothing? If Mr. Adams sought an interview, he never advanced a step beyond the point where Mr. Pitt and himself had left the controversy. *Give up the posts*, said Mr. Adams. *Pay the debts*, replied the English minister. What, cried Adams, *pay the debts*? No government was ever before asked to pay the private debts of its subjects. The treaty only stipulated that no lawful impediment should be put in the way of the recovery of the debts. "But," said the minister, "if lawful impediments *have been* thrown in the way—" Finally, the king himself, when Mr. Adams, weary of hopeless waiting, went to take formal leave, said bluntly, "Mr. Adams, you may with great truth assure the United States that whenever they shall fulfil the treaty on their part, I, on my part, will fulfil it in all its particulars."

Exasperating as all this was to the old Adam in human nature, Congress were patient under it. They referred the whole subject, as disclosed in Mr. Adams's letters, to John Jay, for his opinion. Mr. Jay, in an elaborate paper which aimed to present the whole matter from the beginning, came to

this strange conclusion: *We are wrong and England is right!* The fourth article of the treaty of peace was in these words: "It is agreed that the creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value, in sterling money, of all the *bona fide* debts heretofore contracted." The simple question was, according to Mr. Jay, "Have British creditors met with lawful impediments to the recovery of their American debts?" To this question, he said, but one answer could be given: They have; every State had passed laws impeding, delaying, or forbidding the collection of the debts. This infraction, Mr. Jay thought, justified Great Britain in holding the posts; "nor would Britain be to blame in continuing to hold them, until America shall cease to impede her enjoying every essential right secured to her and her people and adherents by the treaty."

Having reached this conclusion, he advised Congress, 1. To recommend the States to repeal the impeding laws; 2. To instruct Mr. Adams "candidly to admit that the fourth and sixth articles of the treaty had been violated in America," and to say that the United States were taking efficacious measures for removing all cause of complaint. Congress accepted Mr. Jay's conclusions. They gave the required advice to the States, and gave it with all the requisite tact and dignity. A majority of the State Legislatures repealed the laws; others were considering the subject, when the Constitution of 1787 removed the difficulty by rendering the general government unquestionably supreme in all matters of foreign concern.

But this sublime diplomacy did not touch the heart of the British creditor, nor change the policy of the government, nor assuage the animosity of the ruling class. As a rule, Americans who were able to pay their British debts paid them, but a considerable number, dead or ruined by the war, gave no sign. America remained an odious name in England, Mr. Adams informs us. Members of Parliament,

he wrote, had been so long badgered and tormented on the subject, that they detested to hear the name mentioned, and the humor of the nation seemed to be neither to speak nor think of America. Four millions sterling had already been appropriated by Parliament to compensate banished Tories and ruined adherents. The pension list had been lengthened by a long catalogue of American placemen; and still the lobbies and antechambers were haunted by a clamorous multitude of hungry claimants. We can hardly wonder that when at length Mr. Adams, in weariness and despair, was preparing to leave, he should have been treated "with that dry decency and cold civility which appears to have been the premeditated plan from the beginning."

Two years passed. The new government came into existence with General Washington at its head. Great Britain still held the posts, retained the fur-trade, ruled the Indians, shut the ports of the West Indies, and sent no minister to Philadelphia. The President, after an attentive perusal of the papers and a survey of the situation, privately commissioned Gouverneur Morris, in October, 1789, to cross the channel and "converse with his Britannic Majesty's ministers" on the points in controversy, and "ascertain their views;" and endeavor to discover whether negotiations could be reopened with any fair prospect of a termination satisfactory to the United States.

It is a trial to the temper of an American citizen to read the record of Mr. Morris's mission. The policy of "dry decency and cold civility" was carried to an extreme which was sometimes too much for the warm temper of the American commissioner, who gave Mr. Pitt some pretty sharp retorts. On one occasion, after pressing the English minister hard for some basis of a negotiation, he got a glimpse of daylight.

MORRIS. If I understand you, Mr. Pitt, you wish to make a new treaty, instead of complying with the old one.

PITT. That is, in some sort, my idea.

MORRIS. I do not see what better can be done than to perform the old one. As to the compensation for negroes taken away, it is too trifling an object for you to dispute, so that nothing remains but the posts. I suppose, therefore, that you wish to retain those posts.

PITT. *Why, perhaps we may.*

MORRIS. They are not worth the keeping; for it must cost you a great deal of money and produce no benefit. The only reason you can have to desire them is to secure the fur-trade, and that will centre in this country, let who will carry it on in America.

PITT. If you consider these posts as a trivial object, there is the less reason for requiring them.

MORRIS. Pardon me, sir, I only state the retaining them as useless to you. . . . Our national honor is interested. You hold them with the avowed intention of forcing us to comply with such conditions as you may impose.

PITT. Why, sir, as to the consideration of national honor, we can retort the observation and say, our honor is concerned in your delay of performance of the treaty.

MORRIS. No, sir; your natural and proper course was to comply fully on your part, and if then we had refused compliance, you might rightfully have issued letters of marque and reprisal to such of your subjects as were injured by our refusal. But the conduct you have pursued naturally excites resentment in every American bosom. We do not think it worth while to go to war with you for these posts; but we know our rights and will avail ourselves of them when time and circumstances may suit.

PITT. Have you powers to treat?

MORRIS. I have not. We cannot appoint any person as minister, you so much neglected the former appointment.

PITT. Will you appoint a minister, if we do?

MORRIS. I can almost promise we

shall, but am not authorized to give any positive assurance.

PITT. Then the question is, how shall we communicate on this subject?

MORRIS. Perhaps it would be expedient for you to appoint a minister, and delay his departure till we have made a similar appointment.

PITT. We could communicate to the President our intention to appoint.

MORRIS. Your communication might encounter some little difficulty, because the President cannot properly hear anything from the British consuls, these being characters unacknowledged in America.

PITT (*spring up a little*). I should suppose, Mr. Morris, that attention might as well be paid to what they say, as that the Duke of Leeds and myself should hold the present conversation with you.

MORRIS. By no means, sir. I should never have thought of asking a conference with his Grace, if I had not possessed a letter from the President of the United States.

PITT. We, in like manner, could write a letter to one of our consuls.

MORRIS. Yes, sir; and the letter would be attended to, but not the consul, who is in no respect different from any other British subject.

PITT. Etiquette ought not to be pushed so far as to injure business and keep the countries asunder.

MORRIS. The rulers of America have too much understanding to care for etiquette; but I beg you to recollect, that you have hitherto kept us at a distance, instead of making advances. The President has gone quite as far as you had any reason to expect in writing the letter I have just mentioned; and, from what has passed in consequence of it, we cannot but consider you as wishing to avoid an intercourse.

PITT. I hope you will endeavor to remove such an idea. I assure you, we are disposed to cultivate a connection.

MORRIS. Any communications which his Grace of Leeds may make shall be

duly transmitted; but I do not like to write mere conversations. *Our* disposition toward a good understanding is evidenced, not only by the President's letter, but by the decision of a majority of the House of Representatives against laying extraordinary restrictions on British vessels in American ports.

PITT. Instead of restrictions, you ought to give us particular privileges, in return for those which you enjoy here.

MORRIS. I assure you I know of no particular privileges which we enjoy here, except that of being impressed, which, of all others, is the one we least wish to partake of.

DUKE OF LEEDS (*laughing*). You are at least treated in that respect as "the most favored nation," seeing that you are treated like ourselves.

PITT (*seriously*). We have certainly evidenced good-will toward you by what we have done respecting your commerce.

MORRIS. Your regulations were dictated by a view to your own interest; and, therefore, as we feel no favor, we owe no obligation.

Here the conversation ended. Mr. Pitt said that the Duke of Leeds and himself would consult together and give Mr. Morris the result of their deliberations. Doubtless, they meant to do so, and if the decision had rested with the three gentlemen present on this occasion, the posts would have been speedily surrendered and a reasonable treaty of commerce concluded. But there was a royal Dunderhead in the way, the sum-total of whose American policy was this: "My American Tories stood by me; I will stand by them. Annul the confiscations, make good the lost debts, and *then* we'll talk about the posts." There was, also, an ignorant mercantile and manufacturing class, who had not yet begun to study their Adam Smith, and who cherished the pride that goes with ignorance, whether its possessor is an Indian chief or a British cotton-spinner.

The conversation given above oc-

curred May 21, 1790. May ended, June began and ended, July and August passed, September was gliding by, and yet Gouverneur Morris received not a line, not a word, from the Ministry. Had they forgotten his existence? He had extensive affairs in Holland that demanded his presence, and yet he waited,—waited solely for the promised communication. Meanwhile the nocturnal exploits of the press-gang in British seaports added new outrage to the old grievances. Morris, after waiting four months, was compelled to ask attention to his mission. He obtained "dry decency and cold civility" in return for his patient waiting; but he could never wring a satisfactory word from the ministers of a king who, he said, "hated the very name of America." The President, acting upon Jefferson's advice, terminated his mission, and sent him a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of his six months' residence in London. The outspoken founder of "Morrissania" returned polite acknowledgments of the President's consideration, and remarked to the Secretary of State that his detention in London had cost him four hundred and eighty-nine pounds six shillings and sixpence.

Such were the relations between the United States and Great Britain in 1790, when Jefferson and Hamilton began to discuss national affairs across the President's mahogany. And still the *penchant* of the Secretary of the Treasury was for Great Britain. Washington's was not; he had been cured of it years before. Jefferson's was not, of course. Hamilton had concurred with Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams in the opinion, that there had been violations of the treaty on *both* sides, and that, as America began it, England had not been to blame for retaining the posts. *Penchant* is a great matter. I am sure that Colonel Hamilton was most warmly attached, nay, wholly devoted to the country which he served; but this leaning toward Great Britain, and a certain British aversion to France, could not but have its effect upon his judgment.

In September, 1790, while Gouverneur Morris was still waiting in London, occurred one of those diplomatic crises, once so frequent, which threatened war between Great Britain and Spain, with strong probability of involving half of Europe in the strife. The President, from many indications, concluded that, in case the war broke out, Mr. Pitt would strike at once, in his father's style, for New Orleans and all the Spanish territory in that region; floating troops from Detroit down our lakes and rivers to meet a British armament from the sea. Two momentous questions arose in the President's mind, which he proposed to Jefferson and Hamilton, requesting answers in writing: 1. Suppose Lord Dorchester, the governor of Canada, should ask permission to send troops through the territories of the United States, what answer shall we give? 2. Suppose he should do it without leave ("the most probable proceeding"), what shall we do about it? The President was profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the danger to a young nation, exhausted with a long war, deep in debt, without army or navy, of having, as he said, "so formidable and enterprising a people as the British on both our flanks and rear, with their navy in front."

Mr. Jefferson's reply was short and explicit. Rather than have New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi a British possession, he thought, we should join in the *mêlée* of nations and fight. But this was the *last* thing to do, not the first; and not to be done so long as any other decent expedient remained untried. If permission to pass troops should be asked and refused, and still they should pass, we must instantly declare war; since "one insult pocketed soon produces another." Let us, then, begin by trying a middle course. Avoid giving an answer. Then, if they march, we can accept an apology, or make it a "handle of quarrel hereafter," according to circumstances. If they should march without asking leave, we should resent, or forgive, or

disregard it, just as we might find it most conducive to our main object.

Mr. Jefferson was ready with his brief opinion the day after the President asked for it. Hamilton took nineteen days and sent in a treatise. Being out of his element and beyond his depth, he floundered in a distressing manner, clutching at Puffendorf, Grotius, Vattel, and Barbeyrac. He wandered so far as to introduce a discourse upon his favorite topic of the United States owing no "romantic gratitude" to France, and no gratitude at all to Spain. The tone and spirit of this long essay are such as to justify much of the warmth of opposition which Hamilton's political system excited. It is evident that the insolence of the British government and the outrage of holding the posts had excited in his mind no indignation, and that he was one of those who, to use his own language, "would prefer an intimate connection between the United States and Great Britain as most conducive to our security and advantage." He dwelt upon the obvious unfitness of the country to enter into the war, and the little likelihood there was of our accomplishing our object if we did. His conclusions were, that if Lord Dorchester should ask permission, it would be best to grant it; if he should march without permission, but commit no offence, we should remonstrate; but if he should force a passage past a fortified post, we must declare war.

Happily, the European war-cloud blew over. In America, the western sky was overcast, and General St. Clair was preparing the expedition against the hostile Indians which was to terminate in the surprise of the white army and the massacre of six hundred troops. Jefferson and Hamilton differed again; for Jefferson was opposed to the expedition. He hoped, indeed, that General St. Clair would give the Indians "a thorough drubbing;" since the affair had come to that; but he thought that "the most economical, as well as most humane, conduct toward them is to bribe them

into peace and retain them in peace by eternal bribes." A hundred years of present-giving, he said, would not cost as much as this single expedition; and then follows a sentence which reveals the heat of many a Cabinet battle, as the lava on Vesuvius betrays past eruption: "The least rag of Indian depredation will be an excuse to raise troops for those who love to have troops and for those who think that a public debt is a public blessing." This to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, April, 1791.

Upon another practical question, the Secretary of the Treasury differed from the Secretary of State. Hamilton opposed, Jefferson favored, a system of retaliating the restrictions imposed by Great Britain upon American commerce. With regard to commercial intercourse with foreign nations, the only system Jefferson ever heartily approved was this: Perfect and universal free-trade, as one of the natural rights of man and as the only sound policy. We may style that his first choice. His second was this: Free-trade with any nation which will reciprocate. But as no nation was yet prepared for so advanced a measure, he was in favor of reciprocating privileges conceded by a foreign power and retaliating restrictions. "Free-trade and navigation," he thought, "are not to be given in exchange for restrictions and vexations, nor are they likely to produce a relaxation of them."

Great Britain imposed such restrictions upon American commerce as seem, at present, too preposterous for belief. From her West India Islands American vessels were utterly excluded; and only such American products were admitted as could not be dispensed with, — grain, horses, live animals used for food, timber, tar, and turpentine. But neither an American vessel nor American products of any kind whatever were admitted into one British possession which could do without them; not into Newfoundland, Canada, or India. From Great Britain itself, whale oil, salt fish, salt provisions, were ex-

cluded, and grain only admitted when the people must have it or go hungry. Jefferson proposed to meet all this by "counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations," and, at the same time go to the uttermost in responding to the more liberal policy of France.

Hamilton, ever desirous of a cordial alliance with Great Britain, favored an opposite policy; and Jefferson thought it was his influence which finally held back Congress from retaliating restriction by restriction. In the Cabinet, Hamilton opposed the retaliation system "violently," and offered one argument which the placable Jefferson owned was cogent. It was of more importance, Hamilton said, for us to have the posts than an open commerce, because nothing but the possession of the posts would free us from the expense of the Indian wars; and therefore, while we were treating for the posts, it would be folly to irritate the English by restricting their commerce. The English government would say, "These people mean war; let us therefore hold what we have in our hands." Struck with this argument, Jefferson replied, "If there is a hope of obtaining the posts, I agree it would be imprudent to risk that hope by a commercial retaliation." He agreed to delay recommending his scheme to Congress till the next session.

For, when this conversation occurred, negotiations had been recommenced. In August, 1791, George Hammond, the first British plenipotentiary who ever made his bow to a President of the United States, reached Philadelphia; and, in the course of the following winter, he was in correspondence with the Secretary of State upon the vexed questions. They were old Paris acquaintances, and both were truly desirous of adjusting the differences on a basis of justice. The despatch of Mr. Jefferson, of May 29, 1792, in which he argues the American case, is the longest and the ablest of his official papers. There is good reason to believe that it convinced Mr. Hammond; and we know that a large number of Jefferson's

political opponents owned that, whatever errors he may have committed in his public life, he was a great man when he argued the cause of his country against the honest misconceptions of the British minister. "He is only fit for a Secretary of State," they would say, when his name was mentioned in connection with places more eminent. In this paper he proved by original documents that "the treaty of 1783 was violated in England before it was known in America, and in America as soon as known, and that, too, in points so essential, as that, without them, it never would have been concluded." He also showed, by an overwhelming array of documentary evidence, that "the recovery of the debts was obstructed *validly* in none of our States, *invalidly* only in a few, and that not till after the infractions committed on the other side." This despatch is perhaps unsurpassed among the diplomatic documents of recent times for the thoroughness with which the work undertaken was performed. Its tranquil, dispassionate tone, and its freedom from everything that could irritate the self-love of the English government or the English people are as remarkable as the perfect frankness and fulness with which the rights of his country are stated.

Jefferson invited Mr. Hammond to a "solo dinner" on the subject, a few days after the delivery of this despatch, when they conversed on the points at issue in the most open and friendly manner. The British minister admitted that the idea of England having committed the first infraction was a new element in the controversy. His court had never heard of it; and it "gave the case a complexion so entirely new and different from what had been contemplated, that he should not be justified in taking a single step." He could only send the despatch across the ocean and await further instructions. From the whole of this conversation, Jefferson derived the impression that the English government "had entertained no thought of ever giving up the

posts." Toward the close of the interview, Mr. Hammond suggested the idea of neither party having fortified posts on the frontier, but trading-posts only; which, says Jefferson, "accorded well with two favorite ideas of mine, of leaving commerce free and never keeping an unnecessary soldier."

Mr. Jefferson's despatch of two hundred and fifty manuscript pages made its way to Downing Street, but not to the brain or the conscience of George III. Nothing came of it. The controversy remained open during the whole period of his tenure of office. He sent in, at last, his report, recommending commercial retaliation, but only to have the scheme defeated, as he always supposed, by his colleague.

And we must keep in mind that, while these two gentlemen, Hammond and Jefferson, calmly conversed over their wine on these subjects, there was an American people whose conversation upon them was the furthest possible from being tranquil. The people might not be up in their Puffendorf, nor was Vattel often seen on the family table, but the St. Clair massacre struck horror to the coldest heart, and excited reflections in the dullest head. Every one could enter into such cases as that of Hugh Purdie, a native of Virginia, impressed in London streets, carried to sea in a man-of-war, ordered to be released by the admiralty, put in irons and flogged *after* those orders had been received, and set on shore in a strange land without the means of subsisting for a day. It took fifty years to get the hatred out of the hearts of the American people which was engendered, not so much by the war, as by this insolent persistence in outrage after the war.

Meanwhile the Revolution in France, followed at first with universal approval, was becoming an element of discord in the politics of the country; and nowhere were the questions involved discussed so warmly as in President Washington's Cabinet. An accident revealed to the public in 1791 Jefferson's complete sympathy with the

French people, placed him distinctly at the head of the popular party, and made him, at length, President of the United States.

At first, I repeat, all classes in all countries seemed to hail the proceedings of the French people as the beginning of a better day for France and for man; even kings, nobles, and the other classes most obviously interested in the existing system, cherished or affected a sentimental approval of the ideas most subversive of it. The destruction of the Bastille shook off from the popular party all such adherents. "The time of illusions is past," wrote the queen of France to Madame de Polignac, "and to-day we pay dear for our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war." But it was not from the party assailed that the first protest reached the ear of Christendom. It was from a man whose whole public life had been a struggle against despotic principles, the most eloquent defender America ever had in Europe, Edmund Burke. From an early period—as soon, indeed, as the king and queen of France had been brought face to face with the Revolution in that wild march from Versailles to Paris—he had recoiled from it with a horror which only his own mighty pen could express.

In November, 1789, Dr. Richard Price, an honored member of Franklin's familiar London circle, published his famous sermon on Love of Country, in which he applied the example of France to the case of England, maintaining the principle, now so familiar, that government is, properly, the creature and servant of the people. It was in reply to this discourse that Edmund Burke wrote his Reflections on the Revolution in France,—four hundred pages of rhapsody and passion, invested with the potent charm of his entrancing style. It was a sorry lapse from the Edmund Burke of the Stamp-Act nights in the House of Commons. The work was so weak in argument, of substance so flimsy and transparent, as really to give some slight show of

probability to the dastardly charge, that his motives in writing it were not disinterested. But we ought not to doubt that this poor pamphlet was the faithful expression of his state of mind at the time. In 1773, during a recess of Parliament, he had had a joyous holiday in France, when he saw all that was brightest and most bewitching there, in court and *salon*, in town and country; himself honored as the great orator of the British Parliament. Only the most pleasing recollections of that happy time lingered in his memory.

"It is now," he wrote in his Reflections, "sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone!

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

What a Celtic fluency and gorgeousness in these false, false words! In the composition of such a piece, how necessary an ingredient is that remoteness from the object depicted which veils all of it which is not enchanting! In this whole pamphlet, the agony and shame and panic-terror of fair France, how small and slight they seem compared with the discomfort endured by one Austrian woman rudely interrupted in her career of ignoble pleasures! Mr. Burke, too, had known personally many of the French nobility, and he had found them "tolerably well-bred," "frank and open," "with a good military tone, and reasonably tintured with literature." "As to their behavior to the inferior classes, they appeared to me to comport themselves toward them with good-nature," and "I could not discover that their agreements with their farmers were oppressive." In speaking of the great multitude of industrious and frugal persons, whose toil maintained those tolerably well-bred nobles of a good military tone; in speaking, I say, of THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, whom king and nobility had had in charge for a thousand years, and had permitted to remain grossly ignorant and squalidly poor, he used expressions surcharged with the most insolent and inhuman, contempt. The march from Versailles to the Tuileries, he said, was like "a procession of American savages entering into Onondaga, and leading into hovels hung round with scalps their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves"; and he said, also, that when the nobles and priests had been expelled from France, learning itself would be "*trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.*" This hideous expression (which admitted more than the worst enemies of

nobles and priests had ever charged against them) rang through Europe, embittering every generous heart and maddening every excited head.

Never had pamphlet such success with the class it was written to please. George III., of his own motion, settled upon the author, whom he had hated for twenty-six years, a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year, and, soon after, a second pension of twenty-five hundred pounds a year. The king had also a number of copies handsomely bound for presents, and when he gave one to a favorite he would say, "This is a book which every gentleman ought to read." The Emperor of Germany, the Empress Catherine of Russia, the royal family of France, and even poor Stanislaus of Poland, sent the author some tribute of their sincere gratitude. The book had a great run with the public; in England, nineteen thousand copies were sold in three months, and in France thirteen thousand of the French translation. During the first half-year, the number of replies which it called forth was thirty-eight.

Its effect upon the public was wholly and greatly bad, because it excited the reader without instructing him. It hardened the Tory's heart and shut his mind to every truth which it most concerned him to know; while the humane portion of the people were only incensed at the contemptuous tone of the work toward all the most pitiable victims of aristocratic misrule, — those who had lapsed under it from citizens to populace. Mad world! For thirty years, in various capacities, public and private, Edmund Burke had served his countrymen on both sides of the ocean with fidelity and power, and got little by it but the opportunity to serve them better. He writes this false and foolish pamphlet, and behold him rich, and the world at his feet! The people gave him little but honor, and the kings rewarded him with all but that.

Among the friends of Mr. Burke, many may have been more grieved at his new departure, but none was more astonished, than Thomas Paine, then

at Paris pushing into publicity his own self-supporting bridge. He appears to have originated that kind of structure, now so common. Arriving in England, a year or two before, on the same errand, he had been Mr. Burke's guest for several weeks, during which they had made together the tour of the iron foundries of Yorkshire, and visited together some of Mr. Burke's political allies on the liberal side. "I am just going to dine with the Duke of Portland," writes Burke to Wilkes in August, 1788, "in company with the great American, Paine, whom I take with me." From Paris, Paine wrote occasionally to the great Whig orator; one letter, indeed, after Mr. Burke must have begun the composition of his work, in which Paine gave him an account, as he says, "how prosperously matters were going on in France"; not doubting that he was pouring his information into a sympathetic ear. Like most writers who make sentences that stick in the general memory and long remain part of the common speech of men, Thomas Paine composed very slowly and with great toil. One of his friends reports that the author of "Common Sense," knew by heart all that he had ever written,—so thoroughly had he wrought each sentence and each phrase. Nevertheless, in March, 1791, about four months after the publication of Burke's Reflections, he was ready with his reply to it, which he named "The Rights of Man." The two works from that time were competitors for the possession of the public mind; editions quickly following editions; each work execrated, and each extolled, with almost equal extravagance. Paine, with his usual generosity, gave up his copyright as soon as he discovered that it was an obstacle to cheaper issues, and at once, in every town where there was a press not controlled by squire or parson, there was a sixpenny edition of "The Rights of Man." One hundred thousand copies were sold before the demand abated; and when the author followed up his success, the next year, with a Second Part, the government

gave a prodigious impulse to the sale of both by a series of prosecutions, accompanied by a system of riots,—so familiar a resource of the Tory party, in every recent age, from James I. to Dilke.

To say that Mr. Paine's pamphlet is superior to Burke's in every worthy quality of composition, is not to praise it; for Burke's production is a shallow, misleading, pernicious work. Let me rather say, that it is as good an answer to Burke as so rambling a rhapsody admits; and that for every one of Burke's swelling passages of declamation, Paine has an epigram which reduces it to its proper dimensions. So compassionate a man as Thomas Paine could not fail to be shocked at Burke's insensibility to all the anguish endured in France except that suffered by a few conspicuous individuals: "He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird." "His hero or his heroine must be a tragedy victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon." Burke's lamentation over the abolition of titles in France gave Paine an opportunity: "France has outgrown the babyhood of *count* and *duke*, and breeched itself in manhood. France has not levelled, it has exalted. It has put down the dwarf to set up the man. . . . Titles are like circles drawn by the magician's wand to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastille of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man." On the union of Church and State, extolled by Burke, Paine had a happy word: "Take away the law-establishment, and every religion resumes its original benignity. In America, a Catholic priest is a good citizen, a good character, and a good neighbor; an Episcopalian minister is of the same description; and this proceeds, independent of men, from there being no law-establishment in America."

The work was dedicated to George Washington, who cherished for this skilful and humane writer that warmth of grateful regard which is due from

the patriotic sword to the patriotic pen. When Paine was about to leave Paris, in the spring of 1790, it was to his hands that La Fayette intrusted, for transmission to the President, the interesting relic which is preserved to this day at Mount Vernon. "I take over with me to London," he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, March 16, 1790, "the key of the Bastille, which the Marquis intrusts to my care as his present to General Washington, and which I shall send by the first American vessel to New York." He was to go back to Paris in time to take part in the inauguration of the new constitution; "at which time there is to be a procession, and I am to return to Paris to carry the American flag." He added these words, the prophetic meaning of which the lapse of eighty-three years has not exhausted: "I wish most anxiously to see my much-loved America. It is the country from whence all reformation must originally spring." Nor did he forget that America, too, like all the rest of the world, needed reformation, and he wished that "a few well-instructed negroes could be sent among their brethren in bondage; for, until they are enabled to take their own part, nothing will be done."

His dedication to the President was in harmony with his habitual feelings: "I present you a small treatise in defence of those principles which your exemplary virtue hath so eminently contributed to establish. That the rights of man may become as universal as your benevolence can wish, and that you may enjoy the happiness of seeing the new world regenerate the old, is the prayer of . . . Thomas Paine."

A single copy of the work chanced to reach America about the first of May, 1791, in advance of the parcel sent by the author to the President. This copy was lent by the owner to Madison, who lent it to Jefferson; but before the Secretary of State had finished reading it, the owner called upon him for it, as he had promised to lend

it for reprinting. The owner, discovering that Mr. Jefferson had not done with it, asked him to send it himself, when he had finished the reading, to Mr. Jonathan B. Smith, a noted merchant of Philadelphia, once a member of Congress, whose brother, Samuel H. Smith, an enterprising young printer (founder in 1800 of the "National Intelligencer" at Washington), was to issue the American edition. Mr. Jefferson complied with this request. Not being acquainted with the merchant, he wrote him a short note to explain why he, a stranger, should send him the pamphlet, and added a few words of commendation of the work, "to take off," as he explained afterwards, "a little of the dryness of the note," and, as he might have added, because he was thrilled with triumphant delight at so vigorous and telling a vindication of American principles from a pen identified in the popular mind with the gloom and glory of the Revolution. "I am extremely pleased," he wrote, "to find it will be reprinted here, and that something is at length to be publicly said against the political heresies which have sprung up among us. I have no doubt our citizens will rally a second time round the standard of Common Sense."

So little importance did he attach to this hasty note, that he, the most scrupulous docketeer in the world, did not keep a copy of it. In a few days the pamphlet was published, and, behold, printed on the cover the material sentences of this note, attributed distinctly to the "Secretary of State"! "I was thunderstruck," he tells us, fearing that an excited public, applying the remark concerning "political heresies" to Mr. Adams's "Discourses upon Davila," recently stopped by the growing indignation of the people, would force him to an antagonism with the Vice-President. And who would believe the indorsement unauthorized? He was the more embarrassed because he really had had those Discourses in his mind while writing the note. In familiar, half-jocular conversation with

the Vice-President, he had combated those "political heresies," always feigning to be ignorant of the author of Davila. Davila, indeed, had no friends; Hamilton himself censuring the Discourses as ill-timed and injudicious. But antechamber chaff was very different from an open, serious collision between two officers of a government still on trial.

The mutterings of a coming storm were soon audible. A Major Beckwith from Canada was loitering then about Philadelphia, a non-commissioned, semi-authorized, semi-recognized British agent, who was in punctual attendance at Presidential levees, where he conversed freely with the President's secretary, Tobias Lear, who used to report the conversations at large to the President. The excellent Tobias, a dear lover of gossip, had much to tell General Washington (absent at Mount Vernon) in his letter of May 8, 1791, of the astonishment of this major on seeing Mr. Paine's work dedicated to the President of the United States, and commended by the Secretary of State. The scene occurred at "Mrs. Washington's drawing-room." Major Beckwith was "surprised," not only at the dedication, but that the work should be "published in Philadelphia"; "especially as it contained many remarks that could not but be offensive to the British government." A highly Pickwickian conversation followed:—

LEAR. The pamphlet was written and published in England. The President has neither seen nor knows what it contains, and, of course, cannot in any sense be considered as approving its sentiments, or as being responsible for them.

BECKWITH. True; but I observe in the American edition that the Secretary of State has given a most unequivocal sanction to the book as *Secretary of State*; it is not said as Mr. Jefferson.

LEAR. I have not seen the American, nor any other edition of this pamphlet; but I will venture to say that

the Secretary of State has not done a thing which he would not justify.

BECKWITH. On this subject you will consider, that I have only spoken as an individual, and as a private person.

LEAR. I do not know you, sir, in any other character.

BECKWITH. I was apprehensive that you might conceive that, on this occasion, I meant to enter the lists in more than a private character.

At this moment, they were interrupted, and the awful conversation was not resumed. But, the next day, when Mr. Edmund Randolph dined with Mrs. Washington "in a family way," Mr. Lear related to him what had passed. The Attorney-General thought the matter important enough to report to his colleague, and asked him if he had authorized the printing of his note. Mr. Jefferson said he had not, though he approved the work. The faithful Tobias, a few days after, had an opportunity to learn the sentiments of the Vice-President. "I was at the Vice-President's house," he records, "and while there Dr. and Mrs. Rush came in. The conversation turned upon this book, and Dr. Rush asked the Vice-President what he thought of it. After a little hesitation, he laid his hand upon his breast, and said in a very solemn manner, 'I detest that book and its tendency, from the bottom of my heart.'"

As yet, however, though the reprint was rapidly spread abroad, eagerly read, and hotly discussed, the slow newspaper of the period was silent. About the middle of May, 1791, Jefferson and Madison, both exhausted with official labor during the session of Congress, set out on a tour to the northward, which they had long before promised themselves, leaving politics and all its irritations and misconceptions behind them.

Up the Hudson by sloop— the true way always of enjoying it— and then onward from Albany to Lake George on horseback, a ride of sixty miles, mostly through the primeval wilderness; with a taste of Saratoga water on the

way as it bubbled up from the springs where the deer had licked or lapped it from the beginning of time. A hut or two, and one frame house, built by General Schuyler seven years before, were all that man had done to mark the site; although, from the time (1767) when Sir William Johnson had been carried to Saratoga in a litter to drink the waters so highly extolled by his Indians, and had found them salutary, the springs had enjoyed a certain vague celebrity. All the scenes near by, made famous by Burgoyne's vain struggle with wild nature and brave men, they visited also; the "cataracts of the Hudson," too, of course,—great marvels then. The limpid crystal of Lake George, and the luxuriant foliage on its banks, awoke all the enthusiasm of the two Virginians, to whom some of the trees and many of the shrubs were new. "Lake George," wrote Mr. Jefferson to his daughter, "is, without comparison, the most beautiful water I ever saw." They walked to the picturesque, commanding bluff on which Fort Ticonderoga stood so long, its site still marked by ruins; and they visited the other spots of bloody memory in that region, as we do now: but not, like us, with guide-book in hand; for all that gory history was fresh and vivid then in every one's memory. Lake Champlain they did not see to advantage,—the day on which they crossed it being rough and gusty; and they were not far enough north to see the three ranges of mountains in one view,—Green, White, and Adirondacks,—a multitudinous, billowy sea of mountains. But, while crossing this lake, he wrote a long letter to one of his daughters in a little book of birch-bark, which still exists; and some of the company shot at the squirrels swimming from New York to Vermont, where the States are three miles apart. Reaching Bennington, in Vermont, on a Saturday evening, they were detained till Monday morning, "the laws of the State not permitting us to travel on Sunday." They crossed the State of Vermont to a point near um-

brageous Brattleborough, on the Connecticut River, and, floating down that uncomfortable and capricious stream, made their way by the Sound to New York, and reached Philadelphia, in perfect health, after a month's journey of a thousand miles.

These summer holidays of our modern life are delightful enough; only the getting into harness again is so disagreeable. Upon reaching Philadelphia, the Secretary of State found the newspapers in full cry after him. Mr. Paine's pamphlet, to use Jefferson's homely expression, had "kicked up a dust." There was a young lawyer in Boston named John Quincy Adams, aged twenty-four, who did not approve the pamphlet, and perhaps still less the indorsement of Thomas Jefferson, and his seeming fling at the Vice-President. This young lawyer, fresh from the courts of Europe, not the best school in which to learn the rights of man, answered "Mr. Pain" in a series of seven short newspaper essays, signed *Publicola*; not omitting to give the Secretary of State a fair hit in passing, though polite and decorous to both. The fair hit was in reference to Mr. Jefferson's unlucky use of the word "heresies." *Publicola* asked: "Does he consider the pamphlet of Mr. Pain as the canonical book of political scripture? As containing the true doctrine of political infallibility, from which it would be heretical to depart in a single point? The expressions would, indeed, imply more; they seem, like the Arabian prophet, to call upon all true believers in the Islam of democracy to draw their swords, in the fervor of their devotion; to compel all their countrymen to cry out, There is but one Goddess of Liberty, and Common Sense is her prophet!"

This was but a fair retort, as Mr. Jefferson once acknowledged; but the young gentleman proceeded to discourse upon the superiority of the British system of government over the new French constitution eulogized by Paine; and he did this so well that the essays were republished in Eng-

land, with the name of John Adams on the title-page, as an antidote to what the Tories of the period courteously styled "the French disease." But the American people, who had had experience, for a century and a half, of the badness of the governmental system of Great Britain, did not relish the essays of Publicola. The leading principles of Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man" were, as Mr. Jefferson remarked at the time, "the principles of the people of the United States." They are such at this moment. The doctrines of the work, if they could now be put to the vote, would be sustained by a majority of a thousand to three. A political party might as well place itself in opposition to the multiplication-table. Hence, as soon as Publicola appeared, Brutus, Agricola, Cato, and other noble Romans threw themselves into the arena to defend the persons and axioms assailed, and thus "kicked up the dust" to which Mr. Jefferson alluded.

"I thank God," he wrote to Paine soon after, "that the people appear firm in their republicanism, notwithstanding the contrary hopes and assertions of a sect here, high in name but small in numbers. These had flattered themselves that the silence of the people under the 'Defence' and 'Davila' was a symptom of their conversion to the doctrine of King, Lords, and Commons. They are checked at least by your pamphlet, and the people confirmed in their good old faith." And to Colonel Monroe: "A host of writers have risen in favor of Paine, and prove that, in this quarter at least, the spirit of republicanism is sound. The contrary spirit of the high officers of government is more understood than I expected. Colonel Hamilton avows that he never made a secret of his principles, yet taxes the imprudence of Mr. Adams in having stirred the question, and agrees that 'his business is done.' Jay, covering the same principles under the veil of silence, is steadily rising on the ruins of his friends."

Colonel Hamilton was mistaken in

supposing that the Vice-President's "business was done." The newspaper storm, however, alarmed Mr. Adams not a little. Mr. Jefferson gave him an explanation of the circumstances attending the publication of his note, which restored to its usual cordiality the old friendship between them, — a friendship, said Mr. Adams in reply, "which ever has been and still is very dear to my heart." But no private explanation could still the tempest out-of-doors. Chimeras dire haunted the Vice-President's mind. "It is thought by some," he wrote to Jefferson, "that Mr. Hancock's friends are preparing the way by my destruction for his election to the place of Vice-President, and that of Mr. Samuel Adams to be governor of this Commonwealth; and then the Stone House faction" (Mr. Hancock lived in a stone house) "will be sure of all the loaves and fishes." All of which might have speedily come to pass if the later excesses and woful collapse of the French Revolution had not afforded a new, though short, lease of life to the old ideas, and given pause to all but the stanchest and farthest-sighted republicans. It was Robespierre that balked the Stone House faction, — if there was such a faction, — and it was the murder of the amateur locksmith of the Tuileries, beginning to be known as "Mr. Capet," that suspended the decline of the author of "Davila."

Thus was Thomas Jefferson, the man of all others most averse to controversy, placed, without act or volition of his own, at the head of the republicans of the United States. He took no part in the public strife. "I never did in my life," he wrote to Mr. Adams on this occasion, "either by myself or by any other, have a sentence of mine inserted in a newspaper without putting my name to it, and I believe I never shall." Nor do we ever find his name appended to any controversial piece or passage in the papers of his time.

But in the privacy of the President's Cabinet the questions of the day were discussed between Colonel Hamilton and himself with ever-growing warmth.

There was little harmony between them after the publication of Mr. Paine's "Rights of Man," though no personal breach occurred for another year. On nearly every subject there was a difference between them, either of sentiment or of opinion; and on some points the difference was such that neither could quite believe in the other's sincerity. Hamilton, for example, could not comprehend, and therefore could not respect, the state of mind which caused Jefferson to oppose his darling, long-cherished scheme of a United States Bank. Other nations have national banks; why should not we? Jefferson replied in the words of the Constitution: "All powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people." To which plain statement of fundamental law, Hamilton opposed his mere opinion: "Congress can be considered as under only one restriction which does not apply to other governments, — they cannot rightfully apply the money they raise to any purpose merely or purely local." Hamilton laughed at the "metaphysical whimses" of the strict-constructionists, and predicted that "the most incorrigible theorist among the opponents of the bank would, in one month's experience as

head of the Department of the Treasury, be compelled to acknowledge that it is an *indispensable engine in the management of the finances.*"

In this dispute we find another proof that when two honest men differ, both are much in the right. How *convenient*, urged the Secretary of the Treasury, to have bank-notes that would be current in all the States of the Union! True, said Jefferson; and it would be still more convenient to have a bank the bills of which should be current all over the world; but it does not follow that there exists anywhere authority to establish such a bank! The bank was established, and proved an element of discord and a menace of evil, from the day of its creation to that of its final suppression in 1836. But the single utility which Hamilton claimed and Jefferson admitted has since been constitutively attained by that most exquisite device of finance, the National Bank system of the United States.

Suppose *now* we had a Bank of the United States, with a capital of, say, three hundred and fifty millions of dollars (about equivalent to the thirty-five millions of 1830) overshadowing Wall Street, its president holding the same relation to the business of to-day which Nicholas Biddle held to that of 1830!

James Parton.

OVER A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I WILL own that I wish it were mine;
 O, you quote "Do not covet," and lay
 Down the laws of simplicity, line upon line,
 In your moralo-logical way;

But I haste to deny that a shade
 Of the envious thought you infer,
 Was present to poison a wish never made
 To imply dispossession of her

Whose white neck, in its stateliest grace,
 All athrill with the pride and the bliss
 Of its beauty, shall bend for the clasping embrace
 Of such magical splendor as this.

I scarce thought of owner at all;
 Still less of its value in pelf.
 Who, in presence so grand, would confess himself thrall
 Of aught save the presence itself?

Look at it! — the glorious thing —
 As it lies on its velvet in state,
 Tossing glories about like a prodigal king
 Who is surely and consciously great.

O, the tremulous laughter of Light!
 O, the Genius of Color at play!
 O, the soul of a Flame made ineffably white
 By its burning! — but what can I say

To transfix it in speech? Bring a word
 That is swift as a thought, bright as gold,
 That is purer than snow, such as never was heard
 Since the morning stars used it of old.

And you tell me this marvellous light
 Is a second-hand splendor, at most?
 That, shut it away in the dark of the night,
 All the soul of the diamond is lost?

Very true. Then I love it the more.
 Let me hasten to double my praise,
 Since to give as it takes, in unstinted, full score,
 Is the generous law it obeys.

We might say the same of the moon;
 Of the eyes that you love for their blue;
 Of the earth in green robes lying under the noon;
 Of the rainbow — and even of you!

What else is so splendid on earth,
 Or possessed of such regal estate!
 Not better, you say, if traced back to its birth
 Than the anthracite piled in the grate?

May be not. Then its rank is its own;
 On it, honors most fittingly fall,
 If, from orders plebeian as any, this stone
 Rises up to be king over all.

Yes, I wish it were mine, — just to hold,
 Just to look at, to keep, to possess;
 To be sure of one thing that will never grow old,
 Nor perish, nor fade, nor shine less.

But, I say, let it go to its own,
 To its fabulous velvet and lace,
 To some queenly white throat, while all eyes follow on,
 Through the maze of the dance, — 't is its place.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

II.

MRS. ELLISON'S LITTLE MANŒUVRE.

THE next morning our tourists found themselves at rest in Ha-Ha Bay, at the head of navigation for the larger steamers. The long line of sullen hills had fallen away, and the morning sun shone warm on what in a friendlier climate would have been a very lovely landscape. The bay was an irregular oval, with shores that rose in bold but not lofty heights on one side, while on the other lay a narrow plain with two villages clinging about the road that followed the crescent beach, and lifting each the slender tin-clad spire of its church to sparkle in the sun.

At the head of the bay was a mountainous top, and along its waters were masses of rocks, gayly painted with lichens and stained with metallic tints of orange and scarlet. The unchanging growth of stunted pines was the only forest in sight, though Ha-Ha Bay is a famous lumbering port, and some schooners now lay there receiving cargoes of odorous pine plank. The steamboat-wharf was all astir with the liveliest toil and leisure. The boat was taking on wood, which was brought in wheelbarrows to the top of the steep, smooth gangway-planking, where the *habitant* in charge planted his broad feet for the downward slide, and was hurled aboard more or less *en masse* by the fierce velocity of his heavy-laden wheelbarrow. Amidst the confusion and hazard of this feat a procession of other habitans marched aboard, each one bearing under his arm a coffin-shaped wooden box. The rising fear of Colonel Ellison, that these boxes represented the loss of the whole infant population of Ha-Ha Bay, was checked by the reflection that the region could not have produced so many children, and calmed altogether by the purser, who said that they were full

of huckleberries, and that Colonel Ellison could have as many as he liked for fifteen cents a bushel. This gave him a keen sense of the poverty of the land, and he bought of the boys who came aboard such abundance of wild red raspberries in all manner of birch-bark canoes and goblets and cornucopias, that he was obliged to make presents of them to the very dealers whose stock he had exhausted, and he was in treaty with the local half-wit — very fine, with a massive wen on one side of his head and a hunchback — to take charity in the wild fruits of his native province, when the crowd about him was gently opened by a person who advanced with a flourishing bow and a sprightly “Good morning, good morning, sir!” “How do you do?” asked Colonel Ellison; but the other, intent on business, answered, “I am the only person at Ha-Ha Bay who speaks English, and I have come to ask if you would not like to make a promenade in my horse and buggy upon the mountain before breakfast. You shall be gone as long as you will for one shilling and sixpence. I will show you all that there is to be seen about the place, and the beautiful view of the bay from the top of the mountain. But it is elegant, you know, I can assure you.”

The speaker was so fluent of his English, he had such an audacious, wide-branching mustache, such a twinkle in his left eye, — which wore its lid in a careless, slouching fashion, — that the heart of man naturally clove to him; and Colonel Ellison agreed on the spot to make the proposed promenade, for himself and both his ladies, of whom he went joyfully in search. He found them at the stern of the boat, admiring the wild scenery, and looking

“Fresh as the morn and as the season fair.”

He was not a close observer, and of

his wife's wardrobe he had the ignorance of a good husband, who, as soon as the pang of spending is past, forgets whatever she has; but he could not help seeing that some gayeties of costume which he had dimly associated with his wife now enhanced the charms of his cousin's nice little face and figure. A scarf of lively hue carelessly tied about the throat to keep off the morning chill, a prettier ribbon, a more stylish jacket than Miss Ellison owned, — what do I know? — an air of preparation for battle, caught the colonel's eye, and a conscious red stole responsive into Kitty's cheek.

"Kitty," said he, "don't you let yourself be made a goose of."

"I hope she won't — by *you!*" retorted his wife, "and I'll thank you, Colonel Ellison, not to be a Betty, whatever you are. I don't think it's manly to be always noticing ladies' clothes."

"Who said anything about clothes?" demanded the colonel, taking his stand upon the letter.

"Well, don't *you*, at any rate. Yes, I'd like to ride, of all things; and we've time enough, for breakfast is n't ready till half past eight. Where's the carriage?"

The only English scholar at Ha-Ha Bay had taken the light wraps of the ladies and was moving off with them. "This way, this way," he said, waving his hand towards a larger number of vehicles on the shore than could have been reasonably attributed to Ha-Ha Bay. "I hope you won't object to having another passenger with you? There's plenty of room for all. He seems a very nice, gentlemanly person," said he, with a queer, patronizing graciousness which he had no doubt caught from his English patrons.

"The more the merrier," answered Colonel Ellison, and "Not in the least!" said his wife, not meaning the proverb. Her eye had swept the whole array of vehicles and had found them all empty, save one, in which she detected the blamelessly coated back of Mr. Arbuton. But I ought perhaps

to explain Mrs. Ellison's motives better than they can be made to appear in her conduct. She cared nothing for Mr. Arbuton; and she had no logical wish to see Kitty in love with him. But here were two young people thrown somewhat romantically together; Mrs. Ellison was a born match-maker, and to have refrained from promoting their better acquaintance in the interest of abstract matrimony was what never could have entered into her thought or desire. Her whole being closed for the time about this purpose; her heart, always warm towards Kitty, — whom she admired with a sort of generous frenzy, — expanded with all kinds of lovely designs; in a word, every dress she had she would instantly have bestowed upon that worshipful creature who was capable of adding another marriage to the world. I hope the reader finds nothing vulgar or unbecoming in this, for I do not; it was an enthusiasm, pure and simple, a beautiful and unselfish abandon; and I am sure men ought to be sorry that they are not worthier to be favored by it. Ladies have often to lament in the midst of their finesse that, after all, no man is deserving the fate they devote themselves to prepare for him, or, in other words, that women cannot marry women.

I am not going to be so rash as try to depict Mrs. Ellison's arts, for then, indeed, I should make her appear the clumsy conspirator she was not, and should merely convict myself of ignorance of such matters. Whether Mr. Arbuton was ever aware of them, I am not sure: as a man he was, of course, obtuse and blind; but then, on the other hand, he had seen far more of the world than Mrs. Ellison, and she may have been clear as day to him. Probably, though, he did not detect any design; he could not have conceived of such a thing in a person with whom he had been so irregularly made acquainted, and to whom he felt himself so hopelessly superior. A film of ice such as in autumn you find casing the still pools

early in the frosty mornings, had gathered upon his manner over night, but it thawed under the greetings of the others, and he jumped actively out of the vehicle to offer the ladies their choice of seats. When all was arranged he found himself at Mrs. Ellison's side, for Kitty had somewhat eagerly climbed to the front seat with the colonel. In these circumstances it was pure zeal that sustained Mrs. Ellison in the flattering constancy with which she babbled on to Mr. Arbuton and refrained from openly resenting Kitty's contumacy.

As the wagon began to ascend the hill, the road was so rough that the springs smote together with pitiless jolts, and the ladies uttered some irrepressible moans. "Never mind, my dear," said the colonel, turning about to his wife, "we've got all the English there is at Ha-Ha Bay, any way." Whereupon the driver gave him a wink of sudden liking and good-fellowship. At the same time his tongue was loosed, and he began to talk of himself. "You see my dog, how he leaps all the time at the horse's nose? He is a moose-dog, and keeps himself in practice of catching the moose by the nose. You ought to come in the hunting season. I could furnish you with Indians and everything you need to hunt with. I am a dealer in wild beasts, you know, and I must keep prepared to trap them."

"Wild beasts?"

"Yes, for Barnum and the other showmen. I deal in deer, wolf, bear, beaver, moose, cariboo, wildcat, link —"

"What?"

"Link — link! You say deer for deers, and link for lynx, don't you?"

"Certainly," answered the unblushing colonel. "Are there many link about here?"

"Not many, and they are a very expensive animal. I have been shamefully treated in a link that I have sold to a Boston showman. It was a difficult beast to take; bit my Indian awfully; and Mr. Doolittle would not give the price he promised."

"What an outrage!"

"Yes, but it was not so bad as it might have been. He wanted the money back afterwards; the link died in about two weeks," said the dealer in wild animals, with a smile that curled his mustache into his ears, and a glance at Colonel Ellison. "He may have been bruised, I suppose. He may have been homesick. Perhaps he was never a very strong link. The link is a curious animal, miss," he said to Kitty, in conclusion.

They had been slowly climbing the mountain road, from which, on either hand, the pasture-lands fell away in long, irregular knolls and hollows. The tops were quite barren, but in the little vales, despite the stones, a short grass grew very thick and tenderly green, and groups of kine tinkled their soft bells in a sweet, desultory assonance as they cropped the herbage. Below, the bay filled the oval of the hills with its sunny expanse, and the white steamer, where she lay beside the busy wharf, and the black lumber-ships, gave their variety to the pretty scene, which was completed by the picturesque villages on the shore. It was a very simple sight, but somehow very touching, as if the soft spectacle were but a respite from desolation and solitude; as indeed it was.

Mr. Arbuton must have been talking of travel elsewhere, for now he said to Mrs. Ellison, "This looks like a bit of Norway; the bay yonder might very well be a fjord of the Northern sea."

Mrs. Ellison murmured her sense of obligation to the bay, the fjord, and Mr. Arbuton, for their complaisance, and Kitty, who remembered that he had somewhat snubbed her the night before for attributing any suggestive grace to the native scenery, leaned back toward him, and said with a smile: "I suppose we ought to congratulate the first American landscape that's ever reminded you of anything."

The colonel looked at her with eyes of humorous question; Mrs. Ellison looked blank; and Mr. Arbuton,

having quite forgotten what he had said to provoke this comment now, looked puzzled and answered nothing: for he had this trait also in common with the sort of Englishman for whom he was taken, that he never helped out your conversational venture, but if he failed to respond inwardly, left you with your unaccepted remark upon your hands, as it were. In his silence, Kitty fell a prey to very evil thoughts. It made her harmless sally look like a blundering attack upon him, and she detested him therefore, with the bitter hatred of a young girl for a handsome young man. But just then the driver came to her rescue; he said, "Gentlemen and ladies, this is the end of the mountain promenade," and, turning his horse's head, drove rapidly back to the village.

At the foot of the hill they came again to the church, and his passengers wanted to get out and look into it. "O certainly," said he, "it is n't finished yet, but you can say as many prayers as you like in it."

The church was decent and clean, like all Canadian churches, and at this early hour there was a good number of the villagers at their devotions. The lithographic pictures of the stations to Calvary were, of course, on its walls, and there was the ordinary tawdriness of paint and carving about the high altar.

"I don't like to see these things," said Mrs. Ellison. "It really seems to savor of idolatry. Don't you think so, Mr. Arbuton?"

"Well, I don't know. I doubt if they're the sort of people to be hurt by it."

"They need a good stout faith in cold climates, I can tell you," said the colonel. "It helps to keep them warm. The broad church would be too full of draughts up here. They want something snug and tight. Just imagine one of these poor devils listening to a liberal sermon about birds and fruits and flowers and beautiful sentiments, and then driving home over the hills with the mercury thirty degrees below zero! He could n't stand it."

"Yes, yes, certainly," said Mr. Arbuton, and looked about him with an eye of cold, uncompassionate inspection, as if he were trying it by a standard of taste, and, on the whole, finding the poor little church vulgar.

When they mounted to their places again, the talk fell entirely to the colonel, who, as his wont was, got what information he could out of the driver. It appeared, in spite of his theory, that they were not all good Catholics at Ha-Ha Bay. "This chap, for example," said the Frenchman, touching himself on the breast and using the slang he must have picked up from American travellers, "is no Catholic, — not much! He has made too many studies to care for religion. There's a large French party, sir, in Canada, that's opposed to the priests and in favor of annexation."

Voluble in any direction, he satisfied the colonel's utmost curiosity, discouraging, as he drove by the poor log-built cottages which were now and then sheathed in birch-bark, upon the local affairs, and the character and history of such of his fellow-villagers as they met. He knew the pretty girls upon the street and saluted them by name, interrupting himself with these courtesies in the lecture he was giving the colonel on life at Ha-Ha Bay. There was only one brick house (which he had built himself, but had been obliged to sell in a season unfavorable for wild beasts), and the other edifices dropped through the social scale to some picturesque barns thatched with straw. These he excused to his Americans, but added that the ungainly thatch was sometimes useful in saving the lives of the cattle toward the end of an unusually long, hard winter.

"And the people," asked the colonel, "what do they do in the winter to pass the time?"

"Draw the wood, smoke the pipe, court the ladies. — But would n't you like to see the inside of one of our poor cottages? I shall be very proud to have you look at mine, and to have you drink a glass of milk from my cows. I

am sorry that I cannot offer you brandy, but there's none to be bought in the place."

"Don't speak of it! For an eyep opener there is nothing like a glass of milk," gayly answered the colonel.

They entered the best room of the house,—wide, low-ceiled, dimly lit by two small windows, and fortified against the winter by a huge Canada stove of cast-iron. It was rude but neat, and had an air of decent comfort. Through the window appeared a very little vegetable garden with a border of the hardiest flowers. "The large beans there," explained the host, "are for soup and coffee. My corn," he said, pointing out some rows of dwarfish maize, "has escaped the early August frosts, and so I expect to have some roasting-ears yet this summer."

"Well, it is n't exactly what you'd call an inviting climate, is it?" asked the colonel.

The Canadian was a hard little man, but he answered now with a kind of pathos, "It's cruel! I came here when it was all bush. Twenty years I have lived here, and it has not been worth while. If it was to do over again, I should rather not live anywhere. I was born in Quebec," he said, as if to explain that he was used to mild climates, and began to tell of some events of his life at Ha-Ha Bay. Finally, "I wish you were going to stay here awhile with me. You would n't find it so bad in the summer-time, I can assure you. There are bears in the bush, sir," he said to the colonel, "and you might easily kill one."

"But then I should be helping to spoil your trade in wild beasts," replied the colonel, laughing.

Mr. Arbuton looked like one who might be very tired of this. He made no sign of interest either in the early glooms and privations or the summer bears of Ha-Ha Bay. He sat in the quaint parlor, with his hat on his knee, in the decorous and patient attitude of a gentleman making a call.

He had no feeling, Kitty said to herself; but that is a matter about which

we can easily be wrong. It was rather to be said of Mr. Arbuton that he had always shrunk from knowledge of things outside of a very narrow world, and that he had not a ready imagination. Moreover, he had a personal dislike, as I may call it, of poverty; and he did not enjoy this poverty as she did, because it was strange and suggestive, though doubtless he would have done as much to relieve distress.

"Rather too much of his autobiography," he said to Kitty, as he waited outside the door with her, while the Canadian quieted his dog, which was again keeping himself in practice of catching the moose by making vicious leaps at the horse's nose. "The egotism of that kind of people is always so aggressive. But I suppose he's in the habit of throwing himself upon the sympathy of summer visitors in this way. You can't offer a man shilling and sixpence who's taken you into his confidence. Did you find enough that was novel in his place to justify him in bringing us here, Miss Ellison?" he asked with an air he had of taking you of course to be of his mind, and which equally offended you whether you were so or not.

To Kitty every face that they had seen in their drive had told its pathetic story; into every cottage that they passed she had entered in thought, and dreamed out its humble drama. What their host had said gave breath and color to all she had fancied of the struggle of life there, and she was startled and shocked when this cold doubt was breathed upon the sympathetic tints of her picture. She did not know what to say at first; she looked at him with a sudden glance of embarrassment and trouble; then she answered, "I was very much interested. I don't agree with you, I believe"; which, when she heard it, seemed a resentful little speech, and made her willing for some occasion to soften its effect. But nothing occurred to her during the brief drive back to the boat, save the fact that the morning air was delicious.

"Yes, but rather cool," said Mr. Arbuton, whose feelings apparently had not needed any balm; and the talk fell again to the others.

On the pier he helped her down from the wagon, for the colonel was intent on something the driver was saying, and then offered his hand to Mrs. Ellison.

She sprang from her place, but stumbled slightly, and when she touched the ground, "I believe I turned my foot a little," she said with a laugh. "It's nothing, of course," and fainted in his arms.

Kitty gave a cry of alarm, and the next instant the colonel had relieved Mr. Arbuton. It was a scene, and nothing could have annoyed him more than this tumult which poor Mrs. Ellison's misfortune occasioned among the bystanding habitans and deckhands, and the passengers eagerly craning forward over the bulwarks, and running ashore to see what the matter was. Few men know just how to offer those little offices of helpfulness which such emergencies demand, and Mr. Arbuton could do nothing after he was rid of his burden; he hovered anxiously and uselessly about, while Mrs. Ellison was carried to an airy position on the bow of the boat, where in a few minutes he had the great satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. It was not the moment for him to speak, and he walked somewhat guiltily away with the dispersing crowd.

Mrs. Ellison addressed her first words to pale Kitty at her side. "You can have all my things, now," she said, as if it were a clause in her will, and perhaps it had been her last thought before unconsciousness.

"Why, Fanny," cried Kitty, with an hysterical laugh, "you're not going to die! A sprained ankle is n't fatal!"

"No; but I've heard that a person with a sprained ankle can't put their foot to the ground for weeks; and I shall only want a dressing-gown, you know, to lie on the sofa in." With that, Mrs. Ellison placed her hand tenderly on Kitty's head, like a mother

wondering what will become of a helpless child during her disability; in fact she was mentally weighing the advantages of her wardrobe, which Kitty would now fully enjoy, against the loss of the friendly strategy which she would now lack. Helpless to decide the matter, she heaved a sigh.

"But, Fanny, you won't expect to travel in a dressing-gown."

"Indeed, I wish I knew whether I *could* travel in *anything* or not. But the next twenty-four hours will show. If it swells up, I shall have to rest awhile at Quebec; and if it does n't, there may be something internal. I've read of accidents when the person thought they were perfectly well and comfortable, and the first thing they knew they were in a very dangerous state. That's the worst of these internal injuries: you never can tell. Not that I think there's anything of that kind the matter with me. But a few days' rest won't do any harm, whatever happens; the stores in Quebec are quite as good and a little cheaper than in Montreal; and I could go about in a carriage, you know, and put in the time as well in one place as the other. I'm sure we could get on very pleasantly there; and the colonel need n't be home for a month yet. I suppose that I could hobble into the stores on a crutch."

Whilst Mrs. Ellison's monologue ran on with scarcely a break from Kitty, her husband was gone to fetch her a cup of tea and such other light refreshment as a lady may take after a swoon. She had a good enough appetite, and sent him again for more tea and toast. When he returned she bethought herself of Mr. Arbuton, who, having once come back to see if all was going well, had vanished again.

"Why, our friend Boston is bearing up under his share of the morning's work like a hero — or a lady with a sprained ankle," said the colonel as he arranged the relay of provision. "To see the havoc he's making in the ham and eggs and chiccory is to be con-

vinced that there is no appetizer like regret for the sufferings of others."

"Why, and here's poor Kitty not had a bite yet!" cried Mrs. Ellison. "Kitty, go off at once and get your breakfast. Put on my—"

"O, *don't*, Fanny, or I can't go; and I'm really very hungry."

"Well, I won't then," said Mrs. Ellison, seeing the rainy cloud in Kitty's eyes. "Go just as you are, and don't mind me." And so Kitty went, gathering courage at every pace, and sitting down opposite Mr. Arbuton with a vivid color to be sure, but otherwise lion-bold. He had been upbraiding the stars that had thrust him further and further at every step into the intimacy of these people, as he called them to himself. It was just twenty-four hours, he reflected, since he had met them, and resolved to have nothing to do with them, and in that time the young lady had brought him under the necessity of apologizing for a blunder of her own; he had played the eavesdropper to her talk; he had sentimentalized the midnight hour with her; they had all taken a morning ride together; and he had ended by causing Mrs. Ellison to sprain her ankle and faint in his arms. It was outrageous; and what made it worse was that decency obliged him to take henceforth a regretful, deprecatory attitude towards Mrs. Ellison, whom he liked least among these people. So he sat vindictively eating an enormous breakfast, in a sort of angry abstraction, from which Kitty's coming roused him to say that he hoped Mrs. Ellison was better.

"O, very much! It's just a sprain."

"A sprain may be a very annoying thing," said Mr. Arbuton dismally. "Miss Ellison," he cried, "I've been nothing but an affliction to your party since I came on board this boat!"

"Do you think evil genius of our party would be too harsh a term?" suggested Kitty.

"Not in the least; it would be a mere euphemism,—base flattery, in fact. Call me something worse."

"I can't think of anything. I must

leave you to your own conscience. It was a pity to end our ride in that way; it would have been such a pleasant ride!" And Kitty took heart from his apparent mood to speak of some facts of the morning that had moved her fancy. "What a strange little nest it is up here among these half-thawed hills! And imagine the winter, the fifteen or twenty months of it, they must have every year. I could almost have shed tears—could n't you?—over that patch of corn that had escaped the early August frosts. I suppose this is a sort of Indian summer that we are enjoying now, and that the cold weather will set in after a week or two. My cousin and I thought that Tadoussac was somewhat retired and composed last night, but I'm sure that I shall see it in its true light, as a metropolis, going back. I'm afraid that the turmoil and bustle of Eriecreek, when I get home—"

"Eriecreek?—when you get home?—I thought you lived at Milwaukeee."

"O no! It's my cousins who live at Milwaukeee. I live at Eriecreek, New York State."

"Oh!" Mr. Arbuton, looked blank and not altogether pleased. Milwaukeee was bad enough, though he understood that it was largely peopled from New England, and had a great German element, which might account for the fact that these people were not quite barbaric. But this Eriecreek, New York State! "I don't think I've heard of it," he said.

"It's a small place," observed Kitty, "and I believe it is n't noted for anything in particular; it's not even on any railroad. It's in the northwest part of the State."

"Is n't it in the oil-regions?" groped Mr. Arbuton.

"Why, the oil-regions are rather migratory, you know. It used to be in the oil-regions; but the oil was pumped out, and then the oil-regions gracefully withdrew and left the cheese-regions and grape-regions to come back and take possession of the old derricks and the rusty boilers. You

might suppose from the appearance of the meadows, that all the boilers that ever blew up had come down in the neighborhood of Eriecreek. And every field has its derrick standing just as the last dollar or the last drop of oil left it."

Mr. Arbuton brought his fancy to bear upon Eriecreek, and wholly failed to conceive of it. He did not like the notion of its being thrust within the range of his knowledge; and he resented its being the home of Miss Ellison, whom he was beginning to accept as a not quite comprehensible yet certainly agreeable fact, though with still a disposition to cast her off as something incredible. He asked no further about Eriecreek, and presently she rose and went to join her relatives, and he went to smoke his cigar, and to ponder upon the problem presented to him in this young girl from whose locality and conjecturable experiences he was at a loss how to infer her as he found her here.

She had a gentle repose, a delicate self-reliance mingling with an innocent trust of others which Mrs. Isabel March had described to her husband as a charm potent to make everybody sympathetic and good-natured, but which it would not be easy to account for to Mr. Arbuton. In part it was a natural gift, and partly it came from mere ignorance of the world; it was the unsnubbed fearlessness of a heart which could not suspect injustice it had never felt, or imagine itself misprized for anything but a fault. For this false conception of her relations to society, Kitty's Uncle Jack was chiefly to blame. In the fierce democracy of his revolt from his Virginian traditions he had taught his family that a belief in any save intellectual and moral distinctions was a mean and cruel superstition; he had contrived to fix this idea so deeply in the education of his children, that it gave a coloring to their lives, and Kitty, when her turn came, had the effect of it in the character of those about her. In fact she accepted his

extreme theories of equality to a degree that delighted her uncle, who, having held them many years, was growing perhaps a little languid in their tenure and was glad to have his grasp strengthened by her faith. Socially as well as politically Eriecreek was almost a perfect democracy, and there was nothing in Kitty's circumstances to contradict the doctor's teachings. His house being headquarters for so many emancipated spirits, what she learned of the world outside confirmed her belief in their practicability if not their actual operation; the brief visits which she had made to Buffalo and Erie, and, since the colonel's marriage, to Milwaukee, had not sufficed to undeceive her; she had never suffered slight save from the ignorant and uncouth; she believed that in people of culture she should always find community of feeling and ideas; and so, not knowing the world, she had the ease that perfect knowledge of it gives.

In the secluded life which she led perforce at Eriecreek there was an abundance of leisure, which she bestowed upon books at an age when most girls are sent to school. The doctor had a good taste of an old-fashioned kind in literature, and he had a library pretty well stocked with the more elderly English authors, poets, and essayists and novelists, and here and there an historian, and these Kitty read childlike, enjoying them at the time in a certain way, and storing up in her mind things that she did not for the present understand, but of which the beauty and value dawned upon her from time to time, as she grew older. But of far more use and pleasure to her than these now somewhat mouldy classics were the more modern books of her cousin Charles, — that pride and hope of his father's heart, who had died the year before she came to Eriecreek. He was named after her own father, and it was as if her Uncle Jack found both his son and his brother in her again. When her taste for reading began to show itself in force, the old man one day unlocked

a certain bookcase in a little upper room, and gave her the key, saying, with a broken pride and that queer Virginia pomp which still clung to him, "This was my son's, who would one day have been a great writer; now it is yours." After that the doctor would pick up the books out of this collection which Kitty was reading and had left lying about the rooms, and look into them a little way. Sometimes he fell asleep over them; sometimes when he opened on a page pencilled with marginal notes, he would put the volume gently down and go very quickly out of the room.

"Kitty, I reckon you'd better not leave poor Charley's books around where Uncle Jack can get at them," one of the girls, Virginia or Rachel, would say; "I don't believe he cares much for those writers, and the sight of the books just tries him." And so it came about that Kitty kept the books, and herself for the most part with them, in the upper chamber which had been Charles Ellison's room, and where, amongst the witnesses of the dead boy's ambitious dreams, she grew dreamer herself and seemed to inherit with his earthly place his own fine and gentle spirit.

The doctor, as his daughter suggested, did not care much for the modern authors in whom his son had delighted. Like many another simple and pure-hearted man, he thought that since Pope there had been no great poet but Byron, and he could make nothing out of Tennyson and Browning, or the other contemporary English poets. Amongst the Americans he had a great respect for Whittier, but he preferred Lowell to the rest because he had written the "Biglow Papers," and he never would allow that the last series was half so good as the first. These and the other principal poets of our nation and language Kitty inherited from her cousin, as well as a full stock of the contemporary novelists and romancers, whom she liked better than the poets on the whole. She had also the advantage of the magazines and re-

views which used to come to him, and the house overflowed with newspapers of every kind, from the Erie-creek Courier to the New York Tribune. What with the coming and going of the eccentric visitors, and this continual reading, and her rides about the country with her Uncle Jack, Kitty's education, such as it was, went on very actively and with the effect, at least, to give her a great liveliness of mind and several decided opinions. Where it might have warped her out of natural simplicity, and made her conceited, the keen and wholesome airs which breathed continually in the Ellison household came in to restore her. There was such tenderness in this discipline, that she never could remember when it wounded her; it was part of the gayety of those times when she would sit down with the girls, and they took up some work together, and rattled on in a free, wild, racy talk, with an edge of satire for whoever came near, a fantastic excess in its drollery, and just a touch of native melancholy tingeing it. The last queer guest, some neighborhood gossip, some youthful folly or pretentiousness of Kitty's, some trait of their own, some absurdity of the boys if they happened to be at home, and came lounging in, were the themes out of which they contrived such jollity as never was, save when in Uncle Jack's presence they fell upon some characteristic or performance or theory of his and turned it into endless ridicule.

But of such people, of such life, Mr. Arbuton could have made nothing if he had known them. In many things he was an excellent person, and greatly to be respected for certain qualities. He was very sincere; his mind had a singular purity and rectitude; he was a scrupulously just person so far as he knew. He had traits that would have fitted him very well for the career he had once contemplated, and he had even made some preliminary studies for the ministry. But the very generosity of his creed perplexed him, his mislikers said; contending that he could never have sympathized with the mob

of the redeemed. "Arbuton," said a fat young fellow, the supposed wit of the class, "thinks there *are* persons from the lower orders in heaven; but he does n't like the idea." And Mr. Arbuton did not like the speaker very well, either, nor any of his poorer fellow-students, whose gloveless and unfashionable poverty, and meagre board and lodgings, and general hungry dependence upon pious bequests and neighborhood kindnesses, offended his instincts. "So he's given it up, has he?" moralized the same wit, upon his retirement. "If Arbuton could have been a divinely commissioned apostle to the best society, and been obliged to save none but well-connected, old-established, and cultivated souls, he might have gone into the ministry." This was a coarse construction of the truth, but it was not altogether a perversion. It was long ago that he had abandoned the thought of the ministry, and he had since travelled, and read law, and become a man of society and of clubs; but he still kept the traits that had seemed to make his vocation clear. On the other hand he kept the prejudices that were imagined to have disqualified him. He was an exclusive by training and by instinct. It is possible that if he had known more kinds of men, he would have recognized merits and excellences which did not now exist for him; but I do not think he would have liked them. He gave ordinary humanity credit for a certain measure of sensibility, but it was hard for him to believe in refinement other than that which came from the circumstances and influences of his own life, or from like circumstances and influences in Europe, or perhaps I ought to say England, for he thought the Continent at its best rather underbred. His doubt, therefore, of these Western people was the most natural, if not the most justifiable thing in the world, and as for Kitty, if he could have known all about her, I do not see how he could have believed in her at all. As it was, he went in search of her party when he had smoked his cigar, and

found them on the forward promenade. She had left him in quite a lenient mood, although, as she perceived with amusement, he had done nothing to merit it, except give her cousin a sprained ankle. At the moment of his reappearance, Mrs. Ellison had been telling Kitty that she thought it was beginning to swell a little, and so it could not be anything internal; and Kitty had understood that she meant her ankle as well as if she had said so, and had sorrowed and rejoiced over her, and the colonel had been inculpated for the whole affair. This made Mr. Arbuton's excuses rather needless, though they were most graciously received.

III.

ON THE WAY BACK TO QUEBEC.

By this time the boat was moving down the river, and every one was alive to the scenery. The procession of the pine-clad, rounded heights on either shore began shortly after Ha-Ha Bay had disappeared behind a curve, and it hardly ceased, save at one point, before the boat re-entered the St. Lawrence. The shores of the stream are almost uninhabited. The hills rise from the water's edge, and if ever a narrow vale divides them, it is but to open drearier solitudes to the eye. In such a valley would stand a saw-mill, and huddled about it a few poor huts, while a friendless road, scarce discernible from the boat, wound up from the river through the valley, and led to wildernesses all the forlorn for the devastation of their forests. Now and then an island, rugged as the shores, broke the long reaches of the grim river with its mass of rock and dark evergreen, and seemed in the distance to forbid escape from those dreary waters, over which no bird flew, and in which it was incredible any fish swam.

Mrs. Ellison, with her foot comfortably and not ungracefully supported on a stool, was in so little pain as to be looking from time to time at one of the

guide-books which the colonel had lavished upon his party, and which she was disposed to hold to very strict account for any excesses of description.

"It says here that the water of the Saguenay is as black as ink. Do *you* think it is, Richard?"

"It looks so."

"Well, but if you took some up in your hand?"

"Perhaps it would n't be as black as the best Maynard and Noyes, but it would be black enough for all practical purposes."

"Maybe," suggested Kitty, "the guide-book means the kind that is light blue at first, but 'becomes a deep black on exposure to the air,' as the label says."

"What do you think, Mr. Arbuton?" asked Mrs. Ellison with unabated anxiety.

"Well, really, I don't know," said Mr. Arbuton, who thought it a very trivial kind of talk, "I can't say, indeed. I have n't taken any of it up in my hand."

"That's true," said Mrs. Ellison gravely, with an accent of reproval for the others who had not thought of so simple a solution of the problem, "very true."

The colonel looked into her face with an air of well-feigned alarm. "You don't think the sprain has gone to your head, Fanny?" he asked, and walked away, leaving Mr. Arbuton to the ladies. Mrs. Ellison did not care for this or any other gibe, if she but served her own purposes; and now, having made everybody laugh and given the conversation a lively turn, she was as perfectly content as if she had not been herself an offering to the cause of cheerfulness. She was, indeed, equal to any sacrifice in the enterprise she had undertaken, and would not only have given Kitty all her worldly goods, but would have quite effaced herself to further her own designs upon Mr. Arbuton. She turned again to her guide-book, and left the young people to continue the talk in unbroken gaiety. They at once became serious, as most

people do after a hearty laugh, which, if you think, seems always to have something strange and sad in it. But besides, Kitty was oppressed by the coldness that seemed perpetually to hover in Mr. Arbuton's atmosphere, while she was interested by his fastidious good looks and his blameless manners and his air of a world different from any she had hitherto known. He was one of those men whose perfection makes you feel guilty of misdemeanor whenever they meet you, and whose greeting turns your honest good-day coarse and common; even Kitty's fearless ignorance was not proof against him. She had found it easy to talk with Mrs. March as she did with her cousin at home; she liked to be frank and gay in her parley, to jest and to laugh and to make harmless fun, and to sentimentalize in a half-earnest way; she liked to be with Mr. Arbuton, but now she did not see how she could take her natural tone with him, though it had to come to that as soon as the talk began. She wondered at her daring lightness with him at the breakfast table; she waited for him to say something, and he said, with a glance at the gray heaven that always overhangs the Saguenay, that it was beginning to rain, and unfurled the slender silk umbrella which harmonized so perfectly with the London effect of his dress, and held it over her. Mrs. Ellison sat within the shelter of the projecting roof, and diligently perused her book with her eyes, and listened to their talk.

"The great drawback to this sort of thing in America," continued Mr. Arbuton, "is that there is no human interest about the scenery, fine as it is."

"Why, I don't know," said Kitty, "there was that little settlement round the saw-mill. Can't you imagine any human interest in the lives of the people there? It seems to me that one might make almost anything out of them. I've been at work on them ever since we passed the place, and I've found that nearly everything has happened there. Could n't you sup-

pose, for example, that the owner of that mill was a disappointed man who had come here to bury the wreck of his life in — sawdust ? ”

“ O, yes, yes ! That sort of thing ; certainly. But I did n't mean that, I meant something historical. There is no past, no atmosphere, no traditions, you know.”

“ O, but the Saguenay *has* a tradition,” said Kitty. “ You know that a party of the first explorers left their comrades at Tadoussac, and came up the Saguenay three hundred years ago, and never were seen or heard of again. I don't believe any river has a better tradition than that. And besides, it's so in keeping with the looks of the river. The Saguenay would never tell a secret.”

“ Um ! ” uttered Mr. Arbuton, as if he were not quite sure that it was the Saguenay's place to have a legend of this sort, and disposed to snub the legend because the Saguenay had it. After a little silence, he began to speak of famous rivers abroad.

“ I suppose,” Kitty said, “ you've no fault to find with the Rhine scenery. That has traditions enough, has n't it ? ”

“ Yes,” he answered, “ but I think the Rhine rather overdoes it. You can't help feeling, you know, that it's somewhat melodramatic and — common. Have you ever seen the Rhine ? ”

“ O *my*, no ! This is about the first I've seen of anything, and I'm glad of every inch. Perhaps,” she added, demurely, yet with a tremor at finding herself about to make light of Mr. Arbuton, “ if I had had too much of tradition on the Rhine I should want more of it on the Saguenay. That appears to be one of the advantages of foreign travel.”

“ Why, you must allow there's a golden mean in everything, Miss Ellison,” said her companion with a laugh, not feeling it disagreeable to be made light of by her.

“ Yes ; and I'm afraid we're going to find Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity altogether too big when we come to

them. Don't you think eighteen hundred feet excessively high for a feature of river scenery ? ”

Mr. Arbuton really did have an objection to the exaggerations of nature on this continent, and secretly thought them in bad taste, but he had never formulated his feeling. He was not sure but it was ridiculous, now that it was suggested, and yet the possibility was too novel to be entertained without suspicion. How could anything that was his be absurd ? Was it not more probably the perfection of taste because it was the tone of the order of things to which he belonged ?

However, when after a while the rumor of their approach to the great objects of the Saguenay journey had spread among the passengers, and they began to assemble at points favorable for the enjoyment of the spectacle, he was glad to have secured the place he held with Miss Ellison, and a sympathetic thrill of excitement passed through his loath superiority. The rain ceased as they drew nearer, and the gray clouds that had hung so low upon the hills sullenly lifted from them and let their growing height be seen. The captain bade them look at the vast Roman profile that showed itself upon the rock, and then he pointed out the wonderful Gothic arch, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages statue-like, till not many winters ago the frost heaved it from its base, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below. The unvarying gloom of the pines was lit now by the pensive glimmer of birch-trees, and this gray tone gave an indescribable sentiment of pathos and of age to the scenery. Suddenly the boat rounded the corner of the three steps, each five hundred feet high, in which Cape Eternity climbs from the river, and crept in under the naked side of the awful cliff. It is sheer rock, springing from the black water, and stretching upward with a weary, effort-like aspect, in long impulses of stone marked by deep

seams from space to space, till fifteen hundred feet in air, its vast brow beetles forward, and frowns with a scattering fringe of pines. There are stains of weather and of oozing springs upon the front of the cliff, but it is height alone that seems to seize the eye, and one remembers afterwards these details, which are indeed so few as not properly to enter into the effect. The rock fully justifies its attributive height to the eye, which follows the upward rush of the mighty acclivity, steep after steep, till it wins the cloud-capt summit, when the measureless mass seems to swing and sway overhead, and the nerves tremble with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. At the foot of Cape Eternity the water is of unknown depth, and it spreads, a black expanse, in the rounding hollow of shores of unimagination wildness and desolation, and issues again in its river's course around the base of Cape Trinity. This is yet loftier than the sister cliff, but it slopes gently backward from the stream, and from foot to crest it is heavily clothed with a forest of pines. The woods that hitherto have shagged the hills with a stunted and meagre growth; showing long stretches scarred by fire, now assume a stately size, and assemble themselves compactly upon the side of the mountain, setting their serried stems one rank above another, till the summit is crowned with the mass of their dark green plumes, dense and soft and beautiful; so that the spirit perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff is calmed and assuaged by the serene grandeur of this.

There have been, to be sure, some human agencies at work even under the shadow of Cape Eternity to restore the spirit to self-possession, and perhaps none turns from it wholly dismayed. Kitty, at any rate, found herself wonderfully revived by some works of Art which the cliff wall displayed

near the water's edge. One of these was a lively fresco portrait of Lieutenant-General Sherman, with the insignia of his rank, and the other was an even more striking effigy of General O'Neil, of the Armies of the Irish Republic, wearing a threatening aspect, and designed in a bold conceit of his presence there as conqueror of Canada in the year 1875. Mr. Arbuton was inclined to resent these intrusions upon the sublimity of nature, and he could not conceive, without disadvantage to them, how Miss Ellison and the colonel should accept them so cheerfully as part of the pleasure of the whole. As he listened blankly to their exchange of jests he found himself awfully beset by a temptation which one of the boat's crew placed in their midst. This was a bucket full of pebbles of inviting size; and the man said, "Now, see which can hit the cliff. It's farther than any of you can throw, though it looks so near."

The passengers cast themselves upon this store of missiles, Colonel Ellison most actively among them. None struck the cliff, and suddenly Mr. Arbuton felt a blind, stupid, irresistible longing to try his chance. The spirit of his college days, of his boating and ball-playing youth, came upon him. He picked up a pebble, while Kitty opened her eyes in a stare of dumb surprise. Then he wheeled and threw it, and as it struck against the cliff with a shock that seemed to have broken all the windows on the Back Bay, he exulted in a sense of freedom the havoc caused him. It was as if for an instant he had rent away the ties of custom, thrown off the bonds of social allegiance, broken down and trampled upon the conventions which his whole life long he had held so dear and respectable. In that moment of frenzy he feared himself capable of shaking hands with the shabby Englishman in the Glengarry cap, or of asking the whole admiring company of passengers down to the bar. A cry of applause had broken from them at his achievement, and he had for the first time tasted

the sweets of popular favor. Of course a revulsion must come, and it must be of a corresponding violence; and the next moment Mr. Arbuton hated them all, and most of all Colonel Ellison, who had been loudest in his praise. Him he thought for that moment everything that was aggressively and intrusively vulgar. But he could not utter these friendly impressions, nor is it so easy to withdraw from any concession, and he found it impossible to repair his broken defences. Destiny had been against him from the beginning, and now why should he not strike hands with it for the brief half-day that he was to continue in these people's society? In the morning he would part from them forever, and in the mean time why should he not try to please and be pleased? There might, to be sure, have been many reasons why he should not do this; but however the balance stood he now yielded himself passively to his fate. He was polite to Mrs. Ellison, he was attentive to Kitty, and as far as he could he entered into the fantastic spirit of her talk with the colonel. He was not a dull man; he had quite an apt wit of his own, and a neat way of saying things; but humor always seemed to him something not perfectly well bred; of course he helped to praise it in some old-established diner-out, or some woman of good fashion, whose *mots* it was customary to repeat, and he even tolerated it in books; but he was at a loss with these people, who looked at life in so bizarre a temper, yet without airiness or pretension, nay, with a whimsical readiness to acknowledge kindred in every droll or laughable thing.

The boat stopped at Tadoussac on her return, and among the people who came down to her landing was a certain very pretty, conscious-looking, silly, bridal-faced young woman, — imaginably the belle of the season at that forlorn watering-place, — who before coming on board stood awhile attended by a following of those elderly imperial and colonial British who heavily flutter round the fair at such resorts. She

had an air of utterly satisfied vanity, in which there was no harm in the world, and when she saw that she had fixed the eyes of the shoreward-gazing passengers, it appeared as if she fell into a happy trepidation too blissful to be passively borne; she moistened her pretty red lips with her tongue, she twitched her mantle, she settled the bow at her lovely throat, she bridled and tossed her graceful head.

"What should you do next, Kitty?" asked the colonel, who had been sympathetically intent upon all this.

"O, I think I should pat my foot," answered Kitty; and in fact the charming simpleton on shore, having perfected her attitude, was tapping the ground nervously with the toe of her adorable slipper.

After the boat started, a Canadian lady of ripe age, yet of a vivacity not to be reconciled with the notion of the married state, capered briskly about among her somewhat stolid and indifferent friends, saying, "They're going to fire it as soon as we round the point"; and presently a dull boom, as of a small piece of ordnance discharged in the neighborhood of the hotel, struck through the gathering fog, and this elderly sylph clapped her hands and exulted: "They've fired it, they've fired it! and now the captain will blow the whistle in answer." But the captain did nothing of the kind, and the lady, after some more girlish effervescence, upbraided him for an old owl and an old muff, and so sank into such a flat and spiritless calm that she was sorrowful to see.

"Too bad, Mr. Arbuton, is n't it?" said the colonel; and Mr. Arbuton listened in vague doubt while Kitty built up with her cousin a touching romance for the poor lady, supposed to have spent the one brilliant and successful summer of her life at Tadoussac, where her admirers had agreed to bemoan her loss in this explosion of gunpowder. They asked him if he did not wish the captain *had* whistled; and "Oh!" shuddered Kitty, "does n't it all make you feel just as if you had been

doing it yourself?" — a question which he hardly knew how to answer, never having, to his knowledge, done a ridiculous thing in his life, much less, been guilty of such behavior as that of the disappointed lady.

At Cacouna, where the boat stopped to take on the horses and carriages of some home-returning sojourners, the pier was a labyrinth of equipages of many sorts and sizes, and a herd of bright-hooded, gayly blanketed horses gave variety to the human crowd that soaked and steamed in the fine, slowly falling rain. A draught-horse was every three minutes driven into their midst with tedious iteration as he slowly drew baskets of coal up from the sloop unloading at the wharf, and each time they closed solidly upon his retreat as if they never expected to see that horse again while the world stood. They were idle ladies and gentlemen under umbrellas, Indians and habitants taking the rain stolidly erect or with shrugged shoulders, and two or three clergymen of the curate type, who might have stepped as they were out of any dull English novel. These were talking in low voices and putting their hands to their ears to catch the replies of the lady-passengers who hung upon the rail, and twaddled back as dryly as if there were no moisture in life. All the while the safety-valves hissed with the escaping steam, and the boat's crew silently toiled with the grooms of the different horses to get the equipages on board. With the carriages it was an affair of mere muscle, but the horses required to be managed with brain. No sooner had one of them placed his fore feet on the gangway plank than he protested by backing up over a mass of patient Canadians, carrying with him half a dozen grooms and deck-hands. Then his hood was drawn over his eyes, and he was blindly walked up and down the pier, and back to the gangway, which he knew as soon as he touched it. He pulled, he pranced, he shied, he did all that a bad and stubborn horse can do, till at last a groom mounted his back, a

clump of deck-hands tugged at his bridle, and other grooms, tenderly embracing him at different points, pushed, and he was thus conveyed on board with mingled affection and ignominy. None of the Canadians seemed amused by this; they regarded it with serious composure as a fitting decorum, and Mr. Arbuton had no comment to make upon it. But at the first embrace bestowed upon the horse by the grooms the colonel said absently, "Ah! long-lost brother," and Kitty laughed; and as the scruples of each brute were successively overcome, she helped to give some grotesque interpretation to the various scenes of the melodrama, while Mr. Arbuton stood beside her, and sheltered her with his umbrella; and a spice of malice in her heart told her that he viewed this drolling, and especially her part in it, with grave misgiving. This gave the zest of transgression to her harmless excess, mixed with dismay; for the tricky spirit in her was not a domineering spirit, but was easily abashed by the moods of others. She ought not to have laughed at Dick's speeches, she soon told herself, much less helped him on. She dreadfully feared that she had done something indecorous, and she was pensive and silent over it as she moved listlessly about after supper; and she sat at last thinking in a dreary sort of perplexity on what had passed during the day, which seemed a long one.

The shabby Englishman with his wife and sister were walking up and down the cabin. By and by they stopped, and sat down at the table facing Kitty; the elder woman, with a civil freedom, addressed her some commonplace, and the four were presently in lively talk; for Kitty had beamed upon the woman in return, having already longed to know something of them. The world was so fresh to her, that she could find delight in those poor singing or acting folk, though she had to own to herself that their talk was not very witty nor very wise, and that the best thing about them was

their good-nature. The colonel sat at the end of the table with a newspaper; Mrs. Ellison had gone to bed; and Kitty was beginning to tire of her new acquaintance, and to wonder how she could get away from them, when she saw rescue in the eye of Mr. Arbuton as he came down the cabin. She knew he was looking for her; she saw him check himself with a start of recognition; then he walked rapidly by the group, without glancing at them.

"Brrrr!" said the blond girl, drawing her blue knit shawl about her shoulders, "is n't it cold?" and she and her friends laughed.

"O dear!" thought Kitty, "I did n't suppose they were so rude. I'm afraid I must say good night," she added aloud, after a little, and stole off to her state-room, the most conscience-stricken creature on that boat. She heard those people laugh again after she left them.

W. D. Howells.

A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide ;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream ?
Or glimpse through æons old ?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

John G. Whittier.

IDIOSYNCRASIES.

WEBSTER defines the word "idiosyncrasy" thus: "A peculiarity of constitution or susceptibility, occasioning certain peculiarities of effect, from the impress of extraneous influences or agencies."

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, or, perhaps, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, know nothing of idiosyncrasies, save that the word is in the dictionaries; the thousandth is the victim of these "peculiarities of susceptibility" before he can spell words of three letters, and beyond a doubt continues so all his life.

Idiosyncrasies are to the mind what nervous diseases are to the body, — incomprehensible to those who never experienced them, but to the unfortunate persons who suffer from their effects very real afflictions. The vast majority of our fellow-creatures are so constituted that they are reasonably happy if they have none of the troubles which are admitted by the human race to *be* troubles, and which come labelled as such; that is, if they are not de-

prived of health, or wealth, or social position; if they have a moderate number of friends, and are not too painfully "crossed in love," as the expression is. It would be hard to count the persons who are reasonably happy without possessing these stated requisites; yet there are many individuals in the world the outward conditions of whose lives are all favorable, but whose "peculiarities of constitution and susceptibility" render them an enigma to their friends and to themselves; and whose comfort or discomfort, even happiness or unhappiness, are arbitrarily determined by the influence which slight details of circumstance and surrounding exert over them.

To such unpleasantly impressionable persons little things are of vital importance; they are almost blessings or curses. Anything that contents their capricious notions of beauty and propriety affects them as the sound of a music-box affected Mr. Thoreau, — makes everything run smoothly under the sun; while anything that crosses

these ideas tests their philosophy and Christian fortitude severely. Two or three spires of gladiolus or day-lilies in a neighbor's garden, a flight of birds, an unexpectedly suggestive figure in a parlor carpet, a little painting hung in a corner, a sunset, or a maple-tree that autumn has turned red, may be pieces of inestimable good fortune. Coarseness in material or color, a picture that makes some pet aversion enduring, a combination of purple and light blue, certain peculiar dispositions of furniture, certain houses, streets, and prospects, communication with certain individuals, may produce the most depressing effects and, for the time, darken the horizon of life.

I know that another definition of "idiosyncrasy" is, "a morbid and fastidious fancy"; and I admit that it is the general opinion that fancies can be cured by a small dose of common-sense; but fancies are born with the fanciful person, and their force is felt quite as much in childhood as in middle age; and I believe no one thus enslaved by nature can ever emancipate himself wholly from this tyranny of daily sights and events. Can all the common-sense in the world enable a person of musical discrimination to endure a sharp discord without cringing? Nobody wonders at that. Why may not minds be as sensitive as ears?

The idiosyncrasy — if I may coin the word — is a perpetual riddle to himself. Haircloth and mahogany may pall his brightest spirits; the sight of a barberry-bush or a buttonwood-tree, or a stray sunbeam falling on auburn hair, may as unaccountably exhilarate him. It is hopeless to reason, to analyze, to expect to follow precedents. The lady who sat for two hours trying to discover what possible difference it could make to her whether the tops of the evergreen hedge opposite her dining-room windows were cut square or rounded, did not fathom the mystery. She only knew that they affected her imagination and appetite favorably when they were rounded, unfavorably when they were squared.*

Why is it that I cannot enter certain houses, or talk with certain people, without becoming suddenly and inexplicably miserable? And why is it that the mere sight of another face, the mere passing by a particular apple-tree, or a half-hour's row on the river, sets me right again? Most people dislike snakes and like roses, but why are there so many snakes and roses for me? No amount of reasoning can tell me.

Sometimes agreeables and disagreeables balance: I have come in from a walk on a cold, bright, characterless winter day, utterly dispirited, and have been enveloped suddenly in an atmosphere of comfort by the sight of a changeable silk dress. It is possible, sometimes, to prescribe for one's self: after entertaining a disagreeable caller, after a washing-day or a cleaning-day, one may make a pilgrimage to one's favorite hill, or woods; one may sit down and read a French *comédie* or *vaudeville*. At one time the "Arabian Nights" was my sovereign specific, at another an open fire.

It is an excellent plan for an "oddy" to pet himself, innocently, if he can find out how; for it is nearly impossible to defy nature, and an insignificant line of poplars may bring back all the funerals he ever witnessed, in succession; an odor of cabbage may prevent him from finishing a poem; a dismal gatepost may upset a mathematical calculation, in spite of his utmost efforts to the contrary.

When you are out of spirits, tell your friend you have neuralgia, and he will pity you. Tell him that a barren, sandy road and a bare field, that you see from the window, is worse than neuralgia to you, and he will simply think you are a subject for an insane asylum. Tell your family you moved your study to the other side of the house because you could see to write longer at twilight, and don't hint that you did it because six cottages all exactly alike were being erected before the windows of your ancient sanctum.

Idiosyncrasies have first-cousins.

The cousin most widely known is Superstition. But with this enemy we can wage open war. It has to be fostered; it is not a tendency of the mind, developing with its growth. Its intrusion can always be detected, but it usually brings a passport, and so is often received. It is even tucked away, in the form of a notion, in a private corner of the brain of many a person who laughs at ghosts and detests spiritualistic performances. It is easy to depise forerunners and four-leaved clovers, and to be indifferent over which shoulder one sees the new moon. One need not affect disbelief in the tradition that dead ancestors walk in the small hours; in stories of haunted houses, mysterious affinities, and inspired articles of furniture. But in nearly every mass of practicality there is an extravagance. The person "with not a *bit* of nonsense about him" is a fable. It may be hard to find the nonsense, but it is there. The learned doctor who could not think clearly unless he had on an especial brown stuff gown, the distinguished lawyer who was sure the day's work would be unlucky if he failed to set his foot on a certain seam in his doorstep when he left the house in the morning, your friends and mine who do not care to commence a pair of slippers or to start on a journey on Friday, are examples of it. Superstition is a fruitful subject.

There are other cousins, christened eccentric connections of thought and involuntary movements of the mind. In writing of these, I must still take my illustrations mainly from my own experience, supplementing them with what I have read and what has been told me.

To begin with myself, I did not learn my letters from a pictorial alphabet, and I have only seen one dwarf in my life; but I can never look at a capital "B" without seeing a dwarf as plainly as I see the character; or at an "S," without straightway beholding an overdressed lady with a toilet-glass in her hand. "I" is inseparable from a milestone, and "Q" from a serpent. The

nine digits *will* ascend in a straight line before my mind's eye, and the larger numbers *will* slant off at a queer angle, thus:—

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 etc.

9 10 11 12

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

1

What connection is there between an obtuse angle and the Arabic signs?

A young lady of my acquaintance cannot pass over the Common, without remembering with almost painful vividness a verse in Victor Hugo's poem "Gastibelza." She has seen that Common since she was a child, and she read the poem three years ago when she was miles away; but recently the place and the poem have become one, so to speak, and cannot be divided. Yet it seems strange that a square enclosure, bordered by a hotel and commonplace houses, should suggest the verse,

- "Vraiment, la reine eut, près d'elle, été laide,
Quand, vers le soir,
Elle passait sur le pont de Toléde
En corset noir :
Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne
Ornait son cou. —
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne,
Me rendra fou !"

Another locates whatever scenes are described in the romance or history she reads on the farm where she lived when a child. The Newcomes lived on this farm, the Punic wars were carried on there, and Thermopylæ is a narrow strip of grass between a ploughed field and an orchard wall; which is about as ridiculous as my own inability to separate Beranger's *petit homme gris* from a grasshopper, or to think of Vienna without seeing our washerwoman's cottage with red flowers in the window.

Many places in foreign lands, that I have long wished to see, are situated

on the banks of the river that runs through my native town. Venice is where the water is smooth, partially shadowed, with only little flecks and bars of sunshine upon it, and so shallow that rocks rise above it in dry seasons. Every rock is a castle. A hill, used for pasturing sheep, and clothed with hemlocks on the side that slopes abruptly to the river, is my Alps, — fully as satisfactory to me as the real ones, I have no doubt. The Jura Mountains are two or three little knolls one can see farther down the stream. Paris is a sunny marsh, bordering flat fields, across which one can see the town, where the scarlet cardinals and the blue and white river flags rustle and nod gayly together. Marseilles is a sandy strip with white pebbles scattered over it. I can trace the connection here. Dickens has shown Marseilles as it is at noon in summer, all one broad, white glare. Rome is under the wide, stone arches of a picturesque old bridge, and the Campagne is a flat, reedy space near by. London is where the stream is narrow and boats are moored. Athens is a pile of rocks. Sorrento and Naples are mossed, sunny ledges in the cliffs. A hollow beneath the exposed roots of an oak-tree is the gallery in the Pitti Palace where hangs the portrait of Jerome Savonarola, and I am uncomfortable when the water covers it in spring. Camelot is six miles down the river, and Spain is on its south branch. A willow covered with grape-vines is my Notre Dame, a broken-down oak is Kenilworth Castle, and I am always making Milan Cathedral out of single lilies.

I cannot imagine what led me to locate the places as I have. Of course they originated in vague and unprofitable fancies. But they are grown facts, and I can no more dispute them than deny that the sun is shining while I write.

If I may multiply illustrations, there is a path in the town that is, to me, the place where Mr. Longfellow took his "Walk in Winter"; there is a

meadow where Mr. Lowell's "Dandelion" grows, and his "Birch-Tree" is in the woods; I have seen Bryant's "Water Fowl" fly over; there is a place in the garret that means nothing but Molière and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; I have gathered Wordsworth's "Daffodils" and Rose Terry's "Arbutus," which can grow only in one place; there is only one place, too, where, with Bayard Taylor, I have seen,

"The winds, that shake the whiteweed, roll
The meadows into foam."

Faust and Margaret live in a fire once in a while; Mr. Emerson's "Humble Bee" flies through my garden, and the sands by the old mill-brook are the "Sands o' Dee."

Well, to anybody else this seems utter nonsense, but everything is in theory, resemblance, and association. Columbines suggest vanity to other people; snow, purity; blue skies are connected with Heaven; and mud typifies a darkened intellect. Whittington was talked to by bells, Paul Dombey by a clock, and so forth. These fabrications of the mind are queer structures, and their bases are hidden in fog. The idealist can laugh at them, but he must accept them.

As for involuntary movements of mind, there are journalists who go on arranging facts and composing leading articles in their sleep; there are young ladies who solve algebraic problems in their dreams; there are plenty of people whose minds grind on like machines and almost defy control: but one illustration must suffice: A lady read two lines in a poem which did not particularly impress her; they were,

"Go forth upon the long, bright road,
Unto the city of your God."

To her amazement, these lines appropriated a corner of her brain and lived there. She found herself continually saying them over, and she could not hear any sudden, unexpected noise — the steam-whistle, or the striking of a clock, or the rumble of a cart — without being seized with a preternatural anxiety to say those lines over three times before the noise ceased. The couplet

haunts her in her walks. Fancy the surprise of one of the sober farmers who sometimes pass her, mounted in their wagons, if he could know the lady on the sidewalk was hurrying over six lines of poetry, trying to finish before he gets by! Although the reader may have formed a contrary opinion, the lady is not a lunatic.

There are, also, abnormal states of mind, or, I ought to say, their beginnings, which come to sane persons who are not mediums, or seers, or seventh children of seventh children, who do not see visions, or dream dreams. Mr. Tennyson writes in his "Princess":—

"Myself, too, had weird seizures, Heaven knows what!

On a sudden, in the midst of men and day,
And while I walked and talked, as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts
And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

I can only say, about these "weird seizures," that I have been sitting, engaged in the practical, economical, prosaic employment of sewing buttons on a dress while two or three ladies were gossiping in the room, and I have seen the faces and voices, the sunshine and shadow, as if they were in a picture I was looking at, while I was really far away in some strange, half-comprehended state. It is a distressing and unnatural sensation, and seems, as far as I can analyze it, to be a passing inability to realize what is transpiring, a reluctance of the brain to go on receiving impressions. Another consciousness seems to overshadow the present, and I find myself wondering, as if sights and sounds were strange hieroglyphics I could not decipher. If this is like the "fish-stories" of our youth, I cannot help it.

There is no need to enlarge on the subject. What do people who do not have idiosyncrasies, and eccentric connections of thought, and involuntary movements, and abnormal states of mind, care about them? And for people who do, sympathy is pleasant, but

they have enough to do to meet their own trials.

It is safe to assume that there will be no idiosyncrasies in the millennium. In that happy time, doctors will not prescribe mullen-tea and extract of rhubarb, when the patient suffers from one of Edgar Poe's stories, or is fevered with too much Edgeworth. People will not be sent on sea-voyages when they feel that there is a gulf between themselves and the human race,—as ministers are apt to, Monday mornings,—because somebody they live with, daily and unintentionally, depresses them. It will be understood that idiosyncrasies are as enduring and as undurable as crossed eyes.

Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" will not console the afflicted. "Locke on the Understanding" will not be equal to the occasion (I remember I used to wonder if Youatt *rode* on the Horse, and if Locke *rode* on the Understanding). I believe, privately, that somebody who has written about "Bilious Affections" came as near the solution of the difficulty as any one who has tried metaphysics. I am waiting for the coming man—or woman—who will entitle a volume "How to avoid receiving Unpleasant Impressions; or, A Recipe for Logical Thinking." The world will be better for that man's—or woman's—life.

There is one word to be said about the real trial of being an "odddy." It needs more faith and patience than can be imagined by the inexperienced. There is only one comfort; that is, being what we were made to be, as far as possible, and using idiosyncrasies etc., as a means of grace. Say the wind is east with Mr. Jarndyce, and go to work. There is no human being who is not upon some round of

"Cette échelle d'or, qui va se perdre en Dieu,"

and when we reach the top, we shall know what all hindrances, great or small, meant.

Miss H. R. Hudson.

A HUNT FOR SMUGGLERS.

IT is necessary once a year that the *Wayanda*, a revenue-cutter attached to the Pacific service, should show herself in all the roadsteads, bays, and harbors of some four hundred-miles of sea-coast extending from San Francisco to San Diego. Ten months out of the twelve, the *Wayanda* lies off Long Wharf, San Francisco Harbor. She swings regularly to the in-coming and out-going tide, and tunes her cordage to the rough blast, which for eight months in the year tears about eleven o'clock A. M. through the Golden Gate. Meantime, the officers eat, drink, sleep, smoke, tell each other all they know and more, become tired of life, wish for storms, convulsions, earthquakes, anything to dash this monotony with a fresh shade of color.

The *Wayanda* to a landsman looks a fine specimen of marine architecture. She is long, low, black, rakish, trim, and taut. Yet she is a maritime delusion. She is a contractor's imposition. Her engines are too large for the vessel. The boilers are too small to supply the necessary steam for the engines. When she was fully built, it was found that there was no room for stowing coal. So they sawed her in two, and pieced her out thirty feet. Hence she is suspected of having a weak back. She should be at least one third faster than she is. She is a fine specimen of what Uncle Sam often gets for his money.

No matter. About eighteen months ago, I found myself on board the *Wayanda*, bound down the coast. My position was uncertain. It hovered between that of passenger and "correspondent." We were on the yearly official hunt for smugglers. We were passing out the Golden Gate.

Fifteen hours' sail brought us to Santa Cruz. We found it a New England village on the Pacific coast. The harbor is an open roadstead. The

waves roll in a little shorn of their native force. There was one high pier at which a few vessels were surging and straining uneasily at their hawsers. We landed, and strolled into the city. We call anything in excess of a barn a city in California.

The inhabitants told us, if we came for sight-seeing purposes, it was our duty to visit the cathedral. The term "cathedral" is also in California recklessly applied to all manner of church edifices. The cathedral at Santa Cruz was barny, and the plastered walls badly battered by the last earthquake. When inside, a little boy seemed to be mysteriously produced from some portion of the edifice. The Padre was not at home. He offered to show us about. We said, "Show." He carried us behind the altar into a room full of images in plaster and wax, full of candlesticks, and heavy silk vestments with glittering fringes. I do not think we had any business there. I believe now that the little boy was emboldened by our presence to go there, and that, in the absence of the appropriate guardians, he used us as a foil to satisfy his own curiosity.

The officers and the correspondent, leaving the cathedral, went once more into the town, and demanded other sights to see. The inhabitants said there was nothing but a funeral. If we felt — No. We declined the invitation.

The *Wayanda's* cutter was signalled, and we went on board. Up came the anchor, and we sailed for Monterey. The roadstead makes a deep indentation in the coast. On one side lies Santa Cruz, on the other Monterey.

Monterey seemed the Sleepy Hollow of the Pacific coast. Here is yet a tinge of the dreamy, misty, guitar-tinkling, fandangoing atmosphere of the old Alta California, — the California which was but a yellow blotch on the ink-stained map of the school-boy, unfenced, cattle covered, famous only for

hides and tallow and "Two Years before the Mast"; knowing nothing and caring less for the busy outer world.

Scarce an inhabitant was seen as we landed and walked the main street. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer was heard from end to end of the town. So was the thump of some busy matron's "pound-barrel." A head occasionally peeped from a doorway; a squeaky pump wheezed its lamentations over the whole place and the fields beyond; an invisible crow cawed in the upper air; and had you looked closely upon the surrounding semicircle of hills, covered with tall red-woods, you might have seen a Mexican Rip Van Winkle toiling upward with his gun and dog Schneider, — going to sleep.

A chapel was open; curtains hung at the entrance partly pulled aside; we looked within; the altar was decorated with flowers and crowded with the other paraphernalia of Catholic worship; the candles were burning; it seemed restful and devotional for a week-day. In architecture, the brown, sun-baked, one-storied adobe of the Mexican, and the white front and green blind of painfully "smart" Yankeeedom, stood side by side. In places the sidewalks were curbed with vertebral joints of the whale. There were even pavements of the same material, and we walked on round disks of bone.

The beach in front was strewn with whales' ribs and bones, bleached to whiteness. At a little distance they seemed like an accumulation of drift-wood. Boat-whaling is extensively carried on here. There were the boats, those specks in the horizon. They set out by daylight and return at dusk. Beyond a headland, a mile or so away, rose a dark, thick column of smoke. They had beached a whale, and were trying him out.

At last we unearthed an inhabitant. It was the town cobbler. He came forth to meet us. It was but nine o'clock, yet this man had been deep in potations. He met us coming up the street; he turned, accompanied us, and introduced himself and his business.

There was a drunken, bloodshot roll in his eye, a corresponding one in his gait, another in his voice.

"Cobbulin, gentlemen, cobbulin is bess bizness any one man can go to withouter capitle," said he. "Don't require any stock in trade. I've been here four year; I had no captle when I come, I got none now. Whoop! Genlemen, wha's your bizness? wha's you come here for?" At this point, having reached the hotel, we entered. The cobbler of Monterey, fraternizing and rejoicing, entered with us. The landlord proceeded instantly to sift our party, for he put the fraternizing shoemaker out. And then he took the middle of the street, and, for an hour, was violent and abusive concerning all "stuck-up ristercrats."

There was much to admire about Monterey. On the outskirts were native oaks, umbrella-shaped as to foliage, the outer ends of the limbs almost touching the ground full forty feet from the trunk, — perfect tree tents. There was a forest laundry, — a place of pure water-springs, bush-houses, and robust Mexican matrons scrubbing dilapidated blankets; but we found no smugglers. We took ship and paddled for San Pablo, the port of entry for Los Angeles.

During the passage down the first lieutenant spoke often of a certain Dr. Smith. Arrived and anchored in San Pablo Harbor, four officers and "the correspondent" called on Dr. Smith. We found him barber and physician. He held forth in two offices. One bore the sign, "Smith, Shaving, etc." The next door flourished an enamelled plate labelled, "Dr. Smith."

Some years ago there was extant the picture of a young Yankee genius, the inventor of an apple-peeling machine, who had also tried his hand at perpetual motion. He reappeared to me in Smith, — long, lank, hatchet-featured body, boots, white hat, and all.

Dr. Smith was glad to see us. We filed into his barber-shop, and seated ourselves on anything convenient. It was a country barber's shop. It smelled of soap, strong soap. The towels were

not snowy. There were many flies. Locks of hair lay on the floor, manes of teamsters and United States privates. San Pablo is a government supply depot. Dr. Smith in his shirt-sleeves, and white hat a little on one side, took the throne, his own barber's chair. Well, how was business? asked Mr. B——. Few other questions were put by our party. Dr. Smith had a text and an audience. For one hour and a half he preached.

Business, he remarked, was fair. He had patients. He cured them, always. He had now four under treatment. He'd knock spots out of their complaints. He always did. San Pablo had a mixed population; part greaser. He did n't consider a greaser a human being, consequently he did n't count them in. The soldiers were a nuisance. To protect himself and family from their drunken outrages, he had put up that picket-fence five feet high about his medical office. There was a club inside that fence. If he did find a drunken United States private within those premises, he'd catch one "lambasting." He had invented a new hair invigorator. It was selling fast. Sold four bottles last month. In three weeks it brought hair out on Jim Duffy's bald head, — brought it out in tufts visible to the naked eye.

A well-known "Invigorator" advertisement hung on Dr. Smith's walls. "You allow the opposition a fair chance," was remarked.

Dr. Smith left his chair, reached from a shelf a bottle of the opposing nostrum, struck an attitude, uncorked the mixture, poured a few drops in the palm of his hand, and thrust it under our respective noses.

"Look at that," said he. "Was ever such stuff put up to impose on the multitude? Sugar of lead, strychnine, oil of vitriol! They were ashamed of its very look. That was the reason they kept it out of sight, wrapping the outside of the bottle in so many labels and printed directions!"

There was a great blotch of baldness on one side of Dr. Smith's own head.

"You see that, gentlemen. You ask, perhaps, why the physician does not heal himself. Now, the cause of that's internal. Ran on my mother's hot flat-iron at the age of one year and eight months. It dried the capillaries forever. You see it's internal. You dry up the capillaries, and there's nothing left to build a hair foundation on."

Just then a matted, sun-bleached beard, attached to a gray shirt, buckskin pants, big boots, and a black-snake whip, stepped in to be tortured. Dr. Smith quickly vacated his chair, tucked a blood-spotted towel under the victim's chin, gave his lather a stir which filled the shop with the subdued odor of lye, slapped a razor on the leather strap, keeping the while one of his ferret eyes fixed on the man as if expecting he might all at once bolt and run.

We took this opportunity to leave. We thanked Dr. Smith for the morning's entertainment. It had been such. He waved us off with independent civility. He looked the independent American, proud of his nationality, proud of his enterprise, proud of his varied powers and talents, and not to be made servile even by a visit from a party of blue-coated, brass-buttoned revenue officers. We pronounced Smith a success. San Pablo had nothing else to offer. There was no need. One such man as Dr. Smith, — barber, physician, conversationalist, and inventor, — properly developed and shown up, is enough for any small town.

One more port remained, San Diego. In twenty-four hours Point Soma had loomed up, the extremity of the cape forming San Diego Harbor. We rounded it and steamed carefully through a narrow passage, a low sandy beach on either side. The cutter's boats were out taking soundings; the leads were kept busily going from both fore-chains. We came at last into a smooth, semi-circular sheet of water, San Diego Harbor. Directly opposite was New San Diego, built up within two years, — an American town, a speculative town, scattering itself over many acres, slightly inclining from the water's edge.

Two miles away on an arm of the bay was dimly seen Old San Diego.

New San Diego, at the time of our arrival, had reached the climax of the real-estate and town-lot fever. Scarcely had our anchor dropped than an excited populace came off to us in small boats. They scrambled on deck; they waited no introduction; they asked no news; but for two hours they clamored "town lots" and "real estate."

They told us, one and all, separately and combinedly, that "Brown had made forty thousand in six weeks, — town lots. That house there yonder, white, and green blinds, — that house belongs to a man worth sixty thousand dollars; made it all in San Diego town lots; the healthiest place in California. A man came here six weeks ago quite dead with consumption; he had gained fourteen pounds since; he could be seen at any time in the Washington Saloon."

For two hours this babel raged on our decks. It came high noon. Suddenly speculation was reminded of its stomach. It scrambled again over the side and paddled for the shore. The Wayanda was once more quiet.

In the afternoon we went on shore. We found speculation now busy with the Wayanda's affairs. No government vessel had been in port for many months. It meant something beside looking after the revenue. A new survey was to be made of the harbor. No fortifications were to be erected on the island opposite. Not that either. There was something up regarding a United States claim to the very land on which stood New San Diego. All this was hinted at in conversation.

The officers of the Wayanda were aggravatingly non-committal as to their purpose in coming. Captain W—— dropped here and there a word, making the mystery, if anything, deeper. Speculation and curiosity went into corners and tore its hair with vexation. Yet for days the Wayanda rode composedly at anchor. The quartermaster paced the quarter-deck, a head occasionally peered over the bulwarks. Tom, the cutter's cat, in the evening twilight

crouched at the end of the spanker boom and gazed reflectively on that unhappy town, full of restless real-estate speculators. When he walked back on deck his gait and manner seemed to indicate how fortunate he felt himself in being an official cat, all above the petty cares and anxieties of business. And from the cat to the captain, the Wayanda kept all her purposes and mysteries to herself with becoming official dignity and reserve. Even the brass guns on deck, shrouded in sable tarpaulins, seemed to say, "We know our business. When it is time we'll speak."

What had she come for? To look after the revenue. To catch smugglers. And when a long, low, black vessel with four twenty-four pounders, one sixty-eight pounder, forty odd men, and the revenue flag at the spanker gaff, thus advertised herself plainly to those who cared not to render unto Cæsar the things belonging to Cæsar, would not every smuggler hoist a press of sail, bear straight for San Diego, land his contraband, and throw himself lovingly into the Wayanda's embrace?

Both Old and New San Diego seemed full of restless, unhappy people. The only amusement was in riding from "Old Town" to "New Town," and from "New Town" back to "Old Town." Two lines of omnibuses; trips every hour, fare twenty-five cents. We made one trip. Our omnibus took its departure from the principal hotel of New San Diego. We supposed it had really started for "Old Town." No; it drove hither and thither, from one hotel to another, from saloon to store, from store to saloon, on the hunt for passengers. It explored new streets thinly spotted with new houses and thickly crowded with vacant lots. It spied men and women from afar, ran them down, captured them, picked them up, and hoisted them on board. All this took over an hour. We saw every inch of the new city. Then we started for Old Town.

Captain W——, Lieutenant B——, and myself occupied the back seat; I

was in the middle. Directly in front sat a young lady, apparently a Western young woman. Her seat had a sort of swinging back, formed by a strap. She had one side a mother, on the other a venomous-looking cavalier; he seemed from Texas. His features were thin and sallow; there was a villanous slant in his eye; he wore a linen duster and a felt hat. The but of a six-shooter protruded from the back of the duster. I felt that his pockets and every aperture of his garments were full of derringers and bowie-knives. The stage jolted, rolled, and rocked. Every jolt dashed that young woman reclining against the strap all over me, seated as I was behind her. Her Texas cavalier glanced wickedly at me out of a corner of his greeneye. I tried in vain to avoid these collisions. I tried to compress myself farther into the rear of that Concord coach. Yet the young woman did not second my efforts as she might. She allowed herself to be dashed. I anathematized the interior construction of all Concord coaches. It was a terrible ride. I perspired. The rascally captain and his subordinate hunted for pins, found them, and stuck them into me, that I might involuntarily reciprocate the young woman's testimonials. I remained immovable, but exuded a cold sweat; and so this load of misery rolled into Old San Diego. The young woman from the West, her mother, and the arsenalled cavalier from Texas got out. I never saw them again; I never wish to.

Old San Diego consists mostly of a square of one-storied Mexican adobes, a plaza, a flag-staff, an old, brass, verdigrised Spanish cannon, covered with heraldic devices and Latin inscriptions; a Catholic church, and an open-air, three-belled belfry, whose morning chimes rolled sweetly over the bay. There is a river too, but it was dried up at the time of our visit. There was a calaboose, being a sheet-iron cage, bars in front, two men inside awaiting trial for stealing cattle. They were new-comers, had taken up a ranch, were not acquainted with the customs of the Lower Country.

We rode back to New San Diego. This seemed the common impulse which seized all comers from New to Old San Diego. The same impulse laid hold of all residents, temporary or otherwise, of Old Town who visited New Town. The result was, the two lines of coaches were kept constantly full of disgusted people passing and repassing each other.

There was but one return passenger. He soon made it known to us that he was a San Diego County supervisor. He aired the county secrets. They had no jail; criminals depended on the hospitality of Los Angeles, over one hundred miles distant, for such accommodation. There was no money for repair of county roads. There was no money for anything, save to pay officials. They, said he, took everything and rendered no account. Nor could they be ousted; Sindbad's old man of the sea was never more firmly glued to Sindbad's back than they to the county. They had held office from all time. They calculated so to do. It was their business.

Before our departure we were invited to a ball at Old San Diego. The officers put on their best uniforms. One object in the creation and maintenance of revenue and naval officers is that they attend balls in uniform. It is often not the man, but the buttons, that shine.

Not being an officer, I had no uniform. Hence I could not shine. It was decreed in the wardroom, and the decree was sanctioned in the cabin, that I should attend in uniform. The captain, the lieutenants, the engineers, started for their trunks. Old uniforms were dragged out. I was by degrees built up in the pants of one, the coat of another, the vest and cap of another. I was dressed in compartments. They invented for me an office and a title. I became the ship's surgeon. They called me Doctor. All this felt very queer. I was never in blue and brass before, nor a doctor.

We went on shore, and were met by Captain P——, "of the army," with an

ambulance and four mules for conveyance to Old San Diego. To the captain I was introduced as "Doctor." I commenced to feel like a forgery, a medical forgery.

Arrived at Old San Diego, they introduced me promiscuously and recklessly as "Doctor." A horrible fear beset me. Suppose the resident physician of the town should be absent, and some difficult and delicate case suddenly develop itself! I might be sent for. Such things had happened. How needlessly we may torment ourselves with supposition!

It came nine o'clock, and still no indications of the ball. We were shown to the sitting-room of the hotel. We sat there for a time in blue and brass revenue dignity. Then we became tired, sallied out, exhausted all the sights of the dingy, dark town in ten minutes, returned, showed ourselves and buttons at the hotel doorway, and again subsided into official dignity.

Ten o'clock; still no symptoms of the promised ball. Something was the matter. In the earlier portion of the evening I had overheard some ominous remarks by the natives in the street. "Ef they had n't put on so much style, thar might have been a crowd thar!" I knew something of the social nature of these small California settlements. I detected the symptoms of a disease, prevalent from Siskiyou to San Diego. That was "cliquism."

In all small California towns there are from two to four cliques. The smaller the place the more bitter and antagonistic the cliques. Political and sectional proclivities have much to do with their creation and continuance.

So it was in Old San Diego. The ball to be given us originated with one clique. It became immediately the business of the other to defeat it. The opposing San Diego lords laid an embargo on their wives and daughters. They should not attend. The supply of the female element in Old San Diego was small. In fifteen minutes after this had been decreed, it was known all over town; for

Old San Diego is but little else save a large one-story house, built around a square. The hall had been lit, the fiddler was there ready for action. A few ladies waited in the anteroom. The revenue officers waited at the hotel. The "Doctor" waited. The principal manager was nearly beside himself. Not until the last moment had he suspected the trap now sprung on him. He ran distractedly hither and thither. He accosted the antagonistic conspirators. "Were they not coming to the ball?" They were indifferent. They scarce knew there was to be a ball.

There was no ball; but they gave us a supper, a good one. At this the masculine elements of either clique fraternized. The plot had succeeded. The ball had been defeated. In the hour of victory, the opposition suddenly might have recollected that Old San Diego would be the chief sufferer. The reputation of Old San Diego in the matter of courtesy to strangers was in danger. Between the bickerings of cliquism, we, the invited guests, had fallen to the ground. Old and New San Diego were rival cities. New San Diego would make the most out of this slight to the revenue service and the United States Army.

So they gave us a supper.

At the table, I, the Wayanda's "Doctor," was appropriately seated next the most prominent physician of Old San Diego, and to him I was introduced. I commenced perspiring with the soup. Of course, the original Jacobs Esculapius of Lower California talked shop. He asked after several professional acquaintances in San Francisco. I crawled out of that dilemma by saying I had just arrived from the Eastern States. I am a Californian of sixteen years' standing. Then I clattered with fear in my boots, dreading the next inquiry. He approached the topic of medicine. I resolved immediately on a defence composed of one part stupidity, one part deafness, one part misapprehension. I prayed also for a little, just a little help in this hour of need. I did want to say

to him, "See here, doctor, I'm not the real thing at all, you know. I'm only a Quaker gun, doctor, just got up by the boys to show off with."

But that would never have done. The Wayanda's wardroom and cabin counted on my sustaining the character well. To break down would have disgraced me for the remainder of the trip.

So whenever intuitively I felt he was about to aim a fresh medical question at me, I anticipated it by inquiring as to something as far removed from medicine as possible. I put on a modified boisterousness. The *medico* glanced at me suspiciously. He smelt the wolf in sheep's clothing. Internally I was very miserable, I was torn to tatters. There was wine on the table: I was thankful when it commenced to take effect, and disperse the searching, concentrative inquiry of this dreadful doctor.

And when once I had opportunity to whisper in one of the ears of the wardroom that my position was a most trying one, and that all the powers of my mind were overtaxed in furnishing fiction for sustaining the situation, I was told that, as a newspaper correspondent, it was my duty and business and pleasure to furnish any amount of such matter for any possible emergency!

The "General" was at the supper. The General came among us vaguely during the earlier portion of the evening. In a certain store whither we had stepped a moment to make some purchases, there was a little of him, and a little more at the next, and before we had made the circuit of the town the General was on a free-and-easy, amiable, and amicable footing with our entire party. He was an old resident of Old San Diego. He represented the place that evening. He left no room for any other representative.

The General dealt only with principles. He secured a position at Captain W——'s right elbow, and he kept it. For ten minutes after we sat down to supper, the General plunged into the lowest depths of reflective inebriety. Then suddenly arousing, he bethought

himself of attending to the guests. A vase of celery stood before him. He grasped the bunch, pulled it out, and stalk by stalk distributed it gravely to all within his reach. This done, he relapsed into another brief, silent interval of reflectiveness. He also at this time ate — much. Then he turned the entire current of his conversation toward Captain W——.

"Cap'n," said he, "wha's name your ship?"

"The Wayanda," said Captain W——.

"Cap'n, I once had cousin in service. Zz name was John George Lee. Ever see 'im, cap'n?"

"It seems to me I have met some one of that name," said Captain W——.

Here mournful recollections seized the General. "Yes, poor fellow, dead and gone! dead and gone! Went down in a gale off Cape Hatteras and died of fever on coas Afriker in '62. Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

"The Wayanda," said the captain.

After another interval of silence and large consumption, the General concentrated his attention on the clusters of grapes lying on the table; and, although no one had reached dessert, he sternly handed each of us a bunch. They gave him an opportunity to open on the grape culture in Lower California.

"Cap'n," said he, "wha's name your ship?" It seemed impossible for the General to pursue any train of thought without reassurance as to the Wayanda's rightful designation.

"Cap'n," said he, "we raise a sperior grape; people once had notion must irrigate grape-vines; all nonsense; irgate nothin'; irgashun, — you see, — well, irgashun all nonsense, cos water's bad thing for wine, anyway, — water gets too much into wine and so makes wine sour bout year b'fore grapes get ripe! Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

Captain W—— felt he had answered that question sufficiently. He half suspected the General of a drunken attempt to quiz him. There was a veiled flash of temper in his eye.

I was rejoiced: I had now a companion in misery. This was an offset to my prying medical friend. However, there was the inevitable answer to be given; for the General, his head half turned, awaited it, and the captain, like a school-boy reciting his most familiar lesson, replied, "The Wayanda, sir."

The mournful fate of John George Lee was again revived. The General forgot he had once before broached this subject. He introduced his cousin as "poor John George."

"Cap'n," he asked, "you mus' have met with a fren mine who was in service, John George. Died of coas fever in Afriker in '58."

In this abbreviated name Captain W—— did not recognize the John George Lee introduced an hour previous. No, he had no recollection of such a person.

The General mused. Our captain glanced uneasily at the clock, calculating how many hours longer this torture was likely to endure. The General's memory suddenly brightened. "Why cap'n," said he, "you said you knew 'im, my fren, John George Lee."

"Yes, certainly, I knew John George Lee," said Captain W——.

"An' you dunno John George?" asked the General, in a suspicious manner.

"O, both names refer to the same person!" replied the captain.

A knowing grin, an inebriated grin, overspread the General's face. He saw the cause of misapprehension. His hand fell upon the captain's shoulder in all the confidence and fellowship of inebriety. The captain shuddered, I rejoiced.

"Cer'nly," said the General, and the smile went straight out from his features. A gloom of mournful recollection instantly supplanted it. "My poor fren, John George Lee. He was a man, a sailor, sir; died at his pos', foundered off Hatteras in a gale. Cap'n, wha's name your ship?"

The captain, half amused, half enraged, like a dutiful child once more repeated his lesson, and said, "The

Wayanda, sir." He squirmed, too, as behind him he felt his lieutenants nudging each other. They were enjoying the "old man's" situation.

The General with some effort now rose to his feet. His tall form bent like a reed over the table. He surveyed us gloomily. He filled full a glass with champagne. He filled it more than full. He was indifferent then to trifles. He spoke, "Genmelen, I propose a toas'. Here 's — here 's to the Wyanner an' her commanner!"

The "toas" was drank standing and in silence. There was here and there a sort of splutter over the beverage, and not a dry eye in the house.

The feast was at last over. It proved no compensation for the lack of the ball. Our buttons had glittered for nothing. Who cares to shine merely for a parcel of men?

We left Old San Diego about two o'clock in the morning. At five the Wayanda's boilers and escape-pipes gave forth hisses and fizzlings of preparation. At six the anchor was coming on board in orderly man-o'-war style. At seven Old and New San Diego were gliding from sight and becoming only things of memory. It was a dark, misty morning, with a dash of rain now and then. The waves were boisterous, green-tinged, white-capped. There was an extra roll on the bar off the harbor, and the engines labored now fitfully and hurriedly, now slowly and laboriously, as the propeller's screw was lifted high out of water or deeply submerged. Openly, our captain avowed that he longed to have the General and his stomach on board, that he might lie on the raging bar with him for a few hours. But this world is not for the gratification of all our desires. The Wayanda was now headed direct for her old anchorage off Long Wharf. In four days we were there. We found San Francisco sitting on her accustomed sand-hills, and enveloped in her usual fog. We brought back no smugglers, — only remembrances, chiefly of Dr. Smith, barber and physician, and the General.

Prentice Mulford.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

“GOETHE'S Correspondence with a Child” is one of those phenomenal appearances in literature to which every critic of the great poet has lent his own interpretation. Many, indeed most, readers of these letters have regarded them with admiration, as the poetic outburst of a precocious and fervid imagination; but they have met with sterner criticism, and even wholesale denunciation. It is not the province of this article to discuss their merits, but to tell a curious and true story of the author, which, it is believed, is known but to very few.

After Goethe's death, the gifted and eccentric author “Bettina” determined to publish these letters, and did so, meeting with great success. They brought her immense literary fame, beside the substantial guerdon of seven thousand dollars,—all of which she determined to devote to a monument to her great Goethe, the design of which she drew herself. But her ideas were so colossal that seven thousand dollars were not enough, and she determined to pledge all in an English translation and edition of her letters, hoping to double it. To this end she employed two English scholars, an Oxford and then a Cambridge student, to translate for her. But their terse, abrupt, English-sounding sentences offended her musical ear, and she determined to translate the book herself.

Having completed the work to her satisfaction (a description of her troubles is given in her “Preamble”), and having spent all her seven thousand dollars in the printing, binding, and gilding the edges of her volumes, the immense edition of ten thousand copies was sent to the famous London firm of Longmans, Brown, and Orme, without previous understanding on their part as to the reception of this curious freight. She sent them some half-dozen inspection copies, and two presentation

copies, one for Prince Albert and one for Carlyle; but although months and weeks passed by, poor Bettina heard nothing from her translation. She wrote to Longmans, and to her nephew in London, Mr. Brentano, who, strange to say, did not answer her letters or interest himself in her adventure. Finally she put her case in the hands of a gentleman going from Berlin to London, and begged of him to inquire into the fate of her lost loves. He did so, and found that the cases containing the ten thousand volumes had never been removed from the custom-house, nor did Messrs. Longmans intend to remove them. Mr. Brentano was not in receipt of any moneys from his romantic aunt with which to pay the heavy charges accumulated on them; and the end was prosaic enough: they were simply sold as unclaimed matter, and probably went back to the manufacturers as “stock.”

Meantime she had given to the wife of her kindly friend (the only one, it seems, who ever interested himself enough in her great work even to inquire for it) a copy, with an autograph note on the outside, which is now perhaps the only copy in this country of this very remarkable book.

These friends have carefully kept it, not alone from the affection they felt for her, but because they discern in it something noble and true and tender. As she says herself, “The deed was intrepid and the execution was high and undaunted to the utmost moment!”

It is impossible not to laugh at her mistakes, but who will not be affected by her address to the Longmans (as if publishers were human)? “If there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspired feelings, I should like they *scan* the pages of my Diary”; and by her delicate and sweet

mistake about "struggling for her version as an animal does for its young"? These and many other instances present this gifted woman in a new and rather piteous light, preserving as she did, with undying constancy, the peculiar romance of her youth, and regarding no labor or self-sacrifice as onerous which should redound to the credit and glory of the great Goethe.

Bettina's history is well known; but a brief recapitulation of it, garnered from the recollections of the faithful friend who has preserved her little book, may not be out of place here.

She was born of a wealthy Italian family, whose ancestors had settled at Frankfort, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Brentano. She fell in love with Goethe when she was sixteen and he sixty, and his vanity induced him to receive and reply to those wonderful letters now so well known to readers of all countries as "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She was born in 1785, and married in 1811 Baron Joachim von Arnim, himself a distinguished poet, and renowned for his personal beauty. He died in 1831, leaving Madame von Arnim with three beautiful daughters, all of whom survive, and are said still to be the flowers of the German court. Encouraged by the splendid success of her first literary effort, Bettina wrote a novel called "Günderode." It was again in the form of letters, and consisted of the correspondence of a young German lady of noble family, who committed suicide because of her intense passion for a distinguished philologist. This novel had great popularity, and the young German "girls of the period," the young and sentimental wives, the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed "femmes incomprises" of all Germany, wept over it as their grandmothers had wept sixty years before over the "Sorrows of Werther."

Later in life the versatile and restless Bettina became a great politician, and wrote a book entitled "This Book belongs to the King." But it failed signally to please the king, who with-

drew the sunshine of his favor, which she had dearly prized. She wrote one more book deeply tinged with the political and social ideas of the times, called "Conversations with a Demon," but this was also a failure.

She died in 1859, after a long, prosperous, and distinguished career, having always enjoyed a good position in society, which she ennobled by her devotion to literature. She seems to have been always highly respected by her own countrymen, who, of all the nations of the earth, alone can fully comprehend her.

A faithful copy of her "Preface and Preamble," and selections from such parts of her letters as seemed most curious, has been made, taking great care to preserve the mistakes, — as difficult a matter as it is for an actor to commit to memory the part of "Oblivious Top," which consists in remembering to forget. To the students of the two languages, Bettina's search for some English equivalent for the high-resounding German speech will recall an old trouble, while her desperate struggle for a word, resulting often in "creating one from the depths of her own consciousness," cannot fail to amuse everybody. Frequently she is befogged, and goes off into total obscurity and intellectual shipwreck; sometimes she hits on a phrase of great beauty, as where she says, "The trim towers of the castle rose up, as if *swearing an oath*"; and again in describing the sun's power in opening a bud she says, "It cannot again return to the *cool closet* of unconscious darkness."

This rare and precious volume is enriched by her own design for the Goethe monument. Jupiter Tonans seems to have been her model for the gigantic creature, who sits, half draped, in a huge arm-chair, with wreaths on his head and in his hands, while in classical nudity the youthful Psyche leans on his knee, clasping, in a pair of very thin arms, his lyre, — to reach which she stands painfully on tiptoe. The drawing is far from perfect, and perhaps one is reconciled to the fact that this

dream of art has never been perpetuated in marble. The readers of the letters will remember how fond she was of calling herself "his Psyche!" And her own inimitable description of this model is given in the quotations which follow.

Poor Bettina! — after having been, as she says herself, "grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, *to no boot*," — let us hope that she may find at this late day some grateful recognition of her heroic effort.

Bettina's own Translation of her Letters to Goethe.

PREFACE.

TO THE ENGLISH BARDS.

GENTLEMEN! — The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue, so often brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd but pure and fiery draught, do not refuse to taste if you relish its spirit to be home felt, though not home born.

BETTINA ARNIM.

PREAMBLE.

The translating of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child into English, was generally disapproved of, previous to its publication in Germany, the well-renowned Mrs. Austin by regard for the great German Poet proposed to translate it; but after having perused it with attention, the Literate and the most famed Booksellers of London thought unadvisable the publication of a book that in every way widely differed from the spirit and feeling of the English, and therefore it could not be depended upon for exciting their interest. Mrs. Austin, by her gracious mind to comply with my wishes, proposed to publish some fragments of it, but as no musician ever likes to have only those passages of his composition executed that blandish the ear, I likewise refused my assent to the maiming of a work that not by my own merit, but by chance and nature became a work of art, that only in the untouched development of its genius might judiciously be enjoyed and appraised. I stood in

awe of these authorities, so familiar with the literary relations of England, and with regret I gave up the dreamed delight of being read and named by the English; but a good or bad demon, I know not which, made me forget my wits, with the most alluring charms, tempting me to this enterprise even in the moment, when German newspapers and Reviews were demonstrating it to be nonsense and a failed speculation for Goethe's monument or for the spreading of his glory abroad.

The Poet being not so comprehended and beloved in his whole grandeur by stranger as in his native land, the English would greatly be inclined to construe his bearing to the child in these letters as the unkindest egotism; and the most affected, or also incomprehensible passion in the child.

These objections disposed me highly to the contrary. I became still more persuaded that if the inspiration, excited in Germany by that peace-radiating power of Goethe over a juvenile temper, depended on a genuine cause, then it must be real, for English as well as German, and if that be true what a great German Philosopher maintains that the perception for philosophic revelation is innate in English people, then I can hope that my confidence may become a delightful means of intelligence for me with the English.

I was not acquainted with the English tongue, therefore relied upon the consciousness of my translators; the recapitulating of their version I tried to follow with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text by their harmonious sound and even by the union of their single part awakes poetic sensation. I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain; to all my objections my relentless translator opposed the impossibility of translating it, the rigour against any arbitrariness in that language; and besides its penury that allows no great choice, it consisting in but thirty thousand

words. I thought if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right.

The printing had almost come to end when by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted; then by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties that fell more heavily upon me, than upon any knight-errant who tries with the help of propitious spirits to overcome impossibilities. What erroneous ways have I hastened through; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions offered in so many diversing shapes that the choice disturbed me highly; how often in the night, the word for which I had pried with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found. I held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down, nay, I was like a blind man going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with their flexure overflowed me, how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions. I would have them all enweaved in my version, and desponded in choosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all. Often having studied the whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the Dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so beauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them; the strange etymologies even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words. Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-dropping fruit. Then I fell in love with this language that tormented me so much, that I almost got

a fever of despair. Unconsciously I pursued my task confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit or even unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my construction as they were absurdities, often my version larded with uncommon or obsolete expressions gave way to misunderstanding then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits impassioned as I was for my traced-out turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry and never would yield till the last sheet which to-day will come in the press and I am like one to whom after a long prison spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth I saw in the last year no roses, no tree blowing; my intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, and the grammars that I took to my couch and fell asleep on them, and had also a very hard bed to no boot, for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning; all its terms were unknown to me, and their inferences incomprehensible; and those who would advise me frightened me out of my wits. I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young and suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again; so it was with me instinctively and with great labor I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my relucting and said that I would never come to a good issue, hence it cannot be otherwise that all what might be strange; or even never heard of; that must be imputed to my persevering obstinacy against the better knowing of my advisers. However I hope not to be accused of presumption by inducing me to such unheard of doing, for even after the refusal of Mrs. Austin I had not failed summoning her once more insistingly to favor the English with her translation; but the supposition, as if it were impossible, that this book could be translated, nor even comprehended,

nor valued by others but the Germans, provoked my desire to an almost unmanageable passion that it should be read and liked by the English and as their Reviews at least proved so finely their feeling-out of the primitive element of this love, and how unimpaired, undisturbed and how much plainer than to my countrymen appeared to them that paternal relation of Goethe's delicious hearty affection to the *child*, from whose ecstasy he explored a sweet nurture for his immortality; then I plucked up a good heart, spite of all warning to go adrift on the floods, mastless and without a sail, like a cast-off reefer trusting in my good luck to find a new fatherland for this *book of love*, I risked the little sum gained by the German edition, shall I prosperously succeed, then we shall be obliged for Goethe's monument to the English nation, should I even be destined to suffer shipwreck on those shores which I had hoped would receive me with avitous greatness of mind; should the German prophets be in the right in laughing at my silliness and boasting already of having predicted the English* would never have an interest for this book, I will however not repent for the inducement was not poor, the deed was intrepid, and the exertion was high and undaunted till the utmost moment. Had Byron still lived he would have praised my attempt, praised and loved me for the book's sake for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections, he discriminated humane feelings also in a strange vesture; he would have studied these leaves I wrote in the spring of my age under the inspiration of one who like him comes to bloom but once after a thousand years. I must sigh that he lives no more! for I might have committed it to his protection, as a field fully teeming with young gems that dreamingly thrive into their blossom, then I would have been hallowed in

his shelter, and he would have bestowed on me his gentle goodly graces and this would have exceedingly blessed me. But now as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil, therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honor of publishing my little book to get this preamble inserted in the quarterly or Edinburgh reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like they scan the pages of my Diary.

BETTINA.

*Extracts from the "Book of Love,"
as she calls her Letters.*

AT THE RHINE.

Here between the vine-hills stands a temple like the Diana's temple at Ephesus. Yesterday at sunset I saw it lay in the distance it lighted so daring, so proudly beneath the storm clouds, the lightning's fork entailed it. So I fancy thy lightening brow like the cupola of yon temple, beneath whose eaves the birds sheltered their storm-ruffled plumage even so proudly settled and swaying around!

Where would the brook have led me?

Yes, Sir! I see the rush and stream, I see thee artfully play, I see thee day after day calmly wander and bend thy path suddenly away out of the realm of confidence careless that a loving heart which was fancying there its home, should remain deserted.

Thus the rivulet, on the banks of which I played away my childhood, painted to me in its undulating crystal the features of my destiny, and at that time I already bemoaned that they felt not related to me.

Now I will tell thee also the story of my second kiss, it followed almost immediately upon the first, and what dost

* So many of them came in the spring of their age to this little hospitable spot of Germany's classic soil and were received by Goethe with the kindest condescendance for their scientific and social interest.

thou think of thy girl, that she is become so light-minded? Yes, that once I was very lightly-minded and to a friend of thine, — the bell rings hastily I spring to open the door; a man in black dress, of stern appearance, with somewhat inflamed eyes, enters — even before announcing his name, or saying what is his business, he kisses me, even before I bethink myself. I give him a box on the ear, and only then I look furiously in his face and become aware of a friendly countenance which seems not at all frightened and not irritated at his proceeding. To escape my dilemma — for I did not know if I had done right or wrong — I quickly open to him the doors of my grandmother's apartment. Then my surprize was suddenly changed to fright, when I heard her exclaim in great ecstasy, "Herder, my Herder! Is it possible that your way should have led you into this whimsical cricket-hut? be a thousand times embraced!" and here followed these thousands in-armings during which I gently sneaked away, and wished that in the throng of caresses the one might be drowned, which was replied to him with a box on the ear, but no! he forgot neither kiss nor flap!

Alas master! — in the beginning of the year the sun is mild, he flatters the young germs, then he slits the shoot, and becomes still more cogent; the bud cannot inclose itself again in the cool closet of unconscious darkness, its blossom falls as a sacrifice to the glowing beam which had first allured it.

Do not forget, Goethe, how I learned to love thee, that I knew nothing of thee, but that thou wast maliciously mentioned in my presence my aunt spoke of thy free-thinking, and that thou dist not believe in the Devil, in that same moment I did not believe in the Devil, and was wholly thine, and I loved thee, without knowing that thou wast the poet of whom the world expected so great things, *that* I heard later, *then* I only knew that people blamed thee and my heart said, "No,

he is greater; he is more beauteous than all."

Yesterday the sky was blue, to-day ruby died, and emerald, and there in the nest where it covers the earth, it chases the light in saffron garb out of its couch.

For a moment desirous love may disport seeing whole nature slumbering soak.

Walk over a meadow's carpet in stillful star-fulgid night, there when thou dost bend down to the green, thou wilt perceive the millions of dream-visions, which crowd there, where one often borrows from the other whim, oddness and hues, then thou wilt feel that this dream-world soars up into the bosom of the advesting one and mirrors itself in thy spirit as revelation.

(On seeing the Duke of Weimar and Goethe together.)

To view the two friends walking to and fro, elevated in mind and benevolence, that was a solemn aspect for the people and they all whispered to one another, *what a seldom couple!*

The deeper the well forth-springs, the sweetlier they become bousy by the draught; the more ebriety wafts them aloft, the more ardently for the well they pant; till once peering above the stars they do not return, for all will return there above by their own inspiration again to be found, the tunes gulping from the well are silence — drunken — and this is the pause-swaying music with silence to inebriate the tunes.

"Thou whimsey moon," said I, "givest whims that like yon catching clouds impetuously roll on, after each other to veil my hap, and as thy vapour dividing light victoriously breaks forth, to defy the nubiferous gale, thus darts on me the glance of him whose knees I here embrace. — So moon thou art the secret divine, and like thee moon he is the secret divine, who like thee, one-sided moon, pours down his light over

the want of love." And now in the dazzling glimmer of my tears I see him cloud-compelling with a silver-lining path casting a chain to me to follow. I lack!—hard before he stepped this cloudy style, his breath agrees still with the air, I might drink it, I dare not, I am not strong to bear the violence impassionate that prances ov'r the bounds. Oh lead me ov'r the plain, where once my genius led me to meet with him, in the season, where youth gemm'd its blossmes when first the eye opened to light and he fully darting engaged my look and darkened each other light to me."

After Goethe's Death.

His pride! his sacred pride in his beauty. They say, it were not possible, he having already been sixty years of age, when I had firstly seen him, and I a fresh rose—Oh there is a difference between the freshness of youth and that beauty by the divine spirit inculcated to human features, through which inspiration perspires a halo, and unhurt by lowness its fragrance freely evolves.

Beauty is secluded from what is low, and isolated by what is noble, being in itself and having its own sanction, to keep vigil between it and the world. Beauty fades not, its bloom only loosens from the stem that bore it, its bloom sinks not in dust, it is winged and ascends to Heaven. They who saw *him*, must yield, that beauty which by other men only invest the outer shape with a higher spirit, here in its appearance withal, streams forth from it, and rules over it, and so *bails* his claim to the celestial.

Goethe, I yield to thy beauteousness and would not a second time tempt thee as then in Weimar in the library at the pillar fronting thy bust, which in the fortieth year of thy age evolved the full harmony of thy immarcessible beauty. There thou hast led the young maiden, and thou, wrapt in thy green mantle leanedest on the pillar sounding if in these rejuvenated features, she should remind the present friend, but I

would not mind it;—alas, cheery love, visions secret merriment would not let it 'scape from out my lips.—“Well” he impatiently asked,—“he must have been a beautiful man” I said, “Yes! forsooth, he could say in his time he was a beautiful man,”—said Goethe irritated;—I would come near him and with soothing implore him, he escaped he held me aloof, and when I touched his hand, he slung me from him, for a moment I was perplexed,—“stay, like this image, I cried; then I will woo thee calm again, wilt thou not? well! then I forsake the living one, and kiss the stone so long, till grudgingly thou hast snatched me from it.” I embraced the bust, I bent my brow on this majestic brow, I kissed these marble lips, I lent cheek to cheek, suddenly he raised me from it in his arms, “’tis time said I for nearly I had abandoned me to this stone,” he lifted me high in his arms, this man of threescore years, he looked up to me, and gave me sweet names, “child of my good stars! child of my Gods! thou liest in the cradle of my breast.” What beautiful words were that in which he harboured me, what a hallowed music by which he immortalized me! After having awhile thus ardently beheld me he let me down, wrapt my arm into his mantle, and held my hand on his throbbing breast, and so with lingering paces we went home. I said “how thy heart beats!” “it beats not for me” he replied “the seconds that with such a throbbing assault my heart they with impassionate violence rush upon thee, thou also thrive the irretrievable time for me to forego.”

Lo! so finely he snatched the impulse of his heart with sweet expressions, he, the irrefragable Poet.

Here is Bettina's translation of Goethe's poem:—

“DU SIEHST SO ERNST, GELIEBTER!
DEINEM BILDE,” ETC.

“Thou look'st so stern, Beloved! with thy styled
Marble bust here I'd like thee to compare;
As this, thou givest no sign of living air:
Likening it to thee, the stone seems mild.

"The foe doeth parry with his shield for 's best
The friend to us, shows openly his brow.
I strive to thee, whilst thou wilt 'scape me now;
Oh brave it out as does this artful crest.

"To which of these should I now have recourse?
Must I of both here suffer cold and wrong
As this is dead, and thou alive 't is said?"

"Brief, not to lose more words or make it worse,
This stone, I shall caress and woo so long
Till thou art jealous, and wilt me from it led."

A Description of the Monument.

"TO THE FRIEND."

Ten years after this event which remained so clearly printed in my memory gave way to the inventing of Goethe's monument. Moritz Bethman from Frankfort on the Main had ordered it, he wished the undeniable true character of the poet to be expressed. He thought me able of performing the idea, though at that time I had never interfered with the arts. Then I remembered Goethe, as he had stood at the brink of the Mountain, his cloak thrown round me on his bosom. . . . A glorified production of my love, an apotheosis of my inspiration and his glory, thus did Goethe call it, as he saw it for the first time. Goethe sitting with naked breast and arms. The cloak fastened at his neck, thrown back over the shoulders and gathered from beneath his arms to his lap, his left hand which had then pointed to the thunder-storm, now lifted, reposing on the lyre, which stands on his left knee; his right hand which held my flowers, posing in the same manner, carelessly holds, forgetful of his glory, the full laurel-crown downwards; his look turned to the clouds. Young Psyche stands before him, as I then did, she lifts herself up on the point of her feet to touch the chord of the Lyre, and he sunk in inspiration, suffers her to do so. On one side of the throne is Mignon, in the garb of an angel with the inscription "Thus let me look till I be so."* On the other side a nice childlike Maenade stands on her head, with the inscription,

* Wilhelm Meister, song of Mignon.

"Stretch forth thy little feet up to Heaven and care not! We praying, stretch up our hands but not guiltless like thee!"*

It is now eight years, since with the help of an artist I made a model in clay of this monument; it stands in Frankfort in the museum, they were much inclined to have it executed. At this time Goethe gave up his time as citizen of Frankfort, which maimed the interest for him, and the exertions for the erection of his monument, that till now remained undone. I myself have often thought what my love to him might signify, what would proceed from it, or if it *should have been* quite in vain; then I remembered in these last days, that as a child I had often considered, if he died what I should begin, what should become of me, and that I then ever thought: on his grave I would fain have a place on his monument be petrified like those stone-images, which people would erect to his eternal fame, ay, I saw myself in fancy as a little dog, which commonly lies sculptured at the feet of celebrated men and heroes, as a symbol of faithfulness. . . .

To the history of the monument I have still to add, that I brought it myself to Goethe. After having for long looked at it, he burst out a laughing; I asked "Why, canst thou do nothing else than laugh?" and tears choked my voice. — "Child, my dearest child," he exclaimed, "it is joy which loudly shouts in me that thou lovest! lovest me, for love alone could do so." And solemnly laying his hands on my head: "If the power of my blessing can avail anything, then let it be transferred to thee in thankfulness for this love." It was the only time that he blessed me in the year 24, on the 5th of September.

BETTINA.

Her translation is dated 1838, and was printed at Berlin.

* Epigrames of Goethe.

L O S T .

HE was lost in the edge of the Adirondack Wilderness. It must have been the sound of the flail. Thud, thud, thud, came the beat of the dull, thumping strokes through the thick, opaque, gray fog. Willie was hardly four years old; and when once he was a few rods away from the barn, off on the plain of monotonous, yellow stubble, he could not tell where he was, and could not detect the deceptive nature of the sound and its echo. He could see nothing; whichever way he looked, wherever he walked, there were the same reverberations; and the same narrow dome of watery gray was everywhere shutting close down around him. As he followed the muffled sound, in his efforts to get back to the barn, it seemed to retreat from him, and he ran faster to overtake it. He ran on and on, and so was lost.

That night and the next day a few neighbors, gathered from the adjoining farms, searched for Willie. They wandered about the fields and the margin of the woods, but found no trace of the lost child. It became apparent that a general search must be made.

The fog had cleared away on the second morning after Willie was lost, as about a hundred woodsmen and farmers and hunters, gathered from the farms and forest and settlement near by called Whiskey Hollow, stood and sat in grotesque groups around the little farm-house and barn, waiting the grand organization into line, preparatory to sweeping the woods and finding Willie.

During all the hours of the two previous nights, the lanterns and torches had been flashing in and out behind the logs and brush of the fallows; and the patches of snow, that lingered in spite of the April rains, gave evidence that every foot of the adjacent clearing had been trampled over in the search. But the men were

not yet satisfied that the search about the farm had been thorough. Standing by the house, they could see the field of the night's work,—the level stubble of the grain-lot, and the broad, irregular hollow used as pasture and filled with stumps and logs and brush. Here and there could be seen men still busy poking sticks under the logs and working around bog-holes in the low ground. "You see it stands to reason," said Jim, addressing a group by the house, "that a little chap less than four years old could not get out of this clearing into the woods."

A white-haired patriarch remarked with great confidence and solemnity, "The boy is within half a mile of the house, and if I can have command of six men I will find him." The patriarch continued to press his suggestion until he secured his company and started off, feeling that he carried a great weight of responsibility. He joined the log-pokers and bog-explorers, but nothing came of his search.

The morning was wearing away; the men, gathered from a great distance, were impatient of the delay to organize the line.

Willie had been out nearly forty-eight hours: could it be that he had passed beyond the stubble-field into the forest, nearly half a mile from the house? If he had managed to cross the brook at the edge of the woods, he had the vast Adirondack Wilderness before him. It was time to search thoroughly and upon a large scale, if the boy was to be found alive.

But a reason for delay was whispered around,—the fortune-woman was coming. Soon a rough farm-wagon came up the road and through the yard-gate and stopped in front of the door of the farm-house. There was a hush of voices and a reverent look upon the part of some of the men, and a snicker and digging of their neighbors' ribs upon the part of others, as

a large, coarse-featured woman was helped out of the wagon by the driver of the team.

This female was the famous fortune-woman. Some of these dwellers on the edge of the wilderness were no better than the classic Greek and noble Roman of ancient times, for they believed in divination.

The fortune-woman went into the house where the mother of Willie sat, crying. The men crowded the room and windows and door. Some of the men looked solemn, some jeered. Out at the door Josh explained apologetically to the unbelievers that, "inasmuch as some thinks as how she can tell, and some thinks as how she can't, so it were thought better for to go and fetch her, so as that all might satisfactory themselves, and no fault found, and everything done for the little boy."

After a brief *séance* with the teacup in the house, the fortune-woman, urged by the men, went "out of doors" and walked up along the hollow with her teacup, experimenting to find the child. About half of the men straggled after her. Jim declared to the group who lingered at the house that he would sell out and leave, if the entire crowd disgraced the town by following after that "old she-devil."

To a stranger coming upon the field at this time, the scene was curious and picturesque, and some of it unaccountable. In the background was a vast descending plain of evergreen forest, sloping away from the Adirondack highlands to the dim distance of the St. Lawrence Valley, where could be seen the white, thread-like line of the great river, and still beyond the Canada woods melting away to a measureless distance of airy blue. In the foreground was a vulgar old woman waddling along and snatching here and there a teacup full of water from the puddles formed by the melting snow; and fifty vigorous men in awe-struck attitudes were gazing at her, and when she moved they followed after.

Odd as this grotesque performance seemed, it had in it a touch of the old

heathenish grandeur belonging to the ancient superstitions. The same strange light that through all time has shone from human faces as souls reach after the great infinite unknown shone from the faces of some of these men. There were fine visages among them. Burly Josh and a hunter with dark, poetic eyes would have been a match for handsome, pious Æneas or the heroes of Hellas, who watched the flight of birds and believed in a fortune-woman at Delphos.

But the simple faith of these modern worshippers was not rewarded: after the Greek pattern, the oracle gave ambiguous responses. The old woman proclaimed, with her eyes snapping venomously, that there was "a big black baste a standin' over the swate child." She announced, with a swing of her right arm extending around half a circle, that "the dear, innocent darlin' was somewhere about off that way from the house." She scolded the men sharply for their laziness, telling them they had not looked for the lost child, but were waiting around the house, "while the blessed baby starved and the big black baste stood over him."

Dan caught at this and declared that the "old hypocrite" was no fool. She knew enough to understand that "it was no way to find a lost boy to shell out a whole township of able-bodied men and set them to chase an old woman around a lot."

The fortune-woman came back to the house, held a final grand *séance* with the teacup divinity, and declared that the "swate child" was within half a mile of the place, and if they would only look they would find him, and that if they did not look, within two days, "the big black baste would devour the poor, neglected darlin'." After this the fortune-woman was put into the wagon again, and Josh drove her home. It was fully in accordance with the known perversity of human nature, that the faith of the believers in her infallibility was not in the slightest degree shaken.

The company, having been increased by fresh arrivals to more than one hundred men, organized for the search. The colonel ranged the men in line about twenty feet apart, extending across the wide stubble-field and the pasture. The men were directed by the colonel to "dress to the left"; that is, as he explained it, for each to watch the man at the left and keep twenty feet from him and observe all the ground in marching.

The word was given, and the line, more than half a mile long, began to move sidewise or platoon fashion, sweeping from the road by the house across the clearing to the woods. It was a grand charge upon the great wilderness. The long platoon, under the instruction of their commander, swept the woods bordering the clearing, and then, doubling back, made semicircular curves, going deeper and deeper at each return into the primeval forest. The limit of their marching and countermarching in one direction was a river too broad to be crossed by fallen trees; it was sure that Willie could not have crossed the river. The termination of the marches in the other direction was controlled by the judgment of the colonel. It was a magnificent tramp through the wild, wet woods, under the giant trees, each eye strained and expectant of the lost boy. Here and there, in advance of the line as it progressed, a partridge, aroused by the voices of the men, would start from the undergrowth and trip along for a few steps with her sharp, coquettish *quit, quit, quit*, and then whirl away to some adjacent hollow, to be soon again aroused by the advancing line.

The afternoon was wearing away. The woods had been thoroughly explored for about two miles from the clearing, — far beyond what it seemed possible for an infant less than four years old to penetrate.

The colonel said he could think of nothing more to be done. The men returned in straggling groups to the farm-house, tired, sad, hungry, and dispirited. There were many specula-

tions whether Willie could be still alive, and if alive whether he could get through another night.

"You see," said Josh, "such a *little feller*, and three days and two nights a wettin' and a freezin' and a thawin' and no grub, why he could n't, don't you see?"

It was never found out, not even at Whiskey Hollow, where the men unveiled all their iniquities, who the wretch was that first started the dark suggestion about the *murder* of little Willie. Dan became very angry when the men, fatigued and famished, straggling back to the farm-house from the disorganized line as above narrated, began to hint that "things was tremendous queer," and that "them as lost could find," and that John, Willie's father, was a perfect hyena when he was "mad."

Dan, for the only time that day, became profane as he denounced the sneak, whoever it might be, who had started such a suggestion. He expressed the conviction that the fortune-woman had her foot in it in some way. Superstitious fools, he said, were likely to be suspicious.

But Dan's anathemas did not stay the rising tide. As the searchers came back, suspicious glances were turned upon the father, who sat with his afflicted family at the house. Some of the searchers stealthily examined under the barn, believing that Willie had been "knocked on the head" with a flail and concealed under the floor.

But John, the father, was no coward, and he had neighbors and friends who believed in him. They told him of the suspicions arising against him. On the instant he called a meeting at the little hovel of a school-house, a few rods down the road. The hundred searchers gathered there and filled the room, sitting, lolling, and lying upon the benches. The father of the lost child, almost a stranger to most of the searchers, took his place at the teacher's desk and confronted his accusers.

It was plain, direct work. Here were a hundred men who had exhausted all

known means of finding the lost boy ; and more than fifty of them had said in effect to the man before them, " We think you killed him." All were looking at John ; he rose up and, facing the crowd with a dauntless eye, he made a speech.

If this were a story told by Homer or Herodotus, I suppose John's speech would figure as a wonderful piece of eloquence ; for a man never had a grander opportunity to try his strength in persuading others than John had. But in fact there was nothing grand about the matter, except that here was a straightforward man with nerves of steel, who had been " hard hit," as Dan said, by the loss of his boy, and was now repelling with courage and almost scorn a thrust that might have killed a weaker man.

His speech was grammatically correct, cool, deliberate, and dignified. He said he had no knowledge of the black-hearted man who had originated so cruel a suspicion at such a time, and he did not wish to know who he was. He asked his hearers to consider how entirely without support in the known facts of the case the accusations were that had been suggested against him. It was a purely gratuitous assumption, with not a particle of evidence of any kind to establish it. He had understood that he was supposed to have killed his child in anger and then concealed the body. Such a thing could not have happened with him as killing his own child or any other child in that way, and if it had so happened he would not have concealed it. He only wished to brand this creation of some vile man, there present probably, as a lie. That was all he had to say upon that point.

In continuing his speech, when he alluded to what he had suffered in losing the boy he loved the best of anything on earth, there was a twitching of the muscles of his face, which, however, he instantly controlled as unworthy of him. He closed his speech by appealing to his friends, who had known him long and well, to come forward at this time and testify to his integrity.

As he ceased, the men rose up from the benches and conversed together freely of the probabilities about John. A group of three or four gathered around him, and, placing their hands upon his shoulders, told the crowd that they had known John for twenty years, and that he was incapable of murder or perfidy or deceit, and as honest a man as could be found in the county.

It was decided not to search any farther that day, as there was no prospect now that Willie would be found alive. The men went home, agreeing to come again after three days, by which time the sleet and light snow that had fallen would have all melted, and search for the body might be successfully made.

John went to his house. As he met his afflicted family and realized that little Willie was now gone, that the search was given up and his child was dead, his Spartan firmness yielded, and he wept such tears as strong, proud men weep when broken on the wheel of life. The last cruel stab at his moral nature and integrity hurt hard. He was a pure, upright man, a church-member, and without reproach.

As the three days were passing away that were to elapse before the search for the body should begin, it became apparent in the community that John's Homeric speech had done no good. The wise heads of Whiskey Hollow declared that at the next search there would be first of all a thorough overhauling about the immediate premises. Their suspicions found some favor in the community. Some were discussing indignantly and some with tolerance the probability of John's guilt. Even good Deacon Beezman, a magistrate who " lived out on the main road " and who was supposed to carry in his own person at least half of the integrity and intelligence of his neighborhood, declared that he would not spend more of his precious time in searching for the boy. He made it the chief point in the case that John " acted guilty." He had noticed that this rustic Spartan sat in his house and read his newspaper with apparent interest as in ordinary

times, on the day of the last search, and this indifference was evidence of his guilt. It was apparent that any color of proof, if there had been any such thing, might have served as a pretence for an arrest of the afflicted father.

The morning appointed as the time to seek for the body came. The excitement was high, and men came from great distances to join in the exploration.

Eight miles away, up across the river that flowed through the forest, dwelt Logan Bill, a hunter. At an early hour he left his cabin, and took his course down the stream toward the gathering-point. There was an April sun shining, but in the wilderness solitudes it was cold and dreary. He kept along the margin of the stream, to avoid the tangle of brush and fallen trees.

At nine o'clock Logan was still three miles from John's clearing. He was passing through a hollow where the black spruce and pine made the forest gloomy. He came upon a bundle of clothing; he turned it over: it was Willie!

And thus alone in the wilderness Logan solved the mystery. Through three miles of trackless forest, under the sombre, sighing trees of the great woods, through the fog and falling rain and snow, the child had struggled on, feeling its way in the night along the margin of the river, until it grew weak and sick, and fell and died.

There was a choking in Logan's throat as he lifted the cold little body and carried it onward down the stream, and noted the places where the infant must have climbed and scrambled in its little battle for life. It was a strange two hours to him as he bore the pure, beautiful, frozen corpse toward the settlement.

At eleven o'clock he reached the clearing. He saw the scattered groups of men gathered about John's house and barn. Some of the men seemed to be searching about the barn to find the body of the boy they believed to be murdered. Logan felt his frame tremble and his temples throb, realizing as

he did the weight of life and death wrapped in the burden that he bore. He spoke no word and made no gesture, but, holding the dead child in his arms, marched directly past the barn to the door-yard and up in front of the house. There he stopped, and stood and looked with agitated face at the farm-house door.

The shock of Logan's sudden coming was so great that no one said, "The body is found," but all the men stopped talking, and some, pale and agitated, gathered in a close huddle around Logan and looked at the little, white, frosted face, and in hushed tones asked where Logan had found the body.

A blanket was brought and spread upon a dry place in the yard, and Logan laid his little burden upon it.

John came out and approached the spot where his little Willie was lying. There was a deeper hush as the crowd made way for the father; and the rough men, some of whom were now crying, looked hard at John "to see how he would take it." John stood and gazed unmoved and lion-like; not a muscle of his strong face quivered as he saw his boy. He called in a tone of authority for his family to come, and said to his wife in a clear, calm voice as she came trembling, weeping, fainting, "Mother, look upon your son."

He turned and surveyed the crowd with the same dauntless eye he had shown in making his Homeric speech at the school-house. To some of the company that eye was now a dagger.

John was cool, calm, and polite. He uttered no reproach, and was kind in his words to all. A half-hour passed. The crowd went away in groups, discussing the amazing wonder, "how ever it could be that such a little feller as Willie could have got so far away from the house."

The next day religious services were held, and in the afternoon little Willie was laid to rest upon a sunny knoll. John wept at the grave. A poisoned arrow was drawn from the strong man's heart, and a great grief was there in its stead.

EDIBLE FUNGI.

PREJUDICE is stronger than reason, and it is often impossible to persuade men to do what is manifestly for their own interest, if there is any lingering memory or superstition which attaches a bad odor to the thing we want them to do. The tenacity with which we cling to prejudice is illustrated by nothing better than the contempt and dread with which the community treats the Fungus family, condemning all varieties as unfit to eat, excepting the *Agaricus campestris*, or common mushroom.

English and European fungi have been carefully studied and classed, and their edible and poisonous qualities ascertained by a few men of science and enterprise. Badham, Berkley, Cooke, Johnson, Smith, Bell, and a Mrs. Hussey have devoted a great deal of time to the subject, and have published books with profuse illustrations, showing to the eye by color and form what words fail to convey. No American has as yet published any treatise on the subject, which leaves our inquirers in the dark. We have distinguished mycologists who doubtless have arranged our fungi scientifically, and can give the name to any form they may see; but their labors have not yet been published in such a form as to become a common guide, nor do we know whether those who have made their classification a science have ever demonstrated by actual experiment their edible value.

The writer has tried the edible qualities of forty kinds of fungi, but is ignorant of the specific names of American fungi, so that possibly to the scientific ear his descriptions may seem incorrect. Armed with plates of English and French fungi, and works giving their scientific names, he has collected some very bad and poisonous kinds, and some which were very delicious. Many of those eaten have resembled the named European kinds; others

differ widely from them, and lack a name; with diffidence then he gives scientific names, but can vouch for the accuracy of the physical facts. When names of European kinds are applied to the American fungi, it is because the resemblance is so close as to seem to warrant it.

The edible qualities of various Agarics are well known on the continent of Europe to the common people, who eat them freely and make money by their sale, whilst in Great Britain scientific men only have ventured to explore the field and the forest in search of additions to the table.

On the continent, eaten fresh, dried, preserved in oil, vinegar, or salt, fungi constitute, for weeks together, the food of many people; and in Rome there is an inspector of fungi who daily examines the supplies which come in from the country, and condemns all that are unsound or unsafe, to be thrown away; and, curiously enough, the law points out by name our favorite *Agaricus campestris* as poisonous, and orders it to be thrown into the Tiber.

It is commonly supposed that fungi are the consequence of decay, and we do find the greatest number on decaying substances; but we find them also on glass, flints, metals, in poisonous solutions, in pure and undecomposed water. An instance is given of a blacksmith who threw aside a piece of iron at night fresh forged, and found it in the morning covered with an Ethalium two feet in length. Gunbarrels and sword-scabbards left in damp, close rooms have become covered with a blue mould in a few days. The rapidity with which many if not all fungi grow baffles calculation; the great puff-ball, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, will grow as large as a peck measure in forty-eight hours; and specimens of *Agaricus campestris* have devel-

oped from the button which is a bud of the size of a pea to a mushroom as large as a coffee-saucer in a night; but it must not be supposed that all this increase of size is a single night's actual growth. Agarics are many weeks forming under the surface; their cells are small and closely packed, and ready to expand when the moisture and temperature are favorable. When the auspicious moment arrives, the cells absorb abundant moisture, and, stimulated by heat, swell out to their full size.

Any vegetable productions which can increase so fast, and are so omnipresent, are worth studying to find out their good and bad qualities; and it is probable that amongst the poisonous fungi there are many which are as valuable to the pharmacopœia as others are to the table. The poisonous effects manifest themselves very soon after the fungi are eaten, causing heat and pricking in the fauces of the throat, burning and severe sickness at the stomach. In light cases the sickness is relieved by vomiting before any serious injury is done, but at other times the victim is sick for many days, and occasionally dies from the dose. One species, *Amanita muscaria*, is used to cause intoxication. "Upon some it produces ludicrous effects; a talkative person cannot keep silence or secrets, one fond of music is perpetually singing, and if a person under its influence wishes to step across a straw or a small stick he takes strides or jumps sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree." The juices of *Agaricus muscarius* will kill flies; the fumes of the dried puff-ball, when burned, will stupefy bees and small animals; even a few of the spores of the *Agaricus velleus* made one experimenter very sick; a few grains of a freshly gathered *Amanita verna* will kill a dog. *Rupula emetica*, as its name shows, is a violent emetic, and a large dose will kill.

With so much that is dangerous, there is little real risk attendant on the use of varied forms of fungi, for they can be easily classified, and are quite

distinct in their appearance and effects. There are certain simple rules which, carefully applied, greatly reduce the chances of mistake, and simplify choice. Any fungus which smells disagreeably should be avoided; for although there are a few bad smelling which are good kinds, they are very rare. It may be asked, what is a bad-smelling fungus; it will be easier answered by saying that a mushroom has a good smell; it has a decided earthy fresh odor, reminding one of cool shady nooks in the forest, amongst the ferns and lichens. To describe the odor in words would be impossible; find a good mushroom and smell of it, and the standard will be forever established. Every good fungus will smell like a mushroom, though often with a difference, but no one will ever call the odor unpleasant or impure. Bad kinds will have a peculiar sharpness in their woody smell, or a dirty smell like decaying flesh; thus, *Phallus impudicus*, *Rupula foetens*, and *Clathrus cancellatus* are so bad smelling that their presence cannot be endured in a room. If the odor of the fungus is satisfactory, look at its color; nearly all the edible fungi are pleasant colored,—white with tints of rose, delicate shades of yellow and orange, light brown and gray; but the majority are white, pink, and orange or drab.

All of the fungi have a general resemblance in form, but differ considerably in detail; they all have a stem and a cap, but no true root; they grow from what is called spawn, or mycelium, a white, thread-like substance which spreads through the earth, and is often seen in old sods, decaying wood, and dried manure; when this spawn finds suitable conditions of warmth and moisture, there appears first below the surface a little knob or bud and a stout, short stem,—the knob or future cap,—which with the stem is in the early stages covered by a thin epidermis, which, as the plant develops, separates at the edge of the cap, and shows a surface under the cap quite different from the top. The under part is di-

vided in the Agarics by a multitude of thin gills or plates, which radiate from the centre to the edge, and are close together or separated according to the species. These gills are generally of a different color from the outer skin, and are the seed-bearing part of the plant. On the sides of the gills a myriad of minute, dust-like seeds are borne, almost microscopic in size, and appearing, when shaken down in quantities on white paper or plate, like delicate dust. The spores commonly take the color of the gills which bear them; minute as they are, each spore is a true seed, and will produce perfect plants. The difference in the gills marks the species more distinctly than any other single feature, and we may make the distinctions of genera more obvious if we class together *Agaricus*, *Cantharellus*, *Lactarius*, *Marasimus*, *Coprinus*, *Rupula*, which have gills that are thin and blade-like, and either begin at the centre and radiate to the edge, or at the edge and converge towards the centre, — their color, contiguity relative to the stem, the edge, or centre, make specific distinctions.

The *Boletus* is unlike the Agarics in color, particularly in its gills, which are small tubes closely packed together; these gills will break across in any direction without separating, and can be taken out from the cap, leaving a flat receptacle, just as we can take out the centre rays from a white-weed or aster, and leave the smooth disk below. There are but few *Boleti* fit to eat, and as a family they are not attractive looking, are viscous, and not very pleasant smelling; few will care to try them.

The *Hydniums* are entirely unlike the *Boleti* and the Agarics; their gills are awl-shaped spines, and are easily distinguished; most of this group are good to eat. *Helbella* and *Morchella* differ from all the rest; they seem like Agarics turned inside out, bearing their gills on the upper or outer surface. *Fistulina* may exist in this country, but must be rare. The *Lycoperdon* are puff-balls, which have no inner and outer surface, no cap and stem; they

seem like bundles of different sizes tightly compressed in thin linen or cotton cloth, and set securely on the ground; and few realize that, whether small or large, this bunch of fungitic growth, commonly kicked to pieces by every traveller, is a delicate article of food.

The treatises on fungi give many methods for cooking them to make them palatable, and most of the processes are so compound, and require so many additions of condiments, or spices, butter, etc., that a piece of sole leather so cooked would probably be very good. The simplest method is the best for real relish, and is an easy way of ascertaining whether any fungus which seems safe is flavorful enough to be worth eating. Peel off the outer skin, break out the stem, and set the cap top down on a hot stove. In the spot where the stem formerly stood put a little salt, and, if desired, a small bit of butter. Scatter some salt over the gills. When the butter or salt melts, the cooking is done; and as soon as it is cool enough the fungus should be eaten, carefully saving the juice. *Agaricus campestris* cooked in this way and eaten hot will make one wish that he was all mouth and palate, and that his mouth might never be in want of a "mushroom."

This is the simple Irish way of cooking the mushroom, and all its allies can be treated in that way. Some fungi which do not seem particularly delicious when thus cooked will, when slowly stewed with a little butter, and flour dredged in, with salt and pepper, make most delicious stews.

The mushrooms, *Cantharellus*, *Marasimus*, *Boletus*, indeed all of the fungi named, will stew together, and form a dish that, alone or as an *entrée*, cannot be surpassed in delicacy of flavor and gastronomic satisfaction.

In testing new fungi one eats a little of the cap with salt to ascertain whether it tastes good, and whether it affects the fauces of the throat disagreeably; when a burning or stinging sensation accompanies or follows the swallowing, eat no more, but take a copious

dose of common salt, which generally neutralizes the poison. Some species which are unpleasant or slightly injurious when raw lose their harsh qualities in cooking; but as there are so many that are delicious, it is as well to give up the doubtful kinds. The common mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, sold in our markets, used for ketchup and flavoring, is cultivated very extensively in England and France. In Paris vast caves under the city, whence building-stone has been quarried, are now devoted to growing mushrooms, and thousands of pounds a year are grown and sold, making large revenues for those who grow them. This is not the place to give details for their culture, as it is rather our object to show that there are many kinds equally good but neglected, which might be gathered wild, or cultivated for the table. To begin the enumeration, using, as before said, the scientific names of English species to describe like American species, we will name firstly the *Agaricus campestris*. This mushroom is decidedly white in general appearance; "*bona fide*" mushrooms are known by their beautiful pink gills (in which state they are best fit for use), ultimately becoming deep brown, and not reaching the stem, which carries a well-marked, white, woolly ring; by the very fleshy, down-covered top, the delicious and enticing fragrance, and firm, white flesh, sometimes inclined to change to pink when cut or broken." Some persons suppose that a distinctive mark of the true mushroom is the ready separation of the skin of the cap from the flesh; but that is really no distinction at all, as any fungus which has a decided cuticle on top, with a fleshy part below between the skin and the gills, will readily peel. The peeling has been thought important, because unless peeled when broiled on the stove the mushroom is apt to be a little tough. The common mushroom is very abundant in autumns which follow a rather dry summer; and old pastures, particularly those which have been fed by horses and sheep, will be dotted with

them every morning for several weeks, especially after light showers. The clay pastures of the shores of Lake Champlain, well-manured lawns and kitchen-gardens, avenues, parks, and commons, are annually enriched with this most delicious vegetable.

In some parts of the country in the autumn we find old ploughed fields which have been well fertilized with horse-manure whitened with *Agaricus arvensis*. This Agaric is very nearly allied to the meadow mushroom, and frequently grows with it, but is coarser, and has not the same delicious flavor. It is usually much larger, often attaining enormous dimensions. "The top in good specimens is smooth and snowy white; the gills are not the pure pink of the meadow mushroom, but dirty brownish-white, ultimately becoming brown-black. It has a large, ragged, floccose ring, and the pithy stem is inclined to be hollow." It is not uncommon to gather one or two bushels at a time of *Agaricus arvensis*, which, though not so highly flavored when boiled or stewed as *Agaricus campestris*, is very good and makes a first-rate ketchup. Where *Agaricus arvensis* grows we often find two quite distinct varieties, one having a collar around the stem where the skin of the cap broke as it expanded, leaving the cuticle like a ragged fringe, the stem rather bulbous near the ground and gently tapering; the other variety has no collar, the stem is more nearly solid, not bulbous, and quite straight.

Agaricus procerus. — This Agaric is tall, has a movable ring round the stem; its stem and cap are a light buff; its gills yellowish white, the cap a little rough or scaly; it is not common, and is usually found on roadsides and under pine-trees; it is autumnal like the preceding kinds, and very highly flavored. There is a similar species of most beautiful orange-yellow color, which looks, smells, and tastes well, but the only time we have known it to be eaten it made all who tried it slightly sick. The bad Agaric grows in clumps; a dozen or more, in all stages from the

bud to the full-sized plant, being found in the same place. *Agaricus procerus*, so far as we know, comes up singly, only two or three being found together.

Agaricus ostreatus grows on old elm trunks, "although it is far from particular as to its habitat, often appearing on other trees, and sometimes on the ground. It usually grows in large masses, one plant above another, forming a very handsome object on old tree stems. The gills and spores are white, the former running down the stem, and the top dingy, sometimes nearly white. The flesh possesses a certain amount of firmness, and produces an abundant and savory juice; it is a species of least value for culinary purposes."

Agaricus nebularis "comes up late in the autumn, on dead leaves in moist places, principally on the borders of woods; the top is lead-color or gray, at first clouded gray, hence its name; the stem is stout, elastic, and straight, with the white gills running considerably down the ringless stem. When gathered it has a wholesome and powerful odor, and when cooked the firm and fragrant flesh has a particularly agreeable and palatable taste."

Agaricus dealbatus is a little fungus which commonly grows in or near the neighborhood of fir plantations, but will occasionally come up elsewhere. Its top is white, smooth, and exceedingly like ivory. It is shining, waved, fleshy, and inclined to be irregular; the gills are thin, white, and run down the stem. When clean, young, and fresh specimens are broiled with butter, it is a delicacy of the very highest degree, at once tender and juicy.

Marasimus oreades, or the fairy ring, is better than the last, and no recommendation can be too strong for it. "It is firmer than the meadow mushroom, and, whilst having its peculiar aroma, it possesses it in a concentrated form." They may be pickled, used for ketchup, or dried for future use. They grow in rings in old pastures and by roadsides everywhere (but never in woods). They are somewhat tough, the solid stem particularly

so, the gills wide apart and cream-colored. This species has no downy hairs at the base of the stem. Certain species of *Marasimus*, frequently found growing on dead leaves in the woods, and possessing this hairy down, are to be avoided. The fairy ring has been the subject of poetry and superstition. Coming up in nearly the same place, the circle widening each year, the peasantry of Europe believed they marked the place where the Fairies dance by night; they are as familiar to every countryman as buttercups, and as little esteemed; but they are, when stewed, equal to the mushroom, and may be dried and preserved for winter if desired. Some species which grow in the woods, with yellowish stems, rather dark or greenish at the base, and slightly hairy, the line of the edge of the cap quite circular, the gills fine and even, sting the throat when eaten raw, and should be avoided.

Coprinus comatus is unlike the others we have described in shape, being in the form of a rather long egg, the stem inserted in the large end; where the stem enters the cap, the cuticle is broken, leaving a ring, and showing the gills, which are light pink when fresh, but soon turn black. The *Coprinus* is dirty white, its cuticle being torn or split into long and pointed patches, as if the cone burst the skin by expansion. This fungus deliquesces as it grows old, and should be eaten fresh. It is found in rich garden soil, old lawns, bottoms of manure heaps, and on manure piles. All the fungi, so far described, are white or yellowish with a tendency to buff, the true mushroom alone having pink gills. The next to be noticed are the *Lactarius*.

Lactarius deliciosus. — There are but few species of *Lactarius*, or milk-bearing group, that can be recommended for culinary purposes. This species, however, and *Lactarius volemmum* are exceptions, and there can be no fear of mistaking the orange milk-mushroom for any other species; it is

at once known by the orange-colored milk it exudes on being bruised, cut, or broken, this milk soon becoming dull green. The plant is solid, almost corky, and the richly colored top is commonly, but not always, marked with deeper colored zones. It is somewhat local, and cannot be called a common fungus, although at times it grows in large numbers, but always in the woods. Like several other excellent species, the taste is at times rather sharp when raw. When cooked with care, it is one of the greatest delicacies of the vegetable kingdom, its flesh being more crisp and solid than many other species. One or two milk-mushrooms bear brimstone-colored milk, or milk that changes to a brimstone or burnt sienna color, — they had better be avoided; but *Lactarius deliciosus* can never be mistaken for anything else, if the deep orange (or red) and ultimately green milk be observed.

Next the *Cantharellus cibarius*. The *Cantharellus* is not abundant in many districts; its solid, ringless stem, fleshy body, thick, swollen veins in place of gills, and its brilliant yellowish color, at once serve to distinguish it from every other species. "Its smell," says Berkeley, "is like that of ripe apricots." *Cantharelli* are oftenest found in this country in beech woods, particularly on sloping banks under beech-trees, and though not so highly flavored as their English congeners, are very delicious.

Rupula heterophylla is a very common species in the woods, found mostly in July, "known by its sweet, nutty taste, white, rigid, sometimes branched gills; white flesh; white, solid, fleshy, ringless stem; and firm top, variable in color, which is at first convex, becoming concave. The color of the thin, viscid skin covering the top of the fungus is commonly subdued green; but (as its name indicates) the color is variable; at one time it approaches greenish yellow or lilac, and at another gray or obscure purple; but it is so common and well marked that there is no fear of mistaking it. It is certainly one of

the sweetest and mildest species we have."

"*Rupula alutacea* is a very abundant fungus in the midsummer woods, and when found in a perfect condition is excellent eating. Its thick and almost rich tissue exposes it to the attacks of insects, and it is often too wormy for use. It is easily recognized by its thick gills, which are of a subdued, but decided buff-yellow color, and the somewhat viscid red or rather pale crimson top. The stem is stout, white, or rose-color, ringless and solid; the whole plant fleshy and frequently very large. The gills distinguish it from the emetic mushroom, as in the latter they are pure white and always remain so."

"*Rupula emetica* is one of the most poisonous fungi, and is at the same time, so handsome and inoffensive in its smell, that it should be described. The skin is scarlet, and may be readily peeled off, showing the white flesh beneath; the gills are pure white, and do not reach the stem; the top is highly polished, and varies from scarlet and crimson to a faint rose-color, and may now and then be found shaded with purple. It attains a large size, loves damp places in the woods, and is acrid."

Boletus edulis is one of our commonest, and a very delicious, species. It grows in woods and forests; it is generally very stout, with a smooth, amber, cushion-shaped top; tubes at first white, and ultimately pale yellowish green; stem whitish brown, bearing a minute white and very elegant reticulated network, principally near the top of the ringless stem; when cut or broken, the fleshy body of the plant remains white. In this as in every other species, sound young specimens should be selected, and it is perhaps as well to scrape away the tubes before preparation. All the *Boleti* that are bad, when broken across, oxidize as it were, and soon take a purplish or green lurid color. *Boletus edulis* when broken, like any other fungus, grows dark colored, but there is no particular change in the character of the color.

Hydnum repandum. — There is little

fear of mistaking this for any other species, as the awl-shaped spines on the under surface are a characteristic feature of the very small group of *Hydnums*. *Hydnum repandum*, the only one commonly found, is slightly pungent when uncooked; when stewed its flesh is very firm and delicious, yet, being somewhat dry, the addition of some sauce or gravy lends an improved relish to the stew. The color of the fungus is exactly like that of a cracker; the smooth top is frequently irregular, and the solid stem often at one side of the centre. *Hydnums* come about July 1st, and may be dried for winter use.

There are two species of *Lycoperdons*, or puff-balls, equally good to eat, but varying in size and shape. The smallest is found mostly in woods in groups of four or five, pure white, and covered with minute rugosities that give it a warty appearance. When dry, the top opens, and clouds of spores blow into the air like smoke whenever the skin is pressed, whence the name, puff-ball. This species is not sufficiently common to attract attention or to be much used; its flesh when fresh is rather viscous like the *Boletus*.

Lycoperdon gigantum, though called a giant, is frequently and most commonly found about the size of a man's fist; it sometimes grows as large as a water-pail, and we have known specimens twenty-four inches in diameter, and nearly round. These large *Lycoperdons* are covered with a thick, tough skin or shell, which can be peeled off like leather; the interior resembles a hard custard, and can be cut in thin slices and fried in a little butter, when it closely resembles an omelet, only it is not as tender. It makes a good, though not highly flavored stew.

With the *Helvella* and *Morel* we shall close our enumeration of the kinds of fungi which we have found good to eat. These are very peculiar and at first seem to bear no resemblance to the usual type of edible fungi.

Helvella crispa has a stem full of wrinkles and holes, seeming to be semi-

decayed, looking like a piece of wood affected by dry-rot and bored by worms; on top of the stem is a ragged, much-lobed, and deflexed collection of gills without any cap; all parts are brown in color, but the gills are rather darker than the stem; this is very flavorful, and retains its qualities when dry, and may be preserved for winter use.

The *Morel*, *Morchella esculenta*, of America, differs very much from the European varieties in size and color. They are the earliest of the fungi, coming up in the woods before the trees are in leaf, and are so nearly the color of the dried leaves of the last year as to be easily passed by. The *Morel* we have found and eaten in New England is about four inches high, the stem hollowed and pitted like the *Helvella*, but the top or cap is conical, and has its gills on the upper surface in a kind of network spread over the surface; the reticulated gills are on the edges of pits, which make ear-shaped cavities all over the top, but which do not communicate with each other or the hollow of the centre. The stem and cap are hollow inside; the stem is light brown, the cavities light yellow-brown, but the edges a dark brown. The English species is a golden orange cap on a light brown stem; and in the Western United States a *Morel* abounds which is more like the English than the American in color.

There is a good field for investigation in the fungi; and as the edible fungi are very numerous, both as individuals and species, and might add a great deal of food as well as flavor to our culinary resources, we hope some other inquirers will carry our experiments further. There is no more reason for rejecting the good fungi because of the bad species than for declining to eat apples, pears, peaches, and strawberries, because strawberries poison some people, and bitter almonds everybody. There is hardly a family of edible plants that is without some offending member; and were the bad to exclude the good, the list of useful plants would shrink into very narrow compass.

Robert Morris Copeland.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE POST-OFFICE.

AT the present moment the Post-Office Department, ably administered by Sir Frank J. Scudamore, is the most successful and progressive branch of the British government. Its chief stations are postal banks and annuity offices. It pays out a million sterling yearly in subsidies to steamers. It has set in motion at least four hundred steamships, established a system of money-orders extending through the British Isles and pervading both continents; it has effected a purchase of the whole telegraphic system of the United Kingdom; it has paid for it more than thirty millions of dollars, and now controls the wires and cables which connect the central office of London with more than five thousand offices in all the important municipalities of the British Isles. After doing all this it exhibits a net income of more than seven millions of dollars.

Before this purchase the British telegraphs were controlled by separate companies; one of which, the International, like our Western Union, had been eminently successful, and, like it, strongly opposed a purchase by government both before the committees of the legislature and in the public journals. It had obtained a monopoly of the lines in a large part of England. If a new company started in an English district it reduced its rates to all competing points until it broke down its rival. It then advanced them. When called upon by the public to lower them permanently, it insisted that its rates were not remunerative; but when the act for the purchase of the telegraphs, upon the basis of their previous net income, had passed Parliament, it changed its tone and exhibited profits it had previously studied to conceal. The chief cities of Great Britain, especially the city of Edinburgh, gave important aid to government in effecting the change; and on

the 5th of February, 1870, the purchase was consummated, and the wires of the British Isles, with several ocean cables, came under the control of government. The average charge for the transmission of a message was then thirty-eight cents, and the programme of the department was, —

First. To reduce the rates for telegrams to one uniform charge of a shilling per message of twenty words, besides the address, and to accompany this with a liberal reduction to the press.

Second. To extend the system to many important towns and villages not reached by the existing lines.

Third. To discontinue the duplicate offices of rival companies in the same towns and cities.

Fourth. To bring the lines under one administration, and to connect them as far as possible with the post-offices.

Fifth. To educate new corps of electricians.

Sixth. To pave the way for an early reduction of the charge for telegrams to *sixpence*, in place of a shilling.

The opponents of the purchase confidently predicted a failure in each of these essays. The department was environed with difficulties and watched intently by its foes, but moved boldly and steadily onward.

Its first step was to discontinue useless offices, and transfer the wires and instruments from stations often in the suburbs to more central post-offices, while it retained the ablest clerks and electricians of the companies it superseded.

Its second step was the reduction of its charges to the uniform rate of a shilling. Its third was the extension of its lines into the rural districts.

At first its foes were elated. There was much friction incident to the change, and its foes insisted that their predictions were verified.

The messages received for transmission were greatly increased, and the Irish cables and many of the wires proved insufficient; time was consumed in providing new wires and implements; messages were for a few weeks delayed by changes of officers and offices; time was required to teach new electricians and new bands of messengers, and to lay down new cables and extensions. The public were impatient and ready to give credence to the reports of failure industriously circulated. But the triumph of those who opposed the movement was of short duration. By the 1st of April, 1870, business was organized, and new and efficient cables were laid across the Irish Channel. A corps of females was educated in public schools; the wives and daughters of the village postmasters, encouraged by premiums, acquired the language of the wires; the extensions were utilized and new offices came into play. And Mr. Scudamore, now Sir Frank J. Scudamore, in his first report has announced the success of the department in its great undertaking, and exhibited the fruits of that success for the year ending April 1, 1871, as follows, namely:—

An increase of messages of sixty-three per cent. An increase of telegraph-wires from 51,311 miles to 63,319 miles; an increase of instruments from 1,869 to 4,104; an increase of offices from 2,159 to 3,997; an increase of messengers from 1,471 to 3,110; and of clerks and operators including postmasters, from 2,638 to 4,913.

The press, too, is supplied more liberally and cheaply with news now than it was before the change. In place of 6,090 words before the change, from 15,000 to 20,000 were sent for the press over the wires daily at the close of the first year.

The telegraph companies supplied with news but one hundred and seventy-six journals; the post-office has supplied four hundred and sixty-seven journals. The charge for separate wires has been lowered forty per cent.

The rents of offices have come down from \$ 118,500 to \$ 58,430.

The chief instruments used are those of Morse and Hughes, American electricians.

The department took possession of the telegraph-wires and cables in February, 1870, and dates its first year from the 1st of April following. The telegrams it sent during the first year have been as follows:—

First quarter, April 1 to July 1 . . .	2,306,350
Second " July 1 " Oct. 1 . . .	2,610,237
Third " Oct. 1 " Jan. 1 . . .	2,646,438
Fourth " Jan. 1 " April 1, estd. . .	2,700,000
	10,263,015

The department realized from its business during the above twelve months a revenue of £ 798,580, and incurred an expenditure of £ 470,000, and received a net revenue of £ 328,580 which already exceeds the interest upon the outlay, and supplies means for new extensions.

Since April 1, 1871, the telegrams sent by the British post-office have increased at the rate of twenty-five to thirty per cent annually, and are estimated this year at more than sixteen millions, or more than twice the number sent in 1870 by the Western Union. Many extensions are now progressing in England, and will reach rural districts which were neglected as unprofitable by the telegraph companies. Their wires reached but one hundred and sixty-five towns; the wires of the department at the close of 1871 reached three hundred and sixty-five towns. The Post-Office Department has found it politic to train a large number of ladies as electricians; they are drawn by the same wages that are paid to males from a more highly educated class of society. As the space in the present post-office of London would not suffice for the clerks and instruments, the department has thus far occupied the large rooms of the International Telegraph Company, and London messages are delivered in the average time of ten minutes from their receipt. To facilitate their delivery, messages are stamped and received

through the pillar-boxes of the streets. Corps of boys are trained for the delivery, are furnished with caps, shoes, and uniforms, and paid a small fee for each message.

The government is now erecting a large edifice near St. Martin le Grand in London, a central-station, to which the wires, tubes, and electricians will soon be removed. Upon the completion of this edifice, the department is expected to take another step in advance, and to reduce its charges between any points in the two islands to the uniform rate of sixpence per message. The present charge of a shilling is in striking contrast with the average rate of that great monopoly the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose average charge was seventy cents last year, and ninety cents in the year preceding.

Our Post-Office Department has been able to carry letters through our States for three cents each, in paper long equivalent in specie value to the English penny; and the question naturally arises, is it absolutely necessary to pay a successful monopoly seven times, or even three times, the telegraph rate in Great Britain for the transmission of our telegrams?

In Switzerland the Alps prevent the construction of many railways; but few trains are run and but few mails despatched, the telegram is often substituted for the letter. In 1867, there were two hundred and eighty telegraph stations in Switzerland, and seven hundred and nine thousand messages were in that year sent by telegraph. In the preceding year one message was sent for every sixty-six letters mailed,—a larger proportion than is found in other European states.

The customary charge in Switzerland is twenty cents per message of twenty words, and this meets the interest on the investment and the cost of transmission. It covers also the cost of delivery at any point within three fourths of a mile of the telegraph office. Money orders are often sent by telegram. The lines are

owned by the Republic, and ably managed.

The Belgian telegraph lines are connected with the post-offices. For ten years messages were sent to any part of Belgium for twenty cents per twenty words, with somewhat higher charges for foreign messages crossing the country; but some seven years since all inland messages were reduced to ten cents, while former rates for foreign messages were continued. After the reduction, the number of foreign messages remained nearly stationary, but the number of inland telegrams rose more than an hundred per cent; the whole system proved to be self-sustaining and beneficial to the country.

Switzerland and Belgium have set the pattern which England so zealously follows. France, too, copies the example of the states upon her borders in adopting telegraphy as a national enterprise. She will doubtless ere long follow their example by lowering her charges. In England, as on the continent of Europe, the average annual cost of conducting a telegraph line is not far from twenty-five dollars per mile of wire; and as timber for poles is cheaper here than in Europe, we may infer that the cost of maintenance and management of our lines is nearly as low as it is in Europe. Assuming this to be the case, the cost of maintenance and management of a system of a hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire, which is the length of the wires of the Western Union in 1871, would fall below four millions of dollars. Mr. Dennison, our late Postmaster-General, in his report to the Senate of June 6, 1865, stated the cost of constructing a three-wire line as \$300, and rated the cost of maintenance, including salaries, etc., at eighteen per cent, or \$18 per mile of wire.

When ocean telegraphs were first introduced, the charge was so high that none would use them except upon some momentous question; but as charges have declined from \$100 to \$15 or less per message, the business which formerly sustained but one line now supports three and demands more.

The able Secretary of the Post-Office Department, while introducing the Swiss and Belgian systems into England, had an eye to future extension. He has already laid down several cables connecting England with Ireland, and now has four cables crossing the Irish Channel, and seven connecting England with the Isles of Wight and Man, Jersey and Guernsey, and other adjacent isles; he expects also soon to have the control of the cables leading to the Orkney, Shetland, and Sicily Isles, which are worked by companies. He has either bought or erected large shops for constructing and repairing instruments. He has in hand many extensions. His department has in London nineteen pneumatic tubes of $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, measuring in length in the aggregate more than nine miles. These radiate from the central office to important points around it. Through some of these fifty messages are often sent or received in one "carrier," but a few seconds on the way. Eleven such tubes have also been placed in the commercial cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow. How successfully might not such tubes be laid down in New York from a central office to stations half a mile apart from one end of Broadway to the other, or in Boston between the new Post-Office and Charlestown, Cambridge, and the Highlands!

The Secretary of the Post-Office Department has conferred a great boon upon London by giving to that city fifty new offices, and connecting it with nearly all its environs and suburban villages. He has conferred a further boon upon the public by establishing several free schools to teach telegraphy to both males and females, whence they are transferred in two or three months to clerkships; he has thus trained more than five hundred women for his offices, and opened to their use an important branch of business. In one of his messages, after stating that complaints are diminishing and that the average is but one for six hundred messages, he alludes with some humor

to those which were rife a few months since, during the transition from corporate to national management. He observes "that it is probable and not remarkable that the complaints against us in the newspapers were more numerous than those against the companies, for it was useless and even dangerous to complain against bodies that are proof against any attack. A government department is more open to assault, and therefore more often assailed; although the assailants have not always more reason, they have at least gained one privilege by the change, the privilege so dear to an Englishman, the privilege of complaining.

Although telegraphy is an American invention, our telegraphs lag far behind those of Europe. In 1859 we sent over our American lines 5,000,000 telegrams: and the British Isles sent in the same year 1,575,000 telegrams: the excess in the United States was 3,425,000 telegrams.

We sent then three messages for one English message. But under the new system the number of telegrams in the United Kingdom increased in 1871 to ten millions and a quarter, an amount twenty-five per cent more than the messages in the United States under the administration of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

In 1859, the average charge per telegram was in Great Britain eighty-five cents against forty cents in the United States. In 1870, if we include extra words, it has been twenty-seven cents in England against ninety-three cents in the United States. The position of the two nations has been thus reversed, and the change is adverse to the commerce of our Republic.

According to the reports of 1871, the lines of electric telegraph in the United States were as follows:—

	Length of lines in miles.	Length of wires in miles.
Lines of the Western Union Company and its Tributaries	62,996	127,182
Other Lines	10,275	27,701
Aggregate	73,271	154,883

We had then in 1871, 73,271 miles

of telegraph, and 154,883 miles of wire, more than five sixths of which were controlled by a single company. Against such a company there can be no successful opposition by any organization except the nation. It can fix its own rates. If opposed in one State it can reduce its charges there until it has beaten its adversary, and then dictate its terms and buy up its discomfited foe. There is no account of the cost of the lines of the Western Union to which we have access, except that given by its officers in their annual reports or published letters, from copies of which we learn that this remarkable company, which now seems to overshadow the land, was originally organized twenty years since, in April, 1851, with a capital of \$360,000. The length of its lines was then 1,140 miles. For nearly seven years it paid no dividends; all its earnings were used for the acquisition of new lines. In 1857, when its capital had reached the sum of \$500,000, it began to pay large dividends, so that in thirteen years, from its birth in 1851 to 1864, it divided upon the average seventy-one per cent, — of which thirteen and a half per cent were in money and fifty-seven and a half per cent in stock, — a yearly average of seventy-one per cent on a capital averaging \$758,461. In 1863, the annual receipts of the company rose to \$1,274,214.84. It went on expanding and purchasing the stock of other companies until the spring of 1864, when its stock issued rose to \$10,053,200, and it was then reputed to be entirely free from debt, with surplus assets after payment of its dividends.

Down to this period, its issues of stock were apparently based upon the idea that each mile of telegraph line should be represented in stock by a sum equal to the original cost of the first mile; since that period, the capital has been increased still more rapidly, for, in 1867, the capital and debt of this company were reported as high as \$45,827,000. Nearly two years since, the length of line held by this gigantic company was stated to be 62,996 miles;

and if we apply this to its nominal capital and bonds, we deduce from it, as a result, a cost of \$700 per mile of line, averaging about two wires to the mile.

The report of 1871, as published in our journals, furnished other facts; it states that the Western Union Telegraph Company realized for the year ending July 1, 1871, a revenue of \$7,321,000 drawn from 8,000,000 of messages and business for the press, and with its income had reduced its bonded debt from five millions to four millions, and its capital stock from \$41,000,000 to \$35,000,000, thus bringing its capital and debt to \$39,000,000. It then held 120,000 miles of wire and 7,000 miles of tributary wire, and its average charge on each telegram was ninety-three cents, or ten cents less than its charge in 1867. Since 1867 it had increased its wires 23,000 miles, and added 1,139 offices to the 3,061 offices which it previously held. That it had effected this at a cost in 1867 of \$415,000; in 1868, of \$355,000; in 1869, of \$678,000; in 1870, of \$400,000, — an aggregate of \$1,878,000.

These, certainly, are important disclosures, for they give us some data for determining the cost of such a system at the present hour. Were we to deduce it from its nominal capital and debt by the obvious method of dividing the dollars by the number of miles of wire, namely, 120,000, we should arrive at the result, that each mile of wire, with the offices, cables, and instruments that appertain to it, had cost \$325 per mile. But if we take the new miles of wire erected since 1867, or 23,000 miles, and divide by them the cost of \$1,878,000 reported by the company, we shall arrive at a very different result, namely, a result of but \$82 per mile; and this result includes a due proportion of new offices and new wires in place of those deteriorated by use.

This standard is thus furnished by the company itself; and, tested by this, the cost of replacing its hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire at eighty-two dollars a mile with new wires, accompanied by new offices and instru-

ments, would be but \$9,640,000, or little more than this company and its rivals now extract from this country annually, and, if we add to it \$360,000 more for river cables and other expenditures incident to a new line, we might apparently replace with ten millions of dollars the thirty-nine millions of dollars which constituted the capital and debt of this colossal Company. This result of \$82 per mile of wire strongly confirms the report of Mr. Dennison, the Post-master-General of June 2, 1866, Executive Document of the Senate No. 49, based on the computations of a telegraphic engineer. In this he sets the cost of a single-wire line at \$150, and the cost of a six-wire line at \$580 per mile, making an average cost of \$105 per mile; this, under a decline in gold of more than than twenty per cent, would now probably not exceed eighty-four dollars per mile of wire. The ninety-three cents per message, which the company admit was the average charge for each message, is three and a half times the sum now charged by the Post-Office Department of England for a telegram, and in a few months more it will be nearly eight times the uniform charge of sixpence which England will make for a telegram. The report of the company in 1871 gave its net income as \$2,352,750; and we might infer from this income that its annual cost was close upon five millions of dollars, as its revenue for the year was stated in the report to amount to \$7,320,000; but it has reduced its debt, extended its lines, and increased its offices during the year, and does not state what part of the sum invested in stocks and improvements is included in the expenditures it reports, and we are left to look to other sources for information; and we find it in the report of Sir Frank J. Scudamore for April, 1871. In the place of eight millions of telegrams sent by the Western Union Telegraph line, he despatched more than ten millions and a quarter, and has sent them at a cost of £470,000, in our currency \$2,350,000, in place of \$5,000,000. It is true that he had not

as many wires to sustain, but he had about as many offices and operatives; and the great expense of telegraphy is not in the maintenance of the wires, it is incurred at the stations. In England and on the Continent, before the late increase of messages, five pounds or twenty-five dollars per mile have been the ordinary standard of expense for the maintenance of telegraphic lines and conducting their business. Mr. Dennison in his report sets it at eighteen per cent upon the cost of construction, which, upon our computation, would give a still lower annual charge upon each mile of wire. In Great Britain, in 1871, where so many messages were sent, the cost of maintaining and managing each mile of wire, had risen to thirty-seven dollars per mile of wire; and were we to apply this cost to the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company, we should materially reduce its reported cost of maintenance, and might make further deductions for less messages per mile. We have shown that the British Post-Office Department conducts 63,319 miles of wire and cable, or one half the miles of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and sent over them in an expensive year more than ten millions of telegrams, and yet maintains and conducts its wires at a cost of \$37 per mile.

Let us picture the results to the United States, should it adopt the policy of the Swiss, Belgian, and British nations, and invest ten millions of dollars in the construction of the telegraphic system, and manage it by commissioners under the Post-Office Department, as our lighthouse system is now conducted. The nation might issue, for this outlay, ten millions in five per cent bonds, either to the freed-man's or postal banks, or the Treasury Department. The interest on this would not exceed half a million, and the annual expense, at \$37 per mile of wire, would not reach four millions and a half of dollars. The new system would become a candidate for a business exceeding nine millions of

dollars ; for the receipts of the Western Union Telegraph Company last year rose, according to its report, to \$ 8,457,095.77, drawn from 12,444,499 messages, and have been progressive.

If England, with sixty-three thousand three hundred and nineteen miles of wire, can send sixteen millions of telegrams yearly, this nation, with one hundred and twenty thousand miles of wire, could easily send thirty millions of telegrams at a cost of less than six millions of dollars, or twenty cents per message, and with a profit of one or two millions yearly.

Should the nation, guided by the experience of Europe, pursue this course, no American company would have a right to complain. It would be the policy as well as the duty of the Post-Office Department to tender to existing companies the cost of replacing their lines in payment for those they have erected. The nation would also undoubtedly sanction a moderate payment for the good-will of their business : they can reasonably ask no more. The interests of commerce and society imperatively demand a reduction of telegraph rates in conformity to the policy of the most liberal and enlightened nations of the globe. We must have, and that soon, in connection with the general post-office, not only the postal card, but the double letter, the sample package, and the twenty-five cent telegram.

Our President and the Postmaster-General have recommended the assumption of the telegraph by the state. The report of Mr. Cresswell, presented since this article was written, is a well-reasoned document, and we sincerely hope it may receive the sanction of Congress. This able report apprises us that the revenue of our Post-Office Department has risen to \$ 21,915,426, or nearly to the standard of England, and is gaining more than nine per cent a year, that our foreign letters last year numbered 24,362,500, and are increasing at the rate of twenty per cent a

year, yielding an annual revenue of \$ 1,871,257. But the great measure recommended by Mr. Cresswell is the adoption of telegraphy in connection with the post-office. His estimate of the outlay required, namely, \$ 11,880,000, is a little in excess of ours, while his estimate of the telegrams to be carried, namely, thirty millions, is the same. He shows, by very liberal estimates of cost, that the net revenue to be drawn from a uniform rate of thirty cents for any distance, will cover expenses, return ten per cent upon the investment, and thus soon extinguish the cost by the excess of income over interest.

He also informs us that the new Dominion of Canada has already taken the lead on this continent in telegraphy, and increased its revenue from messages by a uniform rate of twenty-five cents per message, and that last year the average charge for messages of any length was, in Great Britain but twenty-nine cents, in Germany but twenty-two cents, and in Belgium and Bavaria but sixteen.

In a brief essay like this, our space will not permit us to do justice to this able message, in which Mr. Cresswell demonstrates that it will be best both for the people and the press to have the telegraphs assumed by the nation ; in which he instances the refusal of the Western Union Telegraph Company to transmit the storm signals, so useful to the country, at reasonable rates ; and illustrates the importance of a control of the system in time of war, and the insufficiency of any company to do the work of the nation. He contrasts also in a striking manner the low rates of Europe with the average charges of the Western Union Telegraph Company, — ninety-three cents two years since, and seventy cents the present year. We cordially unite with him in his conclusion, that the hour has come for the nation to connect the telegraphs with the post-office, and reduce the rates to one uniform standard.

E. H. Derby.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE second volume of Mr. Forster's Life of Dickens is not so interesting as the first. It does not reach the period of Dickens's separation from his wife, and it gives no facts of his *vie intime* to compare in effect with those already related of his childhood. On the other hand, it has all the disagreeable qualities of the first volume: it is even more bragging in tone, feeble and wandering in analysis, and comical in criticism. It tells the story of Dickens's life from 1842 to 1852, — a period of great literary activity and of varied experiences; for during these years the American Notes, Martin Chuzzlewit, The Christmas Carol, The Chimes, Pictures from Italy, Dombey and Son, and David Copperfield were written, and the author spent much time abroad, residing at Genoa for a year, then for a long time in Switzerland, and then at Paris.

In 1842 he had just returned from America, and was busy with those Notes in which he stated as mildly as he could his displeasure with this Republic, but which our exacting population of that day refused to find lenient. It seems all a very droll business to us, who are so much wiser than our fathers, but perhaps we should not have liked it ourselves. We do not like the patronizing letter which he writes to Mr. Forster in 1868 from America: "I see *great changes* for the better socially. Politically, no. England governed by the Marylebone vestry, and England as she would be after years of such governing, is what I make of *that*." We do not like it, but we do not care much about it, and our predecessors cared a great deal. That is the difference. Still, great as was the clamor the ill-advised Americans of that day made over the Notes, Dickens amusingly exaggerated it; he really thought that the whole course of business and pleasure upon this continent was suspended in order to let the public rage about his book. But it is plain that he always felt himself an object of universal and unceas-

ing interest: he wrote his books as we celebrate our Fourths, with the eyes of the world upon him. As to us poor Americans, he never changed his mind about us; he never liked us; and it is a pity that we cannot get over that vice of wanting other people to like us. There are some forty millions of us now; is it not enough if we like each other? It is impossible that a man should like any nation besides his own; the best he can do is to like here and there a person in it. Dickens did this, and so does his biographer after him. Mr. Forster thinks there is no higher type than the accomplished and genial American, just as we think there is nobody so charming as the thoroughly agreeable Englishman, though even he has his little foible: for example, he does not exist. But it was not merely his dislike that the Americans of old complained of in Charles Dickens; it was his unfairness, his giving only the truth that told against them, and his downright misrepresentations. Who shall say if they were right? Some things in this book support their side. Dickens pretends that he met five Americans on a Genoese steamer, and one of them called out, "Why, I'm blamed if it ain't Dickens!" and having introduced the others all round, added, "Personally, you and my fellow-countrymen can fix it pleasant, I do expectate." Honest Mr. Forster sets down this frantic rubbish, and seems to believe that it reports the parlance of the American people. We can well imagine, however, that Dickens found the Italians much smoother and more agreeable than he found us, and that he felt it the greatest injustice to call the Swiss "the Americans of the Continent," for they saluted people whom they met very politely. It must be owned that in point of manners we are perhaps the least successful people on earth, and to be ranked with none but the English.

Beyond the superficial observations of Italian life which afterwards took more perfect form in Pictures from Italy,

* *The Life of Charles Dickens*. By JOHN FORSTER. Volume II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

Liza. A Russian Novel. By IVAN S. TURGENIEFF. Translated by W. R. S. RALSTON. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Myths and Myth-Makers: Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B., Assistant Librarian, and late Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Dickens's letters from Genoa contain little but the usual extravagant statements of his own conditions of mind, his achievements, and his purposes. Something prodigious, or horrible, or enormous, or petrifying, or terrible, or magnificent, or astounding in a superlative degree happens to him so often, that at last it becomes fatiguing. The letters throughout the book are nearly always to Mr. Forster; as if Mr. Forster did not like to connect any other name with Dickens's. It is true that he quotes some passages of the letters to President Felton from Mr. Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, and these are so much better than any written to himself that one wishes his biographer had cast about him a little to see if he could not discover some other correspondent of Dickens. Though the letters given are not easy reading, though their fun seems often pitilessly forced, and their seriousness of the blackest midnight hue, and their fervor of the very red hottest, they are extremely useful in possessing us fully with an idea of the pressure under which Dickens felt, joked, wept, wrote, lived. His whole existence was a prolonged storm and stress, and the wonder is, not that he died so young, but that he lived to be so old. This pressure told upon his quality. A man of unquestionable genius, his material, at its finest, was never of the finest. The melodramatic was his notion of the dramatic, the eloquent was his idea of the poetic; his humor was burlesque; his pathos was never too deep for tears. It seems that he could not like anything better, if we are to judge from his estimate of Hawthorne's matchless romance: "I finished the *Scarlet Letter* yesterday. It falls off sadly, after that fine opening scene. The psychological part of the story is very much overdone, and not truly done, I think. Their suddenness of meeting and agreeing to go away together, after all those years, is very poor. Mr. Chillingworth ditto. The child out of nature altogether. And Mr. Dimmesdale never could have begotten her." This failure to understand the subtle perfection of art so far above his is all the more sadly amusing when one thinks, in connection with it, of the shapelessness of his own plots, the unnaturalness of his situations, the crudity of his treatment of characters similar to those he censures. Indeed, when you go back to the most popular of the Dickens romances, you marvel at the effect the earlier books

had upon the generation in which they were written, and question whether there is not some witchery in the mere warmth and novelty of a young author's book that makes it captivating to his contemporaries. In this biography you read with amazement the letters of Lord Jeffrey, in which the old reviewer bewails himself over little *Nell* and Paul Dombey. Does any peer of the realm now shed tears for their fate? Dickens, full of his *Chimes*, came all the way from Italy in midwinter to read it to Carlyle, Forster, Jerrold, and other intimate friends, and made them cry; but he could hardly do that with any literary company now if he came back from the dead. And is it then all a fashion only?

The tireless industry of Dickens continued throughout the years recorded in this volume, but he performed no such feat as the simultaneous production of *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, and *Oliver Twist*. Yet he wrote always with the printer at his heels, and in one of his letters he tells how it startled him to hear, in a stationer's shop, a lady inquire for a certain number of *David Copperfield* when he had just bought the paper to write it. His literary history is very fully given, and amidst much that is not important there is a great deal that is very interesting. His method of publication was adverse to any exactness of plot; and as he wrote from month to month his romances took shape from the suggestions and exigencies of the passing time. It is easy to see how he padded when he could not otherwise fill out the due number of pages; in some of his books, as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, he wholly changed his plan, and in *Our Mutual Friend* it is hard to believe that he had any plan. For this reason we are not persuaded, in the matter of Mr. Cruikshank's claim to have suggested the idea of *Oliver Twist*, that Mr. Forster has all the truth upon his side. Doubtless the artist claims too much in saying that he furnished the principal characters and scenes, and implying that the letter-press merely illustrated his pictures; but it is not at all improbable that Dickens, who was then writing *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, as well as *Oliver Twist*, may really have changed his plot after poring over a series of sketches in the artist's portfolio. The letter of Dickens, which Mr. Forster prints with so much emphasis, he merely declares at the time of

writing that he had just seen "a majority of the plates for the first time." Nobody will ever believe that Mr. Cruikshank originated *Oliver Twist*; but Dr. Mackenzie's statement of the matter was so far within the range of possibility, that, after all but calling him a liar, it seems a grudging reparation for Mr. Forster to say that he is not guilty of "the worst part of the fable." But, then, graciousness is not a characteristic of this odd biography, in which the unamiable traits of the biographer combine with the unamiable traits of his subject to give the book as disagreeable a tone as a book ever had. We behold in one case a high-pressure egotist, living in a world pervaded by himself, eager for gain, and dismayed by smaller profits than he expected, suspicious of those whom he dealt with in-business, relentless in his own interests, a dreadful machine capable of walking ten miles every day and writing a chapter of fiction, quoting himself continually, and behaving himself generally in a manner to be wearisome to the flesh and spirit of all other men; and, on the other hand, we have a jealous and greedy intimate of his who insists upon representing him solely from his own personal and epistolary knowledge. But we feel sure that this is a false view of Charles Dickens. The letters to Mr. Forster are of less value than his other letters, because they have the stamp of an exaggerated and exacting friendship on them; they are all of the operatic pitch; and latterly they appear to have been written with a consciousness that they were some day to be used as literary material. It is not credible that these letters alone were accessible to the biographer, and it is strange that he seldom or never gives any reminiscences of Dickens besides his own. The closest friend cannot see the whole character of any man; but this biography seems to be written upon the contrary theory, and it renders another life of Dickens necessary. It must always remain as a most entertaining mass of material, but there could be no greater misfortune to Charles Dickens's memory than that it should be permanently accepted as his history.

—The reader who is curious to note the difference between a tragedy written by a man of great talent and one by a man of great genius should compare Joseph Noirel's *Revenge* (which we noticed last month) and the *Liza* of Turgénieff. The first is a book of singular power and of

fascinating interest: it thrills you by its masterly management of the strangest facts and situations, its audacious subjection, not merely of improbabilities, but impossibilities to its effects. The other is—life; nothing more, nothing less; and though life altogether foreign to our own, yet unmistakably real. Everything is unaffected and unstrained. Here is not so much of the artificer as even his style: this author never calls on you to admire how well he does a thing; he only makes you wonder at the truth and value of the thing when it is done. He seems the most self-forgetful of the story-telling tribe, and he is no more enamored of his creations than of himself; he pets none of them; he upbraids none; you like them or hate them for what they are; it does not seem to be his affair. It is hard to reconcile the sense of this artistic impartiality with one's sense of the deep moral earnestness of the author's books: he is profoundly serious in behalf of what is just and good, even when he appears most impassive in respect to his characters; one feels the presence, not only of a great genius, but a clear conscience in his work. His earnestness scarcely permits him the play of humor; his wit is pitiless irony or cutting sarcasm.

Liza is the story of Fedor Ivanovich Lavretsky, whose handsome wife is, after his discovery of her unfaithfulness, left to lead the life that pleases her at Paris, at Baden, and elsewhere, while he goes back to Russia. He has had a strange and unnaturally secluded childhood; his wife was the first woman of his own rank that he had met, and he loved her; now that is past; but though he is a man who has suffered greatly, it is not a ruined life that he brings home, for he is a man of sense as well as strong affections. Lizaveta Mikhailovna is his distant relation, a young girl of nineteen when he comes to live on his estate near the town where her family resides. She is of a pure, high, religious nature, sensitively conscientious, and of a reserved and thoughtful temperament. Before either is aware they are in love. A paper comes to Lavretsky with the announcement of his wife's death; and he shows it to *Liza*. That night they meet by accident in her mother's garden, and are surprised into the acknowledgment of their love. It is a moment of rapture to him and of doubt and trouble to her; and the next night Lavretsky's wife, who is not dead, returns. Then all is over; he rids himself of her, but *Liza*

goes into a convent; old friends die, children grow up into men and women; Lavretsky's wife leads her old life in Paris; Lavretsky becomes forty-five; Liza remains in her convent; and that is the way the story ends.

The action scarcely begins till the story is two thirds told; all that precedes is devoted to the work of accounting for the characters and placing them and their ancestors and kindred, by a series of scenes, anecdotes, and descriptions, fully before you. In the mean time you come to know also a great deal of Russian life in general, though apparently no study of it has been made for your instruction: you Russianize, as you read, till you wish to address your acquaintances by their Christian names and patronymics. But suddenly, at a certain point, the threads which seemed to lie so loose in the author's hand are drawn closer and closer, till the interest is of the most intense degree. Everything that went before, tells: the effect of character, passion, situation, deepens and deepens; as the climax approaches, the light touches with which the tragedy is darkened are added one after one, till it appears impossible that you should bear more; then the whole work stands complete before you in its transcendent, hopeless pathos. It is sorrow that commands your reverence as well as your pity; Liza is so good, Lavretsky so worthy of happiness, that you can make their grief your own without losing your self-respect.

It is hard to say which of the numerous personages is best painted, and fortunately it is not necessary; it is enough that they are all done with consummate art, consummate naturalness. The same is to be said of the different scenes, unless, indeed, we single out the evening at the house of Liza's mother, when Lavretsky's wife has returned to be pardoned, as she calls it, and flatters the selfish sentimental old woman into a belief in her repentance, and flirts with Liza's rejected lover Panshine, and makes fun of all of them without their knowing it, and so rides home with the old gossiping Gedeonovsky.

"Panshine bowed gravely to all the party; afterwards, as he stood on the steps after seeing Varvara into her carriage, he gave her hand a gentle pressure, and exclaimed, as she drove away, '*Au revoir!*' Gedeonovsky sat by her side in the carriage, and all the way home she amused herself by putting the tip of her little foot, as if by accident, on his foot. He felt

abashed and tried to make her complimentary speeches. She tittered and made eyes at him when the light from the street-lamps shone into the carriage. The waltz she had played rang in her ears and excited her. Wherever she might be she had only to imagine a ball-room and a blaze of light, and swift circling round to the sound of music, and her heart would burn within her, her eyes would glow with a strange lustre, a smile would wander around her lips, a kind of bacchanalian grace would seem to diffuse itself over her whole body. When they arrived at her house, Varvara lightly bounded from the carriage, as only a *lionne* could bound, turned towards Gedeonovsky, and suddenly burst out laughing in his face. 'A charming creature,' thought the councillor of state, as he made his way home to his lodgings, where his servant was waiting for him with a bottle of opodeldoc. 'It's as well that I'm a steady man — But why did she laugh?'

This scene is perfect in its way, and yet we are not sure that it is finer than some closing passages of the drama, wherein Lavretsky, long years after the ruin of his hopes, returns to the house of Liza's mother, and finds it full of gay young people, the friends and relations of her younger brother and sister, who have grown up and married. All the old people are dead.

"'Won't you go into the garden?'" said Kalitine, addressing Lavretsky. 'It is very pleasant now, although we have neglected it a little.'

"Lavretsky went into the garden, and the first thing he saw there was that very bench on which he and Liza had once passed a few happy moments, — moments that never repeated themselves. It had grown black and warped, but still he recognized it, and that feeling took possession of his heart which is unequalled as well for sweetness as for bitterness, — the feeling of lively regret for vanished youth, for once familiar happiness.

"He walked by the side of the young people along the alleys. The lime-trees looked older than before, having grown a little taller during the last eight years and casting a denser shade. All the under-wood, also, had grown higher, and the raspberry-bushes had spread vigorously, and the hazel copse was thickly tangled. From every side exhaled a fresh odor from the forest and the wood, from the grass and the lilacs.

"What a capital place for a game at Puss in the Corner!" suddenly cried Lenochka, as they entered upon a small grassy lawn surrounded by lime-trees. "There are just five of us."

"But have you forgotten Fedor Ivanovich?" asked her brother; "or is it yourself you have not counted?"

"Lenochka blushed a little. . . ."

"But Lavretsky returned to the house, went into the dining-room, approached the piano, and touched one of the notes. It responded with a faint but clear sound, and a shudder thrilled his heart within him. With that note began the inspired melody, by means of which, on that most happy night long ago, Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such raptures. Then Lavretsky passed into the drawing-room, and did not leave it for a long time.

"In that room, in which he had seen Liza so often, her image floated more distinctly before him; the traces of her presence seemed to make themselves felt around him there. But his sorrow of her loss became painful and crushing; it bore with it none of the tranquillity which death inspires. Liza was still living somewhere, far away and lost to sight. He thought of her as he had known her in actual life; he could not recognize the girl he used to love in that pale, dim, ghostly form, half-hidden in a nun's dark robe and surrounded by waving clouds of incense.

"Nor would Lavretsky have been able to recognize himself, if he could have looked at himself as he in fancy was looking at Liza. In the course of those eight years his life had attained its final crisis,—that crisis which many people never experience, but without which no man can be sure of maintaining his principles firm to the last. He had really given up thinking about his own happiness, about what would conduce to his own interests. He had become calm, and—why should we conceal the truth?—he had aged; and that not in face alone or frame, but he had aged in mind; for, indeed, not only is it difficult, but it is even hazardous to do what some people speak of,—to preserve the heart young in bodily old age."

Is not this exquisitely, penetratingly sad in its simple truthfulness?

—To the essays on *The Origin of Folk-Lore*, *The Descent of Fire*, *Were-Wolves and Swan-Maidens*, *Light and Darkness*, *Myths of the Barbaric World*, and the *Primeval Ghost World*, which we have had

the pleasure of giving our readers in these pages, Mr. Fiske has added an excellent review of Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, in the delightful book which he has just published with the title of *Myths and Myth-Makers*. We use the glowing adjective after due reflection, for no colder word could express the charm of studies which lack none of the graver merits. It seems to have been Mr. Fiske's "mission" as a lecturer on Cosmic Philosophy to take the recent opinions and researches of the metaphysicians, the philologists, and the other unalluring scholars, and by original criticism and analysis make them and their subjects as attractive as if he were some mere popularizer of philosophy and science, and not one of the most thorough, sincere, and cautious of inquirers. With the capacity for profound research and the power of critical consideration, he has a singular grace of style and an art of clear and simple statement which will not let the most indifferent refuse knowledge of the topics treated. In such a field as the discussion of old fables and superstitions affords, we have not only to admire Mr. Fiske for the charm of his manner, but for the justice and honesty of his method. He may be right, or he may be wrong, but he is neither by prejudice; every opinion is a conclusion from facts industriously sought out and conscientiously examined. It is an easy thing to make an entertaining book on such a subject. You have only to collect from very accessible authorities a sufficient number of tales and anecdotes, and garnish the result with the speculations of well-known philosophers and poets. But it is hardly necessary to say that this has not been the light labor of Mr. Fiske, though what he gives us is so pleasant and is offered with so much ease. A continuous purpose runs through his apparently desultory essays, and while he is entertaining us with heroes and demons, clouds and sunshine, were-wolves and fairies, monsters, dreams, and ghosts, it is his effort to show the essential unity of all myths in origin, and to prove that this origin is the instinctive tendency of the childlike primeval man to endow inanimate nature with his own dimly understood attributes. He believes that myths are the first efforts of the human imagination, and not decayed religions or systems of faith. This, very thinly stated, is Mr. Fiske's theory, which he founds rather upon the results of psychological inquiry into the mental habits of savages than upon purely

philological research. But a full idea of his theory is to be gained only by perusal of his book, — a pastime in which the reader will find himself sufficiently instructed and interested, even if he gains no idea of a general theory at all.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

— Gradually the French book-lists are beginning to resume the fulness which they had before the war, and the reader can now find much to read beside the stories of the campaigns and the apologies of unfortunate generals, which have been almost the only books, or rather the most interesting ones, that have appeared during the last eighteen months. To-day we have before us a volume by Victor Cherbuliez, not, we are sorry to say, another story, but a collection of essays, *Études de littérature et d'art*, which will be found more entertaining than very many novels. The literary essays are three in number: one on Lessing; one on Strauss, the author of the *Life of Jesus*; and the third is entitled *Les Poètes militants*. These have all appeared in the *Revue*. The most interesting is that upon Lessing; it goes without saying that it is well written, and more than this, it gives in a comparatively short space as good a picture of the man, and more especially of the nature, importance, and merits of the various divisions of his work, as one can find. Perhaps the most interesting section is that in which Lessing's *Dramaturgie* is discussed, for at the present date the controversy with Goethe has lost its claim to general interest, and seems but a small affair compared with some of the theological quarrels which this century has seen; and the *Laocöon*, too, valuable as it was in its day, and still is, concerns itself with what was a greater novelty a hundred years ago than it is now when we reap the good fruit it created in the discussion and criticism of works of art. As Cherbuliez says, "A petty man of to-day is more of a philosopher on many points than was a great man born in 1729." But philosophy has still a large field open to it, and the sun has yet to rise upon a generation of English or German speaking people

intelligently admiring the classical French tragedy; we say intelligently, in order to rule out the now almost forgotten pseudo-classical fervor of the Germans against which Lessing fought so bitterly and so successfully. As Schopenhauer said, to be sure about pictures and statues which are acknowledged masterpieces, — but it is true *mutatis mutandis* of books as well, — we should comport ourselves before them as before the great ones of the earth, we should stand in respectful silence waiting for them to speak to us. If it be answered that life is at the best but short, and that art is nowhere longer than in these plays, we might argue that whatever has been called good by competent persons should be read with a certain faith, not, of course, with blind superstition, but without the frivolity which we are all very ready to show to the French classical tragedy. Any one who contented himself with judging of Shakespeare's merits as a tragedian by his geographical accuracy in putting seaports in Bohemia, we should think deserving of death at the stake; we should hold him as but little better than the eminent Jedediah Buxton, a young mathematical wonder of the last century, who, being taken to see Garrick act in one of Shakespeare's plays, brought home with him no impression of the play nor of the actors, but the total sum, made in his head, of all the words spoken that evening upon the stage. Is it not our duty to ourselves to try to find out the beauty which has been so keenly felt by a nation so sensitive to various merits as the French? But without beating the air, more from a feeling of abstract justice than from any passionate admiration for, say Corneille's *Cinna*, we would warmly commend this essay of which we were speaking as containing a very good statement of the matter as it stood before Lessing and his contemporaries. The question will never arise again in just that shape; but, for one way of looking at it, it is worth while seeing one case in which criticism was able to produce good results. In speaking of Lessing's own plays, Cherbuliez shows the same intelligence and appreciation as in the other part of the essay. For example, in discussing *Emilia Galotti*, he quotes one of Emilia's last speeches: "O father, I am made of flesh and blood like any other woman. My senses are senses. I can answer for nothing." And goes on, "Ah, madam, generally women do not see their failings so long beforehand. Goethe pretends that in the bottom of your

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Études de littérature et d'art. Par VICTOR CHERBULIEZ. Paris. 1873.

A laocöon. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1873.

Tarass Boulba. Par NICOLAS GOGOL. Roman traduit du Russe par LOUIS VIARDOT. Paris. 1872.

heart you love the prince ; if he is right, you do not long for death ; if he is wrong, what do you fear ? And think of this : your sad end will distress us because you are so amiable, but we are here at the theatre, we are expecting a real tragedy ; where will be the grandeur of the spectacle ? Virginia bedews with her blood the altar of liberty ; Rome has trembled with horror and with hope ; this fertile blood is going to give it its franchise, its tribunes, and its pride ; but when you shall have fallen beneath the knife, there will be no change in the world's destiny, and the thoughtful spectator will go home saying, 'The old Odoardo committed a crime in order that in history there should be one less woman's fall. In fact, have we had our money's worth ?'

The essay on Strauss, although interesting and instructive, seems to us to be much less valuable, still it will be found to be very well worth reading. The third essay, *Les Poëtes militants*, treats of a number of verse-makers who set themselves the task of being poetical about the recent war. They fall easy victims to Cherbuliez's criticisms. Among others he speaks of Geibel, who has done some good work, reminding one, however, of what a German Tennyson might be. But even he was so patriotic as to wish *das Welschthum auszumerzen in Glauben, Wort und That*, — a wish that Cherbuliez does not share. The rest of the volume contains some letters on that *salon* of 1872. They are charming reading. Every French writer seems to be obliged to win his spurs in some artistic criticism, and it is generally well done, but we have not space to quote from them.

— Another well-known man, who has written a new book, is M. Edmond About, and his book is entitled *Alsace*. It contains his contributions, written to the *Soir*, from the lost French provinces. One does not need to be Prince Bismarck to find the book distasteful. And worse than that, it is, we regret to say, rather dull. Not that he had an enlivening subject for a French writer or for any writer for the matter of that, but there is too much expression given to his own melancholy, which was well-grounded enough, but is of less interest to the world at large. He tells us many very sad stories of the sufferings he saw, of the general distress which the war and the annexation of their province brought upon

the Alsations, and many stories of the clumsiness of the Germans and of the patriotism of the French as shown by their ingenious insults to the Germans. Then, too, one's sympathy for the people is lessened when one reads that part of their sufferings is due to the alleged absence of the pocket-handkerchief among the Vandal hordes who have conquered them, and to the fact that in the hotels walking about is dangerous at night because the shoes of the officers, being placed outside of the door, block up the passageways. We are also told that when the Germans entered Strasburg they were surprised to find the cathedral standing, and that they said, "What, did n't we do it any more harm ?" Every one can judge for himself of the value of a book which so confounds seriousness with a petty credulity and undignified abuse as childish as making faces at a national enemy. At the end is the account of M. About's arrest, which will be forgotten by a careless world that only worships success, before it is by him who languished in the German dungeons.

— Instead of saying as we did last month that the new edition of Gogol's *Tarass Boulba* was announced, we should have said that it had appeared. It is a fierce picture of the bloody wars of the Cossacks in the sixteenth century. Tarass Boulba is the father of two sons, whom he takes to the military head-quarters as soon as they return from their schooling. Soon, by his influence, war is declared against Poland, or, at least, war is made against it, and a Polish city is blockaded by the Cossack troops ; the younger son enters the city secretly, out of love for a Polish woman, and turns traitor to the Cossack cause. In a *sortie* he is slain by his father ; the other son is taken prisoner by the Poles, and put to death by torture in the sight of the father, who has stolen into the city to see his son die. But Tarass avenges himself by devastating half of Poland ; finally, however, he, too, succumbs and dies at the stake, firm to the last. As a powerful sketch of the period it describes, this novel will be found as interesting as it is unpeaceful. Gogol tells the story as if he were a bard singing some old battle. Readers of Turgénieff will read this novel with interest as one of the few novels in Russian literature before he wrote.

ART.

THE readers of Mr. Eastlake's handsome and pleasantly written book on "Household Taste" must — some of them at least — have shared with us the feeling that the pleasure it gives would have been more complete if, after having been stirred up to enthusiasm over chairs and tables, side-boards and bookcases, and made zealously in earnest to learn the whole duty of man in the house-furnishing way, and to do it, we could have found a place where the things we ought to have could be bought for money. But the people with ideals do, by dint of everlasting harping on their favorite topics, get other people interested, worked up to a white heat of desire, and of consequent effort to get their desire satisfied; out of which ferment comes, in every case, some tangible improvement, some approach, if it be no more, to the sought-for perfection. Thus, since Pugin in England began to laugh and scold at the desolation of the average London drawing-room, and since Downing, here at home, tried to light a little fire of enthusiasm for more poetical and individual home surroundings, to the present times, when Mr. Eastlake, with more knowledge than Downing and more practical sense than Pugin, comes to us with his helpful hints as to what to do and what to avoid, if we would make our houses beautiful, there have been constant efforts making to supply the demand, all the time growing for prettier and more sensible furniture, and for household utensils that should please and not vex the eye. It would be long if we were to catalogue in detail all the improvements: the cheap wall-papers with designs as good as those of the dear ones, — a work Pugin started, since taken up by several hands, notably by Owen Jones, who has lately made some first-rate designs and had them carried out; the glass and crystal of to-day, much of it, especially the French crystal, being better than has been made for a hundred years back, and within the reach of very humble purses; the earthen-ware, not yet quite out of the imitative stage, but fast learning to think for itself, and even now pleasanter to look at than the best to be had twenty years ago; stuffs of all sorts for furniture-coverings and curtains, oftener with good designs than bad; and so forth

and so on, improvement being evident everywhere but in furniture, properly so called. Here the world has never been quite so badly off, so at its wit's end, as it is to-day. Yet there is good furniture to be had to-day, and of to-day's make, too, if we only knew where to go for it. And this is the case with many things beside furniture. One principal reason why we see so much bad, or, at best, indifferent, uninteresting furnishing is, that the art of getting good things together is so long, and time so short and so taken up with more serious things. If only somebody would bring the good things together into one place, combine them, set them off, and let us see how these fine theories of Pugin, Eastlake, Downing, Walter Smith, look, put into practice! That is what the young couples who have houses to furnish, and middle-age couples who have houses to re-furnish, are anxiously asking for this long while.

And, at last, we have a scheme fairly set on foot for giving us what we want. "The Household-Art Company" — a modest association of a few men of taste and energy, whose business it will be to bag all household gears of a picturesque nature that may be found flying — has settled itself comfortably down into pleasant quarters in Boston, and offers the public the fruit of its second year's gleaning of England and the Continent. The collection of objects is not an ambitious one, and whoever has travelled much, and seen the great *bric-a-brac* shops of London and Paris, with the workshops of the Salvatiis and Decks, the Collinetis and Castellanis, may easily sniff at the contents of these unpretending, pretty parlors. But this, as the visitor will soon learn, is only the beginning; the undertaking is an experiment, and if it succeeds, the measures have been taken to extend operations in many directions. If people like, or can be taught to like, the pretty things, the quaint things, the artistic things, that are already here, there are plenty of the same sort where these came from, and better and better, and the supply can be made equal to the demand. And how can people, — young folks with fresh eyes and taste as yet unspoiled by fashion, or older people, well rid of fashion, and with expe-

rience of what there as in the world of truly beautiful,—how can either of these sets *not* like instinctively, or be easily taught to like, the greater number of the things the Household-Art Company has to show them? Last year, when the company's ship came home, it brought great store of the beautiful English furniture of the last century, and the eagerness with which it was bought up should have led, some thought, to more coming this year; but Holland was the field chosen to be scoured by the last foraging party, Holland and Friesland; and we, for our part, find Holland as much to our taste as the England of '76. These Holland cabinets, covered with surface carving, and ample closet above and below, or a single closet supported on pillars which rest on a platform raised a few inches above the floor, are, practically, very convenient things in a house, beside furnishing a room well, standing out boldly from the wall, and filling the eye with their solidly picturesque proportions. We never saw two of them exactly alike, and the usual variety obtains in the specimens in the company's rooms. Another strong point in the collection this year is the pottery, Majolica, Delft, Chinese, and Japanese, all being represented, not, indeed, by many splendid, or even by any very remarkable specimens, but by a large number of good pieces, some old, but more of modern make, and consequently more easily compassed by moderate purses. Among these specimens are many pieces of the material called Flanders gray ware, clever copies of the real old *grès de Flandre*, and certainly very attractive substitutes for the common pitcher of the crockery-shops, which cost more and are not so strong. There is also a small but well-chosen collection of old *grès de Flandre*, and two or three complete tea-sets of old Worcester ware which ought to have magic enough in them to bring back the very ghosts of our grandmothers, if once the fragrant Hyson should be poured from these tiny teapots and circulate through these bits of cups. But old Worcester is getting as rare as real grandmothers, and a man is lucky who owns either of these precious products of art and nature working in harmony. We would like to call attention also to the good stock of tiles imported by this company. They are not all from one manufactory, but represent several works, and offer us some choice, where, hitherto, we have been shut up to the productions of one house, an ex-

cellent one, it is true, and well deserving its name, but—we are glad to see what other people can do! Tiles are not half as much used as they might be; they are always decorative, and can take a variety of expressions, cheerful as a rose-and-rosebud paper, grave and respectable as Spanish leather, picturesque as tapestry, neat as a check apron; and then they last forever, and can be kept as clean as a dinner-plate. Among these tiles are two sets of the old Wedgewood *plaques*, to our thinking as satisfyingly lovely as anything in modern earthen-ware, designed to serve as panels in mantel-pieces. Let these be set into a well-designed mantel-piece made of oak, or maple, or mahogany, that out-of-fashion but most beautiful of all woods, and what marble mantel of to-day's make could compare with it? These brass sconces, too,—here is another old fashion come back again, and a pretty, cheap, useful fashion it is! What modern gas-fixture would look so picturesque with a bit of Christmas-green about it as one of these same sconces of beaten work (to English the technical phrase *repoussé*), with the soft shimmer of the candles reflected in broken light from its surface? These sconces are of modern make, the old ones are becoming scarce, and are much sought for, much affected in Paris by artists, and thought pretty in an antechamber, with a bit of tapestry, if one can get it, on the wall. And, speaking of tapestry, here are a half-dozen remarkably fine pieces of old Gobelin in excellent condition, worth, for decorative effect, as every artist knows, acres of wall-paper; and if we think the brass sconces not fine enough, or too picturesque for modern surroundings, here are magnificent specimens of electrotypy, copies of the Shakespeare Dish, of the Milton and the Dante Shields, and the Amazon Dish, and the Siege-of-Troy Dish, brilliant ornaments for dining-room or entrance-hall.

One want which this company offers to meet is that of architects, and of all of us, too, who are fitting up our houses, for ornamental brass and iron work, sometimes elegant or even rich, but oftener serviceable, comely, and yet low in price. It is at present almost impossible to get well-designed hinges, door-plates, key-plates, knobs, and closing-rings made in this country without going to great expense; and though the manufacture of these things is now carried to great perfection in England, very few of the articles are imported.

Yet how welcome they would be is shown by the fact that somebody here having hit upon the device of covering flat hinge-plates and plain door-knobs with thin pieces of electrotype copper, ornamented with designs in low relief, there has been such a demand for them that they are being used everywhere, though the effect of even the best of them is mean and mechanical. The English iron and brass work for these "hardware" purposes is well and solidly made by cutting the plates out of boiler-iron or even out of thick sheet-iron, and the same for brass, while wrought iron and brass are very much in use. It is not at all uncommon to see handsome new houses in England fitted, all through, with hinges, door-latches (not mortice-locks), key-plates, and the rest of the hardware, of wrought iron and brass, — handsome to look at, well made, and serviceable, not possible to get out of order with ordinary usage, and always looking better the more it is rubbed and handled. All this English hardware the Household-Art Company is prepared to import, and they have on hand a small supply of it, together with some very attractive specimens of the French brass-work, fire-dogs, fire-irons, etc., etc., copied literally from old renaissance and Gothic examples, and made to do service, not merely to look at. We wish this enterprise may thrive, for though there is a real desire to furnish our homes more picturesquely and cosily, and, at the same time, usefully, for every-day living, and not for stage effect, there has thus far been no way in which this could be done without giving a great deal more time to it than most people can afford. And, oftentimes, the result was not satisfactory. Now there is a place promised us where one can go for advice and assistance, can see what others are doing, and learn the best way of infusing a little of the artistic, the poetic element into our too mechanic and monotonous ways of living. But we shall not think the Household-Art Company has done the best it can for us, until it gives a fillip to the arts here at home; does its possible, however little that may be, to set our own mechanics at work, and to develop the capacity, which is here abundantly, if one will look for it, of making beautiful things, glass, pottery, iron-work, carpets, and stuffs, as well as steam-engines and reapers. However, the taste must be formed first, we admit, and this new association can do a good deal to that end.

— Our quarrel with the Nation over the measurement of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare has at last reached Touchstone's "seventh cause," and the Nation accuses us bluntly and insolently of not telling the truth when we asserted that we had measured Mr. Ward's statue. "The Atlantic, however, supports an untenable theory with a humorous juggle of measurement. Its own words show that it has not had the head of the Shakespeare measured at all." We certainly should not be at the trouble to contradict this were it not that we are under an unquestioned responsibility to the public, and have not the right to choose whether we will allow ourselves to be misrepresented or not. The Nation, pretending to a sincere desire not to misunderstand our words, represents us as saying *that, having found the distance from the point of the chin to the bridge of the nose of the statue to be six and a half inches*, we did not proceed to examine if this be half the head, but simply took it for granted that it is, and, *without further measuring*, settled the height of the head to be thirteen inches. We will now say that, having found the dimensions of half the head by the ordinary rule, *we proved the correctness of the rule by measuring from the bridge of the nose to the summit of the skull for the other half and found that this also was six and a half inches*. This is what our words always meant, and not what the Nation, desperate for an argument, and catching at any straw, affects to believe they meant. We shall not resume the discussion, of this matter until the Nation shall bring forward the name of some sculptor as well known and as worthily known as Mr. Henry K. Brown, who will say that the Nation's method of measuring is correct, or who will say that, by his own habitual way of measuring statues, Mr. Ward's Shakespeare, measured from the statue itself or from the cast, *is less than seven and five thirteenthths of its heads in height*. We considered ourselves no authority on such a point, and we called in the aid of the best trained sculptor in the country to settle the fact. The Nation is no authority; let it therefore call in a professional opinion. Let it take that of Mr. Marshall Wood, a distinguished English sculptor now in New York, or that of Mr. Launt Thompson; we wish it would call upon either of these gentlemen, or any other sculptor. We feel sure, however, that it will do nothing of the kind, but will prefer to abide by the injustice it has done Mr. Ward.

MUSIC.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS'S concerts have been, as usual, most interesting. At every hearing of this wonderfully drilled orchestra, each performance seems more perfect than the last; certainly Mr. Thomas has this year cured what few technical defects there might have been in the performances of past seasons, and his orchestra seems as nearly perfect as well may be. The somewhat too pronounced and strident quality of his brass instruments, that used to make it an unthankful task for the strings and reeds to try to hold their own in *fortissimo* passages, is now judiciously toned down; and he has at last succeeded in obtaining a perfectly even *pianissimo* from all his wind instruments, such we have never heard equalled in any but the finest French orchestras. Even the unmanageable bassoon has been brought to play as softly as the *celli*, and the usually irrepressible flutes and oboes vie with the violins in delicately subdued tones. In addition to this, Mr. Thomas's flutes and reeds have an advantage over those in French orchestras, in that they *can* play loud when necessary. In France, the players of wooden wind instruments rarely succeed in going beyond the quiet, pastoral character of their instruments, and in passages of passionate intensity, as, for instance, the famous monologue of the clarinets that immediately follows the grand outburst of the horns in the overture to the *Freischütz*, they commonly show great want of power. German players, on the other hand, cultivate almost exclusively the heroic character of these instruments, and seem to find themselves at home only in strong passages, rarely succeeding in playing softly enough where a real *pianissimo* is required. Mr. Thomas's artists show themselves equally acquainted with both the heroic and pastoral characters of their instruments. The bowing, phrasing, and purity of intonation of the strings is as fine as ever, and the dynamic balance of the whole orchestra is as perfect as is possible in one of its very moderate size. Of new music, Mr. Thomas has presented to us this season much that is interesting. His programmes have been, perhaps unavoidably, of a somewhat mixed character; and he seems to have an eye to strongly marked

contrasts, rather than to any logical system of development in the succession of pieces performed. The character of much of the music on his programmes, especially the preponderance of music of the so-called "future" schools, has given rise to some quite lively discussion in the daily papers, (would that such public expression of individual opinion on musical matters were more common with us!) one writer contending that the production of music of a bad, or at least a not yet universally sanctioned school, must injure the popular taste, whatever chances such music may afford of displaying a highly developed executive power and brilliant virtuosity; his opponent, on the other hand, holding that Mr. Thomas was doing the public a good service in impartially performing music of all schools. If we mistake not, Mr. Thomas is as far as possible from wishing to make his orchestra the means of indiscriminately bringing all schools of music under the notice of the public. He is, if anybody ever was, a confessed admirer of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, and has, as far as we can find out, a definite object in view in the formation of his programmes, namely, a wish to advance the cause of "the future," even though the cause of classic music by the acknowledged great masters suffer by it. The different spirit in which both he and his orchestra take hold of the new music, from that in which they play Haydn, Mozart, and the earlier works of Beethoven, can be seen at a glance by any one who takes the trouble to listen critically to his performances. To be sure the same care and attention to even the minutest details is noticeable in the drilling of his orchestra, whether they be playing a Beethoven Symphony or a Liszt Symphonic Poem, a Mendelssohn Overture or an orchestral bit from one of Wagner's musical dramas; but the degree of interest in his task that he displays is vastly different, and however perfect his performances of classic music may be in all technical details, we must admit that they show neither the fire nor the sentiment that is so marked in his renderings of more recent music. But be his musical convictions what they may, so long as they are honestly come at, which we see no earthly reason to doubt, he has a

perfect right to them and to do all in his power to propagate his ideas, — happy he who has such means of doing so! — and we cannot think him open to the charge either of aiming at the mere display of brilliant virtuosity on the one hand, or of an indolent and too lukewarm catholicity on the other. Whether his object, namely, the introduction of the new music, be one which will benefit the cause of art or not, is another question, and one, if the truth must be told, about which we ourselves are by no means sure. It may even be doubted whether Mr. Thomas has taken the right measures to secure his own end. It seems to us that many of his selections from the later composers are more calculated to frighten away than to fascinate and interest all listeners who are not already attracted towards such music. When a man wishes to interest the public in a school of music with which they are unacquainted, he will find it an object first to conciliate his public, and, if possible, to impress them favorably with the music he is trying to introduce; not by means of eulogistic handbills and much talking, but by first playing to them such things of the new school as they are pretty sure to like. After an audience has once received a favorable impression of a composer, they will be much more inclined to appreciate those of his works which would at first have frightened them away by their unaccustomed style and strangeness of form, than if they knew the composer only by hearsay. When the Music Hall organ was first put up, some most admirable musicians tried to interest the public in Bach. In those days, Bach was a composer whom the most of us had, at best, only heard of; of his music and style we knew nothing or next to nothing; his greatness we were willing to take for granted. The first pieces of Bach that were played at the Music Hall were the Toccata in F, and one of the great Fugues (we think the great one in G Minor), — compositions which can be ranked with all that is greatest and most glorious in music, but whose first effect upon nearly the whole audience was as if some juggernaut-car had mercilessly rolled over them. The music simply crushed them, and if they had no very unkind feelings toward the organist when the piece was over, it was on that queer principle of gratitude which prevents us from doing some violent personal injury to a dentist after undergoing a painful operation, because we are so grateful to him, when he stops, for kindly bringing our tor-

ture to an end. After the first few weeks of organ concerts, the general impression that Bach's music had made upon the public was that of unparalleled noise and confusion worse confounded. "Sehr gelehrt, aber sehr hässlich," as an impromptu critic once said. It was not for some years that this first impression was wiped away. People now feel about the new music much as they then did about Bach. To most of our public, Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz are only known as men whose sole delight is in the braying of brass, the clashing of cymbals, and the tinkling of triangles; as men who make so much noise that ordinary mortals cannot hear what they say. Something over a century ago, the good Londoners thought the same thing of Mr. Handel. When we think of such compositions as the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," the *Hunnenschlacht*, or the overture to the *Carnaval Romain*, we do not wonder that many people have a prejudice against the "future." We do not mean to say anything against the actual merit of the compositions, but merely that they are in no wise calculated to enlist the sympathies of an unprejudiced audience. There is enough music by Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz that is interesting without being painfully abstruse, passionate and intense without being almost absolutely annihilating, and which, while it sufficiently shows the habitual train of thought and modes of expression of the respective composers, does not so widely depart from the musical forms to which we are accustomed as to seem at first either strained or ugly. The first four movements of the *Symphonie Fantastique* by Berlioz would, we think, be deeply interesting, with their beautiful, finely marked theme and masterly orchestration. The fourth movement (*La Marche au Supplice*) does, to be sure, make a good deal of noise, but its well-defined and very characteristic march-theme, both dignified and brilliant as it is, can hardly fail to interest all listeners. Liszt's *Les Préludes* has already become a tolerable favorite with most of us, and we think that hearing it oftener would do more toward endearing the composer to us than such things as the *Hunnenschlacht* or the *Racoczy March*. In making selections from the works of Richard Wagner, the task became a more difficult one, as there is little of his music that will well bear performance separated from the dramas of which it is a part. But if concert arrangements from Wagner are to

be played at all, we think transcriptions of separate scenes, such as the Finale from *Tristan* (played here last year), or "Odin's Farewell," from the *Walküre*, with its ever-recurring lullaby-melody, more repaying than "selections" in *potpourri* from such as were played here this season.

Mr. Thomas brings with him this year a more than usually attractive array of soloists. Miss Anna Mehlig, the pianist (if we may be pardoned for striking off the final *e* from her title), shows more genial sentiment than before, even something very like passion in her playing, which used to strike us as too purely intellectual, though she sometimes evinces a tendency to over-sentimentalize, and to pay too much attention to the elaboration of separate passages, thus injuring the impression of the piece as a whole. In the two movements she played from Chopin's F-minor Concerto, these traits, both of them new in her, were strongly marked. She played the beautiful *Larghetto* with a passionate earnestness of sentiment that we have never before felt in her, and, although she took the *tempo* remarkably slow, the interest was grandly sustained to the very end. In the final *Rondo*, on the other hand, her performance lacked totality of conception as well as *elan*, and, in spite of the exquisite finish she gave to all the various details, there was hardly a thought in the whole movement more than two or three bars long.

Mr. George L. Osgood, the young tenor, satisfies all the expectations which we have been led to entertain of him, which is saying much. He has a pure tenor voice of fine sympathetic quality, rather than of great power, and he uses it like a consummate artist. His singing is characterized by true musical sentiment and great artistic finish of style, uniting a thoroughly developed *technique* of the best Italian school with a manly, German spontaneity of expression equally removed from lackadaisical sentimentality and ungenial coldness. It was indeed a comfort to hear his rendering of Mozart's delicious air, *O, wie ängstlich! O, wie feurig!* from the *Entführung*, after the lovelorn efforts of other *tenorini di grazia*, who usually give the little gem of passionate melody either with that calm self-satisfaction of manner which the

possession of a tenor voice can alone impart, or else in such tones of sombre despair as to make us for the moment fancy we are listening to Bellini or Donizetti, instead of Mozart. We would, however, caution Mr. Osgood against singing in so large a hall as the Music Hall, where it evidently costs him much exertion to make himself heard. These finely cultivated light tenor voices are too precious to be strained in large halls, and Mr. Osgood's large repertory of German *Lieder* by the best masters increases our wish to hear him in a smaller room.

We cannot close our inkstand without saying a few words about Mrs. Charles Moulton's first appearance in oratorio, in the Christmas performance of Handel's *Messiah* by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mrs. Moulton's singing of the grand old music was, in many respects, different, in some respects, perhaps finer, than any rendering we have yet heard here. She has an unaffected, almost childlike simplicity of style which lets the music tell its own story easily and naturally. If she does not give evidence of very deep sentiment, she is yet wholly free from all spurious sentimentality; and the beauty of her voice together with her easy and masterly use of it, her finished style and cultivated enunciation, combine to make her renderings of this class of music most genuinely enjoyable. In her recitatives she makes the music wholly subservient to the meaning of the words, as it properly should be. Her rendering of "Rejoice greatly" was perhaps the most perfect of her efforts. The masterly ease and joyous brilliancy with which she carried through Handel's long, florid *roulades* was in strong contrast to the manner in which we usually hear them sung, which is, if anything, more indicative of the bursting of a bloodvessel than of triumphant joy. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth," her singing showed the song of songs in all its greatness and power. She is to be particularly commended for her rigid adherence to Handel's music as *he wrote it*; we do not remember her introducing a single embellishment of her own. Upon the whole, Mrs. Moulton is one of the most satisfying oratorio singers that we have heard.

SCIENCE.

IF the International Scientific Series, in which we owe to the disinterested labor of Dr. Youmans, proceeds as it has begun, it will more than fulfil the promise given to the reading public in its prospectus. The first volume, by Professor Tyndall, was a model of lucid and attractive scientific exposition; and now we have a second,* by Mr. Walter Bagehot, which is not only very lucid and charming, but also original and suggestive in the highest degree. Nowhere, perhaps, since the publication of Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law*, have we seen so many fruitful thoughts suggested in the course of a couple of hundred pages.

The principal aim of Mr. Bagehot's book is to point out some of the conditions essential to progress in civilization, and to show how it is that so small a portion of the human race has attained to permanent progressiveness. It has been customary to contrast man with inferior animals as alone capable of improving his condition from age to age; the implication being that while none of the inferior animals show any capacity for progress, on the other hand all men, without distinction save as to degree, possess such capacity. And some metaphysical writers have gone so far as to describe progressiveness as a tendency inherent in humanity. The gulf between man and other animals, wide enough in any event, has in this way been unduly exaggerated. In reality it need not take a very long survey of human societies, past and present, to assure us that beyond a certain point stagnation has been the rule, and progress the exception. Over a large part of the earth's surface the slow progress painfully achieved during thousands of prehistoric ages has stopped short with the savage state, as exemplified by those African, Polynesian, and American tribes which can neither work out a civilization for themselves, nor appropriate the civilization of higher races with whom they are brought into contact. Half the human race, having surmounted savagery, have been arrested

in an immobile type of civilization, as in ancient Egypt, modern China, and in the East generally. It is only in the Aryan race, with the Jews and Magyars, that we can find evidences of a persistent tendency to progress; and that there is no inherent race-tendency at work in this is shown by the fact that some of the Aryans, as the Hindus and Persians, are among the most unprogressive of men. The progress of the European Aryans, like the evolution of higher forms of life, has been due only to a concurrence of favorable circumstances.

It is one of the puzzles of sociology that the very state of things which is pre-eminently useful in bringing men out of savagery is also likely to be pre-eminently in the way of their attaining to a persistently progressive civilization. "No one," says Mr. Bagehot, "will ever comprehend the arrested civilizations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all, and lived in confused tribes, hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty. Those who surmounted that difficulty soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not. And then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline, which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society the propensities to variation which are the principle of progress."

A word to the wise will suffice to show that Mr. Bagehot has here struck nearer to the explanation of the arrested civilizations than any previous writer. Among numerous tribal groups of primitive men, those will prevail in the struggle for existence in which the lawless tendencies of individuals are most thoroughly subordinated by the yoke of tyrannical custom, — the only yoke which uncivilized men can be made to wear. These communities will grow at the expense of less law-abiding tribes until the result is a strong nation ruled by immovable custom, as in the case of Egypt or China or India. The problem now is how to get beyond this stage, and to relax the despotism of custom without entailing a retrogression toward primeval lawlessness. This problem has never been successfully

* *Physics and Politics*; or, *Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of "Natural Selection" and "Inheritance" to Political Society*. By WALTER BAGEHOT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

solved except where a race, rendered organically law-abiding through some discipline of the foregoing kind, has been thrown into emulative conflict with other races similarly disciplined. And this condition has been completely fulfilled only in the case of the migrating Aryans who settled Europe.

This is but one of Mr. Bagehot's many bright thoughts. We have barely room to hint at another. It was formerly assumed that, instead of mankind having arisen out of primeval savagery, modern savages have fallen from a primeval civilization, having lost the arts, the morals, and the intelligence which they originally possessed; and in our time some such thesis as this has been overtly maintained by the Duke of Argyll. Mr. Bagehot shows that in every way such a falling off is incompatible with the principle of natural selection. Take, for example, the ability to anticipate future contingencies, — to abstain to-day that we may enjoy to-morrow. This is the most fundamental of the differences between civilization and savagery. Now, obviously, the ability to postpone present to future enjoyment is, in a mere material, economic, or military aspect, such an important acquisition to any race or group of men, that when once acquired it could never be lost. The race possessing this capacity could by no possibility yield ground to the races lacking it. Or take the ready belief in omens by which the life of the savage is so terribly hampered. Could a single tribe in old Australia have surmounted the necessity of searching for omens before undertaking any serious business, it would inevitably have subjugated all the other tribes on the continent. So, because the men who possess the attributes of civilization must necessarily prevail over the men who lack these attributes (and this is always true in the long run, though now and then a great multitude of barbarians may temporarily overthrow a handful of civilized men), because this is so, it follows that there cannot have been, in prehistoric times, a general loss of the attributes of civilization.

To do justice to Mr. Bagehot's fertile book would require a long article. With the best of intentions, we are conscious of having given but a sorry account of it in these brief paragraphs. But we hope we have said enough to recommend it to the attention of the thoughtful reader. We

are glad to see that the young science of sociology has received such an early and satisfactory treatment in Dr. Youmans's series of popular books.

Among the new books in the older departments of science, M. Figuiet's *Insect World** deserves some notice. Whatever M. Figuiet's short-comings may be, — and they are certainly very great, — he must at least have the credit which belongs to an industrious writer. As an authority on scientific matters, he is far beneath contempt. He has no merit whatever which should make him, on his own account, worthy of mention even in such gossip about scientific matters as ours. Nevertheless, among his many crude and uncritical compilations from the works of better men, he has once or twice produced a readable book which is fairly serviceable. His *Vegetable World* was such a book; and the present work is another. The reader who wishes to obtain, without too much trouble, some rudimentary acquaintance with the structure and habits of the various orders of insects, may find this book useful.

Thermic Fever, or Sunstroke, by H. C. Wood, Jr., is a well-arranged account of the clinical history, character, and treatment of this formidable disease. To rank it with such books as Dr. Wyman's on *Autumnal Catarrh* is to give it high praise; yet from a cursory examination of it, we are inclined to regard it as a book of like merit with the latter.

Johnson's *Natural Philosophy*† is a work which meets a popular desideratum. It contains an excellent account of the phenomena and laws of mechanics, heat, light, sound, and electricity; with a chapter on physical astronomy. It is an anachronism, however, to entitle such a book *Natural Philosophy*. Hegel's sneer at the Englishman who called a barometer a "philosophical" instrument ought, by this time, to be heeded. The science which deals with the various subjects just enumerated is already well known as "Physics," and an adherence to the old style of nomenclature can only serve to help perpetuate an old confusion of ideas which cannot too soon be cleared up.

* *The Insect World*, by LOUIS FIGUIET. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. 1872.

† Johnson's *Natural Philosophy*, and *Key to Philosophical Charts*. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.: New York. 1872.

POLITICS.

THE delays of justice which occur in courts nowadays are not those which gave our English ancestors trouble. Delay caused by the unjust spirit of the sovereign, or by his indifference to the wrongs of his subjects, came to an end with end of individual sovereignty. Though the history of Barnard's and Cardozo's court shows that for a time, at least, the popular sovereign may be as unjust and indifferent as any other, these instances are exceptional. There are few cities like New York in the world, and matters of private right in most courts throughout the United States are still adjudicated without flagrant and open denial, delay, or sale of justice. It is in matters of public right that most of the trouble takes place. It is the thieves and murderers for whom justice is delayed, and this delay in nine cases out of ten occurs without fault of the court which grants it. The legislation of the various States on the subject of criminal jurisprudence has been so hasty and ill digested, that at every stage between the commission of a crime and the termination of judicial proceedings the criminal finds doors of escape ready to his hand. The popular idea that courts of appeal grant new trials and writs of error out of pure love of the thing is not founded on fact. They generally have no discretion in the matter, and the remedy must be found in the revision of the slipshod legislation which is gradually making a thieves' paradise out of every court of justice. To be sure, there is great weakness in the appellate courts themselves, which comes from the influence of politics; strong courts have a wonderful way of finding principles of construction in doubtful cases which advance the ends of justice, but even strong courts cannot repeal the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; for centuries it has been the policy of our law to make hanging and incarceration difficult; a policy which found its origin in a deep-seated jealousy of arbitrary power, and also in a deep-seated and religious respect for life. By a curious irony of events, our jealous devotion to the interests of the accused subject, and our desire to protect him from the tyranny of courts, has ended in the establishment of a worse

tyranny,—the lives and liberties that we protect best are those of thieves and assassins. It must take a long time before we succeed in striking a just balance between the protection of individual rights and the maintenance of social security.

Meantime, there being no doubt that our panel-thieves, pickpockets, burglars, and car-hook murderers are carrying things with a high hand, the press has arrogated to itself the function of making life less agreeable to them by frequent, and we wish we could say searching, criticisms of the judicial proceedings instituted against them. The indictment, the jury, the plea, the verdict, the exceptions, the motions in arrest, and indeed every action of the judge, the jury, the prosecuting and defending attorneys, are appealed to the self-constituted tribunal of journalism, and there retried. On the whole, it cannot be denied that in most cases the press has used its influence on the side of order and security. Without displaying much legal acumen, it has generally succeeded in discovering and making known to the public the guilt of the criminals whom it has attacked; and it has shown little or no disposition (in cases in which politics were not involved) to persecute the innocent. As a general rule, when it has attacked courts, it has done so with good motives; and although we firmly believe that the judiciary in its present weak state needs the support of all honest people, we are not at all inclined to think that a crusade against the press will in the end secure it any solid or valuable power. Every now and then attempts of the kind are made, but they always fail. We find an apt instance in some recent proceedings of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

A man named Rafferty had been tried for murder in the county in which Chicago lies, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His counsel had obtained a writ of error which was still pending. There was at the time a great deal of excitement in Chicago with regard to unpunished crime; public meetings had been held, and committees had been appointed, and the papers had called general attention to the subject, when (in October last) the Chicago Even-

ing Journal published the following editorial article.

"THE CASE OF RAFFERTY.

"At the time a writ of *supersedeas* was granted in the case of the murderer Chris Rafferty, the public was blandly assured that the matter would be examined into by the Supreme Court and decided at once, that possibly the hanging of this notorious human butcher would not be delayed for a single day. Time speeds away, however, and we hear of nothing definite being done. Rafferty's counsel seems to be studying the policy of delay, and evidently with success. The riff-raff who contributed fourteen hundred dollars to demonstrate that 'hanging is played out,' may now congratulate themselves on the success of their game. Their money is operating splendidly. We have no hesitancy in prophesying clear through to the end just what will be done with Rafferty. He will be granted a new trial. He will be tried somewhere within a year or two. He will be sentenced to imprisonment for life. Eventually he will be pardoned out. And this in spite of all our public meetings, resolutions, committees, virtuous indignation, and what not. And why? Because the sum of \$1,400 is enough, nowadays, to enable a man to purchase immunity from the consequences of any crime.

"If next winter's session of the Legislature does not hermetically seal up every chink and loophole through which murderers now escape, it will deserve the bitter censure of every honest man in Illinois. We must simplify our mode of procedure in murder trials. The criminal should be tried at once, and, when found guilty, should be hanged at once, and the quicker hanged the better. The courts are now completely in the control of corrupt and mercenary shysters, — the jackals of the legal profession, who feast and fatten on human blood spilled by the hands of other men. All this must be remedied. There *can* be found a remedy and it *must* be found."

The scurrility of this article naturally attracted the attention and the anger of the Supreme Court. It plainly insinuated, although it did not in so many words charge, corruption; such at least must have been its meaning for any casual reader not bent on a favorable construction. The judges, whose reputation is perfectly good, determined to make an example of the offending

newspaper, and attached the publisher and editor for contempt of court. By a bare majority the judges determined to pass sentence, and fined the respondents three hundred dollars and costs. This absurd result filled the Chicago Evening Journal and all the other papers of the Northwest with great delight, and afforded them an opportunity of perpetrating editorial contempts of the most open kind, of advertising themselves as martyrs, and of enlisting the sympathy of the press all over the country. Waiving all question as to the policy of proceeding against the newspaper in the first place, and also as to the power of the court to punish for contempt not committed in its presence, it is obvious that the punishment imposed was ridiculously inadequate. The offence was "the impeding and embarrassment of the administration of justice" by the publication of an article tending to bring the Supreme Court of the State into public contempt; such an offence, if punished at all, should have been punished very severely. The fine of three hundred dollars certainly produced the impression on the mind of any one who had followed the proceedings that the article had produced its effect, and that the court was really frightened.

Very likely it is the last attempt of the kind we shall see, because it only adds one more to a list of experimental attacks which have been made upon the press within the last few years, no one of which had been attended with any success. During the rule of Tweed in New York, the Ring introduced into the Legislature at Albany a provision for the restoration of the common-law rule as to contempts, the effect of which would have been to give to Barnard, Cardozo, and the other rascals who happened to have seats on the bench, the power to prevent all discussion of their action. The common law on the subject was that which appears from the decision of the court in the Journal case to be in force in Illinois, but three hundred dollars and costs would not have been the penalty imposed on newspapers in New York. The proposal, however, was too monstrous for consideration, and even the Albany Legislature was forced to decline having anything to do with it. The next attempt to make use of the power to punish for "constructive" contempt was made by Congress, which has the same rights in this matter that are enjoyed by courts of law. Two members of the press were in-

carcerated for publishing proceedings of the Senate when the publication had not been authorized. Nothing came of it however.

These instances serve to show how extremely improbable it is that the power to punish for contempt by "construction" can ever come much into vogue as a means of bolstering up the dignity of courts. The punishment of actual contempts committed in open court is a different matter. Judges must have that power for the purpose of preserving order, and it would be well if they exercised it much more severely than they now do; but the press has become far too powerful an engine to make it possible for judges to silence or frighten it back into the attitude it once held towards those in authority. As it is evidently supposed, however, by some people, that this is not so, and as it is impossible not to sympathize with the desire of any honest court, however mistaken it may be in its choice of means, to strengthen its position in the fight which it is perpetually called upon to engage in against popular clamor and stupidity, it may be worth while to trace in a few words the history of "constructive contempt"; the briefest retrospective glance will serve to show how completely it belongs to an age and system of society which has gone by.

A "constructive contempt" is "any publication, whether by parties or strangers, which concerns a cause pending in court, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning its merits and to corrupt the administration of justice, or reflects on the tribunal or its proceedings, or on the parties, the jurors, or the counsel." The power to punish is very wide. Short of torture or execution, it may be said to have no limits. It is in the discretion of any court, which either by statute or common law has the power, to prevent absolutely all discussion of any pending case by the press. There is no appeal from its decision; the proceedings are summary and final. Outside of England and America the power does not exist among civilized states. In France and in Germany there is an active supervision of the press, but it is by the administration, not by the courts; and, what is particularly worthy of notice, the power rests primarily, not on the danger that public discussion may lead to resistance of judicial decrees, but on the danger to the *dignity* of the court. No one will deny that the dignity of courts

ought to be preserved, and that general respect for them and for their decrees is a great safeguard against disturbance and civil commotion; but then so also is the dignity of other branches of the government important. Respect for the proceedings of the Treasury Department is a great safeguard against the depreciation of the national credit; and if a newspaper publishes an article showing that Mr. Boutwell knows nothing about finance or political economy, it may very likely affect the price of government securities, and through these the fortunes of thousands of poor and helpless persons. But Mr. Boutwell has no power to punish for constructive contempts of the Treasury. So, too, the publication of articles calling attention to the unfitness of the President for his position, holding up to public scorn his ignorance of law, his indifference to public opinion, his lack of interest in specific measures of reform; all this has a very bad effect on the reputation of the country and its inhabitants; we have heard a sensible man express doubts as to the morality of caricature when it handled persons of exalted station; but General Grant cannot have Mr. Matthew Morgan locked up in the Old Capitol prison. We may say the same thing even of such a small branch of the government as the signal service. Constructive contempts of the weather reports might lead to all sorts of disasters by sea and land, the loss of much property and many lives; but the chief of the service cannot prevent the publication of such criticism as the press may see fit to make. It is only the courts whose dignity is of sufficient importance to be thus protected.

The explanation of this anomaly is to be found where the explanation of so many other anomalous features of our system of government are to be found, in the peculiar character of the growth of the English Constitution, the so-called principles of which we have inherited. The English Constitution, or rather the constitutional rights of the English people, have been obtained and established, not as a general rule according to any systematic plan, but accidentally, on the impulse of the moment, under the pressure of actual tyranny. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights were not well-considered reforms, introduced, like the Prussian reforms of Stein and Scharnhorst, from above, because they were seen to be necessary to the social progress of the people; they were liberties, wrung from unwilling superi-

ors by aggrieved subjects. Down to the time of the American Constitution no system or scheme of government had been devised for any portion of the English race, and indeed it had hardly occurred to any one that such a thing was possible. The Federalist was the first modern essay on the art of government in our language which recognized any principles in politics. At that period even representation (in the modern use of the term), the freedom of the press, and the independence of the judiciary, were things unknown in England. Indeed, we may almost say that down to the time of our Revolution, the sum and substance of political wisdom among Englishmen was, that the contest for forms of government was a fool's contest, that the best government was the best administered government, that politics was a game by which power was won and lost, that every man had his price, but that Britons never had been and never would be slaves. In this century the subject has received a very different kind of discussion. The great principle, that government is the agent of the people, having been fairly adopted, the road is at length opened to systematic and scientific consideration of questions which have heretofore been mere questions of power or force. But though the road is opened, the goal is by no means reached. The continual struggle for liberty and rights in which our ancestors were forced to engage, left them, as we have just said, little time or inclination for making the charters they obtained consistent and complete. They were content with securing themselves from acts of oppression when oppression was attempted. The result is that the inheritance they have bequeathed to us is a strange compound of modern liberty, ancient and perhaps obsolete custom, and forgotten prerogative, some of it belonging to one century, some to another, some going beyond the memory of man, some rational, some irrational, some unintelligible. Every now and then, in the midst of these entangled constitutional strata, some fossil remains of a by-gone period are turned up in the course of judicial investigation, and it has been the custom with courts and legislatures which understood their duty clearly to remit them to the care and study of historical and antiquarian inquirers, and not attempt to adopt and declare them part of the organic life of the period.

One of these fossils is the power to pun-

ish for constructive contempt of court. It is a fossil which belongs to what might be called the arbitrary period, if politics were studied as geology is. To understand its being found as a deposit in the strata of English and American jurisprudence, we must go back to those very early times in which the king was the source of all power, the real sovereign. All states, England among the rest, which have steadily developed themselves from within, have at some period come under the domination of a single ruler, in whom all power was centred. Of course, at such a period, society is very simple. It mainly occupies itself with fighting. There is no legislation, no representation, small commerce, or domestic trade; there are no accumulations of wealth, no complicated questions of property rights, no great cities, no public meetings, in fact no public to hold meetings. In this rude state of society, the king performs a dozen duties which in modern times are performed by a dozen separate agents. Among others he administers justice. He sits in his hall, "throned and delivering doom"; the suitors come in to his presence, and obtain redress for what wrongs have been done them. We have in the Arthurian legend one of the first pictures of this sort of society in England. In Mr. Tennyson's last "Idyl of the King" may be found an imaginary record of a day's proceedings in one of these early courts, in which a simple *viva voce* order issued from the throne takes the place of all the cumbrous modern machinery of injunctions, writs of entry, mandamus, *ne exeat*, and arrest on mesne process; assumpsit, detinue, replevin, trover, and waste (to say nothing of "pleas of the crown") are all merged in the primeval action on the case in the *Aula Regis*.

It was the king sitting in the Hall of Doom who first discovered that he had the right to punish for contempt of court. It required no elaborate investigation into precedents to convince him of it, for he had complete power to do what he pleased. Nor did he make any distinction between actual and constructive contempts. If any one, whether in court or at some remote place, committed acts which seemed likely to bring the administration of justice, or, in other words, the king, into contempt, the most summary measures were immediately taken with the offender. The object of such measures was, not the preservation of the dignity of law or justice, but the preservation of the royal authority itself.

The next step in the progress of society was the creation of courts, empowered to administer justice for the sovereign, but in his absence. These courts, however, were at first mere representatives of the king; they did work for him which he could no longer do for himself. The King's Bench and Exchequer and Common Pleas did not become courts in our sense of the word till a much later period. As the king's judicial doubles, they possessed an enormous amount of the royal prerogative. Among other things they could punish for contempt. The king had ceased to sit as a judge, but was still sovereign, and the sovereign's dignity must be maintained. During all this time, the power was nothing more nor less than a part of the arbitrary power of an absolute monarch, — the same sort of power which was exercised by Haroun Alraschid whenever he had a slave bastinadoed for disobedience.

By and by the administration of justice begins to be wholly separated from the other functions of government, and courts are looked upon as independent bodies. At the same time, the invention of printing makes perpetual public discussion possible, and discussion is soon turned upon the action of the courts themselves. The courts, determined to find some means of curbing the free expression of opinion, bethink themselves of the ancient prerogative we have been describing, and announce as a principle of law, that "any publication, whether by parties or strangers, which concerns a cause pending in court, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning its merits, and to corrupt the administration of justice, or reflects on the tribunal or its proceedings, or on the parties, the jurors, or the counsel, may be visited as a contempt." It was precisely as if the Secretary of the Treasury should to-morrow issue an order that any publication, whether by the brokers interested or by the press, which concerns a loan in the process of negotiation, and has a tendency to prejudice the public concerning the merits of

the transaction, to hamper the financial operations of the Treasury, or impair its credit, or reflect on the department in any way, may be visited with fine and imprisonment to any extent which the Secretary for the time being may deem proper to inflict.

At the time of the separation of the United States from England, this extraordinary principle had been declared to be law, and has now been declared to be in force by the Supreme Court of Illinois in a strictly modern commercial community which has grown up within the last thirty years under a republican form of government, thousands of miles away from the country where the doctrine originated in a totally different state of society, centuries before, and where the doctrine itself was merely the formal announcement in legal phraseology of a single division of the old maxim, that he who could keep the power might have it, if some one else did not take it away.

The power to punish constructive contempt is, in short, a sovereign attribute of barbarous times, which in English history has, with the decline of the crown in power, been filched away from it by the courts. The legislature has also attempted to usurp it. It really belongs, if it belongs anywhere, to the sovereign, who in the former times was the king, but is now the people. In those states which, like Germany, do not recognize, or, like France, do not act upon their recognition of, popular sovereignty, we should expect to find this power lodged in the hands of the administration; and we do, in the censorship of the press, find something like it, though regulated by law. It is only in England and America that the power is arbitrary and really barbaric. That this is an obsolescent power, few people familiar with the position of the press in modern society will be disposed to deny; and the attempt to reanimate it for the sake of giving the judiciary support can only be regarded as one of those attempts at self-defence which does little but reveal the weakness of the position defended.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI. — MARCH, 1873. — NO. CLXXXV.

THE QUARREL OF JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

POLITENESS appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out to live together in peace. And there is great need of etiquette in a world where antipathy plays a part not less essential than sympathy. It is as necessary to the continuance of animated nature that cat and dog should hate, as that cat and cat should love. A genuine and profound antipathy, therefore, may exist without either of the parties being to blame; and in our complicated civilization, vast numbers of us are compelled to live in the nearest intimacy, or labor in the closest contact, with persons between whom and ourselves there is this incurable dislike. In such cases there is no peace, no dignity, save through the resolute observance of all the etiquette which the situation imposes.

It was this that kept our two secretaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, on friendly terms with one another for many months after both had discovered that they differed *in toto* and on every leading question. A breach of etiquette finally embroiled them past reconciliation. It was difficult to quar-

rel with Jefferson; since, besides being naturally placable and good-tempered, he had a vivid sense of the value of peace and a singular knowledge of the arts by which peace is preserved. He advised his daughters to avoid breaking with disagreeable people as long as they could with honor. Sacrifices and suppressions of feeling for such an object, he thought, cost much less pain than open separation. The effort of self-control was soon forgotten; but an open breach "haunts the peace of every day."

Hamilton, too, though much spoiled by applause too early and too easily won, was a good fellow; amiable at home, agreeable abroad; who sang his old song of *The Drum* at the annual dinner of the *Cincinnati*, and was welcome in all companies and circles till political differences embittered men's minds. What a pleasant picture we have of the breakfast scene at his house, No. 24 Broadway, the mother seated at the head of the table, with a napkin in her lap, cutting slices of bread from a great family loaf of the olden time, and spreading them with butter for the younger boys, who stood

round her, reading in turn from the Bible or Goldsmith's History of Rome; while the father, in the room adjoining, was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment to his daughter's new song, or singing it to her accompaniment. When the lessons were finished and a stately pile of bread and butter was ready, all the eight children came to breakfast; after which, the younger ones were packed off to school, and the father went to his office.

Who more generous than that father? There is a portrait of Mrs. Hamilton, as one of her sons relates, bearing the name of the painter, "T. Earle, 1787," which attests his goodness of heart. Earle was in the debtors' prison at the time, and Hamilton induced his young wife to go to the prison and sit for her portrait. She persuaded other ladies, and thus the artist gained money enough to pay his debts and get out of jail. No man was more ready than Hamilton to set on foot such good-natured schemes, though himself never too far from the debtors' prison. At this very time, — 1791 to 1794, — while he was handling millions upon millions of the public money, he was pinched severely in the effort to live upon his little salary. "If you can conveniently lend me twenty dollars for a few days," he wrote to a friend, in September, 1791, "be so good as to send it by the bearer." The friend sent a check for fifty dollars. And Talleyrand said, in 1794, after coming from Hamilton's house, "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world, — a man who has made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support a family."

Talleyrand made another remark upon Hamilton. When Mr. George Ticknor visited him in 1819, the old diplomatist was so warm in his eulogy of Hamilton, that the American was disposed modestly to waive part of the compliment by saying that the public men of Europe had to do with larger masses and wider interests. "But," said Talleyrand, "Hamilton had divined Europe." He may have di-

vined Europe. His misfortune was, that he had not divined America. In Europe, after a drill of twenty-five years in the British House of Commons, he might have been another Canning, a liberal Tory, the forerunner of Peel and Palmerston. In American politics it was impossible that he should ever have been at home, because he never could believe the truths, nor share the hopes, upon which the American system is based. In an ordinary period, however, he might have co-operated with Jefferson for a while, — both being gentlemen and patriots, — but the time was not ordinary. Christendom was losing its senses; and the discussions of the Cabinet had a bass accompaniment out of doors, ever deepening, always becoming more vehement. And it is but fair to remember that, if Jefferson had the inarticulate masses of the American people at his back, Hamilton was ceaselessly flattered by the articulate class, — the bar, the bench, the college, the drawing-room, the pulpit, the bureau. These two men, even if they had not become mutually repellant, would have been pulled apart by their adherents.

When the government, in 1790, removed from New York to Philadelphia, John Pintard, the translating clerk in the Department of State, chose not to go with it, and Jefferson gave the place — salary two hundred and fifty dollars a year — to the "poet Freneau," an old college classmate and friend of Madison and Henry Lee. Captain Philip Freneau, a native of New York, besides being a kind of mild American Peter Pindar, had suffered and sung the horrors of the New York imprisonments during the Revolutionary War. He was the bright, popular writer of his day, both in prose and verse; and, as he had contemplated "the British model" from the pestilential steerage of the Scorpion frigate anchored in the Hudson, he was never "bewitched" by it; but remained, to the end of his long life, a sound republican. No appointment could have been more natural, more proper, or more agreea-

ble to the public. In recommending it, Mr. Madison's chief motive was to promote the interest of his friend, then gaining a precarious and slender livelihood as man-of-all-work on the New York Daily Advertiser. But he had another object in view. Restive under the opposition of Hamilton's organ at Philadelphia, the Gazette of the United States, Madison and Governor Henry Lee of Virginia had formed the project of setting up a weekly republican journal at the seat of government, to be edited, perhaps, by Captain Freneau. This scheme, half formed at the time of the appointment, could not but have had the approval of the Secretary of State, stranger though he was to Freneau; and this may have suggested a remark which the Secretary made in his note, offering him the place. The salary, Mr. Jefferson observed, was very low; but the office "gives so little to do as not to interfere with any other calling the person may choose, which would not absent him from the seat of government."

Eight months after, October 31, 1791, appeared the first number of the National Gazette, edited by Philip Freneau; capital furnished by Madison and Lee; twenty-one subscribers previously obtained by Jefferson among his neighbors in Virginia. Thus there were two Gazettes at Philadelphia, — Fenno's daily and Freneau's weekly; the one Hamiltonian, the other Jeffersonian. But the only part which the Secretary of State took in the management of Freneau's Gazette was to lend the editor the foreign newspapers which came to the department. "I never did," he once wrote, "by myself or any other, or indirectly, say a syllable, nor attempt any kind of influence, . . . nor write, dictate, or procure any one sentence to be inserted, in Freneau's or any other gazette, to which my name was not affixed, or that of my office." The enterprise was chiefly Madison's, who wished to have a weekly paper of republican politics for circulation in *all* the States, Bache's daily paper not going much

beyond the city of Philadelphia. Jefferson's sympathy with the object was complete; but the fact of Freneau's holding an office in his department is itself a kind of proof that he could not have regarded or used the paper as a personal organ. How absurd the supposition that a "politician" would thus display his hand! If Freneau's Gazette had been designed as Jefferson's organ, Jefferson surely would have begun by removing Freneau from office.

If the reader will turn over the files of Fenno, preserved in several public libraries, he will perceive the need there was of something antidotal to it. No opportunity was lost by the editor of reflecting upon republican institutions; and the adulation of the President was unceasing and offensive. Whatever question was uppermost, this Gazette of the United States might be depended upon for taking the side least characteristic of the United States. The burden of its song was, Government by the people is anarchy. If any one ventured to ask a Federalist, Why, then, are we not anarchic? the answer was, The high character of the President, and the universal awe which that character inspires, hold the demagogues in some decent show of restraint. It is WASHINGTON that saves us, not our "shilly-shally Constitution."

When Freneau's Gazette appeared, defending Paine, attacking Burke, criticising Hamilton's measures, especially his new Bank of the United States, and commending Jefferson's public acts, Fenno affected to be aghast. The morning after Freneau's second number was circulated, a writer in Fenno, without mentioning the name of the audacious sheet, burst into the most ludicrous fury. He began by saying that there were acts of baseness and villany so atrocious, that we could hardly persuade ourselves to believe that any of the human race were depraved enough to commit them; and he proceeded to mention a crime or two of this description, — such as firing a city in the dead of night. But there

is a depth of depravity, he continued, far beyond that. Such offences are of a mild type of turpitude compared with the revolting blackness of the one which he introduces to the reader's notice in his closing paragraph: "In a free republic, the officers of the people are entitled to double honor, because they have no inheritance in their office, and, when actuated by just principles, accept of public employments from motives superior to mercenary considerations. The crime, therefore, of individuals who devise the destruction and imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of such characters is tinged with the blackest hue of hellish darkness."

Such was the spirit of a paper that derived an important part of its revenue from the patronage of the government, and an important portion of its contents from the pens of high officers of the government. Freneau continued his Gazette, however, and did not refrain from imbruing his hands in the innocent blood of an eminent public character. He proceeded to the length of mentioning the Secretary of the Treasury by name. He descanted freely upon all that Hamilton had done, and all that he proposed; admitting many communications from republican friends; doing all that in him lay to controvert and ridicule the writers in Fenno, and defend the principle of government by the people for the people. Readers who examine the file will find it difficult to believe that satire so mild and invective so harmless should have had power to kindle wrath in Federal minds.

Antipathy, meanwhile, was growing in the hearts of Jefferson and Hamilton, blinding both, misleading both. It is of the nature of antipathy to distort the view, and shut the mind to truth; and when it reaches the degree of rendering social intercourse difficult and mutual explanation impossible, men may advance from misconception to misconception, until the idea they have of one another becomes monstrous. Never before, since they were

born, had either of these two encountered immovable opposition. The lives of both had been too easily triumphant. From their youth up they had experienced little but acquiescence, sympathy, and applause, until they met in Washington's Cabinet, and each discovered in the other an invincible antagonist. The self-love of both was deeply wounded. Hamilton owned that he took Jefferson's opposition to the Bank as a wrong done to *himself*. "Mr. Jefferson," he says, "not only delivered an opinion in writing against its constitutionality and expediency, but he did it in a style and manner which I felt as partaking of asperity and ill-humor toward *me*." This to Colonel Carrington, May, 1792. But who can now discover in Jefferson's opinion on the Bank one word savoring of asperity or ill-humor? On the contrary, it seems studiously void of offence, full of respect for opposing opinions, and ends by advising the President to sign the bill "if the *pro* and *con* hang so even as to balance his judgment." This, he thought, would be paying only "a just regard to the wisdom of the legislature."

Miserable error, to attribute difference of opinion to baseness of motive! Oliver Wolcott, Comptroller of the Treasury, Hamilton's echo and successor (as genial a soul as ever cracked a walnut), betrays his chief's blinding antipathy in his letters of this time. "Mr. Jefferson," he writes, February, 1792, "appears to have shown rather too much of a disposition to cultivate vulgar prejudices; accordingly, he will become popular in alehouses, and do much mischief to his country by exciting apprehension that the government will operate unfavorably." The comptroller interpreted the Publicola controversy, too, in his own merry fashion: "Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson seem much disposed to quarrel on the question whether liberty can be maintained in a country which allows citizens to be distinguished by the addition *Mr.*, *Esq.*, and *Deacon*, and whether Thomas Paine or Edmund Burke are the great-

est fools." Hamilton's grammar was better than Wolcott's; but he, too, was at first disposed to laugh at Jefferson's notion of abolishing the small, lingering absurdities of the feudal system. But he soon ceased to laugh. Under Freneau's attacks, he became, very early in 1792, as sour and bitter in his feelings toward his colleague as so good-tempered a man could be; and he poured out all his heart to his old comrade, Colonel Carrington of Virginia. He said he was convinced—"unequivocally convinced"—that "Mr. Madison, co-operating with Mr. Jefferson, is at the head of a faction decidedly hostile to me and to my administration, and actuated by views, in my judgment, subversive of the principles of good government and dangerous to the union, peace, and happiness of the country."

Such was Hamilton's conviction in May, 1792, and it remained his conviction until that fatal day in July, 1804, when he stood at Weehawken before Burr's pistol, a conscious martyr. What reasons had he for thinking so? He gives them at great length to Colonel Carrington: Madison and Jefferson disapproved his financial measures! They had openly said so; Madison in debate, Jefferson in conversation, yes, even in conversation with *foreigners*! Some persons, whom the Secretary of State "immediately and notoriously moves" had even whispered suspicions of his official integrity. It was, also, "reduced to a certainty" that Freneau, a "known anti-Federalist," had been "brought to Philadelphia by Mr. Jefferson to be the conductor of a newspaper." And such a newspaper! Evidently devoted to the subversion of *me* and my measures, as well as unfriendly to the government! Moreover, both Madison and Jefferson (and here Hamilton rises into capital letters) "HAD A WOMANISH ATTACHMENT TO FRANCE, AND A WOMANISH RESENTMENT AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN"; and this to such a degree, that, unchecked, they would in six months bring on "AN OPEN WAR BE-

TWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN!" Mr. Jefferson was especially and extravagantly addicted to these womanish propensities.

"In France," continues Hamilton, "he saw government only on the side of its abuses. He drank deeply of the French philosophy, in religion, in science, in politics. He came from France in the moment of a fermentation which he had a share in exciting, and in the passions and feelings of which he shared, both from temperament and situation. He came here, probably, with a too partial idea of his own powers; and with the expectation of a greater share in the direction of our councils than he has in reality enjoyed. I am not sure that he had not marked out for himself the department of the finances. He came electrified *plus* with attachment to France, and with the project of knitting together the two countries in the closest political bands. Mr. Madison had always entertained an exalted opinion of the talents, knowledge, and virtues of Mr. Jefferson. The sentiment was probably reciprocal. A close correspondence subsisted between them during the time of Mr. Jefferson's absence from this country. A close intimacy arose on his return. . . . Mr. Jefferson was indiscreetly open in his approbation of Mr. Madison's principles on first coming to the seat of government. I say, indiscreetly, because a gentleman in one department ought not to have taken sides against another in another department."

Both the Virginians, he thought, were chagrined and out of humor because, so far, he had usually triumphed over the opposition of one or both of them; and he proceeds to enumerate his victories,—funding, assumption, the bank, and others,—a "current of success on one side and defeat on the other," which had "rendered the opposition furious." And worse defeat was in store for them; for it was evident, he thought, beyond a question, that "Mr. Jefferson aims, with ardent desire, at the Presidential chair"; and,

of course, Hamilton's influence with the community must be destroyed. And here the Secretary of the Treasury owns that he had already aided to frustrate the imaginary ambition of his colleague. It had been a question who should be President *pro tem.*, in case both the President and Vice-President should die in office. Some members of Congress had proposed the chief justice, Mr. Jay; Mr. Madison had moved the Secretary of State. "I acknowledge," says Hamilton, "though I took far less part than was supposed, I ran counter to Mr. Jefferson's wishes; for, if I had had no other reason for it, I had already experienced opposition from him, which rendered it a measure of self-defence." Finally, he read Mr. Jefferson thus: "A man of profound ambition and violent passions."

Thus may one honest and patriotic man misread another when, attempting to evolve his character from the depths of his own consciousness, the gall of an antipathy tinges his thoughts. Jefferson misconceived Hamilton scarcely less. He was, at least, unjust to the motives which influenced his colleague's public conduct. Antipathy, first, and then a sense of injuries received, obscured his judgment.

The mere difference of opinion between them was extreme. One day in April, 1791, when the Vice-President and the Cabinet dined together at Jefferson's house to talk over some public question, the conversation turned, as it often did in those days, upon forms of government. "Purge the British Constitution of its corruption," said Mr. Adams, "and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man." Hamilton waited a moment, and then said: "Purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government. As it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government that ever existed." What intelligent American citizen, whose

memory of public events ran back to 1765, and who had access to the pigeon-holes of the State Department, could be expected to listen to such an opinion without something like indignation?

But, in truth, when Hamilton pronounced the word *government*, he meant something radically different from Jefferson's idea of government. What is government? Jefferson's answer would have been: An agency for the execution of the people's will. Hamilton must have answered: A means of curbing and frustrating the people's will. The British government had proved itself *practicable*, by being able, in the teeth of the people's will, to alienate and repel the American Colonies; and it had accomplished this by buying voters at the polls and voters in the House of Commons. Hence, in a Hamiltonian sense, it was a "practicable" government. There were members of Congress who had a pecuniary interest in supporting Hamilton's financial system. This *he* regarded as legitimate and desirable; while good republicans could only think of it with horror, as if jurymen should sit in judgment on a cause in which their fortune was embarked.

A few months after, Hamilton seized an opportunity to explain himself to his colleague. Jefferson mentioned to him, in August, 1791, that he had received a letter from Mr. Adams, disavowing Publicola, and denying that he had ever had any wish to introduce the hereditary principle. Hamilton censured the Vice-President for having stirred questions of that nature in the newspapers. "I own," he added, "it is my own opinion, though I do not publish it in Dan or Beersheba, that the present government is not that which will answer the ends of society by giving stability and protection to its rights, and that it will probably be found expedient to go into the British form. However, since we have undertaken the experiment, I am for giving it a fair course, whatever my expectations may be." Hence, he thought Mr.

Adams was wrong, however pure his intentions, to disturb, by the discourses on Davila, the public confidence in the present order of things. These avowals, apparently deliberate and made for a purpose, Jefferson thought worthy of preservation; and this conversation, accordingly, is the first of the "Anas" which give us so many interesting glimpses of the interior of General Washington's Cabinet.

To this radical difference of opinion was added a grievance which was, at once, public and personal, wounding both to Jefferson's patriotism and pride. Hamilton was an inveterate lobbyist. Excluded from Congress by the Constitution, he nevertheless endeavored to exercise as much influence over legislation as an English Chancellor of the Exchequer who sits in Parliament. In his published correspondence, he mentions, with evident elation, several instances in which he had procured the passage or the rejection of measures. Upon occasion, he would even threaten to *resign*, unless he had his way; and such was his ascendancy that this absurd insolence provoked from his adherents neither resentment nor ridicule. The republican members objected to the reference of legislative problems to members of the Cabinet; regarding the Cabinet as part of the executive power. Hamilton could not so much as believe that a member of Congress could have any other than a factious reason for opposing such a reference. He distinctly claimed it, as belonging to his office, to perform the duty which now devolves upon the Committee of Ways and Means. He regarded himself as an injured being when Madison opposed the reference to the Secretary of the Treasury of the question of ways and means for the Indian War. Madison, he says, even went so far as to "combat, *on principle*, the propriety of such reference"; well knowing that "if he had prevailed, a certain consequence was my *resignation*." Late in the debate he became apprised of the danger. "Measures of counteraction," he says, "were adopted; and

when the question was called, Mr. Madison was confounded to find characters voting against him whom he had counted upon as certain."

Now, this interference with legislation was the more aggravating to Jefferson, because the Secretary of the Treasury had such a vast patronage with which to make his interference effectual: one hundred clerks at Philadelphia, a custom-house at every port, bank directors, loan agents,—a thousand places in his gift. And these places were not the trivial and demoralizing gifts which a cabinet minister has at his disposal now,—the brief, precarious tenure of under-paid offices. A government office was then a career. You were a made man if you got one. A peaceful and dignified life could be founded upon it, and a family reared. Hamilton wielded more power of this kind than all the rest of the administration put together, multiplied by ten; and it is reasonable to conclude that *some* voters in Congress (not as many, perhaps, as Jefferson thought) were influenced by the interest members had in Hamilton's various financial measures.

Before he had been a year in office, the Secretary of State had had enough of it. Scrupulously avoiding all interference with the departments of his colleagues, never lobbying, immersed in the duties of his place, he found himself borne along by Hamilton's restless impetuosity, and compelled to aid in the execution of a policy which he could as little approve as prevent. He was nominally at the head of the Cabinet, without possessing the ascendancy that belonged to his position. He seemed to himself, at once, responsible and impotent; and he believed the sway of Hamilton over public affairs to be illegitimate, and to be upheld by illegitimate means. In the spring of 1791, when he had been in the Cabinet little more than a year, he discovered, from a sentence in one of the President's letters to himself, that he had no thought of serving beyond the end of his term, which would ex-

pire March 4, 1793. Jefferson instantly resolved to make that the period of his own service also. He longed for repose. His affairs clamorously demanded his attention. He was utterly devoid of commonplace ambition. All pageantry was wearisome to him. If, in his earlier years, he had coveted the kind of distinction which place conferred, he had outgrown that foible long ago, and had now for himself but one wish, — to enjoy a busy, tranquil existence at home, among his farms, his books, his apparatus, his children, and his friends. What man above forty-five, not a fool, has ever had, for himself alone, any other dream but that?

With regard to the Presidency, no one had as yet presumed to publish a conjecture as to what an infant nation was to do, when, at last, deprived of its "father," it should be obliged — to use Jefferson's expression — to "go alone." Adams, Jay, and Jefferson were the three names oftenest whispered in conversation; but the situation was not ripe for anything beyond a whisper; and all patriotic men concurred in desiring General Washington's continuance.

It was in February, 1792, in the course of a conference upon post-office affairs, that Jefferson disclosed to the President his intention to retire. It was not yet clear whether the post-office belonged to the Department of State or to that of the Treasury, and Jefferson wished the question settled. He told the President that, in his opinion, it belonged, and ought to belong, to the State Department, because, among other reasons, the Treasury Department was already too powerful, wielding "such an influence as to swallow up the whole executive powers"; so that "even the future Presidents, not supported by the weight of character which himself possessed, would not be able to make head against it." He disclaimed all personal interest in the matter. If he was supposed to have any appetite for power, the intervening time was too short to be an object, for

his own tenure of office would be exactly as long as that of the President's. "My real wish," said he, "is to avail the public of every occasion, during the rest of the President's period, to place things on a safe footing."

The conversation was interrupted here at its most interesting moment. The President asked him to breakfast with him the next morning, in order that the subject might be resumed. They met accordingly, and when the post-office question had been duly considered, the President revived the topic of Jefferson's intention to retire. "In an affectionate tone," he told Jefferson that he had felt much concern at the intelligence. For his own retirement there were reasons enough, and he enumerated them; but he should consider it unfortunate if his own return to private life should bring on the resignation of the great officers of the government, which might give a shock to the public mind of dangerous consequence. Jefferson tried to reassure the President on this point. He did not believe, he said, that any of his brethren thought of resigning. On the contrary, at the last meeting of the trustees of the sinking fund, the Secretary of the Treasury had developed a plan of operations which contemplated years of his own personal service.

General Washington was not reassured by this statement. He clung to Jefferson. He remarked that he considered the Department of the Treasury less important and less conspicuous than the Department of State, which "embraced nearly all the objects of administration," and that the retirement of a Secretary of State would be more noticed. Symptoms of dissatisfaction, he added, far beyond what could have been expected, had lately shown themselves, and to what height these might arise, in case of too great a change in the administration, could not be foreseen.

Upon this, Jefferson's tongue was loosed, and he expressed himself without reserve in words like these: "In

my opinion there is only a single source of these discontents,— the treasury. A system has there been contrived for deluging the States with paper-money instead of gold and silver, for withdrawing our citizens from the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, buildings, and other branches of useful industry, to occupy themselves and their capitals in a species of gambling destructive of morality, which has introduced its poison into the government itself. It is a fact, as well known as that you and I are now conversing, that particular members of the legislature, while those laws were on the carpet, feathered their nests with paper, then voted for the laws, and constantly since have lent all the energy of their talents and the instrumentality of their offices to the establishment and enlargement of their system. They have chained the system round our necks for a great length of time, and, in order to keep the game in their own hands, they have from time to time aided in making such legislative constructions of the Constitution as make it a very different thing from what the people thought they had submitted to. And now, they have brought forward a proposition far beyond any one advanced before; to which the eyes of many are now turned as the decision which is to let us know whether we live under a limited or an unlimited government."

"To what proposition do you allude?" asked the President.

"To that," replied Jefferson, "in the Report on Manufactures (by Hamilton) which, under color of giving bounties for the encouragement of particular manufactures, meant to establish the doctrine, that the Constitution, in giving power to Congress to provide for the general welfare, permitted Congress to take everything under their charge which *they* should deem for the public welfare. If this was maintained, then the enumeration of powers in the Constitution does not at all constitute the limits of their authority."

With this topic the conversation end-

ed. The mingling of justice and injustice in Jefferson's observations is obvious. He was chiefly unjust in ascribing the ill-working of some of Hamilton's measures to design; whereas, the inflation of values and the consequent mania for speculation were unforeseen, and were by no one more regretted than by Hamilton. The real grievances of the republicans at that moment were two: 1. Hamilton's free-and-easy construction of the Constitution; 2. The interference of the Treasury Department with legislation. During that very week the republicans made a serious effort toward turning the Secretary of the Treasury and his allies out of the lobby by breaking up the system of referring questions to members of the Cabinet. After a long debate, the House adjourned without coming to a vote; but Madison and his friends went home that afternoon in the highest spirits, so sure were they of victory on the day following. During the evening, as they believed, the special adherents of the Secretary of the Treasury bestirred themselves with such effect that—to employ Jefferson's own words—"The *treasury* carried it by thirty-one to twenty-seven." But even this triumph was esteemed only the forerunner of defeat, so omnipotent had the treasury once been. "It showed," Jefferson thought, "that *treasury* influence was tottering."

So far, the personal intercourse between the two diverging ministers was agreeable; and we even observe in their official correspondence an apparent effort to conciliate. In March, 1792, Jefferson submitted the draft of a Cabinet paper for Hamilton's review and emendation; and when it came back with comments, Jefferson appears to have made a point of accepting as many of his colleague's suggestions as possible. Out of ten emendations he adopted all but one, which would have involved a looser construction of the Constitution than he approved. As late as February, 1792 (a month before the conversation with the President), Jef-

erson, in returning his colleague's Report on the Mint, commended the performance, suggested a change or two, and ended his note thus: "I hazard these thoughts to you extempore, and am, dear sir, respectfully and affectionately yours."

This, however, was the year of the Presidential election. For the Presidency there was, indeed, but one candidate; but Mr. Adams's incoherences upon Davila, and his son's essays in the name of Publicola, cost him a severe contest for the Vice-Presidency; George Clinton, of New York, being the candidate of the republicans. Need it be said that the two Gazettes, Fenno and Freneau, improved the occasion? But how mild the prose and verse of Captain Freneau compared with the vituperation and calumny which have since made the party press as powerless to abuse as to exalt!

"On Davila's page
Your discourses so sage
Democratic numsculls bepuzzle,
With arguments tough
As white leather or buff,
The republican bull-dogs to muzzle!"

It is to be presumed that the Vice-President did not take seriously to heart such fooling as this, which is a fair enough specimen of "Jonathan Pindar's" doggerel. Hamilton and his friends were assailed in prose not quite so pointless. Perhaps the following was as "severe" as most of the editorial paragraphs, if only from its containing a portion of truth: "The mask is at length torn from the monarchical party, who have, with but too much success, imposed themselves upon the public for the sincere friends of our republican Constitution. Whatever may be the event of the competition for the Vice-Presidency, it has been the happy occasion of ascertaining the two following important truths: First, that the name of Federalist has been assumed by men who approve the Constitution merely 'as a promising essay toward a well-ordered government'; that is to say, as a step toward a government of king, lords, and commons. Secondly, that the spirit of the people continues

firmly republican." Often, however, the Secretary of the Treasury was specially designated, and his financial system was always condemned, as Jefferson condemned it in the hearing of the President.

When Hamilton read his Freneau, week after week, during that exciting summer of 1792, he read it, not at all as the publication of Captain Philip Freneau, mariner and poet, but, wholly and always, as the utterance of Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. He was right, and he was wrong. Jefferson, to people like minded with himself, was a pervading and fascinating intelligence. His easy manners, his long experience, his knowledge of nature, men, and events, his sanguine trust in man, his freedom from inhuman pride, his prodigious Christianity, his great gifts, his great fame, and his great place, all conspired to make him the oracle of his circle, as he was the soul of his party. Freneau could not help infusing a good deal of Jefferson into almost everything he wrote. But although that was the only kind of influence which the Secretary of State ever exerted over the pen of his translating clerk, Hamilton could not believe it. He took it for granted that the National Gazette was edited in his colleague's office, with his colleague's assistance, for the purpose of subverting himself. Irritated and indignant, the Secretary of the Treasury composed, July 25, 1792, the epistle following, and had it inserted in the other Gazette, — the Gazette of the United States: —

"MR. FENNO: — The editor of the National Gazette receives a salary from government.

Quere. Whether this salary is paid him for *Translations*, or for publications, the design of which is to vify those to whom the voice of the people has committed the administration of our public affairs, — to oppose the measures of government, and, by false insinuations, to disturb the public peace?

"In common life it is thought un-

grateful for a man to bite the hand that puts bread in his mouth; but if the man is hired to do it, the case is altered. "T. L."

Freneau was not politician enough, nor guilty enough, to pass by this hint in silence. He repelled the insinuation, which gave Hamilton a pretext for following it up. A series of strongly written, incisive articles from the pen of the Secretary of the Treasury appeared in *Fenno*, in which Jefferson was attacked by name. Some of these articles (there were twelve in all) were signed, "An American"; others, "Amicus"; others, "Catullus"; one, "Metellus"; one, "A Plain Honest Man": but all of them are included in the authorized edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton. They appeared from time to time, during the rest of the Presidential "campaign," calling forth replies from "Aristides" and other sages of antiquity, but eliciting no printed word from Jefferson. The burden of the earlier numbers was, that Mr. Freneau was brought from New York to Philadelphia, and quartered upon the government, by Mr. Jefferson, for the purpose of establishing a gazette hostile to the government. (Denied by Freneau on oath.) When that topic was exhausted, Colonel Hamilton endeavored to show, by fragments of Jefferson's letters to Madison from France, that his colleague had been an original opponent of the Constitution. (Disproved by Madison's publishing *the whole* of the quoted passages.) Hamilton proceeded to descant upon Mr. Jefferson's indorsement of Paine's reply to Burke: accusing him, first, of an intention to wound and injure Mr. Adams; and, secondly, of a dastardly denial of the same, when he found that "discerning and respectable men disapproved the step." After relieving his mind of many a column of fluent and vigorous outrage, he called upon Mr. Jefferson to resign his office.

"If," said Metellus, "he cannot coalesce with those with whom he is associated, as far as the rules of official

decorum, propriety, and obligation may require, without abandoning what he conceives to be the true interest of the community, let him place himself in a situation in which he will experience no collision of opposite duties. Let him not cling to the honor or emolument of an office, whichever it may be that attracts him, and content himself with defending the injured rights of the people by obscure or indirect means. Let him renounce a situation which is a clog upon his patriotism."

The effect upon the public mind of this ill-timed breach of official decorum was such as we should naturally suppose it would be. The thin disguise of the various signatures adopted by the Secretary of the Treasury deceived only readers distant from the capital, and them not long; for Hamilton, besides betraying himself by the power of his stroke, seems, in some passages, to have courted discovery, — pushing aside the gauzy folds of the curtain, and all but crying out, *Behold, it is I, the administration!* "Society" applauded. The drawing-room eyed Jefferson askance. It could not quite cut a Secretary of State, but its bow was as distant as its habitual deference to place and power would permit; and, to this day, if indeed we can be said to have a drawing-room now, it has loved to repeat the traditional disparagement. But the articles had not the political effect which their ingenious author intended; for, while they emphasized Jefferson's position as the republican chief, they really — so Federalists themselves report — lowered Hamilton in the view of the country. He lost that prestige of reserve and mystery that gathers round a name associated in the public mind only with affairs of national magnitude and subjects of general importance. The people were not pleased to discover, in an adviser of the President, a partisan, positive, vehement, ingenious, and unjust, a coarse assailant of a name hallowed by its association with the birthday of the nation. Hamilton lost something which is of no value to an

anonymous writer in a Presidential "campaign," but is of immense value to a public man, — WEIGHT. And, with all this, he did not retard the development of the new-born opposition. George Clinton received fifty electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency, Jefferson four, and Burr one, to seventy-seven for Mr. Adams.

There was one man in the country who was great enough to do justice to both these men, and to feel only sorrow for their dissensions. How the President tried to reconcile them is a pleasing and noble passage of his history. He wrote a kind, manly letter to each of them, employing similar arguments and several identical phrases in both letters; reminding them of the difficulties and dangers of the country's position, encompassed as it was by avowed enemies and insidious friends; and urging them to a more charitable interpretation of one another.

Both secretaries replied, as it chanced, on the same day, September 9, 1792. Hamilton owned that he had attacked his colleague in the newspapers, and, intimated that, for the present, he could not discontinue his assaults. He justified his conduct thus: "I *know* that I have been an object of uniform opposition from Mr. Jefferson, from the moment of his coming to the city of New York to enter upon his present office. I *know*, from the most authentic sources, that I have been the frequent subject of the most unkind whispers and insinuations from the same quarter. I have long seen a formed party in the legislature under his auspices, bent upon my subversion. I cannot doubt, from the evidence I possess, that the National Gazette was instituted by him for political purposes, and that one leading object of it has been to render me, and all the measures connected with my department, as odious as possible." These, however, were personal wrongs, which he had resolved to bear in silence. But when he saw that a party had been formed "deliberately bent upon the subversion of measures which, in its consequences, would subvert the

government," then he had felt it to be his duty to defeat the nefarious purpose by "drawing aside the veil from the principal actors."

Jefferson's reply was long, vehement, and powerful. So far as it was exculpatory of himself, it was perfectly successful; but, at such a moment, he must have been either more or less than man to have been just to his antagonist. Nor is there any one now alive competent to say precisely how far he was unjust to him. Who can tell us to what point "treasury influence" may have influenced legislation, and how far Colonel Hamilton may have deemed it right and legitimate to enlist the interests of men on the side of what he called "government"? One thing we do know: the rule which Jefferson prescribed for his own conduct as a member of the Cabinet is the true republican rule. "If," said he, "it has been supposed that I have ever intrigued among the members of the legislature to defeat the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury, it is contrary to all truth. As I never had the desire to influence the members, so neither had I any other means than my friendships, which I valued too highly to risk by usurpations on their freedom of judgment and the conscientious pursuit of their own sense of duty."

This was the right view to take of the limits prescribed by the spirit of the Constitution to his place. But, though we know Hamilton gloried in holding an opposite opinion, we do not know how far he carried his ideas in practice. That he interfered *habitually* in legislation, and was proud of his success in so doing, his letters plainly reveal. Jefferson charges him with using his power as minister of finance to control votes. "That I have utterly," writes the Secretary of State, "in my private conversations, disapproved of the system of the Secretary of the Treasury, I acknowledge and avow; and this was not merely a speculative difference. His system flowed from principles adverse to liberty, and was calculated to undermine and demolish

the Republic, by creating an influence of his department over the members of the legislature. I saw this influence actually produced, and its first fruits to be the establishment of the great outlines of his project by the votes of the very persons who, having swallowed his bait, were laying themselves out to profit by his plans; and that, had these persons withdrawn, as those interested in a question ever should, the vote of the disinterested majority was clearly the reverse of what they made it." He accused his colleague, too, of defeating the system of favoring French commerce and retaliating British restrictions, by cabals with members of Congress.

Another retort of Jefferson's gives pause to the modern inquirer. Who can say, with anything like certainty, whether, in the passage following, Mr. Jefferson uttered truth pure and simple, or truth colored, distorted, and exaggerated by antipathy?

"I have never inquired," said he, "what number of sons, relations, and friends of senators, representatives, printers, or other useful partisans Colonel Hamilton has provided for among the hundred clerks of his department, the thousand excisemen, custom-house officers, loan officers, appointed by him, or at his nod, and spread over the Union; nor could ever have imagined, that the man who has the shuffling of millions backwards and forwards from paper into money, and money into paper, from Europe to America, and America to Europe, the dealing out of treasury secrets among his friends in what time and measure he pleases, and who never slips an occasion of making friends with his means, — that such a one, I say, would have brought forward a charge against me for having appointed the poet Freneau translating clerk to my office with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year."

A passage followed, in relation to this appointment, which had a wonderful currency years ago, and is still occasionally revived. He declared, that, in appointing Freneau, he had been

actuated by the motive which had induced him to recommend to the President for public employment such characters as Rittenhouse, Barlow, and Paine. "I hold it," he added, "to be one of the distinguishing excellences of an elective over hereditary succession, that the talents, which nature has provided in sufficient proportion, should be selected by the society for the government of their affairs, rather than that this should be transmitted through the loins of knaves and fools, passing from the debauchees of the table to those of the bed."

In conclusion, he said that, as the time of his retirement from office was so near (only six months distant), he should postpone any public reply which he might deem it best to make to the *Fenno* articles until he was a private citizen, — a period to which he looked "with the longing of a wave-worn mariner, who has at length the land in view, and shall count the days and hours which still lie between me and it." *Then* he would be free to defend himself without disturbing the quiet of the President; but if he did break silence, he should subscribe his name to whatever he wrote. Conscious, he said, of having merited the esteem of his countrymen, which he dearly prized, by an integrity which could not be reproached, and by an enthusiastic devotion to their rights and to liberty, he "would not suffer his retirement to be clouded by the slanders of a man whose history, from the moment at which history could stoop to notice him, was a tissue of machinations against the liberty of the country which had not only received and given him bread, but heaped its honors upon his head." But during the short time he had to remain in office, he should find "ample employment in closing the present business of the department."

This letter was written at Monticello. On his way to Philadelphia he stopped, as usual, at Mount Vernon, when the President renewed the subject in conversation, and urged him to reconsider his intention to resign; for

he "thought it important to preserve the check of his opinions in the administration to keep things in the proper channel and prevent them from going too far." The check! The check to what? The President said he did not believe there were ten men, worth consideration, in the country, who had so much as a thought of transforming the republic into a monarchy. Mr. Jefferson replied that there was "a numerous sect who had monarchy in contemplation, of whom the Secretary of the Treasury was one." The most intimate friend Hamilton ever had was Gouverneur Morris, who pronounced his funeral oration. This exquisite writer stated Hamilton's opinions at much length in 1811, in a letter to Robert Walsh of Philadelphia. The following are some of Morris's expressions: "General Hamilton disliked the Constitution, believing all republican government radically defective. . . . He hated republican government. . . . He trusted that, in the changes and chances of time, we should be involved in some war, which might strengthen our union and nerve the executive. . . . He never failed on every occasion to advocate the excellence of, and avow his attachment to, monarchical government." The other points of difference were gone over, but without lessening Mr. Jefferson's passionate desire to retire from public life. But, on reaching Philadelphia, friends insisted on his remaining in office with such pertinacity, and offered reasons so cogent, that he knew not how either to rebut or accept them.

No language can overstate his longing for retreat. Six months before the Fenno assaults began, this had been the burden of his letters to his family and friends. "The ensuing year," he wrote to his daughter, in March, 1792, "will be the longest of my life, and the last of such hateful labors; the next, we will sow our cabbages together." To other friends he said that the 4th of March, 1793, was to him what land was to Columbus. He had sent to Scotland for one of the new

threshing-machines, and a plough of his invention had recently won a medal in France. He had engaged mechanics in Europe to work upon his house, and upon other schemes which he had formed. He was packing his books in view of the termination of the lease of his house in Philadelphia, and had arranged for one of its inmates, "Jack Eppes," to enter William and Mary in the spring. Schemes upon schemes were forming in his mind for extricating his great estate from encumbrance, and turning its latent resources to better account than could be expected from overseers. But the attacks in the newspapers and the hostility of powerful classes, though they intensified his desire for repose, seemed to interpose a barrier which he could not pass. He was torn with contending emotions. "I have been," he wrote to his daughter in January, 1793, "under an agitation of mind which I scarcely ever experienced before, produced by a check on my purpose of returning home at the close of this session of Congress." Madison, Monroe, Page, Randolph, all friends and all partisans, united in the opinion that he must not give the Federalists the triumph of being able to say, with an appearance of truth, that Hamilton had driven him from office. He consented, at length, to remain a short time longer. He sent most of his library home, sold the bulkier articles of his furniture, gave up his house, took three rooms in the suburbs, and "held himself in readiness to take his departure for Monticello the first moment he could do it with due respect to himself." Thus he wrote to the father of "Jack Eppes," in April, 1793.

But why this agonizing desire for retirement? Thereby hangs a tale. If we give ten reasons for a certain course of conduct, there is often an eleventh which we do not give; and that unspoken one is apt to be *the* reason. He could no longer afford to serve the public on the terms fixed by Congress. It was not merely that his salary did not pay the cost of his Phil-

adelphia establishment, nor that his estate was ill-managed by overseers. An ancient debt hung, as he says, "like a mill-stone round his neck," — a debt which he had twice paid, although not incurred by him. Upon the death of his wife's father, twenty years before, he had received property from his estate worth forty thousand dollars, but subject to a British debt of thirteen thousand. Impatient of debt, he sold a fine farm near Monticello for a sum sufficient to discharge it; but by the time he received the money, the war of the Revolution had begun. Virginia invited all men owing money to Great Britain to deposit the same in her treasury, the State agreeing to pay it over to the British creditor after the war. The identical coin which Jefferson received for his farm he himself carried to the treasury in Williamsburg, where it was immediately expended in equipping troops.

The Legislature of Virginia, however, thought better of this policy, rescinded the resolution, and returned the sums received under it. But Jefferson was obliged to take back his thirteen thousand dollars in depreciated paper, which continued to depreciate until it was worthless. In fact, the thirteen thousand dollars just sufficed to buy him one garment; and in riding by that farm, in after years, he would sometimes point to it, and say, laughing, "That farm I once sold for an overcoat." At the end of the war, during which Cornwallis destroyed more than enough of his property to pay this debt, he had, as he remarked, "to lay his shoulders to the payment of it a *third* time," in addition to a considerable debt of his own incurred just before the outbreak of hostilities. "What the laws of Virginia," he wrote to his creditor in England, "are, or may be, will in no wise influence my conduct. Substantial justice is my object, as decided by reason, not by authority or compulsion." Ever since the war closed, he had been struggling to reduce these debts; and, finally, made an arrangement for paying them

off at the rate of four hundred pounds sterling a year. How easy this ought to have been to a person owning ten thousand acres of excellent land, "one hundred and fifty-four slaves, thirty-four horses, five mules, two hundred and forty-nine cattle, three hundred and ninety hogs, and three sheep"! But only two thousand acres of his land were cultivated, nine of his horses were used for the saddle, and the labor of his slaves had been, for ten years, directed by overseers. In 1793, the greater part of the debt remained to be discharged, and he saw, whenever he visited Monticello, such evidences of "the ravages of overseers," as filled him with alarm. He had now a son-in-law to settle, a second daughter to establish, a mountainous debt to pay, a high office to live up to, and an estate going to ruin. Behold his eleventh, unuttered reason for the frenzy which possessed him to live at home.

He might well desire to see the reign of overseers brought to an end on his estate. Readers remember, perhaps, General Washington's experience with them. How, when he owned one hundred and one cows, he was compelled to buy butter for his own table; and how, after building one of the best barns in the country, where thirty men could conveniently wield the flail, he could not prevent his manager from treading out the grain with horses, — so impossible was it, he says, "to put the overseers of this country out of the track they have been accustomed to walk in." He reached home for his annual vacation in 1793, about the middle of September, and caught this truly conservative gentleman in the act. "I found a treading-yard," wrote the President, "not thirty feet from the barn-door, the wheat again brought out of the barn, and horses treading it out in an open exposure, liable to the vicissitudes of weather." With such men to manage, the General thought the new threshing-machine would have a brief existence. What need there was, then, of the

master's eye upon an encumbered estate!

Jefferson settled to his work again in Philadelphia, and watched for a good opportunity to resign. Through the good offices of the President, a truce was arranged between the two hostile secretaries, who tried their best to cooperate in peace, not without success. Hamilton, in particular, was scrupulously careful to avoid the error of interfering, or seeming to interfere, in his colleague's department. At heart each felt the sincerity and patriotic intentions of the other, and Jefferson had even an exaggerated idea of Hamilton's ability. The elections, too, of 1792, had strengthened the republicans in Congress, who gained a decisive triumph in the first month of the session by defeating (thirty-five to eleven) a proposition to allow members of the Cabinet to attend the House of Representatives and explain "their measures" to the House. This made it easier for Jefferson to continue. And, besides, the French Revolution, of late, had turned in arms upon the kings banded against it, and seemed to be able, contrary to all expectation, to hold its own. As yet, nearly all America was in enthusiastic sympathy with France. When the news arrived of a movement favorable to the French, the "monocrats," as Jefferson styled the *Othercrats*, made wry faces; but the republicans set the bells ringing, illuminated their houses, and wore a tricolored cockade in their hats.

The time was at hand when the youngest of the nations would need in its government the best talent it could command, and, above all, in the department which directed its intercourse with foreign nations. The French king had been dethroned, and was about to be brought to trial, all the world looking on with an interest difficult now to conceive. It stirred Jefferson's indignation sometimes to observe that mankind were more attentive to the sufferings of the king and queen than to the welfare of the people of France. "Such are the fruits," he once wrote,

"of that form of government which heaps importance upon idiots, and which the Tories of the present day are trying to preach into our favor." It pleased many of the republicans, however, to learn that Thomas Paine, one of themselves, was exerting himself ably to save the king's life. Paine said in the convention, that "Louis Capet," if he had been slightly favored by fortune, — if he had been born in a private station, in "an amiable and respectable neighborhood," — would have been, in all probability, a virtuous citizen; but, cursed from the dawn of his reason with ceaseless adulation, and reared in "brutal luxury," he was a victim of monarchy, as well as the agent of its ill-working. England, he reminded the convention, had cut off the head of a very bad Charles Stuart, only to be cursed, a few years after, with a worse; but when, forty years later, England had *banished* the Stuarts, there was an end of their doing harm in the world.

What a happy stroke was this in a French Assembly! He followed it up by offering to accompany the fallen king to the only ally France then had, the United States, where the people regarded him as their friend. "His execution, I assure you," said this master of effective composition, "will diffuse among them a general grief. I propose to you to conduct Louis to the United States. After a residence of two years, Mr. Capet will find himself a citizen of America. Miserable in this country, to which his absence will be a benefit, he will be furnished the means of becoming happy in another."

There was a passage in this speech to which the bloody scenes about to occur in Paris give a singular significance. Part of the long period of reaction towards barbaric (i. e. ancient) ideas and institutions, which began with the French guillotine, and from which we are only now emerging, might have been spared mankind if Thomas Paine could have spoken French as well as he wrote English, and brought this warning home to the convention

with the oratorical power of a Mirabeau. "Monarchical governments," he said, "have trained the human race, and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment; and it is exactly the same punishment which has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people, that now, in their turn, they practise in revenge upon their oppressors. But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of monarchical examples. As France has been the first to abolish royalty, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death." In these words spoke the humane spirit in which the French Revolution originated.

The execution of the king, January 21, 1793, saddened every well-constituted mind in Europe and America. It lessened the sympathy of a vast number of persons with the Revolution; and all but the most extreme republicans felt in some degree the infinite impolicy of the act. From that time the good-will of mankind for unhappy France would have more sensibly diminished, but that the world in arms seemed gathering for her destruction.

It was a mad time. The manager of a Philadelphia theatre thought it opportune to revive the tragedy of Cato. Before the play began, the company of actors sang upon the stage *La Marseillaise*, when the whole theatre rose, and joined in the chorus. At the end of each act this performance was repeated. Every evening, afterwards, as soon as the musicians entered the orchestra, a cry arose for *La Marseillaise*, and no other music would be listened to. Usually, some portion of the audience caught the fury of the piece and thundered out the familiar refrain. But as the guillotine continued its ravages, the enthusiasm decreased; and, instead of the universal and deafening demand for the French hymn, there would be, at length, only a score or two of voices from the gallery, all the rest of the house sitting in grim silence. Finally, on a night long remembered

in the theatre, one defiant soul ventured to give the usual sign of disapproval. Instantly the whole house burst into one overwhelming hiss; and never was the terrible piece played again. Soon the new song of Hail Columbia took its place in popular regard, and was, for some years, played at every theatre just before the rising of the curtain.

The change of government in France produced political complications with which the Cabinet of General Washington had to deal at once and practically. Questions of law and of finance, as well as of opinion and sentiment, had to be, not only discussed, but rightly decided under penalty of being drawn into the maelstrom of the war. Our two "cocks," exasperated by previous encounters, were now pitted against each other every day; but they were under bonds to keep the peace, and each was further restrained by the perils of the situation. Hamilton, by himself, might have involved the country in an entangling alliance with the powers hostile to the Revolution. Jefferson alone might have found it difficult to avoid a too helpful sympathy with beleaguered, bewildered France. The result of their antagonism was an honorable neutrality, useful to France, not injurious to the allies, and exceedingly profitable to the United States.

How irreconcilable they were in their feelings respecting the great events of 1793! "Sir," said Hamilton, in August, to Edmund Randolph, "if all the people in America were now assembled, and were to call on me to say whether I am a friend to the French Revolution, I would declare that I have it in abhorrence." Jefferson, on the contrary, wrote thus to his old friend Short, just before the execution of the king: "My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause; but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated! Were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is."

Gouverneur Morris was then American Minister in France, — a very able gentleman and honorably frank in the avowal of his opinions. Mark this striking sentence, written by him as far back as 1790: "The French Assembly have taken genius instead of reason for their guide, adopted experiment instead of experience, and wander in the dark because they prefer lightning to light." He meant Mirabeau. But, a few weeks after, writing to General Washington, he gave such a list of the ancient abuses which the Revolution had abolished as amount to a compensation to France for all the Revolutionary miseries she has suffered from Mirabeau to Thiers. As the Revolution advanced, though Jefferson, in official instructions, had cautioned him to avoid the utterance of opinions hostile to the Revolution, he gave such offence to the Revolutionary leaders that Lafayette complained of it to the President. But, in 1792, he redeemed himself nobly. Upon the dethronement of the king, when all the diplomatic corps left Paris, the American Minister alone, rightly interpreting his mission, remained. "The position," as he truly wrote to Mr. Jefferson, "is not without danger; but I presume, that when the President did me the honor of naming me to this embassy, it was not for my personal pleasure or safety, but to promote the interests of my country." And he remained at his post all through the period of the terror, though the Ministry gave him pretexts enough for abandoning it, and though even the sanctuary of his abode was violated by a committee in search of arms. The fury of the people, he wrote to Mr. Jefferson, was such as to render them capable of all excesses without being accountable for them. The calm courage and utter frankness of this splendid old tory conciliates the modern reader. The French Ministry, however, abhorred him to such a point that they made it a matter of formal complaint to Mr. Jefferson, that this representative of a republic, in a despatch addressed

to the government of a republic (a few days old), had used the familiar expression, "*Les ordres de MA COUR.*"

But the Cabinet question was this: The king being dethroned, who was authorized to give a valid receipt for the money which the United States was paying to France from time to time? Upon this point, the orders of Gouverneur Morris's *court* were necessary; and the real secret of the animosity of the French ministers was, that he would not and could not pay over to them the sums due nominally to the king. The ministers remonstrated in their own way, and sent complaints across the sea. Morris, at his own table and in the hearing of his servants, indulged himself in calling them a set of damned rascals, and in predicting (he was curiously fond of prophesying) that the king would have his own again. Upon the pecuniary question, the opinions of the Cabinet were divided.

Jefferson's opinion: Every people may establish what form of government they please, and change it as often as they please. But the National Assembly of France, to which all power had fallen by necessity, upon the removal of the king, had not been elected by the people of France as an executive body. For the moment, therefore, the French government was, at best, incomplete. But a National Convention had been elected in full view of the crisis, and for the express purpose of meeting its requirements. *That* Convention would be, when organized, a legitimate government, qualified to give a valid receipt to the United States.

Hamilton's opinion: He doubted whether the Convention would be a legitimate body. In case the monarchy should be re-established, the king might disallow payments made to it. He was for stopping payment altogether until there was something more stable and regular established in France.

On this occasion, General Knox, Secretary of War, ventured to express an opinion. "For once," says Jefferson,

"Knox dared to differ from Hamilton, and to express very submissively an opinion that a convention named by the whole body of the nation would be competent to do anything." The result was, that the Secretary of State was requested to write to Gouverneur Morris, directing him to suspend payments until further orders. A few days after arrived the despatches in which the French Ministry complained of the too candid Morris and of his insolent contempt of a sister republic in speaking of "*ma cour*." Upon this delicate subject the President conversed with the Secretary of State in a manner which exhibits the situation.

THE PRESIDENT. The extracts from Ternant (French plenipotentiary in Philadelphia) I consider very serious, in short, as decisive. I see that Gouverneur Morris can be no longer continued there consistently with the public good. The moment is critical in our favor (that is, for getting free-trade with the French West Indies and freer trade with France) and ought not to be lost. Yet I am extremely at a loss what arrangement to make.

JEFFERSON. Might not Gouverneur Morris and Pinckney (American Minister in England) change places?

THE PRESIDENT. That would be a sort of remedy, but not a radical one. If the French Ministry conceive Gouverneur Morris to be hostile to them, if they were jealous merely on his proposing to *visit* London, they will never be satisfied with us at placing him in London permanently. You have unfixed the day on which you intended to resign; yet you appear fixed in doing it at no great distance of time. In that case, I cannot but wish that you would go to Paris. The moment is important. You possess the confidence of both sides, and might do great good. I wish you could do it, were it only to stay there a year or two.

JEFFERSON. My mind is so bent on retirement that I cannot think of

launching forth again on a new business. I can never again cross the Atlantic. As to the opportunity of doing good, *this* is likely to be the scene of action, as Genet is bringing powers to do the business here. I cannot think of going abroad.

THE PRESIDENT. You have pressed me to continue in the public service, and refuse to do the same yourself.

JEFFERSON. The case is different. You unite the confidence of all America, and you are the only person who does so. Your services, therefore, are of the last importance. But, for myself, my going out would not be noted or known. A thousand others can supply my place to equal advantage, and, therefore, I feel myself free.

THE PRESIDENT. Consider maturely, then, what arrangement shall be made.

Here the conversation ended. Mr. Jefferson did not remind the President of the vast difference in their pecuniary condition. He did not remark that General Washington was so rich a man that not even the ravages of Virginia overseers could quite ruin him, but that Thomas Jefferson could only continue to serve the public at the imminent risk of financial destruction.

Meanwhile, Genet was coming, — the first minister sent by the Republic of France to the Republic of the United States. The republicans of the United States awaited his arrival with inexpressible ardor, and were prepared to give him one of those "receptions" for which the country has since become noted, — receptions which are so amusing and agreeable to all but the victim. Colonel Hamilton was by no means elated at the prospect of his coming. At a Cabinet meeting a short time before the landing of the expected minister, he had dropped this remark: "When Mr. Genet arrives, whether we shall receive him or not will then be a question for discussion."

James Parton.

THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE.

WE had been talking about the masters who had achieved but a single masterpiece,—the artists and poets who but once in their lives had known the divine afflatus, and touched the high level of the best. Our host had been showing us a charming little cabinet picture by a painter whose name we had never heard, and who, after this one spasmodic bid for fame, had apparently relapsed into fatal mediocrity. There was some discussion as to the frequency of this phenomenon; during which, I observed, H— sat silent, finishing his cigar with a meditative air, and looking at the picture, which was being handed round the table. “I don’t know how common a case it is,” he said at last, “but I’ve seen it. I’ve known a poor fellow who painted his one masterpiece, and”—he added with a smile—“he did n’t even paint that. He made his bid for fame, and missed it.” We all knew H— for a clever man who had seen much of men and manners, and had a great stock of reminiscences. Some one immediately questioned him further, and, while I was engrossed with the raptures of my neighbor over the little picture, he was induced to tell his tale. If I were to doubt whether it would bear repeating, I should only have to remember how that charming woman, our hostess, who had left the table, ventured back in rustling rose-color, to pronounce our lingering a want of gallantry, and, finding us a listening circle, had sunk into her chair in spite of our cigars, and heard the story out so graciously, that when the catastrophe was reached she glanced across at me, and showed me a tender tear in each of her beautiful eyes.

It relates to my youth, and to Italy: two fine things! (H— began.) I had arrived late in the evening at Florence, and while I finished my bot-

tle of wine at supper, had fancied that, tired traveller though I was, I might pay the city a finer compliment than by going vulgarly to bed. A narrow passage wandered darkly away out of the little square before my hotel, and looked as if it bored into the heart of Florence. I followed it, and at the end of ten minutes emerged upon a great piazza, filled only with the mild autumn moonlight. Opposite rose the Palazzo Vecchio like some huge civic fortress, with the great bell-tower springing from its embattled verge like a mountain-pine from the edge of a cliff. At its base, in its projected shadow, gleamed certain dim sculptures which I wonderingly approached. One of the images, on the left of the palace door, was a magnificent colossus shining through the dusky air like some young god of Defiance. In a moment I recognized him as Michael Angelo’s David. I turned with a certain relief from his sinister strength to a slender figure in bronze, stationed beneath the high, light *loggia*, which opposes the free and elegant span of its arches to the dead masonry of the palace; a figure supremely shapely and graceful; gentle, almost, in spite of his holding out with his light nervous arm the snaky head of the slaughtered Gorgon. His name is Perseus, and you may read his story, not in the Greek mythology, but in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Glancing from one of these fine fellows to the other, I probably uttered some irrepressible commonplace of praise, for, as if provoked by my voice, a man rose from the steps of the Loggia, where he had been sitting in the shadow, and addressed me in good English,—a small, slim personage, clad in a sort of black velvet tunic (as it seemed), and with a mass of auburn hair, which gleamed in the moonlight escaping from a little mediæval *berretta*. In a tone of the most insinuating deference, he asked

me for my "impressions." He seemed picturesque, fantastic, slightly unreal. Hovering there in this consecrated neighborhood, he might have passed for the genius of æsthetic hospitality, — if the genius of æsthetic hospitality were not commonly some shabby little *custode*, flourishing a calico pocket-handkerchief, and openly resentful of the divided franc. This fantasy was made none the less plausible by the fine tirade with which he greeted my embarrassed silence.

"I've known Florence long, sir, but I've never known her so lovely as to-night. It's as if the ghosts of her past were abroad in the empty streets. The present is sleeping; the past hovers about us like a dream made visible. Fancy the old Florentines strolling up in couples to pass judgment on the last performance of Michael, of Benvenuto! We should come in for a precious lesson if we might overhear what they say. The plainest burgher of them, in his cap and gown, had a taste in the matter! That was the prime of art, sir. The sun stood high in heaven, and his broad and equal blaze made the darkest places bright and the dull-est eyes clear. We live in the evening of time! We grope in the gray dusk, carrying each our poor little taper of selfish and painful wisdom, holding it up to the great models and to the dim ideal, and seeing nothing but overwhelming greatness and dimness. The days of illumination are gone! But do you know I fancy—I fancy,"—and he grew suddenly almost familiar in this visionary fervor,—"I fancy the light of that time rests upon us here for an hour! I have never seen the David so grand, the Perseus so fair! Even the inferior productions of John of Bologna and of Baccio Bandinelli seem to realize the artist's dream. I feel as if the moonlit air were charged with the secrets of the masters, and as if, standing here in religious contemplation, we might—we might witness a revelation!" Perceiving at this moment, I suppose, my halting comprehension reflected in my puzzled face,

this interesting rhapsodist paused and blushed. Then with a melancholy smile, "You think me a moonstruck charlatan, I suppose. It's not my habit to hang about the piazza and pounce upon innocent tourists. But to-night, I confess, I'm under the charm. And then, somehow, I fancied you, too, were an artist!"

"I'm not an artist, I'm sorry to say, as you must understand the term. But pray make no apologies. I am also under the charm; your eloquent reflections have only deepened it."

"If you're not an artist, you're worthy to be one!" he rejoined, with a bow. "A young man who arrives at Florence late in the evening, and, instead of going prosaically to bed, or hanging over the travellers' book at his hotel, walks forth without loss of time to pay his *devoirs* to the Beautiful, is a young man after my own heart!"

*The mystery was suddenly solved; my friend was an American! He must have been, to take the picturesque so prodigiously to heart. "None the less so, I trust," I answered, "if the young man is a sordid New-Yorker."

"New-Yorkers," he solemnly proclaimed, "have been munificent patrons of art!"

For a moment I was alarmed. Was this midnight reverie mere Yankee enterprise, and was he simply a desperate brother of the brush who had posted himself here to extort an "order" from a sauntering tourist? But I was not called to defend myself. A great brazen note broke suddenly from the far-off summit of the bell-tower above us and sounded the first stroke of midnight. My companion started, apologized for detaining me, and prepared to retire. But he seemed to offer so lively a promise of further entertainment, that I was indisposed to part with him, and suggested that we should stroll homeward together. He cordially assented, so we turned out of the Piazza, passed down before the statued arcade of the Uffizi, and came out upon the Arno. What course we took I hardly remember, but we roamed slowly about for an

hour, my companion delivering by snatches a sort of moon-touched æsthetic lecture. I listened in puzzled fascination, and wondered who the deuce he was. He confessed with a melancholy but all-respectful head-shake to his American origin. "We are the disinherited of Art!" he cried. "We are condemned to be superficial! We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor little barren, artificial deposit. Yes! we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense. We have neither taste nor tact nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist, as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so! We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

"You seem fairly at home in exile," I answered, "and Florence seems to me a very pretty Siberia. But do you know my own thought? Nothing is so idle as to talk about our want of a nutritive soil, of opportunity, of inspiration, and all the rest of it. The worthy part is to do something fine! There's no law in our glorious Constitution against that. Invent, create, achieve! No matter if you've to study fifty times as much as one of these! What else are you an artist for? Be you our Moses," I added, laughing and laying my hand on his shoulder, "and lead us out of the house of bondage!"

"Golden words, — golden words, young man!" he cried, with a tender smile. "Invent, create, achieve! Yes, that's our business: I know it well. Don't take me, in Heaven's name, for one of your barren complainers, — querulous cynics who have neither talent nor faith. I'm at work!" — and he glanced about him and lowered his voice as if this were a quite peculiar secret, — "I'm at work night and day. I've undertaken a *creation!*

I'm no Moses; I'm only a poor, patient artist; but it would be a fine thing if I were to cause some slender stream of beauty to flow in our thirsty land! Don't think me a monster of conceit," he went on, as he saw me smile at the avidity with which he adopted my fantasy; "I confess that I'm in one of those moods when great things seem possible! This is one of my nervous nights, — I dream waking! When the south-wind blows over Florence at midnight, it seems to coax the soul from all the fair things locked away in her churches and galleries; it comes into my own little studio with the moonlight, and sets my heart beating too deeply for rest. You see I am always adding a thought to my conception! This evening I felt that I could n't sleep unless I had communed with the genius of Michael!"

He seemed deeply versed in local history and tradition, and he expatiated *con amore* on the charms of Florence. I gathered that he was an old resident, and that he had taken the lovely city into his heart. "I owe her everything," he declared. "It's only since I came here that I have really lived, intellectually. One by one, all profane desires, all mere worldly aims, have dropped away from me, and left me nothing but my pencil, my little note-book" (and he tapped his breast-pocket), "and the worship of the pure masters, — those who were pure because they were innocent and those who were pure because they were strong!"

"And have you been very productive all this time?" I asked, with amenity.

He was silent awhile before replying. "Not in the vulgar sense!" he said, at last. "I have chosen never to manifest myself by imperfection. The good in every performance I have reabsorbed into the generative force of new creations; the bad — there's always plenty of that — I have religiously destroyed. I may say, with some satisfaction, that I have not added a mite to the rubbish of the world. As a proof of my conscientiousness," — and

he stopped short, and eyed me with extraordinary candor, as if the proof were to be overwhelming, — "I've never sold a picture! 'At least no merchant traffics in my heart!' Do you remember the line in Browning? My little studio has never been profaned by superficial, feverish, mercenary work. It's a temple of labor, but of leisure! Art is long. If we work for ourselves, of course we must hurry. If we work for her, we must often pause. She can wait!"

This had brought us to my hotel door, somewhat to my relief, I confess, for I had begun to feel unequal to the society of a genius of this heroic strain. I left him, however, not without expressing a friendly hope that we should meet again. The next morning my curiosity had not abated; I was anxious to see him by common daylight. I counted upon meeting him in one of the many æsthetic haunts of Florence, and I was gratified without delay. I found him in the course of the morning in the Tribune of the Uffizi, — that little treasure-chamber of perfect works. He had turned his back on the Venus di Medici, and with his two arms resting on the railing which protects the pictures, and his head buried in his hands, he was lost in the contemplation of that superb triptych of Andrea Mantegna, — a work which has neither the material splendor nor the commanding force of some of its neighbors, but which, glowing there with the loveliness of patient labor, suits possibly a more constant need of the soul. I looked at the picture for some time over his shoulder; at last, with a heavy sigh, he turned away and our eyes met. As he recognized me a deep blush rose to his face; he fancied, perhaps, that he had made a fool of himself overnight. But I offered him my hand with a frankness which assured him I was not a scoffer. I knew him by his ardent *chevelure*; otherwise he was much altered. His midnight mood was over, and he looked as haggard as an actor by daylight. He was far older than I had supposed, and he had less bravery of costume and

gesture. He seemed the quite poor, patient artist he had proclaimed himself, and the fact that he had never sold a picture was more obvious than glorious. His velvet coat was threadbare, and his short slouched hat, of an antique pattern, revealed a rustiness which marked it an "original," and not one of the picturesque reproductions which brethren of his craft affect. His eye was mild and heavy, and his expression singularly gentle and acquiescent; the more so for a certain pallid leanness of visage which I hardly knew whether to refer to the consuming fire of genius or to a meagre diet. A very little talk, however, cleared his brow and brought back his eloquence.

"And this is your first visit to these enchanted halls?" he cried. "Happy, thrice happy youth!" And taking me by the arm, he prepared to lead me to each of the pre-eminent works in turn and show me the cream of the gallery. But before we left the Mantegna, he pressed my arm and gave it a loving look. "*He* was not in a hurry," he murmured. "He knew nothing of 'raw Haste, half-sister to Delay'!" How sound a critic my friend was I am unable to say, but he was an extremely amusing one; overflowing with opinions, theories, and sympathies, with disquisition and gossip and anecdote. He was a shade too sentimental for my own sympathies, and I fancied he was rather too fond of superfine discriminations and of discovering subtle intentions in the shallow felicities of chance. At moments, too, he plunged into the sea of metaphysics and floundered awhile in waters too deep for intellectual security. But his abounding knowledge and happy judgment told a touching story of long attentive hours in this worshipful company; there was a reproach to my wasteful saunterings in so devoted a culture of opportunity. "There are two moods," I remember his saying, "in which we may walk through galleries, the critical and the ideal. They seize us at their pleasure, and we can never tell which is to take its turn. The critical mood, oddly, is

the genial one; the friendly, the condescending. It relishes the pretty trivialities of art, its vulgar clevernesses, its conscious graces. It has a kindly greeting for anything which looks as if, according to his light, the painter had enjoyed doing it, — for the little Dutch cabbages and kettles, for the taper fingers and breezy mantles of late-coming Madonnas, for the little blue-hilled pastoral, sceptical Italian landscapes. Then there are the days of fierce, fastidious longing, — solemn church-feasts of the intellect, — when all vulgar effort and all petty success is a weariness, and everything but the best — the best of the best — disgusts. In these hours we are relentless aristocrats of taste. We'll not take Michael for granted, we'll not swallow Raphael whole!"

The gallery of the Uffizi is not only rich in its possessions, but peculiarly fortunate in that fine architectural accident, as one may call it, which unites it — with the breadth of river and city between them — to those princely chambers of the Pitti Palace. The Louvre and the Vatican hardly give you such a sense of sustained enclosure as those long passages projected over street and stream to establish a sort of inviolate transition between the two palaces of art. We passed along the gallery in which those precious drawings by eminent hands hang chaste and gray above the swirl and murmur of the yellow Arno, and reached the ducal saloons of the Pitti. Ducal as they are, it must be confessed that they are imperfect as show-rooms, and that, with their deep-set windows and their massive mouldings, it is rather a broken light that reaches the pictured walls. But here the masterpieces hang thick, and you seem to see them in a luminous atmosphere of their own. And the great saloons, with their superb dim ceilings, their outer wall in splendid shadow, and the sombre opposite glow of mellow canvas and dusky gilding, make, themselves, almost as fine a picture as the Titians and Raphaels they imperfectly reveal. We lingered briefly before many a Raphael and Titian; but

I saw my friend was impatient, and I suffered him at last to lead me directly to the goal of our journey, — the most tenderly fair of Raphael's Virgins, the Madonna in the Chair. Of all the fine pictures of the world, it seemed to me this is the one with which criticism has least to do. None betrays less effort, less of the mechanism of effect and of the irrepressible discord between conception and result, which shows dimly in so many consummate works. Graceful, human, near to our sympathies as it is, it has nothing of manner, of method, nothing, almost, of style; it blooms there in rounded softness, as instinct with harmony as if it were an immediate exhalation of genius. The figure melts away the spectator's mind into a sort of passionate tenderness which he knows not whether he has given to heavenly purity or to earthly charm. He is intoxicated with the fragrance of the tenderest blossom of maternity that ever bloomed on earth.

"That's what I call a fine picture," said my companion, after we had gazed awhile in silence. "I have a right to say so, for I've copied it so often and so carefully that I could repeat it now with my eyes shut. Other works are of Raphael: this *is* Raphael himself. Others you can praise, you can qualify, you can measure, explain, account for: this you can only love and admire. I don't know in what seeming he walked among men, while this divine mood was upon him; but after it, surely, he could do nothing but die; this world had nothing more to teach him. Think of it awhile, my friend, and you'll admit that I'm not raving. Think of his seeing that spotless image, not for a moment, for a day, in a happy dream, as a restless fever-fit, not as a poet in a five minutes' frenzy, time to snatch his phrase and scribble his immortal stanza, but for days together, while the slow labor of the brush went on, while the foul vapors of life interposed, and the fancy ached with tension, fixed, radiant, distinct, as we see it now! What a master, certainly! But ah, what a seer!"

"Don't you imagine," I answered, "that he had a model, and that some pretty young woman?"

"As pretty a young woman as you please! It does n't diminish the miracle! He took his hint, of course, and the young woman, possibly, sat smiling before his canvas. But, meanwhile, the painter's idea had taken wings. No lovely human outline could charm it to vulgar fact. He saw the fair form made perfect; he rose to the vision without tremor, without effort of wing; he communed with it face to face, and resolved into finer and lovelier truth the purity which completes it as the perfume completes the rose. That's what they call idealism; the word's vastly abused, but the thing is good. It's my own creed, at any rate. Lovely Madonna, model at once and muse, I call you to witness that I too am an idealist!"

"An idealist, then," I said, half-jocosely, wishing to provoke him to further utterance, "is a gentleman who says to Nature in the person of a beautiful girl, 'Go to, you're all wrong! Your fine is coarse, your bright is dim, your grace is *gaucherie*. This is the way you should have done it!' Is n't the chance against him?"

He turned upon me almost angrily, but perceiving the genial flavor of my sarcasm, he smiled gravely. "Look at that picture," he said, "and cease your irreverent mockery! Idealism is *that*! There's no explaining it; one must feel the flame! It says nothing to Nature, or to any beautiful girl, that they'll not both forgive! It says to the fair woman, 'Accept me as your artist-friend, lend me your beautiful face, trust me, help me, and your eyes shall be half my masterpiece!' No one so loves and respects the rich realities of nature as the artist whose imagination caresses and flatters them. He knows what a fact may hold; (whether Raphael knew, you may judge by his portrait behind us there, of Tommaso Inghirami;) but his fancy hovers above it, as Ariel above the sleeping prince. There is only one Raphael, but an artist may still be an artist. As I said last

night, the days of illumination are gone; visions are rare; we have to look long to see them. But in meditation we may still woo the ideal; round it, smooth it, perfect it. The result—the result" (here his voice faltered suddenly, and he fixed his eyes for a moment on the picture; when they met my own again they were full of tears) —"the result may be less than this; but still it may be good, it may be *great*!" he cried with vehemence. "It may hang somewhere, in after years, in goodly company, and keep the artist's memory warm. Think of being known to mankind after some such fashion as this! of hanging here through the slow centuries in the gaze of an altered world, living on and on in the cunning of an eye and hand that are part of the dust of ages, a delight and a law to remote generations; making beauty a force and purity an example!"

"Heaven forbid," I said, smiling, "that I should take the wind out of your sails; but does n't it occur to you that beside being strong in his genius, Raphael was happy in a certain good faith of which we have lost the trick? There are people, I know, who deny that his spotless Madonnas are anything more than pretty blondes of that period, enhanced by the Raphaelesque touch, which they declare is a profane touch. Be that as it may, people's religious and æsthetic needs went hand in hand, and there was, as I may say, a demand for the Blessed Virgin, visible and adorable, which must have given firmness to the artist's hand. I'm afraid there is no demand now."

My companion seemed painfully puzzled; he shivered, as it were, in this chilling blast of scepticism. Then shaking his head with sublime confidence: "There is always a demand!" he cried; "that ineffable type is one of the eternal needs of man's heart; but pious souls long for it in silence, almost in shame; let it appear, and this faith grows brave. How *should* it appear in this corrupt generation? It can't be made to order. It could, in-

deed, when the order came, trumpeted, from the lips of the Church herself, and was addressed to genius panting with inspiration. But it can spring now only from the soil of passionate labor and culture. Do you really fancy that while, from time to time, a man of complete artistic vision is born into the world, that image can perish? The man who paints it has painted everything. The subject admits of every perfection, — form, color, expression, composition. It can be as simple as you please, and yet as rich, as broad and pure, and yet as full of delicate detail. Think of the chance for flesh in the little naked, nestling child, irradiating divinity; of the chance for drapery in the chaste and ample garment of the mother! Think of the great story you compress into that simple theme! Think, above all, of the mother's face and its ineffable suggestiveness, of the mingled burden of joy and trouble, the tenderness turned to worship, and the worship turned to far-seeing pity! Then look at it all in perfect line and lovely color, breathing truth and beauty and mastery!"

"*Anch' io son pittore!*" I cried. "Unless I'm mistaken, you've a masterpiece on the stocks. If you put all that in, you'll do more than Raphael himself did. Let me know when your picture is finished, and wherever in the wide world I may be, I'll post back to Florence and salute — the *Madonna of the future!*"

He blushed vividly and gave a heavy sigh, half of protest, half of resignation. "I don't often mention my picture, in so many words. I detest this modern custom of premature publicity. A great work needs silence, privacy, mystery even. And then, do you know, people are so cruel, so frivolous, so unable to imagine a man's wishing to paint a Madonna at this time of day, that I've been laughed at, — laughed at, sir!" And his blush deepened to crimson. "I don't know what has prompted me to be so frank and trustful with you. You look as if you would n't laugh at me. My dear young man," — and he laid

his hand on my arm, — "I'm worthy of respect. Whatever my talents may be, I'm honest. There's nothing grotesque in a pure ambition, or in a life devoted to it!"

There was something so sternly sincere in his look and tone, that further questions seemed impertinent. I had repeated opportunity to ask them, however; for after this we spent much time together. Daily, for a fortnight, we met by appointment, to see the sights. He knew the city so well, he had strolled and lounged so often through its streets and churches and galleries, he was so deeply versed in its greater and lesser memories, so imbued with the local genius, that he was an altogether ideal *valet de place*, and I was glad enough to leave my Murray at home, and gather facts and opinions alike from his gossiping commentary. He talked of Florence like a lover, and admitted that it was a very old affair; he had lost his heart to her at first sight. "It's the fashion to talk of all cities as feminine," he said, "but, as a rule, it's a monstrous mistake. Is Florence of the same sex as New York, as Chicago? She's the sole true woman of them all; one feels towards her as a lad in his teens feels to some beautiful older woman with a 'history.' It's a sort of aspiring gallantry she creates." This disinterested passion seemed to stand my friend in stead of the common social ties; he led a lonely life, apparently, and cared for nothing but his work. I was duly flattered by his having taken my frivolous self into his favor, and by his generous sacrifice of precious hours, as they must have been, to my society. We spent many of these hours among those early paintings in which Florence is so rich, returning ever and anon with restless sympathies to wonder whether these tender blossoms of art had not a vital fragrance and savor more precious than the full-fruited knowledge of the later works. We lingered often in the sepulchral chapel of San Lorenzo, and watched Michael Angelo's dim-visaged warrior sitting there like some awful

Genius of Doubt and brooding behind his eternal mask upon the mysteries of life. We stood more than once in the little convent chambers where Fra Angelico wrought, as if an angel indeed had held his hand, and gathered that sense of scattered dews and early bird-notes which makes an hour among his relics seem like a morning stroll in some monkish garden. We did all this and much more, wandered into dark chapels, damp courts, and dusty palace-rooms, in quest of lingering hints of fresco and lurking treasures of carving. I was more and more impressed with my companion's prodigious singleness of purpose. Everything was a pretext for some wild æsthetic rhapsody or reverie. Nothing could be seen or said that did n't end sooner or later in a glowing discourse on the true, the beautiful, and the good. If my friend was not a genius, he was certainly a monomaniac; and I found as great a fascination in watching the odd lights and shades of his character as if he had been a creature from another planet. He seemed, indeed, to know very little of this one, and lived and moved altogether in his own little province of art. A creature more unsullied by the world it is impossible to conceive, and I often thought it a flaw in his artistic character that he had n't a harmless vice or two. It amused me vastly at times to think that he was of our shrewd Yankee race; but, after all, there could be no better token of his American origin than this same fantastic fever. The very heat of his devotion was a sign of conversion; those born to European opportunity manage better to reconcile enthusiasm with comfort. He had, moreover, all our native mistrust for intellectual discretion and our native relish for sonorous superlatives. As a critic he was vastly more generous than just, and his mildest terms of approbation were "glorious," "superb," and "magnificent." The small change of admiration seemed to him no coin for a gentleman to handle; and yet, frank as he was intellectually, he was, personally, altogether a mystery. His

professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background. He was modest and proud, and never spoke of his domestic matters. He was evidently poor; yet he must have had some slender independence, since he could afford to make so merry over the fact that his culture of ideal beauty had never brought him a penny. His poverty, I supposed, was his motive for never inviting me to his lodging nor mentioning its whereabouts. We met either in some public place or at my hotel, where I entertained him as freely as I might without appearing to be moved by charity. He seemed always hungry, which was his nearest approach to a "redeeming vice." I made a point of asking no impertinent questions, but, each time we met, I ventured to make some respectful allusion to the *magnum opus*, to inquire, as it were, as to its health and progress. "We're getting on, with the Lord's help," he would say with a grave smile. "We're doing well. You see I have the grand advantage that I lose no time. These hours I spend with you are pure profit. They're *suggestive!* Just as the truly religious soul is always at worship, the genuine artist is always in labor. He takes his property wherever he finds it, and learns some precious secret from every object that stands up in the light. If you but knew the rapture of observation! I gather with every glance some hint for light, for color or relief! When I get home, I pour out my treasures into the lap of my Madonna. O, I'm not idle! *Nulla dies sine linea.*"

I was introduced in Florence to an American lady whose drawing-room had long formed an attractive place of reunion for the foreign residents. She lived on the fourth floor, and she was not rich; but she offered her visitors very good tea, little cakes at option, and conversation not quite to match. Her conversation had mainly an æsthetic flavor, for Mrs. Coventry was famously "artistic." Her apartment was a sort of Pitti Palace *au petit pied*.

She possessed "early masters" by the dozen, — a cluster of Peruginos in her dining-room, a Giotto in her boudoir, an Andrea del Sarto over her parlor chimney-piece. Backed by these treasures, and by innumerable bronzes, mosaics, majolica dishes, and little worm-eaten diptychs showing angular saints on gilded panels, our hostess enjoyed the dignity of a sort of high-priestess of the arts. She always wore on her bosom a huge miniature copy of the Madonna della Seggiola. Gaining her ear quietly one evening, I asked her whether she knew that remarkable man, Mr. Theobald.

"Know him!" she exclaimed; "know poor Theobald! All Florence knows him, his flame-colored locks, his black velvet coat, his interminable harangues on the beautiful, and his wondrous Madonna that mortal eye has never seen, and that mortal patience has quite given up expecting."

"Really," I cried, "you don't believe in his Madonna?"

"My dear ingenuous youth," rejoined my shrewd friend, "has he made a convert of you? Well, we all believed in him once; he came down upon Florence and took us by storm. Another Raphael, at the very least, had been born among men, and poor, dear America was to have the credit of him. Had n't he the very hair of Raphael flowing down on his shoulders? The hair, alas, but not the head! We swallowed him whole, however; we hung upon his lips and proclaimed his genius on the house-tops. The women were all dying to sit to him for their portraits and be made immortal, like Leonardo's Joconde. We decided that his manner was a good deal like Leonardo's, — mysterious and inscrutable and fascinating. Mysterious it certainly was; mystery was the beginning and the end of it. The months passed by, and the miracle hung fire; our master never produced his masterpiece. He passed hours in the galleries and churches, posturing, musing, and gazing; he talked more than ever about the beautiful, but he never put

brush to canvas. We had all subscribed, as it were, to the great performance; but as it never came off, people began to ask for their money again. I was one of the last of the faithful; I carried devotion so far as to sit to him for my head. If you could have seen the horrible creature he made of me, you would admit that even a woman with no more vanity than will tie her bonnet straight must have cooled off then. The man did n't know the very alphabet of drawing! His strong point, he intimated, was his sentiment; but is it a consolation, when one has been painted a fright, to know it has been done with peculiar gusto? One by one, I confess, we fell away from the faith, and Mr. Theobald did n't lift his little finger to preserve us. At the first hint that we were tired of waiting and that we should like the show to begin, he was off in a huff. 'Great work requires time, contemplation, privacy, mystery! O ye of little faith!' We answered that we did n't insist on a great work; that the fine-art tragedy might come at his convenience; that we merely asked for something to keep us from yawning, some inexpensive little *lever de rideau*. Hereupon the poor man took his stand as a genius misconceived and persecuted, an *âme méconnue*, and washed his hands of us from that hour! No, I believe he does me the honor to consider me the head and front of the conspiracy formed to nip his glory in the bud, — a bud that has taken twenty years to blossom. Ask him if he knows me, and he'd tell you I'm a horribly ugly old woman who has vowed his destruction because he would n't paint her portrait as a *pendant* to Titian's Flora. I fancy that since then he has had none but chance followers, innocent strangers like yourself, who have taken him at his word. The mountain's still in labor; I've not heard that the mouse has been born. I pass him once in a while in the galleries, and he fixes his great dark eyes on me with a sublimity of indifference, as if I were a bad copy of a Sassoferrato. It is a long time ago now that I heard

that he was making studies for a Madonna who was to be a *résumé* of all the other Madonnas of the Italian school, like that antique Venus who borrowed a nose from one great image and an ankle from another. It's certainly a masterly idea. The parts may be fine, but when I think of my unhappy portrait I tremble for the whole. He has communicated this fine idea under the pledge of solemn secrecy to fifty chosen spirits, to every one he has ever been able to button-hole for five minutes. I suppose he wants to get an order for it, and he's not to blame; for heaven knows how he lives. I see by your blush," my hostess frankly continued, "that you have been honored with his confidence. You need n't be ashamed, my dear young man; a man of your age is none the worse for a certain generous credulity, only allow me to give you a word of advice: keep your credulity out of your pockets. Don't pay for the picture fill it's delivered. You've not been treated to a peep at it, I imagine. No more have your fifty predecessors in the faith. There are people who doubt whether there is any picture to be seen. I fancy, myself, that if one were to get into his studio, one would find something very like the picture in that tale of Balzac's, — a mere mass of incoherent scratches and daubs, a jumble of dead paint!"

I listened to this pungent recital in silent wonder. It had a painfully plausible sound, and was not inconsistent with certain shy suspicions of my own. My hostess was a clever woman, and presumably a generous one. I determined to let my judgment wait upon events. Possibly she was right; but if she was wrong, she was cruelly wrong! Her version of my friend's eccentricities made me impatient to see him again and examine him in the light of public opinion. On our next meeting, I immediately asked him if he knew Mrs. Coventry. He laid his hand on my arm and gave me a sad smile. "Has she taxed *your* gallantry at last?" he asked. "She's a foolish woman. She's frivolous and heartless,

and she pretends to be serious and kind. She prattles about Giotto's second manner and Vittoria Colonna's *liaison* with 'Michael,' — one would think that Michael lived across the way and was expected in to take a hand at whist, — but she knows as little about art, and about the conditions of production, as I know about Buddhism. She profanes sacred words," he added more vehemently, after a pause. "She cares for you only as some one to hand tea-cups in that horrible mendacious little parlor of hers, with its trumpery Peruginos! If you can't dash off a new picture every three days, to show to her guests, she tells them in plain English you're an impostor!"

This attempt of mine to test Mrs. Coventry's accuracy was made in the course of a late afternoon walk to the quiet old church of San Miniato, on one of the hill-tops which directly overlook the city, from whose gate you are guided to it by a stony and cypress-bordered walk, which seems a most fitting avenue to a shrine. No spot is more propitious to lingering repose than the broad terrace in front of the church, where, lounging against the parapet, you may glance in slow alternation from the black and yellow marbles of the church façade, seamed and cracked with time and wind-sown with a tender flora of its own, down to the full domes and slender towers of Florence and over to the blue sweep of the wide-mouthed cup of mountains into whose hollow the little treasure-city has been dropped. I had proposed, as a diversion from the painful memories evoked by Mrs. Coventry's name, that Theobald should go with me the next evening to the opera, where some rarely played work was to be given. He declined, as I had half expected, for I had observed that he regularly kept his evenings in reserve, and never alluded to his manner of passing them. "You have reminded me before," I said, smiling, "of that charming speech of the Florentine painter in Alfred de Musset's Lorenzaccio: '*I do no harm to any one. I pass my days*

in my studio. On Sunday, I go to the *Annunziata* or to *Santa Maria*; the monks think I have a voice; they dress me in a white gown and a red cap, and I take a share in the choruses, sometimes I do a little solo: these are the only times I go into public. In the evening, I visit my sweetheart; when the night is fine, we pass it on her balcony.' I don't know whether you have a sweetheart, or whether she has a balcony. But if you're so happy, it's certainly better than trying to find a charm in a third-rate *prima donna*."

He made no immediate response, but at last he turned to me solemnly. "Can you look upon a beautiful woman with reverent eyes?"

"Really," I said, "I don't pretend to be sheepish, but I should be sorry to think I was impudent." And I asked him what in the world he meant. When at last I had assured him that I could undertake to temper admiration with respect, he informed me, with an air of religious mystery, that it was in his power to introduce me to the most beautiful woman in Italy. "A beauty with a soul!"

"Upon my word," I cried, "you're extremely fortunate. And I shall rejoice to witness the conjunction."

"This woman's beauty," he answered, "is a lesson, a morality, a poem! It's my daily study."

Of course, after this, I lost no time in reminding him of what, before we parted, had taken the shape of a promise. "I feel somehow," he had said, "as if it were a sort of violation of that privacy in which I have always contemplated her beauty. This is friendship, my friend. No hint of her existence has ever fallen from my lips. But with too great a familiarity, we are apt to lose a sense of the real value of things, and you perhaps will throw some new light upon it and offer a fresher interpretation." We went accordingly by appointment to a certain ancient house in the heart of Florence, — the precinct of the *Mercato Vecchio*, — and climbed a dark, steep staircase to the very summit of the edifice. Theobald's

beauty seemed as jealously exalted above the line of common vision as the *Belle aux Cheveux d'Or* in her tower-top. He passed without knocking into the dark vestibule of a small apartment and, flinging open an inner door, ushered me into a small saloon. The room seemed mean and sombre, though I caught a glimpse of white curtains swaying gently at an open window. At a table, near a lamp, sat a woman dressed in black, working at a piece of embroidery. As Theobald entered, she looked up calmly, with a smile; but seeing me, she made a movement of surprise, and rose with a kind of stately grace. Theobald stepped forward, took her hand and kissed it, with an indescribable air of immemorial usage. As he bent his head, she looked at me askance, and I thought she blushed.

"*Ecco la Serafina!*" said Theobald, frankly, waving me forward. "This is a friend, and a lover of the arts," he added, introducing me. I received a smile, a courtesy, and a request to be seated.

The most beautiful woman in Italy was a person of a generous Italian type and of great simplicity of demeanor. Seated again at her lamp with her embroidery, she seemed to have nothing whatever to say. Theobald, bending towards her in a sort of Platonic ecstasy, asked her a dozen paternally tender questions as to her health, her state of mind, her occupations, and the progress of her embroidery, which he examined minutely and summoned me to admire. It was some portion of an ecclesiastical vestment, — yellow satin wrought with an elaborate design of silver and gold. She made answer in a full, rich voice, but with a brevity which I hesitated whether to attribute to native reserve or to the profane constraint of my presence. She had been that morning to confession; she had also been to market, and had bought a chicken for dinner. She felt very happy; she had nothing to complain of, except that the people for whom she was making her vestment, and who furnished her materials, should be willing to put such rot-

ten silver thread into the garment, as one might say, of the Lord. From time to time, as she took her slow stitches, she raised her eyes and covered me with a glance which seemed at first to denote a placid curiosity, but in which, as I saw it repeated, I thought I perceived the dim glimmer of an attempt to establish an understanding with me at the expense of our companion. Meanwhile, as mindful as possible of Theobald's injunction of reverence, I considered the lady's personal claims to the fine compliment he had paid her.

That she was indeed a beautiful woman I perceived, after recovering from the surprise of finding her without the freshness of youth. Her beauty was of a sort which, in losing youth, loses little of its essential charm, expressed for the most part as it was in form and structure, and, as Theobald would have said, in "composition." She was broad and ample, low-browed and large-eyed, dark and pale. Her thick brown hair hung low beside her cheek and ear, and seemed to drape her head with a covering as chaste and formal as the veil of a nun. The poise and carriage of her head was admirably free and noble, and the more effective that their freedom was at moments discreetly corrected by a little sanctimonious droop, which harmonized admirably with the level gaze of her dark and quiet eye. A strong, serene physical nature and the placid temper which comes of no nerves and no troubles seemed this lady's comfortable portion. She was dressed in plain dull black, save for a sort of dark blue kerchief which was folded across her bosom and exposed a glimpse of her massive throat. Over this kerchief was suspended a little silver cross. I admired her greatly, and yet with a large reserve. A certain mild intellectual apathy belonged properly to her type of beauty, and had always seemed to round and enrich it; but this *bourgeoise* Egeria, if I viewed her right, betrayed a rather vulgar stagnation of mind. There might have been once a dim, spiritual light in her face; but it had long since begun to

wane. And furthermore, in plain prose, she was growing stout. My disappointment amounted very nearly to complete disenchantment when Theobald, as if to facilitate my covert inspection, declaring that the lamp was very dim and that she would ruin her eyes without more light, rose and fetched a couple of candles from the mantel-piece, which he placed, lighted, on the table. In this brighter illumination I perceived that our hostess was decidedly an elderly woman. She was neither haggard nor worn nor gray: she was simply coarse. The "soul" which Theobald had promised seemed scarcely worth making such a point of; it was no deeper mystery than a sort of matronly mildness of lip and brow. I would have been ready even to declare that that sanctified bend of the head was nothing more than the trick of a person constantly working at embroidery. It occurred to me even that it was a trick of a less innocent sort; for, in spite of the mellow quietude of her wits, this stately needlewoman dropped a hint that she took the situation rather less *au sérieux* than her friend. When he rose to light the candles, she looked across at me with a quick, intelligent smile and tapped her forehead with her forefinger; then, as, from a sudden feeling of compassionate loyalty to poor Theobald, I preserved a blank face, she gave a little shrug and resumed her work.

What was the relation of this singular couple? Was he the most ardent of friends or the most respectful of lovers? Did she regard him as an eccentric youth whose benevolent admiration of her beauty she was not ill-pleased to humor at this small cost of having him climb into her little parlor and gossip of summer nights? With her decent and sombre dress, her simple gravity, and that fine piece of priestly needlework, she looked like some pious lay-member of a sisterhood, living by special permission outside her convent walls. Or was she maintained here aloft by her friend in comfortable leisure, so that he might have before him

the perfect, eternal type, uncorrupted and untarnished by the struggle for existence? Her shapely hands, I observed, were very fair and white; they lacked the traces of what is called "honest toil."

"And the pictures, how do they come on?" she asked of Theobald, after a long pause.

"Finely, finely! I have here a friend whose sympathy and encouragement give me new faith and ardor."

Our hostess turned to me, gazed at me a moment rather inscrutably, and then tapping her forehead with the gesture she had used a minute before, "He has a magnificent genius!" she said, with perfect gravity.

"I'm inclined to think so," I answered, with a smile.

"Eh, why do you smile?" she cried. "If you doubt it, you must see the *bambino!*" And she took the lamp and conducted me to the other side of the room, where on the wall, in a plain black frame, hung a large drawing in red chalk. Beneath it was festooned a little bowl for holy-water. The drawing represented a very young child, entirely naked, half nestling back against his mother's gown, but with his two little arms outstretched, as if in the act of benediction. It was executed with singular freedom and power, and yet seemed vivid with the sacred bloom of infancy. A sort of dimpled elegance and grace, in the midst of its boldness, recalled the touch of Correggio. "That's what he can do!" said my hostess. "It's the blessed little boy whom I lost. It's his very image, and the Signor Teobaldo gave it me as a gift. He has given me many things beside!"

I looked at the picture for some time and admired it vastly. Turning back to Theobald, I assured him that if it were hung among the drawings in the Uffizi and labelled with a glorious name, it would hold its own. My praise seemed to give him extreme pleasure; he pressed my hands, and his eyes filled with tears. It moved him appar-

ently with the desire to expatiate on the history of the drawing, for he rose and made his adieux to our companion, kissing her hand with the same mild ardor as before. It occurred to me that the offer of a similar piece of gallantry on my own part might help me to know what manner of woman she was. When she perceived my intention, she withdrew her hand, dropped her eyes solemnly, and made me a severe courtesy. Theobald took my arm and led me rapidly into the street.

"And what do you think of the divine Serafina?" he cried with fervor.

"It's certainly good solid beauty!"

He eyed me an instant askance, and then seemed hurried along by the current of remembrance. "You should have seen the mother and the child together, seen them as I first saw them,—the mother with her head draped in a shawl, a divine trouble in her face, and the bambino pressed to her bosom. You would have said, I think, that Raphael had found his match in common chance. I was coming in, one summer night, from a long walk in the country, when I met this apparition at the city gate. The woman held out her hand. I hardly knew whether to say, 'What do you want?' or to fall down and worship. She asked for a little money. I saw that she was beautiful and pale. She might have stepped out of the stable of Bethlehem! I gave her money and helped her on her way into the town. I had guessed her story. She, too, was a maiden mother, and she had been turned out into the world in her shame. I felt in all my pulses that here was my subject marvellously realized. I felt like one of the old convent artists who had had a vision. I rescued them, cherished them, watched them as I would have done some precious work of art, some lovely fragment of fresco discovered in a mouldering cloister. In a month,—as if to deepen and consecrate the pathos of it all,—the poor little child died. When she felt that he was going, she held him up to me for ten minutes, and I made that sketch.

You saw a feverish haste in it, I suppose; I wanted to spare the poor little mortal the pain of his position. After that, I doubly valued the mother. She is the simplest, sweetest, most natural creature that ever bloomed in this brave old land of Italy. She lives in the memory of her child, in her gratitude for the scanty kindness I have been able to show her, and in her simple religion! She's not even conscious of her beauty; my admiration has never made her vain. Heaven knows I've made no secret of it. You must have observed the singular transparency of her expression, the lovely modesty of her glance. And was there ever such a truly virginal brow, such a natural classic elegance in the wave of the hair and the arch of the forehead? I've studied her; I may say I know her. I've absorbed her little by little; my mind is stamped and imbued, and I have determined now to clinch the impression; I shall at last invite her to sit for me!"

"At last, — at last?" I repeated, in much amazement. "Do you mean that she has never done so yet?"

"I've not really had — a — a sitting," said Theobald, speaking very slowly. "I've taken notes, you know; I've got my grand fundamental impression. That's the great thing! But I've not actually had her as a model, posed and draped and lighted, before my easel."

What had become for the moment of my perception and my tact I am at a loss to say; in their absence, I was unable to repress a piece of *brusquerie* which I was destined to regret. We had stopped at a turning, beneath a lamp. "My poor friend," I exclaimed, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you've dawdled! She's an old, old woman — for a Madonna!"

It was as if I had brutally struck him; I shall never forget the long, slow, almost ghastly look of pain with which he answered me. "Dawdled — old, old!" he stammered. "Are you joking?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I suppose

you don't take the woman for twenty?"

He drew a long breath and leaned against a house, looking at me with questioning, protesting, reproachful eyes. At last, starting forward, and grasping my arm: "Answer me solemnly: does she seem to you truly old? Is she wrinkled, is she faded, am I blind?"

Then at last I understood the immensity of his illusion; how, one by one, the noiseless years had ebbed away, and left him brooding in charmed inaction, forever preparing for a work forever deferred. It seemed to me almost a kindness now to tell him the plain truth. "I should be sorry to say you're blind," I answered, "but I think you're deceived. You've lost time in effortless contemplation. Your friend was once young and fresh and virginal; but, I protest, that was some years ago. Still, she has *beaux restes*. By all means make her sit for you!" I broke down; his face was too horribly reproachful.

He took off his hat and stood passing his handkerchief mechanically over his forehead. "*De beaux restes?*" I thank you for sparing me the plain English. I must make up my Madonna out of *beaux restes*! What a masterpiece she'll be! Old — old! Old — old!" he murmured.

"Never mind her age," I cried, revolted at what I had done, "never mind my impression of her! You have your memory, your notes, your genius. Finish your picture in a month. I proclaim it beforehand a masterpiece, and I hereby offer you for it any sum you may choose to ask."

He stared, but he seemed scarcely to understand me. "Old — old!" he kept stupidly repeating. "If she is old, what am I? If her beauty has faded, where — where is my strength? Has life been a dream? Have I worshipped too long, — have I loved too well?" The charm, in truth, was broken. That the chord of illusion should have snapped at my light, accidental touch showed how it had been

weakened by excessive tension. The poor fellow's sense of wasted time, of vanished opportunity, seemed to roll in upon his soul in waves of darkness. He suddenly dropped his head and burst into tears.

I led him homeward with all possible tenderness, but I attempted neither to check his grief, to restore his equanimity, nor to unsay the hard truth. When we reached my hotel I tried to induce him to come in. "We'll drink a glass of wine," I said, smiling, "to the completion of the Madonna!"

With a violent effort he held up his head, mused for a moment with a formidably sombre frown, and then giving me his hand, "I'll finish it," he cried, "in a month! No, in a fortnight! After all, I have it *here!*" and he tapped his forehead. "Of course she's old! She can afford to have it said of her, — a woman who has made twenty years pass like a twelvemonth! Old — old! Why, sir, she shall be eternal!"

I wished to see him safely to his own door, but he waved me back and walked away with an air of resolution, whistling, and swinging his cane. I waited a moment, and then followed him at a distance and saw him proceed to cross the Santa Trinità Bridge. When he reached the middle, he suddenly paused, as if his strength had deserted him, and leaned upon the parapet gazing over into the river. I was careful to keep him in sight; I confess that I passed ten very nervous minutes. He recovered himself at last, and went his way, slowly and with hanging head.

That I should really have startled poor Theobald into a bolder use of his long-garnered stores of knowledge and taste, into the vulgar effort and hazard of production, seemed at first reason enough for his continued silence and absence; but as day followed day without his either calling or sending me a line, and without my meeting him in his customary haunts, in the galleries, in the chapel at San Lorenzo, or strolling between the Arno-side

and the great hedge-screen of verdure which, along the drive of the Cascine, throws the fair occupants of barouche and phaeton into such becoming relief, — as for more than a week I got neither tidings nor sight of him, I began to fear that I had fatally offended him, and that, instead of giving a wholesome impetus to his talent, I had brutally paralyzed it. I had a wretched suspicion that I had made him ill. My stay at Florence was drawing to a close, and it was important that, before resuming my journey, I should assure myself of the truth. Theobald to the last had kept his lodging a mystery, and I was altogether at a loss where to look for him. The simplest course was to make inquiry of the beauty of the Mercato Vecchio, and I confess that unsatisfied curiosity as to the lady herself counselled it as well. Perhaps I had done her injustice, and she was as immortally fresh and fair as he conceived her. I was, at any rate, anxious to behold once more the ripe enchantress who had made twenty years pass for a twelvemonth. I repaired accordingly, one morning, to her abode, climbed the interminable staircase, and reached her door. It stood ajar, and as I hesitated whether to enter, a little serving-maid came clattering out with an empty kettle, as if she had just performed some savory errand. The inner door, too, was open; so I crossed the little vestibule and entered the room in which I had formerly been received. It had not its evening aspect. The table, or one end of it, was spread for a late breakfast, and before it sat a gentleman, — an individual, at least, of the male sex, — dealing justice upon a beefsteak and onions and a bottle of wine. At his elbow, in friendly proximity, was placed the lady of the house. Her attitude, as I entered, was not that of an enchantress. With one hand she held in her lap a plate of smoking maccheroni; with the other she had lifted high in air one of the pendulous filaments of this succulent compound, and was in the act of slipping it gently down her

throat. On the uncovered end of the table, facing her companion, were ranged half a dozen small statuettes, of some snuff-colored substance resembling terra-cotta. He, brandishing his knife with ardor, was apparently descanting on their merits.

Evidently, I darkened the door. My hostess dropped her macaroni — into her mouth, and rose hastily with a harsh exclamation and a flushed face. I immediately perceived that the Signora Serafina's secret was even better worth knowing than I had supposed, and that the way to learn it was to take it for granted. I summoned my best Italian, I smiled and bowed and apologized for my intrusion; and in a moment, whether or no I had dispelled the lady's irritation, I had, at least, recalled her prudence. I was welcome, she said; I must take a seat; this was another friend of hers, also an artist, she declared with a smile which was almost amiable. Her companion wiped his mustache and bowed with great civility. I saw at a glance that he was equal to the situation. He was presumably the author of the statuettes on the table, and he knew a money-spending *forestiere* when he saw one. He was a small, wiry man, with a clever, impudent, *retroussé* nose, a sharp little black eye, and waxed ends to his mustache. On the side of his head he wore jauntily a little crimson velvet smoking-cap, and I observed that his feet were encased in brilliant slippers. On Serafina's remarking with dignity that I was the friend of Mr. Theobald, he broke out into that fantastic French in which Italians so freely indulge, and declared with fervor that Mr. Theobald was a magnificent genius.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered with a shrug. "If you're in a position to affirm it, you have the advantage of me. I've seen nothing from his hand but the bambino yonder, which certainly is fine."

He declared that the bambino was a masterpiece, a pure Correggio. It was only a pity, he added with a knowing

smile, that the sketch had not been made on some good bit of genuine old panel. The Signora Serafina hereupon protested that Mr. Theobald was the soul of honor, and that he would never lend himself to a deceit. "I'm not a judge of genius," she said, "and I know nothing of pictures. I'm but a poor simple widow; but I know that the Signor Teobaldo has the heart of an angel and the virtue of a saint. He's my benefactor," she added sententiously. The after-glow of the somewhat sinister flush with which she had greeted me still lingered in her cheek, and perhaps did not favor her beauty; I could not but fancy it a wise custom of Theobald's to visit her only by candlelight. She was coarse, and her poor adorer was a poet.

"I have the greatest esteem for him," I said; "it is for this reason that I have been uneasy at not seeing him for ten days. Have you seen him? Is he perhaps ill?"

"Ill! Heaven forbid!" cried Serafina, with genuine vehemence.

Her companion uttered a rapid expletive, and reproached her with not having been to see him. She hesitated a moment; then she simpered the least bit and bridled. "He comes to see me — without reproach! But it would not be the same for me to go to him, though, indeed, you may almost call him a man of holy life."

"He has the greatest admiration for you," I said. "He would have been honored by your visit."

She looked at me a moment sharply. "More admiration than you. Admit that!" Of course I protested with all the eloquence at my command, and the Signora Serafina then confessed that she had taken no fancy to me on my former visit, and that, Theobald not having returned, she believed I had poisoned his mind against her. "It would be no kindness to the poor gentleman, I can tell you that," she said. "He has come to see me every evening for years. It's a long friendship! No one knows him as well as I."

"I don't pretend to know him, or to understand him," I said. "He's a mystery! Nevertheless he seems to me a little —" And I touched my forehead and waved my hand in the air.

Serafina glanced at her companion a moment, as if for inspiration. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, as he filled his glass again. The Signora hereupon gave me a more softly insinuating smile than would have seemed likely to bloom on so candid a brow. "It's for that that I love him!" she said. "The world has so little kindness for such persons. It laughs at them, and despises them, and cheats them. He is too good for this wicked life! It's his fancy that he finds a little Paradise up here in my poor apartment. If he thinks so, how can I help it? He has a strange belief — really, I ought to be ashamed to tell you — that I resemble the Blessed Virgin: Heaven forgive me! I let him think what he pleases, so long as it makes him happy. He was very kind to me once, and I am not one that forgets a favor. So I receive him every evening civilly, and ask after his health, and let him look at me on this side and that! For that matter, I may say it without vanity, I was worth looking at once! And he's not always amusing, poor man! He sits sometimes for an hour without speaking a word, or else he talks away without stopping on art and nature, and beauty and duty, and fifty fine things that are all so much Latin to me. I beg you to understand that he has never said a word to me that I might n't decently listen to. He may be a little cracked, but he's one of the saints."

"Eh!" cried the man, "the saints were all a little cracked!"

Serafina, I fancied, left part of her story untold; but she told enough of it to make poor Theobald's own statement seem intensely pathetic in its exalted simplicity. "It's a strange fortune, certainly," she went on, "to have such a friend as this dear man, — a friend

who's less than a lover and more than a friend." I glanced at her companion, who preserved an impenetrable smile, twisted the end of his mustache, and disposed of a copious mouthful. Was *he* less than a lover? "But what will you have?" Serafina pursued. "In this hard world one must n't ask too many questions; one must take what comes and keep what one gets. I've kept my good friend for twenty years, and I do hope that, at this time of day, Signore, you've not come to turn him against me!"

I assured her that I had no such design, and that I should vastly regret disturbing Mr. Theobald's habits or convictions. On the contrary, I was alarmed about him, and I should immediately go in search of him. She gave me his address and a florid account of her sufferings at his non-appearance. She had not been to him, for various reasons; chiefly because she was afraid of displeasing him, as he had always made such a mystery of his home. "You might have sent this gentleman!" I ventured to suggest.

"Ah," cried the gentleman, "he admires the Signora Serafina, but he would n't admire me." And then, confidentially, with his finger on his nose, "He's a purist!"

I was about to withdraw, on the promise that I would inform the Signora Serafina of my friend's condition, when her companion, who had risen from table and girded his loins apparently for the onset, grasped me gently by the arm, and led me before the row of statuettes. "I perceive by your conversation, signore, that you are a patron of the arts. Allow me to request your honorable attention for these modest products of my own ingenuity. They are bran-new, fresh from my *atelier*, and have never been exhibited in public. I have brought them here to receive the verdict of the Signora Serafina, who is a good critic, for all she may pretend to the contrary. I am the inventor of this peculiar style of statuette, — of subject, manner, material, everything. Touch them, I pray

you; handle them; you need n't fear. Delicate as they look, it is impossible they should break! My various creations have met with great success. They are especially admired by Americans. I have sent them all over Europe, — to London, Paris, Vienna! You may have observed some little specimens in Paris, on the Boulevard, in a shop of which they constitute the specialty. There is always a crowd about the window. They form a very pleasing ornament for the mantel-shelf of a *jeune homme élégant*, for the boudoir of a *jolie femme*. You could n't make a prettier present to a person with whom you wished to exchange a harmless joke. It is not classic art, signore, of course; but, between ourselves, is n't classic art sometimes rather a bore? Caricature, burlesque, *la charge*, as the French say, has hitherto been confined to paper, to the pen and pencil. Now, it has been my inspiration to introduce it into statuary. For this purpose I have invented a peculiar plastic compound which you will permit me not to divulge. That's my secret, signore! It's as light, you perceive, as cork, and yet as firm as alabaster! I frankly confess that I really pride myself as much on this little stroke of chemical ingenuity as upon the other element of novelty in my creations, — my types. What do you say to my types, signore? The idea is bold; does it strike you as happy? Cats and monkeys, — monkeys and cats, — all human life is there! Human life, of course, I mean, viewed with the eye of the satirist! To combine sculpture and satire, signore, has been my unprecedented ambition. I flatter myself that I have not egregiously failed."

As this jaunty Juvenal of the chimney-piece delivered himself of his seductive allocution, he took up his little groups successively from the table, held them aloft, turned them about, rapped them with his knuckles, and gazed at them lovingly with his head on one side. They consisted each of a cat and a monkey, fantastically draped, in some preposterously sentimental con-

junction. They exhibited a certain sameness of motive, and illustrated chiefly the different phases of what, in delicate terms, may be called gallantry and coquetry; but they were strikingly clever and expressive, and were at once very perfect cats and monkeys and very natural men and women. I confess, however, that they failed to amuse me. I was doubtless not in a mood to enjoy them, for they seemed to me peculiarly cynical and vulgar. Their imitative felicity was revolting. As I looked askance at the complacent little artist, brandishing them between finger and thumb, and caressing them with an amorous eye, he seemed to me himself little more than an exceptionally intelligent ape. I mustered an admiring grin, however, and he blew another blast. "My figures are studied from life! I have a little menagerie of monkeys whose frolics I contemplate by the hour. As for the cats, one has only to look out of one's back window! Since I have begun to examine these expressive little brutes, I have made many profound observations. Speaking, signore, to a man of imagination, I may say that my little designs are not without a philosophy of their own. Truly, I don't know whether the cats and monkeys imitate us, or whether it's we who imitate them." I congratulated him on his philosophy, and he resumed: "You will do me the honor to admit that I have handled my subjects with delicacy. Eh, it was needed, signore! I have been free, but not licentious. Just a hint, you know! You may see as much or as little as you please. These little groups, however, are no measure of my invention. If you will favor me with a call at my studio, I think that you will admit that my combinations are really infinite. I likewise execute figures to command. You have perhaps some little motive, — the fruit of your own philosophy of life, signore, — which you would like to have interpreted. I can promise to work it up to your satisfaction; it shall be as malicious as you please. Allow me to present you with my card, and to re-

mind you that my prices are moderate. Only sixty francs for a little group like that. My statuettes are as durable as bronze,—*are perennius*, signore,—and, between ourselves, I think they are more amusing.”

As I pocketed his card, I glanced at the worthy Serafina, wondering whether she had an eye for contrasts. She had picked up one of the little couples and was tenderly dusting it with a feather broom.

What I had just seen and heard had so deepened my compassionate interest in my deluded friend, that I took a summary leave, and made my way directly to the house designated by the Signora Serafina. It was in an obscure corner of the opposite side of the town, and presented a sombre and squalid appearance. An old woman in the doorway, on my inquiring for Theobald, ushered me in with a mumbled blessing and an expression of relief that the poor gentleman had a friend. His lodging seemed to consist of a single room at the top of the house. On getting no answer to my knock, I opened the door, supposing that he was absent; so that it gave me a certain shock to find him sitting there helpless and dumb. He was seated near the single window, facing an easel which supported a large canvas. On my entering, he looked up at me blankly, without changing his position, which was that of absolute lassitude and dejection, his arms loosely folded, his legs stretched before him, his head hanging on his breast. Advancing into the room, I perceived that his face vividly corresponded with his attitude. He was pale, haggard, and unshaven, and his dull and sunken eye gazed at me without a spark of recognition. I had been afraid that he would greet me with fierce reproaches, as the cruelly officious friend who had turned his peace to bitterness, and I was relieved to find that my appearance awakened no visible resentment. “Don’t you know me?” I asked, as I put out my hand. “Have you already forgotten me?”

He made no response, kept his position stupidly, and left me staring about the room. It spoke most plaintively for itself. Shabby, sordid, naked, it contained, beyond the wretched bed, but the scantiest provision for personal comfort. It was bedroom at once and studio,—a grim ghost of a studio. A few dusty casts and prints on the walls, three or four old canvases turned face inward, and a rusty-looking color-box formed, with the easel at the window, the sum of its appurtenances. The place savored horribly of poverty. Its only wealth was the picture on the easel, presumably the famous Madonna. Averted as this was from the door, I was unable to see its face; but at last, sickened by the vacant misery of the spot, I passed behind Theobald, eagerly and tenderly, and yet I can hardly say that I was surprised at what I found,—a canvas that was a mere dead blank, cracked and discolored by time. This was his immortal work! But though not surprised, I confess I was powerfully moved, and I think that for five minutes I could not have trusted myself to speak. At last, my silent nearness affected him; he stirred and turned, and then rose and looked at me with a slowly kindling eye. I murmured some kind, ineffective nothings about his being ill and needing advice and care, but he seemed absorbed in the effort to recall distinctly what had last passed between us. “You were right,” he said with a pitiful smile, “I’m a dawdler! I’m a failure! I shall do nothing more in this world. You opened my eyes; and, though the truth is bitter, I bear you no grudge. Amen! I’ve been sitting here for a week face to face with the truth, and with the past, with my weakness and poverty and nullity. I shall never touch a brush! I believe I’ve neither eaten nor slept. Look at that canvas!” he went on, as I relieved my emotion in the urgent request that he would come home with me and dine. “That was to have contained my masterpiece! Is n’t it a promising foundation? The elements of it are all *here*.” And he

tapped his forehead with that mystic confidence which had marked the gesture before. "If I could only transpose them into some brain that had the hand, the will! Since I've been sitting here taking stock of my intellects, I've come to believe that I have the material for a hundred masterpieces. But my hand is paralyzed now, and they'll never be painted. I never began! I waited and waited to be worthier to begin, and wasted my life in preparation. While I fancied my creation was growing, it was dying. I've taken it all too hard! Michael Angelo did n't, when he went at the Lorenzo! He did his best at a venture, and his venture is immortal. *That's* mine!" And he pointed with a gesture I shall never forget at the empty canvas. "I suppose we're a genus by ourselves in the providential scheme, — we talents that can't act, that can't do or dare! We take it out in talk, in plans and promises, in study, in visions! But our visions, let me tell you," he cried, with a toss of his head, "have a way of being brilliant, and a man has n't lived in vain who has seen the things I have! Of course you'll not believe in them when that bit of worm-eaten cloth is all I have to show for them; but to convince you, to enchant and astound the world, I need only the hand of Raphael. I have his brain. A pity, you'll say, I have n't his modesty. Ah, let me babble now; it's all I have left! I'm the half of a genius! Where in the wide world is my other half? Lodged perhaps in the vulgar soul, the cunning, ready fingers of some dull copyist or some trivial artisan who turns out by the dozen his easy prodigies of touch! But it's not for me to sneer at him; he at least does something. He's not a dawdler! Well for me if I had been vulgar and clever and reckless, if I could have shut my eyes and dealt my stroke!"

What to say to the poor fellow, what to do for him, seemed hard to determine; I chiefly felt that I must break the spell of his present inaction, and remove him from the haunted atmosphere

of the little room it seemed such cruel irony to call a studio. I cannot say I persuaded him to come out with me; he simply suffered himself to be led, and when we began to walk in the open air I was able to measure his pitifully weakened condition. Nevertheless, he seemed in a certain way to revive, and murmured at last that he would like to go to the Pitti Gallery. I shall never forget our melancholy stroll through those gorgeous halls, every picture on whose walls seemed, even to my own sympathetic vision, to glow with a sort of insolent renewal of strength and lustre. The eyes and lips of the great portraits seemed to smile in ineffable scorn of the dejected pretender who had dreamed of competing with their glorious authors; the celestial candor, even, of the Madonna in the Chair, as we paused in perfect silence before her, was tinged with the sinister irony of the women of Leonardo. Perfect silence indeed marked our whole progress, — the silence of a deep farewell; for I felt in all my pulses, as Theobald, leaning on my arm, dragged one heavy foot after the other, that he was looking his last. When we came out, he was so exhausted that, instead of taking him to my hotel to dine, I called a carriage and drove him straight to his own poor lodging. He had sunk into an extraordinary lethargy; he lay back in the carriage, with his eyes closed, as pale as death, his faint breathing interrupted at intervals by a sudden gasp, like a smothered sob or a vain attempt to speak. With the help of the old woman who had admitted me before, and who emerged from a dark back court, I contrived to lead him up the long steep staircase and lay him on his wretched bed. To her I gave him in charge, while I prepared in all haste to seek a physician. But she followed me out of the room with a pitiful clasping of her hands.

"Poor, dear, blessed gentleman," she murmured; "is he dying?"

"Possibly. How long has he been thus?"

"Since a night he passed ten days

ago. I came up in the morning to make his poor bed, and found him sitting up in his clothes before that great canvas he keeps there, and, poor, dear, strange man, says his prayers to! He had not been to bed, nor since then, properly! What has happened to him? Has he found out about the Serafina?" she whispered with a glittering eye and a toothless grin.

"Prove at least that one old woman can be faithful," I said, "and watch him well till I come back." My return was delayed, through the absence of the English physician on a round of visits, and my vainly pursuing him from house to house before I overtook him. I brought him to Theobald's bedside none too soon. A violent fever had seized our patient, and the case was evidently grave. A couple of hours later I knew that he had brain-fever. From this moment I was with him constantly, but I am far from wishing to describe his illness. Excessively painful to witness, it was happily brief. Life burned out in delirium. A certain night that I passed at his pillow, listening to his wild snatches of regret, of aspiration, of rapture and awe at the phantasmal pictures with which his brain seemed to swarm, recurs to my memory now like some stray page from a lost masterpiece of tragedy. Before a week was over we had buried him in the little Protestant cemetery on the way to Fiesole. The Signora Serafina, whom I had caused to be informed of his illness, had come in person, I was told, to inquire about its progress; but she was absent from his funeral, which was attended by but a scanty concourse of mourners. Half a dozen old Florentine sojourners, in spite of the prolonged estrangement which had preceded his death, had felt the kindly impulse to honor his grave. Among them was my friend Mrs. Coventry, whom I found, on my departure, waiting at her carriage door at the gate of the cemetery.

"Well," she said, relieving at last with a significant smile the solemnity of our immediate greeting, "and the

great Madonna? Have you seen her, after all?"

"I've seen her," I said; "she's mine,—by bequest. But I shall never show her to you."

"And why not, pray?"

"My dear Mrs. Coventry, you'd not understand her!"

"Upon my word, you're polite."

"Excuse me; I'm sad and vexed and bitter." And with reprehensible rudeness, I marched away. I was excessively impatient to leave Florence; my friend's dark spirit seemed diffused through all things. I had packed my trunk to start for Rome that night, and meanwhile, to beguile my unrest, I aimlessly paced the streets. Chance led me at last to the church of San Lorenzo. Remembering poor Theobald's phrase about Michael Angelo,—*"He did his best at a venture,"*—I went in and turned my steps to the chapel of the tombs. Viewing in sadness the sadness of its immortal treasures, I fancied, while I stood there, that the scene demanded no ampler commentary. As I passed through the church again to depart, a woman, turning away from one of the side-altars, met me face to face. The black shawl depending from her head draped picturesquely the handsome visage of the Signora Serafina. She stopped as she recognized me, and I saw that she wished to speak. Her eye was bright and her ample bosom heaved in a way that seemed to portend a certain sharpness of reproach. But the expression of my own face, apparently, drew the sting from her resentment, and she addressed me in a tone in which bitterness was tempered by a sort of dogged resignation. "I know it was you, now, that separated us," she said. "It was a pity he ever brought you to see me! Of course, you could n't think of me as he did. Well, the Lord gave him, the Lord has taken him. I've just paid for a nine days' mass for his soul. And I can tell you this, signore, I never deceived him. Who put it into his head that I was made to live on holy thoughts and fine phrases? It was his own fancy, and it

pleased him to think so. Did he suffer much?" she added more softly, after a pause.

"His sufferings were great, but they were short."

"And did he speak of me?" She had hesitated and dropped her eyes; she raised them with her question, and revealed in their sombre stillness a gleam of feminine confidence which, for the moment, revived and illumined her beauty. Poor Theobald! Whatever name he had given his passion, it was still her fine eyes that had charmed him.

"Be contented, madam," I answered, gravely.

She dropped her eyes again and was silent. Then exhaling a full, rich sigh, as she gathered her shawl together: "He was a magnificent genius!"

I bowed, and we separated.

Passing through a narrow side-street on my way back to my hotel, I perceived above a doorway a sign which

it seemed to me I had read before. I suddenly remembered that it was identical with the superscription of a card that I had carried for an hour in my waistcoat-pocket. On the threshold stood the ingenious artist whose claims to public favor were thus distinctly signalized, smoking a pipe in the evening air, and giving the finishing polish with a bit of rag to one of his inimitable "combinations." I caught the expressive curl of a couple of tails. He recognized me, removed his little red cap with a most obsequious bow, and motioned me to enter his studio. I returned his bow and passed on, vexed with the apparition. For a week afterwards, whenever I was seized among the ruins of Roman greatness with some peculiarly poignant memory of Theobald's transcendent illusions and deplorable failure, I seemed to hear a fantastic, impertinent murmur, "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all human life is there!"

H. James Jr.

A POEM.

I WOULD have written, if I might,
A poem like the summer day;
I would have mated sound and sight
With words as fair as they;

But when the day was past its prime,
When shadows grew and sunshine paled,
I tried to find, within my rhyme,
The morning's charms,—and failed;

Then counted mine as fruitless care,
And, straying forth, where chance might lead,
Saw poems written everywhere
In signs I could not read.

"Ah, Mother Nature" (said my sigh),
"There is a key to sky and flower.
Give me a finer ear and eye
For one swift, little hour!"

"I am a nameless, dowerless youth,
And poor in fancy as in purse :
Teach me to cull a single truth
From out the universe.

"Tell me a secret, of your own,
That men have sought in vain to learn,
That neither thought nor dream have known,
And let me tell, in turn.

"Translate the speech those robins use, —
The separate voice of wind and tree ;
Bid me interpret, if I choose,
Yon brook's garrulity.

"Or tell me what the distant seas
Have murmured since the world begun,
Show me the grand benignities
Of kindly breeze and sun :

"Hint what it is this sky and earth —
This outer, sensuous beauty — screens ;
What makes this tiny floweret's worth,
And what that sunset means.

"Speak with my lips, — who would not hear ?
What wealth, what honor should I lack ?"
Then Nature, smiling far and near,
Gave me no answer back.

I only saw the fair repose,
The mute perfection of her face.
She was as one who feels and knows,
But cannot speak, some grace.

There came a swift, unbidden thought :
"Search thou and find a like content.
This Nature, in herself, is naught ;
She is God's instrument.

"He speaks in her, and speaks in you,
Gather those fancies, cast away
An hour ago, and write anew
The poem like the day.

"Go, ponder well and patiently,
Not knowing what your thought may yield,
But waiting for the mystery
Of what shall be revealed."

THE ABBÉ GALIANI.

THE eighteenth century is one of the most interesting in the social, the political, or the literary history of France. It was at once the culmination and decay of the feudal divisions of society; it was the age of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and a host of others; and it inaugurated in Europe the democratic movement which has made monarchy constitutional, as a sort of half-way house upon the road to its abrogation. There is a charm about the *salons* of that time which was lost in those of a later date, when politics had invaded them, and made them private club-rooms rather than *salons*. Cultivated men and women met to enjoy the highest social pleasure, — that of conversation. The pictures we have of such gatherings in the memoirs, the letters and biographies of the actors show that a freedom of discussion prevailed rarely found now. Conversation was limited only by the rules of good breeding, while prejudice, convention, or superstition had no power of *taboo*. Without the restrictions of clique, or the vulgarity of lion-hunting, these assemblages welcomed any one who could prove his title to admission by amusing or instructing the company.

One of the chief among the distinguished *salons* of this time was that of Madame d'Épinay. From Grimm's Correspondence, and the Memoirs of Diderot, D'Alembert, Morellet, and Marmontel, an admirable conception may be formed of the attractions her receptions offered to the literary men and thinkers of her time. Married to the eldest son of one of the Farmers General, and soon after her marriage becoming disgusted with her husband's brutality and coarse dissipation, she had money enough to support, domestic unhappiness enough to require, and cultivation enough to secure, the relief and distraction of society. Her own Memoirs, written in the form of a ro-

mance, are most valuable as a picture of the society of the times just preceding the Revolution, and even more valuable as the history of her life. Rousseau's "Confessions" had given the pursuit of autobiography a vogue; and this simple history of a woman's life, of her marriage, how its illusions were destroyed by her husband, and how the need of love affected her after-life, is as unique in literature as are the morbid pages in which Jean Jacques seeks to deceive the world concerning his real character.

Among the persons who constantly frequented Madame d'Épinay's *salon* was the Abbé Galiani, — the abbé-est of all the abbés of the time. No society then was complete without an abbé, and the veil of any intrigue, if lifted, is sure to disclose one. The Abbé Galiani was, however, better than the type of his class, the mixture of Lovelace and Figaro, disguised only partially in a clerical robe, — a wolf, not in sheep's clothing, but in that of the shepherd himself. He was a man of real learning, which did not master him, of a trenchant wit, of a humor which frequently more than bordered upon buffoonery, and at the same time with an insight into things which pierced straight to their centre, together with an ability to grasp the whole of a subject, to see all of its bearings, and to epitomize them in an epigram. Diderot, Grimm, D'Alembert, Voltaire, all speak of him in terms of the highest praise, and from what they tell us of him we see that it was with cause. As one of the neglected and little-known characters of this time, so rich in distinguished men and so pregnant with events, it may not be amiss to spend a few minutes in the Abbé's pleasant company.

Ferdinand Galiani was born near Naples in 1728. His father held an office under the Neapolitan government, and when Galiani was eight

years old sent him to Naples and placed him under the care of his uncle, Don Celestino Galiani, the Archbishop of Tarento, who, besides enjoying a reputation as a man of letters, is said to have been the inventor of the game of Lotto, and the system of lotteries by halves and thirds, which is still in use. From twelve to fourteen Galiani was under the care of the Celestins in the monastery of St. Peter à Magella, at Naples, and then, until of age, was instructed by private masters, under the direction of his uncle, in all the branches of a polite education, and especially in political economy, then a new study, and one attracting great attention, but which unfortunately has not even to this day assumed the place it deserves in the regular curriculum of an educational system. His first literary production was a treatise upon the money in use at the time of the Trojan war. This treatise was prepared for his initiation into the Academy of Naples, and formed the basis for his "Treatise upon Moneys," published in 1750. He also translated at this time Locke's *Some Considerations on the Consequences of lowering the Interest and raising the Value of Money*. But such serious studies could not entirely satisfy the love of fun natural to the age and the character of the young Galiani. The Italian love of academics was then in full vigor, and the custom of making the death of any person sufficiently distinguished the pretext for gaining notoriety for the living by the publication of extravagant eulogies, afforded the young Galiani a fit subject for satire. The death of the chief executioner of Naples offered an opportunity which, aided by a young friend, he immediately improved. In a few days they wrote a small book of eulogies, which they published in 1746, as collected by Antonio Sergio, a Naples advocate. The styles of the most prominent academicians were so clearly parodied that the publication met with even greater success than the writers had hoped; while the academicians were as angry as the public was pleased, and threatened such re-

venge against the satirists that Galiani and his friend thought it the part of prudence to surrender themselves to the police as the authors. Fortunately for them, however, the king and the queen, having both enjoyed the satire, the satirists were punished simply with being condemned for ten days to increased tasks of *spiritual exercise*.

Partly to escape, however, the unpleasant notoriety he had gained, Galiani went on a tour through Italy. His treatise upon Moneys secured him a favorable reception; and in Florence, Rome, Turin, and elsewhere he was received into the academies, and formed acquaintances with the leading men of letters, thus laying the foundation for the extensive correspondence which he kept up during his life, and the results of which he left at his death in eight thick volumes of letters from his Italian correspondents, and fourteen from those of other countries. These letters still remain unpublished, and have been justly described as containing the history of the ideas of his age.

After his return to Naples Galiani became interested in trying to account for the eruptions of Vesuvius, and made a large collection of the stones thrown out by that volcano. These, with his notes, he sent to the Pope Benedict XIV., with whom he had become personally acquainted when in Rome, writing upon one of the boxes containing them, "Beatissime pater, fac ut lapides isti panes fiant." The Pope, understanding the suggestion, gave him his blessing, and a small ecclesiastical position with an income of about four hundred ducats.

At the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum an academy had been instituted by King Charles III., and Galiani was named a member of it, with a yearly salary of two hundred and fifty ducats. In the first volume of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*, published in 1757, are many special studies from his pen. In 1759 he was made secretary to the French Embassy, and went to Paris. He had been successful up to this time; he had received

several church offices, was an abbé with the right to wear a mitre and to be called *monsignor*, but he had not found really congenial surroundings. These he found in Paris; and to his sojourn there, which lasted ten years, he always looked back as to the happiest period of his life. As he himself said, Paris was the only city where people listened to him. His first appearance at the Court of Versailles is a picture. The Abbé was a small man, just large enough to escape being a dwarf, and just small enough to attract attention. His height was only four feet six inches, and Grimm describes him as having the head of Plato with the quickness and gestures of Harlequin. The stately Louis, in full costume, surrounded by his courtiers, enters the splendid reception-hall in the palace of Versailles. The crowd in attendance had relieved the *ennui* of waiting by observing each other, and, struck with the diminutive stature and quick motions of the new official from Italy, were eagerly attentive to observe his reception by the king. When, in his turn, Galiani is presented, seeing a look of surprise upon Louis's face, he disarms criticism by saying, "Sire, you see before you the sketch of the secretary; the secretary will follow."

Struck by his readiness and wit, the king was very gracious to the new secretary, and Galiani's success was assured. He soon became a frequent member of the circles which met at the houses of Madame Geoffrin, Madame d'Épinay, D'Holbach, Necker, and others, where with his wit, buffoonery, learning, and good-nature he not only amused those present, but in his way opposed the ideas of the new school of philosophers.

After his return to Naples, in a letter to Madame Geoffrin, he says: "Here I am, then, as always, the abbé, the little abbé, your little thing. I am seated in the good arm-chair, shaking my hands and feet like a crazy person, my wig awry, talking a great deal, and saying things they think sublime and attribute to me. Ah, madame, what an

error! it is not I who said so many fine things. Your arm-chairs are the tripods of Apollo, and I was their sibyl. Be sure that on the straw-seated chairs of Naples I say only stupidities."

"The Abbé," says Diderot, in a letter to Mademoiselle Volland, "is inexhaustible in jokes and pleasant sayings. He is a treasure on rainy days. I said to Madame d'Épinay, that if the toy-makers made such, no one would be without one." Grimm writes: "The little being, born at the foot of Vesuvius, is a real phenomenon. With the ability to see clearly and deeply, he unites vast and solid learning, with the views of a man of genius, the charm and agreeableness of a man who seeks only to amuse and please. He is a Plato with the quickness and gestures of Harlequin." Marmontel says: "The Abbé Galiani is in person the prettiest little harlequin which Italy has ever produced. But upon the shoulders of this harlequin is the head of a Machiavelli."

The following story will show the character of his wit. The incident is told by two or three of his literary friends, but here the version given by the Abbé Morellet is chiefly followed. One day, after dinner at the Baron d'Holbach's, the philosophers were conversing about the First Great Cause. D'Holbach, as is well known, was the author of *The System of Nature*, published under the name of Miraband, and which, though a harmless enough book, has been magnified by the fears of the bigots into a terrible destroyer of everything that is indestructible. The philosophers talked with freedom, and questioned, as was the custom among them, the existence of any such intelligent, personal cause or creator. Galiani listened calmly to the whole of their remarks, and finding that he was alone to maintain the opposite, waited until the meeting was about to separate, and then said: "Gentlemen, philosophers, you are quick in drawing your conclusions. I will commence by saying that if I was the Pope, I would hand you all over to the Inquisition; or if I was king of

France, I would put you all in the Bastille; but as I have the happiness of being neither one nor the other, I will dine here next Tuesday, and you shall listen to me with the patience I have listened to you, and I will refute you all."

It was agreed, and the next Tuesday, after dining and taking coffee, the abbé seated himself in an arm-chair, and, as was his habit, crossing his legs under him, tailor-fashion, took his wig off, as it was warm, and swinging it in one hand, gesticulated with the other, and commenced thus: "I will imagine, gentlemen, that he among you who is the most convinced that the world is the result of chance is playing at dice, —I will not say in a gambling-house, but in the best house in Paris, — and that his antagonist throws once, twice, three, four times, in fact every time, double sixes. Before the game had lasted very long, my friend Diderot, who would thus lose his money, would say without hesitation, without doubting it for a minute, '*The dice are loaded, I am swindled.*' Ah, philosophers! What! because for ten or twelve times in succession the dice happened to fall in such a way as to make you lose a half-dozen francs, you would firmly believe that it was in consequence of some cunning trick, some concealed swindle; and yet seeing in this universe such a prodigious number of combinations, ten thousand times more difficult and complicated, more continuous and more useful, you do not suspect that nature's dice are also *loaded*, and that there is above some grand rogue who amuses himself with thus catching you?"

The Abbé was no bigot, but he felt also a natural repugnance to the theories of the philosophers. He felt, that we did not yet know enough of Nature to formulate a system of her methods. Man, he said, is made to observe effects, without being able to divine their causes; he has five senses, made expressly to indicate pleasure and pain, but not a single one to show him the truth or falsity of anything. He believed in the strength of our illu-

sions, and that the saddest thing on earth was to lose them. He thought the sceptic a kind of intellectual gymnast, and compared him to a ropedancer, who performed the most wonderful feats in the air, leaping about on cord, and filling the spectators with astonishment and fright, while none of them were tempted to follow or imitate him. In politics he used to say, "Fools made the text, and men of sense the commentaries"; while his definition of a statesman was, "A man who has the key to the problem, and knows that the unknown quantity is reduced to zero."

Grimm, in a letter dated 1768, writes: "If my old master, Doctor Ernesti, of Leipsic, should ask me if they knew Latin in France, in the sense which he would attach to that question, I would be obliged to confess that I have met in Paris but one man who knew Latin, and that he is an Italian, the Abbé Galiani; and to prove this I should send him an inscription which this charming abbé put at the foot of a picture painted by our friend the Marquis de Croismare. The object was to make the picture acceptable to M. du Perai, a lawyer of Caen, who had rendered many services to M. de Croismare, for which he would receive no pay.

M. ANTONIUS CROISMARIUS
TABELLAM SUAM MANU PICTAM
IN CUBICULUM ANDRÆ DU PERAI
DEDICAVIT.
UT VOTUM, SOLVERET, LUBENS MERITO,
AMICITIÆ ET PERPETUÆ ERGA SE BE-
NEVOLENTIÆ.

During his residence in Paris, Galiani commenced his Commentary upon Horace, with which he was occupied more or less all the rest of his life, and which at his death was found among his papers, with a treatise entitled Concerning Instincts, or the Natural Tastes and Habits of Man, or the Principles of the Law of Nature and of Nations, taken from the Poems of Horace, together with a life of Horace made up of extracts from his writings; a portion of this Commentary was printed by Camponon in his translation of Horace. The published

work of the Abbé which gained him the most reputation, was his Dialogues concerning the Commerce in Grain, which was published in 1770, the year after he had left Paris for Naples. In 1764 the exportation of grain had been made free by a royal edict, and the subsequent increase in price was popularly attributed to its influence. The economists declared, and with truth, that the increase in price was due to quite other causes; but Galiani maintained the popular opinion in these Dialogues, more as affording him an opportunity for attacking the economists and their dry methods of investigating such subjects, than really as advocating his own views. He used to say of it himself that "it was less a book upon the commerce in grain, than a work upon the science of government; that it should be read in the blank places between the lines." Voltaire was delighted with it; it was a book in his own style, and he wrote to Diderot about it: "It seems that Pluto and Molière united in composing this book. No one ever reasoned better or more pleasantly."

It is chiefly, however, in the continuous correspondence which the Abbé Galiani kept up with Madame d'Épinay, after his departure from Paris in 1769 until his death in 1783, that his reputation as a man of letters must be based. In 1818 there were published two editions of selections from these letters; one was printed from the originals, and the other from a copy. They are both in two volumes, and are both so full of errors, misreadings, misprints, and mistakes of all kinds, that it is a wonder that before this there has not been a correct edition given to the world. Among all the collections of letters, memoirs, autobiographies, and personal studies in which French literature is so rich, these two volumes will yield to none in interest. The only publication which could compete with them in this would be a judicious selection from the correspondence which Galiani left at his death, made up of letters from the

literary and scientific men of the continent of Europe. They are full of suggestions, fresh ideas, criticisms from the stand-point of a man who looks at the reality of things and has but little, if any, regard for the conventions or the prejudices of the *bourgeoise* Mrs. Grundy.

He writes thus of Cicero: "We can consider Cicero as a literary man, as a philosopher, and as a statesman. He was one of the greatest literary men that has ever been in the world; he knew all that was known in his time, except geometry and sciences of that nature. He was a mediocre philosopher; for he knew all that the Greeks had thought, and reproduced it with admirable clearness; but he thought nothing and had not power enough to imagine anything. He had the address and the good fortune to be the first who put the thoughts of the Greeks into Latin, and that made him read and admired by his compatriots. It is this which has made Voltaire produce more noise than Bochart, Bossuet, Huet, Le Clerc, Érmond, Grotius, and others. They have said, in Latin, about the Bible, all that Voltaire has expressed in French; people are ignorant of them and speak only of him. As a statesman, Cicero was of low extraction, and, wishing to rise, was obliged to throw himself into the party of the opposition, — of the lower house, or the people, if you choose. This was the easier for him, since Marius, the founder of that party, was from his province. He was even tempted to do this, for he commenced his career by attacking Sylla and connecting himself with the members of the opposition party, at whose head, after the death of Marius, were Claudius, Catiline, Cæsar. But the party of the great needed a jurist and a learned man, for the great lords did not generally know how either to read or write; he perceived, therefore, that they had the greater need of him, and that he could play a more brilliant part among them. He allied himself with them, and from that time we see a new man, an upstart among the

patricians. Imagine in England a lawyer whom the court needs as a chancellor, and who therefore follows the ministerial party. Cicero shone at the side of Pompey, whenever there was a question concerning matters of jurisprudence; but he wanted birth, riches, and, above all, as he was not a warrior, he in that matter had to play a subordinate part. Beside, by natural inclination, he liked Cæsar's party, and he was disgusted with the pride of the great, who often made him feel the price of the favors with which they loaded him. He was not pusillanimous, he was hesitating; he did not defend scoundrels, he defended members of his own party, who did not deserve worse than those of the opposition. The affair of Catiline was serious, for it was connected with a great party; no parliamentary affair is small in England, though it is often ridiculous in France. His eloquence was not venial, not more so than Mr. Pitt's; it was that of his party. Finally, God did not allow one of his clients to assassinate him; for God never allows; he acts, and always does what seems good to him. Voltaire laughs at us when we speak of Cicero's government of Cilicia; there is nothing in it that so much resembles the government of Sancho Panza in the island of Barataria. It was a matter of party, in order to raise him to the honor of a triumph, as the military exploits of M. de Soubise were intended only to raise him to the honor of a marshal's *bâton*; yet Cicero failed there, and his friend Cato was the first who opposed him. He did not wish to prostitute an honor which was already too much degraded; and beside, Cicero's birth could not compare with that of the house De Rohan. As for Cicero's virtues, we know nothing about them: he never governed. Concerning his merit for having opened the gates of Rome to philosophy, it is well to say that the party of the opposition was a party of sceptics, since the priests, that is, the augurs, the pontiffs, etc., were all lords and patricians.

Thus the opposition attacked religion, and Lucretius had written his poem before Cicero's time. The party of the great sustained religion. Therefore Cicero, who in his heart leaned towards the opposition, was a sceptic in secret, and did not dare to appear so. When Cæsar's party triumphed he showed himself more openly, and did not blush at doing so; but the foundation of pagan scepticism, which was called *wisdom* (Sophia), was not due to him, but to Cæsar's party. The praise which posterity has given to Cicero comes from the fact that he followed the party opposed to that which the cruelty of the emperors has made odious."

The new spirit of historical study, of which the nineteenth century is justly proud, and which it claims as its own, has hardly produced a better specimen of its peculiar merits than this, written in the eighteenth century. We of to-day and in this country have seen an eloquent Cicero, whose character, whose culture, whose political course, and whose reputation show how truly Galiani understood human nature and applied his knowledge to the reconstruction of history.

Hear him again on the province of criticism: "Of a man's merit only his own age has the right to judge. But an age has a right to judge of another age. If Voltaire has judged the man Corneille, he is absurdly envious. If he has judged the age of Corneille and the position of the dramatic art of that time, he can do so, and our age has the right to examine the taste of preceding ages. I have never read Voltaire's notes on Corneille, nor wished to read them, notwithstanding that they stared at me from all the mantel-shelves of Paris when they appeared; but I have happened to open the book two or three times for distraction, and each time I have thrown it aside with indignation, because I have stumbled upon grammatical notes which told me that a word or phrase of Corneille's was not good French. This has appeared to me as absurd as

though I was told that Cicero or Virgil, although Italians, did not write in as good Italian as Boccaccio or Ariosto. What impertinence! Every age and every country has a living language, and all are equally good. Each writes its own. We do not know what will happen to the French language when it shall have become dead; but it may be that posterity will write French in the style of Montaigne and Corneille, and not in that of Voltaire. There would be nothing strange in that. We write Latin in the style of Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, and not in that of Prudentius, Sidonius, Apollinaris, though, without question, the Romans were infinitely better informed in the fourth century concerning the sciences, astronomy, geometry, medicine, literature, etc., than they were in the times of Terence and Lucretius. It is a matter of taste, and we can foresee nothing about the tastes of posterity, — if indeed we have a posterity and a universal deluge does not interfere in the matter."

During the latter part of his life in Naples Galiani lived much alone, finding his chief companionship in his Paris correspondence, and in the society of his cats, of which he was very fond. His letters often speak of them, and of his study of their habits, their characters, and their position in the scale of being. Some of his views in the following extract might be claimed as evincing more than a tendency towards Darwinism. He writes the letter in 1776: "Since you know it, I will say to you concerning beasts, I see that they commence by considering as certain a matter which is very doubtful. We believe that whatever beasts know has been given them by instinct, and has not come to them by tradition. Are there any accurate naturalists who will say that the cats, for three thousand years, have caught rats and known the medicinal virtue of herbs, or rather of the herb, as they do now? If they know nothing about it, why do they take as certain a matter which is in question, or reason end-

lessly upon what is false or doubtful? My researches upon the habits of cats have given me very strong suspicions that they are perfectible, but only in the course of a long series of ages. I believe that all which cats know is the result of forty or fifty thousand years. We have only a few ages of natural history, so that the changes they have made in this time are imperceptible. Men also have taken an immense time for their perfectibility, for the people of California and New Holland, who are three or four thousand years old, are real brutes still. Perfectibility, from what they say, had begun to make great progress in Asia more than twelve thousand years ago, and God knows how long before that men had made only vain efforts after it. If an Asiatic race had not passed into Europe and Africa, and if Europe had not passed over into America, so as to make the tour of the world, man would still be only the most cunning, malicious, and adroit of monkeys. Thus perfectibility is not a gift to man in general, but only to the white and bearded race. By alliance the swarthy and bearded race, the swarthy and not bearded race, and the black race have gained something. All that they say about climates is nonsense, a *non causa pro causa*, the most common error of our logic. It is all a matter of race. The first, the most noble of races, comes from the north of Asia. The Russians are nearest to these, and therefore have made more progress in fifty years than the Portuguese can be made to make in five hundred."

One of the Abbé's passions was planning books, which seldom advanced further than the sketch. His letters contain a dozen or more projects of this kind, which are most suggestive. One or two of them will serve as samples: "My treatise upon education is all made. I prove that education is the same for man as for animals; it reduces itself to these two points: *Learn to support injustice, learn to support ennui*. What is done in a stable to a horse? The horse

naturally likes to amble, trot, gallop, walk, but he does it when he wishes to and according to his own pleasure. He is taught, however, to assume these gaits despite himself, against his reason (this is the injustice), and to continue them two hours at a time (this is the *ennui*). Thus we teach a child Latin, Greek, French, etc. Education should eradicate and remove the talents; if it does not do this, you have a poet, an improviser, hero, painter, amusing man, an original who entertains you, but dies of hunger, not being able to secure any one of the riches which are provided in the social order. The English are the least educated people in the world, and consequently the greatest, the most grasping, and soon to be the most unhappy of all. Public education leads to democracy, private education leads right to despotism. There are no colleges in Constantinople, in Spain, in Portugal."

Here is another idea of a book: "I have in my head a book which excites my imagination. I want to make it, but have not the arms for doing so. Its title should be, Moral and Political Teachings given by a Mother Cat to her little Ones. Translated from Cat into French, by M. de Scratchey, Interpreter of the Cat Language in the King's Library. As I have no other society here except that of my cat, I am constantly dreaming of this book, which would be quite original. The mother should first teach her little ones to fear the men gods. Then she should explain theology to them, and the two principles, god, the good man, and the demon, the bad dog; then she should teach them morality, the contest with mice, moles, etc.; finally, she would tell them of the future life and of the celestial Ratopolis, which is a city with walls of parmesan cheese, floors of liver, pillars of eels, etc., and which is filled with rats destined for their amusement."

The best idea of a book which we find in this correspondence is one of a romance, to be "founded on fact," as the phrase goes. It is well known that Ganganelli, who became Pope

Clement XIV., commenced at nearly the lowest round of the social ladder his career which ended in St. Peter's chair. Among the friends of his early youth was a boy who afterwards became a comic actor, a harlequin, known to fame as Carlin. It would seem that the childish friendship thus begun withstood the disruptive force of their different paths in life, and was broken only by the death of Ganganelli. It was a singular contrast in every way,—a pope and a clown starting out in life together as boys, and continuing friends until death parted them. It was a practical realization, not of the dance of death, but of the dance of life, of how we are all of us merely men, and that the paltry distinctions of the world, its divisions, its differences, its classes, and what not, are not even skin deep, but simply the various fashion of the clothes we wear. Whether we dress in motley, with a cap and bells, or wear pontifical robes and a triple crown, our hearts are of the same fibre, and know no such distinctions in their attractions to each other. Our sphere of action may be before the foot-lights or before the world; we may seek to amuse our fellows by following their bent or lead them by addressing their fears: these differences are nothing when we come to know each other, and get at the real man who hides himself behind the trappings of his office. Society makes kings or beggars, but nature makes men. After the death of Ganganelli, Madame d'Épinay, in one of her letters, mentioned the fact of this friendship, and in reply Galiani writes thus in February, 1774: "What you tell me of the old friendship of Carlin and the Pope has made me dream, and a sublime idea has come into my head, which you must communicate to Marmontel from me, so as to electrify him. It seems to me that upon this can be built the finest of all romances, in a series of letters, and one that is sublime. We will commence by supposing that these two school companions, Carlin and Ganganelli, having formed the closest friendship in their youth, had

promised to write each other at least once every two years, and give an account of their condition. They keep their word, and write letters full of soul, of truth, of heart utterances, without sarcasms or bad jokes. These letters would thus present the singular contrast of two men, one of whom had always been unhappy, and, because he had been unhappy, had become a pope; the other, always happy, had remained a clown. A pleasant feature would be that the clown always offers money to Ganganelli, who would be a poor monk, then a poor cardinal, finally Pope, and then not in too easy circumstances. Harlequin would offer him his credit at the court for the restitution of Avignon, and the Pope would thank him for it. My brain is already so full of this work, that I could make it or dictate it in a fortnight, if I had the strength. I would keep to the strictest truth, or semblance of it, without any romantic episode, and I would convince the world that the harlequin had been the happiest of men, and Ganganelli the most unhappy. Thirty letters and as many answers would make the work; much genius and no wit would make a masterpiece of it."

To this Madame d'Épinay replies: "You are right charming and sublime, Abbé. The letters between Harlequin and Ganganelli would make a unique work; but where was your head in proposing Marmontel to do it? I will take good care not to say a word to him about it, for he would make it a failure. There are only two men in the world able to undertake this enterprise and carry it through successfully. You first, before all, and Grimm, after he has been in Italy. To give to this work the truth and originality it should have, it is necessary to have been upon the spot, to have seen the Italian monks, and also to be able to express, not servilely what one has seen, but the ideas suggested by what one has seen. No one understands better than Grimm the tricks of imitation which give such an air of truth. I understand them very well also; but I am too ig-

norant to have enough true ideas, placing wit aside, and, as you say, there must be none of that. Considering everything, Abbé, take your courage in both hands, and make the romance. I condemn you to do it. It is absolutely necessary. You see that you alone can carry out a plan so fine, so sublime, and so profound. It is a matter of a month, and why delay? Come, is it commenced? Dictate to me, and I will write. Hold on, do better; by each mail, instead of writing to me, send me a letter of Ganganelli's, and I will answer with a letter from Harlequin. It will be good or bad; you will correct it if it is nearly good, or you will rewrite it if it is nearly bad. You will add the sacramental terms, the idioms of the country; this will give a very comic tone to our correspondence, and will catch the curious persons of the post-office."*

The Abbé responds to this: "What Pope and what Harlequin do you expect from me? However, if you absolutely desire this original and perfect romance, take the trouble to make acquaintance with Carlin, and get from him the true and exact dates of the events of his life. The date of his birth, his first studies, his arrival in France, his entrance upon the theatre, his marriage, the births of his children, — these should be very exact and to the smallest details, — disputes with his associates, with the gentlemen of the chamber, etc. As much must be known and with as much precision of the Father Ganganelli. With these materials one must build; without these nothing will have an original air, there will be no truth, no good pleasantry, no tone. Do this on your side, and then let me do it on mine, and God knows what will come of it."

There are other letters in these volumes referring to this projected novel, which it is evident from this sketch would in Galiani's hands have been made

* The letters intrusted to the post-office of the time were almost always opened by the officials of that institution. Their correspondence is full of complaints concerning this habit, which has by no means gone out of fashion in France.

a most striking and forcible work. The question is, Did Galiani ever write the work proposed? Nothing in these letters settles this question. There are various collections of Ganganelli's letters, both genuine and counterfeit. An English translation was published in 1777 which Lowndes says is known to be a forgery. A French translation by Caraccioli, who we learn from Galiani's correspondence with Madame d'Épinay was in Italy with him, was published in 1773. But these are dreary reading. For years the writer of these pages has been in search of Galiani's projected work. Perhaps the interest he has felt in it may have so influenced his mind that he cannot decide whether his impression of having really met it is a dream, or a dim, half-effaced remembrance of a perusal in his early days of omnivorous, half-digested reading. Certain it is that a somewhat careful and extended search during the last ten years or so has failed to satisfy him concerning its existence, and in despair he thus appeals to others for assistance. The only result he has been able to reach is the following title: *Clement XIV. et Carlo Bertinazzi. Correspondance inédite*. Paris, 1827. 3d ed. *Augmentée de Notes Hist. d'une Lettre retrouvée et d'une vignette*. 1827. 4th ed. 1829.

Carlin's real name was Carlo Antonio Bertinazzi. He was born in Turin in 1713. In 1741 he made his first appearance in Paris at the Comédie Italienne, where for forty-two years he continued to play the rôle of harlequin with great success, establishing a reputation, not only as an actor, but as an improviser, a man of great wit, and also as an estimable man in private life. He died in 1783.

After leaving Paris Galiani lived in Naples until his death, in 1787. His life there was quiet, his official duties requiring much of his attention. These he performed with exactness and promptness. Beside this he supported and acted the part of a father to three of his nieces, which in his day was supposed to consist chiefly in providing them with suitable husbands. This duty he performed most conscientiously, though his letters show it was not the most congenial occupation to him. His heart, as the best of his thought, was in Paris; there his reputation was made, and there it has chiefly remained. Sainte-Beuve, in a notice devoted to Galiani, proposes that he should have an honorable literary resting-place in French literature, and that upon the urn erected to his memory there should be engraved "A Silenus, the head of Plato, a Punch, and one of the Graces."

Edward Howland.

MY SPARROWS.

"To catch sparrows, sprinkle salt on their tails." — *Nursery Lore*.

I.

FROM a dingy garden-bower, —
 Child, pent up in smoky town, —
 Watched I many a patient hour
 For the sparrows gray and brown.
 Sprinkling salt on a tail-feather
 Was to be my charm of might;
 But the salt and I together
 Failed to stay their sudden flight.

Had I caught that wished-for sparrow
 (*Now*, I say in wisdom's words),
 Still my triumph had been narrow, —
 Sparrows are but homely birds,
 Dull of plumage, with no glitter
 On their breasts of dingy gray;
 And their voice a restless twitter:
 I am glad they flew away!

For my fancy now beholds them
 With the plumes of Paradise,
 And my eager clutch enfolds them
 Glitt'ring with a thousand dyes.
 Love himself might gem his arrows
 With a feather from their breast;
 Philomel learn from those sparrows
 Songs she never has possessed.

II.

Now grown old, for other sparrows
 Still I lay my futile snares;
 And though Fancy's kingdom narrows,
 Hope, unchanged, my visions shares.
 Love, Ambition, Wealth, and Learning
 Hop about my garden rails;
 And I feel the same old yearning,
 And creep up to salt their tails.

Off they fly! but all unheeding,
 I console myself with this:
 'Tis the thing we don't succeed in
 Seems to us the truest bliss.
 When we've caught our bright ideal,
 We have spoiled its painted wings,
 And the broad glare of the real
 Shows the shabbiness of things.

Still, while restless Fancy lingers,
 Puffing at my idle sails,
 Hope and I will find our fingers
 Sprinkling salt for sparrows' tails.
 Sorry work 't would make of living,
 Did the future promise naught;
 And — I say it with thanksgiving —
 All my sparrows are not caught!

Kate Hillard.

ROBERT OWEN AT NEW LANARK.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I AM very desirous to estimate at its just value, and no more, the character of that remarkable man, my father.

Perhaps no one has been more favorably situated than I to judge him fairly and dispassionately. His child, but not (except during my youth) a believer in his specific plans for regenerating the world, — or, to use his own favorite phrase, his “disciple,” — the partiality of a son is so far corrected by the scruples of a dissenter, that I hope to avoid alike the weakness of eulogy and the error of extenuation.

Robert Owen’s ruling passion was the love of his kind, individually and collectively. An old friend of his said to me, jestingly, one day, when I had reached manhood, “If your good father had seven thousand children, instead of seven, I am sure he would love them devotedly.” But the inference thence to be drawn is unfounded. If we *were* only seven, he was, to every one of us, a most affectionate, even indulgent, parent. His organ of adhesiveness could not have been less than that of benevolence; while the organs of hope and self-esteem were equally predominant. I think that these four sentiments, together with very large order and firmness, chiefly governed his life and shaped his destiny.

My father enabled his children to obtain many weapons which he himself never possessed. He had none of the advantages of regulated study. He did, indeed, between the ages of eight and ten, devour a good many volumes; among them he himself enumerates Robinson Crusoe, Quarles (including no doubt his Emblems and his History of Samson), Pilgrim’s Progress, Paradise Lost, Richardson’s novels, Harvey’s Meditations, Young’s Night Thoughts, and many other religious books, chiefly Methodist; but these works, justly famed as some of them

are, must have made a strange jumble in an infant mind, left to digest their contents unguided even by a suggestion, and, as he tells us, “believing every word of them to be true.”

When I first remember him, he read a good deal; but it was chiefly one or two London dailies, with other periodicals as they came out. He was not, in any true sense of the word, a student. One who made his own way in life, unaided by a single dollar, from the age of ten could not well be. I never found, in his extensive library, a book with a marginal note, or even a pencil-mark of his, on a single page. He usually glanced over books, without mastering them; often dismissing them with some such curt remark as that “the radical errors shared by all men made books of comparatively little value.” Except statistical works, of which his favorite was Colquhoun’s Resources of the British Empire, I never remember to have seen him occupied in taking notes from any book whatever.

In this way he worked out his problems for human improvement to great disadvantage, missing a thousand things that great minds had thought and said before his time, and often mistaking ideas, that were truly his own, for novelties that no human being had heretofore given to the world.

Thus it happened that, while bringing prominently forward principles of vast practical importance that had been too much neglected both by governments and individuals, he forfeited, in a measure, the confidence of cultivated men by evident lack of familiarity with precedent authorities on the same subjects, and from inability to assign to a few favorite axioms their fitting place and just relative importance in a system of reformatory philosophy.

But to counterbalance these disadvantages he had eminent mental quali-

ties that worked for him, with telling effect, whenever he came into contact with the masses, either as employer, in the early days of which I am now writing, or, later in life, as a public teacher. The earnestness of his convictions — all the stronger for imagining old ideas to be original — amounted to enthusiasm. I do not think that Napoleon was more untiring in his perseverance, or that Swedenborg had a more implicit confidence in himself; and to this was joined a temperament so sanguine that he was unable, — no matter what rebuffs he met with, — unable, even as an octogenarian, to conceive the possibility of ultimate failure in his plans. During the afternoon immediately preceding his death he was arranging, with the rector of the parish, for a series of public meetings (at which he promised to speak), looking to an organization that should secure to every child, in and near his native town, the best education which modern lights and knowledge could supply.

But I am speaking now of a period more than half a century past, when he was in the vigor of early manhood. At that time his two leading ideas of reform were temperance and popular instruction.

In those days Scotland would have been a rich field for Father Mathew's labors. Habits of drunkenness were common alike to rich and poor. They were associated with good-fellowship, and were tenderly dealt with, even by the Church. The orgies of Osbaldistone Hall, graphically described in Rob Roy, found their counterpart in many a Scottish manor. The old bacchanalian rhyme,

"He who goes to bed, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, goes to bed mellow,
Lives a long, jolly life, and dies an honest fellow,"

was quoted, half in earnest, as apology for the excesses which wealthy and respectable hosts, under the guise of hospitality, literally forced upon their guests, when the cloth was drawn and the ladies had abandoned the dinner-

table to their riotous lords and masters.

I have heard my father, more than once, relate what happened on such an occasion, when he was one of the actors. He had been dining, with a party of eight or ten gentlemen and a few ladies, at the luxurious country-seat of a friend who had shown him much kindness. When the ladies withdrew, the host, having caused the butler to set out on the table two dozen bottles of port, sherry, and claret, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said to his guests, "Gentlemen, no shirking to-night! Not a man leaves this room till these bottles are emptied."

No remark was made in reply, and the wine passed round. My father drank three glasses, — the utmost limit to which I have ever known him to go, though he habitually took a glass or two of sherry after dinner. At the fourth round he passed the bottles without filling. His host remonstrated, at first in jest, then in a half-angry tone, when the recusant persisted. Thereupon my father, approaching a front window which opened on the lawn, only a few feet below it, threw up the sash and leaped out, followed by three or four other guests.

This enraged their host. As the fugitives looked back they saw him upset the dinner-table with a violent kick, smashing bottles and glasses, and declaring, with an oath, that, if they did n't choose to drink that wine, nobody else should.

The deserters joined the ladies in the drawing-room, but the host did not reappear; and my father, as leading conspirator, lost, and never regained, his friendship.

Under my grandfather's mild and easy rule the vice which embittered poor Burns's life, and which blemishes some of his inimitable verses, had been very imperfectly checked. No grog-shops, indeed, were permitted in the village, but liquor was obtained in the old town. Robert Owen, acting on his belief in the efficacy of circumstances, soon wrought a radical change. He

had village watchmen, who patrolled the streets at night, and who were instructed to take down the name of every man found drunk. The inebriate was fined so much for the first offence, a larger sum for the second, the fines being deducted from his wages; and the third offence resulted in dismissal, sometimes postponed if he showed sincere repentance. Then the people were so justly and kindly treated, their wages were so liberal, and their hours of labor so much shorter than the average factory-hours throughout Great Britain, that dismissal was felt to be a misfortune not to be lightly incurred.

The degree to which, after eight or ten years of such discipline, intemperance was weeded out in New Lanark may be judged by the following incident.

I was in the habit of going to "The Mills," as we called them, almost daily. One day, in my twelfth year, when I had accompanied my father on his usual morning visit, and we had reached a sidewalk which conducted from our porter's lodge to the main street of the village, I observed, at a little distance on the path before us, a man who stopped, at intervals, in his walk, and staggered from side to side.

"Papa," said I, "look at that man. He must have been taken suddenly ill."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him, Robert?"

"I don't know. I never saw any man act so. Is he subject to fits? Do you know him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, I know him. He is not subject to fits, but he is a very unfortunate man."

"What kind of illness has he?"

My father stopped, looked first at the man before us, and then at me. "Thank God, my son," he said, at last, "that you have never before seen a drunken man."

Robert Owen's predominant love of order brought about another important reform. Mrs. Grant (of Laggan), for twenty years a Scottish clergyman's wife, has well described, in her Cot-

tagers of Glenburnie, the careless untidiness and slatternly habits which, at the commencement of the present century, characterized the peasantry of Scotland. "I canna' be fashed," was the usual reply, if any one suggested that cleanliness, among the virtues, should rank next to godliness.

A writer, whose parents settled as workers in the New Lanark mills as early as 1803, states that, in those days, each family had but a single apartment, the houses being of one story only; and that before each door it was not unusual to find a dunghill. He tells us, also, that one of Robert Owen's first reforms was to add an additional story to every house, giving two rooms to most of the families; and that the dunghills were carried off to an adjoining farm, and a renewal of the nuisance was imperatively forbidden.*

As I recollect the village, its streets, daily swept at the expense of the company, were kept scrupulously clean; and its tidy appearance in every respect was the admiration of strangers.

A reform of a more delicate character, upon which my father ventured, met serious opposition. After each family became possessed of adequate accommodations, most of them still maintained, in their interior, disorder and uncleanness. My father's earnest recommendations on the subject passed unheeded. He then called the work-people together, and gave several lectures upon order and cleanliness as among the Christian virtues. His audience heard, applauded, and went home content "to do as weel as their forbears, and no to heed English clavers."

Thereupon my father went a step further. He called a general meeting of the villagers; and, at his suggestion, a committee from among themselves was appointed, whose duty it was to visit each family weekly, and report in writing upon the condition of the house.

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, with a Variety of Interesting Anecdotes. By a former Teacher at New Lanark. p. 4. Manchester and London, 1839.

This, according to the statement of the author, last quoted, while grumblingly acquiesced in by the men, was received "with a storm of rage and opposition by the women."* They had paid their rent, and did no harm to the house; and it was nobody's business but their own whether it was clean or dirty. If they had read *Romeo and Juliet*, which is not likely, I daresay they would have greeted the intruders as the Nurse did her prying master, —

"Go, you cot-qean, go;
Get you to bed!"

As it was, while a few, fresh from mop and scrubbing-brush, received the committee civilly, a large majority either locked their doors or met the inquisitors with abuse, calling them "bug-hunters" and other equally flattering names.

My father took it quietly; showed no anger toward the dissenters; encouraged the committee to persevere, but instructed them to ask admittance as a favor only; and allowed the small minority, who had welcomed these domiciliary visits, to have a few plants each from his greenhouse. This gratuity worked wonders; conciliation of manner gradually overcame the first jealousy of intrusion; and a few friendly visits by my mother, quietly paid to those who were especially tidy in their households, still further quelled the opposition. Gradually the weekly reports of the committee became more full and more favorable.

Within the mills everything was punctiliously kept. Whenever I visited them with my father, I observed that he picked up the smallest flocks of cotton from the floor, handing them to some child near by, to be put in his waste-bag.

"Papa," said I one day, "what *does* it signify, — such a little speck of cotton?"

"The value of the cotton," he replied, "is nothing, but the example is much. It is very important that these people should acquire strict habits of order and economy."

* Work quoted, p. 5.

In working out these and other reforms, my father, a scrupulous respecter of the rights of conscience and of entire freedom of opinion, never exercised, except in the case of habitual drunkards, the power of dismissal which his office as sole manager placed in his hands. The writer already quoted, who spent his youth and early manhood at New Lanark, bears testimony to this. "I never knew," he says, "of a single instance in which Mr. Owen dismissed a worker for having manfully and conscientiously objected to his measures."*

Even when necessary rules were violated, he was quick to soften and ready to forgive. The same writer tells us that, during his childhood, he and another boy had slyly entered Braxfield woods to cut *shinties* (hockies, I believe, we generally call them) needed for a favorite sport. They proceeded in fear and trembling. "If Mr. Owen sees us, won't we catch it!" said the one to the other, as they found two prime ash-rods, with the requisite crook, and proceeded to use their knives upon them. Scarcely were the words pronounced and the trespassers busy at work, when Mr. Owen's hand was laid on one of their shoulders. They knew they were recognized, hung their heads, dropped their knives, and remained silent and self-convicted. My father stood looking at them for some time, sorry, I daresay, that he had come upon them. Then he said, "Perhaps you don't know that what you are doing is wrong. It *is* wrong; and if your parents never told you so, they neglected their duty. Take the shinties you have cut for this time; but, if you should want more some other day, don't steal them: thieves never come to any good. Come to me, and I will give you permission; then you can take them without doing any wrong."

The culprits slunk away; and one of them says that when he went, seventeen years afterward, to hear Robert Owen lecture at "Bywater's Room," this act of clemency came back to his

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, p. 5.

mind at the first sight of the benignant face, as freshly as the day it happened.*

This same boy, when past middle age, relates another reminiscence of his youth. At the age of seventeen he obtained a situation as teacher in the New Lanark schools, contracting to remain a year and a half. But after six months, prompted by an ambition not uncommon among the poorer classes in Scotland, he took a fancy to go to college. Ashamed, however, thus to break faith with his employer, he gave him no hint of his intention, and left abruptly, without even taking leave of him. When the college session closed, his funds being probably exhausted, he returned to New Lanark; and there one day, almost as unexpectedly as in the Braxfield woods, he met Robert Owen. He wished himself, he tells us, "a hundred miles off." But, to his surprise and joy, his former employer came up to him at once, took him kindly by the hand, and, without alluding at all to the violated contract, asked him how he liked college life in Glasgow; adding an inquiry as to what he intended to do during the summer, and telling him he could have his former place again, if he wished it. "This," adds the narrator, who was a member of the Scottish Kirk, "this was genuine, practical Christianity." †

The New Lanark schools, and the cause of popular education generally, were the subjects which, at this period of my father's life, chiefly engrossed his attention. His first appearance as a speaker was as president at a public dinner, given in the city of Glasgow in 1812, to Joseph Lancaster, the well-known educational reformer. In the character of this gentleman, a Quaker, there was a strange mixture of honest, self-sacrificing zeal, and imprudent, self-indulgent ostentation. As early as 1789 he labored stoutly among the poor of Southwark, teaching a school of three hundred outcast children for years almost gratuitously. When his system

finally attracted attention, and subscriptions poured in upon him, prosperity called forth weaknesses, and he squandered the money given for better purposes. I recollect that he drove up one afternoon, on invitation of my father, to Braxfield House, with four horses to his post-chaise,* — a luxury in which I never knew my father to indulge.

When, somewhat later, my father gave five thousand dollars to aid in the general introduction of the Lancastrian system of instruction, I remember that my mother, adverting to the four horses, demurred to the wisdom of so munificent a subscription. And I think that, in view of Lancaster's prodigality, she was in the right.

This Lancastrian system — one of mutual instruction, with *monitors*, selected from the pupils, as sub-teachers — was equally economical and superficial. It had its good points, however, and could be maintained where the funds were insufficient for anything better. My father, enthusiastic at first in its favor, gradually changed it for something more thorough and effective.

In the speech which Robert Owen made at the Lancaster dinner, the views which he afterwards elaborated touching the formation of character first peeped out. "General differences," he said, "bodily and mental, between inhabitants of various regions, are not inherent in our nature, nor do they arise from the respective soils on which

* The *post-chaise* of those days, partly crowded out now by the first-class railway carriages, was a strong, light vehicle, corresponding to our *coupé*, and seating comfortably two persons, though more could be crowded in, as in "John Gilpin's" case: —

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback, after we."

It was a pleasant, even luxurious, mode of travelling; relays of horses being obtained at intervals of about ten miles, and at a cost of thirty-five cents a mile for a single pair, the usual speed being from eight to ten miles an hour. Only the nobility and wealthy gentry indulged in four horses. The cheery, dashing mail-coach, with its red-coated guard and many-caped coachman — a cheaper and equally speedy conveyance — is now almost a thing of the past.

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, p. 8.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 7, 8.

we are born; they are wholly and solely the effect of education." While it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of education, in the extended sense of the term, this proposition is clearly extravagant, ignoring, as it does, the influences, often dominant, of race, climate, soil, whether fertile or barren, and hereditary qualities transmitted through successive generations. But the speech was applauded to the echo, and called forth from a certain Kirkman Finlay—then the great man of Glasgow—a laudatory letter.

"This induced me," says my father in his Autobiography, "to write my four Essays on the Formation of Character." Of these hereafter.

As early as 1809 my father had laid the foundations of a large building, afterwards called "The New Institution," designed to accommodate all the children of the village. But the estimated cost, upwards of twenty thousand dollars, alarmed his partners, who finally vetoed the enterprise. Thereupon my father offered to give or take for the establishment four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and at that rate they agreed to sell out to him.

A new partnership was formed, the two principal partners being sons-in-law of a Mr. Campbell, usually called Campbell of Jura, being the proprietor of a small island of that name, one of the Hebrides. Others eagerly joined when it was shown, from the books of the late partnership, that the net annual profits, on the average of the ten years it lasted, were fifteen per cent.

This second partnership continued three years only. Campbell of Jura, a relative of my mother, had intrusted to my father, for safe-keeping on interest, a hundred thousand dollars. This he did unknown to his sons-in-law, for family reasons. Finally it came to their ears, and greatly exasperated them. Either from jealousy or desire for large profits, they objected to the new school-building, and carried a partnership vote against it; taking the ground that they were cotton-spinners,

doing business for profit, and had nothing to do with educating children: other manufacturers never troubled themselves about such matters. They took exception, also, to the salaries and wages paid, as being too high.

By this time, my father says, he was "completely tired of partners who cared for nothing but to buy cheap and sell dear." So he sought others, this time among philanthropists. Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, was one; William Allen of London, a noted Quaker, was another; Michael Gibbs, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, a third. There were three others, equally benevolent, but not noted names. Of these three one was a gentleman of leisure, who had never before been in business. I afterwards became well acquainted with him and his amiable family. My father, who highly esteemed him, and ultimately won his entire confidence, told me one day certain particulars of his life,—a remarkable story that I never forgot. I think its lesson influenced, more or less, my whole life.

A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment, and the inheritor of a princely fortune, this gentleman had been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. His marriage was fortunate, and his children grew up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town house in a fashionable square in London, and a country-seat six or eight 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 wide-spreading chase, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noonday heat, and a lair at nightfall.

Its owner had travelled over Europe and brought back, as mementos 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, in which I spent some happy days, 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 — during a brief interval in his own public life of incessant bustle — 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. They spent some days of 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 my father thought it, in contrast with the busy turmoil he had left; and one day he said to his host, "I've been thinking that if I ever met a man who has nothing to desire, you must be he. You have health, cultivation, a charming family. You have gathered round you every comfort wealth can give, the choicest of all that nature and art can supply. Are you not completely happy?"

Never, my father said to me, would he forget the sad, unexpected reply: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I paid for it! I started in life without an object, almost without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and I indulged it. 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. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, literary, scientific, artistic, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome. Then I might have been happy."

My father suggested that he was scarcely past the prime of life, and that in a hundred ways he might still benefit others, while occupying himself. "Come and spend a month or two with me at Braxfield," he added. "You have a larger share in the Lanark mills

than any of my partners. See for yourself what has been done for the work-people there and for their children; and give me the benefit of your suggestions and your aid."

"It is too late," was the reply. "The power is gone. Habits are become chains. You can work and do good; but for me, — in 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."

And neither then, nor at any future time, did this strange martyr to leisure visit the establishment in which he had invested a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

But in this I anticipate. It was in the year 1813 that my father, then in London and engaged in publishing the first two of his *Essays on the Formation of Character*, made the acquaintance of his new partners; and he submitted to them these *Essays* as embodying the principles on which he proposed to manage the New Lanark establishment. They were briefly: —

1. Man does not form his own character: it is formed for him by the circumstances that surround him.

2. Man is not a fit subject of praise or blame.

3. Any general character, good or bad, may be given to the world, by applying means which are, to a great extent, under the control of human governments.

Important propositions, doubtless, with great underlying truths; but not, as the author claimed in his title, *A New View of Society*.

Paul had already said: "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?"

Both Calvin and Luther had gone further, denying to man free-will.

Hobbes, about the year 1654, had said: "Liberty and necessity are consistent. . . . God, that seeth and dis-

poseth all things, seeth also that the liberty of man, in doing what he will, is accompanied with the necessity of doing that which God will, and no more nor less.*

Priestley, more than a hundred years later, had written: "There is some fixed law of nature respecting the will, . . . which is never determined without some motive of choice."†

And this last writer, at least, seems to have estimated as highly as Robert Owen the doctrine of which he is a chief advocate; for he says: "I the less wonder at the general hesitation to admit the doctrine of necessity in its full extent, when I consider that there is not, I believe, in the whole compass of human speculation, an instance in which the indisputable consequences of any simple proposition are so numerous and important"; and as to these consequences he adds: "Great and glorious as they are, it requires so much strength of mind to comprehend them that (I wish to say it with the least offence possible) I cannot help considering the doctrine as that which will always distinguish the real moral philosopher from the rest of the world."‡

But here the difference in the minds of Joseph Priestley and Robert Owen shows itself; for Priestley sagaciously adds: "Like all other great and practical truths, even those of Christianity itself, its actual influence will not always be so great as, from theory, it might be expected to be"; while Owen, advocating a phase of the same principle, declares: "No human power can now impede its rapid progress. Silence will not retard its course, and opposition will give increased celerity to its movements. The commencement of the work will, in fact, insure its accomplishment. Henceforth all the irritating angry passions, arising from ignorance of the true cause of bodily and mental character, will gradually subside, and be replaced by

the most frank and conciliating confidence and good-will."

My father, after his own fashion, was a believer in the speedy advent of the millennium. It has always seemed to me a strange thing that a man who had so much practical knowledge of the world should have made the mistake of imagining that when one has set before human beings the means of being wise and happy, one has insured the certain and speedy adoption of these means, by the individual and by the government. If that were so there would be no drunkards; for the veriest sot will not, in his lucid intervals, deny the blessings of temperance. My father, carried away by zeal and hope to benefit his race, failed to note the cogent fact that our civilization of today has not reached that point of progress when present self-indulgence shall no longer rule the majority of mankind.

Then his propositions lost part of their force because they were too sweeping and insufficiently guarded; for example, when he asserted that praise, even of the best man, is irrational. Eulogy, laudation, — self-laudation especially, — is irrational; but if we are just, we approve, we commend the conduct of the good; if we are warm-hearted, we like, we love them for their goodness. In strictness it may be that they cannot help doing good actions. Then, if not for the actions, at least for the disposition of mind which impels to them, they are entitled to commendation, they are worthy of love. So of the wicked. We cannot help disapproving a propensity to vicious indulgence; we cannot help disliking him who indulges such a propensity. The true point is, that we ought not to hate him; and that all punishments should be reformatory, not vindictive. We know the evil deed; we can never, as Burns reminds us, know the temptations resisted, that may have preceded it.

So of the third proposition, looking to governments as the chief agents of human regeneration. Goldsmith had said: —

* Leviathan, p. 108.

† Philosophical Necessity, Sec. I.

‡ Preface to Philosophical Necessity, p. xxi.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

He and Robert Owen ran equally into extremes. But Robert Owen had this apology, that he regarded it as the legitimate province of government to provide for and educate all the children of the land. In New Lanark, however, he merely proposed to give a good common-school education to all the children of his work-people; and to this end he obtained the assent of his proposed partners.

He showed them that the net profits of the concern, for the last four years, had exceeded fifty per cent on the capital invested (eighty-four thousand pounds); but he did not conceal from them that the reforms he had in view would materially diminish these.

His old partners refused to let him fix a sum which he would give or take for the property, insisted on putting it up at auction, and set to work to decry its value; busily spreading the report that the mills, under the management of a visionary like Owen, were not worth more than forty thousand pounds. But my father, meanwhile, quietly obtained permission from his philanthropic associates to bid three times that amount, if necessary.

The day of sale was one of great excitement in Glasgow; and the large hall in which it took place was crowded to the doors. The bidding was protracted; the former partners, who bid in person, retiring several times for consultation, while my father's solicitor, who had his instructions once for all, bid up, to the utter astonishment of his opponents and the public, to a hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred pounds; at which sum the property was knocked down to him.*

The defeated party, anticipating success as a certainty, had incautiously invited their friends and well-wishers, in advance, to a public congratulatory dinner. Crestfallen as they were,

* The equivalent of five hundred and seventy thousand dollars; but as money rates, now and then, equal to more than three quarters of a million today.

they had to play the hosts; and their mortification reached its climax, when a certain Colonel Hunter, a leading newspaper editor and a wag, rose to propose the health of the favorites of fortune who had just sold for a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds a property which they valued at forty. "A bumper, gentlemen," he cried, "to a victory so unexampled!" The Colonel had his jest against the Campbells and their friends; but it was the last time he sat at their dinner-table.

Their disappointment was to receive an additional aggravation. William Allen, with two others of the new partners, Quakers like himself, had come on to Glasgow to await the issue of the sale, and they accompanied my father to view their purchase. The author from whose pamphlet I have already extracted gives an account of their reception.* And my father, in his Autobiography, supplies additional particulars.†

The Scotch, though a warm-hearted people, are not usually demonstrative. But I remember the deep anxiety our work-people showed for weeks before the sale, and the enthusiasm with which they hailed my father's success.

The writer alluded to says: "Never will the inhabitants of New Lanark forget the afternoon of that day on which the sale of the mills to Mr. Owen took place. A horseman had been despatched, at speed, to make known the result. It was now in vain to check the sincere and unbounded joy of the workers. The managers saw and felt it; the people having unanimously resolved to testify their feelings by an act of public rejoicing. The mills were stopped. Bands of music played merrily through the vil-

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, pp. 15, 16. The author says of himself: "Brought up in the Church of Scotland, having never received a farthing from Mr. Owen but what I rendered equivalent service for, being in no way dependent upon any one connected with the 'Social System,' it may be reasonably inferred that any statements made by me which tend to reflect credit on Mr. Owen could neither have been dictated by love to his principles nor published from selfish motives."

† Autobiography, pp. 97, 98.

lage, and the windows were illuminated, as for some great national triumph. The next day the work-people, with hundreds from the borough town and surrounding country, met Mr. Owen and his new partners three miles from New Lanark and proceeded to ungear the horses from the carriage. It was in vain that Mr. Owen warmly remonstrated, reminding the crowd that the workingman had too long already been treated as the brute. Accompanied with bands of music and the acclamations of some thousands, the people bore their benefactor triumphantly to Braxfield; where, to the dense and happy multitude, he delivered an impressive address."

My father states that when his Quaker friends first saw the crowd rushing to the carriage and calling to the postilions to stop, they were seriously alarmed; but when they heard the cheers, and saw the men relieving each other at intervals, and found the cavalcade gradually increasing, and then, the procession passing first through the old town and afterwards through the village, the people everywhere filling the windows or crowding out of their houses to witness it, and testifying by the liveliest demonstrations their gratitude and delight, the amazement of these sober disciples of George Fox, unused to such scenes, was equalled by their gratification; and they wrote, in glowing terms, an account of their reception to the other London partners.

The management of the mills and schools pleased them much, except in one particular; dancing had been introduced by my father, as one of the school exercises. But Barclay, in his Apology, had taught: "Games and sports, dancing, consist not with the gravity and godly fear which the Gospel calls for"; and William Allen, especially, held strictly to all the rules set forth in that text-book of early Quakerism, as I well remember. For one day, a year or two later, dining with him at his London residence, in Plough Court, Lombard Street, I

had a lesson, not easily forgotten, teaching me how to walk in the strait way.

I was sitting next to a gentleman in whose conversation I was interested. We had roast beef for dinner; and when I had exhausted the quantity first sent me, my host asked, "Will thee have more roast beef?"

"Thank you, no more," I replied mechanically, engrossed in something my neighbor had just said. By and by I bethought me that I was still hungry; and, begging leave to change my mind, asked for a further supply.

"Robert, thee has already refused," was all the answer I got, in solemn tones of reproof. Had I not said I would take no more? I must not be suffered to tell a lie.* It was better to let me eke out my dinner with vegetables.

To such a man, not dancing only, but music also, was a "sinful diversification."† But the more liberal sentiments of the majority of the partners overruled him in this matter; so that, under protest of himself and one or two of his rigid friends, the reels, Highland fling, and country-dances still went on.

The villagers were almost all Presbyterians; but (in those days at least) dancing, a favorite national amusement in Scotland from the earliest times, was not forbidden by the Kirk. My mother had strong scruples about our walking on Sunday, except to church and back again; but she sent us to dancing-school while we lived in Glasgow; and when at Braxfield, the village dancing-master came twice a week to give us lessons.

This artist, whose name was Dodge,

* The definition, here implied, of a falsehood, reminds me of a story which I have somewhere read. A Quaker, walking near London, on a road leading to that city, met a youth who asked his way, thus wording his question: "This is not the road to London, is it?"

† "Friend," was the stern reply, "I understand thee not. Thou first tellest me a lie, and then askest me a question."

† "As to their artificial music, either by organs or other instruments or voice, we have neither example nor precept for it in the New Testament." — Barclay's Apology, p. 442.

had "graduated," as he was wont to tell us, in Edinburgh; whence he returned with exalted ideas of his profession. No Pundit skilled in Sanskrit lore, no Doctor of Divinity in the Middle Ages, could have indulged in manner more stately or diction more pompous. After a year or two's instruction in the various Scottish dances and the cotillon, as the quadrille was then called, he announced to us his intention of going a step further: not to teach us the waltz, for that was spoken of in Scotland then as we speak of the *can-can* now; nor the *German*, for that was an unknown term; but something very different.

He came, one day, more elaborately dressed than usual, and, after he had called us up on the floor, paused, kit in hand, before the lesson began. "Young ladies and gentlemen," he said at length, "I have had the honor of teaching you, so far, a few of those simpler exercises in the polite art of dancing which no person moving in good society can possibly dispense with; and, on the whole, I am not dissatisfied with your progress. I shall now proceed to induct you into the mysteries of a higher order of motion. I propose to give you some idea of the inimitable Minuet de la Cour, and the Gavotte, which is, as it were, its appropriate peroration. I use the term, 'give you an idea,' advisedly; for I can do no more than that. A man's life is too short to learn to walk a minuet properly."

The earnest gravity and emphasis with which he pronounced the closing axiom, and the graceful wave of his bow as he declaimed, impressed us with mingled awe and curiosity; and I have a hundred times since recalled the incident with a smile. I am not sure but that the minuet (if it *be* old-fashioned) might still be taught with advantage; not for public exhibition on the ball-room floor, as in Sir Charles Grandison's day, but as a useful exercise tending to easy grace of motion and elegance of carriage.

In the main, my father was now free to carry out his plans of education.

He gradually completed and fitted up, at a cost of between thirty and forty thousand dollars, the spacious school-house, the building of which his former partners had arrested. It had five large rooms or halls, besides smaller apartments, and a bath-room on an extensive scale, sufficing for the accommodation of from four to five hundred children. No charge whatever was made; and not only all the children of the work-people, but also children of all families living within a mile of the village, were thus gratuitously instructed.

In this institution a novel feature was introduced. Pestalozzi and Oberlin have each been spoken of as originating the infant-school system; but my father seems to have been its true founder. I have found no proof whatever that either of them even thought of doing what he carried out. He brought together upwards of a hundred children, from *one* to six years of age, under two guardians, James Buchanan and Mary Young. No attempt was made to teach them reading or writing, not even their letters; nor had they any set lessons at all. Much of their time was spent in a spacious playground. They were trained to habits of order and cleanliness; they were taught to abstain from quarrels, to be kind to each other. They were amused with childish games and with stories suited to their capacity. Two large, airy rooms were set apart, one for those under four years and one for those from four to six. This last room was furnished with paintings, chiefly of animals, and a few maps. It was also supplied with natural objects from the gardens, fields, and woods. These suggested themes for conversation, or brief, familiar lectures; but there was nothing formal, no tasks to be learned, no readings from books. "When the best means of instruction are known and adopted," says my father in his Autobiography, "I doubt whether books will be used until children attain their tenth year." But this he could not carry out at New Lanark, as the children were admitted to the mills and

were usually sent thither by their parents at twelve years of age.

No corporal punishment nor threat nor violent language was permitted on the part of the teachers. They were required to treat the children with the same kindness which they exacted from them toward each other.

Some years later an attempt was made by a London association, headed by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Brougham, to introduce infant schools into the British metropolis. They obtained a teacher from New Lanark. But they undertook to do too much, and so failed in their object. They

had lessons, tasks, study. Not satisfied with moral training and instructive amusement, as at New Lanark, they sought prematurely to develop the intellectual powers. The tender brain of the infant was over-excited; more harm than good was done; and the system fell, in a measure, into disrepute, until Froebel, in his *Kindergartens*, brought things back to a more rational way.

I visited our village infant school almost daily for years; and I have never, either before or since, seen such a collection of bright, clean, good-tempered, happy little faces.

Robert Dale Owen.

BEST.

“**L**OVE is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!”
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin:
So close she clung and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

Rose Terry.

A GOOD WORD FOR QUACKS.

WHATEVER grave doubts reason and experience may teach us to entertain in regard to medicine as a science, none can deny its position as an art. And it must be understood that medicine is a great deal more than the simple art of gaining time for the recuperative forces of nature to exert themselves. It does much besides occupy the mind. It directs the mind, and, through the mind, the body. It is to the body, in fact, what rhetoric is to the understanding, — a force that compels by persuading. Its plane of action is among the voluntary powers of man, where, making use of the imagination and the will, it constrains the obscure and reflex forces of the soul, and through them controls and persuades the involuntary functions of the body. Thus it happens that the doctor wields such a tremendous power in the world, and men obey him implicitly, whether he be the fashionable doctor of our cities, elegant and dainty, with a soft finger to feel pulses, and a soft voice to mollify nerves; or the rude, terrible witch-doctor, who, by the reedy rivers of Africa, carelessly dispenses life and death to the shuddering children of the Fetish.

Camus, a scientific amateur, in 1753 wrote a rather fanciful sort of book which he styled *Médecine de l'Esprit*, a system of healing by which the mind was made to cure the body. What Camus sought to gather into a co-ordinate method had, however, long before been observed in detail by the philosophers, and practised in detail by the quacks, who have always had a subdued and bewildered sort of consciousness that the chief part of their profits and their influence is due to the power which the mind exercises over the body.

It needeth a "Delian diver," says Lord Bacon, rightly to pursue the study of the imagination in disease. For, as Sterne has most acutely figured it, a

man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other. *Fortis imaginatio generat casum*, was the old caution of the medical schools to their acolytes. A frequent cougher in a church sets nearly the whole congregation to coughing. The scars of Saint Dagobert, Saint Francis, Saint Theresa; the raptures of the Seeress of Delphos and the Seeress of Prevorst can all of them be rationally interpreted by an accurate comprehension of this action of the mind upon the body. The books are full of cases of abnormal circumstances and corporal miracles produced by this sort of action. I need not repeat them here. I once saw a strong and very hearty man grow weak and faint, so that he was forced to go to bed, under the apprehensions produced in him by the distant, muffled drumming of some pheasants, which he heard while ploughing his field, and of which he mistook the dull, regular throb, not knowing what it was, for palpitations of his own heart.

In effect, it has been very rightly said that the senses are five porches by means of which the physician gets access to the body through the mind. Nor does it much matter by which one of these porches the skilful doctor enters. He can make his way as deeply and as readily by the porch of hearing or the porch of sight as he can by the porch of touch or the porch of taste. It was in recognition of this fact that the ancients laid such stress upon what they called *medical music*, whereby, flattering the ear, absorbing the attention, fascinating the soul and soothing the irritated nerves, they had the greatest success in the cure of the toothache, sciatica, gout, and diseases of an acute and violent character. Buretti and others sought to systematize this mode of treatment, and not without success.

It is indeed a mode of acting upon nervous disease that is ancient as the harp of David and the lyre of Orpheus. At that subtle touch of harmony the clouds rolled away from the moody spirit of Saul, and the grim soul of Pluto waxed benignant. Varro commends the efficacy of music in the paroxysms of gout, while Theophrastus claimed that it was good as an antidote against the bite of serpents and the sting of the tarantula. Vigneul de Marville, seeing all these effects, and unwilling to believe that the spiritual part of man could so directly influence the physical, fancied a mechanical and Cartesian sort of action of the sound waves, whereby they harmonized the circulation of the blood, and, by relaxing the vessels of the body, afforded a freer exit to obstructed and nefarious vapors.

"The imagination," as Lord Bacon said, "is next akin to miracle-working faith." There is no doctor who would not rather contend with serious and even vital maladies, than with the thousand and one diseased conceits and hypochondriacal fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, who, aggrieved by dyspepsia and with his mind all awry, demands to be treated for every disease under heaven but the one mental lesion that makes him such a thorough nuisance. He has, indeed, no mortal malady; but does not his imagination give just as real and actual a twist to the nervous currents of his body as the magnet gives to the course of the compass? It is in nervous conditions like this — and all sickness is accompanied with more or less general disturbance of the nerves — that the doctor and the quack equally find their opportunity, and establish their prestige, by working upon the excited and despondent or expectant feelings. The force of sympathy, even, can work a miracle, if the mind be in this state.

"Dum spectant oculi læsos, læduntur et ipsi."

And even habit — by blinding the fancy to what the muscles are called upon to do, as was the case with her who carried the bull because she had

carried the calf, and was only half conscious of its growth — has virtually a miraculous operation.

There are some very striking instances on record of the imagination doing the work which physic is fancied to be alone able to perform. When the Reformation appeared in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil went to Rome in person to give the Pope assurance of his devotion to the cause of orthodoxy. On his departure, the Holy Father presented him with a box of precious relics. Having come home, the relics were made use of by the monks for the cure of a demoniac who had hitherto successfully held out against every kind of exorcism. The success was instantaneous and complete, — a miracle was performed *coram populo*, and the virtues of the relics established beyond debate. The prince was confirmed in his faith, yet he was not so enthusiastic but he saw a supercilious smile on the face of the young man who had been keeper of the relics. "Upon inquiry as to the meaning of sneers upon so solemn and awful an occasion, and pardon being promised, the prince learned to his disgust that, the genuine relics having been lost upon the way, the keeper had supplied their place with bones collected how he could, and put into a box the fac-simile of that which was lost." This lot of rubbish, the bones of cats and dogs, picked from the highway, it was that had performed the miracle! The legend says the prince became a Protestant straightway. I trust he did not suspect either the monks or the demoniac of deceiving him, for, so far as they were concerned, the miracle was beyond doubt a genuine one, working a *bona fide* cure of a *bona fide* affliction through the simple force of the expectant and excited imagination. And it is in this way precisely, nine times out of ten, that medicine works its cures, and especially that sort of cure most triumphantly adduced in proof of its surpassing efficacy.

Here, likewise, we have the solution of the actual and appalling power of witchcraft, and of the wonderful force of

magic, with its charms, spells, amulets, and other devices for most thoroughly reaching the imagination through the senses. Among our American negroes, almost as much as among the African negroes, witchcraft exercises a despotic power. I have myself known an instance of a very kindly, brisk, and quite clever negress, one reared among intelligent people, and afforded opportunities enough to know far better, who, made melancholy perhaps by an accession of dyspepsia, fancied herself bewitched, resorted to innumerable ways of having herself exorcised without avail, and finally pined, languished, and died, without any lesion that was discoverable, and in spite of the skill of the best physicians. An enemy had "put a spell upon her," she said, and there was no escape for her from the doom of death. As her fancy wrought, so her body wrought.

Wherever magic has been able to retain its hold upon the imagination, its charms and amulets have worked as powerfully in the cause of health as physic. It is only when we cease to believe in sorcery and sortilege — and we never do quite let go our faith in magic and our proclivity to superstition — that we demand of physic to furnish us a substitute, and, as Comte says, advance from the dominion of fetichism to the regency of metaphysical notions. Magical medicine is probably as old as the world. The savages of those prehistoric days, who dwelt in caves and gnawed bones, naked and miserable as they were, must have had their witch-masters and their workers of spells, their sorcerers and their makers of amulets. Homer tells us how the wound of Ulysses was cured by the healing touch of the sons of Autolykus. The *Ephesia litera* of Diana were a right famous amulet with the ancients, among whom, indeed, medicine was always half magical, half sacerdotal, and always more or less practised by the priests, who, as go-betweens from the gods to the people, were conceded to have an authority over disease not to be exer-

cised by common men. After the oracles grew dumb and Pan's reputation had grown to be a thing of the past, Christian superstitions easily substituted themselves for the old ethnic superstition. A famous mediæval charm was that by means of the names of the three kings of Cologne, hung about the neck upon a piece of parchment, with the general legend, "Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthasar gold," and a special entreaty that they would have in charge to heal the particular disease under which the patient was suffering. This charm was particularly efficacious in epilepsy, which as a mysterious disease, — the Greeks called it the sacred disease, — and one that seemed most certainly to proceed from the stroke of the higher powers, was naturally one for the relief of which supernatural aid would be solicited. After the priests, there was still a sort of Levitical family to whom the province of healing belonged of right, as the green turban among Islamites is the hereditament of the descendants of the Prophet. The seventh son of a seventh son was a physician by destiny, and always had a preternatural proclivity for setting disease at naught. I have noticed the advertisements of such seventh sons very lately in the newspapers, and as they can afford to advertise, it is fair to suppose they are patronized. The curative power possessed by another branch of these proscriptive physicians, the magnetists, is something which can neither be explained nor denied. The evidence is too strong for us to reject the almost miraculous cures performed by Baptista Porta, Cardan, Kircher, Gasner, Valentine Graterakes, Mesmer, Cagliostro, etc.

Old Robert Burton, the naïve and learned anatomist of melancholy, gives us most ingenuously an excellent instance of the manner in which a faith in amulets may get possession of a mind that ought to be capable of rejecting such things entirely, or rather of accepting them for what they are really worth. Speaking of the use of

spiders for ague, — and the spider's web is an excellent remedy for the chronic form of that troublesome disease, by the way, — Burton says: "I first observed this amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk, etc., so applied for an ague by my mother; whom, although I knew to have excellent skill in chirography, sore eyes, aches, and such experimental medicines, . . . yet among all other experiments, this, methought, was most absurd and ridiculous. I could see no warrant of it. *Quid aranea cum febre?* For what antipathy? Till at length, rambling among authors (as I often do), I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Aldrovandus, etc. *I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets, when I saw it in some parties answer to experience.*" So the scholar was led by Dioscorides to accept what his reason and common-sense had encouraged him to reject.

The key-note to all these facts is part of the rationale of human nature. The relations between medicine and psychology are in fact much closer than is generally conceded. It was an old doctrine of Plato, and a true one probably, that a man must have a natural disposition towards a thing if he would become that thing. To be virtuous, he must have an innate proclivity to virtue; and education has no power to supply the defect in temperament. In other words, what we take from without must be, through some correspondent sense or feeling, already in ourselves. Where the organ is not, the sense is not. From this notion, and entirely over and above the conceded divine origin of the healing art, it came to be supposed that the healer himself must have a supernatural efficacy in his touch, congenious with his election to perform the healer's functions. "The physician chosen of God," says Van Helmont, "is accompanied by many signs and wonders for the schools. Compassion will be his guide. His heart will possess truth, and his intellect science. Love will be his

sister; and the truth of the Lord will illuminate his path. He will invoke the grace of God, and will not be overcome by the desire of gain." This, a truly noble character, is so genuinely the nature of the medical enthusiast, that in mere self-defence even the most abandoned quacks have been constrained to assume it; and there is not a mountebank of them all who, in making up his newspaper column of bad grammar and bosh, but gives some space to establishing his claims to rank as a benefactor of the human race and friend and free doctor to the poor.

Medicine, then, in this view of the case, is principally a physical effect produced in one's body by means of faith wrought upon by imagination. The doctor and the drug are the instruments of the imagination and the impulses to faith. When we are ill, desire inclines us to hope; the manner of the physician, the ceremony of his charm, or the name of his prescription, dispose us to believe; immediately, the mind puts forth its influence upon the body, the body reacts, and the effect is produced that the case demands or the doctor wishes. Observation, experience, reason, all go for nothing in such cases, because, where one is strongly inclined, reason becomes lop-sided, and experience and observation act as mechanically as a child that gets his lesson by rote. Just so Saint Theresa, by force of longing and imagining, actually produced in her palms the stigmata of the suffering Christ which had so long and so vividly been imprinted upon her fancy. Paracelsus said very plainly — and knew it to be true, although he missed the application of it — that the incredible might be performed at any time, through the combined agencies of imagination and faith; and he used this as an argument for astrology, as if faith had external as well as internal jurisdiction, and could actually influence the stars and move the mountains instead of simply making the mind believe in such powers. Very noticeable is his language: "If the command be com-

bined with faith, the magically divine spirit in us has a superhuman sphere of action, which extends itself as wide as our thoughts, our imagination, and our faith."

Baron Dimsdale has quoted the explanation of an old shoemaker, accused of witchcraft, of the means by which he cured the ague. "I cure people," said he, "by pretending to cure them. People say that I can cure the ague; and when they come to me I say that I can cure them, and then I go into my garden and bid them wait until my return; I cut a twig off some tree, cut nine notches in it, and then I bury it in the garden, and tell the patient I bury the ague with it. I obtain confidence on account of the charm which people think I possess; and by performing these and other ceremonies it generally succeeds so well that the individual has no return of his ague." It will be noticed here that the worthy shoemaker, though not able to say why, had a certain faith in the validity of his curative powers, without which faith he would have practised in vain; for, as John Damascenus said, no medicine is efficacious unless given, as well as taken, in faith. Here, again, the doctor is like the orator, and the secret of his sway is a counterpart of the *si vis me flere* of the rhetoricians. It was Galen's maxim, that hope and confidence outvalued the drug: perhaps the latter science of medicine will decide that where hope and confidence are, the drug may be quite dispensed with.

The real process by which this action is procured of the mind upon the body, while not precisely identical with what Camus had laid down, is not very different from it. The process is, briefly, that of a reciprocal action. Medicines, having no real effect upon disease, yet act forcibly by indirection, by deceiving the senses, and notably the sight and taste. The nerves of the stomach are credulous, and the nerves of the eye are credulous. A mesmerist can persuade the eye that black is white, and he can persuade the stomach that sweet is bitter. The doctor

can do quite as much as the mesmerist. The mind, being thus susceptible, is to be taught, by means of faith, imagination, and sympathy, that the body is curable, and the process in hand the right one. This done, all that is needed is to restore the body actually by right regimen, when the mind regains its stamina, and the cure, already prefigured and made operative in the imagination, is completed in fact. The *deceptio visus* is a particularly strong force in medicine. The mysterious presence of the doctor, the mysterious manipulation of his drugs, his manner, his apparent confidence, his touch of pulse and sight of tongue, how far do all these go to work the cure for which his skill gets all the credit? The imposing ceremony of the royal touch for king's evil, although it could not break down a strumous diathesis, nor remove the constitutional taint, must yet have been very efficacious in bracing up the minds and spirits of the afflicted, and concentrating their recuperative energies. I do not doubt, could the data be obtained, it would be found that the proportion of those healed regularly diminished as the people begin to have less exalted opinions of royalty and of "the divinity that doth hedge a king"; and that the percentage of cures to cases in Anne's reign was not one tenth so great as in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

The legitimate and necessary inference from all this is, that the successful doctor owes more to his manner than to his matter; that he works deeper by his presence than by his drug; and that a sturdy and impudent quack, ignorant, pretentious, false, and greedy, may still be a distinguished and excellent physician. For the physician's office is to heal the sick, and it is no matter how he does this. The cure is not for the doctor to work, but for his patient. But the power over that patient which impels him to work out his own salvation is still in the doctor. So long as man is liable to disease, therefore, although he may

learn to dispense with physic, he will not be able to dispense with the physician. That presence, that influence, that power, will still be demanded by the imperative craving of poor human nature, which, whenever misadventure, disease, or calamity come upon it, dares not to trust in itself, but cries for strength and comfort, support and reassurance, to come to it from without. But that we know it is impossible, we should demand to take our doctors with us even across the bridge of Mirza, and until we are safely arrived at the mysterious regions beyond. For these reasons it is of the first importance to us to understand how the doctor actually works, and what is the real quality of the influence he wields.

The doctor operates by skill of character, rather than by skill of knowledge. It is the active, not the speculative, part of his mind that wins him professional eminence. Not in his science, but in his personality, is the secret of his power. His insight is sympathetic much more than diagnostic. It is his office to touch the springs of hope and confidence, to soothe the chafed nerve, to quiet the secret fear, and revive the fainting heart. This he may do in two ways: by delicate and intuitive insight, and sympathetic feeling for character; or by the crushing, overbearing, arrogant, but irresistible force of aggressive self-confidence and vanity. In the first case, we have the perfect doctor; in the second case, we have the quack: in both cases what is demanded, — a healer of men. Now, in neither of these cases does science appear to be the main thing. Science is *not* the main thing, indeed. In fact, so uncertain is medicine, so fallacious, so utterly incompetent to grapple with serious disease, that the patient turns from drug to doctor, as the drowning man grasps at straws.

Now, the real vindication of the quack lies in this, and in the further fact that the physician's confidence in his own powers, as a rule, is the measure of the patient's reliance upon those powers, and consequently is a measure of the ef-

ficacy of the treatment. If the afflicted fancy his doctor predestinated to heal him, he will be healed. But this feeling of confidence must originate for the doctor in his consciousness of power, — not power of diagnosis to determine the malady, not skill of judgment to determine the remedy, but consciousness of mastery in himself, in the recalcitrant forces of his personal nature, to meet and overcome and dissipate all kinds of disease. "The real sorcerer," says Grimm, "is the upward-striving man. . . . The original cause of all sorcery must have proceeded from the very bosom of the holiest, the united wisdom of all heathenism, operating on the worship of the gods, and the art of poetry. Sacrifices and singing passed over into representations of magic; priests and poets, men admitted into the confidence of the gods, and participants of divine inspiration, soon merged into the diviner and sorcerer." Thus, then, all the beginnings of quackery were profoundly sincere, and the first impulses of every quack lead him to entertain an acute and living sense of his powers of working good to man. It is only after repeated success — success that, by proving itself to be lodged in his presence and indifferent to his mood, intoxicates him — that he becomes careless and indifferent in his means. He has discovered the fallibility of human judgment, the narrowness of human reason, the boundless scope of human imagination, upon which he can play at will. Then, indeed, "by the side of his health-bringing practice, a pernicious one develops itself." As is the case with the orator, the poet, the enthusiast of every class, his trick is the sign of his degeneracy, his first success is the fruit of the power of faith that is in him.

It was the doctrine of the Rosicrucians, that the true physician had only to look upon his patient to heal him; and this was likewise the doctrine of Kircher, Cagliostro, Mesmer, — quacks all of them, but only so by the second intention of relapse and degeneracy out of an original state of pure enthusiasm.

In this sense Mohammed was a quack, and Savonarola. "There is a secret of curative art in which consists the genius of healing," says a thoughtful writer; "it is that union of sympathy with intelligence, and of moral energy with magnetic gifts, whereby the tides of life are swayed, and one can really minister to a mind diseased." But this perfect physician can scarcely exist. It is the foible of humanity that strong self-consciousness tends always to become overweening; that power destroys modesty and breeds pride; that he who can cure by manner will trust to manner alone, and give science and more reputable art their dismissal. Hence, every true healer, by the mere force of nature, gravitates into dogmatism, into self-determination, into quackery. He does what suits himself, and is no longer sedulous to inquire what may suit his patient.

This is a mental condition in the doctor and the quack which is loudly reprehended in the world, but which, for my own part, I cannot find occasion to condemn very sharply. Looking at the matter dispassionately, I can see no reason why the physician should not be dogmatic, if that dogmatism be a necessity to the successful discharge of his functions as a professor of healing. The dogmatist is merely one who stands like a rock upon the foothold of his own experience, and it is a maxim in medicine that a grain of experience is more worth than many tons of reasoning. No one can tell how the curative process works; if the dogmatist's own way works well, he has the right to pursue it, and the

right to decline to explain it. Nor am I inclined to repudiate dogmatism in the abstract, though I confess there are few things more disagreeable than to come into personal collision with the harsh edges of one of those models of self-sufficiency who practise it as the art of their lives. All great men, all men, at least, great in active life, have been dogmatists. Cæsar, Mohammed, Cromwell, Mirabeau, Napoleon, are examples of the class. The dogmatist, briefly defined, does not inquire into means, but seeks ends. He does not ask why or wherefore, but how and what. He does not wait for reason to convince him, but obeys and acts by intuition and impulse. He speaks *ex cathedra*, as one having license in the depths of his own consciousness. He has neither time nor disposition to argue and explain.

From all these things we begin to discover the doctor's right place and real importance in the economy of society. His work is not to be done by means of drug or knife, but by means of his counsels, and, above all, by force of his manner. He enters into the very life of the invalid in his struggle with disease, sustains him, and holds up for him his languishing right hand until the victory is decided, as Aaron and Hur held up the right hand of Moses when Israel fought against Amalek. It is the doctor cures us, not the doctor's physic; and the quack has very often valid reason against the scornful repudiation he gets from the physician, since his mere manner very often effects that which all the science of the other has failed to accomplish.

Edward Spencer.

LIFE UNDER GLASS.

"No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

HOW to escape the vicissitudes of the seasons?

That is a question which has occupied the attention of the human race from its earliest existence. Outside of the tropics, shelter from the elements is, next to sustenance, the most important end to be attained. From the caves and underground huts of the primitive tribes to the palatial dwellings of enlightened wealth, with their manifold appliances for warmth and comfort, is an interval almost as great as from the beasts up to man. But, with all his cunning devices to keep cold and storm at a distance, the civilized man of to-day has not been able to escape wholly from the ill effects of sudden changes from warmth to cold. Especially is this the case in an excessive climate, like that of the Northern and Eastern States of the Union and the Dominion of Canada. It would seem almost as if the old geographers were using language in a Pickwickian sense, when they marked this region of the globe as being in a temperate zone. Probably many a youth has wondered, as he has sat shivering on the back seat of an old-fashioned New England school-house, during a wintry northwester, what sort of a zone an *in*-temperate one must be, if the one in which his lot was cast could be called temperate. A climate can hardly be considered remarkable for temperateness which swings round the circle, from ultra-tropical heat in July almost to the intense cold of the planetary spaces in January, — a range, in some years, of more than a hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. Nearly sixty people have been sun-struck in New York City during a single midsummer's day, while a few months later the daily journals would, perhaps, contain accounts of deaths by freezing,

either in the city or on board of vessels off the coast. Except during a part of the autumn, and a few days or weeks at other seasons, extremes would seem to be the normal condition of our capricious climate, — extremes, not only of temperature, but of the hygrometric state of the atmosphere. As a general rule, the crops of the much-enduring farmer or gardener are either drowned in Alaskan floods of rain or withered under a Coloradan drouth.

A region liable to such sudden alternations of temperature is the congenial habitat of consumption, which, in some localities, is the cause of one fourth of the mortality. It is one of the great battle-grounds of the thermal and frigid forces; now one prevails, now the other, in this disputed territory, where the truces between the contending powers are generally of brief duration. As on other battle-fields, the contention is disastrous in its consequences to the peaceful inhabitants. Sometimes, in winter or in spring, the temperature falls fifty or more degrees in less than as many hours. The buds of the hardiest vines and fruit-trees are destroyed by the piercing cold, which also extends its fatal effects to mankind. The bills of mortality always show an increase in the number of deaths at such periods, particularly among the aged.

In Florida, in Cuba, and other water-surrounded regions of a lower latitude, vicissitudes of climate are reduced to their minimum. In the delicious winter atmosphere of such favored spots the frail invalid from the North, unless too far gone to recuperate, takes a fresh hold upon life. But Florida and the Antilles are a long way from New England, one of the strongholds of consumption. Even to those whose circumstances will allow of a journey thither, the fatigues of the trip are often

an insuperable objection. Removal to a warmer latitude is, therefore, out of the question for the mass of those who would be benefited by the change. With few exceptions, the climate they live in must be endured and made the best of, by the class of invalids in question, whose only resource is to expose themselves as little as possible to its capricious alternations from warmth to cold. Through the long, sub-arctic winter, with its fierce storms, deep snow-drifts, and chilling blasts, through the frozen-thawed spring, with its endless mud and biting east winds, they have to breathe the close air of a sitting-room, with its life burnt out of it by stove or furnace, or take the consequences of exposure to the open air. Only at rare times, for half the year, can they venture out of doors with impunity. It is not strange that the enfeebled vitality of great multitudes succumbs under such unfavorable conditions.

There is no questioning the fact that our climate has its good points, even in winter, to those who are well enough to defy its rigors. To a man in health, exposure to the bracing northwester exhilarates and tones the whole system. A long walk through woodland paths on a sunny winter's day is enough to intoxicate old age. It is during such cold, clear, crystalline days, characterized by a brisk lady acquaintance as "good spry weather," that a store of vigor is laid in that helps us survive the wilting, dog-day heats.

But how many there are, frail victims of pulmonary disease, to whom exposure to such rough chiding of the wintry winds would be as surely, if not as suddenly, fatal as to stand within point-blank range of a battery of *mitrailleuses* under full fire. Must these unfortunates be doomed beyond hope to remain prisoners in their rooms from December to May, supposing they should survive the ordeal for so long a time? Is there no way to provide for them an artificial climate which shall be as mild and as healthful as that of Florida or of San Domingo in winter? Is man, who boasts of his conquests over

the other elements, to be forever subject to the caprices of the atmosphere?

The object in preparing this paper for publication is to show — what ought not to need any demonstrating — that what is now done, on a small scale, by individuals to foster a few tender plants from the tropics, or a few vines of the luscious grapes of Southern Europe, may be done on a large scale by corporations or by the State to shield from the rigors of a Northern winter thousands of tender human plants, whose organizations are too weak to bear exposure to cold and storm.

It is not more than a score of years since glass and iron were used, to any extent, as the chief materials in the construction of large edifices. Previous to the London Crystal Palace of 1851, the most conspicuous example of their successful use was to be found in the magnificent conservatory of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. This, at that time, famous plant-house was designed by Joseph Paxton, afterwards the architect of the Crystal Palace, for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy, as well as more substantial guerdon. About two acres of glass panes were required in the Chatsworth conservatory, which contained several distinct climates to suit the requirements of plants from every zone. Some idea of its size, and of the more than royal splendors of the ducal palace may be formed from the fact that when Queen Victoria was once visiting at Chatsworth, she entered the conservatory one evening with the Duke, in a carriage and four, while the vast structure glittered from foundation to dome with the light of fourteen thousand burners. Turning to the Duke, the Queen exclaimed, "Devonshire, you beat me!" The conservatory of Chatsworth has been equalled, if not surpassed, by others, such as the winter gardens of the Emperor of Russia, in which, during the arctic severity of a St. Petersburg winter, the fortunate visitor wanders through stately avenues lined on either hand with the arboreal and floral wealth of the tropics.

But these structures were small compared with the vast and magnificent building that arose, like an exhalation of the morning, for the World's Fair of 1851. In simplicity of construction, beauty, and cheapness, it has been equalled by no exhibition building since constructed. Its history is another illustration of the way in which the most important results are produced by apparently trivial causes. A few years previous, a gigantic species of water-lily was discovered in the river Berbice, in Demerara. It was named the *Victoria Regia*, and a few seeds were sent to Joseph Paxton, then gardener at Chatsworth. The conservatory that he built for this floral novelty was the germ from which blossomed, in after years, the splendid edifice in Hyde Park.

The Crystal Palace of 1851 was built almost wholly of iron and glass. It covered eighteen acres of ground, and cost less, in proportion to its size, than an ordinary barn. It was a marvel of constructive skill, and must have given the crowds that thronged it enlarged ideas of the future possibilities of mankind on this battle-scarred planet. The glass and iron building that was erected in New York two years afterwards, though handsomely designed, was a toy-house compared to its London predecessor, as it covered an area of only two acres.

If such architectural miracles as have been mentioned can be wrought for the cultivation of exotic plants, or for exhibiting the progress of the nations in art and mechanism, certainly still greater miracles can be wrought when the object is the much more important one of restoring to health and happiness multitudes of our fellow-beings. The one great measure needed to secure this wished-for result, as regards the large class of invalids mentioned above, is to provide an artificial winter climate, maintained at a desirable, uniform temperature, and having the proper hygrometric conditions of atmosphere; in other words, to furnish the consumptive invalid with all the advantages of a

winter residence in Cuba, with the fatigues, dangers, and expense of the journey left out. This can be accomplished by a system of winter gardens, of large extent, enclosed and roofed with glass in a framework of iron. The location of these gardens should be on high land, to have the advantage of pure air, and to secure thorough drainage of the soil. Their number, whether one or more, in each State, would be regulated by the requirements of population. The precise form of the proposed structures—whether the ground-plan shall be a circle, a square, an octagon, or other geometric figure—is not, for purposes of illustration, very material. We will suppose it to be a circle. Its diameter should then be at least fifteen hundred feet, which would enclose an area of a little over forty acres,—not far from the size of Boston Common, exclusive of the Public Garden.

Let any, who have read thus far, should deem the idea of erecting structures of such immense size entirely impracticable, it is perhaps well enough to remind them that the only limitation in this direction is the amount of capital at command. A forty-acre building is only a little more than twice as large in area as the Crystal Palace of 1851, and is quite within the limits of the practicable. The London Exhibition building of 1862, though only partly of iron and glass, covered an area, with the picture-gallery and annexes, of twenty-four and a half acres. A generation which has witnessed such wonders in architecture and mechanism; which has seen cables stretched across the ocean by an iron steamer of thirty thousand tons' burden; which has seen the mingling of the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, the tunnelling of the Alps, and the building of a railroad across a continent, need hardly be startled from its equipoise by the magnitude of any plan requiring only constructive skill and capital for its realization.

Having thus disposed of any possible objections as to the size of the pro-

posed edifice, we will proceed to give some details of the plan which seems to us desirable, if not indispensable. The materials, we have decided, would be mainly iron and glass. The enclosing wall would be at least fifty feet high, supported, at regular intervals, by round or octagonal iron towers, eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, and a hundred or more in height. The immense glass roof, supported on numerous iron columns, would rise at a regular pitch towards the centre of the building, where it would be a hundred feet from the ground. The roof would be constructed on the ridge-and-furrow principle, making numerous angular depressions and elevations,—the lower angles forming gutters to carry the rain-water into the hollow iron columns, whence it would flow into the underground system of drain-pipes and sewers. The steam-boilers for warming the building, in the absence of the sun's rays, would be located in the lower portions of the towers, outside the walls, which would thus serve a double use besides being an ornament. Pure air would constantly pass into the interior through numerous apertures left for the purpose in the walls. This fresh, cold air would be warmed, on its passage into the building, by passing through screens or networks of hot steam-pipes. Thus there would be a constant and abundant, though gentle flow of pure, warm air from all points of the circumference towards the centre of the edifice, where it would rise, and flow out through the ventilators in the dome. The atmosphere within would have none of the oppressiveness of a common conservatory, but would be, in the highest degree, agreeable and healthful. The means of ventilation would be under such easy control as to enable those in charge of that department to maintain a nearly uniform temperature.

The grounds, within the walls, would be laid out and ornamented in the highest style of the art of landscape-gardening. Broad, winding paths would lead among rock-work and through

clumps of balsamic trees filling the air with healing odors; through grassy lawns, and parterres of brilliant flowers; around and across miniature lakes with fountains in the midst, and graceful boats gliding over the surface; by the side of close-clipped hedges and green banks, where the winter sunbeams would linger as warmly as if it were June; amid aviaries of birds from all climes; over ravines spanned by rustic bridges; under vine-covered arbors; into stately galleries of the finest pictures and statuary; into museums of natural history; into libraries, reading and lecture rooms; into gymnasia, where the relaxed muscles could gradually regain firmness under judicious training: in brief, wherever the invalid visitors should walk or be wheeled, they would find the beautiful, the entertaining, the instructive in nature and art. Everywhere would be an abundance of the easiest chairs and lounges. Sitting or reclining in these after the exercise prescribed by the attending physicians, the patients could pass the time in any rational way to which they felt inclined,—in some light, agreeable work, in reading, in conversation, in games, or in observing the animated, enchanting scene around them, while listening to the music from a first-class orchestra. Everything within the establishment would be under the control of a superintending physician of the highest intelligence and the strictest integrity, assisted by a corps of subordinates selected for the same qualities.

Within the crystal limits of a garden of the size designated, at least ten thousand patients could find ample room for exercise and recreation, a warm, pure, healthful atmosphere, plenty of opportunities for taking sun-baths, pleasant society, and countless objects of interest to withdraw their minds from brooding over their bodily diseases. This once accomplished, the victory over disease would be almost assured. With none of the unfavorable, winter conditions of ordinary house-life to contend against, the recuperative pow-

ers of the human organization, — the *vis medicatrix nature*, — aided by the pure, warm air and the genial sunshine, albeit of midwinter, would, in a large majority of cases, soon show the happiest results. The ulcerated lungs and bronchial passages would gradually heal; the racking cough would subside; the pains of the rheumatic and neuralgic would retire into the limbo of things lost, if not regretted; strength would return to the enfeebled form, roundness to the wasted limbs, and happiness to the clouded mind.

Do you say that these rose-colored pictures have no foundation except in the imagination? Every one of them can be realized, when even a small fraction of the outlay and attention that is now devoted to the destruction of life shall be devoted to its preservation. So long was it declared, *ex cathedra*, that consumptive disease was incurable, that the idea still clings to and influences a large portion of the medical faculty. No doubt it *is* incurable by any drug, however potent; but give Nature a fair chance, furnish the proper conditions, and she will work apparent miracles. These conditions, it is claimed, would exist in perfection in such a winter garden as has been briefly and therefore imperfectly described.

What the Adirondacks and other high regions are to the pulmonary invalid in summer, the proposed winter gardens would be during the cold season, though with much greater advantages for the restoration of health. Those great agents in the *materia medica* of nature — pure air, sunshine, and exercise — could there work out, without hindrance, their beneficent effects. The influence of mental conditions upon bodily health is well known. As the depressed invalids entered the magic realm of glass, their almost extinguished hope would rise with the temperature. With the shutting of a door they would leave behind the cold, cheerless world outside, and find themselves in a paradise of warmth, verdure, and bloom. They would almost forget their

disease amid the inexhaustible attractions surrounding them. Cheerfulness would take the place of despondency, and thus the medicament of the great mother would have a fair field for its health-giving effects.

The reader has, no doubt, been curious to know how it is proposed to board and lodge the crowd of several thousand people which would be collected at one of these establishments. Not in the main edifice, certainly. The plan embraces a broad street, or boulevard, extending entirely around the outside of the central building, at the distance of three or four hundred feet from its walls. This boulevard would be at least one hundred feet wide, and would have walls and roof of iron and glass, like the garden, except that its walls would not be more than one third as high. It would have a wide carriage-drive in the middle, paved with wood or asphalt, and on either side smooth, level walks for promenading, separated from the carriage-way by ornamental iron railings, covered with flowering vines. The boulevard would be warmed and ventilated like the garden, with which it would be connected by glass-enclosed passageways. Here would be the finest of imaginable street-arcades, more than a mile in circuit, adapted for drives, for horseback riding, or for promenading, and available for use by the most delicate invalid in all weathers. Let the wintry storms rage never so fiercely out of doors, here would be found perpetual calm and warmth.

On the outside circumference of this crystal arcade would be situated the spacious hotels and boarding-houses for the accommodation of the patients. They would be connected with the arcade by short glass-enclosed passageways. These boarding-establishments would be under the management of thoroughly competent and trustworthy persons, who would see that every reasonable want of the visitors was provided for. The food furnished would be of the most nutritious and wholesome character. The temperature and

ventilation of the buildings would correspond to those of the garden and covered street. In the persons of the landlords would be united the characters of the genial, considerate host and of the intelligent, sympathizing physician. Like the other officials connected with the garden, they would have to be picked men.

The large, open spaces between the garden-walls and the surrounding arcade would be handsomely laid out and ornamented with evergreen trees, clumps of shrubbery, statues, fountains, gravelled walks, grass-plots, etc., and would be used as resorts on mild sunny days. Surrounded on all sides by high walls, these open-air gardens would be sheltered from rude winds, and would furnish fine opportunities for exercise. Between the hotels, and, like them, connected with the arcade, would be numerous shops of various kinds, to supply the wants of the visitors, who would thus be enabled to do their shopping without having to wait for fair weather.

Excepting at meal-times and during the hours required for sleep, but little of the time of the visitors would be passed in the hotels. Even the evenings would be chiefly spent in the garden and the arcades, which would then be lighted by thousands of burners. Under the radiant flood of artificial light, the rich and varied foliage of trees, plants, and shrubbery would appear even more striking and beautiful than by day, while the music from the grand orchestra would sound more delicious. As the patients gained in health and consequent strength, the long winter evenings would pass only too quickly.

There is nothing in the foregoing description of what we consider desirable in a remedial establishment for large classes of invalids, that cannot be easily realized when the importance of the subject shall be impressed, as it ought to be, on the minds of philanthropists and capitalists. Even as a paying investment, such a winter resort would, undoubtedly, surpass most

of the fancy stocks that command a premium on Wall or State Street. If the reader will excuse a few figures, this, we think, can be demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt.

We will first consider the amount of capital required. The Crystal Palace of 1851 contained thirty-three million cubic feet of space. It cost at the rate of one penny and one twelfth per cubic foot, or a total of £150,000. The establishment we have described would contain not far from one hundred and forty million cubic feet, including garden, dome, towers, arcade, and passage-ways. The cubic contents would therefore be not far from four and a quarter times larger than the London Palace. At the same rate per foot, it would cost nearly six hundred and forty thousand pounds. Owing, however, to the higher prices of labor and materials in this country than in England, it would probably cost at least twice that amount. To give a liberal margin for the increased expense of the dome, we will estimate the entire cost of the structure at eight millions of dollars of our currency. For the grounds and their grading, drainage, and ornamentation, including picture-galleries, libraries, museums, gymnasia, etc., we will allow the further liberal estimate of two millions of dollars, and for twenty hotels two millions more. We have thus the grand total of twelve millions of dollars as the required capital. The interest on this sum, at eight per cent, would amount to \$960,000 a year. For the working expenses, including the cost of boarding ten thousand patients from the 1st of November to the 1st of June, two and a half millions of dollars per annum would, probably, be a large estimate. This amount, added to the interest on the capital, makes the sum of \$3,460,000 for the outgoes of each year. To meet these expenses would be the board-bills of the guests for the season.

The price of board at the hotels should be placed at as low a rate as possible, to enable people of limited means to enjoy the benefits of the gar-

den as well as the rich. Two dollars a day would not seem an unreasonably high price, when it is considered that all the inestimable advantages of the garden and its surroundings would be thrown in. At two dollars a day the board-bill of ten thousand guests for thirty weeks would foot up the immense sum of \$4,200,000, or \$740,000 more than the interest on the capital, and the estimated working expenses, united. This would certainly furnish a reserve fund large enough to meet any unforeseen or extraordinary outlay.

Let no doubting Thomas for a moment imagine that there would be any lack of guests at an establishment like the ideal one under consideration, even if the *per diem* were twice the rates proposed. All that a man hath will he give for his life. From the opening day the hotels would be filled to their capacity with the weak-lunged, the rheumatic, and the declining, while multitudes would have to be disappointed in their applications for admission. But even if an invalid were never allowed to enter its gates, the Winter Garden would be thronged, for half the year, by people of culture, wealth, and fashion, from all parts of the land. No city in America can, at present, offer such allurements to people of refined or luxurious tastes as would be concentrated within the limits of the garden and its surroundings. The Central Park of New York, however lovely in summer, would appear bleak and barren under a wintry sky, compared with the leafy and floral loveliness to be found under the sea of glass, forming the garden roof. There would be a circular island from the tropic zone, insulated by the snows of a northern winter, in lieu of the ocean surf. The *élite* of the great cities would flock to it, as in summer they flock to Newport, Saratoga, and Long Branch. Here they would find, besides summer warmth and summer verdure, all the means needful to gratify a taste educated by the opportunities for culture furnished by a large city. Operas, concerts, theatres, lectures, libraries, galleries, mu-

seums, — all of high excellence, — would provide inexhaustible sources of entertainment or instruction. Owners of fast trotters or of stylish turnouts would all be anxious to display their teams on the splendid track of the glass boulevard, before the admiring gaze of the assembled multitudes. Mammals, with grown-up unmarried daughters, would discover that the state of their health and that of their girls required a few weeks' sojourn within the enchanted circle, where winter and rough weather were obsolete terms. The great dailies would have correspondents at such a centre of attraction, to pick up gossip and chronicle the arrivals of notables. Poets, artists, essayists, novelists, would find endless materials and suggestions to work into poems, pictures, essays, and stories. Possibly, too, some enthusiastic horticultural *habitué* would give his diary to the public, under the paradoxical title of *My Winter in a Garden*.

In this paper, however, we are considering the Winter Garden principally as a sanitary or remedial agent, though there is every reason to believe that in the future, when the advantages of such winter resorts are appreciated, they will be considered indispensable adjuncts to every large city of the North. The question now arises, Who, among the wealthy, the philanthropic, the men of business energy, and of far-seeing minds, will aid in furnishing the required capital for an initial establishment of this kind? Is there not some Stewart, some Astor, some Vanderbilt, — some man with a colossal fortune and great practical sagacity, — to view the matter, if not in a philanthropic, at least in a money-making light, and who will advance the few millions required by the enterprise, with the absolute certainty of a large return for the investment? Or must it be left for the co-operation of men of smaller means? State or national aid is hardly to be expected, until the powers behind the throne, the people, are educated to see the importance and feasibility of the undertaking.

We have already shown, or endeavored to show, that such an investment of capital would be a paying one, but an important source of pecuniary profit was not mentioned. A location would be selected where land is comparatively cheap, and a tract of at least a thousand acres secured. Two hundred and fifty acres, immediately surrounding the Winter Garden, would be reserved for an outside park, which would be handsomely laid out and ornamented. It would have pleasant drives and walks, skating-ponds, groves of evergreen trees, shrubbery, etc., like a city park, and would be the pleasure-ground for convalescents in good weather. The remainder of the land, outside of the park, would be surveyed into streets and building-lots for houses, stores, churches, school-houses, etc. People of all trades and occupations would be drawn towards the city of glass, to supply the wants, real or fanciful, of its inhabitants. A large and prosperous village would, inevitably, soon crystallize around the park, and building-lots would be in demand at good prices. The income to the corporation from this source alone would be very large.

Within the limits proposed in this paper many details must be left unmentioned, and others only briefly suggested. For instance, the walls inside of the garden, and likewise of the surrounding arcade, and the passage-ways, could be utilized to advantage by training up the supporting columns and mullions thousands of vines of the Hamburg, Chasselas, Muscat, and other fine varieties of foreign grapes, which will thrive in this climate only under glass. Immense quantities of the finest fruit could be ripened in this way, which with a little care in keeping, would supply the hotel tables, throughout the winter, with grapes for the desert, greatly contributing to the health and gratification of the guests. Another plan of utility would be to use one or more of the large open spaces between the garden walls and the arcade, for extensive poultry-yards. In these

sheltered, sunny ranges, each containing several acres of land, large numbers of the best breeds of fowls would help to furnish eggs and chickens for the establishment, besides being a source of amusement to the patients. But many such details as these must be left till the capital is subscribed, a board of directors chosen, a tract of land purchased, and the ground-plan and elevation of the requisite structures decided upon.

In submitting the above plan of a Winter Garden, on a large scale, for the cure of pulmonary and other diseases, or as an agreeable resort for those in health, it is not pretended that improvements may not be suggested. As it stands, however, it will serve the purposes of illustration, and of calling attention to the subject. The attentive reader needs hardly to be told that we have, personally, the most unreserved belief in the very great benefits of such winter resorts, both for the sick and for the well, in their entire practicableness, and, what is not the least important, in their decided success financially. Possibly there are some constitutional doubters who will consider the project an idle dream of the imagination, as unsubstantial in basis as the poet-dreamer's "stately pleasure-dome," in *Kubla Khan*; but such incredulous souls are respectfully reminded that the dreams, or what seem to be dreams, of one generation often become the accomplished facts of the next.

The almost inexhaustible possibilities of glass in the amelioration of the winter climate of high latitudes are, as yet, scarcely dreamed of. How easily and inexpensively the cold, bleak, wind-swept streets of our Northern cities, in winter, could be converted into delightful promenades by enclosing the sidewalks of the principal streets with glass supported in a light iron framework! These frames would rise from the curbstone to the height of the lower stories of the buildings, with an inclined roof the width of the sidewalks. The iron side framework would be so

constructed that the glass, formed in large, thick panes, could easily be taken out in summer and replaced at the approach of winter. The glass in the roof would remain permanently, and in warm weather would be covered with awnings. The glass roof of the arcades would be continued over the cross-streets, although the sides would necessarily be open for the passage of vehicles. Where the enclosed sidewalks opened upon cross-streets, there would be several light doors, so hung as to swing either way, thus permitting the tide of promenaders to flow through without hindrance. These doors could remain open, except on very cold or stormy days. It would be the duty of the police to regulate the temperature of the arcades by opening or closing the ventilators as occasion required.

The reader can imagine in some

degree the change that would attend a promenade, we will say on Tremont Street, if the sidewalks of that thoroughfare were enclosed as has been described. Ladies, even invalids, could do their shopping or visiting, or take their needful exercise during the most inclement weather. It admits of no question that any business street or block that first has glass arcades along its sidewalks will attract to itself trade enough to pay the cost of the glass and iron enclosures many times over. It needs no very ardent imagination to conceive the paradise a Northern city would become in winter if the sidewalks of all its principal streets were thus enclosed in crystal. The great annoyances of dust and cold, of wind and rain, would be reduced almost to a nullity. Our civilization is hardly worthy of the name till such a consummation is brought about.

George A. Shove.

HEARTBREAK HILL.

IN Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart, keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by."—
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep:
Slowly the empty moments crept
While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken : —
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again ?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock-heap of Boon Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

O, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar, —
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning red to the evening star !

O, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold !

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild, boding cry, —
She was weary of all ; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas ?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories,

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till twilight shrouded it cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back ! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill-top her life away,
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

IV.

MR. ARBUTON'S INSPIRATION.

THE next morning, when Mr. Arbuton awoke, he found a clear light upon the world that he had left wrapped in fog at midnight. A heavy gale was blowing, and the wide river was running in seas that made the boat stagger in her course, and now and then struck her bows with a force that sent the spray from their seething tops into the faces of the people on the promenade. The sun, out of rifts of the breaking clouds, launched broad splendors across the villages and farms of the level landscape and the crests and hollows of the waves; and a certain joy of the air penetrated to the guarded consciousness of Mr. Arbuton. Instinctively he looked about for the people he meant to have nothing more to do with, that he might appeal to the sympathies of one of them, at least, in his sense of such an admirable morning. But a great many passengers had come on board, during the night, at Murray Bay, where the brief season was ending, and their number hid the Ellisons from him. When he went to breakfast, he found some one had taken his seat across the table from them, and they did not notice him as he passed by in search of another chair. Kitty and the colonel were at table alone, and they both wore preoccupied faces. After breakfast he sought them out and asked for Mrs. Ellison, who had shared in most of the excitements of the day before, helping herself about with a pretty limp, and who certainly had not, as her husband phrased it, kept any of the meals waiting.

"Why," said the colonel, "I'm afraid her ankle's worse this morning, and that we'll have to lie by at Quebec for a few days, at any rate."

Mr. Arbuton heard this sad news with a cheerful aspect unaccountable in one

who was concerned at Mrs. Ellison's misfortune. He smiled, when he ought to have looked pensive, and he laughed at the colonel's joke when the latter added, "Of course, this is a great hardship for my cousin, who hates Quebec, and wants to get home to Erie-creek as soon as possible."

Kitty promised to bear her trials with firmness, and Mr. Arbuton said, "I had been planning to spend a few days in Quebec, myself."

"Indeed!" said Kitty, not thinking this very consequent.

"So the delay will — give me the opportunity of inquiring about Mrs. Ellison's convalescence. In fact," he added, turning to the colonel, "I hope you'll let me be of service to you in getting to a hotel."

And when the boat landed, Mr. Arbuton actually busied himself in finding a carriage and putting the various Ellison wraps and bags into it. Then he helped to support Mrs. Ellison ashore, and to lift her to the best place. He raised his hat, and had good-morning on his tongue, when the astonished colonel called out, "Why, the deuce! You're going to ride up with us? There's only one decent hotel, and you'll have to go there!"

Mr. Arbuton thought he had better get another carriage; he should crowd Mrs. Ellison; but Mrs. Ellison protested that he would not at all; and, to cut the matter short, he mounted to the colonel's side. It was another stroke of fate.

At the hotel they found a line of people reaching half-way down the outer steps from the inside of the office.

"Hallo! what's this?" asked the colonel of the last man in the queue.

"O, it's a little procession to the hotel register! We've been three quarters of an hour in passing a given point," said the man, who was plainly a fellow-citizen.

"And have n't got by yet," said the colonel, taking to the speaker. "Then the house is full?"

"Well, no; they have n't begun to throw them out of the window."

"His humor is degenerating, Dick," said Kitty; and "Had n't you better go inside and inquire?" asked Mrs. Ellison. It was part of the Ellison traveling joke for her, a very inefficient person, to prompt the colonel in his duty.

"I'm glad you mentioned it, Fanny. I was just going to drive off in despair." The colonel vanished within doors, and after long delay came out flushed, but not with triumph. "On the express condition that I have ladies with me, one an invalid, I am promised a room on the fifth floor some time during the day. The other hotel is crammed."

Mrs. Ellison was ready to weep, and for the first time since her accident she harbored bitterness against Mr. Arbuton. They all sat silent, and the colonel on the sidewalk silently wiped his brow.

Mr. Arbuton, in the poverty of his invention, wondered if there was not some boarding-house where they could find shelter.

"Of course there is," cried Mrs. Ellison, beaming upon her hero, and calling Kitty's attention to his ingenuity by a pressure with her well foot. "Richard, we must look up a boarding-house."

"Do you know of any good boarding-houses?" asked the colonel of the driver, mechanically.

"Plenty," answered the man.

"Well, drive us to twenty or thirty first-class ones," commanded the colonel; and the search began.

The colonel first asked prices and looked at rooms, and if he pronounced any apartment unsuitable, Kitty was despatched by Mrs. Ellison to view it and refute him. As often as she confirmed him, Mrs. Ellison was sure that they were both too fastidious, and they never turned away from a door but they closed the gates of paradise upon that afflicted lady. She began to believe

that they should find no place whatever, when at last they stopped before a portal so unboarding-house-like in all outward signs, that she maintained it was of no use to ring, and imparted so much of her distrust to the colonel that, after ringing, he prefaced his demand for rooms with an apology for supposing that there were rooms to let there. Then, after looking at them, he returned to the carriage and reported that the whole affair was perfect, and that he should look no farther. Mrs. Ellison replied that she never could trust his judgment, he was so careless. Kitty inspected the premises, and came back in a serene enthusiasm that alarmed the worst fears of Mrs. Ellison. She was sure that they had better look farther, she knew there were plenty of nicer places. Even if the rooms were nice and the situation pleasant, she was certain that there must be some drawbacks which they did not know of yet. Whereupon her husband lifted her from the carriage, and bore her, without reply or comment of any kind, into the house.

Throughout the search Mr. Arbuton had been making up his mind that he would take leave of his friends as soon as they found lodgings, give the day to Quebec, and take the evening train for Gorham, thus escaping the annoyances of a crowded hotel, and ending at once an acquaintance which he ought never to have let go so far. As long as the Ellisons were without shelter, he felt that it was due to himself not to abandon them. But even now that they were happily housed, had he done all that nobility obliged? He stood irresolute beside the carriage.

"Won't you come up and see where we live?" asked Kitty, hospitably.

"I shall be very glad," said Mr. Arbuton.

"My dear fellow," said the colonel, in the parlor, "I did n't engage a room for you. I supposed you'd rather take your chances at the hotel."

"O, I'm going away to-night."

"Why, that's a pity!"

"Yes, I've no fancy for a cot-bed in

the hotel parlor. But I don't quite like to leave you here, after bringing this calamity upon you."

"O, don't mention that! I was the only one to blame. Besides, we shall get on splendidly here."

Mr. Arbuton suffered a vague disappointment. At the bottom of his heart was a formless hope that he might in some way be necessary to the Ellisons in their adversity; or if not that, then that something might entangle him further and compel his stay. But they seemed quite equal in themselves to the situation; they were in far more comfortable quarters than they could have hoped for, and plainly should want for nothing; Fortune put on a smiling face, and bade him go free of them. He fancied it a mocking smile, though, as he stood an instant silently weighing one thing against another. The colonel was patiently waiting his motion; Mrs. Ellison sat watching him from the sofa; Kitty moved about the room with averted face, — a pretty domestic presence, a household priestess ordering the temporary Penates. Mr. Arbuton opened his lips to say farewell, but a god spoke through them, — inconsequently, as the gods for the most part do, saying, "I suppose you've got all the rooms here."

"O, as to that I don't know," answered the colonel, not recognizing the language of inspiration, "let's ask the landlady." Kitty knocked a photograph-book off the table, and Mrs. Ellison said, "Why, Kitty!" But nothing more was spoken till the landlady came. She had another room, but doubted if it would answer. It was in the attic, and not very desirable, being a back room, though it had a pleasant outlook. Mr. Arbuton had no doubt that it would do very well for the short time he was going to stay, and took it hastily, without going to look at it. He had his valise carried up at once, and then he went to the post-office to see if he had any letters, offering to ask also for Colonel Ellison.

Kitty stole off to explore the chamber given her at the rear of the house;

that is to say, she opened the window looking out on what their hostess told her was the garden of the Ursuline Convent, and stood there in a mute transport. A black cross rose in the midst, and all about this wandered the paths and alleys of the garden, through clumps of lilac-bushes and among the spires of hollyhocks. The grounds were enclosed by high walls in part, and in part by the group of the convent edifices, built of gray stone, high gabled, and topped by dormer-windowed, steep roofs of tin, that, under the high morning sun, lay an expanse of keenest splendor, while many a grateful shadow dappled the full-foliated garden below. Two slim, tall poplars stood against the gable of the chapel, and shot their tops above its steep roof, and under a porch near them two nuns sat motionless in the sun, black-robed, with black veils falling over their shoulders, and their white faces lost in the white linen that draped them from breast to crown. Their hands lay quiet in their laps, and they seemed unconscious of the other nuns walking in the garden-paths with little children, their pupils, and answering their laughter from time to time with voices as simple and innocent as their own. Kitty looked down upon them all with a swelling heart. They were but figures in a beautiful picture of something old and poetical; but she loved them, and pitied them, and was most happy in them, all the same as if they had been real. It could not be that they and she were in the same world: she must be dreaming over a book in Charley's room at Erie-creek. She shaded her eyes for a better look, when the noonday gun boomed from the citadel; the bell upon the chapel jangled harshly, and those strange maskers, those quaint blackbirds with white breasts and faces, flocked indoors. At the same time a small dog under her window howled dolorously at the jangling of the bell; and Kitty, with an impartial joy, turned from the pensive romance of the convent garden to the mild comedy of the scene to which his woful note

attracted her. When he had uttered all his anguish, he relapsed into the quietest small French dog that ever was, and lay down near a large, tranquil cat, whom neither the bell nor he had been able to stir from her slumbers in the sun; a peasant-like old man kept on sawing wood, and a little child stood still amidst the larkspurs and marigolds of a tiny garden, while over the flower-pots on the low window-sill of the neighboring house to which it belonged, a young, motherly face gazed peacefully out. The great extent of the convent grounds had left this poor garden scarce breathing-space for its humble blooms; with the low paling fence that separated it from the adjoining house-yards it looked like a toy-garden or the background of a puppet-show, and in its way it was as quaint and unreal to the young girl as the nunnery itself.

When she saw it first, the city's walls and other warlike ostentations had taken her imagination with the historic grandeur of Quebec; but the fascination deepened now that she was admitted, as it were, to the religious heart and the domestic privacy of the famous old town. She was romantic, as most good young girls are; and she had the same pleasure in the strangeness of the things about her as she would have felt in the keeping of a charming story. To Fanny's "Well, Kitty, I suppose all this just suits you," when she had returned to the little parlor where the sufferer lay, she answered with a sigh of irrepressible content, "O yes! could anything be more beautiful?" And her enraptured eye dwelt upon the low ceilings, the deep, wide chimneys eloquent of the mighty fires with which they must roar in winter, the French windows with their curious and clumsy fastenings, and all the little details that made the place alien and precious.

Fanny broke into a laugh at the visionary absence in her face.

"Do you think the place is good enough for your hero and heroine?" asked she, slyly; for Kitty had one of

those family reputes, so hard to survive, for childish attempts of her own in the world of fiction where so great part of her life had been passed; and Mrs. Ellison, who was as unliterary a soul as ever breathed, admired her with the heartiness which unimaginative people often feel for their idealizing friends, and believed that she was always deep in the mysteries of some plot.

"O, I don't know," Kitty answered with a little color, "about heroes and heroines; but I'd like to live here, myself. Yes," she continued, rather to herself than her listener, "I do believe this is what I was made for. I've always wanted to live amongst old things, in a stone house with dormer-windows. Why, there is n't a single dormer-window in Erie creek, nor even a brick house, let alone a stone one. O yes, indeed! I was meant for an old country."

"Well then, Kitty, I don't see what you're to do but to marry East and live East; or else find a rich husband, and get him to take you to Europe to live."

"Yes; or get him to come and live in Quebec. That's all I'd ask, and he need n't be a very rich man, for that."

"Why, you poor child, what sort of husband could you get to settle down in *this* dead old place?"

"O, I suppose some kind of artist or literary man."

This was not Mrs. Ellison's notion of the kind of husband who was to realize for Kitty her fancy for life in an old country; but she was content to let the matter rest for the present, and, in a serene thankfulness to the power that had brought two marriageable young creatures together under the same roof, and beneath her own observance, she composed herself among the sofa-cushions, from which she meant to conduct the campaign against Mr. Arbuton with relentless vigor.

"Well," she said, "it won't be fair if you're not happy in this world, Kitty, you ask so little of it"; while

Kitty turned to the window overlooking the street, and lost herself in the drama of the passing figures below. They were new, and yet oddly familiar, for she had long known them in the realm of romance. The peasant-women who went by, in hats of felt or straw, some on foot with baskets, and some in their light market-carts, were all, in their wrinkled and crooked age or their fresh-faced, strong-limbed youth, her friends since childhood in many a tale of France or Germany; and the black-robed priests, who mixed with the passers on the narrow wooden sidewalk, and now and then courteously gave way, or lifted their wide-rimmed hats in a grave, smiling salutation, were more recent acquaintances, but not less intimate. They were out of old romances about Italy and Spain, in which she was very learned; and this butcher's boy, tilting along through the crowd with a half-staggering run, was from any one of Dickens's stories, and she divined that the four-armed wooden trough on his shoulder was the butcher's tray, which figures in every novelist's description of a London street-crowd. There were many other types, as French mothers of families with market-baskets on their arms; very pretty French school-girls with books under their arms; wild-looking country boys with red raspberries in all sorts of birch-bark measures; and quiet gliding nuns with white hoods and downcast faces: each of whom she unerringly relegated to an appropriate corner of her world of unreality. A young, mild-faced, spectacled Anglican curate she did not give a moment's pause, but rushed him instantly through the whole series of Anthony Trollope's novels, which dull books, I am sorry to say, she had read, and liked, every one; and then she began to find various people astray out of Thackeray. The trig corporal, with the little visorless cap worn so jauntily, the light stick carried in one hand, and the broad-sealed official document in the other, had also, in his breast-pocket, one of those brief, infrequent missives which Lieutenant Os-

borne used to send to poor Amelia; a tall, awkward officer did duty for Major Dobbin; and when a very pretty lady driving a pony carriage, with a footman in livery on the little perch behind her, drew rein beside the pavement, and a handsome young captain in a splendid uniform saluted her and began talking with her in a languid, affected way, it was George Osborne recumbent to the thought of his betrothed, one of whose tender letters he kept twirling in his fingers while he talked.

Most of the people whom she saw passing had letters or papers, and, in fact, they were coming from the post-office, where the noonday mails had just been opened. So she went on turning substance into shadow,—unless, indeed, flesh and blood is the illusion,—and, as I am bound to own, catching at very slight pretexts in many cases for the exercise of her sorcery, when her eye fell upon a gentleman at a little distance. At the same moment he raised his eyes from a letter at which he had been glancing, and ran them along the row of houses opposite, till they rested on the window at which she stood. Then he smiled and lifted his hat, and, with a start, she recognized Mr. Arbuton, while a certain chill struck to her heart through the tumult she felt there. There was something so forbidding in his unconsciousness, that all her trepidation about him, which had been wearing away under the events of the morning, was renewed again, and the aspect, in which he had been so strange that she did not know him, seemed the only one that he had ever worn. This effect lasted till Mr. Arbuton could find his way to her, and place in her eager hand a letter from the girls and Dr. Ellison. She forgot it then, and vanished till she read her letter.

V.

MR. ARBUTON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE.

THE first care of Colonel Ellison had been to call a doctor, and to know

the worst about the sprained ankle, upon which his plans had fallen lame; and the worst was that it was not a bad sprain, but Mrs. Ellison, having been careless of it the day before, had aggravated the hurt, and she must now have that perfect rest, which physicians prescribe so recklessly of all other interests and duties, for a week at least, and possibly two or three.

The colonel was still too much a soldier to be impatient at the doctor's order, but he was of far too active a temper to be quiet under it. He therefore proposed to himself nothing less than the capture of Quebec in an historical sense, and even before dinner he began to prepare for the campaign. He sallied forth, and descended upon the bookstores wherever he found them lurking, in whatsoever recess of the Upper or Lower Town, and returned home laden with guide-books to Quebec, and monographs upon episodes of local history, such as are produced in great quantity by the semi-clerical literary taste of out-of-the-way Catholic capitals. The colonel, who had always a newspaper somewhere about him, was not a reader of many books. Of the volumes in the doctor's library, he never willingly opened any but the plays of Shakespeare, and Don Quixote, long passages of which he knew by heart. He had sometimes attempted other books, but for the most of Kitty's favorite authors he professed as frank a contempt as for the Mound-Builders themselves. He had read one book of travel, namely, *The Innocents Abroad*, which he held to be so good a book that he need never read anything else about the countries of which it treated. When he brought in this extraordinary collection of pamphlets, both Kitty and Fanny knew what to expect; for the colonel was as ready to receive literature at second-hand as to avoid its original sources. He had in this way picked up a great deal of useful knowledge, and he was famous for clipping from newspapers scraps of instructive fact, all of which he relentlessly remembered. He had already a fair out-

line of the local history in his mind, and this had been deepened and freshened by Dr. Ellison's recent talk of his historical studies. Moreover, he had secured in the course of the present journey, from his wife's and cousin's reading of divers guide-books, a store of names and dates, which he desired to attach to the proper localities with their help.

"Light reading for leisure hours, Fanny," said Kitty, looking askance at the colonel's literature as she sat down near her cousin after dinner.

"Yes; and you start fair, ladies. Start with Jacques Cartier, ancient mariner of Dieppe, in the year 1535. No favoritism in this investigation; no bringing forward of Champlain or Montcalm prematurely; no running off on subsequent conquests or other side-issues. Stick to the discovery, and the names of Jacques Cartier and Donnacona. Come, do something for an honest living."

"Who was Donnacona?" demanded Mrs. Ellison, with indifference.

"That is just what these fascinating little volumes will tell us. Kitty, read something to your suffering cousins about Donnacona,— he sounds uncommonly like an Irishman," answered the colonel, establishing himself in an easy-chair; and Kitty picked up a small sketch of the history of Quebec, and, opening it, fell into the trance which came upon her at the touch of a book, and read on for some pages to herself.

"Well, upon my word," said the colonel, "I might as well be reading about Donnacona myself, for any comfort I get."

"O Dick, I forgot. I was just looking. Now I'm really going to commence."

"No, not yet," cried Mrs. Ellison, rising on her elbow. "Where is Mr. Arbuton?"

"What has he to do with Donnacona, my dear?"

"Everything. You know he's stayed on our account, and I never heard of anything so impolite, so inhospitable,

as offering to read without him. Go and call him, Richard, do."

"O no," pleaded Kitty, "he won't care about it. Don't call him, Dick."

"Why, Kitty, I'm surprised at you! When you read so beautifully! You need n't be ashamed, I'm sure."

"I'm not ashamed; but, at the same time, I don't want to read to him."

"Well, call him any way, colonel. He's in his room."

"If you do," said Kitty, with superfluous dignity, "I must go away."

"Very well, Kitty, just as you please. Only I want Richard to witness that I'm not to blame if Mr. Arbuton thinks us unfeeling or neglectful."

"O, if he does n't say what he thinks, it'll make no difference."

"It seems to me, that this is a good deal of fuss to make about one human being, a mere passing man and brother of a day, is n't it?" said the colonel. "Go on with Donnacona, do."

There came a knock at the door. Kitty leaped nervously to her feet, and fled out of the room. After all it was only the little French serving-maid upon some errand which she quickly despatched.

"Well, *now* what do you think?" asked Mrs. Ellison.

"Why, I think you've a surprising knowledge of French for one who studied it at school. Do you suppose she understood you?"

"O, nonsense! You know I mean Kitty and her very queer behavior. Richard, if you moon at me in that stupid way," she continued, "I shall certainly end in an insane asylum. Can't you see what's under your very nose?"

"Yes, I can, Fanny," answered the colonel, "if anything's there. But I give you my word, I don't know any more than millions yet unborn what you're driving at." The colonel took up the book which Kitty had thrown down, and went to his room to try to read up Donnacona for himself, while his wife penitently turned to a pamphlet in French, which he had bought with the others. "After all," she

thought, "men will be men"; and seemed not to find the fact wholly wanting in consolation.

A few minutes after there was a murmur of voices in the entry without, at a window looking upon the convent garden, where it happened to Mr. Arbuton, descending from his attic chamber, to find Kitty standing, a pretty shape against the reflected light of the convent roofs, and amidst a little greenery of house-plants, tall geraniums, an over-arching ivy, some delicate roses. She had paused there, on her way from Fanny's to her own room, and was looking into the garden, where a pair of silent nuns were pacing up and down the paths, turning now their backs with the heavy sable coiffure sweeping their black robes, and now their still, mask-like faces, set in that stiff framework of white linen. Sometimes they came so near that she could distinguish their features, and imagine an expression that she should know if she saw them again; and while she stood self-forgetfully feigning a character for each of them, Mr. Arbuton spoke to her and took his place at her side.

"We're remarkably favored in having this bit of opera under our windows, Miss Ellison," he said, and smiled as Kitty answered, "O, is it really like an opera? I never saw one, but I could imagine it must be beautiful," and they both looked on in silence a moment, while the nuns moved, shadow-like, out of the garden, and left it empty.

Then Mr. Arbuton said something to which Kitty answered simply, "I'll see if my cousin does n't want me," and presently stood beside Mrs. Ellison's sofa, a little conscious in color. "Fanny, Mr. Arbuton has asked me to go and see the cathedral with him. Do you think it would be right?"

Mrs. Ellison's triumphant heart rose to her lips. "Why, you dear, particular, innocent little goose," she cried, flinging her arms about Kitty, and kissing her till the young girl blushed again; "of course it would! Go! You must n't stay mewed up in here. I sha' n't be able to go about with you;

and if I can judge by the colonel's *breathing*, as he calls it, from the room in there, *he* won't, at present. But the idea of *your* having a question of propriety!" And indeed it was the first time Kitty had ever had such a thing, and the remembrance of it put a kind of constraint upon her, as she strolled demurely beside Mr. Arbuton towards the cathedral.

"You must be guide," said he, "for this is my first day in Quebec, you know, and you are an old inhabitant in comparison."

"I'll show the way," she answered, "if you'll interpret the sights. I think I must be stranger to them than you, in spite of my long residence. Sometimes I'm afraid that I *do* only fancy I enjoy these things, as Mrs. March said, for I've no European experiences to contrast them with. I know that it *seems* very delightful, though, and quite like what I should expect in Europe."

"You'd expect very little of Europe, then, in most things; though there's no disputing that it's a very pretty illusion of the Old World."

A few steps had brought them into the market-square in front of the cathedral, where a little belated traffic still lingered in the few old peasant-women hovering over baskets of such fruits and vegetables as had long been out of season in the States, and the housekeepers and serving-maids cheapening these wares. A sentry moved mechanically up and down before the high portal of the Jesuit Barracks, over the arch of which were still the letters I. H. S. carved long ago upon the key-stone; and the ancient edifice itself, with its yellow stucco front and its grated windows, had every right to be a monastery turned barracks in France or Italy. A row of quaint stone houses — inns and shops — formed the upper side of the Square; while the modern buildings of the Rue Fabrique on the lower side might serve very well for that show of improvement which deepens the sentiment of surrounding antiquity and decay in Latin towns. As for the ca-

thedral, which faced the convent from across the Square, it was as cold and torpid a bit of Renaissance as could be found in Rome itself. A red-coated soldier or two passed through the Square; three or four neat little French policemen lounged about in blue uniforms and flaring havelocks; some walnut-faced, blue-eyed old citizens and peasants sat upon the thresholds of the row of old houses, and gazed dreamily through the smoke of their pipes at the slight stir and glitter of shopping about the fine stores of the Rue Fabrique. An air of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, with which the occasional riot of the drivers of the long row of calashes and carriages in front of the cathedral did not discord. Whenever a stray American wandered into the Square, there was a wild flight of these drivers towards him, and his person was lost to sight amidst their pantomime. They did not try to underbid each other, and they were perfectly good-humored; as soon as he had made his choice, the rejected multitude returned to their places on the curbstone, saluting the successful aspirant with inscrutable jokes as he drove off, while the horses went on munching the contents of their leathern head-bags, and tossing them into the air to shake down the lurking grains of corn.

"It *is* like Europe; your friends were right," said Mr. Arbuton as they escaped into the cathedral from one of these friendly onsets. "It's quite the atmosphere of foreign travel, and you ought to be able to realize the feelings of a tourist."

A priest was saying mass at one of the side-altars, assisted by acolytes in their every-day clothes; and outside of the railing a market-woman, with a basket of choke-cherries, knelt among a few other poor people. Presently a young English couple came in, he with a dashing India scarf about his hat, and she very stylishly dressed, who also made their genuflections with the rest, and then sat down and dropped their heads in prayer.

"This is like enough Europe, too," murmured Mr. Arbuton. "It's very good North Italy; or South, for the matter of that."

"O, is it?" answered Kitty, joyously. "I thought it must be!" And she added, in that trustful way of hers: "It's all very familiar; but then it seems to me on this journey that I've seen a great many things that I know I've only read of before"; and so followed Mr. Arbuton in his tour of the pictures.

She was as ignorant of art as any Roman or Florentine girl whose life has been passed in the midst of it; and she believed these mighty fine pictures, and was puzzled by Mr. Arbuton's behavior towards them, who was too little imaginative or too conscientious to make merit for them out of the things they suggested. He treated the poor altar-pieces of the Quebec cathedral with the same harsh indifference he would have shown to the second-rate paintings of a European gallery; doubted the Vandyck, and cared nothing for the Conception, "in the style of Le Brun," over the high-altar, though it had the historical interest of having survived that bombardment of 1759, which destroyed the church.

Kitty innocently singled out the worst picture in the place as her favorite, and then was piqued, and presently frightened, at his cold reluctance about it. He made her feel that it was very bad, and that she shared its inferiority, though he said nothing. She learned the shame of not being a connoisseur in a connoisseur's company, and she perceived more painfully than ever before that a Bostonian, who had been much in Europe, might be very uncomfortable to the simple, untravelled American. Yet, she reminded herself, the Marches had been in Europe too, and they were Bostonians also; and they did not go about putting everything under foot; they seemed to care for everything they saw, and to have a friendly jest, if not praises, for it. She liked that; she would have been well enough pleased to have Mr. Arbuton laugh

outright at her picture, and she could have joined him in it. But the look, however flattered into an air of polite question at last, which he had bent upon her, seemed to outlaw her and condemn her taste in everything. As they passed out of the cathedral, she would rather have gone home than continued the walk as he begged her, if she were not tired, to do; but this would have been flight, and she was not a coward. So they sauntered down the Rue Fabrique, and turned into Palace Street. As they went by the door of Hotel Musty, her pleasant friends came again into her mind, and she said, "This is where we stayed last week, with Mr. and Mrs. March."

"Those Boston people?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where they live in Boston?"

"Why, we have their address; but I can't think of it. I believe somewhere in the southern part of the city—"

"The South End?"

"O yes, that's it. Have you ever heard of them?"

"No."

"I thought perhaps you might have known Mr. March. He's in the insurance business—"

"O no! No, I don't know him," said Mr. Arbuton, eagerly. Kitty wondered if there could be anything wrong with the business repute of Mr. March, but dismissed the thought as unworthy; and having perceived that her friends were snubbed, she said bravely, that they were the most delightful people she had ever seen, and she was sorry that they were not still in Quebec. He shared her regret tacitly, if at all, and they walked in silence down to the gate, whence they were tempted by the wandering picturesqueness of the Lower Town, and strolled down the winding street outside the wall. But it was not a pleasant ramble for Kitty: she was in a dim dread of hitherto unseen and unimagined trespasses against good taste, not only in pictures and people, but in all life,

which, from having been a very smiling prospect when she set out with Mr. Arbuton, was suddenly become a narrow pathway, in which one must pick one's way with more regard to each step than any general end. All this was as undefined and obscure and uncertain as the intimations which had produced it, and which, in words, had really amounted to nothing. But she felt more and more that in her companion there was something wholly alien to the influences which had shaped her; and though she could not know how much, she was sure of enough to make her dreary in his presence.

They wandered long amidst the quaintness and noiseless bustle of the Lower Town thoroughfares, and came by and by to that old church, the oldest in Quebec, which was built near two hundred years ago, in fulfilment of a vow made at the repulse of Sir William Phipps's attack upon the city, and further famed for the prophecy of a nun, that this church should be ruined by the fire in which a successful attempt of the English was yet to involve the Lower Town. A painting, which represented the vision of the nun, perished in the conflagration which verified it, in 1759; but the walls of the ancient structure remain to witness this singular piece of history, which Kitty now glanced at furtively in one of the colonel's guide-books: since her ill-fortune with the picture in the cathedral, she had not openly cared for anything.

At one side of the church there was a booth for the sale of crockery and tin ware; and there was an every-day cheerfulness of small business in the shops and tented stands about the square on which the church faced, and through which there was continual passing of heavy burdens from the port, swift calashes, and slow, country-paced market-carts.

Mr. Arbuton made no motion to enter the church, and Kitty would not hint the curiosity she felt to see the interior; and while they lingered a moment, the door opened, and a peasant came out with a little coffin in his arms.

His eyes were dim and his face wet with weeping, and he bore the little coffin tenderly, as if his caress might reach the dead child within. Behind him she came who must be the mother, her face deeply hidden in her veil. Beside the pavement waited a shabby calash, with a driver half asleep on his perch; and the man, still clasping his precious burden, clambered into the vehicle, and laid it upon his knees, while the woman groped, through her tears and veil, for the step. Kitty and her companion had moved reverently aside; but now Mr. Arbuton came forward, and helped the woman to her place. She gave him a hoarse, sad "*Merci!*" and spread a fold of her shawl fondly over the end of the little coffin; the drowsy driver whipped up his beast, and the calash jolted away.

Kitty cast a grateful glance upon Mr. Arbuton, as they now entered the church, by a common impulse. On their way towards the high-altar they passed the rude black bier, with the tallow candles yet smoking in their black wooden candlesticks. A few worshippers were dropped here and there in the vacant seats, and at a principal side-altar knelt a poor woman praying before a wooden effigy of the dead Christ that lay in a glass case under the altar. The image was of life-size, and was painted to represent life, or rather death, with false hair and beard, and with the muslin drapery managed to expose the stigmata: it was stretched upon a bed strewn with artificial flowers; and it was dreadful. But the poor soul at her devotions there prayed to it in an ecstasy of supplication, flinging her arms asunder with imploring gesture, clasping her hands and bowing her head upon them, while her person swayed from side to side in the abandon of her prayer. Who could she be, and what was her mighty need of blessing or forgiveness? As her wont was, Kitty threw her own soul into the imagined case of the suppliant, the tragedy of her desire or sorrow. Yet, like all who suffer sympa-

thetically, she was not without consolations unknown to the principal; and the waning afternoon, as it lit up the conventional ugliness of the old church, and the paraphernalia of its altars, relieved her emotional self-abandon with a remote sense of content, so that it may have been a jealousy for the integrity of her own revery, as well as her feeling for the poor woman, that made her tremble lest Mr. Arbuton should in some way disparage the spectacle. I suppose that her interest in it was an æsthetic rather than a spiritual one; it embodied to her sight many a scene of penitence that had played before her fancy, and I do not know but she would have been willing to have the suppliant guilty of some dreadful misdeed, rather than eating meat last Friday, which was probably her sin. However it was, the ancient crone before that ghastly idol was precious to her, and it seemed too great a favor, when at last the suppliant wiped her eyes, rose trembling from her knees, and, approaching Kitty, stretched towards her a shaking palm for charity.

It was a touch that transfigured all, and gave even Mr. Arbuton's neutrality a light of ideal character. He bestowed the alms craved of him in turn, he did not repulse the beldame's blessing; and Kitty, who was already moved by his kindness to that poor mourner at the door, forgot that the earlier part of their walk had been so miserable, and climbed back to the Upper Town through the Prescott Gate in greater gayety than she had yet known that day in his company. I think he had not done much to make her cheerful; but it is one of the advantages of a temperament like his, that very little is expected of it, and that it can more easily than any other make the human heart glad; at the least softening in it, the soul frolics with a craven lightsomeness. For this reason Kitty was able to enjoy with novel satisfaction the picturesqueness of Mountain Street, and they both admired the huge shoulder of rock near the gate, with its poplars atop, and the

battery at the brink, with the muzzles of the guns thrust forward against the sky. She could not move him to her pleasure in the grotesqueness of the circus-bills plastered half-way up the rock; but she tolerated the levity with which she commented on them, and her gay sallies upon all passing things, and he said nothing to prevent her reaching home in serene satisfaction.

"Well, Kitty," said the tenant of the sofa, as Kitty and the colonel drew up to the table on which the tea was laid at the sofa-side, "you've had a nice walk, have n't you?"

"O yes, very nice. That is, the first part of it was n't very nice; but after a while we reached an old church in the Lower Town,—which was very interesting,—and then we appeared to cheer up and take a new start."

"Well," said the colonel, "what did you find so interesting at that old church?"

"Why, there was a baby's funeral; and an old woman, perfectly crushed by some trouble or other, praying before an altar—"

"It seems to take very little to cheer you up," said the colonel. "All you ask of your fellow-beings is a heart-breaking bereavement and a religious agony, and you are lively at once. *Some* people might require human sacrifices, but you don't."

Kitty looked at her cousin a moment with eyes of vague amaze. The grossness of the absurdity flashed upon her, and she felt as if another touch must bring the tears. She said nothing; but Mrs. Ellison, who saw only that she was cut off from her heart's desire of gossip, came to the rescue.

"Don't answer a word, Kitty, not a single word; I never heard anything more insulting from one cousin to another; and I should say it, if I was brought into a court of justice—"

A sudden burst of laughter from Kitty, who hid her conscious face in her hands, interrupted Mrs. Ellison's defence.

"Well," said Mrs. Ellison, piqued at her desertion, "I hope you understand

yourselves. *I don't.*" This was Mrs. Ellison's attitude towards her husband's whole family, who on their part never had been able to account for the colonel's choice except as a joke, and sometimes questioned if he had not perhaps carried the joke too far; though they loved her too, for a kind of passionate generosity and sublime, inconsequent unselfishness about her.

"What I want to know, *now*," said the colonel, as soon as Kitty would let him, "and I'll try to put it as politely as I can, is simply this: what made the first part of your walk so disagreeable? You did n't see a wedding-party, or a child rescued from a horrible death, or a man saved from drowning, or anything of that kind, did you?"

But the colonel would have done better not to say anything. His wife was made peevish by his persistence, and the loss of the harmless pleasure upon which she had counted in the history of Kitty's walk with Mr. Arbuton. Kitty herself would not laugh again; in fact she grew serious and thoughtful, and presently took up a book, and after that went to her own room, where she stood awhile at her window, and looked out on the garden of the Ursulines. The moon hung full orb in the stainless heaven, and deepened the mystery of the paths and trees, and lit the silvery roofs and chimneys of the convent with tender effulgence. A wandering odor of leaf and flower stole up from the garden, but she perceived the sweetness, like the splendor, with veiled senses. She was turning over in her thought the incidents of her walk, and trying to make out if anything had really happened, first to provoke her against Mr. Arbuton, and then to reconcile her to him. Had he said or done anything about her favorite painting (which she hated now), or the Marches, to offend her? Or if it had been his tone and manner, was his after-conduct at the old church sufficient penance? What was it he had done that common humanity did not require? Was he so very superior to common humanity, that she should

meekly rejoice at his kindness to the afflicted mother? Why need she have cared for his forbearance toward the rapt devotee? She became aware that she was ridiculous. "Dick was right," she confessed, "and I will *not* let myself be made a goose of"; and when the bugle at the citadel called the soldiers to rest, and the harsh chapel-bell bade the nuns go dream of heaven, she also fell asleep, a smile on her lips and a light heart in her breast.

VI.

A LETTER OF KITTY'S.

QUEBEC, August —, 1870.

DEAR GIRLS: Since the letter I wrote you a day or two after we got here, we have been going on very much as you might have expected. A whole week has passed, but we still bear our enforced leisure with fortitude; and, though Boston and New York are both fading into the improbable (as far as we are concerned), Quebec continues inexhaustible, and I don't begrudge a moment of the time we are giving it.

Fanny still keeps her sofa; the first enthusiasm of her affliction has worn away, and she has nothing to sustain her now but planning our expeditions about the city. She has got the map and the history of Quebec by heart, and she holds us to the literal fulfilment of all her instructions. On this account, she often has to send Dick and me out together when she would like to keep him with her, for she won't trust either of us alone, and when we come back she examines us separately to see whether we have skipped anything. This makes us faithful in the smallest things. She says she is determined that Uncle Jack shall have a full and circumstantial report from me of all that he wants to know about the celebrated places here, and I really think he will, if I go on, or am goaded on, in this way. It's pure devotion to the cause in Fanny, for you know she does n't care for such things herself, and has

no pleasure in it but carrying a point. Her chief consolation under her trial of keeping still is to see how I look in her different dresses. She sighs over me as I appear in a new garment, and says, O, if she only had the dressing of me! Then she gets up and limps and hops across the room to where I stand before the glass, and puts a pin here and a ribbon there, and gives my hair (which she has dressed herself) a little dab, to make it lie differently, and then scrambles back to her sofa, and knocks her lame ankle against something, and lies there groaning and enjoying herself like a martyr. On days when she thinks she is never going to get well, she says she does n't know why she does n't give me her things at once and be done with it; and on days when she thinks she is going to get well right away, she says she will have me one made something like whatever dress I have got on, as soon as she's home. Then up she'll jump again for the exact measure, and tell me the history of every stitch, and how she'll have it altered just the least grain, and differently trimmed to suit my complexion better; and ends by having promised to get me something not in the least like it. You have some idea already of what Fanny is; and all you have got to do is to multiply it by about fifty thousand. Her sprained ankle simply intensifies her whole character.

Besides helping to compose Fanny's expeditionary corps, and really exerting himself in the cause of Uncle Jack, as he calls it, Dick is behaving beautifully. Every morning, after breakfast, he goes over to the hotel, and looks at the arrivals and reads the newspapers, and though we never get anything out of him afterwards, we somehow feel informed of all that is going on. He has taken to smoking a clay pipe in honor of the Canadian fashion, and he wears a gay, barbaric scarf of Indian muslin wound round his hat and flying out behind; because the Quebeckers protect themselves in that way against sunstroke when the thermometer gets

up among the sixties. He has also bought a pair of snow-shoes to be prepared for the other extreme of weather, in case anything else should happen to Fanny, and detain us into the winter. When he has rested from his walk to the hotel, we usually go out together and explore, as we do also in the afternoon; and in the evening we walk on Durham Terrace, — a promenade overlooking the river, where the whole cramped and crooked city goes for exercise. It's a formal parade in the evening; but one morning I went there before breakfast, for a change, and found it the resort of careless ease; two or three idle boys were sunning themselves on the carriages of the big guns that stand on the Terrace, a little dog was barking at the chimneys of the Lower Town, and an old gentleman was walking up and down in his dressing-gown and slippers, just as if it were his own front porch. He looked something like Uncle Jack, and I wished it had been he, — to see the smoke curling softly up from the Lower Town, the bustle about the market-place, and the shipping in the river, and the haze hanging over the water a little way off, and the near hills all silver, and the distant ones blue.

But if we are coming to the grand and the beautiful, why, there is no direction in which you can look about Quebec without seeing it; and it is always mixed up with something so familiar and homelike, that my heart warms to it. The Jesuit Barracks are just across the street from us in the foreground of the most magnificent landscape; the building is — think, you Erieckrekers of an hour! — two hundred years old, and it looks five hundred. The English took it away from the Jesuits in 1760, and have used it as barracks ever since; but it is n't at all changed, so that a Jesuit missionary who visited it the other day said that it was as if his brother priests had been driven out of it the week before. Well, you might think so old and so historical a place would be putting on airs, but it takes as kindly to domestic life as a new frame-house, and I am never tired

of looking over into the yard at the frowzy soldiers' wives hanging out clothes, and the unkempt children playing about among the burdocks, and chickens and cats, and the soldiers themselves carrying about the officers' boots, or sawing wood and picking up chips to boil the teakettle. They are off dignity as well as off duty, then ; but when they are on both, and in full dress, they make our volunteers (as I remember them) seem very shabby and slovenly.

Over the belfry of the Barracks, our windows command a view of half Quebec, with its roofs and spires dropping down the slope to the Lower Town, where the masts of the ships in the river come tapering up among them, and then of the plain stretching from the river in the valley to a range of mountains against the horizon, with far-off white villages glimmering out of their purple folds. The whole plain is bright with houses and harvest-fields ; and the distinctly divided farms — the owners cut them up every generation, and give each son a strip of the entire length, — run back on either hand, from the straight roads bordered by poplars, while the highways near the city pass between lovely villas.

But this landscape and the Jesuit Barracks with all their merits are nothing to the Ursuline Convent, just under our back windows, which I told you something about in my other letter. We have been reading up its history since, and we know about Madame de la Peltrie, the noble Norman lady who founded it in 1640. She was very rich and very beautiful, and a saint from the beginning, so that when her husband died, and her poor old father wanted her to marry again and not go into a nunnery, she did n't mind cheating him by a sham marriage with a devout gentleman ; and she came to Canada as soon as her father was dead, with another saint, Marie de l'Incar-nation, and founded this convent. The first building is standing yet, as strong as ever, though everything about it but the stone walls was burnt two centuries ago. Only a few years since an old

ash-tree, under which the Ursulines first taught the Indian children, blew down, and now a large black cross marks its place. The modern nuns are in the garden nearly the whole morning long, and by night the ghosts of the former nuns haunt it ; and in very bright moonlight I myself do a bit of Madame de la Peltrie there, and teach little Indian boys, — who dwindle like those in the song, as the moon goes down. It is an enchanted place, and I wish we had it in the back yard at Ericcreek, though I don't think the neighbors would approve of the architecture. I have adopted two nuns for my own : one is tall and slender and pallid, and you can see at a glance that she broke the heart of a mortal lover, and knew it, when she became the bride of heaven ; and the other is short and plain and plump, and looks as comfortable and commonplace as life-after-dinner. When the world is bright I revel in the statue-like sadness of the beautiful nun, who never laughs or plays with the little girl pupils ; but when the world is dark — as the best of worlds will be at times for a minute or two — I take to the fat nun, and go in for a clumsy romp with the children ; and then I fancy that I am wiser if not better than the fair slim Ursuline. But whichever I am, for the time being, I am vexed with the other ; yet they always are together, as if they were counterparts. I think a nice story might be written about them.

In Wolfe's siege of Quebec this Ursuline Garden of ours was everywhere torn up by the falling bombs, and the sisters were driven out into the world they had forsaken forever, as Fanny has been reading in a little French account of the events, written at the time, by a nun of the General Hospital. It was there the Ursulines took what refuge there was ; going from their cloistered school-rooms and their innocent little ones to the wards of the hospital, filled with the wounded and dying of either side, and echoing with their dreadful groans. What a sad, evil, bewildering

world they had a glimpse of! In the garden here, our poor Montcalm — I belong to the French side, please, in Quebec — was buried in a grave dug for him by a bursting shell. They have his skull now in the chaplain's room of the convent, where we saw it the other day. They have made it comfortable in a glass box, neatly bound with black, and covered with a white lace drapery, just as if it were a saint's. It was broken a little in taking it out of the grave; and a few years ago, some English officers borrowed it to look at, and were horrible enough to pull out some of the teeth. Tell Uncle Jack the head is very broad above the ears, but the forehead is small.

The chaplain also showed us a copy of an old painting of the first convent, Indian lodges, Madame de la Peltrie's house, and Madame herself, very splendidly dressed, with an Indian chief before her, and some French cavaliers riding down an avenue towards her. Then he showed us some of the nuns' work in albums, painted and lettered in a way to give me an idea of old missals. By and by he went into the chapel with us, and it gave such a queer notion of his indoors life to have him put on an overcoat and india-rubbers to go a few rods through the open air to the chapel door: he had not been very well, he said. When he got in, he took off his hat, and put on an octagonal priest's cap, and showed us everything in the kindest way — and his manners were exquisite. There were beautiful paintings sent out from France at the time of the Revolution; and wood-carvings round the high-altar, done by Quebec artists in the beginning of the last century; for he said they had a school of arts then at St. Anne's, twenty miles below the city. Then there was an ivory crucifix, done so life-like that you could scarcely bear to look at it. But what I most cared for was the tiny twinkle of a votive lamp which he pointed out to us in one corner of the nuns' chapel: it was lit a hundred and fifty years ago by two of

our French officers when their sister took the veil, and has never been extinguished since, except during the siege of 1759. Of course, I think a story might be written about *this*; and the truth is, the possibilities of fiction in Quebec are overpowering; I go about in a perfect haze of romances, and meet people at every turn who have nothing to do but invite the passing novelist into their houses, and have their likenesses done at once for heroes and heroines. They need n't change a thing about them, but sit just as they are; and if this is in the present, only think how the whole past of Quebec must be crying out to be put into historical romances!

I wish you could see the houses, and how substantial they are. I can only think of Erie creek as an assemblage of huts and bark-lodges in contrast. Our boarding-house is comparatively slight, and has stone walls only a foot and a half thick, but the average is two feet and two and a half; and the other day Dick went through the Laval University, — he goes everywhere and gets acquainted with everybody, — and saw the foundation walls of the first building, which have stood all the sieges and conflagrations since the seventeenth century; and no wonder, for they are six feet thick, and form a series of low-vaulted corridors, as heavy, he says, as the casemates of a fortress. There is a beautiful old carved staircase there, of the same date; and he liked the president, a priest, ever so much; and we like the looks of all the priests we see; they are so handsome and polite, and they all speak English, with some funny little defect. The other day, we asked such a nice young priest about the way to Hare Point, where it is said the Recollet friars had their first mission on the marshy meadows: he did n't know of this bit of history, and we showed him our book. "Ah! you see, the book say 'pro-bab-ly the site.' If it had said *certainly*, I should have known. But *pro-bab-ly*, *pro-bab-ly*, you see!" However, he showed us the way, and down we went

through the Lower Town, and out past the General Hospital to this Pointe aux Lièvres, which is famous also because somewhere near it, on the St. Charles, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1536, and kidnapped the Indian king Donnacona, whom he carried to France. And it was here Montcalm's forces tried to rally after their defeat by Wolfe. (Please read this several times to Uncle Jack, so that he can have it impressed upon him how faithful I am in my historical researches.)

It makes me dreadfully angry and sad to think the French should have been robbed of Quebec, after what they did to build it. But it is still quite a French city in everything, even to sympathy with France in this Prussian war, which you would hardly think they would care about. Our landlady says the very boys in the street know about the battles, and explain, every time the French are beaten, how they were outnumbered and betrayed, — something the way we used to do in the first of our war.

I suppose you will think I am crazy; but I do wish Uncle Jack would wind up his practice at Eriecreek, and sell the house, and come to live at Quebec. I have been asking prices of things, and I find that everything is very cheap, even according to the Eriecreek standard; we could get a beautiful house on the St. Louis Road for two hundred a year; beef is ten or twelve cents a pound, and everything else in proportion. Then besides that, the washing is sent out into the country to be done by the peasant-women, and there is n't a crumb of bread baked in the house, but it all comes from the bakers; and only think, girls, what a relief that would be! Do get Uncle Jack to consider it *seriously*.

Since I began this letter the afternoon has worn away — the light from the sunset on the mountains would glorify our supper-table without extra charge, if we lived here — and the twilight has passed, and the moon has come up over the gables and dormer-windows of the convent, and looks into

the garden so invitingly that I can't help joining her. So I will put my writing by till to-morrow. The going-to-bed bell has rung, and the red lights have vanished one by one from the windows, and the nuns are asleep, and another set of ghosts is playing in the garden with the copper-colored phantoms of the Indian children of long ago. What! not Madame de la Peltrie? Oh! how do they like those little fibs of yours up in heaven?

Sunday afternoon. — As we were at the French cathedral last Sunday, we went to the English to-day; and I could easily have imagined myself in some church of Old England, hearing the royal family prayed for, and listening to the pretty poor sermon delivered with such an English *brogue*. The people, too, had such Englishy faces and such queer little eccentricities of dress; the young lady that sang contralto in the choir wore a scarf like a man's on her hat. The cathedral is n't much, architecturally, I suppose, but it affected me very solemnly, and I could n't help feeling that it was as much a part of British power and grandeur as the citadel itself. Over the bishop's seat drooped the flag of a Crimean regiment, tattered by time and battles, which was hung up here with great ceremonies, in 1860, when the Prince of Wales presented them with new colors; and up in the gallery was a kind of glorified pew for royal highnesses and governor-generals and so forth, to sit in when they are here. There are tablets and monumental busts about the walls; and one to the memory of the Duke of Lenox, the governor-general who died in the middle of the last century from the bite of a fox; which seemed an odd fate for a duke, and somehow made me very sorry for him.

Fanny, of course, could n't go to church with me, and Dick got out of it by lingering too late over the newspapers at the hotel, and so I trudged off with our Bostonian, who is still with us here. I did n't dwell much upon him in my last letter, and I don't be-

lieve now I can make him quite clear to you. He has been a good deal abroad, and he is Europeanized enough not to think much of America, though I can't find that he quite approves of Europe, and his experience seems not to have left him any particular country in either hemisphere.

He is n't the Bostonian of Uncle Jack's imagination, and I suspect he would n't like to be. He is rather too young, still, to have much of an anti-slavery record, and even if he had lived soon enough, I think that he would not have been a John Brown man. I am afraid that he believes in "vulgar and meretricious distinctions" of all sorts, and that he has n't an atom of "magnanimous democracy" in him. In fact, I find, to my great astonishment, that some ideas which I thought were held only in England, and which I had never seriously thought of, seem actually a part of Mr. Arbuton's nature or education. He talks about the lower classes, and tradesmen, and the best people, and good families, as I supposed nobody in *this* country ever did, — in earnest. To be sure, I have been reading all my life of characters who had such opinions, but I thought they were just put into novels to eke out somebody's unhappiness, — to keep the high-born daughter from marrying beneath her for love, and so on; or else to be made fun of in the person of some silly old woman or some odious snob; and I could hardly believe at first that our Bostonian was serious in talking that way. Such things sound so differently in real life; and I laughed at them till I found that he did n't know what to make of my laughing, and then I took leave to differ with him in some of his notions; but he never disputes anything I say, and so makes it seem rude to differ with him. I always feel, though he begins it, as if I had thrust my opinions upon him. But in spite of his weaknesses and disagreeabilities, there is something really *high* about him; he is so scrupulously true, so exactly just, that Uncle Jack himself could n't be more so; though you can see that he

respects his virtues as the peculiar result of some extraordinary system. Here at Quebec, though he goes round patronizing the landscape and the antiquities, and coldly smiling at my little enthusiasms, there is really a great deal that ought to be at least improving in him. I get to paying him the same respect that he pays himself, and imbues his very clothes with, till everything he has on appears to look like him and respect itself accordingly. I have often wondered what his hat, his honored hat, for instance, would do, if I should throw it out of the front window. It would make an earthquake, I believe.

He is politely curious about us; and from time to time, in a shrinking, disgusted way, he asks some leading question about Erie-creek, which he does n't seem able to form any idea of, as much as I explain it. He clings to his original notion, that it is in the heart of the Oil Regions, of which he has seen pictures in the illustrated papers; and when I assert myself against his opinions, he treats me very gingerly, as if I were an explosive sprite, or an inflammable naiad from a torpedoed well, and it would n't be quite safe to oppose me, or I would disappear with a flash and a bang.

When Dick is n't able to go with me on Fanny's account, Mr. Arbuton takes his place in the expeditionary corps; and we have visited a good many points of interest together, and now and then he talks very entertainingly about his travels. But I don't think they have made him very cosmopolitan. It seems as if he went about with a little imaginary standard, and was chiefly interested in things, to see whether they fitted it or not. Trifling matters annoy him; and when he finds sublimity mixed up with absurdity, it almost makes him angry. One of the oddest and oldest-looking buildings in Quebec is a bit of a one-story house on St. Louis Street, to which poor General Montgomery was taken after he was shot; and it is a pastry-cook's now, and the tarts and cakes in the window vexed Mr. Arbu-

ton so much — not that he seemed to care for Montgomery — that I did n't dare to laugh.

I live very little in the nineteenth century at present, and do not care much for people who do. Still I have a few grains of affection left for Uncle Jack, which I want you to give him.

I suppose it will take about six stamps to pay this letter.

I forgot to say that Dick goes to be barbered every day at the "Montcalm

Shaving and Shampooing Saloon," so called because they say Montcalm held his last council of war there. It is a queer little steep-roofed house, with a flowering bean up the front, and a bit of garden, full of snap-dragons, before it.

We shall be here a week or so yet, at any rate, and then, I think, we shall go straight home, Dick has lost so much time already.

With a great deal of love,

Your

KITTY.

W. D. Howells.

JOHN REED'S THOUGHTS.

THERE'S a mist on the meadow below ; the herring-frogs chirp and cry ;
It's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is not yet dry :
The world is a lonely place, it seems, and I don't know why.

I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily trudges Dan
With the feel of the spring in his bones, like a weak and elderly man :
I've had it a many a time, but we must work when we can.

But day after day to toil, and ever from sun to sun,
Though up to the season's front and nothing be left undone,
Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at one.

The frogs make a sorrowful noise, and yet it's the time they mate ;
There's something comes with the spring, a lightness or else a weight ;
There's something comes with the spring, and it seems to me it's fate.

It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know ;
It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so ;
It's the wondering what we are, and where we are going to go.

My life is lucky enough, I fancy, to most men's eyes,
For the more a family grows, the oftener some one dies,
And it's now run on so long, it could n't be otherwise.

And Sister Jane and myself, we have learned to claim and yield ;
She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn and field,
So, nigh upon thirty years ! — as if written and signed and sealed.

I could n't change if I would ; I 've lost the how and the when ;
One day my time will be up, and Jane be the mistress then,
For single women are tough and live down the single men.

She kept me so to herself, she was always the stronger hand,
And my lot showed well enough, when I looked around in the land ;
But I 'm tired and sore at heart, and I don't quite understand.

I wonder how it had been if I 'd taken what others need,
The plague, they say, of a wife, the care of a younger breed ?
If Edith Pleasanton now were near me as Edith Reed ?

Suppose that a son well grown were then in the place of Dan,
And I felt myself in him, as I was when my work began ?
I should feel no older, sure, and certainly more a man !

A daughter, besides, in the house ; nay, let there be two or three !
We never can overdo the luck that can never be,
And what has come to the most might also have come to me.

I 've thought, when a neighbor's wife or his child was carried away,
That to have no loss was a gain ; but now, — I can hardly say ;
He seems to possess them still, under the ridges of clay.

And share and share in a life is, somehow, a different thing
From property held by deed, and the riches that oft take wing ;
I feel so close in the breast ! — I think it must be the spring.

I 'm drying up like a brook when the woods have been cleared around ;
You 're sure it must always run, you are used to the sight and sound,
But it shrinks till there 's only left a stony rut in the ground.

There 's nothing to do but take the days as they come and go,
And not to worry with thoughts that nobody likes to show,
For people so seldom talk of the things they want to know.

There 's times when the way is plain, and everything nearly right,
And then, of a sudden, you stand like a man with a clouded sight :
A bush seems often a beast, in the dusk of the falling night.

I must move ; my joints are stiff ; the weather is breeding rain,
And Dan is hurrying on with his plough-team up the lane.
I 'll go to the village-store ; I 'd rather not talk with Jane.

Bayard Taylor.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

MISS INGELOW'S novel, *Off the Skelligs*, we are told, makes as great a stir as Jane Eyre did in its day, and is claimed to be the great work of fiction of the present time, as if Middlemarch were not, and Turgénieff's novels were still buried in the original Russian. There is, as we all know, a certain sort of praise which from its very warmth prepares the mind of the reader for a very moderate enjoyment of its object; but this new novel, we hoped, might well be good without deserving such loud-sounding admiration. The story is told autobiographically by a young girl who begins the account of her life with her earliest recollections. Passing over her infancy, we find her sailing in her uncle's yacht with him and her brother Tom. While they are cruising about the Irish coast they are fortunate enough to save some people from a burning ship; among them is one very grimy and scorched man whom Dorothea, the heroine, mistakes for a common sailor, while in reality he is of gentle blood, as she finds out when he attempts with his blistered hand to hold a Greek Testament. His name is Brandon, and many pages further on we find Dorothea staying with his family and his step-family, Lon, Liz, and Valentine, who is sometimes called the "the oubit," just as Mr. Brandon is known as "St. George," over and above his own name, which is Giles. Valentine is a rattle-pated hobbledehoy, with the fearful loquacity sometimes seen in lads of his age, although, fortunately, it is generally held in subjection by their elders. Dorothea has a certain admiration

for Brandon, not unmingled with awe for his great age, — he is almost thirty; but Valentine studies Greek with her, amuses her by his nonsense, and finally asks her to marry him. She seems to think that disposing of her life is as trifling a matter as the directing of an empty envelope, and assents. In time, however, his wish to marry her grows cold, he disappoints her at the last moment, and so she gently marries Mr. Brandon instead, who has been in love with her all the time, but who, from high-mindedness, has been keeping out of the way, in order to give Valentine a chance, and with this the story ends. Few, we fancy, would claim that the merit of the novel lay in the construction. The story drags fearfully; but it is in the alleged naturalness of talk and action that we are bidden to find pleasure. Yet naturalness in itself is no more interesting than a photograph, *quoad* photograph, is entertaining to the eye. There is a naturalness which concerns itself with the representation of agreeable or interesting scenes of human life and which is sufficient to please even the surliest reader. Take, for instance, Miss Thackeray's charming story, Elizabeth. There we have a perfectly natural account of the hopefulness, the little joys, the heart-racking agonies of a very pleasing young girl told with unexcelled truth and simplicity. The Initials, — again, is it not a model of natural drawing in its record of the sayings and doings of the gracious heroine, her half-vulgar sister, and the ever-blushing hero? Neither of these novels treats of frenzies of passion, nor of improb-

* *Off the Skelligs*. A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Coupon Bonds, and other Stories. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Love is Enough; or, the Freeing of Pharamond. A Morality. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

A Memorial of Alice and Phæbe Cary, with some of their later Poems. By MARY CLEMMER AMES. Illustrated by two Portraits on Steel. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1873.

Thorvaldsen: his Life and Works. By EUGENE PLON. Translated from the French by I. M. LUYSTER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. 3 vols. New York: Harper Brothers. 1872.

Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages. By DR. J. J. VON DÖLLINGER. Translated by ALFRED PLUMMER of Trinity College, Oxford; American edition edited by HENRY B. SMITH, D. D. New York: Dodd and Mead.

Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches. By DR. J. J. VON DÖLLINGER. Translated by H. N. OXENHAM of Balliol College, Oxford. New York: Dodd and Mead.

Old Landmarks of Boston. By S. A. DRAKE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Concord Days. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

The Issues of American Politics. A Discussion of the Principal Questions incident to the Governmental Policy of the United States. By ORRIN SKINNER (of the New York Bar). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

able feelings and actions. They merely describe very ordinary, every-day love-affairs; they are, so to speak, *genre*-pictures of love-making; but is there a girl living, unless perhaps those whose taste has been ruined by the strong waters of intenser novels, who does not sympathize with the well-told troubles of these heroines? In these novels there is plenty of naturalness, but it is naturalness applied to a deserving subject, not displayed in the wearying gossip and *badinage* of an extremely ordinary set of people. The paltriness of the subject of *Off the Skelligs*, — a girl and a boy, without an atom of love for one another, preparing to marry and to go to New Zealand together, — the absence of any passion in the characters, (not that they need be rolling their eyes about and biting their nether lips, but they should have some other emotion than the childish desire to ridicule one another,) the lukewarmness of all their feelings, seem to us to make a picture as unattractive as it is unnatural. The story is spun out with reports of all their long talks, as if a painter who wanted to try to paint a picture of domestic life could do nothing better than paint a panorama representing all the actions of a family for a whole month. He might give us an accurate copy of their life, but he would prove himself a poor artist.

— We think the best of Mr. Trowbridge's stories, in the new volume of them just published, is *The Man who stole a Meeting-House*, which we suppose our readers have not forgotten. It deals, like all the others, with the rustic character of New England, bringing out here and there its lurking kindness and delicacy, but impressing you chiefly with a certain sardonic hardness in it, — a humorous, wrong-headed recklessness, which Mr. Trowbridge has succeeded in embodying wonderfully well in old Jedwort. The story is as good as the best in this sort of study, and in structure it is as much more artistic as it is less mechanical. In some of the other tales the coming coincidence and surprise may be calculated altogether too accurately by the reader: all is plotted as exactly as if for the effects of a comedy. This is true in a degree of *Coupon Bonds*, which is such a capital story, and so full of human nature; and it is almost embarrassingly true of *Archibald Blossom* and of *Preaching for Selwyn*. Mr. Blazay's *Experience*, *The Romance of a Glove*, *Nancy Blynn's Lovers*, and *In the Ice*, are better; but none

are so good as *The Man who stole the Meeting-House*, which for a kind of poise of desirable qualities — humorous conception, ingenious plot, well-drawn character, and a naturally evolved moral in old Jedwort's disaster and reform — is one of the best New England stories ever written, to our thinking. They are all inviting stories; they all read easily, and their vice of construction is one which they share with many admired masterpieces, but which we cannot help thinking a vice for all that. *The Romance of a Glove* is a pretty love-tale, in which people of a sort different from those of the other stories are successfully presented, but we suppose the book will be liked chiefly for its pictures of country life and character. There is one type which we have nowhere else found so well portrayed as in Mr. Trowbridge's stories, namely, the jolly, glib, good-natured, thoroughly selfish rustic humorist. Such a character, in this volume, is Mr. Peleg Green, in Mr. Blazay's *Experience*, and such in even better form was Sellick the constable in *A Chance for Himself*, one of the entertaining Jack Hazard series of boys' books.

— "This story," says the Argument of Mr. Morris's *Love is Enough*, "which is told by way of a morality set before an Emperor and Empress newly wedded, showeth of a King whom nothing but Love might satisfy, who left all to seek Love, and, having found it, found this also, that he had enough, though he lacked all else." It opens with the wedding-procession of the Emperor and Empress, in a crowded street, Giles and Joan, peasant-folk, looking on and commenting. Then, after a speech from the Mayor and some dialogue between the new spouses, and some prelude of song and some prologuing by Love, the morality is presented. King Pharamond has just won his kingdom and is scarcely set on his throne; but he is continually tormented and diverted from the honors and affairs of state by a vision or dream of love; and at last he wanders away with a faithful old councillor to seek the valley shadowed forth in his dream, and after many cruel adventures they find it and his love there, the shepherdess Azalais. When he goes back to his own kingdom, he finds a very suitable person on the throne, and himself not missed; he finds that he does not care for what he has lost; he returns contentedly to the love he has won. More music; epilouging by Love; another speech by the Mayor, who hopes their majesties have

not been bored ; more dialogue by the Emperor and Empress ; more comment by Giles and Joan. The performance closes with this sweet and tender bit of picturesqueness :—

“GILES.

Yea, praise we Love who sleepeth not !
— Come, o'er much gold mine eyes have seen,
And long now for the pathway green,
And rose-hung ancient walls of gray
Yet warm with sunshine gone away.

JOAN.

Yea, full fain would I rest thereby,
And watch the flickering martins fly
About the long eave-bottles red,
And the clouds lessening overhead :
E'en now, meseems, the cows are come
Unto the gray gates of our home,
And low to hear the milking-pail :
The peacock spreads abroad his tail
Against the sun, as down the lane
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain,
And stable door, where the roan team
An hour agoe began to dream
Over the dusty oats. —

Come, love,

Noises of river and of grove
And moving things in field and stall
And night-birds' whistle shall be all
Of the world's speech that we shall hear
By then we come the garth anear :
For then the moon that hangs aloft
These thronged streets, lightless now and soft,
Unnoted, yea, e'en like a shred
Of yon wide white cloud overhead,
Sharp in the dark star-sprinkled sky
Low o'er the willow boughs shall lie ;
And when our chamber we shall gain
Eastward our drowsy eyes shall strain
If yet perchance the dawn may show.
— O Love, go with us as we go,
And from the might of thy fair hand
Cast wide about the blooming land
The seed of such-like tales as this !
— O Day, change round about our bliss !
Come, restful night, when day is done !
Come, dawn, and bring a fairer one !”

We are careful to give this passage, because it is the only poetical passage we have found in the whole skilfully attenuated triviality from which we take it, and which is otherwise too dull for any words of ours to tell ; nobody but Mr. Morris could give a just sense of its inexorable dreariness, its unrelenting lengthiness, and serious vacuity. It is, indeed, and in all sad earnestness, a morality, after the true deadly mediæval fashion, and after reading it one can begin to imagine the ordinary condition of people with whom the morality was a recreation.

— Mrs. Ames tells the story of Alice and Phœbe Cary's lives with somewhat too much an air of suppressed emotion. Here and there, as where she speaks of “two

souls finely veined with a many-shaded deep humanity,” we are not sure that we know what she means ; and there are certain lapses of taste, and some indiscretions ; yet on the whole she has done her work with coherence, temperance, and simplicity. The sisters, her heroines, as we may call them, were as tenderly endeared to those who met them in daily intimacy as to those who knew them afar off through their poetry. They were the daughters of a farmer in Southern Ohio, and their lives up to womanhood were spent in the seclusion of a country neighborhood and amidst the cares and toils of a farm-house. But the spring of a finer and higher life was in them, and they turned naturally and resistlessly toward literature. Their father was a man of delicate instincts, and their mother a woman of uncommon mind and character ; but their conditions were as unpromising as might be : they were poor, in a new country, with little schooling, remote from books, daughters of a large family. They were, however, not merely people of great native sensibility, but there was a religious strain in them which as to creed took the most generous and hopeful form, and on another side shaded into a sad spirituality. As the girls grew up, a dark means of education came to them in the frequent deaths in the family, and the poetry of Alice took a permanent cast from the gloomy thoughts and experiences of her early days ; it sang of graves and forever yearned for the lost. Her dead dwelt with her ; the whole family had a touch of the seer even in childhood ; and in her latest years she told the story of one of those strange occurrences which those who like may discard as idle illusions.

“Well, the new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower ; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, ‘She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from

the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow, — of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy, a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing."

When Alice was thirteen her mother died, and two years later a step-mother came to make life yet harder and barrer for her. But she and her sister kept their courage through all, writing at night and by stealth, and publishing in whatever newspapers West or East would print their verses for nothing. A cruel disappointment in love befell Alice, and shortly after that she left home to seek her fortune in New York. She dared, she said once, because she was so ignorant; if she had known she never would have dared. Presently her sister Phœbe came to her, and by ceaseless industry and the closest economy they won themselves a home, and made it so graceful and pleasant that it became a sort of *salon*. The rest is the monotonous story of unremitted literary labor, interrupted at last in the case of Alice by a most painful and lingering disease. After her death Phœbe was lost in the world; her objects and interests were gone, and three months afterward she also died. Nothing can be more pathetic than the story of her last days and of her sudden death at Newport, apart from the friends seeking to be with her, and alone with the faithful servant, to whom with kisses and caresses she talked now of how they would live on their return from New York, and now of how she wished to be dressed for the grave. The whole story of the sisters' lives is touching and elevating. Their place in literature it is no present affair of ours to fix; but it does not seem too much to say that, with all her defects, Alice Cary is the

first of our poetesses, and that both the sisters wrote poetry that has been more popularly loved and remembered than that of any other American women. For the rest we may safely leave their reputation to that able critic, Time, who unhappily cannot be induced to write for the magazines and newspapers. The poetry of the Cary sisters was very unequal, and this is true also of Alice's prose; but her stories had always a taste of the soil, an odor of the fields and woods, a native flavor that pleases. We think she touched her highest point in the story of Dr. Killmany, published some years ago in these pages.

—Miss Luyster has put into the very pleasant English characteristic of her former translations the life of the sculptor Thorvaldsen, and the result is as agreeable a book as we have lately had the fortune to read. It is illustrated by thirty-five exquisite woodcuts of Thorvaldsen's compositions from drawings by Gaillard; a second part is a study of Thorvaldsen's genius and place in art, and the life is completed by a full descriptive catalogue of all his works. The chief impression that you get from the whole is that the Greeks are of all times and nations. A young Danish boy, son of a humble carver in wood, comes early in this century to Rome, and enters upon the lifelong expression of a nature as simply and purely Greek apparently as ever was in the world. His imagination instinctively clothed itself in Greek forms; in an age when all things come through literature, his education was so entirely artistic that he had to get from others the mythological subjects which his works so splendidly illustrated. As far as books were concerned, he was an ignorant man; but his culture from means that refined the Greeks was as rich and full as that of any sculptor of antiquity,—and no more, one might almost add; only the world which Thorvaldsen knew was so much wider and wiser than that of Athens. He could scarcely be claimed for Christianity; he Hellenized his sacred subjects as he did all others; his life seems to have been quite unconsciously unmoral. He kept also to the last a perfect simplicity of heart and mind. The world had done its worst to spoil him; it had heaped him with honors and flatteries of every kind; kings and princes had been his friends; his days had been passed among the great; in his last years at Copenhagen he was the supreme distinction of every company in the best

society; but to the last he did not see why he should not dine with his serving-man Wilkens, — "as good in your place as I in mine," — and he declined the king's invitation to dinner one day because he was engaged to an old friend, whose birthday it was. The light of the enchanted life of artists in the easy Roman society of old days is on the greater part of this charming story; but it is not less interesting when this yields to the twilight of Thorvaldsen's declining years in his native city amidst the love and care of tender friends and the veneration of a whole people, — an old man, full of achievement and fame, working to the end, and modelling a bust on the morning of the day he died. It is a beautiful story, simple, grand, and calm, not to be read without one's regrets for certain things, like improper Anna Maria, and poor jilted Miss Mackenzie, and a habit of large promises and heroic delays, yet rising serenely above one's impertinent remorse, and standing forth in its successive events with the tranquil charm of a Greek bas-relief.

— The *Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham*, written by Himself, can hardly be regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of the period which it covers. The work contains numerous errors, but the touching apology at the close overcomes any disposition to harsh criticism. "Let it be recollected," says the venerable autobiographer, "that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me to assist it. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days, whose recollections might aided mine. All were dead. I alone have survived of those who had acted in the scenes I have here faintly endeavored to retrace."

But notwithstanding these errors — most of which are not serious — the work possesses more than common interest for the general reader. The "times" from 1800 to 1834, especially in European politics, are full of interest; and the "life," of which some account is given here, was certainly a remarkable one.

Henry Brougham was born in Edinburgh on the 19th September, 1778. His ancestors on the paternal side, a good Border family which had been settled at Brougham in Westmoreland since the Conquest, were not remarkable for anything. His mother was a niece of Dr. Robertson, the famous historian. At seven years of age

he went to the Edinburgh High School, of which Dr. Alexander Adam, "a teacher of the greatest merit," was rector. He had the inestimable advantage, too, of having his studies directed at all times by his great kinsman, Dr. Robertson, then principal of the university. At the age of thirteen he graduated as head of the school, and then studied for a few months at home under a private tutor.

In 1800, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to the Scotch bar. He had an invincible repugnance to the profession he had chosen, and endeavored to obtain, through the influence of friends, an appointment in the diplomatic service. Nothing came of his efforts, and he was forced to continue at his profession and wait for business. There were many noted men at the Scotch bar then, — Harry Erskine, Charles Hope, Jeffrey, Tait, Blair, Ross, Gillies, and Macanochie, — and contact with them undoubtedly had a great influence in developing the powers of such a keen observer of men and things as young Brougham.

In 1822 he joined Jeffrey and Smith in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*. The well-known account of the origin of the *Review*, as given by Sydney Smith, is, he says, somewhat inaccurate and even fanciful. It is evident that Brougham entertained rather a low opinion of Smith's abilities as compared with his own. "He (Smith) was a very moderate classic; he had not the smallest knowledge of mathematics, or of any science; he was an admirable joker; he had the art of placing ordinary things in an infinitely ludicrous point of view, but he was too much of a jack-pudding." Afterwards he commends Smith's labors in connection with the *Review*, but in rather a patronizing way. It is perhaps well for the memory of the noble Lord that the reverend 'joker' is not in a condition to review this work.

To the first four numbers of the *Review* it appears that Brougham contributed twenty-one articles of his own composition and four jointly with others. For the first twenty numbers he wrote eighty articles. It may be interesting to contributors for the press to know that the editor received at first £300 per annum, and the writers ten guineas a sheet of sixteen pages. Five or six years later the editor received £500, and the writers twenty guineas.

In 1808 Brougham was called to the English bar, and went on the Northern circuit, where he soon obtained a good

share of business. In 1810 he entered the House of Commons, having been returned for the borough of Camelford, through the patronage of the Duke of Bedford. From this time until 1834, when he gave up the Great Seal, he was one of the foremost men in the three kingdoms. What he did towards securing the repeal of the Orders in Council ("his greatest achievement," he calls it), the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery, the defence of Queen Caroline, the reform of the legislative and judicial departments of the government, and the diffusion of knowledge, are too well known to be dwelt upon here.

The return of Brougham for the county of York, "the greatest and most wealthy constituency in England," immediately after the death of George IV., gave him naturally the leadership of the liberal party in the House. Within two weeks after the meeting of the new Parliament, the Wellington administration was forced from office on account of its opposition to parliamentary reform, and Brougham was induced reluctantly to give up his brief leadership and take the Great Seal under Lord Grey, with whom he had long been on terms of intimate personal friendship. As a minister he was not altogether successful. He was restless, vain, ambitious, and overbearing. He wanted to take the lead in everything, even with the king; and Lord Grey, after vainly trying to preserve harmony in his cabinet, retired finally in sheer despair and disgust. Brougham continued to hold his office during the few months that the Melbourne administration was in power, and then retired, at the age of fifty-six, never more to sit at the council-board. In the House of Commons he would still have been a power to be conciliated; but as a new peer, without office, he was no longer to be feared.

His great success while in office was as a judge. He revolutionized the Court of Chancery. During the four years he was chancellor he decided between seven and eight hundred matters and causes, and of these not more than a half a dozen were appealed. When he retired there were only two cases remaining to be heard,—a state of affairs in that court never, we believe, approached before or since. "He attacked with gigantic power the whole fabric of the law, sweeping away its cumbrous and vexatious forms, simplifying, expediting, and cheapening the administration of justice."

With the retirement from office the Autobiography ends, although he lived thirty-five years longer, and did much valuable work in the cause of education.

—Dr. Döllinger is at once so good and so learned a man, the temper in which he speaks of religions from which he dissents is so tolerant, the great object of his later years,—religious union,—so desirable in itself, that one cannot help earnestly wishing that his labors should result in permanent advantage to the world. His influence, as far as it goes, must be for good, and all he writes possesses a certain interest for the earnest student. His Fables respecting the Popes evinces great familiarity with the early legends, accepted and apocryphal, of the Catholic Church, and contains much matter that is curious if it be not important: such as the story of the female Pope Joan; the question in regard to the baptizing of Constantine by a Pope Sylvester, and that emperor's alleged grant of privileges and territory to this hypothetical Pontiff; together with other similar matters, long subjects of controversy within the Church of Rome, if little thought of or cared for by outsiders.

But while one acknowledges laborious research and unflinching good temper, one misses in Döllinger's writings, not only the ringing tones of a leader of thought, but also originality of idea and bold assumption of any advanced ground on which a great party might rally. In the "Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches," the author elaborately deplores the fact that only three tenths of the world is even nominally Christian; and that this small Christian portion is distracted by dissensions; seeing that the Eastern Catholic churches seceded from the Western or Roman branch; and that the Church of Rome lost another large fraction by the Reformation: this latter offshoot splitting up again into a hundred conflicting sects.

Of Luther, personally, he speaks in high terms as a "Titan of the world of mind," who has "impressed the indelible stamp of his thoughts on the German language and the German intellect"; but as to Protestantism he thinks it can only prosper by reuniting itself to the ancient Catholic Church as it stood and as it taught seven hundred years ago. Protestant preachers, he thinks, each preaching from "his own subjective point of view" cannot gain "the confidence and respect of the laity." Their hearers have "no feeling that the speaker is sup-

ported on the broad stream of Christian tradition flowing down through eighteen centuries." (p. 149.)

It is thus that his translator defines his position. Dr. Döllinger lays down, as an indispensable condition of all negotiations for reunion, the acceptance, not only of Holy Scripture, but also of the three œcumenical creeds, interpreted by the teaching of the ancient Church before East and West were separated; that is, as far back as the twelfth century. Thus the great German seceder, while he rejects, as infallible master, "that Italian priest who is called the Pope" (p. 137), thinks there can be no general religious union while the Protestant principle of private judgment prevails; the condition of such union being the recognition, by all Christians, of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds.

It is very true that an infallible Bible cannot teach infallibly unless it be infallibly interpreted; but it is equally true that the civilized world is outgrowing the time when *any* religious teachings will be received as infallible. Reason and conscience, fallible though they be, not creeds and traditions of a bygone age, must be the rule, in the future, whereby to prove all things, ere we unite in accepting that which is good.

If Dr. Döllinger were thirty years younger, he might gravitate to a broad ground of opinion upon which his dream of a united Christendom could gradually be realized. But the road is too far, and his time too short. We do not think that he will do more than to draw around him a comparatively small body of moderate ritualists who, like the English Tractarians and the disciples of Pusey, seek to escape the dissensions of Protestantism by falling back on the authority to be found in a mild form of apostolic succession, divested of a Papal head.

—The tracing of historic localities under the dry surface of modern American city life affords but an elusive and uncertain pleasure, so insignificant are the actual remains of the peculiar architecture or topographical features of our towns as they were in earlier times. In surveying the memorial regions of Boston as they now appear, one is obliged "to draw strenuously upon the imagination," if one would shape forth, in place of the crowded modern structures, any substantial picture of the past. Yet the story of these acres furnishes to the full Mr. Drake's compact volume; and, concentrated within the covers of a book, is more enjoyable, perhaps,

than when wrenched with difficulty from the poor array of ancient buildings left to us. Under Mr. Drake's guidance we may go From the Orange-tree to the Old Brick, or From Boston Stone to the North Battery, or make the Tour round the Common, without stirring from our easy-chair; and it would be hard to say which of the various excursions is the most preferable. Mr. Drake urges a full harvest from every inch of the ground, giving all the direct and indirect personal and historic associations connected with each important tract or "lot"; though in some chapters the details concerning successive property-holders, their relatives and careers, become so dense as to make these portions rather valuable for reference than for ordinary perusal. There is a way open to a more literary treatment of these subjects, but Mr. Drake has compiled to perfection.

—Of the few historic centres which we possess, Concord is, in a certain sense, the chief, since from thence was radiated the light which has illumined the vast expanse of the Union as it now is. But if it is rich in material for delicious revery upon the old New England, yet its modern literary associations have endeared the place to us in ways as powerful. It is a pregnant subject, therefore, to which Mr. Alcott gives expression in *Concord Days*, and one the very title of which takes us by its richness of suggestion. But in addition to these obligatory elements, we find in the book a cheerful and genial flavor of the author's individuality, which is not its least agreeable feature. "A book loses if wanting the personal element," says Mr. Alcott. Certainly *Concord Days* cannot be impeached for this deficiency. The writer introduces us to his study, and there pulls down some massy diaries, from the substance of which this volume is made up. By an agreeable conceit, we are made to live through a summer of Concord life, each month, from April to September, having a chapter devoted to it. The events of the summer bring up a curious medley of affairs for comment, which are all treated in quaint disquisition, with abundant extracts from the author's favorite books. In this way it becomes a kind of indirect *Biographia Literaria*; while in the half-year's experience, compressed into a half-hour's reading, we are gently led over a wide range of subject, going in a single month, for instance, from berries to books,

from books to ideal culture and Goethe. "For a diary, slight arches suffice to carry the day's freight across." Most interesting are the remarks on notable writers of past and present times; but we shall naturally look a little closer at the pages devoted to Concord celebrities. Thoreau and Emerson are charmingly exhibited in clear and penetrating sentences, but we are inclined to doubt that the writer has caught Hawthorne's significance in all particulars. A mistaken view of his attitude during the war, which was at one time more common, we think, than now, seems to have found its way into the pages of his kindly neighbor. Concord Days, however, has another interest than that of its local and personal allusion, and this may be found in the peculiar philosophy which tinges the author's view of things. Mr. Alcott is a delicate idealist; his book is a flowering of this idealism, and it wins an additional grace from the associations of a place like Concord and the sweetness and simplicity of the life that is led there.

—The Issues of American Politics is a work by an ambitious writer, whose zeal somewhat outruns his knowledge, but whose knowledge is by no means small. It displays much reading, not only of the newspapers and of public documents, but in that abstruse and unfamiliar region, American political history. Mr. Skinner is a thoughtful reader, also, and not merely a devourer of books and a collector of facts; and he possesses in a great degree that power of generalization which, as the author of *Middlemarch* says, "gives man so much the superiority in mistake over the dumb animals." Of course he generalizes too much, as all writers on politics and political economy do; and moreover he falls into a polysyllabic style of writing, very bad in itself, and also faulty in this respect,—that it gives him the appearance of generalizing when he is only trying to state in a grandiose way some ordinary fact, event, or opinion. For example, having occasion in his first chapter to speak of the historical period when pastoral mankind first took to farming (or, as he puts it, "inaugurated the cultivation of the soil"), Mr. Skinner dilates as follows: "With the induction of this era man ceased to be a mere passive recipient of the perennial gifts of the soil, and by the donation of labor elected himself to a peerage with the forces of nature in persuading a responsive earth to augment its natural products and

disseminate its hidden wealth." In other words, man took a sharp stick, scratched on the dirt, and raised a few beans and yams. That this performance, however near it brought the owner of the stick to "the threshold of civilization," was not in itself a very profitable employment, may be gathered from another tumidity of Mr. Skinner's on the next page. "To design and construct the requisite appliances for tillage," he says, "and then apply them to their practical purpose in the cultivation of the soil—and this, moreover, by every individual and class, thus necessitating as many preparatory and determinate operations of tillage as there were followers of the pursuit—so trammelled the capacity of labor that it eventuated in little or no reward," in short, it did not pay.

This ludicrous fault in rhetoric ought not to condemn the book, however. It is worst in the early chapters, and diminishes as the author fairly grapples with the subjects he undertakes to treat. Mr. Skinner's is in the main a wise and useful book. It contains four parts, devoted respectively to Monetary and Financial Topics, Existing and Proposed Changes in our Organic and Municipal Law, Industrial and Revenue Legislation, and Representative Government. These contain chapters on money and currency, banks and the national banking system, the public debt, the constitutional amendments, reconstruction, amnesty, force legislation, civil-service reform, protection and free-trade, taxation, suffrage, minority representation, and the centralization of power; and all these topics, including many subordinate and kindred ones, are treated with ability and independence of thought. There are, naturally, errors of reasoning and mistakes of fact in so wide a range by a young writer not specially trained to a work of this sort; and there is the general fault already mentioned of attempting too much. But we have read wittier books and books by men of much greater name and culture than Mr. Skinner which did not grasp with so much good judgment the chief principles and most suggestive details of these discussions. He is not a follower of any one school, and rather prides himself on making distinctions that others have overlooked; but he may be described as a believer in sound currency, in moderate and experimental protection, in the national banking system, modified, in the reduction of the public debt, and the immediate and vital importance of reforming our civil ser-

vice. On the other hand, he opposes unrestricted suffrage and the suffrage of women, looks upon the force legislation applied to the reconstructed States with great aversion, criticises the administration of General Grant for its disregard of law and its tendency to centralization, and disapproves of Mr. David A. Wells's new scheme of taxation. There is no great novelty in most of his arguments, or in the array of facts by which he supports them; but they are often forcibly presented, and, even with the defect of style to which we have alluded, and with a frequent misuse of terms, he still makes the impression of a careful and able thinker. No man living will probably accept all his conclusions; we certainly should dissent from a great many of them; but in the majority of instances he seems to be sound, and everywhere well-intentioned.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

Those who are familiar with the writings of Théophile Gautier will be glad to hear of the appearance of a volume containing a few plays of his, and the descriptive part, so to speak, of several ballets which he composed some years ago. It is not a volume that throws any new, or, indeed, any strong light upon this interesting man, who stood alone as a writer, as if every one else who wrote did hack-work, while he wrote from sheer love of writing. But those who know Gautier well enough not to be shocked by his unconsciousness of the existence of the ordinary shackles which are useful for the bracing of society, will find this volume readable. He was always a charming writer, and, if this were not a world of responsibilities, he might be more generally praised.

—A book of greater importance is Sainte-Beuve's *Proudhon*, a little volume containing three essays which had appeared about six or seven years ago in the *Revue Contemporaine*. In the discussion of such a char-

acter as Sainte-Beuve has here chosen for his subject, one might very well have doubts beforehand as to his probable success. Never were two men more unlike: the one relentless, truculent; the other by nature and habit gentle and conservative: but here the great critic is as patient, as far-seeing, as apologetic as ever; he looks into the man, not at him; and, without any exhaustive discussion of Proudhon's theories, he gives us an admirable representation of the originality and nobility of the great socialist's character. Some of the pages are full of interest. For instance, we find on p. 342, "The fault, or, rather, the excess, of conformation in Proudhon's brain lay in collecting and grouping together artificially before his eyes a quantity of facts, and in joining them too closely together; then he would draw a result which he obtained by a sort of optical illusion, regarding it as near and imminent. Victor Hugo has a fault of very much the same kind, and also with respect to the color of the objects; he sees everything too large, too glowing, and too prominent. Proudhon carried this exaggeration into his ideas. He saw everything too large, too near." There is an anecdote of Proudhon which illustrates his intensity. Talking one day with Prince Napoleon, and exposing his social theories, the Prince asked him what was the form of society which he dreamed of. Proudhon replied, "One in which I shall be guillotined as a conservative."

Speaking of one of Proudhon's eloquent outbursts, in which he boasted of his humble origin, and of the zeal with which it fired him as an earnest defender of poverty from oppression, Sainte-Beuve says: "It is well, it is fine, honest, and generous, and he, who thus expressed himself in intimacy, with this fervor of an apostle, remained true till the end to the faith of his youth. But I must express my whole opinion: there is something nobler yet, and that is to be less conscious of one's origin; to know how to hold one's self aloof from it, and not let it have so much weight. The property of the highest intelligence consists in a lofty equilibrium. You are the son of a workman; that is very good, or rather it is neither good nor bad; remember it always, do not blush for it; but don't boast of it. Make use of it as an experience only to be had by means of poverty; retain a warm and true sympathy for the miseries you have known. But in political or philosophical reflections, do not be seen always occupied

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Théâtre. Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris, 1872.

P.-J. Proudhon. Sa Vie et sa Correspondance, 1838-1843. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris, 1872.

Mémoire d'un Journaliste. Par H. DE VILLEMESANT. Paris, 1872.

Der alte und der neue Glaube. E in Bekenntnis von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Leipzig, 1872.

Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire. Turin, 1859-1862. Par HENRY D'IDVILLE. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1872. 12mo. pp. 326.

and preoccupied with your origin, — with a single, exclusive interest, as if there were but one side to a question, your own, and all the rest were false. . . . According to my thinking, the social philosopher is really complete only when, in his interior evolution, he has detached himself from all the things of flesh and blood, from all the conditions of chance; when he has freed himself from all the chains which rivet his intelligence to a sect, a country, a family, a caste, a party, a province; and when, after much changing of his horizons, after having seen and compared the various manners of cities and peoples, after having made more than once the tour of ideas and the world, always learning without being corrupted, he is able to turn to those objects which are the belief or the execration of others with a clear-seeing, lofty impartiality, animated with a breath of universal sympathy." This is true; but meanwhile, since we cannot all be judges, the advocate has his place in the order of the universe. His very excesses arouse from their apathy those who do not care for abstract right, his exaggeration is compensated for by the indifference which he, often so fruitlessly, attacks. The world seldom moves on in a straight line.

—Dr. Strauss's last book, *Der alte und der neue Glaube*, is one that is sure to make considerable stir. It is an investigation of some of the most important questions that a candid mind can ask of the world, and they are answered, — or, perhaps, with more accuracy, the answers are sought, — with the utmost simplicity, logical directness, and unaffected seriousness. They are as free from bravado as from obsequious deference to ordinary conservative thought. The questions he asks are four in number. The first is, "Are we still Christians?" — Christians, that is to say, with respect to dogma, — and this he answers in the negative. By "we," it should be said, he refers to himself and a larger or smaller group who have not accepted their faith on tradition, but who have attempted for themselves the examination of the authority on which the Christian religion rests. He takes the different articles of the Apostolic Creed, and states the objections which he and such as think with him find against them. He enumerates the incomprehensible nature of the Trinity; the unsatisfactory account of the creation and of the fall of man; the nature of the Devil as a myth probably introduced from the Persian divi-

ion of the Indo-European group of nations the flaws in biblical history, alleged to have been discovered by critical examination; the attempts of Schleiermacher and others to superimpose their interpretation of Holy Writ upon the former belief, as one suited to modern times; the light which recent investigations in biblical exegesis are claimed to have thrown upon the life of Christ; the relation of Christianity to humanity: upon all these points he touches, and though briefly, yet never obscurely nor irreverently, as all will acknowledge who do not consider the mere mention of the difficulties irreverent.

Having answered that we are not Christians, then the question arises, May we not still have some religion, even if we have abandoned Christianity? This Dr. Strauss discusses in the second section. He finds the origin of the religious feeling in man's awe of nature, in a fetish worship of its might, in an effort to conciliate its indifference, and he says that at first religion must have been polytheistic, but afterwards succeeded by monotheism. He discusses prayer in a section which we would gladly quote, if it were possible to do so, without overrunning the space allotted to us; and then he gives a brief examination of the various philosophical interpretations of the idea of God in later times, — those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher. The question of the immortality of the soul comes next, the belief in which he traces to the knowledge man has of the duration after death of the memory of the dead; after that there arises the feeling which requires a compensation for suffering in this world, and reward or punishment for the deeds of this life. His own answer is, in a word, that virtue is its own reward, and that it does not need, if pure, to be encouraged by the promise of bliss hereafter. In conclusion, regarding the feeling of dependence which man must have in his brief stay upon this world, whether he feel dependent on a God or on some unknown power, he leaves the question of whether or not we have religion as one unsettled, to be answered by yes or no, as we understand religion.

The third question is, "How do we comprehend the world?" He here briefly enumerates the discoveries of modern science, the results of astronomy, of botany, geology and Darwinism, and gives a few words to the materialism of the present day, concluding with a mention of the *Weltzweck*, with a

portrayal of the world in its relations to the universe, as one member of a mighty band.

The fourth question, "How do we regulate our lives?" discusses morality, its dependence on divine command; war and peace; the principle of nationality; monarchy and republicanism — (of the latter he has no exalted idea); nobility; universal suffrage, etc., etc. We need not enlarge the list of social questions; they are such as occupy the attention of every thinking man.

In two appendices he writes about the great authors of Germany, and the great musicians. What he has to say is of interest, though it has by no means the importance of the earlier part of the book.

In making mention of this volume we have tried as dispassionately as possible to set before our readers, in a few words, a brief analysis of a book which, we feel sure, both from the nature of the subjects treated, the serious manner of their discussion, and the deservedly great reputation of the author, will make its mark upon the time, not so much as an attack upon what we venerate, as an apology for those who honestly differ from the majority of their brothers. An English translation is announced.

—M. d'Ideville's journal, not originally intended for publication, records the impressions produced at the moment upon an intelligent and attentive observer by the memorable events which happened in Italy during the two years and a half that followed the Peace of Villafranca, and by the distinguished men concerned in them.

The point of view is that of a young French secretary of legation who sympathizes with the old nobility of his country, and is no admirer of the government he serves; who hates revolutionists, and shares the opinion of those statesmen who regard the unity of Italy as a danger to France, but who is fascinated by Cavour's personal magnetism, so that he exclaims, "This man whom my conscience reproaches me for loving so much appears to me greater every time I think of him." Count d'Ideville is on his guard against his own prejudices, and sedulously strives to describe incidents and the actors in them with an impartial hand, but he cannot entirely conceal his satisfaction when he has a story to tell to the disadvantage of the ex-Emperor, of Benedetti, Rattazzi, or Garibaldi.

Its second title shows the *raison d'être* of the book, which is to throw light on the short-comings of the Imperial diplomacy

rather than to illustrate Italian history, though much space is devoted to that country and its statesmen.

A story, which has been in print before, included in a part of this journal which appeared in some of the French newspapers, is told by M. d'Ideville upon the authority of Cavour's private secretary, who had it from Cavour himself. One day Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, French Minister at Turin, a man described as a *grand seigneur* who had unlimited confidence in himself and a great propensity to irony, called on Cavour, and expressed his regret that he had a painful task to fulfil, — to express his government's strong disapproval of Cavour's attitude, — and he then read a despatch from Count Walewski, declaring distinctly that any attempt on the part of the Sardinian government to annex Central Italy would be considered as a violation of treaty. "Cavour, his head in his hands, listened without interrupting the reading of the despatch; then, when the minister of France had finished, he replied with a confused air, 'Alas, you are right, my dear prince; what M. Walewski writes you is not calculated to encourage our hopes, I admit; we are sharply censured; but what would you say if I, on my side, read you what comes to me directly from the Tuileries, this time, and from a certain personage you know?' At the same time with a mocking air he drew from his pocket a letter bearing the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard (Napoleon's private secretary) assured him confidentially from the Emperor that the projects of annexation were regarded with a friendly eye, and that he need not trouble himself about the complications which might arise."

Subsequently, when Napoleon, under the influence of the Empress, attempted to retract his promises, Victor Emanuel, taking the French Minister aside at a ball, expressed to him his irritation in the most violent and bitter terms, concluding, "Who is he, after all, this man, this —? The last-comer of the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder among us. Let him remember then what he is and what I am, — I, the chief of the first and oldest race that reigns in Europe." The minister quietly replied, "Sire, with your Majesty's permission, I have not heard a word that has just been said." The king abruptly left him, but later in the evening tapped him on the shoulder and said with a smile, "It is not indispensable, is it, my dear prince, to report at Paris our

conversation this evening? Besides, have you not yourself said that you heard nothing of it?"

Count Cavour remarked to the author, "Your Emperor will never change; his fault is always to wish to conspire. God knows if he needs to to-day. Is he not absolute master? With a country powerful as yours, a large army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why does he continually disguise his intentions, go the right when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa*? . . . It is the peculiarity of his genius, it is the way he prefers, he practises it as an artist, a *dilettante*, and in that *rôle* he will always be the first and greatest of us all." This remark was made when complaining of the absence of the French Minister, who had been recalled at the time the Sardinian forces invaded the Romagna, and had not been allowed to return to his post, though a year had elapsed.

When a minister was sent it was M. Vincent Benedetti, since so well known as envoy to the Court of Berlin. The Marquis de la Valette, when representing France at Constantinople, discovered the ability of Benedetti, then a consular pupil, and attached him to the embassy as consul. Without powerful connections, he successively became secretary of legation, *chargé d'affaires*, and director of political affairs in the foreign office under Thouvenel. While holding the latter place he had been named second plenipotentiary to sign the treaty ceding to France Nice and Savoy. He has since, "with the modesty habitual to him," attributed to himself the honor of the negotiation, which, however, was substantially concluded before his arrival at Turin, where he remained but three days.

M. Benedetti and our diplomatist sympathized so little, that the latter soon obtained a leave of absence preparatory to a transfer. He thus describes his sometime chief: To suppleness and perseverance "he unites an extreme *finesse*, a keen intelligence, and especially a remarkable facility for work. His physiognomy is, beyond contradiction, one of the most refined and intelligent that can be found. His features are regular, the forehead remarkably developed, the eyes keen, penetrating, but deceitful. His manners and gestures are awkward and embarrassed; despite his efforts, he feels himself ill at ease in a world where he has not lived; a feeling of restraint is concealed under a

stiffness which sometimes unintentionally borders on impertinence. There is nothing which is at the same time more annoying and more comical than to see him attempt a sprightly tone and playful remarks; he had no doubt learned from M. de la Valette that to excel in light talk was *suprême bon ton*. The poor pupil has made vain efforts to imitate the marquis, he has not passed mediocrity in that way; there is no reproach in that, though. M. Benedetti is a profound egotist; like his patron, he has not had the talent to make friends and the ability to surround himself with clients and creatures: more ambitious, more concentrated, more grave, the Corsican diplomatist has directed all his faculties, all his energies, to a single end." M. d'Ideville adds in a note that "it is impossible, nevertheless, not to recognize in M. Benedetti a lofty intelligence and, what is more precious and rare, character."

The experience of the Chevalier Constantine Nigra, for many years Victor Emanuel's influential envoy to France, strikingly illustrates the narrow exclusiveness of the aristocratic circles of Turin. Signor Nigra, the son of an obscure country phlebotomist, owes his elevation to his own energy and merit. While he was still a secretary in the foreign office, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had often seen him there, proposed inviting him to dinner, and said so to Cavour: "What are you thinking of, my dear prince, no one invites Nigra," was the reply." Afterwards, when Nigra returned from his post at Paris on leave of absence, he said to a friend, "What a singular country ours is. In France they not only admit me everywhere, but I am invited to court and petted and appreciated there as few Frenchmen are; while here in my own city it would not be possible for me to be received by the Marchioness Doria." This lady's house was much frequented by young officers of the army and foreigners, and no one could receive with greater kindness and ease, says M. d'Ideville, but he adds that Nigra was right; the highest civil functions cannot authorize a person not noble to enter the drawing-rooms of Turin, although military officers are admitted, whatever their nationality or birth.

His royal Majesty is no favorite of our author, who gives his full-length portrait, of which only a few touches can be repeated here. "In the character and habits of the king one finds again the want of refine-

ment seen in his appearance. . . . His immense popularity in the old provinces of Piedmont is due rather to the inherent monarchical feeling of the people than to the personal qualities of the king. . . . If name is ever great in history, his only merit will be that he let Italy take her own course." He speaks of his amours with a freedom unbecoming a *galantuomo*; and, "what is more strange, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he would have liked to have." On the other hand, Victor Emanuel is accorded the great *finesse* of the Italian race and no lack of natural wit. "His dominant quality is courage pushed to rashness." In letters written by him to a celebrated woman, M. d'Iderville was surprised to find tenderness and delicacy of feeling.

Much is told of Cavour. Especially interesting is the account of the scene when Garibaldi, from his place in Parliament, declared that it was "impossible for him to press the hand of a man who had sold his country to the foreigner, and to ally himself to a government whose cold and mischievous hand had attempted to foment a fratricidal war"; and when the patriotic minister so resolutely curbed his fiery temper. "If emotion could kill a man," said he the next day to a friend, "I should have died on my return from that session."

This entertaining volume — these extracts have by no means exhausted its interest — is to be followed by others relating the author's diplomatic experience at Rome (1862–1866), Athens, and Dresden.

A R T.

RECENTLY, Messrs. Doll and Richards have had on exhibition two remarkable water-color paintings by Mrs. W. J. Stillman, who, as Miss Spartali, had already, before marriage, won much merited esteem from coworkers and connoisseurs in her art in London. The smaller of these pieces is called *Forgetfulness*, and represents a young woman seated by a low window overlooking a lagoon of Venice. A little in front of this casement stands a large spinning-wheel, with which the damsel has apparently been occupied. Now, however, she has leaned back in her chair, her head resting against the jamb of the window-frame, and only holds the loose flaxen thread in her idle right hand. With the other she grasps a book, which in turn she allows to sink listlessly towards her lap. She is dressed in black, — a full-skirted robe flowing down from the close bodice which clasps her from the waist up to just below the neck. Her arms are enveloped in voluminous white lawn, from which, at the shoulders, fall back the so-called "angel-sleeves," of the same material with the skirt, black, lined with a red, approaching cherry. The lawn sleeves are hard in texture, and perhaps the least successful portion of the whole. The girl's hair, which is of a glowing amber-golden hue, surrounds with its waving mass a face of bright and perfect color, — all this beautiful blond vision

of the head blooming softly forth from the background of a rich tapestry curtain drawn away from the window on the right. The round green panes are visible, just without, where the casement swings ajar; and through the aperture you look off over pale green waters, where a gondolier is seen rowing his slender, gloomy little craft. In the distance, a long, low pile of reddish buildings hints Venice proper, lying asleep on the sea; with a soft, warm sky above, evenly blent of blue and white. It would be hard to surpass the warmth of life with which the girl's head is so tenderly imbued. In its presence we seem to become conscious of those invisible radiations which are experienced from the proximity of actual beings. It is not too much to say that there is exhaled from this reposeful figure something akin to that rich and soothing sense of a refined femininity which it is so difficult to describe, yet which many of us must have felt distilled into us from pictures by certain few of the Italian masters. Both *Forgetfulness* and the Galilean Monk, the larger picture, exhibit that prevalence of rich, harmonious contrasts, darkness rounding and ripening itself into light, and that peculiar spirituality which, by an apparent paradox, inheres in a fervidly sensuous coloring, when developed with grace and moderation, and which recalls the sentiment of the Venetian school. The figure

of the Galilean Monk, as it happens, is placed by an open window, in very much the same way as is that of the young woman. This time, however, the window opens upon a garden of olive-trees and vines, as it seems, behind which rises the dazzling, plastered dome of what to inexperienced eyes might be a mosque, or other religious edifice. In the background is a hill, worked in with a welded mass of subdued but generous tints, and in the left corner a glimpse of deep, deep blue, —no doubt the Sea of Galilee. This monk—for so we must call him—might well be taken for a representation of Christ, bating some realistic features which would, perhaps, obtrude unpleasantly upon the orthodox mind, and were it not for the presence of a mediæval missal on his lap. Otherwise, we have here the “face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom,” in accordance with the supposed contemporary description of Christ, fished up in the eleventh century by Anselm of Canterbury; also, the black eyebrows almost joined together, and “long fingers, like his mother’s,” which Bishop John of Damascus ascribes to the Saviour. His countenance is gentle, serene, and firm; the brown, almond-shaped eyes very beautiful; and a little depression in the forehead between the eyebrows imparts an expression of suffering though calm sensibility, most consonant with one’s impression of the Christ’s face, which must have shown, by just some such little sign as this, the constant endurance of little daily shocks from the gross or petty misapprehensions of fellow-beings. The two sparrows, jerking up sedate little gray tails, as they nibble the crumbs this kind priest, whoever he be, has placed on the window-sill for them, call to mind words of the New Testament which might have been inspired by this very scene. In the execution here, as in the other piece, there appear to be weaknesses; for instance, the somewhat scratchy appearance of the trees in the garden; and perhaps, too, it would have been better to veil the wasted thinness of the ascetic hand which lies upon the open book. But the faults form altogether the minor part of the work; they will receive notice enough from those who are not inclined to dwell on the beauties; and there are many. Mrs. Stillman’s pictures illustrate the method of the more recent and powerful of the English water-colorists; but they moreover teem with delicate and appreciative truthfulness, and

breathe throughout a pure and lofty sincerity which, if it were more often seen in the work of our own painters, would be the harbinger of health and prosperity in American art.

—In the opening exhibition at the new gallery of the Boston Art Club, interesting opportunities were afforded for instituting some comparison between certain products of foreign schools and recent efforts of our own painters. Local art here held its ground very well, despite the presence of a Bougeauran,—a Mother and Child, with, apparently, a boy St. John,—a noble group, sitting against a clump of Brittany rosemary, but rather distinguishable for large and lucid beauties of form, and even color, than anything especially joyous and pleasing. Mr. Bellows contributed a landscape in oil and two in water-color, all of which indicate the same advancement in his art which has been apparent since his study in England; but there is a want, especially in his foliage, which doubtless strict study (and only that) might supply. An autumnal forest scene by McEntee, with a silent pool in the centre, limpid, yet unlighted, and stained a deep umber by the leaves at the bottom, was satisfactory and soothing, both for its pensive sentiment and its excellence of representation. Among the most excellent in style was a small landscape by F. D. Williams,—a country-road, with sheep, and a background of blue hills, in which the grays and blues of American scenery were happily reproduced, in a suitable, clear, bright atmosphere. On the other hand, Mr. John R. Key displayed a large landscape, *The Brook*, which, along with some merits, was also distinguished by coarseness and materiality; and a view of California Big Trees, which had too strong a relish of the venerable insincerity of the Bierstadt method. A large canvas, too, from the brush of the latter, brought into view the customary liberal allowance of Rocky Mountains, with Indians and their tents in the foreground. The upper portion of the picture is very turbulent, the mountain-tops seeming to be quite at loggerheads with the clouds, which fall heavily upon them. We should be glad to welcome from Bierstadt something more proportionate in goodness to the fame he enjoys. A little Christabel by Vedder—a dark and dreamy little piece.—hung in the smaller room. F. H. Smith, in whom may have been observed a considerable versatility, and the power to paint simply and poeti-

cally, was represented by a picture of a waiter-girl, scarcely harmonious in composition and color, and with something bold and displeasing about it; recalling also too strongly Lotard's famous *Chocolatière*. Besides these, however, there were numerous good pieces worthy of description, bearing the names of Hunt, Norton, Appleton, Brown, Ordway. A flower-piece by W. A. Gay — chrysanthemums of different colors heaped in a pretty dish, against a golden, peacock-ornamented screen — showed how well the decorative tone of Japanese art may be employed with flowers and fruit. A good array of water-colors had been massed upon one of the walls, among which was a study of a yellow apple and fresh hazel-nut, by W. Hunt, presented to Walter Smith, Esq., by the Leeds Art School, and illustrative of a very worthy style of water-color painting. Something akin to the method of Mrs. Stillman, with, however, a difference in the choice of subject, was to be found in a water-color by Francis Lathrop of London, also recently exhibited in the Royal Academy. A young woman, opening a door out of a quaint, dim-lighted hall and stairway, holds a platter of milk to tempt a timid kitten with arching back and wistful face. This is conceived in a delicate chord of green and gray, with harmonious contrasts in the colors of the dress. Altogether, the exhibition, comprising as it did between one and two hundred pictures, no one of which, perhaps, was absolutely bad, was a gratifying success. From the activity of the Art Club, which more and more brings painters and lovers of art together in its reunions, and which possesses in its new galleries increased facility for exhibitions, much is to be hoped and expected. It supplies a primary want quite as important in its way as that of art-schools and museums. But it remains with the patrons of art to complete the efficiency of these exhibitions by purchasing from them, so that painters may think it worth while always to contribute their best work. In New York, the brisk sale of pictures, almost constantly going on, passes chiefly into the hands of dealers, for the simple reason that the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, though at first vigorous and promising, were not stimulated and sustained by purchase. The contrary is the case in London, where it has become the fashion to purchase from the artist through the Royal Academy exhibitions. The Art Club promises to reserve one of its rooms

as a repository for pictures on sale, whence, if purchased, they may be removed, and others substituted for them. This would certainly be a wise step, and much good might be anticipated as its result.

— The most marked trait of English art, as opposed to that of any other nation, is the tendency to run into specialisms, — its extreme individualism in all provinces, from design even to criticism, answering in this to that dominant tendency of the national mind towards self-assertion at the expense of any association of talents or generalization in perception. Certain traits of the most purely negative character are common to all English artists, — want of docility, not only unteachableness, but unschoolableness; they have no wish to be merely individuals in a school, and, with the best wish thereto, success is unattainable. With an occasional individual genius of the highest type, there is no national artistic character. Hogarth, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Rossetti, Burne Jones, Watts, and maybe a few more, rise to great heights of true artistic excellence, and to fullest perception of the emotional and plastic elements of art; but they rise out of a dead plain of the most appalling mediocrity, and each in his time as an individual protest against the frivolity and superficiality of the art of the day. The art of Greece, of Venice, of Florence, of modern Paris, even of Germany, has certain positive scholastic qualities, plastic, technical, academical, which bind their artists together in a larger individuality, and it may often be a point hardly to be decided if a certain picture belong to a certain great master, or merely to an unnamed disciple of his school; but in English art we only recognize the school by the want of any coherence; if the work be poor, by the want of all scholastic or plastic quality; if great, by its intense individuality and utter unlikeness to anything else.

But in design, pure and simple, the power* of expressing ideas in black and white, in conveyance of the objective idea without reference to the subjective coloring or emphasis, Englishmen have always held a high place, and the designs of Hogarth and Blake, Cruikshank and Leech, with the school of Punch, have shown a power and clearness of perception, and a directness and *finesse* of execution, which make them the only class work in England worth distinction. Turner's power in design was of the very highest; but in all his finished

work so lost in his plastic qualities that it cannot be treated as we can treat that of the men we have mentioned.

In selecting, for the point of a comparison between the great Englishmen and the great Italians, the delineation of childhood, Mr. Colvin, specialist in criticism, erudite in all that pertains to either school, and conversant to the limits of culture in all that has been said or written on these themes, has chosen his ground, not only with a happy perception of what was best and truest in his own countrymen, but what was of widest and most tender interest to all who will read his book,* and has made a monograph which will strengthen his reputation as critic as well as connoisseur. For in all things which Englishmen have done well, the best has always been done in purity and childlike simplicity; and Blake himself, the mightiest of their masters, and the purest and most childlike of them as well, merits to be put forward, as, indeed, Mr. Colvin puts him, as the representative of English design. What he says of this in his introductory chapter is well said and well worth saying, not only as true, but as opening, in a wider sense than first appears, the nature of English art. "There is a sentiment, a susceptibility of the spirit, a mode of regarding young children both with the eye and heart, of which I seem to see that the dawn, as expressed in art, accompanies the dawn of the English school; and which I want the reader to taste in its perfection, to catch at its freshest moment. For that we must go back a hundred years, when we shall find it making itself felt in most forms of art to which the time gives birth."

So our author follows his subject through the supernal regard of the Italian to the human devotion of the Englishman, loving children as such, and basing his studies on the three designers *par excellence* of his country, — Blake, Stothard, and Flaxman. We need hardly take exception that he has given either of the latter a greater degree of merit than he was entitled to: the measure of degrees in art is perilous and overbold. Flaxman is an English foible; and what he did least worth doing — because it was borrowed and simulated too, namely, his Hellenism — Englishmen take as the greater virtue, or something brought from

afar, which they do not in his case perceive to be merely far-fetched. What is of more importance, that comparative justice should be done, we can hardly mistake Mr. Colvin as doing with emphasis, if not with the impartiality of one uninfluenced by the tendencies of English opinion. "No one, of the English or any other school, has ever expressed the enchanted soul and lightsome spiritual essence of childhood in its human joy and purity, with anything comparable to the twofold charm of verse and design that is to be found in one, at least, of the works of William Blake, — the result of a diviner gift than any either of the speculative or the analytic genius."

Blake was, in fact, as compared with Flaxman, a marvel of imaginative genius, with a plastic talent which, like Shakespeare's and Michael Angelo's, made its own canons, and established its own standard of culture. What he was he would have been, had all ancient art perished in its day. Flaxman was but a pale, if close reflex of the manner and gesture of Greek art; what he might have been if left to himself we can only conjecture, for so little of himself is left to judge by, that, when we take the Greek from him, he cannot stand alone. Culture he had, but of others' forms of speech; perception, but only through forms which others had set for him; and what he has done we can well lose and not be poorer. To lose Blake were to lose a knowledge of one human faculty, — to lose one of the happiest pages of the world's art. Flaxman we are content should be English, Greek, French, anything. Blake we love to feel was human, and of a humanity of which all spiritual-minded men partake. And were it but for what Mr. Colvin has done for Blake, and for his tasteful reproduction of a few of his designs, we should be grateful for his book. These reproductions, in one of the comparatively recent forms of photography, are *fac-similes* of monochrome designs from Blake's illustrated books, and, to those who have not access to his works, will show the indescribable *naïveté*, and almost unrivalled energy and clearness of purpose, which characterize them. Of Flaxman and Stothard we have enough, and to spare, in all the commonplace books of illustration; nor is there anything in their manner or conception which makes them difficult to comprehend or to reproduce in commoner ways; but nothing less than photography could render even this partial justice to Blake.

* Children in Italian and English Design. By SIDNEY COLVIN, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. London. 1872.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN Opera once more! At least, so the handbills and street-posters persist in styling it; although the Italian element in its composition stands rather in the background, the best of the singers being German, American, and French, and the best of the operas being the work of German and French composers. The singing, however, is done in the Italian language (with a pleasing variety of accents), which fact may give some coloring of appropriateness to the name, which otherwise does not mean much. The powers that rule over such things seem to have settled it that a few weeks of Italian Opera are what no well-regulated "season" can do without; and we have accordingly annual visits from that great musico-dramatic nondescript, variously diluted as circumstances may command, this time with great "attractions" of the "star" sort, other attractions not easily discoverable, if indeed they actually exist. In fact, but for the presence of two or three of the bright, particular stars, it were perhaps better not to speak of the company and performances at all, lest, like Hamlet, we "fall a cursing"; and railing at the inevitable can only result in waste of breath and temper. Suffice it to say that Madame Lucca and Miss Kellogg have found very much the same supporting power in the "company" that an acrobat finds in the pile of chairs on the top of which he is balancing himself. The chairs, to be sure, serve to keep him up in the air, but it is the acrobat himself that keeps the pile from falling to the ground and bringing him down with it. Of Madame Lucca herself it is hard to speak in moderate terms; so thoroughly human an actress we have rarely seen. There seems to be a general, perhaps inevitable, desire to compare her with Miss Nilsson, and, in spite of the proverbial quality of all comparisons, we think that a comparative study of the two artists would not be wholly unprofitable. There are many points of resemblance between them. Both are essentially lyric actresses, rather than singers pure and simple, having the same power of realizing the highest dramatic conception of both poet and composer, and seeming able to draw inspiration from an abstract idea, a grandly pregnant situation, even when poet and composer have

shown themselves incapable of worthily developing such situation or idea, and, in fine, both showing the same tendency to break through all worn-out conventionalities and stage traditions. In other words, both are thoroughly *original* artists. But here their resemblance comes to an end. They are as widely different in individuality, and in their conceptions of the same or similar situations and characters, as they are in personal appearance and *timbre* of voice. There always seemed to us to be something of another world about Nilsson, something preterhuman, at times almost uncanny; she seemed to breathe a different atmosphere from those who surrounded her, to bring with her a breath as from Valhalla, unsafe for mortals to come in contact with; there was an element of fierceness in her passion not quite human nor yet entirely godlike, a mixture of the Northern Valkyria and the tigress. In the love-scene in *Faust*, for instance, we could not help thinking (*mutatis mutandis*) of Jupiter and Semele, and half expected to see Faust shrivel up and fall at her feet a heap of ashes.

Lucca, on the other hand, is transcendently human, with all the intense human and womanly qualities. She and Nilsson are to each other as Beethoven's Leonora* and Wagner's Brünnhilde.† The purely musical element is perhaps more preponderant in Lucca than in Nilsson, and her acting is often apparently quite as dependent upon the music as upon the situation: witness the way in which her whole being floats on the melody *Tu l'as dit* in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, the melody seeming to catch her up from the couch upon which she has fallen in despair, and to waft her as on a cloud into Raoul's arms, forgetful of all save her love. Lucca's acting in this scene may well be considered her finest effort, finer perhaps as an artistic whole than anything that we have seen from Nilsson, or indeed any other lyric actress; but then it must be borne in mind that the scene itself is one of peculiar dramatic possibilities, one in which a really great actress finds more scope for all her

* In *Fidelio*.

† In *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*.

powers than any other in the whole range of operas such as have been presented to our public, with perhaps the single exception of the prison-scene in Beethoven's *Fidelio*,—a situation of extreme difficulty withal, in which the heroine, Valentine, is torn by many conflicting emotions, so that it might well be the despair of any but a transcendent artist. The music also is perhaps the finest in all of Meyerbeer's writings,—one of the very few grand moments in which the habitually too self-conscious composer was thoroughly inspired by the situation, to the forgetting of himself and all ignoble, claptrap *effect*. Here, if anywhere, Meyerbeer has been naturally and spontaneously great. Even Richard Wagner, who has seen through all Meyerbeer's charlatanries as have few beside him, and who has ever been Meyerbeer's severest critic, says of this scene: "We observe . . . that, despite the composer's (Meyerbeer's) most distinct incapacity to give us from his own musical faculty the slightest evidence of artistic vitality, he raises himself, nevertheless, to the highest and most incontestable artistic power in certain passages of his opera music. These passages are the offspring of a genuine inspiration, and if we examine more closely, we shall perceive whence this inspiration has sprung,—clearly from the poetic nature of the situation itself. Wherever the poet has forgotten his trammelling consideration for the musician,* wherever he has involuntarily stumbled upon a situation in which he could inhale and exhale a free, exhilarating breath of actual human life, he directly imparts it to the musician as an inspiring afflatus; and the composer who, even by exhausting all the wealth of his musical predecessors, could not give us a single proof of real creative power, all at once is capable of the richest, noblest, and most soul-stirring musical expression. I refer especially to separate passages in the well-known, heart-breaking love-scene in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, and emphatically to the invention of the wonderfully affecting melody in G♯ major,—a melody which, springing as it does, like a fragrant blossom, from a situation that seizes upon all the fibres of the human heart with a rapturous pain, leaves only very little, and surely only that which is most perfect in musical composition, to be brought into

comparison with it."* Another scene in which Lucca showed her great power of expressing intense suppressed emotion by the simplest and most natural means, and that was in the third act, where Valentine and the Duc de Nevers take leave of the Queen after their wedding. Her utter despair at being forever cut off from Raoul was terribly expressed in every feature and gesture, in spite of her ladylike repose of bearing, and determination not to "make a scene" at parting. The way in which she kissed the Queen's hand was as intense a dramatic expression of emotion as if she had torn her hair and swooned about the stage as is usual with *prime donne* in similar straits, and can be ranked with the piercing, volume-speaking look that Nilsson gave her brother, Enrico, in *Lucia*, where he proposes her marriage with Arturo, to which glance the brother might well answer in dismay, "Mi guardi e taci?" Lucca's Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita* may well be compared with Nilsson's Lucia as a creation of something out of nothing,—only that *La Favorita* as an opera is even a feebler effort than *Lucia di Lammermoor*; an opera of which Robert Schumann wrote in his note-book: "Went to hear Donizetti's *Favorita*. Could only sit through two acts. Puppet-show music!" Puppet-show music, forsooth! Would that it were nothing but that! We wish that our public and all publics had more opportunities of hearing artists like Madame Lucca or Miss Nilsson sing in such operas, that they might be firmly impressed with the weakness, the worse than triviality, the utter artistic vulgarity of the music. Great melodic power Donizetti certainly has; there is even a certain quasi-dramatic quality of a rather vague sort in his melodies; while casually glancing over the piano scores of some of his operas, we can understand the enthusiasm of his admirers, whose war-cry is ever "divine melody," "easy, natural, musical expression," and heaven knows what not else of similar purport. But when we see and hear his operas on the stage, we are lost in amazement that reasonably cultivated human creatures can swallow such doses, and even find them palatable. His melody is good enough, yes, often much too good for the use he makes of it; divine, if you will. But such slipshod working-out of fine themes, such bungling futilities in the accompaniments, such orchestration, "wor-

* Meyerbeer was noted for forcing his librettist, Scribe, to conform entirely to his requirements for stage-effect in all his operas.

* Richard Wagner, *Oper und Drama*, p. 92. Leipzig, 1869.

thy of a tap-room," as Berlioz says, oscillating between the extremes of childish impotence and blatant coarseness! Far from being the "glorification of Melody," the "apotheosis of Melody" as we often hear these operas called, they are for the most part the vilification of Melody, the insulting and degrading of Melody and dragging her through the mire! Ordinary singers may make these things only mildly offensive, but with *artists* like Lucca or Nilsson the discrepancy between what might be and what *is* becomes intolerably exasperating. Lucca's Margherita in *Faust* differs from Nilsson's impersonation as the two women differ from one another. It is impossible to say which of the two artists was more passionate, tender, or intense; but Lucca's was the passion and intensity of the country girl, Nilsson's that of the tiger-demi-goddess. We are aware that there is some discrepancy between this and what we wrote about Miss Nilsson last year,* but we take the feminine liberty of letting experience modify our opinions. In *Mignon*, Lucca was less demonstratively *effective* than Nilsson, though we are not sure that her conception of the part is not an artistically higher one.

Miss Kellogg comes back to us as complete an artist as ever, the pure, penetrating quality of her voice seeming even more beautiful, if possible, than in past seasons. As a *singer*, as far as purity of style and method, and fine, sympathetic, musical expression go to make one, we should rank her even above Madame Lucca or Miss Nilsson. Her singing is, in fact, almost absolutely faultless. She is, moreover, an intelligent, conscientious, and painstaking actress, and a little more of fire, passion, and intrinsic dramatic force would place her in the very highest rank upon the lyric stage.

— We have before us the proof-sheets of a new song by Mr. Francis Boott, set to Præd's words, "Father, father, I confess." † In every respect it is one of the composer's happiest efforts; exceedingly pretty in melody and beautifully harmonized. The music gracefully expresses at once the childlike earnestness of sentiment of the young girl's first love and her half-coquettish way of acknowledging it to her ghostly adviser. The accompaniment is thinly and unsatisfactorily put upon the piano-forte; but any

pianist, worthy of the name, to whom the task of accompanying the song may fall, will find no trouble in supplying all deficiencies of this sort, though we would caution all ambitious musical fledglings against attempting such "filling out," lest they mar the simple perfection of the harmony.

— Now that a more or less complete musical education has become almost a necessity with most of us, it gives us great pleasure to notice an institution established in Boston last September by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, under the title of the National College of Music. This college has some peculiar excellences in its organization which appeal directly to our musical sympathies. There has of late years been no want of good musical instruction both in and out of our various conservatories, music-schools, etc., but there has been felt a want of some organization which could be looked to as a standard in the various branches of technical musical education. This want the college in question may to a certain degree claim to supply. The teachers in each department look to some one definite head for guidance in the management of their various classes. The head teacher in each department has been brought up in the same school of playing or singing as the other teachers under his direction, many of whom have for some years been his own pupils and coworkers, so that a pupil may begin at the lowest grade in any department and successively pass on to higher and higher grades, without being forced to adopt a new system at each successive step. The piano-forte department is under the immediate supervision of Mr. B. J. Lang of Boston, who may fairly claim to have founded a school of piano-forte playing here. The vocal department is superintended by Signor Vincenzo Cirillo, of Naples, who has already made a marked success as a teacher, and of whom we can, from our personal knowledge, speak in the highest terms both as a musician and a thorough expert in his own department. The department of stringed instruments is under the direction of the members of the Quintette Club themselves. They are well enough known throughout the country to let their merit speak for itself, and their individual excellences as artists and their long association together point to their being able to found a school of stringed instruments in which there shall be no essential discrepancies of style or method.

* Atlantic for January, 1872.

† *The Confession*. Song. Words by PRÆD. Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

WE have already had something to say about the spots on the sun, and their curious relations to terrestrial phenomena. We have seen that the occurrence of the aurora-borealis and the cyclical disturbances of the compass-needle are determined by those gigantic solar storms which give to the disk of our great luminary its spotted appearance. We have also given some of the facts which seem to indicate a remarkable coincidence between the periodicity of the spots and the periodicity of Asiatic cholera, though we freely admit that this coincidence may be purely fortuitous. To distinguish between those cases of agreement, among different orders of phenomena which are evidence of true causal relationship, and those which are merely accidental, is often possible only at an advanced stage of inquiry, and after a very wide induction of instances, or a complicated deduction from known principles. The scientific student is, however, quite legitimately employed in hunting up instances of coincidence, even though he must be content to let them stand as empirical facts for want of adequate data for interpreting them. In this humble way, astronomy, the most advanced of the physical sciences, began its career by the ascertainment of sundry periodicities in the heavens for which no one could assign the reason; and now it is just this initial sort of work which chiefly concerns us when we study meteorology. In a recent interesting article in *Nature*, Mr. J. N. Lockyer observes: "Surely in meteorology, as in astronomy, the thing to hunt down is a cycle, and if that is not to be found in the temperate zone, then go to the frigid zones or the torrid zone to look for it, and if found, then, above all things, and in whatever manner, lay hold of it, study it, record it, and see what it means."

Now, it is remarkable that the first decided periodicity which has been observed in storms of rain and wind carries us directly to the sun-spots. Naturally, the place for seeking to detect such periodicity should be within the tropics, where the winds blow so much more uniformly than in the temperate zones. A year ago, when Mr. Lockyer went to India to observe the eclipse of the sun, he found that a regular period of about eleven years in the maxi-

imum intensity of the monsoons was generally recognized in Ceylon. Every eleventh year, as a general rule, there occurs the greatest violence of the wind and the greatest quantity of rainfall. Sometimes, as might be expected, the cycle is not entirely regular, and twelve or thirteen years elapse before the recurrence of maximum intensity. But, on the whole, the undecennial period seems to be quite strongly marked; while toward the middle of it occurs the minimum of wind and rain. Again, these eleven-year cycles are said to combine by threes to form grand cycles of thirty-three years, which curiously correspond with the epochs at which cholera breaks out with greatest virulence in India.

Confirmatory evidence of the highest value is supplied by the observations of Mr. Meldrum. After showing that the cyclones, both in the Caribbean Sea and in the Indian Ocean, vary in number according to the frequency of sun-spots, this careful observer has proceeded to study the rainfall of Queensland, Adelaide, and the Mauritius, with the view of ascertaining its periodicity. As the cyclones are usually accompanied by prodigious rains, the periods of excessive rain might be expected to agree with those of extreme atmospheric disturbance, so that the evidence obtained from the former ought to confirm the testimony of the latter. This expectation is quite borne out by the facts. At the three points selected for observation, the total rainfall of the three years 1859-1861, during the maximum of sun-spots, exceeded by fifty inches the total rainfall of the three years 1866-1868, during the minimum of sun-spots. In Australia, twenty-two years of observations give a difference of eighteen inches between the rain of a year that is rich and that of a year that is poor in sun-spots. Mr. Lockyer finds a similar difference of thirty inches at the Cape of Good Hope, and of fifty inches at Madras. And from all this he rightly concludes that, in and near the tropics at all events, the effect of the solar storms upon terrestrial atmospheric disturbance is demonstrated. For although the desirable accumulation of proofs will necessarily require that systematic observations should be kept up for many years, nevertheless,

the facts thus far obtained point all in one way. At six or eight different points, and whether we interrogate the winds or the rains, the verdict is unanimous. When the atmosphere of the sun is violently agitated, the tremor communicates itself to the atmosphere of our planet. Deductively, too, this is no more than what we might have expected. To minds unfamiliar with science, there may, indeed, seem to be no very obvious connection between a tornado on the sun, ninety million miles off, and a drenching rain on the Indian Ocean. The production of a storm on the earth, however, is only a question of heat, or of electricity, or, more properly speaking, of heat and electricity. A sensible variation in the quantity of heat daily received from the sun must give rise to atmospheric currents, and bring about a condensation of aqueous vapor. And there can be no doubt that the blackening of several hundred thousand square miles of the sun's fiery envelope must perceptibly alter the amount of heat which he radiates upon the earth. The magnetic disturbance, also, shown in the aurora-borealis, and in the swaying of the compass-needle, cannot well be without its effect upon the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere. Thus, in both ways, the production of storms is brought about.

As already observed, the correspondence between these sets of phenomena is most readily detected in tropical countries, where the winds ordinarily blow with great uniformity, and where rains fall at comparatively regular intervals. With the wider variations of temperature in the temperate zones, the phenomena of wind and rain become much more complicated and irregular in appearance. Even supposing the legitimate effects of the sun-spot to be the same over all parts of the earth, we must expect, in many localities, to find those effects obscured by other circumstances. In New England, the years 1870, 1871 were unusually dry years, though the number of sun-spots was at the maximum, and the auroral displays were frequent and brilliant. Mr. G. J. Symons, in tabulating the results of observations on the British rainfall from 1725 to 1869, finds few signs of an eleven-year period, though the extreme variations during these one hundred and forty-four years are so far apart as fifty-eight and one hundred and thirty-eight inches. In Canada, there was less rain in 1859-1861 than in 1855-1857, though the former were maximum years for sun-spots. Observa-

tions at New Bedford, in Massachusetts, during the years 1832-1849, give clear indications of an eleven-year period, but with the circumstances just reversed. During the years of frequent sun-spots, the rainfall is fifteen inches *less* than during the opposite years. A similar result is strongly brought out in Palestine and France, and somewhat less decisively in Italy; while from the data furnished by Switzerland, it is difficult to draw any conclusion.

The notable feature of these statistics is, not only that the law so clearly traceable in the tropics is, to a great extent, masked in the north temperate zone, but that over a considerable portion of the latter area its workings seem to be diametrically reversed. The periodicity is, to some extent, traceable; but here the frequency of sun-spots seems to be accompanied by dryness, rather than by wet weather. A new consideration, however, ought to be taken into the account. Mr. Symons, in reviewing the papers of Mr. Lockyer and Mr. Meldrum, observes that it is worth while to consider "whether the total precipitation over the surface of the globe can be expected to be increased by increased cyclonic energy. Increased rainfall surely means increased extraction of moisture from the air, and that involves one of two facts: (1.) increased evaporation to supply the increased demand; or, (2.) rapid and great desiccation of the atmosphere. Without expressing a dogmatic or fixed opinion, it certainly seems to me more likely that the effect of cyclones is simply to alter the locality of deposition," rather than to increase its aggregate amount. Or, in other words, the very disturbance set up in the tropics by the altered solar radiation may, by the tremendous rains thus occasioned, so far drain of its moisture the general atmosphere of the globe as to bring about a season of comparative drought in the temperate zones.

In view of this very reasonable qualification, Mr. Symons is no doubt justified in saying that he should by no means regard the connection between rainfall and sun-spots as disproved by a set of statistics exactly opposite to those obtained by Mr. Meldrum in the Indian Ocean. It would seem probable that over a considerable part of the earth's surface such statistics must be forthcoming. And the whole question serves to illustrate the truth, so often exemplified, that mere statistics can enlighten us but little when given without the needful deductive interpretation.

If it should turn out, on further inquiry, that the observed coincidence between the periodicities of the sun-spots and of Asiatic cholera—as noticed in our gossip of last August—answers to any real causal connection between the two sets of phenomena, the explanation will probably have to be sought in the climatic effects traceable to the sun-spots. We shall simply have to speculate on the probable pathological consequences of an excessively wet or an excessively dry season, in Hindustan. Meanwhile we may be content with noting the curious parallelism.

To change the subject, — the little country of Holland, which has done so much for the political and religious emancipation of mankind, and which has always produced its full quota of literary and scientific workers, is now becoming distinguished for its achievements in the department of psychology. Dr. Van der Wijck has lately begun to sum up his extensive and profound studies in the first volume of his *Zielkunde*, which will form, when completed, a remarkably thorough treatise on psychical phenomena. This work covers very much the same ground as that which is covered by Professor Bain's treatises on *The Senses and the Intellect*, and *The Emotions and the Will*; but Dr. Van der Wijck, while basing his work, equally with Professor Bain, upon the latest results of physiological inquiry into the relations between physical and psychical phenomena, nevertheless occupies an entirely independent ground with reference to the materialistic implications which are too generally supposed to be inseparable from these conclusions. The close student of recent philosophical inquiry will regard it as significant, that Dr. Van der Wijck concludes an elaborate scientific inquiry into the mode and conditions of mental action with the declaration that idealism is the only hypothesis concerning the relations of matter and mind which is both consistently deduced from the data of consciousness and verified by them. The learned author very sensibly argues that the existence of consciousness we know directly and immediately, while the existence of matter, save as a mode of affection of consciousness, is merely the result of a complicated series of inferences. We have not space to argue or illustrate this point; but it is worth noting by those who think that a writer who talks about nerve-centres in connection with consciousness must needs be a materialist.

Max Müller has been delivering a lecture at Liverpool concerning Darwinism as tested by the phenomena of language. We cannot give a full abstract of his argument, which will most likely be published before long, but there are one or two points which may profitably occupy our attention for five minutes. There is a fallacy, says Max Müller, latent in the very word "development," for it rubs out the differences among things, — not only the difference between ape and man, but the difference between black and white, or between high and low, or between hot and cold. Very well; if Max Müller will find for us an absolute distinction between high and low, or between hot and cold, we will do our best to herald him as a greater discoverer than Newton and a subtler thinker than Spinoza. What the word "development" — or rather the word "evolution" — implies, is that nothing is itself without being at the same time more or less of something else; and of all the truths yet discovered in science or philosophy, this is unquestionably the deepest.

One further assertion of Max Müller's deserves serious notice. When Mr. Darwin says that some savage languages have no abstract terms, Max Müller replies that such common words as *father* and *mother* are abstract terms (!). Now this is because Müller is pre-eminently a Sanskritist, or Aryan scholar of the old school. Accordingly he holds that *pa-tar* and *ma-tar* are formed from Old Aryan roots *pa* and *ma*, with the suffix *tar*, denoting the agent, and that the root *pa* means "to protect," etc.; all of which, if it be really sound philology, would show only that the Old Aryan language was spoken by a race which had already acquired considerable capacity for abstraction and generalization. But the Old Aryan language is only a few thousand years old, and no such language was talked by primitive men, who probably dealt but sparingly with time-hallowed "roots," and signified their states of consciousness by grunts which, if quotable, would go but little way toward showing their capacity for abstract reasoning. But upon this we need not enlarge. We say only this, that to cite Indo-European examples in discussing primeval language is about as pertinent as to cite the laws of Manu in discussing primeval society. It is equivalent to forgetting all about the kitchen-middings, and it ignores contemporary savages into the bargain.

POLITICS.

THE article of Mr. Coleman's, published in the December number of the Atlantic, giving an account of the brutal treatment he received at the hands of the New York and New Haven Railroad, brought out as a sort of echo a quantity of letters and communications, of which Mr. Coleman will make use in due time, when our readers will probably be surprised at the amount of feeling displayed by the writers, — the sense of outrage, imposition, extortion, injustice, which the railroad management of the country excites in the mind of the public. It used to be said that the railroads were badly managed because "the people did not want anything better": cars were crowded, baggage was knocked to pieces, conductors and brakemen were uncivil or brutal, because ours was a simple country, with republican institutions; not that there was in the minds of the apologists any belief in a necessary connection between republicanism and rudeness or cruelty, but because the existing evils seemed a constituent part of the *status quo*, which it was an article of the American religion to worship with a blind faith. We were very conservative in those days. The institutional *status quo*, if we may call it so, is no longer an idol, and we have become sceptical, not to say incredulous, when we hear it said either that the railroad system, or the steamboat or hotel-elevator, or fire-proof-safe system is admitted to be "on the whole adapted to the needs of our civilization."

The matter may be looked at from a thousand points of view; from that of the passenger maimed for life, the shipper eased of extortionate freight, the swindled bondholder, or the plundered community. We have before us a circular letter written last fall by a Boston firm to its Western correspondents, which gives a very striking picture of the helplessness of the individual in his struggle with great corporations. What the reply of the Boston and Albany Railroad may be we do not know, but it is not fair to presume in these cases that there is a very good one. The important part of the circular is as follows: —

BOSTON, October 31, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: On account of the unusual

and unwarranted action of the Boston and Albany Railroad Co., in sending broadcast through the West public notice that no property consigned us would be received by them at Albany for transportation to us, unless freight and charges on such were prepaid, we are forced to take this course to set us right with our friends and shippers throughout the West. During the past two years we have received considerable grain over the Red, White, and Blue Transit Lines, such coming to this city over the B. & A. R. R., one of the copartners to such lines. This grain has been largely short in weight, the losses in transit on cars being many times large and often excessive. We have repeatedly called attention of the R. R. Co. to such shortages, but they have invariably, and usually in an arrogant and arbitrary way (a way peculiar to this corporation, as our merchants all can testify to), refused to pay any attention to our demands. We have submitted to this species of robbery as long as we feel inclined to, and now, having been thus forced to it, take the stand, that, as common carriers, the railroads are liable, and should be held responsible, for failure to deliver property intrusted to them, in like good order and quantity as received by them; that, when we can prove a certain quantity shipped in a car at the West, we are entitled to a like quantity delivered us here, or payment for the shortage. We therefore declined paying the B. & A. R. R. Co. a lot of their freight bills unless they would allow our shortages, which we were desirous of having them look into, to satisfy themselves as to the justice of. They, however, most positively refused to notice our claims against them, but said we must pay their bills as presented, *right* or *wrong*, and, if wrong, trust to their refunding them when they see fit; and as we have not submitted to their arbitrary demands, but have decided to hold out, and let our courts settle the question, they have taken the course — as it seems to us out of sheer malice, to injure us — of notifying all their Western connections to refuse all property consigned us unless freight was prepaid. This is not through fear that they shall lose by us on freight their due, as they have commenced suit against us for amount of their bills, and we have given

them a bond to cover same, so they are secure on that score ; but it is done simply so to annoy us as to make us *surrender unconditionally* to them. We propose to see, however, if we have any rights at all in the matter, or whether the railroad corporations are the supreme law in themselves, and everything must yield to them. The B. & A. R. Co. have even gone so far as to refuse to receive at Albany grain for which we hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at East Boston ; and through their influence flour and bran in transit to us, and for which we also hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at Boston, have been stopped at Toledo and Cleveland. We are also daily in receipt of advices from our friends, that cars for shipments intended for us are being refused by them at all points throughout the West.

SCUDDER, BARTLETT, & Co.

Such private griefs as these, however, are matters of small moment. If we wish to see the system as it affects larger interests, we must look at such iniquities as those practised by the Erie Railroad, with its retinue of judges and legislators ; at the doings of the "reformers" of the Atlantic and Great Western ; at the proceedings of the "Marginal Freight" Company, recently unearthed by the Legislature of Massachusetts ; or at the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad, the typical corporation of the day, with its land grant of 12,800 acres to the mile, and government subsidy besides, its Credit Mobilier parasite, its hundred millions of worthless stock, and its principal projector distributing shares among members of Congress at nominal prices, allowing it to remain meantime in his own name, and taking it back when they become frightened.

As to the evils of the present condition of things, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion ; as to the remedy, no one who has any to propose has yet found it possible to convince the public that it can do more than stay the ravages of the disease for a time. That railroads are gigantic monopolies, over which the principle of competition has no control ; that their enormous wealth enables them to set themselves above the law and above justice ; that they are in the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous men, whose sole interest in transportation is the money that can be made out of the public by it ; that the building

of roads out of the proceeds of bonds, secured by a land grant from the government, and flooding the country with an imaginary security known as stock, which represents nothing except the opportunity for speculation, is corrupting and pernicious ; that a railroad to-day means, to the greater number of the people who project and create it, simply a fraudulent device for extorting a quantity of money from the public under cover of a public service :—all this is admitted. There is also a general unanimity of opinion, among those who have given much thought to the subject, as to the functions which railroads ought to subserve. No one doubts that railroads are, in modern times, the real highways of a country, or that the charges paid by passengers and freight are in reality a "transportation tax" levied upon the business of the country, whether the tax is collected by private or public hands. It is obvious, therefore, that the tax for fares and freight ought to be considered, like income or stamp taxes, in connection with the general tax system of the country, and that the first question in regard to it ought to be, How can the necessary income be raised so as to bear least heavily upon the industry of the country ? Any one can see for himself that the production of the most necessary articles of commerce must depend on the possibility of getting them to a market ; and the possibility of getting them to a market depends, in modern times, on railroads. Pennsylvania, for example, is the great centre of the production of coal and petroleum in the United States ; but the market for coal and petroleum in New York is governed primarily by the arrangements which the producers in Pennsylvania are able to make with the transportation lines. So much is this the case, and so ruinous of late years have become the delays caused by the differences between producers and transporters, that vigorous attempts are now continually making to solve the difficulty by a union of the two, and the creation of a joint monopoly. These consolidations are only just beginning. Their natural end would be the consolidation, in the hands of a vast consolidated railroad, of all industry which needs transportation for its products. This is the solution of the "railroad question" which most recommends itself to railroad men.

But when all this is admitted, how much nearer are we to a solution of the question ? There are one or two branches of it, to be

sure, which are comparatively simple. The laws relating to railroad securities are in an absurd condition. Forty years ago, when railroad construction began, it was the universal custom to build roads "on stock." A number of men subscribed the amount required to lay the track and equip the line, and in return received certificates of indebtedness, in the shape of stock. If more money was needed, after the railroad was finished, money could be raised on bond and mortgage. The stockholders were, in those early days, the real owners just as much as a man is the owner of a house for which he has paid, though some one else may hold his note for part of the purchase-money. The stockholders were therefore entitled to elect directors, and, through them, to manage the property. Before long, however, as the wealth of the country, and, with the wealth, credits, increased, it was discovered that this process might be reversed; that as soon as a charter was obtained, the promoters of the enterprise, instead of paying money into the treasury, and constructing the road with it, might, if they pleased, mortgage the road to begin with, issue bonds, and with the proceeds of those bonds build the line. Then the stock could be divided among the promoters, and as soon as it became valuable they could sell it, and count their sale as so much clear gain. The next step was the invention of "land grants," which made the mortgage a far simpler matter. At present the system is this: Half a dozen patriotic gentlemen go to Washington and urge the necessity of building a road through some unsettled part of the West, for the purpose of developing the resources of that section, or making a connecting link in one of the great national highways between the Atlantic and the Pacific, or moving the crops to tide-water, or some other equally important object. As they are generally gentlemen who have friends in Congress, and who pay their political assessments with even more regularity than their taxes (Mr. Thomas C. Durant testified the other day in the Pacific Railroad matter, that he had contributed \$10,000 to the election of a senator from Iowa; and Mr. Burbridge, that he had contributed \$5,000 towards the election of another from Nebraska, and that he always contributed from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year toward politics), their petition is listened to readily. According to their representations, it is impossible to build the road without a subsidy. Congress at once

gives them a grant of land by way of assistance. This they immediately mortgage, issuing bonds for the amount of the mortgage, and at the same time put into their own pockets the stock. The sales of the bonds yield enough to build the road; and the income is perhaps enough to pay the interest on them. But meantime the projectors are getting no returns for their money. By this time, the stock, if the road looks at all well, has some value, and they begin to sell it. Gradually, as they want more money, they sell all of it, and very likely by this time they have made a profit out of the road quite sufficient to reimburse them for their trouble. But what has become of the road? The stockholders own it, and the stockholders are now speculators who have bought up the shares on the market, and have no interest in the stock, except to get rid of it at an advance. Here begins a series of speculations in the stock which generally end in "corners," new issues, and general depreciation of the property. The speculative stockholders elect a speculative board of directors, and with their help issue new mortgages, enter into contracts with other roads, of the lease or guarantee kind, and at last they cease to be able to pay interest on their debt,—the original mortgage. Meanwhile, the real owners of the road, the people who paid for the bonds, have no voice in the management, and are, throughout, at the mercy of the "stock." They can, of course, foreclose the mortgage, but, for this purpose, there must be united action on the part of several hundred small investors, widows, orphans, and trustees, scattered over the country, and foreign countries, not accustomed to act together, and ignorant of one another's whereabouts; besides this, by the time that foreclosure is possible, the work has been done, and the property has lost its value.

It is plain that the retention of the legal ownership of railroads in the hands of the stockholders, in the case of roads which have been built "on bonds," is an entire mistake. The ownership of a railroad ought to be in the hands of those who have really built it with their money, or, to put it in another way, those who wish to own a road ought to be obliged to pay for doing so. No doubt, if land grants are given up, the opportunity of a great deal of this kind of speculation will be done away with; but a more radical remedy is needed, and the only sure means of preventing such speculation

completely seems to be the abolition of the borrowing power of railroads. If railroad mortgages were made impossible, railroads would necessarily be built by the money of those who felt a sufficient interest and confidence to subscribe.

This, however, is not the main question. Even if railroads were deprived of the power of borrowing on mortgage, and every line in the country were owned by the men whose money had built it, we should be as far as ever from having got rid of monopolies. Railroads would still be immense corporations, with "perpetual succession," totally unrestricted by competition. It would still be for their interest to combine, and the general tendency of railroad combination would be exactly what it is now: it would tend towards a gigantic consolidation of all the lines under one management, having, within the limits suggested by the managers' prudence, absolute control of the markets and also of the legislation of the country, so far as it affected their own interests. With packed legislatures, with paid or intimidated judges, and with a civil service consisting of several thousand cunning clerks and able-bodied brakemen, conductors, and switch-tenders, they would be in just that position most dreaded by all lovers of liberty, — a powerful and enormously rich corporation, surrounded by a timid, weak, and hopeless public. While we were still engaged in singing pæans over the glorious institutions of our happy country, we should suddenly find that our institutions had disappeared, and that we had riveted round our necks the chains of a worse despotism than any we ever lamented for our fellow-creatures. This is really no imaginary picture, as any one will admit who recollects the stronghold, absolutely inaccessible to the law, which Fisk and Gould erected and for a time maintained in New York, or the military operations of the employees of the Erie and the Susquehanna Railroads during the "Susquehanna War," and who has followed with any attention the helpless struggles of the government of the United States — formerly supposed to be quite able to take care of itself — in the foul toils of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Two ways have been suggested (both of which have been tried) of meeting these difficulties. The first is that of supervision by the State. According to legal theory, a railroad is, like any other corporation, a creature of the State, called into existence and endowed with certain powers for the

public benefit. These powers it must exercise with care and according to law, under penalty of the revocation by the State of its right to exist. On paper this looks well enough, but it is needless any longer to discuss the value of State supervision, because we have had it now for forty years, and the results are what we see around us. Instead of the State's supervising the railroads, the railroads supervise the State.

The other is the absorption of the railroads by the State. Although this scheme has not been much agitated, the agitation is pretty sure to come, just as the agitation for the absorption of the telegraph service by the post-office has already come. The railroads are not any better managed than the telegraphs, while the evils of consolidation and monopoly are very strikingly illustrated by both services. The Postmaster General, in his recent report, states what is, we suppose, an undeniable fact, that the press associations, by combination with the telegraph companies, are enabled, through discriminating tariffs, to make the establishment of newspapers which have not the privileges secured by association a matter of difficulty; and every one knows in a general way that the "freedom of the press," supposed to have been secured to us by the struggles of our ancestors, means in modern times rather the liberty of the already existing press to do and say what it pleases, than the liberty of any one who feels himself wronged or oppressed to find through the press a medium of communication with the public. Capital, of course, can always find expression, but it is not capital in these days which suffers acutely at the hand of the oppressor. No doubt if the telegraph became a branch of the post-office, and were well managed, opinion would be less severely taxed than it is now. And if the railroads were managed by the State, and well managed, the evils of the railroad system would be greatly modified.

The question of expense has not the importance which, at first sight, it seems to have, because, as we have said, there is no real revenue from railroads under any circumstances. A certain number of millions of dollars are levied by some one every year for transporting men, women, and children, merchandise and baggage, over the roads. Whether this sum is collected by the government or by corporations, it is a tax, which represents the interest on the capital sunk in the construction of the highways, and which the public must in any case pay.

The community will be neither richer nor poorer, whether this tax is collected by Vanderbilt or by the United States, unless there is a difference in the economy and skill exercised in the collection. Suppose a country with a single road, the capital of which is \$ 100,000,000, and which costs exactly \$ 50,000,000, and which pays seven per cent on the capital, or fourteen per cent on the cost. Under the present system the difference between fourteen and seven per cent goes into private pockets. If the country assumes the road, issues bonds for \$100,000,000, and manages it exactly as it was managed before, the fourteen per cent will still be collected; seven of it will go into the pockets of the original owners, and the other seven will just be equivalent to the interest on the bonds issued. The public which pays the tax is in precisely the same position in either case. On the other hand, suppose that the road was wastefully managed while in private hands, that twenty-one per cent instead of fourteen were wrung out of the public by the company, and that a third of it was used in purchase of fast horses, wine, and other luxuries for the directors. In such a case, this third is so much pure burden on the industry of the country; and if the State by assuming the road would save it, business would be lightened of taxation by just that amount,—an effect which the industry of the country would soon show.

In other words, the question is one of better or worse management; and when we have said as much as this, we have almost admitted that, with politics in its present condition, the assumption of the railroads by the state is not a thing to be desired by anybody except by senators and congressmen, who are seeking places for their friends. Bad as the present management is, there is at least the satisfaction of knowing that in serious cases, where an unusual number of people have been slaughtered, or an exor-

bitant amount of thieving done, there is something like responsibility. Companies can be sued, and even be made to pay heavy damages. Individuals, too, may be forced to restore stolen goods. But with the roads in the hands of the United States or of the separate States, no one would have any redress, for official responsibility is broken down, and there is no means of proceeding against the United States, as we can against Gould or Vanderbilt. With railroads in the hands of the government, political hacks would take to the road, and plunder the public, as they now do in the post-office and the custom-house. The change would simply add another hundred thousand or so of offices to the already enormous spoils which are at the disposal of victorious parties in State and national politics. With this patronage "civil-service reform" and "decentralization" would become mere empty phrases, because they would be no longer possible. We should then know, not merely what it is to be plundered, but what it is to be governed by a "ring" of the most fabulous power, with machinery so perfect that nothing short of violence could have any effect with it.

In short, when the civil service is really reformed, and the departments at Washington and other capitals are managed on principles which insure, as far as practicable, efficiency and honesty in the officials, it will be time enough to think of the transfer of the railroads to the government, as it will to think of the transfer of contested election cases to the courts, when we have secured a strong judiciary, and of a thousand other reforms, when we have secured a competent force with which to carry them out. At present, changes of machinery will do us little good which do not at the same time bring with them more radical alteration in the motive power itself.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI. — APRIL, 1873. — NO. CLXXXVI.

THE EXPLOITS OF EDMOND GENET IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT seemed an odd freak of destiny that sent Edmond Genet, a *protégé* of Marie Antoinette, to represent the Republic of France in the United States. Gouverneur Morris, in his neat, uncompromising manner, sums up this young diplomatist, aged twenty-eight, in 1793, as "a man of good parts and very good education, brother to the queen's first woman, from whence his fortune originates." Even so. He was a brother of that worthy and capable Madame Campan, first *femme de chambre* to Marie Antoinette, and, after the queen's death, renowned through Europe as the head of a seminary for young ladies in Paris. It was she who wrote a hundred circulars with her own hand because she had not money to get them printed, and received sixty pupils the first year, — Hortense, ere long, from Napoleon's own hand.

The father of this respectable, energetic family was, nearly all his life, under the influence of English and American ideas and persons. He lived in England many years, where he acquired familiar command of the English language and a fond, wide

acquaintance with English literature. Upon returning to his native land he seems — if we may judge from the long catalogue of his publications — to have adopted it as a profession to make England known to France. Beginning with two volumes of Pope's best letters in 1753, he continued to publish translations from the English, and original works relating to England, until, in 1765, the list embraced twenty-two volumes. A few years later, when he held the post of chief clerk to the department of foreign affairs, he was in frequent intercourse with Dr. Franklin, Silas Deane, Beaumarchais, and all the American circle. His house, too, from 1765 to 1781, when he died, was one of those agreeable haunts of men connected with literature and art which had, at that period, an *éclat* rivalling that of the great houses, where Power in its cruder forms of wealth and rank was represented. From such a home, it was natural enough that Henrietta Genet, at fifteen, should be invited to fill the place of reader to Mesdames the sisters of Louis XV., to be in due time advanced to a place of real impor-

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tance in the régime of the period, — that of “first woman” to the young queen.

Nor was her brother's career quite such a caprice of fortune as it seemed. If, as a boy, he was noted in the palace for the warmth of his republican sentiments, it was only that he was in the mode. Did not the queen smile benignantly upon Franklin and chat familiarly with him while she held the cards waiting her turn to play? Who more distinguished at court than Lafayette, the stern republican of nineteen? When the queen desired to give young Genet a start in the diplomatic career, his grand republican sentiments were rather a point in his favor than otherwise; and, at twenty-four, he had reached a position in the diplomatic service to which only court favor of the most irresistible description could have pushed so young a man. He was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg; whence, according to Morris, he wrote in so republican a style, that his despatches, read after the dethronement, made his fortune with the chiefs of the Gironde, who named him ambassador to Holland; his appointment bearing date November 14, 1792.

Suddenly the programme was changed, for a reason never conjectured till within these few months past. The Holland commission was revoked in December, and M. Genet was appointed to represent France in America. Genet, it appears, was at once a Girondist and a grateful friend to his royal benefactors, whom he was now in the habit of styling “Louis and Madame Capet.” The Girondists had adopted the scheme proposed by Thomas Paine of sending this hapless pair and their children to the United States, and Genet, as we are now assured, was selected for the purpose of promoting the project. A well-known writer, who has made a particular study of that period, and who apparently derived his information from the American family of M. Genet, holds this language and emphasizes it by the use of italics: —

“*M. Genet was selected for the mis-*

*sion to America, by the more moderate republicans in France, because of his friendship with the deposed monarch, and for the express purpose of conducting the imprisoned king and the royal family secretly to America. This arrangement was entered into at a meeting of the leading Girondists, at which our own Thomas Paine assisted; and it was at that meeting that M. Genet was tendered the mission and accepted it, playfully describing, in response, to what occupation such and such of the royal exiles could be appropriated, on their arrival in America.”**

But it was no longer in the power of the more moderate republicans to control the course of events. If France was mad, England was not sane; and the man in England whose voice was mightiest, who should have been the great tranquillizing influence of the hour, was the maddest public man in Europe. “I vote for this (alien) bill,” said Burke in Parliament, about the time of Genet's appointment, “because I consider it as the means of saving my life and all our lives from the hands of assassins. When they smile, I see blood trickling down their faces; I see that the object of all their cajoling is blood.” How was the mighty fallen! Here was genius stooping to clothe in powerful language the imbecile panic of ignorance. The raving of Burke, by infecting the policy of England, was among the influences in the French Convention that decided the king's fate. Louis was exiled to the other world, instead of going with Genet and Paine to the shores of the peaceful Delaware. A few hours after the news of his execution reached London, the British government, in effect, declared war against France; and as soon as this intelligence reached Paris, February 1, 1793, France declared war, in form, against England.

Thus began the bloodiest struggle the modern world has known, which only ended after Waterloo. There

* New York Historical Magazine for February, 1871, p. 143. Article by the editor, H. B. Dawson.

was no pretext for the war which will bear the light of to-day. All thrones, it is true, were menaced in the fall of the French throne; and no king felt so sure of his head after January 21, 1793, as he had before that memorable date. Here was motive enough for the king of England, but not for the realm of Britain. The reason why Great Britain struck France in 1793 was, as the world is now informed, because France was weak. Such is the explanation given of the origin of this infernal war by a work that speaks to foreign nations with an authority semi-official. France was sorely afflicted, distracted, anarchic. "All Europe was now leagued against her. Within she was divided by faction, and without she was assailed by immense hosts of the best disciplined soldiers of Europe, conducted by the most skilful leaders, to whom she had nothing to oppose but an undisciplined multitude, led on by inexperienced chiefs. In this state of things it seemed a *safe* measure to make war against her. To do so was only to retaliate the conduct she had herself pursued when she effected the dismemberment of the British Empire by assisting our revolted Colonies."* Such is the nature of dynastic rule. Such was that "British form," of which British Hamilton was so enamored.

It was from the frenzy and delirium of all this that Citizen Genet sailed in the frigate *L'Embuscade* for the United States. He had, indeed, been ranked with the more moderate republicans; but in February, 1793, moderation was a quality unknown to the heart of civilized man. He was a Frenchman; he was a republican; he was twenty-eight; he was bearing to America the news that England, too, had sided in arms against his country. Long was this frigate tossed upon the wintry deep. She was driven far to the southward of her course, and the great tidings which she brought reached President Washington before *L'Embuscade* was heard of at the seat of government.

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. V. p. 547.

The genius for rectitude which General Washington possessed was never so manifest as on this occasion. Passion spoke but one voice. Here was our ally struck by the great naval power of the world because she seemed prostrate and helpless! Here was France threatened with dismemberment because she had helped *us* in the crisis of *our* destiny! Here was the king who warred upon Americans, because they had demanded to govern America, presuming to deny the right of Frenchmen to govern France! Generosity, justice, gratitude, pride, and even policy appeared to call upon the two republics to make common cause against the common foe. Was not England the common foe? Did she not hold the United States by the throat? What was the retention of the seven posts but suspended war? Such were the thoughts that naturally rose in the minds of a vast majority of American citizens when the news was circulated. The President had but to remain passive, he had but to linger another month at Mount Vernon, and every vessel that could have carried half a dozen guns and forty men would have been afloat in quest of British prizes. And, to this hour, if you will imbue yourself with the spirit of that time, and shut out all those larger and nobler considerations which alone should control the decisions of a government, you will often find yourself ready to exclaim, O that he had!

Then, there were our treaties with France to be considered; treaties that seemed to many all the more sacred now because they were made when France was powerful and we were weak. Knotty questions started up as men in 1793 read those two treaties of 1778, — one of "Amity and Commerce," and the other of "Alliance," both bearing the name of Franklin, both signed by dead Louis. By the first, French men-of-war and French privateers *might*, and British *might not*, bring their prizes into American ports. By the second, the United States guaranteed "to his Christian Majesty the

present possessions of the crown of France in America."

General Washington was at Mount Vernon when Mr. Jefferson's letter reached him announcing the declaration of war between France and England. All the peril of the crisis flashed upon his mind. Its difficulties, too, occurred to him, as he travelled post-haste to Philadelphia; and on his arrival he drew up, for the instant consideration of the Cabinet, a list of questions embracing the situation: Shall we warn our citizens not to interfere in this contest? Shall we formally proclaim ourselves neutral? Ought we to receive the coming Genet? And, if we ought, how? Do our treaties with the late king hold? If we have the right to renounce or suspend the treaties, is it best to do so? Would it be a breach of neutrality to consider the treaties still in operation? Supposing the treaties in force, what precisely are the rights of France and what precisely are our duties to France? If the French royal family should send us a representative, shall we receive *him* too? Ought Congress to be convened? And, if it ought, on what grounds should the call be placed?

The Cabinet met at the President's house on the following day, April 19. Upon one of the questions there was a substantial unanimity of opinion: it was agreed to notify American citizens that they could only join in the fight at their own peril. Mr. Jefferson, however, prevailed so far as to keep the word "neutrality" out of the proclamation. He preferred that his country should not needlessly declare itself neutral in a contest concerning which its heart knew no neutrality. But on the other questions there was a difference of opinion in the Cabinet which could not sufficiently argue itself in words spoken across the table of the President's office. To warm debates there long written papers succeeded, in which Hamilton displayed more of his fatal ingenuity than usual, and Jefferson all the wisdom that comes of a man's central principle being sound.

The President's questions relating to France resolved themselves, it was found, into one, namely, Does the decapitation of Louis absolve the United States from obligations contracted nominally with *him*? In other words, Are the treaties still valid? Was it with France or with Louis that we made them? Here is M. Ternant, the resident French plenipotentiary, whose commission bears the king's signature; and somewhere on the ocean is Citizen Genet, coming to supersede him, whose commission has been issued neither by Louis nor by his heir.

Shall we receive Genet? *Of course*, said, in substance, the two Republican members, Jefferson and Randolph. *We must*, reluctantly said the two Federalists, Hamilton and Knox. But how? As plenipotentiaries are usually received, or with reserves and qualifications? It was in discussing this question that the two fighting-cocks of the Cabinet joined battle, and fought out their difference. Hamilton's opinion was, that before M. Genet was admitted to an audience with the President, the government should "qualify" that reception by declaring that the question of the validity of the treaties was "reserved." In supporting this opinion he took the ground which George III. had taken in making war upon France: he presumed to sit in judgment upon the acts of the French people. He arraigned the Revolution! "No proof," said he, "has yet come to light sufficient to establish a belief that the death of Louis is an act of national justice." He also said: "It was from Louis XVI. that the United States received those succors which were so important in the establishment of their independence and liberty. It was with him, his heirs and successors, that they contracted their engagements, by which they obtained those precious succors." Amplify these two statements to a vast extent; support them by a prodigious number of curiously subtle and remote reasons; throw in the usual citations from Vattel, Grotius, Wolf, and Puffendorf; add some

remarks upon the danger of guaranteeing to France islands that might be taken by the English; and you have the substance of Hamilton's paper upon the reception of Genet.

Jefferson replied to it at much length. Besides giving his colleague an ample supply of Vattel, Puffendorf, Grotius, and Wolf, arranged in parallel columns, executed with singular neatness, he favored him with some passages of pure Jefferson, which have become part and parcel of the diplomatic system of the United States.

"If," said Mr. Jefferson, "I do not subscribe to the soundness of the Secretary of the Treasury's reasoning, I do most fully to its ingenuity. . . . I consider the people who constitute a society or nation as the source of all authority in that nation; as free to transact their common concerns by any agents they think proper; to change those agents individually, or the organization of them in form or function whenever they please; that all the acts done by these agents, under the authority of the nation, are the acts of the nation, are obligatory on them, and inure to their use, and can in no wise be annulled or affected by any change in the form of the government, or of the persons administering it. Consequently, the treaties between the United States and France were not treaties between the United States and Louis Capet, but between the two nations of America and France; and, the nations remaining in existence, though *both* of them have since changed their forms of government, the treaties are not annulled by these changes."

He admitted, however, that, as there are circumstances which sometimes excuse the non-performance of contracts between man and man, so there are between nation and nation. "When performance, for instance, becomes impossible, non-performance is not immoral; so, if performance becomes self-destructive to the party, the law of self-preservation overrules the law of obligation to others. For the reality of these principles, I appeal to the

true fountains of evidence, the head and heart of every rational and honest man. It is there Nature has written her moral laws, and where every man may read them for himself. He will never read there the permission to annul his obligations for a time or forever, whenever they become dangerous, useless, or disagreeable."

It seems strange to us that principles like these could ever have been subjects of debate in the Cabinet of a President of the United States. The President's decision was, that Genet should be received without qualification, that is, without insulting the authority that commissioned him. As to the treaties, General Washington told Jefferson that he had never had a doubt of their validity; but, since the question had been raised, he had thought it best to have it considered.

The proclamation which announced to mankind that the duty and interest of the United States required that they should "pursue a conduct friendly and impartial towards the belligerent powers," and warning American citizens to avoid all acts inconsistent with that policy, was published on the 22d of April, 1793. On that very day, as it chanced, news reached the government that L'Embuscade, with Genet on board, had put into the port of Charleston, and that the Minister, wearied of his long voyage, would tempt the main no more, but would send the frigate to Philadelphia and perform the journey himself by land.

The people of the United States were troubled with no scruples in regard to Genet's commission. They gave him a reception like that which, in recent years, astounded and deluded the Hungarian Kossuth. It was on the 8th of April that L'Embuscade, of forty guns and three hundred men, "Citizen Bompard" commanding, cast anchor in the harbor of Charleston, forty-five days from Rochefort. M. Genet was so little identified with the extremists in France, that, on his way to join his ship, he had been arrested on a charge of being concerned in a

plot to convey the Dauphin to the United States. The ship, on the contrary, made extravagant professions of loyalty to the Revolution. Her figure-head was a liberty-cap. On her stern there was a carved representation of the same. Her foremast was also converted into a liberty-pole by being crowned with that emblematic article of attire. Around her mizzen-top was a sentence to this effect: "WE ARE ARMED TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF MAN." Her maintop bore the following: "FREEMEN, WE ARE YOUR BROTHERS AND FRIENDS." Her foretop was a warning to tyrants: "ENEMIES OF EQUALITY, RELINQUISH YOUR PRINCIPLES OR TREMBLE!" Besides being thus decorated, she came into Charleston Harbor with a British prize in her wake, a pleasing foretaste of the rich pickings to which the ocean invited men of enterprise who were also lovers of liberty.

Charleston was then a city of greater commercial importance than it has been within living memory. Many French merchants resided there. Amid the *fêtes*, dinners, balls, receptions, which hospitable Charleston exchanged with a frigate enthusiastic for liberty, these French merchants thronged about Citizen Genet, full of zeal for their country, and extremely desirous to display that zeal in the profitable form of privateering. They were willing to fit out vessels at their own expense; all they asked of Genet was authority. Only give us commissions, said they, and we will do the rest. Citizen Genet consulted Governor Moultrie on the subject. The governor, a better soldier than lawyer, and probably not uninfluenced by the prevalent "exaltation," told him he "knew no law against it," but begged that, whatever he might do in the way of commissioning privateers, he would do without consulting further the governor of South Carolina. What could Genet desire more? Two vessels, bought and equipped by French merchants, manned in part by Americans, were commissioned by Citizen Genet; and

L'Embuscade used also to leave her anchorage in the morning, cruise off the harbor all day, and return to safety in the evening. Not a British vessel dared stir. Citizen Bompard publicly offered a lieutenancy in the French navy to any competent American who would engage to pilot the frigate along the coast. He obtained a pilot on these terms, and stood out to sea, returning to Charleston no more.

On her short passage to Philadelphia she captured two British prizes, — a brig named the Little Sarah and a valuable ship called the Grange. Seldom has staid Philadelphia known an afternoon of such thrilling excitement as when these vessels cast anchor in the Delaware, opposite one of the principal wharves. The frigate's thundering salute of fifteen guns — one for each State — could only be returned by two field-pieces on Market Street Wharf, and these worked by volunteers; but the cannonade sufficed to summon all the movable population of the town to the river-side. The shipping was dressed in flags and streamers. Cheers from the spectators saluted the frigate as she glided past each dock, answered by cheers from the ship; and when she had dropped her anchor, her crew swarmed up into the rigging, manned the tops and yards, and gave what a reporter of the period styled "three or four concurrent cheers." The most rapturous moment of all, according to Mr. Jefferson, was when the Grange was descried with the British colors upside-down and the flag of France flying above them. The thousands and thousands of the yeomanry of the city, he tells us, who crowded the wharves, "burst into peals of exultation." It was about five in the afternoon when L'Embuscade cast anchor. Every procurable boat put off to her crowded with passengers, until there were as many Philadelphians on board as Frenchmen. Each boat-load, we are assured, was welcomed with effusion. Philadelphia "fraternized" with L'Embuscade. "I wish," said Jefferson, in a confidential letter to Mon-

roe, "we may be able to repress the people within the limits of a fair neutrality."

Some days after arrived the Citizen Genet, not the plenipotentiary, but one of the privateers which he had commissioned at Charleston, bringing in two more prizes, both British. This was cheering indeed. But now Citizen Genet himself was at hand. Five weeks had elapsed since his landing at Charleston, — so many dinners had he been compelled to eat, and so many ovations to undergo, in the cause of liberty. From Charleston to Philadelphia, wherever there were people to make a demonstration, the people were only too glad to demonstrate. Nay, more, merchants of Alexandria and Baltimore offered to sell to a beleaguered ally provisions below the market price. Six hundred thousand barrels of flour were offered Citizen Genet on terms more favorable than those granted to the most favored customer.

On the 16th of May the rumor was spread abroad in Philadelphia that the representative of the French Republic was approaching the city from the south. The bells of Christ Church rang out a peal of welcome. By every road crowds hurried towards Gray's Ferry; but they were too late; Genet was so fortunate as to get over the river and into the city, even to the City Tavern, before any great number of the people could intercept him. A committee of seven distinguished Republicans, headed by the venerated Rittenhouse, had been appointed to address the plenipotentiary on his arrival. This committee, preceded by their chairman, marched toward the hotel, three abreast, joined as they went by other citizens, who also walked in threes; until there was a long line of gentlemen trailing after the committee. These entered the hotel and were presented to M. Genet, while a prodigious crowd filled the street and rent the air with cheers. The address was read. It was fortunate the Minister was familiar with the English language, for, being unprepared for

such a reception, he was obliged to reply extempore. His youthful appearance, his bearing, at once affable and distinguished, the responsive warmth of his demeanor, and even the French accent with which he spoke, all served to heighten the enthusiasm.

"I am no orator," he began with faltering tongue, "and I should not at any time affect the language of eloquence. But even in uttering the genuine and spontaneous sentiments of my heart, on an occasion so interesting and so flattering, I experience some embarrassments, arising from my defective acquaintance with the language in which I am about to speak. But this defect, I am certain, freemen will readily excuse, if they are convinced of the sincerity of the sentiments which I shall deliver. I cannot tell you, gentlemen, how penetrated I am by the language of the address to which I have listened, nor how deeply gratified my fellow-citizens will be in reading so noble an avowal of the principles of the Revolution of France, and on learning that so cordial an esteem for her citizens exists in a country for which they have shed their blood and disbursed their treasures, and to which they are allied by the dearest fraternal sentiments and the most important political interests. France is surrounded with difficulties; but her cause is meritorious: it is the cause of mankind, and must prevail. With regard to you, citizens of the United States, I will declare openly and freely (for the ministers of republics should have no secrets, no intrigues), that, from the remote situation of America, and other circumstances, France does not expect that you should become a party in the war; but, remembering that she has already combated for your liberties (and, if it were necessary, and she had the power, would cheerfully again enlist in your cause), we hope (and everything I hear and see assures me our hope will be realized) that her citizens will be treated as brothers in danger and distress. Under this impression, my feelings, at this moment, are inex-

pressible ; and when I transmit your address to my fellow-citizens in France, they will consider this day as one of the happiest of their infant Republic."

When M. Genet ceased to speak, the feelings of the auditors, if we may believe the newspapers of the day, were such as could not be adequately expressed by shouts. Some natural tears were shed. In response to the cheers from the street, M. Genet turned to a window and delivered a short but most moving speech to the concourse below. The committee then took "an affectionate leave," and all the company withdrew "in peace and order" ; "every man," adds a reporter, "departing with this virtuous and patriotic satisfaction, that he had, at once, testified his gratitude to a faithful ally, in the hour of her distress, and demonstrated his attachment to those republican principles which are the basis of the American government."

The next day Citizen Genet issued a general thanksgiving to the people who had greeted him so cordially on his journey. He sent also a formal reply to the citizens' address of the day before. "My conduct," he said in this reply, "shall be to the height of our national political principles. An unbounded openness shall be the constant rule of my intercourse with those wise and virtuous men into whose hands you have intrusted the management of your public affairs. I will expose candidly to them the great objects on which it will be our business to deliberate ; and the common interest of both nations will, I have no doubt, be the compass of our direction ; for, without such a guide, what would become of both nations, exposed, as we mutually are, to the resentment, the hatred, and the treachery of all the tyrants of the earth, who, you may rest assured, are at this moment armed, not only against France, but against liberty itself ?"

This was but the beginning of Philadelphia's entertainment of the plenipotentiary. Deputation succeeded deputation ; dinner followed dinner. First,

the officers of the French frigate were invited to a grand banquet, at which one hundred gentlemen assisted. The Marseillaise was sung, of course, all standing, and all joining in the chorus. In the midst of the effusive toast-giving, a delegation of the "mariners of L'Embuscade" entered the dining-room ; for at this happy epoch, sailors, too, were citizens and even fellow-citizens. Such was the "effusion" of the hour, that Philadelphians were seen "embracing" the mariners ; and then again the whole company burst into a patriotic song. A few days after, Citizen Bompard entertained the Governor of Pennsylvania and a distinguished company on board the frigate, with the usual "hymns to liberty" and toasts. Again the mariners bore a part, which a reporter thus describes :—

"As the American citizens were preparing to leave the frigate, Citizen Dupont, the boatswain, addressed them in the name of his messmates, in a short speech replete with feeling, and nearly as follows : 'You see before you your friends, the French. Several of us have shed their blood to establish your liberty and independence. We are willing, if necessary, to shed to the last drop of what remains for the maintaining of that freedom which, like you, we have conquered. We are still your good friends and brethren, and if you should again want our assistance we shall always be ready to give you proofs of our attachment.' The Governor answered this artless and energetic address by expressing his most sincere wishes for the happiness of the French nation, and the success of the frigate L'Embuscade."

Then came the grandest festival of all,—a banquet to M. Genet, attended by two hundred gentlemen, tickets four dollars ! The toasts, on this occasion, betray the touch of abler hands than those which had penned the sentiments given at the other feasts. If Mr. Jefferson did not indite some of these sentences for an anxious committee, they certainly bear a strong resemblance to some that occur in his writings. The

toasts contain the Republican code of the period : —

1. The people and the law. 2. The people of France : may they have but one head, one heart, and one arm in support of the righteous cause of liberty. 3. The people of the United States : may liberty only be their idol, and freemen only be their brethren. 4. The Republics of France and America : may they be forever united in the cause of liberty. 5. May principles, and not men, be the objects of republican attachment. 6. May France give an example to the world, that the balances of a government depend more upon knowledge and vigilance than upon a multifarious combination of its power. 7. In complaining of the temporary evils of revolutions, may we never forget that the greater evils of monarchy and aristocracy are perpetual. 8. The spirit of seventy-six and of ninety-two : may the citizens of America and France, as they are equal in virtue, be equal in success. 9. May true republican simplicity be the only ornament of the magistrate in every elective government. 10. Confusion to the councils of the confederated despots, and dismay to their hosts : may they never be able to form a centre of union or of action. 11. May France prove a political Hercules, and exterminate the Hydra of despotism from the earth. 12. Peace, liberty, and independence : may the tyrants and traitors of all countries be punished by the establishment of the happiness which they wish to betray or destroy. 13. May the systems of the United States be entirely their own, and no corrupt exotic be ingrafted upon the tree of liberty. 14. May the defects of individuals teach us to place our hopes of the safety and perpetuity of freedom on the whole body of the people. 15. May the clarion of freedom, sounded by France, awaken the people of the world to their own happiness, and the tyrants of the earth be prostrated by its triumphant sounds.

The reader observes that the toasts are fifteen in number ; the recent ad-

mission of Tennessee and Kentucky to the Union having broken the spell long attached to the number thirteen. He also remarks that principles are toasted, not men. The birthday of George III. occurring during the same week, there was a banquet on that occasion too, the toasts of which seem to have been designed as a reply to this remarkable series. This feast derived additional éclat from the recent marriage of the English Minister, George Hammond, to a young lady of Philadelphia. Four Georges were toasted, — George III., George, Prince of Wales, George Washington, and George Hammond ; and, to mark the contrast, a neat sentiment was offered, more human and more wise than the republican toast, at which it was aimed : “Men *and* principles : may neither be forgotten, if deserving remembrance.” The other toasts were less brilliant than characteristic. One of them was as much designed to single out Alexander Hamilton for honor, as though he had been mentioned by name : “The proclamation of neutrality : may the heart that dictated and the head that proposed it live long to enjoy the blessings of all true friends to humanity.” Other toasts were these : “All good Americans : may moderation be their principle, neutrality their resolution, and industry their motto.” “The cap of liberty : but may those who wear it know there is another for licentiousness.”

In the mere matter of toasts, it must be owned, the republicans of 1793 succeeded somewhat better than “the monarchs.” For the moment it seemed as if all petty distinctions had melted away in the fiery heat of the popular sympathy with France, encompassed, as she was, by the armies of conspiring kings. And interesting it is to note, that the events, which had united the American people in sympathy with France, had rallied the people of England to their king’s support. The declaration of war, following instantly the execution of Louis, appeared to destroy the prestige of the opposi-

tion, and to give the Tories the command of a congenial mob. Thomas Paine, notwithstanding his adroit and courageous effort to rescue France and the republican cause from the dishonor of putting the king to death, became odious in England. It was a kind of fashion in country towns to burn him in effigy, — a ceremony in which the county magnates and municipal officers joined with Sunday schools and parish clergy. At Bristol, for example, in February, 1793, there was a performance of this kind that is worthy of remembrance as a curiosity of human folly.

“The cavalcade,” as the Bristol Journal, exulting, relates, “proceeded through our principal streets in the following order: Four constables headed about one hundred of the biggest boys from their Sunday schools, with colors and banners, having different mottoes, as, ‘God save the King,’ ‘Church and King,’ ‘King and Constitution,’ ‘Sunday Schools,’ etc., decorated with blue and orange-colored ribbons, and white staves in their hands. Then followed on foot many hundreds of colliers, etc., belonging to several friendly societies or clubs, with blue cockades in their hats, large, elegant silk colors, with their respective devices and mottoes in letters of gold. After them followed twelve javelin-men, and the under- and high-sheriffs on horseback, the horses richly caparisoned. Next came the prisoner, seated in a chair, drawn in a coal-cart guarded by twenty-four constables, and dressed in a black-trimmed coat, white waistcoat, Florentine breeches, white stockings, cocked hat with a French cockade, bag wig, etc. On his right hand stood the d—l, a well-made figure, about six feet high, with his left hand on Paine’s shoulder, and under his right arm a real fox. On Paine’s left hand sat a person in a clergyman’s habit. The hangman followed on horseback with his black axe; amidst the acclamation of such a concourse of nobility to bring up the rear as, we believe, was never before seen on the like occasion. They made a stand at

the Exchange and Custom-House, and sung God save the King, then proceeded to a place called Truebody’s Hill, in their own parish, where the figures were first hung on a gallows near thirty feet high, and then burnt.”

All of which was done, the editor states, without eliciting a dissentient manifestation of any kind. Dr. Priestley, whose house had been destroyed, and his library scattered over the land by a Tory mob the year before, now shared with his friend Paine the honors of many a scene like that of Bristol. He was discovering that England was not a comfortable dwelling-place for a republican.

All went well with Citizen Genet as long as there was nothing to be done but receive enthusiastic deputations and assist at effusive banquets. Those British prizes, too, did not come amiss. Waging war in the sacred cause of liberty is not arduous so long as the sea swarms with unwarned prizes, and there are no hard knocks to risk in taking them. It was not until M. Genet read the President’s proclamation of neutrality, that he experienced a premonitory chill. He thought the President should have waited to hear what he had to communicate before taking a step so decisive. It was at Richmond that he read the proclamation, and Governor Henry Lee endeavored to convince him that, in adopting the policy of neutrality, the President had served France. Genet seemed to acquiesce; but he thought the safety of the United States depended on the success of France in the war. If, said he, the Bourbons are restored, the kings of Europe will unite to crush liberty in the United States. On his arrival at Philadelphia he heard that the President of the United States, a few days before, had gone to the length of admitting to a private audience two *émigrés* of the most pronounced quality, the Vicomte de Noailles and M. Talon. M. de Noailles had served in the American war, by the side of Lafayette, under Washington’s own eye, and had been among the most decided

republicans in France, until terror had precipitated the Revolution into chaos and massacre. Then he had resigned his rank in the army, and became an émigré. M. Talon had actually assisted the king's flight, and escaped to America only after lying in close concealment for many weeks. And these men had been admitted to a *private* audience! M. Genet was losing his head; else he would have felt how particularly welcome both these gentlemen must have been to General Washington, and what a claim one of them had to cordial recognition from a President of the United States.

Citizen Genet stood, at length, in the impassive, and perhaps slightly austere, presence of General Washington. He observed that the room was decorated with what he was pleased to style "medallions of Capet and his family;" then regarded in France as emblematic of the most extreme "reaction." M. Genet, who owed his advancement to the favor of "Madame Capet," had reached such a pitch of exaltation as to be, as he said afterwards, "extremely wounded" at this exhibition. Controlling his feelings, however, the plenipotentiary made his bow, and delivered a speech, conceived in a style of magnanimity which is inexpensive, indeed, but congenial to the "Latin" mind. "We know," said he in substance, "that, under present circumstances, we have a right to call upon the United States for the guaranty of our West India islands. But we do not desire it. We wish you to do nothing but what is for your own good, and we will do all in our power to promote it. Cherish your own peace and prosperity. You have expressed a willingness to enter into a more liberal treaty of commerce with us. I bring full powers to form such a treaty, and a preliminary decree of the National Convention to lay open our country and its colonies to you for every purpose of utility, without your participating in the burden of maintaining and defending them. We see in you the only people on earth who can love us sin-

cerely, and merit to be by us sincerely loved."

In short, as Mr. Jefferson remarked at the time, "he offers everything, and asks nothing." The President responded to this effusion in a manner which was not pleasing to M. Genet. Warmly as he spoke of the friendship of the people of the United States for *France*, he said nothing of the Revolution. Not a revolutionary sentiment, as M. Genet complained, escaped his lips, "while all the towns from Charleston to Philadelphia had made the air resound with their most ardent wishes for the French Republic."

The President may well have been somewhat graver than usual during this interview. The spectacle of the British ship *Grange*, with the British colors reversed, and the glorious flag of France flying over them, was thrilling to the republicans of Philadelphia; but Mr. Hammond, the British Minister, did not find it agreeable. Several days before Genet's arrival he had sent in a remonstrance. Many of the sweet hours of his honeymoon he was obliged to spend in writing memorials and despatches, and in toying with Vattel, Wolf, Grotius, and Puffendorf. He was a polite, but urgent and strenuous diplomatist; who, as Mr. Jefferson remarked, "if he did not get an answer in three days or a week, would 'goad' a Secretary of State with another letter." He demanded the surrender of the *Grange* to her owners. He objected to the proceedings of M. Genet, and required the surrender of all the prizes taken in consequence of those proceedings. He complained that a French agent was buying arms for France in the United States. These demands had been most anxiously considered by the President, and debated in the Cabinet by Hamilton and Jefferson with a warmth and pertinacity worthy of the importance of the crisis. A crisis we may well style it, for, in truth, the independence of an infant nation was never so menaced as that of the United States was then; and the moral questions involved presented

real difficulties. The passion of the country was to help France; but that involved war with two powers, each of which had the United States at a disadvantage. England retained the seven posts, and was mistress of the sea. Spain held Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi, which gave her ascendancy over the Creek Indians, the most numerous, powerful, and warlike system of tribes in North America. As the ancient alliance between France and Spain had been dynastic only, not national, the Revolution had dissolved it, and thrown Spain into the coalition of kings. The Creeks were already threatening the frontiers. The mouth of the Mississippi, never too wide open for the convenience of Kentuckians, showed symptoms of closing tight to American commerce; and the tone of the Spanish government in its intercourse with that of the United States was such as usually precedes the invention of a pretext for open hostility.

In these circumstances, President Washington could see but one course, which was sanctioned both by prudence and morality,—absolute neutrality. The country was shut up to that policy. The government could not be said to have a choice; because, even if it had been shown that the United States were morally bound to help France in her dire and pitiable extremity, it was manifest that the United States were powerless to do so by arms. No man saw this more clearly than Jefferson. The difference between him and Hamilton was this: Hamilton's sympathies were wholly and warmly with the coalition of kings, and Jefferson's with the French people. Both accepted neutrality as a necessity of the case, and both with reluctance: Hamilton, because he longed to help England; and Jefferson, because he yearned to help France. In every question that came up, therefore, Jefferson desired to do as much, and Hamilton as little, to oblige and gratify France as Vattel, the treaties, and eternal justice would permit. Be-

tween them sat Washington, a just man, who, *because* his inclination was toward France, was all the more on his guard against any influence favoring that side.

FIRST QUESTION.— Shall we give up the ship *Grange*? Yes; because she was taken when lying at anchor off Cape Henlopen, within the jurisdiction of the United States. Genet was requested to surrender her accordingly.

SECOND QUESTION.— Is it right and lawful for our citizens to sell arms to agents of France? It is. They may sell to either power. "Our citizens," wrote Jefferson to Hammond, "have always been free to make, vend, and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings, the only means perhaps of their subsistence, because there is a war exists in foreign and distant countries, in which we have no concern, would scarcely be expected. It would be hard in principle and impossible in practice." But if any of these American arms are taken on their way to a belligerent port, the American vender has no redress.

THIRD QUESTION.— May privateers be fitted out, manned, or commissioned in American ports? Decidedly not. No citizen of the United States may enlist under either flag. Besides the duty we owe to other nations, "our wish to preserve the morals of our citizens from being vitiated by courses of lawless plunder and murder" would induce us to use all proper means to prevent this, "with good faith, fervor, and vigilance."

FOURTH QUESTION.— Well, then, ought we to surrender the prizes which Genet's Charleston privateers have brought in? On this point the difference between Hamilton and Jefferson was irreconcilable. Hamilton thought that the commissioning of those vessels by Genet was an affront and a wrong to the United States, for which apology and reparation should be demanded from France. It was his opinion also, that, since the privateers were unlawfully commissioned, the

captures were unlawful, and should be restored by the United States. Jefferson contended that, although Genet's conduct toward the United States was improper, yet he *had* a right to issue commissions to privateers. Genet had done a right thing in a wrong place. The *commissions*, therefore, were valid, notwithstanding the offence against the United States; and hence the captures were lawful and might be retained. Edmund Randolph, the Attorney-General, gave an ingenious opinion, to this effect: The French may lawfully sell their prizes, but the privateers themselves cannot remain in American ports. They must be ordered away, not to return to the United States "until they should have been to the dominions of their own sovereign, and thereby purged the illegality of their origin." This opinion was the one which the President adopted. Genet was notified of the President's conclusion, and informed that he was expected to act in accordance therewith. The prizes he might sell, but the privateers he must order away.

FIFTH QUESTION. — M. Genet asked, as a favor to his beleaguered country, that the United States should advance some instalments of its debt to France, which he proposed to send home in the form of produce. Hamilton advised that this request be bluntly refused, without a word of explanation. Jefferson's opinion was, that the request should be complied with so far as it could be done lawfully; and if it could not be done lawfully, then the refusal should be explained so far as it could be without compromising the credit of the United States. It was found that the debt could not be advanced without violating both the letter and the spirit of the law; that is, without borrowing at six per cent to pay a debt at five. Mr. Jefferson's advice was followed.

M. Genet was shocked and amazed at the course of the administration. His reception had bewildered him. Though belonging to a nation given to "demonstrations," he was as completely deceived as Kossuth was; and he

was the more misled because he had just come from a country where the people and the government had been for years belligerent powers. The United States, he concluded, had a Capet! Interpreting America by the light of France, he fell naturally into the delusion that, though he was, as a matter of form, accredited to the President of the United States, yet it was with the people of the United States, the Sovereign People, that he really had to do. The ship *Grange*, indeed, he gave up, though not without a wry face, nor without making a merit of the act. When, however, Mr. Jefferson informed him that he was expected to send away the privateers to purge the illegality of their origin, he merely shrieked. And yet there was some method in his shriek. It was a shriek of insulting defiance which alone would have justified the President in asking his recall.

"If," wrote Genet, "our merchant vessels or others are not allowed to arm themselves, when the French alone are resisting the league of tyrants against the liberty of the people, they will be exposed to inevitable ruin in going out of the ports of the United States, which is certainly *not the intention of the people of America*. Their fraternal voice has resounded from every quarter around me, and their accents are not equivocal; they are as pure as the hearts by whom they are expressed; and the more they have touched my sensibility, the more I wish, sir, that the Federal government should observe as far as in their power the public engagements contracted by both nations; and that by this conduct, they will give, at least to the world, the example of a true neutrality, which does not consist in *the cowardly abandonment of their friends* in the moment when danger menaces them, but in adhering strictly, if they can do no better, to the obligations they have contracted with them."

And, soon after, when he learned that two Americans who had gone privateering in the *Citizen Genet* were

in prison awaiting trial for the offence, he shrieked again. The crime laid to their charge, he said, was one which his pen almost refused to state, and which the mind could not conceive. Their crime was serving France, and "defending with her children the common glorious cause of liberty." With both treaties open before him, he declared, and kept declaring, that the United States were *bound* by treaty to permit the equipping of privateers in American ports, and to allow all citizens who chose to take service in them. There is not a word in either treaty which gives support to the position.

This was bad diplomacy, even for a tyro; nor did it promote any of M. Genet's objects. Mr. Hammond might well congratulate himself upon having such a competitor. The President's conduct, on this occasion, would have been exquisite art, if it had not been simple truth and fidelity. After listening to many a hot discussion in the Cabinet between Jefferson and Hamilton on the questions of international law at issue, he resolved to refer the whole subject of the rights and duties of neutrals, and the true interpretation of the French treaties, to the judges of the Supreme Court, summoned expressly for that purpose. Twenty-nine questions were drawn up for their consideration, which covered the whole field of inquiry. But, as the solution of so many problems would take time, the entire fleet of privateers and prizes, seven vessels in all, were ordered not to depart, "till the further order of the President." M. Genet would have done better to sell his prizes while he could.

"Never, in my opinion," wrote Jefferson to Madison, July 8, 1793, "was so calamitous an appointment as that of the present minister of France here. Hot-headed, all imagination, no judgment, passionate, disrespectful, and even indecent toward the President in his written as well as his verbal communications, before Congress or the public they will excite indignation. He renders my position immensely difficult. He does me justice personally, and

giving him time to vent himself and become more cool, I am on a footing to advise him freely, and he respects it; but he will break out again on the very first occasion, so that he is incapable of correcting himself."

When these words were written Citizen Genet was "breaking out" in a manner unexampled in the annals of diplomacy. Not by words only, but by an open and unequivocal act, he had resolved to defy the administration! Among the prizes captured by L'Embuscade was a vessel named the Little Sarah, then lying in the Delaware, within a mile or two of the President's house. After having been most distinctly and at great length informed by Mr. Jefferson, officially, that no vessel could lawfully be equipped in a port of the United States for a purpose hostile to a nation at peace with the United States, M. Genet changed the name of the Little Sarah to Le Petit Démocrate, pierced her for fourteen guns, armed and equipped her for a cruise, placed on board of her a crew of one hundred and twenty men, and was about to send her to sea. This act was the more flagrant because it was done while the President was absent at Mount Vernon. Colonel Hamilton, who was the first officer of the government to discover the project, caused the governor of Pennsylvania to be notified. Governor Mifflin, Republican as he was, gave orders on the instant (it was late Saturday evening, July 6) to call out a body of militia to prevent the Little Democrat from sailing. The Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. G. J. Dallas, another Republican, suggested that, perhaps, M. Genet would be found accessible to reason, if he were approached in a friendly spirit. Before summoning the militia, therefore, Mr. Dallas was requested to try the effect of argument and persuasion upon the mind of the plenipotentiary.

M. Genet and Mr. Dallas met at eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, at M. Genet's house. They talked till midnight, or, rather, M. Genet stormed till midnight. He utterly refused to

detain the vessel, ending with these words: "I hope no attempt to seize her will be made; for, as she belongs to the Republic, she must defend the honor of her flag, and will certainly repel force by force."

Early on Sunday morning Mr. Jefferson, at his house on the Schuylkill, received a despatch from the Governor to the effect that the vessel was to sail that day, and requesting him to detain her at least until the President's return, which was expected on Wednesday. An hour or two later Mr. Jefferson was at Genet's house, listening to a repetition of the tempest with which Mr. Dallas had been favored the night before. But Jefferson knew his man. "I found it necessary," he records, "to let him go on, and, in fact, could do no otherwise; for the few efforts which I made to take some part in the conversation were quite ineffectual." The storm showed, at last, some signs of abating, when the angry diplomatist said that as soon as the President arrived he meant to ask him to convene Congress. Mr. Jefferson availed himself of the lull to give him a little elementary instruction in the nature of constitutional government. He explained to him how it was that Congress could have no voice in the questions which had arisen, since they belonged to the executive department of the government. "If Congress were sitting," said the Secretary of State, "they would take no notice of them." "Is not Congress the sovereign?" asked Genet. "No," replied Jefferson, "Congress is sovereign in making laws only; the executive is sovereign in executing them; and the judiciary in construing them when they relate to their department." "But," said Genet, "at least Congress are bound to see that the treaties are observed." Again Mr. Jefferson set him right. No, said he, the President is to see that treaties are observed. "If," asked Genet, "he decides against a treaty, to whom is a nation to appeal?" "The Constitution," replied Jefferson, "has made the President the last appeal."

This idea, which was new to the plenipotentiary, seemed to him utterly preposterous. He bowed to Mr. Jefferson, and said that he "would not make him his compliments upon such a Constitution!" He expressed the utmost astonishment at it; and the contemplation of such an absurdity was so amusing as to restore him to good-humor. Mr. Jefferson seized the happy moment to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct. Genet took it in good part. "But," said he, "I have a right to expound the treaty on our side!" "Certainly," replied Jefferson, "each party has an equal right to expound their treaties. You, as the agent of your nation, have a right to bring forward your exposition, to support it by reasons, to insist on it, to be answered with reasons for our exposition where it is contrary; but when, after hearing and considering your reasons, the highest authority in the nation has decided, it is your duty to say you think the decision wrong, that you cannot take upon yourself to admit it, and will represent it to your government to do as they think proper; but, in the mean time, you ought to acquiesce in it, and to do nothing within our limits contrary to it."

M. Genet, inexperienced as he was in the diplomatic art, could not object to this statement. His silence appearing to give assent, Mr. Jefferson came to the point, and pressed him to detain the Little Democrat till the President's return. "Why detain her?" asked Genet. "Because," replied Jefferson, "she is reported to be armed with guns acquired here." No, said Genet, the guns are all French property. Mr. Jefferson, however, insisted that the vessel should not sail, and said that her departure "would be considered a very serious offence." After some hesitation, M. Genet, partly by words, partly by look and gesture, intimated to Mr. Jefferson that the Little Democrat, not being yet ready for sea, would not sail till the President's return. "But," said he, "she is to change her position, and fall down the river to-day."

"What," asked Jefferson, "will she fall down to the lower end of the town?" M. Genet's reply was: "I do not know exactly where, but somewhere there for the convenience of getting ready some things; but let me beseech you not to permit any attempt to put men on board of her. She is filled with high-spirited patriots, and they will unquestionably resist; and *there is no occasion, for I tell you she will not be ready to depart for some time.*"

Mr. Jefferson said he would then take it for granted that the vessel would not be ready before the President's return, and in the mean time the government would make inquiries into the facts of her armament, for the President's information. He immediately reported this conversation to the Governor, who dismissed the militia called out in the morning.

The next day there was a Cabinet meeting on the subject at the State House, the Governor having asked advice as to the steps he should take in the absence of the President. The Governor informed the Secretaries that two of the Little Democrat's new cannon had been, as he had good ground for believing, bought in Philadelphia. Colonel Hamilton and General Knox advised that a battery should be thrown up on Mud Island and manned by militia, and if the vessel should attempt to leave before the pleasure of the President should be known, she should be prevented by force. Jefferson dissented. He dissented strongly, and he has left us the reasons of his dissent, expressed with a blending of dignity and passion, of lawyer-like coolness and philanthropic fire, which speak to us both of the man and the time. He was satisfied, he said, that the vessel would not sail until the arrival of the President, who was known to be but forty-eight hours distant; and it was not respectful to him to resort to a measure so unusual and so extreme, when he was so near at hand. The erection of the battery, too, would probably *cause* the departure it would be designed to prevent; and the vessel

would sail after having added blood to the other causes of exasperation. Blood usually closed the hearts of men and nations to peace. Besides, a French fleet of twenty men-of-war and a hundred and fifty merchant vessels was hourly expected in the Delaware; it might arrive at the scene of blood in time to join in it. And if the Little Democrat should sail to-day, how easily we could explain the matter to the belligerents! How capable of demonstration *our* innocence! And suppose there *are* fifteen or twenty Americans on board of her; are there not ten times as many Americans on board English vessels, impressed in foreign ports? Are we as ready and disposed to sink British ships in our harbors as we are to fire upon this French vessel for a breach of neutrality far less atrocious? How inconsistent for a nation, which has been patiently bearing for ten years the grossest insults and injuries from their late enemies, to rise at a feather against their friends and benefactors; and that, too, at a moment when circumstances have knit their hearts together in a bond of the most ardent affection! And how monstrous to *begin* a quarrel by an act of war! England wrongs us deeply and essentially; we negotiate; we submit to the outrage of her insolent silence; but let one excited Frenchman do us an injury which his government would instantly disavow, and we are ready to precipitate a war!

"I would not," said Jefferson, "gratify the combination of kings with the spectacle of the only two republics on earth destroying each other for two cannon; nor would I, for infinitely greater cause, add this country to that combination, turn the scale of contest, and let it be from our hands that the hopes of man received their last stab."

The battery was not erected upon Mud Island. The Little Democrat dropped down the river as far as Chester, where she lay at anchor until the President's return to the seat of government. As soon as the President could master the facts of the situation,

he caused M. Genet to be informed that, since all the questions in dispute were referred to the judges, "it was expected" that the *Little Democrat*, as well as the other prizes and privateers, would remain where they were until further notice. Within three days after the date of this communication *Le Petit Démocrate* put to sea. It was then that the administration, formally and distinctly assuming the responsibility of all the damage she might do the belligerents, adopted the doctrine of international obligation which has recently been applied, with such happy and hopeful results, to the case of the *Alabama*. Mr. Jefferson officially notified M. Genet that, in case the *Little Democrat* made any prizes, the government of the United States held itself bound to restore the same or to compensate the owners; "the indemnification to be reimbursed by the French nation."

M. Genet behaved like a man who has crossed the Rubicon, and means to press on to mastery or destruction. It was evident that he was bent upon fully executing his threat of appealing to the people. Besides assisting to form Jacobin clubs in the Atlantic cities, distributing considerable sums of money for the purpose, besides organizing a troop of mounted Frenchmen with whom he paraded Philadelphia on festive days, besides playing other pranks of the same histrionic nature, he continued to defy and frustrate the government in its resolve to hold the balance even between the warring powers. Other vessels, in New York and Baltimore, he was getting ready for cruising in quest of British prizes. He was still intent upon organizing an expedition in Kentucky for an attempt upon New Orleans; and this in the teeth of Mr. Jefferson's emphatic notification that "his enticing men and officers in Kentucky to go against Spain was putting a halter around their necks." This Kentucky scheme of Genet's was set on foot at the very moment when it seemed as if Spain was only waiting for a pretext to de-

clare war against the United States. Jefferson's famous despatch to Madrid, the most energetic of all his official papers, in which he warned Spain to let the Creeks alone, was crossing the ocean at the time. Never before, never since, has the government of the United States taken a firmer or a loftier tone than at this threatening crisis. "We confide in our strength," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "without boasting of it; we respect that of others without fearing it. If we cannot otherwise prevail on the Creeks to discontinue their depredations, we will attack them in force. If Spain chooses to consider our defence against savage butchery as a cause of war to her, we must meet her also in war, with regret, but without fear; and we shall be happier, to the last moment, to repair with her to the tribunal of peace and reason." What a time was this for Citizen Genet to be, not merely fomenting war with Spain, but preparing to wage war by attacking a Spanish post!

All Cabinet questions were now merged into one, — What shall we do with Genet? "Send him out of the country," said robust Knox at the Cabinet meeting of August 1, when this dreadful question was first discussed. "Publish the whole correspondence," said Hamilton, "with a statement of his proceedings, thus anticipating him in his threatened appeal to the people." Jefferson's advice, supported warmly by Randolph, was this: To send a history of his doings in America, with copies of the letters between Genet and himself, to the French government, and request, with all the delicacy possible, the recall of Genet. For two days the subject was debated with a heat and passion unexampled, Hamilton twice haranguing his audience of four individuals for three quarters of an hour, in a manner, as Jefferson reports, "as inflammatory and declamatory as if he had been speaking to a jury." He dwelt upon the new Jacobin Society just formed in Philadelphia, on the model of the dread club to which Robespierre owed his power. The publication of Genet's letters, Hamilton thought, would crush

this terrible organization. Jefferson, on the contrary, thought that the club would die out of itself if it were only let alone; opposition alone could give it undue importance.

The President was, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." If we may believe the exaggerating memory of Mr. John Adams, a vast multitude of the noisier part of the population of Philadelphia sided with Genet at this moment. Years after we find him writing to Jefferson of the terror of 1793, when "ten thousand people in the streets of Philadelphia, day after day, threatened to drag Washington out of his house, and effect a revolution in the government, or compel it to declare war in favor of the French Revolution and against England." The Republican newspapers, too, were all that Genet could have wished. The President was no longer spared, either in prose or verse, and there was even a burlesque poem in which he was represented as being brought to the guillotine. At one of these Cabinet meetings, irritated by Knox reminding him of this pasquinade, he lost his self-control for a moment. Voltaire wickedly remarks that Newton "consoled" mankind for his unapproachable supremacy in the realm of science by coming at last to write on the Prophecies. George Washington occasionally solaced the self-love of *his* admiring friends by getting into a good honest passion, like an ordinary mortal. Bursting into speech, he defied any man to produce a single act of his since he had been in the government which was not done from the purest motives. He declared that he had never repented but once of having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since. "By God!" he exclaimed, using the familiar oath of the period, "I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation! I would rather be on my farm than be made emperor of the world; and yet they are charging me with wanting to be a king!" That rascal Freneau, he continued, sent him

three of his papers every day, as if *he* would become their distributor, and he could see nothing in this but an impudent design to insult him.

Happy the mortal who has no worse fault than a rare outburst of legitimate and harmless anger! It was embarrassing to get back to the question after this explosion. The subject was, however, resumed, and the President decided to follow Mr. Jefferson's advice, of appealing to the French government and asking Genet's recall; reserving the expedient of appealing to the American people to a later day. With all the discretion conceivable, and with a most happy mixture of frankness, friendliness, and decision, the Secretary of State performed this difficult duty. In due time M. Genet was recalled, and his proceedings were discovered; but France was a long way off in 1793, and some months elapsed before the letter of recall reached the plenipotentiary. In the mean time he continued his course of reckless defiance. He executed his threat of appealing to the people by publishing a portion of his official correspondence with Mr. Jefferson; and the people, with a near approach to unanimity, condemned him.

This summer of delirium at Philadelphia ended in the panic and desolation of the yellow fever, from which every member of the government fled, Jefferson last of all. In New York, where M. Genet then resided, love softened his heart and assisted to restore serenity to his mind. Miss Cornelia Clinton, the daughter of that stanch Republican chief, George Clinton, Governor of the State of New York, was the young lady to whom he paid his court; and paid it with such success, that, when he received his recall, he married her, and settled in the State. He spent there the rest of his days, a good citizen, a worthy gentleman, though never quite able to understand how it was that the American people cherished such veneration for the character of their first President. Everything would have gone well with his mission, he

thought, had it not been for the invincible resolution of President Washington. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1834, after contributing much to agricultural improvement and the progress of science. His virtues were his own; his errors were those of the time in which he was called upon to act.

Meanwhile Jefferson was longing for retreat with ever-growing desire. Hamilton, too, wearied of the vain effort to maintain his prodigious family upon his little salary, had made up his mind to return to the New York bar, and only remained for a while longer, like Jefferson, in compliance with Washington's earnest entreaty. Hamilton, however, was not so painfully situated as his colleague, for he had society on his side. The people he oftenest met approved his course and valued his character. Jefferson had few adherents among the rich and the educated. It is only the human race in general that is the gainer by the ideas of which he was the exponent. Classes may be benefited, or may think themselves benefited, by abuses, by privilege, by "protection," by "caste"; and those classes often know enough to flatter and retain the occasional gifted men — the Cannings, the Peels, the Hamiltons — whom birth, breeding, or circumstances throw in their way. Fair play and equal rights are the common and eternal interest of human nature. No man has ever been so loved in the United States, nor loved so long, as Thomas Jefferson was by those who had no interest apart from this common interest, and no hope or desire except to share the common lot of man. But the elegant class of Philadelphia in 1793 held him in aversion; for the commerce of the United States, by which they were chiefly sustained, was in British hands. Genet was warring upon that commerce, and Jefferson had to share the odium of his irrepensible zeal. His letters to Madison and Monroe of this year show us that he felt acutely the alienation of the people around him, and saw, too, how powerless he was to stem the tide of reaction which the guillotine in

France and Genet in America had caused.

"The motion of my blood," he wrote to Madison in June, 1793, "no longer keeps time with the tumult of the world. It leads me to seek for happiness in the lap and love of my family, in the society of my neighbors and my books, in the wholesome occupations of my farm and my affairs, in an interest or affection in every bud that opens, in every breath that blows around me, in an entire freedom of rest, of motion, of thought, owing account to myself alone of my hours and actions. What must be the principle of that calculation which should balance against these the circumstances of my present existence, — worn down with labors from morning to night, and day to day; knowing them as fruitless to others as they are vexatious to myself, committed singly in desperate and eternal contest against a host who are systematically undermining the public liberty and prosperity; even the rare hours of relaxation sacrificed to the society of persons in the same intentions, of whose hatred I am conscious even in those moments of conviviality when the heart wishes most to open itself to the effusions of friendship and confidence; cut off from my family and friends, my affairs abandoned to chaos and derangement; in short, giving everything I love in exchange for everything I hate, and all this without a single gratification in possession or prospect, in present enjoyment or future wish."

All his confidential letters of 1793 are in this tone. But as often as he alluded to the necessity under which he rested of retiring, General Washington urged him to remain with such importunity that he knew not how to resist. When the President discovered that he could not prevail, he begged him at least to defer his resignation; for, said he, "like a man going to the gallows, I am willing to put it off as long as I can." Jefferson remained in office through the year. "Yesterday," he wrote to his daughter, December 22, 1793, "the President made what I

hope will be the last set at me to continue; but in this I am now immovable by any considerations whatever." So indeed it proved. He *could* not continue without ruin; and such was the urgency of the case, that his going home did but postpone the catastrophe. The President accepted his resignation January 1, 1794. "The opinion," wrote General Washington on this occasion, "which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience, and both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty." Five days after he was on his way to Monticello, having held the post of Secretary of State two months less than four years.

Strange to relate, he went out of office in a blaze of glory to which even the fine ladies and gentlemen of "the Republican court" were not wholly insensible. When Congress met, the correspondence between Thomas Jefferson and the two plenipotentiaries, George Hammond and Edmond Genet, was published in a massive pamphlet. The intense interest of the public in the recent transactions, now fully disclosed for the first time, caused this collection to be widely disseminated and most eagerly scanned. What candid person has ever read that correspondence without enjoying Jefferson's part of it? It shows him at his best. His singular diligence and skill in gathering information was happily displayed; and all men saw that he had never — not in a single phrase — gratified his feelings as a man at the expense of his duty as a public officer. It was evident that he distinguished between France and her plenipotentiary, and that he did not withdraw his sympathy from that distracted nation at the moment of her extremest need. And whatever wrath may have swelled within him at the conduct of the English government toward his country, he preserved always the conciliatory tone which renders easy the adoption of a worthier policy. The people of the United States appreciated the merit of his

despatches, and many of them recognized the difficulties which so warm a partisan as he must have overcome in producing them. His opponents, as we are informed by the most respectable of them all, Chief Justice Marshall, were conciliated for the moment. Their prejudices were "dissipated." They even flattered themselves, while under the spell of his benign and large intelligence, that the sentiments which Hamilton, their idol, had contested and reviled in the Cabinet were *their own!* "The partiality for France," says Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, "that was conspicuous through the whole of the correspondence, detracted nothing from its merit in the opinion of the friends of the administration, because, however decided their determination to support their own government in a controversy with any nation whatever, they felt all the partialities for that Republic which the correspondence expressed. The hostility of his enemies, therefore, was, for a time, considerably lessened, without a corresponding diminution of the attachment of his friends."

Genet might have destroyed the Republican party, if the Republican chief had not, with so much tact and right feeling, repudiated the plenipotentiary while conciliating France. The reaction of the following years no man could have prevented. The reaction was necessary. France had torn down, without having acquired the ability to construct. Not a community on earth was yet ripe for the republican system, except that of the American States, wherein a majority of the people were accessible through their understandings. It was necessary for Christendom to wait another century before assuming revolution at the point where the Terror interrupted it in 1792.

In reading the records of those years, we discover in Jefferson some human foibles, some morbidness, some impatience with virtuous stupidity, some misinterpretation of men and events. He did not, indeed, misconceive the Federalists as grossly as they misrepresented

him ; and yet he did misconceive them. On one occasion, when he was attributing to some of them an intention to avail themselves of the first opportunity to convert the government into something like monarchy, Washington set him right in half a dozen words : *Desires there may be, but not designs.* This we now know was the truth ; but we know also how easily desires become designs, and we know the contempt and utter distrust in which the leading Federalists of the day held the republican system which Jefferson loved and which is evidently destined to govern the world. We know that Hamilton passed the remaining years of his life awaiting the crisis which should call him to contend in arms for the ideas which he had vainly struggled for in the Cabinet and the Convention.

Jefferson was clear in his great office, and he lived up to his great principles. Being asked by a neighbor to write something that should help him into Congress, Jefferson said, "From a very early moment of my life, I determined never to intermeddle with elections by the people, and have invariably adhered to this determination." Much as he loved his old friend and secretary, William Short, he would not assist him to sell the little public stock which he possessed, saying, "I would do anything my duty would permit ; but were I to advise your agent (who is himself a stock-dealer) to sell out yours at this or that moment, it would be used as a signal to guide speculation." Invited to share in a promising speculation, he

declined, on the ground that a public man should preserve his mind free from all possible bias of interest. When the fugitives from the St. Domingo massacre arrived in 1793, destitute and miserable, he wrote to Monroe : "Never was so deep a tragedy presented to the feelings of man. I deny the power of the general government to apply money to such a purpose, but I deny it with a bleeding heart. It belongs to the State governments. Pray urge ours to be liberal." In his French package came one day a letter from the wife of a groom in the stables of the Duke of Orleans in Paris, addressed to her sister, a poor woman who lived fifteen miles from Monticello. He was careful to enjoin it upon his daughter, not merely to forward the letter, but to send it to the woman's house by a special messenger.

We observe, too, that he still looked wistfully to the unexplored West. As a member of the Philosophical Society, he took the lead in 1792 in raising a thousand guineas to send Andrew Michaud to grope his way across the continent and find out all he could of the great plains and rivers, the Indians and the animals, the bones of the mammoth, and whatever else a Philosophical Society and an American people might care to know. Andrew Michaud did not find the Pacific Ocean, and the task remained undone till Jefferson, ten years later, found the predestined man in Merriwether Lewis, a son of one of his Albemarle neighbors.

James Parton.

THE WOOD LAKE.

FROM garish light and life apart,
 Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
 With delicate mists of morning furled
 Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
 The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
 So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
 'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dream-like, in curves of palest gold,
 The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
 Part in long rifts, through which I view
 Gray islets throned in tides as blue
 As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
 Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn —
 Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
 And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dream-like, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
 I hear the distant west-wind rise,
 And, down the hollows wandering, break
 In gurgling ripples on the lake,
 Round which the vapors, still outspread,
 Mount wanly widening overhead,
 Till flushed by morning's primrose-red.

Dream-like, each slow, soft-pulsing surge
 Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
 Sending, where'er its tremors pass,
 Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass;
 Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
 To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
 Or melt in rich, low warblings made
 By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn, the mock-bird's lay
 Grows stronger, mellower; far away
 'Mid dusky reeds which even the noon
 Lights not, the lonely-hearted loon
 Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
 Of half its sadness; day, full-born,
 Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
 O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
 Casting o'er both a glamour known
 To *their* enchanted realm alone;
 Whence shines, as 't were a spirit's face,
 The sweet, coy Genius of the place.
 Yon lake, beheld as if in trance, —
 The beauty of whose shy romance
 I feel — whatever shores and skies
 May charm henceforth my wondering eyes,
 Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
 'Mid lonely by-ways of the brain,
 There, with its haunting grace, to seem
 Set in the landscape of a dream.

Paul H. Hayne.

MARJORIE DAW.

I.

*Dr. Dillon to Edward Delaney, Esq.,
at The Pines, near Rye, N. H.*

August 8, 187--.

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to assure you that your anxiety is without reason. Flemming will be confined to the sofa for three or four weeks, and will have to be careful at first how he uses his leg. A fracture of this kind is always a tedious affair. Fortunately, the bone was very skilfully set by the surgeon who chanced to be in the drug-store where Flemming was brought after his fall, and I apprehend no permanent inconvenience from the accident. *Flemming is doing perfectly well physically*; but I must confess that the irritable and morbid state of mind into which he has fallen causes me a great deal of uneasiness. He is the last man in the world who ought to break his leg. You know how impetuous our friend is ordinarily, what a soul of restlessness and energy, never content unless he is rushing at some object, like a sportive bull at a red shawl; but amiable withal. He is no longer amiable. His temper has become something frightful. Miss Fanny Flemming came up from Newport, where the family are staying for the summer, to nurse him; but he packed her off the next morning in tears. He has a complete set of Balzac's works, twenty-seven volumes, piled up by his sofa, to throw at Watkins whenever that exemplary serving-man appears with his meals. Yesterday I very innocently brought Flemming a small basket of lemons. You know it was a strip of lemon-peel on the curbstone that caused our friend's mischance. Well, he no sooner set his eyes upon these lemons, than he fell into such a rage as I cannot describe adequately. This is only one of his moods, and the

least distressing. At other times he sits with bowed head regarding his splintered limb, silent, sullen, despairing. When this fit is on him—and it sometimes lasts all day—nothing can distract his melancholy. He refuses to eat, does not even read the newspapers; books—except as projectiles for Watkins—have no charms for him. His state is truly pitiable.

Now, if he were a poor man, with a family dependent on his daily labor, this irritability and despondency would be natural enough. But in a young fellow of twenty-four, with plenty of money and seemingly not a care in the world, the thing is monstrous. If he continues to give way to his vagaries in this manner, he will end by bringing on an inflammation of the fibula. It was the fibula he broke. I am at my wits' end to know what to prescribe for him. I have anæsthetics and lotions, to make people sleep and to soothe pain; but I've no medicine that will make a man have a little common-sense. That is beyond my skill, but maybe it is not beyond yours. You are Flemming's intimate friend, his *fidus Achates*. Write to him, write to him frequently, distract his mind, cheer him up, and prevent him from becoming a confirmed case of melancholia. Perhaps he has some important plans disarranged by his present confinement. If he has you will know, and will know how to advise him judiciously. I trust your father finds the change beneficial? I am, my dear sir, with great respect, etc.

II.

*Edward Delaney to John Flemming,
West 38th Street, New York.*

August 9, --.

MY DEAR JACK: I had a line from Dillon this morning, and was rejoiced

to learn that your hurt is not so bad as reported. Like a certain personage, you are not so black and blue as you are painted. Dillon will put you on your pins again in two or three weeks, if you will only have patience and follow his counsels. Did you get my note of last Wednesday? I was greatly troubled when I heard of the accident.

I can imagine how tranquil and saintly you are with your leg in a trough! It's deuced awkward, to be sure, just as we had promised ourselves a glorious month together at the seaside; but we must make the best of it. It is unfortunate, too, that my father's health renders it impossible for me to leave him. I think he has much improved; the sea air is his native element; but he still needs my arm to lean upon in his walks, and requires some one more careful than a servant to look after him. I cannot come to you, dear Jack, but I have hours of unemployed time on hand, and I will write you a whole post-office full of letters if that will divert you. Heaven knows, I have n't anything to write about. It is n't as if we were living at one of the beach houses; then I could do you some character studies, and fill your imagination with hosts of sea-goddesses, with their (or somebody else's) raven and blond manes hanging down their shoulders. You should have Aphrodite in morning wrapper, in evening costume, and in her prettiest bathing suit. But we are far from all that here. We have rooms in a farmhouse, on a cross-road, two miles from the hotels, and lead the quietest of lives.

I wish I were a novelist. This old house, with its sanded floors and high wainscots, and its narrow windows looking out upon a cluster of pines that turn themselves into æolian-harps every time the wind blows, would be the place in which to write a summer romance. It should be a story with the odors of the forest and the breath of the sea in it. It should be a novel like one of that Russian fellow's

— what's his name? — Tourguéniéff, Turguenef, Toorguniff, Turgénjew, — nobody knows how to spell him. (I think his own mother must be in some doubt about him.) Yet I wonder if even a Liza or an Alexandra Paulovna could stir the heart of a man who has constant twinges in his leg. I wonder if one of our own Yankee girls of the best type, haughty and *spirituelle*, would be of any comfort to you in your present deplorable condition. If I thought so, I would rush down to the Surf House and catch one for you; or, better still, I would find you one over the way.

Picture to yourself a large white house just across the road, nearly opposite our cottage. It is not a house, but a mansion, built, perhaps, in the colonial period, with rambling extensions, and gambrel roof, and a wide piazza on three sides, — a self-possessed, high-bred piece of architecture, with its nose in the air. It stands back from the road, and has an obsequious retinue of fringed elms and oaks and weeping willows. Sometimes in the morning, and oftener in the afternoon, when the sun has withdrawn from that part of the mansion, a young woman appears on the piazza with some mysterious Penelope web of embroidery in her hand, or a book. There is a hammock over there, — of pineapple fibre, it looks from here. A hammock is very becoming when one is eighteen, and has gold hair, and dark eyes, and a blue illusion dress looped up after the fashion of a Dresden china shepherdess, and is *chaussée* like a belle of the time of Louis Quatorze. All this splendor goes into that hammock, and sways there like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon. The window of my bedroom looks down on that piazza, — and so do I.

But enough of this nonsense, which ill becomes a sedate young attorney taking his vacation with an invalid father. Drop me a line, dear Jack, and tell me how you really are. State your case. Write me a long, quiet letter. If you are violent or abusive, I'll take the law to you.

III.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 11, —.

YOUR letter, dear Ned, was a god-send. Fancy what a fix I am in, — I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I have n't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh.

I lie from morning till night on a lounge, staring into the hot street. Everybody is out of town enjoying himself. The brown-stone-front houses across the street resemble a row of particularly ugly coffins set up on end. A green mould is settling on the names of the deceased, carved on the silver door-plates. Sardonic spiders have sewed up the key-holes. All is silence and dust and desolation. — I interrupt this a moment, to take a shy at Watkins with the second volume of César Biotteau. Missed him! I think I could bring him down with a copy of Sainte-Beuve or the Dictionnaire Universel, if I had it. These small Balzac books somehow don't quite fit my hand. But I shall fetch him yet. I've an idea Watkins is tapping the old gentleman's Château Yquem. Duplicate key of the wine-cellar. Hibernian swarries in the front basement. Young Cheops up stairs, snug in his cerements. Watkins glides into my chamber, with that colorless, hypocritical face of his drawn out long like an accordion; but I know he grins all the way down stairs, and is glad I have broken my leg. Was not my evil star in the very zenith when I ran up to town to attend that dinner at Delmonico's? I did n't come up altogether for that. It was partly to buy Frank Livingstone's roan mare Margot. And now I shall not be able to sit in the saddle these two months. I'll send the mare down to you at The Pines, — is that the name of the place?

Old Dillon fancies that I have something on my mind. He drives me wild

with lemons. Lemons for a mind diseased! Nonsense. I am only as restless as the devil under this confinement, — a thing I'm not used to. Take a man who has never had so much as a headache or a toothache in his life, strap one of his legs in a section of water-spout, keep him in a room in the city for weeks, with the hot weather turned on, and then expect him to smile and purr and be happy! It is preposterous. I can't be cheerful or calm.

Your letter is the first consoling thing I have had since my disaster, a week ago. It really cheered me up for half an hour. Send me a screed, Ned, as often as you can, if you love me. Anything will do. Write me more about that little girl in the hammock. That was very pretty, all that about the Dresden china shepherdess and the pond-lily; the imagery a little mixed, perhaps, but very pretty. I did n't suppose you had so much sentimental furniture in your upper story. It shows how one may be familiar for years with the reception-room of his neighbor, and never suspect what is directly under his mansard. I supposed your loft stuffed with dry legal parchments, mortgages and affidavits; you take down a package of manuscript, and lo! there are lyrics and sonnets and canzonettas. You really have a graphic descriptive touch, Edward Delaney, and I suspect you of short love-tales in the magazines.

I shall be a bear until I hear from you again. Tell me all about your pretty *inconnue* across the road. What is her name? Who is she? Who's her father? Where's her mother? Who's her lover? You cannot imagine how this will occupy me. The more trifling the better. My imprisonment has weakened me intellectually to such a degree that I find your epistolary gifts quite considerable. I am passing into my second childhood. In a week or two I shall take to india-rubber rings and prongs of coral. A silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, would be a delicate attention on your part. In the mean time, write!

IV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 12, —.

THE sick pasha shall be amused. *Bismillah!* he wills it so. If the storyteller becomes prolix and tedious,—the bow-string and the sack, and two Nubians to drop him into the Piscataqua! But, truly, Jack, I have a hard task. There is literally nothing here,—except the little girl over the way. She is swinging in the hammock at this moment. It is to me compensation for many of the ills of life to see her now and then put out a small kid boot, which fits like a glove, and set herself going. Who is she, and what is her name? Her name is Daw. Only daughter of Mr. Richard W. Daw, ex-colonel and banker. Mother dead. One brother at Harvard, elder brother killed at the battle of Fair Oaks nine years ago. Old, rich family, the Daws. This is the homestead, where father and daughter pass eight months of the twelve; the rest of the year in Baltimore and Washington. The New England winter too many for the old gentleman. The daughter is called Marjorie,—Marjorie Daw. Sounds odd at first, does n't it? But after you say it over to yourself half a dozen times, you like it. There's a pleasing quaintness to it, something prim and violet-like. Must be a nice sort of girl to be called Marjorie Daw.

I had mine host of The Pines in the witness-box last night, and drew the foregoing testimony from him. He has charge of Mr. Daw's vegetable-garden, and has known the family these thirty years. Of course I shall make the acquaintance of my neighbors before many days. It will be next to impossible for me not to meet Mr. Daw or Miss Daw in some of my walks. The young lady has a favorite path to the sea-beach. I shall intercept her some morning, and touch my hat to her. Then the princess will bend her fair head to me with courteous surprise not unmixed with haughtiness. Will snub me, in fact. All this for thy

sake, O Pasha of the Snapt Axle-tree! . . . How oddly things fall out! Ten minutes ago I was called down to the parlor,—you know the kind of parlors in farm-houses on the coast, a sort of amphibious parlor, with sea-shells on the mantel-piece and spruce branches in the chimney-place,—where I found my father and Mr. Daw doing the antique polite to each other. He had come to pay his respects to his new neighbors. Mr. Daw is a tall, slim gentleman of about fifty-five, with a florid face and snow-white mustache and side-whiskers. Looks like Mr. Dombey, or as Mr. Dombey would have looked if he had served a few years in the British Army. Mr. Daw was a colonel in the late war, commanding the regiment in which his son was a lieutenant. Plucky old boy, backbone of New Hampshire granite. Before taking his leave, the colonel delivered himself of an invitation as if he were issuing a general order. Miss Daw has a few friends coming, at 4 P. M., to play croquet on the lawn (parade-ground) and have tea (cold rations) on the piazza. Will we honor them with our company? (or be sent to the guard-house.) My father declines, on the plea of ill-health. My father's son bows with as much suavity as he knows, and accepts.

In my next I shall have something to tell you. I shall have seen the little beauty face to face. I have a presentiment, Jack, that this Daw is a *rara avis!* Keep up your spirits, my boy, until I write you another letter,—and send me along word how 's your leg.

V.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 13, —.

THE party, my dear Jack, was as dreary as possible. A lieutenant of the navy, the rector of the Episcopal church at Stillwater, and a society swell from Nahant. The lieutenant looked as if he had swallowed a couple of his buttons, and found the bullion rather indigestible; the rector was a

pensive youth, of the daffydowndilly sort; and the swell from Nahant was a very weak tidal wave indeed. The women were much better, as they always are; the two Miss Kingsburys of Philadelphia, staying at the Seashell House, two bright and engaging girls. But Marjorie Daw!

The company broke up soon after tea, and I remained to smoke a cigar with the colonel on the piazza. It was like seeing a picture to see Miss Marjorie hovering around the old soldier, and doing a hundred gracious little things for him. She brought the cigars and lighted the tapers with her own delicate fingers, in the most enchanting fashion. As we sat there, she came and went in the summer twilight, and seemed, with her white dress and pale gold hair, like some lovely phantom that had sprung into existence out of the smoke-wreaths. If she had melted into air, like the statue of the lady in the play, I should have been more sorry than surprised.

It was easy to perceive that the old colonel worshipped her, and she him. I think the relation between an elderly father and a daughter just blooming into womanhood the most beautiful possible. There is in it a subtle sentiment that cannot exist in the case of mother and daughter, or that of son and mother. But this is getting into deep water.

I sat with the Daws until half past ten, and saw the moon rise on the sea. The ocean, that had stretched motionless and black against the horizon, was changed by magic into a broken field of glittering ice. In the far distance, the Isles of Shoals loomed up like a group of huge bergs drifting down on us. The Polar Regions in a June thaw! It was exceedingly fine. What did we talk about? We talked about the weather—and *you!* The weather has been disagreeable for several days past,—and so have you. I glided from one topic to the other very naturally. I told my friends of your accident; how it had frustrated all our summer plans, and what our plans

were. Then I described you; or, rather, I did n't. I spoke of your amiability; of your patience under this severe affliction; of your touching gratitude when Dillon brings you little presents of fruit; of your tenderness to your sister Fanny, whom you would not allow to stay in town to nurse you, and how you heroically sent her back to Newport, preferring to remain alone with Mary, the cook, and your man Watkins, to whom, by the way, you were devotedly attached. If you had been there, Jack, you would n't have known yourself. I should have excelled as a criminal lawyer, if I had not turned my attention to a different branch of jurisprudence.

Miss Marjorie asked all manner of leading questions concerning you. It did not occur to me then, but it struck me forcibly afterwards, that she evinced a singular interest in the conversation. When I got back to my room, I recalled how eagerly she leaned forward, with her full, snowy throat in strong moonlight, listening to what I said. Positively, I think I made her like you!

Miss Daw is a girl whom you would like immensely, I can tell you that. A beauty without affectation, a high and tender nature,—if one can read the soul in the face. And the old colonel is a noble character, too.

I am glad the Daws are such pleasant people. The Pines is an isolated place, and my resources are few. I fear I should have found life here rather monotonous before long, with no other society than that of my excellent sire. It is true, I might have made a target of the defenceless invalid; but I have n't a taste for artillery, *moi*.

VI.

John Flemming to Edward Delaney.

August 17, —.

FOR a man who has n't a taste for artillery, it occurs to me, my friend, you are keeping up a pretty lively fire on my inner works. But go on. Cynicism is a small brass field-piece

that eventually bursts and kills the artilleryman.

You may abuse me as much as you like, and I'll not complain; for I don't know what I should do without your letters. They are curing me. I have n't hurled anything at Watkins since last Sunday, partly because I have grown more amiable under your teaching, and partly because Watkins captured my ammunition one night, and carried it off to the library. He is rapidly losing the habit he had acquired of dodging whenever I rub my ear, or make any slight motion with my right arm. He is still suggestive of the wine-cellar, however. You may break, you may shatter Watkins, if you will, but the scent of the Roederer will hang round him still.

Ned, that Miss Daw must be a charming person. I should certainly like her. I like her already. When you spoke in your first letter of seeing a young girl swinging in a hammock under your chamber window, I was somehow strangely drawn to her. I cannot account for it in the least. What you have subsequently written of Miss Daw has strengthened the impression. You seem to be describing a woman I have known in some previous state of existence, or dreamed of in this. Upon my word, if you were to send me her photograph, I believe I should recognize her at a glance. Her manner, that listening attitude, her traits of character, as you indicate them, the light hair and the dark eyes, — they are all familiar things to me. Asked a lot of questions, did she? Curious about me? That is strange.

You would laugh in your sleeve, you wretched old cynic, if you knew how I lie awake nights, with my gas turned down to a star, thinking of The Pines and the house across the road. How cool it must be down there! I long for the salt smell in the air. I picture the colonel smoking his cheroot on the piazza. I send you and Miss Daw off on afternoon rambles along the beach. Sometimes I let you stroll with her under the elms in the moonlight, for

you are great friends by this time, I take it, and see each other every day. I know your ways and your manners! Then I fall into a truculent mood, and would like to destroy somebody. Have you noticed anything in the shape of a lover hanging around the colonial Lares and Penates? Does that lieutenant of the horse-marines or that young Still-water parson visit the house much? Not that I am pining for news of them, but any gossip of the kind would be in order. I wonder, Ned, you don't fall in love with Miss Daw. I am ripe to do it myself. Speaking of photographs, could n't you manage to slip one of her *cartes-de-visite* from her album, — she must have an album, you know, — and send it to me? I will return it before it could be missed. That's a good fellow! Did the mare arrive safe and sound? It will be a capital animal this autumn for Central Park.

Oh — my leg? I forgot about my leg. It's better.

VII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 20, —.

You are correct in your surmises. I am on the most friendly terms with our neighbors. The colonel and my father smoke their afternoon cigar together in our sitting-room or on the piazza opposite, and I pass an hour or two of the day or the evening with the daughter. I am more and more struck by the beauty, modesty, and intelligence of Miss Daw.

You ask me why I do not fall in love with her. I will be frank, Jack: I have thought of that. She is young, rich, accomplished, uniting in herself more attractions, mental and personal, than I can recall in any girl of my acquaintance; but she lacks the something that would be necessary to inspire in me that kind of interest. Possessing this unknown quantity, a woman neither beautiful nor wealthy nor very young could bring me to her feet. But not Miss Daw. If we were ship-

wrecked together on an uninhabited island, — let me suggest a tropical island, for it costs no more to be picturesque, — I would build her a bamboo hut, I would fetch her bread-fruit and coconuts, I would fry yams for her, I would lure the ingenuous turtle and make her nourishing soups, but I would n't make love to her, — not under eighteen months. I would like to have her for a sister, that I might shield her and counsel her, and spend half my income on thread-laces and camel's-hair shawls. (We are off the island now.) If such were not my feeling, there would still be an obstacle to my loving Miss Daw. A greater misfortune could scarcely befall me than to love her. Flemming, I am about to make a revelation that will astonish you. I may be all wrong in my premises and consequently in my conclusions; but you shall judge.

That night when I returned to my room after the croquet party at the Daws', and was thinking over the trivial events of the evening, I was suddenly impressed by the air of eager attention with which Miss Daw had followed my account of your accident. I think I mentioned this to you. Well, the next morning, as I went to mail my letter, I overtook Miss Daw on the road to Rye, where the post-office is, and accompanied her thither and back, an hour's walk. The conversation again turned on you, and again I remarked that inexplicable look of interest which had lighted up her face the previous evening. Since then, I have seen Miss Daw perhaps ten times, perhaps oftener, and on each occasion I found that when I was not speaking of you, or your sister, or some person or place associated with you, I was not holding her attention. She would be absent-minded, her eyes would wander away from me to the sea, or to some distant object in the landscape; her fingers would play with the leaves of a book in a way that convinced me she was not listening. At these moments if I abruptly changed the theme, — I did it several times as an experiment, —

and dropped some remark about my friend Flemming, then the sombre blue eyes would come back to me instantly.

Now, is not this the oddest thing in the world? No, not the oddest. The effect, which you tell me was produced on you by my casual mention of an unknown girl swinging in a hammock, is certainly as strange. You can conjecture how that passage in your letter of Friday startled me. Is it possible, then, that two people who have never met, and who are hundreds of miles apart, can exert a magnetic influence on each other? I have read of such psychological phenomena, but never credited them. I leave the solution of the problem to you. As for myself, all other things being favorable, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with a woman who listens to me only when I am talking of my friend!

I am not aware that any one is paying marked attention to my fair neighbor. The lieutenant of the navy — he is stationed at Rivermouth — sometimes drops in of an evening, and sometimes the rector from Stillwater; the lieutenant the oftener. He was there last night. I should not be surprised if he had an eye to the heiress; but he is not formidable. Mistress Daw carries a neat little spear of irony, and the honest lieutenant seems to have a particular facility for impaling himself on the point of it. He is not dangerous, I should say; though I have known a woman to satirize a man for years, and marry him after all. Decidedly, the lowly rector is not dangerous; yet, again, who has not seen Cloth of Frieze victorious in the lists where Cloth of Gold went down?

As to the photograph. There is an exquisite ivorytype of Marjorie, in *passe-partout*, on the drawing-room mantel-piece. It would be missed at once, if taken. I would do anything reasonable for you, Jack; but I've no burning desire to be hauled up before the local justice of the peace, on a charge of petty larceny.

P. S. — Enclosed is a spray of mignonne, which I advise you to treat ten-

derly. Yes, we talked of you again last night, as usual. It is becoming a little dreary for me.

VIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 22, —.

YOUR letter in reply to my last has occupied my thoughts all the morning. I do not know what to think. Do you mean to say that you are seriously half in love with a woman whom you have never seen, — with a shadow, a chime-ra? for what else can Miss Daw be to you? I do not understand it at all. I understand neither you nor her. You are a couple of ethereal beings moving in finer air than I can breathe with my commonplace lungs. Such delicacy of sentiment is something I admire without comprehending. I am bewildered. I am of the earth earthy, and I find myself in the incongruous position of having to do with mere souls, with natures so finely tempered that I run some risk of shattering them in my awkwardness. I am as Caliban among the spirits!

Reflecting on your letter, I am not sure it is wise in me to continue this correspondence. But no, Jack; I do wrong to doubt the good sense that forms the basis of your character. You are deeply interested in Miss Daw; you feel that she is a person whom you may perhaps greatly admire when you know her: at the same time you bear in mind that the chances are ten to five that, when you do come to know her, she will fall far short of your ideal, and you will not care for her in the least. Look at it in this sensible light, and I will hold back nothing from you.

Yesterday afternoon my father and myself rode over to Rivermouth with the Daws. A heavy rain in the morning had cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust. To Rivermouth is a drive of eight miles, along a winding road lined all the way with wild barberry-bushes. I never saw anything

more brilliant than these bushes, the green of the foliage and the red of the coral berries intensified by the rain. The colonel drove, with my father in front, Miss Daw and I on the back seat, I resolved that for the first five miles your name should not pass my lips. I was amused by the artful attempts she made, at the start, to break through my reticence. Then a silence fell upon her; and then she became suddenly gay. That keenness which I enjoyed so much when it was exercised on the lieutenant was not so satisfactory directed against myself. Miss Daw has great sweetness of disposition, but she can be disagreeable. She is like the young lady in the rhyme, with the curl on her forehead,

“When she is good,
She is very, very good,
And when she is bad, she is horrid!”

I kept to my resolution, however; but on the return home I relented, and talked of your mare! Miss Daw is going to try a side-saddle on Margot some morning. The animal is a trifle too light for my weight. By the by, I nearly forgot to say Miss Daw sat for a picture yesterday to a Rivermouth artist. If the negative turns out well, I am to have a copy. So our ends will be accomplished without crime. I wish, though, I could send you the ivorytype in the drawing-room; it is cleverly colored, and would give you an idea of her hair and eyes, which of course the other will not.

No, Jack, the spray of mignonette did not come from me. A man of twenty-eight does not enclose flowers in his letters — to another man. But don't attach too much significance to the circumstance. She gives sprays of mignonette to the rector, sprays to the lieutenant. She has even given a rose from her bosom to your slave. It is her jocund nature to scatter flowers, like Spring.

If my letters sometimes read disjointedly, you must understand that I never finish one at a sitting, but write at intervals, when the mood is on me.

The mood is not on me now.

IX.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 23, —.

I HAVE just returned from the strangest interview with Marjorie. She has all but confessed to me her interest in you. But with what modesty and dignity! Her words elude my pen as I attempt to put them on paper; and, indeed, it was not so much what she said as her manner; and that I cannot reproduce. Perhaps it was of a piece with the strangeness of this whole business, that she should tacitly acknowledge to a third party the love she feels for a man she has never beheld! But I have lost, through your aid, the faculty of being surprised. I accept things as people do in dreams. Now that I am again in my room, it all appears like an illusion, — the black masses of shadow under the trees, the fire-flies whirling in Pyrrhic dances among the shrubbery, the sea over there, Marjorie sitting on the hammock!

It is past midnight, and I am too sleepy to write more.

Tuesday Morning. — My father has suddenly taken it into his head to spend a few days at the Shoals. In the mean while you will not hear from me. I see Marjorie walking in the garden with the colonel. I wish I could speak to her alone, but shall probably not have an opportunity before we leave.

X.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 28, —.

You were passing into your second childhood, were you? Your intellect was so reduced that my epistolary gifts seemed quite considerable to you, did they? I rise superior to the sarcasm in your favor of the 11th instant, when I notice that five days' silence on my part is sufficient to throw you into the depths of despondency.

We returned only this morning from Appledore, that enchanted island, — at

four dollars per day. I find on my desk three letters from you! Evidently there is no lingering doubt in *your* mind as to the pleasure I derive from your correspondence. These letters are undated, but in what I take to be the latest are two passages that require my consideration. You will pardon my candor, dear Flemming, but the conviction forces itself upon me that as your leg grows stronger your head becomes weaker. You ask my advice on a certain point. I will give it. In my opinion you could do nothing more unwise than to address a note to Miss Daw, thanking her for the flower. It would, I am sure, offend her delicacy beyond pardon. She knows you only through me; you are to her an abstraction, a figure in a dream, — a dream from which the slightest shock would awaken her. Of course, if you enclose a note to me and insist on its delivery, I shall deliver it; but I advise you not to do so.

You say you are able, with the aid of a cane, to walk about your chamber, and that you purpose to come to The Pines the instant Dillon thinks you strong enough to stand the journey. Again I advise you not to. Do you not see that, every hour you remain away, Marjorie's glamour deepens and your influence over her increases? You will ruin everything by precipitancy. Wait until you are entirely recovered; in any case, do not come without giving me warning. I fear the effect of your abrupt advent here — under the circumstances.

Miss Daw was evidently glad to see us back again, and gave me both hands in the frankest way. She stopped at the door a moment, this afternoon, in the carriage; she had been over to Rivermouth for her pictures. Unluckily the photographer had spilt some acid on the plate, and she was obliged to give him another sitting. I have an impression that something is troubling Marjorie. She had an abstracted air not usual with her. However, it may be only my fancy. . . . I end this, leaving several things unsaid,

to accompany my father on one of those long walks which are now his chief medicine, — and mine !

XI.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 29, —.

I WRITE in great haste to tell you what has taken place here since my letter of last night. I am in the utmost perplexity. Only one thing is plain, — *you* must not dream of coming to The Pines. Marjorie has told her father everything ! I saw her for a few minutes, an hour ago, in the garden ; and, as near as I could gather from her confused statement, the facts are these : Lieutenant Bradly — that 's the naval officer stationed at Rivermouth — has been paying court to Miss Daw for some time past, but not so much to her liking as to that of the colonel, who it seems is an old friend of the young gentleman's father. Yesterday (I knew she was in some trouble when she drove up to our gate) the colonel spoke to Marjorie of Bradly, — urged his suit, I infer. Marjorie expressed her dislike for the lieutenant with characteristic frankness, and finally confessed to her father — well, I really do not know what she confessed. It must have been the vaguest of confessions, and must have sufficiently puzzled the colonel. At any rate, it exasperated him. I suppose I am implicated in the matter, and that the colonel feels bitterly towards me. I do not see why : I have carried no messages between you and Miss Daw ; I have behaved with the greatest discretion. I can find no flaw anywhere in my proceeding. I do not see that anybody has done anything, — except the colonel himself.

It is probable, nevertheless, that the friendly relations between the two houses will be broken off. "A plague o' both your houses," say you. I will keep you informed, as well as I can, of what occurs over the way. We shall remain here until the second week in September. Stay where you are, or, at

all events, do not dream of joining me. . . . Colonel Daw is sitting on the piazza looking rather ferocious. I have not seen Marjorie since I parted with her in the garden.

XII.

*Edward Delaney to Thomas Dillon,
M. D., Madison Square, New York.*

August 30, —.

MY DEAR DOCTOR : If you have any influence over Flemming, I beg of you to exert it to prevent his coming to this place at present. There are circumstances, which I will explain to you before long, that make it of the first importance that he should not come into this neighborhood. His appearance here, I speak advisedly, would be disastrous to him. In urging him to remain in New York, or to go to some inland resort, you will be doing him and me a real service. Of course you will not mention my name in this connection. You know me well enough, my dear doctor, to be assured that, in begging your secret co-operation, I have reasons that will meet your entire approval when they are made plain to you. My father, I am glad to state, has so greatly improved that he can no longer be regarded as an invalid. With great esteem, I am, etc., etc.

XIII.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

August 31, —.

YOUR letter, announcing your mad determination to come here, has just reached me. I beg of you to reflect a moment. The step would be fatal to your interests and hers. You would furnish just cause for irritation to R. W. D. ; and, though he loves Marjorie tenderly, he is capable of going to any lengths if opposed. You would not like, I am convinced, to be the means of causing him to treat *her* with severity. That would be the result of your presence at The Pines at this juncture. Wait and see what happens. More-

over, I understand from Dillon that you are in no condition to take so long a journey. He thinks the air of the coast would be the worst thing possible for you; that you ought to go inland, if anywhere. Be advised by me. Be advised by Dillon.

XIV.

TELEGRAMS.

September 1, —.

1. — To Edward Delaney.

Letter received. Dillon be hanged. I think I ought to be on the ground.

J. F.

2. — To John Flemming.

Stay where you are. You would only complicate matters. Do not move until you hear from me.

E. D.

3. — To Edward Delaney.

My being at The Pines could be kept secret. I must see her.

J. F.

4. — To John Flemming.

Do not think of it. It would be useless. R. W. D. has locked M. in her room. You would not be able to effect an interview.

E. D.

5. — To Edward Delaney.

Locked her in her room. Good God. That settles the question. I shall leave by the twelve-fifteen express.

J. F.

On the 2d of September, 187-, as the down express due at 3.40 left the station at Hampton, a young man, leaning on the shoulder of a servant whom he addressed as Watkins, stepped from the platform into a hack, and requested to be driven to "The Pines." On arriving at the gate of a modest farmhouse, a few miles from the station,

the young man descended with difficulty from the carriage, and, casting a hasty glance across the road, seemed much impressed by some peculiarity in the landscape. Again leaning on the shoulder of the person Watkins, he walked to the door of the farmhouse and inquired for Mr. Edward Delaney. He was informed by the aged man who answered his knock, that Mr. Edward Delaney had gone to Boston the day before, but that Mr. Jonas Delaney was within. This information did not appear satisfactory to the stranger, who inquired if Mr. Edward Delaney had left any message for Mr. John Flemming. There was a letter for Mr. Flemming, if he were that person. After a brief absence the aged man reappeared with a letter.

XV.

Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

September 1, —.

I am horror-stricken at what I have done! When I began this correspondence I had no other purpose than to relieve the tedium of your sick-chamber. Dillon told me to cheer you up. I tried to. I thought you entered into the spirit of the thing. I had no idea, until within a few days, that you were taking matters *au sérieux*.

What can I say? I am in sackcloth and ashes. I am a Pariah, a dog of an outcast. I tried to make a little romance to interest you, something soothing and idyllic, and, by Jove! I have done it only too well! My father does n't know a word of this, so don't jar the old gentleman any more than you can help. I fly from the wrath to come — when you arrive! For O, dear Jack, there is n't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there is n't any piazza, there is n't any hammock, — there is n't any Marjorie Daw!!

T. B. Aldrich.

ST. OLAF'S FOUNTAIN.

LIKE a ball of blood-red fire
Sinks the sun o'er forests sleeping,
Wondrously in splendor steeping
Glaciers far with cloud-capt spire.

Leaning on his stalwart steed,
Stands King Olaf, sad and weary ;
Loath to view the ruins dreary,
Whereon flames exulting feed.

Still and sultry is the night ;—
Not a rustle in the rushes,
Not a breeze to stir the bushes
With its fugitive delight.

Dry and thirsty lies the land ;
Where erewhile the cooling current
Traced its courses, gay and errant,
Glimmers now the sun-bleached sand.

Far and near resounds the air
With the low of homeless cattle ;
O'er the bloody field of battle
Throws the sun its lurid glare.

From below, a muffled ring,
Like the far, unceasing dirges
Of the faintly murmuring surges,
From his musing wakes the king ;

And a vast and weary throng —
Peasants, armed with scythes, and brawny
Spearmen, clad in wolf-skins tawny —
Slowly wind the hills along.

Spoke a warrior grave and hoar,
To the king his voice uplifted :
"Tossed and vanquished we have drifted,
Saintly king, unto thy shore.

"We have cried to Thor and Frey ;
But our gods no more are near us,
Wrathful Thor no more will hear us.
Give us water ere we die !

"We have heard that Christ the White
Hath a balm for each disaster.
We will worship him, O master,
Who our armies put to flight."

Then with holy zeal aglow,
 With the power of strong believing,
 Swift the king, his sword upheaving,
 Smote the barren mountain's brow.

Into splinters sprang the sword;
 And the mountain's ancient giant*
 Roused its echoes, fierce, defiant,
 As if mocking Christ the Lord.

Ah! but from the earth's deep breast
 Came no bubbling fountain bursting;
 And the barren land lay thirsting,
 With its heavy doom oppressed.

Rose a peasant then, and said,
 Chuckling with a cunning, low laugh:
 "Now we know, forsooth, King Olaf,
 Still is ancient Thor not dead."

Fierce the royal warriors frowned.
 "Slay the wretch!" they shouted wildly.
 But the king rebuked them mildly;
 Low he knelt upon the ground.

Grave and silent stood the throng,
 While he prayed with deep contrition:
 "Lord, O save them from perdition;
 I am weak, but thou art strong."

And his tears fell hot and fast;
 Waked to life the barren mountain;
 Upward sprang a bubbling fountain,
 Rushing o'er the sun-bleached waste.

Now is sheathed King Olaf's sword;
 But the cross his zeal hath planted
 In our land stands bright, undaunted,
 Gleaming over dale and fjord.

And his fountain pure and clear
 'Mid the drooping alder-bushes
 Still with joyous cadence gushes,
 Fresh, unchanged, from year to year.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

* According to the popular belief, the mountains were the abodes of trolls and giants, who were constantly waging war against St. Olaf, because they could not endure the noise of his church-bells.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

IT is certainly not true that what is called the artist's temperament belongs exclusively to men of genius; but there are certainly many men of genius whose power lies in their extreme sensibility, while that sensibility is, at the same time, a source of constant and keen suffering to themselves. We feel for their gentle, kindly weaknesses that pity which is not akin to contempt, and we look tenderly even upon their faults. We see them through a halo of romance in which their actual, every-day lives have but a shadowy existence, and we recognize rather heroes of fiction than grave, historic characters.

Such a man was Frederick Chopin, Fascinating in his personality; gifted in a remarkable degree with the outward graces that are so full of charm when a pure and earnest soul lies beneath them; of winning temper, diffusing always the subtle fragrance of a rare and exquisite genius; frail, delicate, spiritual, and withal so unfitted by the pervading ideality of his nature to deal with the stern facts of his brief and troubled life,—there is no artist, unless, perhaps, it be Mendelssohn, whom it is so difficult to see clearly and judge dispassionately.

And even Mendelssohn stands in a far more vivid light. He is better known, not only through his wider relations to the world, but through a finer gift of expression outside of his art. His letters give us a direct insight into his modes of thought and feeling, as well as into his daily habits and associations. He deals musically, too, with a class of subjects that reveal his moral tendencies and the complexion of his mind. Besides, Mendelssohn appeals in a very slight degree to our compassion. Favored beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, he seems also to be raised above human frailties and weaknesses. We can recall no single misfortune and no flagrant fault

in his life. There is nothing to forgive, nothing to be sorry for. Hence, surrounded as he is by the indescribable charm of his individuality and the dazzling gifts which nature and fortune united to shower upon him, crowned as he is with an aureole of purity that is almost saintly, he is still a man of defined aims and position, whom we can disentangle from the web of romance, and follow through all the windings of a career full of incident and rich in experience.

But Chopin's life presents no such tangible points. We see him through a dim twilight of mystery, that the efforts of critics have not tended greatly to dispel. The most complete biography we have of him is from the poetic pen of Franz Liszt, who is better qualified for the work than any one else, not only from his long and familiar acquaintance with Chopin, but from his own position as critic and artist, which renders any tribute from him of rare value. But he has judged him from a stand-point purely artistic, and has given us a subtle analysis of his genius and the workings of his inner life, rather than the portrait of a man with human interests and passions. There is something so singularly delicate and elusive in the figure he has summoned before us that we fear to touch it too rudely lest it vanish altogether. George Sand offers us a better insight into Chopin's every-day life; but she has touched upon very few of the facts of his career, and upon his outward relations not at all. The same glamour of poetry still rests upon him, the same air of unreality still surrounds him, in spite of all that has been said and written,—I might say, heightened by all that has been said and written.

There was a lack of incident in his experience, and he had great reticence of character. He confided in no one. His nearest friends could only guess

the secrets of his soul. Nor was he inclined to express his opinions upon any subject outside of his art, although he was thrown into frequent social intercourse with the leading men of his time. He listened attentively, but talked little. A single channel of expression he had, and that was music; but it affords us no clew to what he thought or how he lived. Nor does it reflect any great social or intellectual traits by which we can measure the influences that were thrown round him, as in the case of most other masters. It deals only with the inner and exclusive world of feeling, which is as intangible as the perfume of a flower. But if it does not aid us at all in picturing the man in his relations to others, it throws a strong light upon the hidden springs of his own life. It reveals a character that was, at bottom, profoundly melancholy. You feel that some sorrow must lie behind that polished and finely toned exterior, and naturally seek a solution in his experience.

But he had no unusual share of material ills, no great and crushing grief, until near the close of his life. It is true, he was never rich, but he never struggled with poverty; besides, poverty in itself is not necessarily suffering. He pursued the vocation of teacher successfully for many years. No doubt, this was drudgery to one who was conscious of sacrificing the greater talent to the less; but it is a common fate, and he never complained. His health, too, was frail. His strength was not sufficient for the performance of great works, so that his fame was not equal to his merits. He had no hold upon the masses, who are swayed chiefly by strong personal magnetism, or a power that strikes and dazzles the senses. This he felt keenly. Home and country he had not, nor the love of wife and children. But if he missed the affection that his heart craved, he escaped also the care that would have fallen heavily upon his unworldly, unpractical nature.

Yet the tragedy of a man's fate de-

pends, not so much upon what is without, as upon what is within him, or a lack of harmony between the two. Happiness is the adjustment of circumstances to our own peculiar needs, and sympathy is often less demanded for what are called actual misfortunes than for the intangible sorrows that never strike the superficial eye at all. The real source of Chopin's sufferings lay in the pure ideality of his nature, which was always asking of the world what it could not give.

Born in Warsaw in 1810, the first twenty years of his life ran parallel with the last great struggle of Poland. He was cradled in an atmosphere of sorrow, with the knell of his country's freedom ringing forever in his ears. It is probable that his impressible nature took its tone from these early surroundings, and that the whole of his after life was more or less colored by them.

A frail and gentle child, much loved and tenderly reared by parents richer in culture and domestic virtues than in worldly goods, and liberally educated by the kindness of Prince Radziwill, who saw the rich promise of his wild and wayward genius; a dreamy, thoughtful youth of ideal beauty and refinement, moving in the courtly circles of Warsaw as if "to the manner born," drinking in the spirit of those scenes of sad splendor which masked in smiles the agony of breaking hearts, — scenes which his glowing imagination afterwards reproduced in forms so exquisite, in colors so brilliant and yet so tender, — this is about all we know of him until the Revolution of 1830 drove him from the home he was never to see again. There is a glimpse of an early attachment, — of a young girl whose heart he carried with him, and who, renouncing all other dreams of love, devoted her life to his parents. How deeply this may have affected him we cannot know; but, as he never returned to claim her when all obstacles were removed, it is quite probable that it was one of the transitory fancies that stir the surface of young hearts and leave no permanent trace.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was on a concert-tour of the German cities. Prevented from returning home, he passed some months in Vienna and Berlin, where he failed to produce much sensation, and then turned his steps towards London. Stopping in Paris for a brief visit, he was received so enthusiastically that his departure was deferred from time to time, until he finally decided to make his home there. Years afterwards he used laughingly to say, "Je ne suis ici qu'en passant."

It was an era in which literature and art blossomed afresh. But quiet tones and soft colors belonged to a society that was passing away. People who had waded through rivers of blood in pursuit of an ideal, who had grown used to the noise of revolution and the conflict of powerful passions, were not likely to settle back into the traditional channels of life and thought. Strong sensations were demanded; violent contrasts and striking effects alone could touch the restless and excitable Parisians. There was a rage for novelty, for stormy action, or gorgeous coloring, and poets, artists, dramatists, and novelists found their success in catering to it. Impossible ideals were sought, impracticable experiments were tried. And so the romantic school had its rise. If it was betrayed into excesses, it had an element of truth that has freshened and revived every form of thought.

The revolution in literature extended also to music. Berlioz, with a noble poetic enthusiasm, tried to invest it with impossible powers, to make it a vehicle of ideas as well as emotions. But while he was wasting his life in the effort to establish unpopular theories, Meyerbeer, who had what might be termed a genius for success, was studying how to make them popular. He had felt the pulse of public taste to good purpose when he served up that *mélange* of poetry, drama, dancing, and music, that medley of arts known as modern grand opera. Every resource was exhausted to produce an effect, and not

in vain. *Robert le Diable* was in the first flush of success, and its author was famous. Dramatic, sensuous, and brilliant, it mirrored all the salient points of French society. Meyerbeer was, musically, the representative man of the time.

It was in this whirlpool of life, in this transition period of his art, that Chopin found himself at the outset of his career. With its prevailing tone he could have had little sympathy. It was too rude, too chaotic, too demonstrative. It is true that he had embraced the new principles; but his nature was too gentle, his taste, formed in the severely classical school of Sebastian Bach, too far removed from anything forced or melodramatic to permit him to accept them fully. He was revolutionary only by virtue of his own genius, that refused to be imprisoned. "He despised the narrow fetters of the old form, the stiff symmetry of a bird-cage; but it was to soar like a lark into the air." All violence and excess were repulsive to him. Even Beethoven and Franz Schubert sometimes jarred upon his sensitive taste; he shrank from unveiling the secret agonies, the fierce passions, which they have laid bare. "Mozart was to him the ideal type of musical poetry,"—Mozart, who, of all artists, was most healthful and sunny.

But there was a spirit underlying this stormy, feverish period that found a quick response in his own heart,—the spirit of longing and unrest that prompts strong souls to great actions, and plunges weak ones into brooding melancholy; the spirit that lies at the root of revolutions; that inspires the poet and the artist, or, turned inward, wastes itself in idle dreams. It was a passionate reaching out after something undefined and shadowy, the unquiet craving of a life exhausted in a weary pursuit of ideals.

This spirit had overshadowed Chopin's childhood and youth. It was the dark heritage of his race, coloring all its legends of ancient glory, hanging like a cloud of impenetrable gloom

over the present, and heavy with prophecies of a darker fate yet to come. It had wrought itself into every fibre of his finely strung life. It breathed through every strain of his wild, ethereal music, and lent a subtle, melancholy charm to his playing. The *blasé* Parisians were touched by a genius so fresh, so pure, so free from the taint of worldliness and sensualism. An admiring circle gathered round the young artist. Alone and an exile, with the sad poetry of his race clinging to him, he was the object of a peculiarly sympathetic interest, and quickly became a favorite in the refined and exclusive *salons* of Paris, — a position which he held to the end of his life.

Chopin was at that time about twenty-two years of age, — small, delicate, and graceful, with a pale face, fair hair, and blue eyes, which were rather melancholy than passionate. His forehead was broad and thoughtful. There was a shade of pride and *hauteur* in the slightly curved nose, but gentleness and sensibility in the flexible lines of the finely chiselled mouth. Liszt says that "his whole appearance reminded you of the plant *convolvulus*, which, on an incredibly slender stem, rocks to and fro its superbly colored chalices, which are so airy in texture that the least touch tears them in pieces." So De Quincey says of Shelley, that he "looked like an elegant, slender flower whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain." But delicate as Chopin was, almost femininely so, a dignity of manner, and his singular reticence in all matters pertaining to himself, relieved him from any suspicion of sentimentality.

It was in 1836, in the literary and musical *salon* of the charming Countess d'Agoult, that he first met the celebrated woman whose influence over his character and destiny was probably greater than that of any other person; who fathomed the closely kept secret of his inner life, and gathered to herself all that was deepest and most sacred in his heart. George Sand occupied at that time much the same position towards

the leading spirits of the age that her gifted sister had occupied during the troubled days that followed the first Revolution. With less profound philosophy, less calm insight, and less faith than Madame de Staël, the author of *Lelia* was keener, more penetrating, and more essentially an artist. Both entered into the great social and political questions of the day; both wielded an immense power; both were enthusiastic, sympathetic, and spontaneous. But the experience of Madame Dudevant had been less fortunate. Having at an early age contracted a *mariage de convenance*, and finding the yoke grow too galling as the years passed, she had boldly shaken it off, and in so doing had freed herself from all forms that were purely conventional. In spite of the prejudice raised by her liberal opinions and independent life, she became the centre of the most brilliant circle of Paris. Into this circle Chopin drifted. Notwithstanding his dislike of literary women, he was forced to recognize the fascination of a spirit so strong and self-reliant, so brilliant and so gifted, but withal so tender and so genial. Henceforth she was the guiding star of his life.

In the autumn of 1837 Madame Dudevant went to the Isle of Majorca for the health of her son Maurice. Chopin was suffering severely from a disease of the lungs, to which he was a victim for so many years. Hoping to find relief from the mild air of the Mediterranean, he accompanied her. They found lodgings in a ruined Carthusian convent in a lonely and secluded part of the island. "It is the most beautiful spot I have ever lived in," writes Madame Dudevant, "and one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. La Chartreuse is so picturesque under its festoons of ivy, the flowers grow so luxuriantly in the valley, the mountain air is so pure, and the sea so blue in the horizon!"

The picture is a poetic one: a man, lonely, and an artist; a woman who is an artist too, and in whose tender eye he reads the secrets of his own soul;

a quiet spot of rarest beauty, from which the glare and din of the great world is forever shut out; soft breezes, heavy with the perfume of orange groves, the far-off, dreamy music of the sea, the simple life with its pleasant details, the mornings of busy work, the evening rambles among the ivy-hung cloisters; — such is the elysium of many a poet's dream. But the artist was fastidious and an invalid. He missed his wonted luxuries and refinements. The rude peasants shocked and repelled him. Even the moss-grown ruins suggested ghostly legends of his native land. He caught only the melancholy aspect of things. "The plaintive cry of the eagle starving upon the rocks, the bitter sighing of the breeze," impressed him more deeply than the beauties that made the isle an enchanted spot to his companion of more cheerful temper. "Myself and my children excepted," she writes, "everything was antipathetic and repulsive under the sky of Spain." It was not until time had thrown a rosy veil over the details of this period, and its joys shone out brightly through after-clouds of sorrow, that he spoke of it as condensing the "happiness of a lifetime," and "without any hope that it could ever be possible to find a like blessedness on earth."

Some of his most beautiful compositions were written here; but we can scarcely imagine them the inspirations of love and happiness; nor do they suggest the cool freshness of nature, the "hours of sunshine and health, the laughter of children under the window, the far-off tinkling of guitars, the song of birds under the dewy leaves, the pale roses blossoming upon the snow." They are sad pictures, all of them, — small, but exquisitely finished. The outlines are delicate and graceful, the tints rare and fine, the background soft and dreamy, as if veiled forever by a "mist of tears." But the key-note we must seek in his own character and organization. The very traits that were so fatal to his happiness as a man, — excessive ideality, and a susceptibility

in which there was something morbid and overwrought, — gave a distinctive tone to his genius. He was forever grasping at impossibilities. He demanded beauty without flaw, appreciation without reserve, love without limit. He thirsted for perfection. Hence he was doomed to perpetual disappointment. A careless look or word chilled him; a petty care pained him; a trifle disenchanted him; a fault offended him. Nor could he take refuge in action as a stronger nature might have done. He simply endured silently and passively. This keenness of sensibility, heightened as it was by disease, became a moral malady. "His spirit was flayed alive. The fold of a rose-leaf, the shadow of a fly, made him bleed."

The extent to which he was a victim to exaggerated feeling, that took no counsel of reason, is strikingly illustrated in an incident related by Madame Dudevant. She had left him for the day to go to Parma, and, violent rains having fallen, she was detained until a late hour at night, and then reached home through serious perils. She found the invalid pale and cold with terror and anxiety. "He was indeed alive," she says, "but congealed in a sort of tranquil despair, and tearfully playing his admirable prelude. Seeing us enter, he arose, uttered a loud cry, then said, with a bewildered air and in a strange voice, 'O, I well knew that you were dead.' When he had recovered his senses, and saw the state we were in, he was sick with the retrospective view of our dangers. He confessed to me afterwards, that, while awaiting us, he had seen it all in a dream, and that, no longer distinguishing dreams from reality, he had grown calm and unconscious as he played upon the piano, persuaded that he was dead also. He saw himself drowned in a lake. Drops of water, heavy and icy, fell in measured time upon his breast. His composition that evening was full of the drops of rain that resounded upon the tiles of La Charreusse; but they were translated in his

imagination and in his song by tears falling from heaven upon his heart."

In this morbid intensity of organization he resembled the poet Keats, as well as in the fragility of his constitution and the peculiar sorrows that entered into his life. It was the misfortune of both to be painfully self-conscious. But Keats was more spontaneous and demonstrative. The world knew how loftily he aspired, how deeply he loved, how hard he struggled, and how bitterly he was disappointed. Chopin combined with the same excess of sensibility a rare pride and self-command. Whatever wounds rankled within, they were concealed behind the polished indifference of a man of the world. There was something heroic in this stern self-repression, — when we consider how much it must have cost him, — that redeems his character from all charge of weakness. But his life burned out none the less surely because the fires were hidden; not so rapidly as that of Keats, perhaps, for he was not so eager and impulsive. Nor had he the compensations that Keats had. He was not so intoxicated with simple existence, not so passionately in love with sensuous beauty; he could not revel so fully in the outward aspects of nature, in the glowing, voluptuous effects of light and color. He caught, rather, their inner meaning.

In this respect, as well as in the essence of his character, he had more affinity with Shelley, like whom he was serious, earnest, and introspective, deeply tinged with the mysticism that belongs to all spiritual natures. There was the same "passion for perfection" in both, the same fine and subtle thought. Shelley almost steps into the province of music sometimes, so delicate and ethereal is his expression. Both are often reproached for obscurity of style; and in both this was the result of an intensity of feeling and conception that could find no adequate language. This is more especially true of the artist's later works, when sickness and sorrow had rendered him doubly morbid.

But Chopin had none of the combativeness that belonged to Shelley's more complex character. He opposed no one, attempted no changes, sought no discussions. As has been said in effect before, the tragedy of his life lay in an absorbing ideality and an excessive sensibility, unbalanced by active mental discipline and practical interests. His spirit was driven to feed upon itself, — a fate not uncommon among musical artists, whose work lies in an atmosphere as full of danger as it is of fascination.

The nature that we find revealed in Chopin's music was a nature full of caprices and inconsistencies, proud, tender, fitful, melancholy, passionate, and pure. Everything he has written bears more or less the stamp of his own individuality. His gayest strains imprison some secret sorrow, his saddest thrill with a grief too deep for tears; but it is always veiled from a too curious gaze, — suggested, never quite disclosed. There is something akin to himself, too, in the easy perfection of his style; in the blending of Southern grace and *esprit* with shy, Northern tenderness; in the airy setting he often gives to his gloomy fancies. A sparkling *fioritura* suddenly falls like a flash of sunshine upon some melancholy thought, leaving it only darker by the contrast. A trace of his descent appears in this; for his father was French, although his mother was a Pole. Had not this double nationality something to do with the eternal conflict in his nature, the restless cravings that had no realization in fact, because he had no unity of aim and action? Does it give us no clew to those tremulous shades of feeling, those subtle inner experiences, which he has portrayed as no other artist has ever done? Beethoven had more strength, Mozart more simplicity, Schumann more passion, Mendelssohn more calmness; but Chopin was infinitely finer and more spiritual than any of these. Artist and man are one: we cannot separate them.

After his return from Majorca his

health still continued feeble, and his lodgings were lonely and cheerless; he missed greatly the daily care and attention to which he had become accustomed. Seeing how deeply he felt the change, Madame Dudevant at last consented to receive him into her family, where he was domesticated for several years. He spent the summer at her country residence, where his writing was chiefly done. He composed with facility, but finished with great care and labor. So severe was he with himself, so difficult to satisfy, that he would sometimes spend six weeks upon a single page, and return, after all, to his first inspiration.

But the country was distasteful to him. He loved Paris. Here he could always find both excitement and relaxation, either in the thoughtful, cultivated circle that gathered round George Sand, or in the more elegant and fashionable *salons* where he was always sure of a ready welcome. He was peculiarly susceptible to the charms of society as it existed for him in intimate and exclusive coteries. It was here that his genius shone out in its fullest splendor. "I am not made to give concerts," he says; "the public makes me feel low-spirited. I feel myself, as it were, stifled by its breath, embarrassed by its curious gaze, and dumb before all those strange faces." But, surrounded by the elegances of the *salon*, inspired by the sympathy of friendly listeners and by glances of bright eyes, he gave full play to his errant fancies, sometimes improvising the wildest, saddest melodies with a feeling that made them weep, sometimes picturing strange, odd types of character with a vividness that was irresistible. He had a delicate vein of humor that made him an agreeable companion when he chose to throw off his habitual reserve. The easy address with which he could repel an intrusion by a touch of satire is amusingly illustrated by his reply to an inconsiderate host who, wishing to entertain his guests, pressed him to play very soon after dinner. "Ah, monsieur," quietly suggested the artist, "I've

eaten so little." He was readily captivated by the charms of a beautiful face or winning manner; but his variable fancy floated from one to another with an ease and rapidity that were fatal to all permanent affections. Fascinated one moment, he was coldly disenchanted the next. At one time he had serious thoughts of marrying a young Parisian lady; but he happened to call one evening with a friend who was asked to be seated first. He left very soon, and never called again.

The one absolute sentiment of his life was undoubtedly his attachment to Madame Dudevant. For eight years she watched over him in illness with unwearying care, comprehended his genius, understood his caprices, sympathized with his sorrows, and sustained him by a strength foreign to his own. He had no immediate ties, and every fibre of his nature twined itself about this brilliant but tender-hearted woman. A species of emotional epicurism, not uncommon to temperaments like his, might lead him to toy with feeling elsewhere, to enliven the moment; but every other sentiment was quickly forgotten in this one cup of intoxication, so perilous, yet so full of charm.

When Chopin and Madame Dudevant first met, he was twenty-six and she was thirty-two. Both were artists in their respective spheres, but outside of art they differed widely in pursuits, tastes, and opinions. They were unlike, too, in character. She was revolutionary by instinct and democratic from conviction: he was, by nature and habit, conservative and exclusive. Her religion was one of reason: his was one of faith. Her keen and penetrating intellect busied itself with every problem of life and thought: his was bounded by the narrow circle of his own immediate pursuits and interests. Her heart went out in many channels; at the same time there was something fiery and intense in her nature, — a capacity for concentrated passion that carried within itself the elements of its own dissolution; she gauged its objects too soon, and exhausted them; she

saw too far through her own illusions ; she had already lived, suffered, and been disenchanting : his was the narrower heart that centres "all sympathies in one." "Others seek happiness in their affections," writes one of his critics ; "when they no longer find it there, the affections themselves gradually disappear. So it is with almost all ; but he loved for love's sake. No suffering could turn him from it. His love could pass, after the intoxication of delight, into the phase of sorrow ; but grow cold it could not. The moment of becoming cold would have been the ceasing of the heart to beat ; for his love had become his life."

Madame Dudevant had foreseen a possible danger to both, and gravely considered it before admitting him into her family, but finally accepted this friendship, and the duties it involved towards the invalid, as "a protection against emotions she no longer wished to experience." A veil of impenetrable silence is happily drawn over the inner tumults and agitations of those years.

But the inevitable rupture came at last. There was ill-feeling between Chopin and other members of her family. He was too imperious and exacting. Maurice threatened to leave them. The mother sided with her son. "I felt a sort of maternal adoration for the artist," she writes, "very deep, very true, but which could not struggle for a moment against love for one's offspring." This was too much for Chopin. He turned away, saying that she loved him no longer. "We never exchanged a word of reproach," she adds, "but once, — alas ! the first time and the last. An affection so elevated ought to break, and not wear itself out in conflicts unworthy of it." They met once more. She extended her hand, and would have spoken, but he proudly and sorrowfully left her. The wound was past healing.

Chopin lived but two years longer, — two years of restless melancholy and unavailing regrets, combined with keen physical suffering that often rendered all exertion impossible. Long

and weary days, followed by feverish and sleepless nights haunted by ghostly visions of death, and the future which was a dim terror to him, — such was his existence.

At the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 he went to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm. As if wishing to drown memory and thought, he plunged into the excitements of London life with reckless disregard of health and strength. Night after night, in spite of weariness and exhaustion, he played in the select circles of the nobility, who seemed to vie with each other in doing him honor. He made a brief visit to Edinburgh, but the cold and misty Scotch air did not agree with him. He grew rapidly worse. Returning to London, he played for the last time at a concert for the Poles, then hastened back to Paris. His strength was broken, and neither love nor care could longer avail. He died in the fall of 1849, and was buried, at his own request, in the churchyard of Père la Chaise, between Bellini and Cherubini, both of whom he had known and loved. Mozart's Requiem was sung at his funeral, as he wished, and his own wild and mournful Funeral March was for the first time arranged for an orchestra and played.

Many friends were with him in his last hours. Among others was the graceful and gifted Countess Delphine Potocka, who stood by his bedside and sang the celebrated Prayer that saved Stradella his life. "How beautiful ! O my God, how beautiful !" exclaimed the dying artist. "Once more, once more !" His sister, too, was there, and Gutman, his favorite and most gifted pupil. But she whom he loved to the end was not there.

While he lived, Chopin was not widely known. It was his misfortune, in common with all poets and artists who strike no dominant vein. He could not write for the multitude any more than Shelley could, for he appealed neither to men's senses nor men's passions. He never attempted anything epic or dramatic, never produced an

opera or an oratorio, or any work of great breadth of design. He had some thoughts of composing a national opera, but they were never carried into execution; indeed it is a matter of great doubt whether he could ever have succeeded as a dramatic composer. He could not sufficiently comprehend passion as it existed in other minds. He could not forget himself. The world gave back a reflection of his own inner experiences. His genius was essentially lyrical, and his fame rests principally upon his short compositions, — his *Études*, *Waltzes*, *Polonaises*, *Mazurkas*, and *Nocturnes*. These have a purely national coloring, and mirror a peculiar civilization; but they lack the elements that would make them household words. He could not picture feeling in its fresh and simple phases as Burns did, as Béranger did, as Mozart did, as all popular poets and artists have done. "He leads us into a region full of melancholy and mystery," says one of his critics; "but we cannot remain there long; we experience a feeling of suffocation, we gasp for air." His audience is found among the chosen few who have penetrated deeply into the mysteries of existence and felt, in all their sad significance, those expressive words of Bossuet,

"At the bottom of everything one finds emptiness and nothingness."

Another reason why his works can never become universally popular lies in the extreme difficulty of playing them well. There was a delicate individuality about his own rendering that defies all successful imitation. It requires a poetic sense as fine, swift, and penetrating as his own.

As a man, too, he stands alone. We cannot judge him by the influence he exerted upon other lives, for his qualities were not of a kind that leave active traces. He was not a hero, perhaps. Of such stuff heroes, in a worldly sense, are not made. Nor was he a saint. He had none of the sublime self-renunciation that even more than strength commands our admiration. He struck no great current of thought, and marked no prominent era in history. He was simply a man of many faults and many weaknesses, with a vitality in his genius and a flavor of poetry in his character that the world will not let die. But his faults were only negative, and his weaknesses almost virtues. He stands outlined against the dark background of French sensualism, — a frail figure, clothed in white purity, and invested with a certain sanctity of martyrdom.

Amanda R. Gere.

ON LEUCADIA WHEN SAPPHO WAS YOUNG.

SIDE by side through the cypress grove,
 Treading the shadow, treading the light,
 A pale youth, holocaust of Love,
 And a broad-browed girl, through the moonlit night,
 Paced slow, their dark fate darkening each face,
 To the cliff and the sea and the destined place.

Of him fame's pitiless page is mute;
 Nameless he loved, and nameless died,
 Falling to earth as untimely fruit.
 For him the mighty bosom wide
 That nourisheth man, of milk was dry,
 And the heavens as brass to the soul's great cry.

But of her the later age is filled,
 As a flower-filled room, with the fragrant fame.
 No leaf have the thousand winters killed
 Of the lustrous laurel wreathed with her name :
 First of the women whose song is as fire,
 Doom-gifted priestess of Death and Desire.

But the pulse of the fawn-like frame not yet,
 As in the devouring time to come,
 To the rhythm of wasting passion was set,
 And the depths of the virginal eyes were dumb, —
 Strangers as yet to the aches and fears
 That fevered their light in the riper years.

And the lost Youth gazed from the cliff o'er the sea,
 And gazed in the depths of the girl's dark eyes.
 "Both depths are the depths of death for me,"
 Said his voiceless heart by grief made wise.
 And the silence held them awhile ere they spake,
 As the heavens are hushed ere the storm-clouds break.

"Wherefore," she cried, "ah ! wherefore again ?
 Have not denying lips once spoken ?
 When heart is dumb unto heart, should the brain
 Seek from the brain for a sign or a token ?
 The thread of girl's love is as fate's own thread,
 And the lips unloved are as lips of the dead.

"But the grave of such dead is rich with flowers
 That spring from the still, un murmuring breast,
 Which our memory waters with tender showers ;
 And a sweet second good, if not the best,
 May yet on the silent faithful attend :
 Die to me, lover, but live to me, friend.

"Lest scorn" — but the stream of her speech froze here
 At the stare of his wan and wintry face,
 And his gesture of hand all wasted and sere,
 Imperious with passion, pathetic with grace ;
 And his brow flushed o'er with a brief disdain,
 Ere words came, like blood from the open vein : —

"To paltering heart and twilight soul,
 Content, brute-like, with crumbs from the board,
 Preach mutilate life instead of whole ;
 But lover and warrior wear the sword,
 Not for half-mercy in hour of defeat,
 But for bay-crowned head and a deed complete.

"In field of battle and field of love,
 Not less than his life takes man in his hand ;
 And the bright, stern gods with their smiles approve
 The blood that is rather spilled in the sand

Than suffered, by him who hath failed in the strife,
To curdle at heart of his broken life.

“Not of thy water, if not of thy wine,
Shall my lips, though parched with the death-thirst, drink;
Not in thy courts, if not at thy shrine;
If not in the depths, then not at the brink;
Nor shall my mendicant hand to thy wealth
Stretch itself forth with the glance of stealth.

“For the great soul feasts with Love in the vale,
Or starves on the height where the world spreads wide;
And bides not the narrowing hours and pale,
The fragments of joy, and the perished pride
Of the life not mingled, yet not set apart,—
The half-dead throbs of the outcast heart.

“Make a dirge for me, then, with thy deep, subtle tones,
And feed with my ruin the song of thy breast.
Bid thy lyre, like the god’s, give feet to the stones,
For a tomb where my wandering ghost may have rest;
While men say, to last ebb of Time’s dreadful tide,
‘Great was great Sappho for whom lovers died!’

“But write me no date and name me no name,
Lest my shade know old pangs in its bloodless veins.
Clasped not to thy breast, link me not with thy fame,
As an alms to the ghost for the wrecked life’s pains.
Be he, who perished by thee unblessed,
Evermore, by the unloving world, unguessed.

“O heart all flame! O loved and lost!
Girl-goddess of song for whom I die!
How will thy soul yet be tempest-tossed
When the whirlwind of love’s rushing wing goes by!
How shall I comfort thee, how shall I save,
As I moulder beneath the salt, salt wave?

“Where wilt thou find me, where shall I find thee,
When thy heart-strings break like mine with despair?
Will the fate of my life be a fate to bind thee?
To wait, and to take thee at last in the snare?
What answer of Fate to the voice of the dust?
Die silent. The silent gods are just!”

Then he bent on the girl a fixed, dark smile
From eyes brim-filled with the rapture of death;
And his face yearned earthward and skyward awhile
With deep, strong gasps of the latest breath;
Then he bowed his head to the seaward gloom,
And sprang far forth from the cliff to his doom.

Alfred H. Louis.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

VII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WITH the two young people whose days now lapsed away together, it could not be said that Monday varied much from Tuesday, or ten o'clock from half past three; they were not always certain what day of the week it was, and sometimes they fancied that a thing which happened in the morning had taken place yesterday afternoon.

But whatever it was, and however uncertain in time and character their slight adventure was to themselves, Mrs. Ellison secured all possible knowledge of it from Kitty. Since it was her misfortune that promoted it, she considered herself a martyr to Kitty's acquaintance with Mr. Arbuton, and believed that she had the best claim to any gossip that could come of it. She lounged upon her sofa, and listened with a patience superior to the maiden caprice with which her inquisition was sometimes met; for if that delayed her satisfaction it also employed her arts, and the final triumph of getting everything out of Kitty afforded her a delicate self-flattery. But commonly the young girl was ready enough to speak, for she was glad to have the light of a worldlier mind and a greater experience than her own on Mr. Arbuton's character: if Mrs. Ellison was not the wisest head, still talking him over was at least a relief from thinking him over; and then, at the end of the ends, when were ever two women averse to talk of a man?

She commonly sought Fanny's sofa when she returned from her rambles through the city, and gave a sufficiently strict account of what had happened. This was done light-heartedly and with touches of burlesque and extravagance at first; but the reports grew presently to have a more serious tone, and latterly Kitty had been so absent at

times that she would fall into a puzzled silence in the midst of her narration; or else she would meet a long procession of skilfully marshalled questions with a flippancy that no one but a martyr could have suffered. But Mrs. Ellison bore all and would have borne much more in that cause. Baffled at one point, she turned to another, and the sum of her researches was often a clearer perception of Kitty's state of mind than the young girl herself possessed. For her, indeed, the whole affair was full of mystery and misgiving.

"Our acquaintance has the charm of novelty every time we meet," she said once, when pressed hard by Mrs. Ellison. "We are growing better strangers, Mr. Arbuton and I. By and by, some morning, we shall not know each other by sight. I can barely recognize him now, though I thought I knew him pretty well once. I want you to understand that I speak as an un-biassed spectator, Fanny."

"O Kitty! how can you accuse me of trying to pry into your affairs!" cries injured Mrs. Ellison, and settles herself in a more comfortable posture for listening.

"I don't accuse you of anything. I'm sure you've a right to know everything about me. Only, I want you really to know."

"Yes, dear," says the matron, with hypocritical meekness.

"Well," resumes Kitty, "there are things that puzzle me more and more about him,—things that I used to laugh about at first, because I did n't actually believe that they could be, and that I felt like defying afterwards. But now I can't bear up against them. They frighten me, and seem to deny me the right to be what I know I am."

"I don't understand you, Kitty."

"Why, you know how it is with us at home, and how Uncle Jack has brought us up. We never had a rule

for anything except to do what was right, and to be careful of the rights of others."

"Well."

"Well, Mr. Arbuton seems to have lived in a world where everything is regulated by some rigid law that it would be death to break. Then, you know, at home we are always talking about people, and discussing them; but we always talk of each person for what he is in himself, and I've always thought a person could refine himself if he tried, and was sincere, and not conceited. But *he* seems to judge people according to their origin and calling, and to believe that all refinement must come from a certain training in a certain set of circumstances. Sometimes, I feel like gasping for breath, and the whole world turns stiff and wooden. He does n't appear to dream that anything different can be. Without knowing it he tramples upon all that I've been taught to believe; and though I cling the closer to my idols, I can't help, now and then, trying myself by his criterions; and then I find myself wanting in every civilized trait, and my whole life coarse and poor, and all my associations hopelessly degraded. I think his ideas are hard and narrow, and I believe that even my little experience of life would prove them false; but then, they are his, and I don't know how to reconcile them with what I know is good in him."

Kitty spoke with half-averted face where she sat beside one of the front windows, looking absently out on the distant line of violet hills beyond Charlesbourg, and now and then lifting her glove from her lap and letting it drop again.

"Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison in reply to her difficulties, "you ought n't to sit against a light like that. It makes your profile quite black to any one back in the room."

"O well, Fanny, you know I'm not black in reality."

"Yes, but a young lady ought always to think how she is looking. Suppose some one was to come in."

"Dick's the only one likely to come in just now, and he would n't mind it. But if you like it better, I'll come and sit by you," said Kitty, and took her place beside the sofa.

Her hat was in her hand, her sack on her arm; the fatigue of a recent walk expressed itself in a soft pallor, and languor of face and attitude. Mrs. Ellison admired her pretty looks with a generous regret that they should be wasted on herself, and then asked, "Where were you this afternoon?"

"O, we went to the Hotel Dieu, for one thing, and afterwards we looked into the court-yard of the convent; and there another of his pleasant little traits came out,—a way he has of always putting you in the wrong even when it's a matter of no consequence any way, and there need n't be any right or wrong about it. I remembered the place because Mrs. March, you know, showed us a rose that one of the nuns in the hospital gave her, and I tried to tell Mr. Arbuton about it, and he graciously took it as if poor Mrs. March had made an advance towards his acquaintance. I do wish you could see what a lovely place that court-yard is, Fanny. It's so strange that such a thing should be right there, in the heart of this crowded city; but there it was, with its peasant cottage on one side, and its long, low barns on the other, and those wide-horned Canadian cows munching at the racks of hay outside, and pigeons and chickens all about among their feet . . ."

"Yes, yes; never mind all that, Kitty. You know I hate nature. Go on about Mr. Arbuton," said Mrs. Ellison, who did not mean a sarcasm.

"It looked like a farm-yard in a picture, far out in the country somewhere," resumed Kitty; "and Mr. Arbuton did it the honor to say it was just like Normandy."

"Kitty!"

"He did, indeed, Fanny; and the cows did n't go down on their knees out of gratitude, either. Well, off on the right were the hospital buildings climbing up, you know, with their stone

walls and steep roofs, and windows dropped about over them, like our convent here; and there was an artist, there, sketching it all; he had such a brown, pleasant face, with a little black mustache and imperial, and such gay black eyes that nobody could help falling in love with him; and he was talking in such a free-and-easy way with the lazy workmen and women overlooking him. He jotted down a little image of the Virgin in a niche on the wall, and one of the people called out, — Mr. Arbuton was translating, — ‘Look there! with one touch he’s made our Blessed Lady.’ ‘O,’ says the painter, ‘that’s nothing; with three touches I can make the entire Holy Family.’ And they all laughed; and the little joke, you know, won my heart, — I don’t hear many jokes from Mr. Arbuton; — and so I said what a blessed life a painter’s must be, for it would give you a right to be a vagrant, and you could wander through the world, seeing everything that was lovely and funny, and nobody could blame you; and I wondered everybody who had the chance did n’t learn to sketch. Mr. Arbuton took it seriously, and said people had to have something more than the chance to learn before they could sketch, and that most of them were an affliction with their sketch-books, and he had seen too much of the sad effects of drawing from casts. And he put me in the wrong, as he always does. Don’t you see? I did n’t want to learn drawing; I wanted to be a painter, and go about sketching beautiful old convents, and sit on camp-stools on pleasant afternoons, and joke with people. Of course, he could n’t see that. But I know the artist could. O Fanny, if it had only been the painter whose arm I took that first day on the boat, instead of Mr. Arbuton! But the worst of it is, he is making a hypocrite of me, and a cowardly, unnatural girl. I wanted to go nearer and look at the painter’s sketch; but I was ashamed to say I’d never seen a real artist’s sketch before, and I’m getting to be ashamed, or to seem ashamed, of a great many

innocent things. He has a way of not seeming to think it possible that any one he associates with can differ from him. And I do differ from him. I differ from him as much as my whole past life differs from his; I know I’m just the kind of production that he disapproves of, and that I’m altogether irregular and unauthorized and unjustifiable; and though it’s funny to have him talking to me as if I must have the sympathy of a rich girl with his ideas, it’s provoking, too, and it’s very bad for me. Up to the present moment, Fanny, if you want to know, that’s the principal effect of Mr. Arbuton on me. I’m being gradually snubbed and scared into treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

Mrs. Ellison did not find all this so very grievous, for she was one of those women who like a snub from the superior sex, if it does not involve a slight to their beauty or their power of pleasing. But she thought it best not to enter into the question, and merely said, “But surely, Kitty, there are a great many things in Mr. Arbuton that you must respect.”

“Respect? O, yes, indeed! But respect is n’t just the thing for one who seems to consider himself sacred. Say *revere*, Fanny; say *revere*!”

Kitty had risen from her chair, but Mrs. Ellison waved her again to her seat with an imploring gesture. “Don’t go, Kitty; I’m not half done with you yet. You *must* tell me something more. You’ve stirred me up so, now. I know you don’t always have such disagreeable times. You’ve often come home quite gay. What do you generally find to talk about? Do tell me some particulars for once.”

“Why, little topics come up, you know. But sometimes we don’t talk at all, because I don’t like to say what I think or feel, for fear I should be thinking or feeling something vulgar. Mr. Arbuton is rather a blight upon conversation in that way. He makes you doubtful whether there is n’t something a little common in breathing and the circulation of the blood, and wheth-

er it would n't be true refinement to stop them."

"Stuff, Kitty! He's very cultivated, is n't he? Don't you talk about books? He's read everything, I suppose."

"O yes, he's *read* enough."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Only sometimes it seems to me as if he had n't read because he loved it, but because he thought it due to himself. But maybe I'm mistaken. I could imagine a delicate poem shutting up half its sweetness from his cold, cold scrutiny,—if you'll excuse the floweriness of the idea."

"Why, Kitty! don't you think he's refined? I'm sure, I think he's a *very* refined person."

"He's a very elaborated person. But I don't think it would make much difference to him what our opinion of him was. His own good opinion would be quite enough."

"Is he—is he—always agreeable?"

"I thought we were discussing his mind, Fanny. I don't know that I feel like enlarging upon his manners," said Kitty, slyly.

"But surely, Kitty," said the matron, with an air of argument, "there's some connection between his mind and his manners."

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't think there's much between his heart and his manners. They seem to have been put into him instead of having come out of him. He's very well trained, and nine times out of ten he's so exquisitely polite that it's wonderful; but the tenth time he may say something so rude that you can't believe it."

"Then you like him nine times out of ten."

"I did n't say that. But for the tenth time, it's certain, his training does n't hold out, and he seems to have nothing natural to fall back upon. But you can believe that, if he knew he'd been disagreeable, he'd be sorry for it."

"Why, then, Kitty, how can you say that there's no connection between his heart and manners? This very

thing proves that they come from his heart. Don't be illogical, Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison, and her nerves added, *sotto voce*, "if you *are* so abominably provoking!"

"O," responded the young girl, with the kind of laugh that meant it was, after all, not such a laughing matter, "I did n't say he'd be sorry for *you*! Perhaps he would; but he'd be certain to be sorry for himself. It's with his politeness as it is with his reading; he seems to consider it something that's due to himself as a gentleman to treat people well; and it is n't at all as if he cared for *them*. He would n't like to fail in such a point."

"But, Kitty, is n't that to his credit?"

"Maybe. I don't say. If I knew more about the world, perhaps I should admire it. But now, you see,"—and here Kitty's laugh grew more natural, and she gave a subtle caricature of Mr. Arbuton's air and tone as she spoke,— "I can't help feeling that it's a little—vulgar."

Mrs. Ellison could not quite make out how much Kitty really meant of what she had said. She gasped once or twice for argument; then she sat up, and beat the sofa-pillows vengefully in composing herself anew, and finally, "Well, Kitty, I'm sure I don't know what to make of it all," she said with a sigh.

"Why, we're not obliged to make anything of it, Fanny, there's that comfort," replied Kitty; and thereupon there was a silence, while she brooded over the whole affair of her acquaintance with Mr. Arbuton, which this talk had failed to set in a more pleasant or hopeful light. It had begun like a romance; she had pleased her fancy, if not her heart, with the poetry of it; but at last she felt exiled and strange in his presence. She had no right to a different result, even through any deep feeling in the matter; but while she owned, with her half-sad, half-comical consciousness, that she had been tacitly claiming and expecting too much, she softly pitied herself, with a kind of

impersonal compassion, as if it were some other girl whose pretty dream had been broken. Its ruin involved the loss of another ideal; for she was aware that there had been gradually rising in her mind an image of Boston, different alike from the holy place of her childhood, the sacred city of the antislavery heroes and martyrs, and from the jesting, easy, sympathetic Boston of Mr. and Mrs. March. This new Boston with which Mr. Arbuton inspired her was a Boston of mysterious prejudices and lofty reservations; a Boston of high and difficult tastes, that found its social ideal in the Old World, and that shrank from contact with the reality of this; a Boston as alien as Europe to her simple experiences, and that seemed to be proud only of the things that were unlike other American things; a Boston that would rather perish by fire and sword than be suspected of vulgarity; a critical, fastidious, and reluctant Boston, dissatisfied with the rest of the hemisphere, and gelidly self-satisfied in so far as it was not in the least the Boston of her fond preconceptions. It was, doubtless, no more the real Boston we know and love, than either of the others; and it perplexed her more than it need, even if it had not been mere phantasm. It made her suspicious of Mr. Arbuton's behavior towards her, and observant of little things that might very well have otherwise escaped her. The bantering humor, the light-hearted trust and self-reliance with which she had once met him deserted her, and only returned fitfully when some accident called her out of herself, and made her forget the differences that she now too plainly saw in their ways of thinking and feeling. It was a greater and greater effort to place herself in sympathy with him; she relaxed into a languid self-contempt, as if she had been playing a part, when she succeeded. "Sometimes, Fanny," she said, now, after a long pause, speaking in behalf of that other girl she had been thinking of, "it seems to me as if Mr. Arbuton were

all gloves and slim umbrella,—the mere husk of well-dressed culture and good manners. His looks *do* promise everything; but O dear me! I should be sorry for any one that was in love with him. Just imagine some frank, happy girl meeting with such a man, and taking a fancy to him, and trying to make something out of him! I suppose she never would believe but that he must somehow be what she thought him, and she would go down to her grave thinking that she had failed to understand him. What a curious story it would make!"

"Then, why don't you write it, Kitty?" asked Mrs. Ellison. "No one could do it better."

Kitty flushed quickly; then she smiled: "O, I don't think I could do it at all. It would n't be a very easy story to work out. Perhaps he might never do anything positively disagreeable enough to make anybody condemn him. The only way you could show his character would be to have her do and say hateful things to him, when she could n't help it, and then repent of it, while he was impassively perfect through everything. And perhaps, after all, he might be regarded by some stupid people as the injured one. Well, Mr. Arbuton has been very polite to us, I'm sure, Fanny," she said after another pause, as she rose from her chair, "and maybe I'm unjust to him. I beg his pardon of you, and I wish," she added with a dull disappointment quite her own, and a pang of surprise at words that seemed to utter themselves, "that he would go away."

"Why, Kitty, I'm shocked," said Mrs. Ellison, rising from her cushions.

"Yes; so am I, Fanny."

"Are you really tired of him, then?"

Kitty did not answer, but turned away her face a little, where she stood beside the chair in which she had been sitting.

Mrs. Ellison put out her hand towards her. "Kitty, come here," she said with imperious tenderness.

"No, I won't, Fanny," answered the young girl, in a trembling voice. She

raised the glove that she had been nervously swinging back and forth, and bit hard upon the button of it. "I don't know whether I'm tired of *him*, — though he is n't a person to rest one a great deal, — but I'm tired of *it*. I'm perplexed and troubled the whole time, and I don't see any end to it. Yes, I wish he would go away! Yes, he *is* tiresome. What is he staying here for? He thinks himself so much better than all of us, that I wonder he troubles himself with our company. It's quite time for him to go. No, Fanny, no," cried Kitty with a little broken laugh, still rejecting the outstretched hand, "I'll be flat in private, if you please." And dashing her hand across her eyes, she flitted out of the room. At the door she turned and said, "You need n't think it's what you think it is, Fanny."

"No indeed, dear; you're just overwrought."

"For I really wish he'd go."

But it was on this very day that Mr. Arbuton found it harder than ever to renew his resolution of quitting Quebec, and cutting short at once his acquaintance with these people. He had been pledging himself to this in some form every day, and every morning had melted his resolution away. Whatever was his opinion of Colonel and Mrs. Ellison, it is certain that, if he considered Kitty merely in relation to the present, he could not have said how, by being different, she could have been better than she was. He perceived a charm, that would be recognized anywhere, in her manner, though it was not of his world; her fresh pleasure in all she saw, though he did not know how to respond to it, was very winning; he respected what he thought the good sense running through her transports; he wondered at the culture she had somewhere, somehow got; and he was so good as to find that her literary enthusiasms had nothing offensive, but were as pretty and naïve as a girl's love of flowers. Moreover, he approved of some personal attributes of hers: a low, gentle voice, tender

long-lashed eyes; a trick of drooping shoulders, and of idle hands fallen into the lap, one in the other's palm; a serene repose of face; a light and eager laugh. There was nothing so novel in those traits, and in different combination he had seen them a thousand times; yet in her they strangely wrought upon his fancy. She had that soft, kittenish way with her which invites a caressing patronage, but, as he learned, she had also the kittenish equipment for resenting over-condescension; and she never took him half so much as when she showed the high spirit that was in her, and defied him most.

For here and now, it was all well enough; but he had a future to which he owed much, and a conscience that would not leave him at rest. The fascination of meeting a fair young girl so familiarly under the same roof, the sorcery of the constant sight of her, were becoming too much; it would not do on any account; for his own sake he must put an end to it. But from hour to hour he lingered upon his unenforced resolve. The passing days, that brought him doubts in which he shuddered at the great difference between himself and her and her people, brought him also moments of blissful forgetfulness in which his misgivings were lost in the sweetness of her laugh, or the young grace of her motions. Passing, the days rebuked his delay in vain; a week and two weeks slipped from under his feet, and still he had waited for fate to part him and his folly. But now at last he would go; and in the evening, after his cigar on Durham Terrace, he knocked at Mrs. Ellison's door to say that on the day after to-morrow he should push on to the White Mountains.

He found the Ellisons talking over an expedition for the next morning, in which he was also to take part. Mrs. Ellison had already borne her full share in the preparation; for, being always at hand there in her room, and having nothing to do, she had been almost a willing victim to the colonel's passion

for information at second-hand, and had probably come to know more than any other American woman of Arnold's expedition against Quebec in 1775. She knew why the attack was planned, and with what prodigious hazard and heroic toil and endurance it was carried out; how the dauntless little army of riflemen cut their way through the untrodden forests of Maine and Canada, and beleaguered the gray old fortress on her rock till the red autumn faded into winter, and, on the last bitter night of the year, flung themselves against her defences, and fell back, leaving half their number captive, Montgomery dead, and Arnold wounded, but haplessly destined to survive.

"Yes," said the colonel, "considering the age in which they lived, and their total lack of modern improvements, mental, moral, and physical, we must acknowledge that they did pretty well. It was n't on a very large scale; but I don't see how they could have been braver, if every man had been multiplied by ten thousand. In fact, as it's going to be all the same thing a hundred years from now, I don't know but I'd as soon be one of the men that tried to take Quebec as one of the men that did take Atlanta. Of course, for the present, and on account of my afflicted family, Mr. Arbuton, I'm willing to be what and where I am; but just see what those fellows did." And the colonel drew from his glowing memory of Mrs. Ellison's facts a brave historical picture of Arnold's expedition. "And now we're going to-morrow morning to look up the scene of the attack on the 31st of December. Kitty, sing something."

At another time Kitty might have hesitated; but that evening she was so at rest about Mr. Arbuton, so sure she cared nothing for his liking or disliking anything she did, that she sat down at the piano, and sang a number of songs, which I suppose were as unworthy the cultivated ear as any he had heard. But though they were given with an untrained voice and a touch as little

skilled as might be, they pleased, or else the singer pleased. The simple-hearted courage of the performance would alone have made it charming; and Mr. Arbuton had no reason to ask himself how he should like it in Boston, if he were married, and should hear it from his wife there. Yet when a young man looks at a young girl or listens to her, a thousand vagaries possess his mind, — formless imaginations, lawless fancies. The question that presented itself remotely, like pain in a dream, dissolved in the ripple of the singer's voice, and left his revery the more luxuriously untroubled for having been.

He remembered, after saying good-night, that he had forgotten something: it was to tell them he was going away.

VIII.

NEXT MORNING.

QUEBEC lay shining in the tender oblique light of the northern sun when they passed next morning through the Upper Town market-place and took their way towards Hope Gate, where they were to be met by the colonel a little later. It is easy for the alert tourist to lose his course in Quebec, and they, who were neither hurried nor heedful, went easily astray. But the street into which they had wandered, if it did not lead straight to Hope Gate, had many merits, and was very characteristic of the city. Most of the houses on either hand were low structures of one story, built heavily of stone or stuccoed brick, with two dormer-windows, full of house-plants, in each roof; the doors were each painted of a livelier color than the rest of the house, and each glistened with a polished brass knob, a large brass knocker, or an intricate bell-pull of the same resplendent metal, and a plate bearing the owner's name and his professional title, which if not *avocat* was sure to be *notaire*, so well is Quebec supplied with those ministers of the law. At the side of each house was a *porte-*

cochère, and in this a smaller door. The thresholds and doorsteps were covered with the neatest and brightest oil-cloth; the wooden sidewalk was very clean, like the steep, roughly paved street itself; and at the foot of the hill down which it sloped was a breadth of the city wall, pierced for musketry, and, past the corner of one of the houses, the half-length of cannon showing. It had the charm of those ancient streets, dear to Old-World travel, in which the past and the present, decay and repair, peace and war, have made friends in an effect that not only wins the eye, but, however illogically, touches the heart; and over the top of the wall it had a stretch of such landscape as I know not what Old-World street can command: the St. Lawrence, blue and wide; a bit of the white village of Beauport on its bank; then a vast breadth of pale-green, upward-sloping meadows; then the purple heights; and the hazy heaven over them. Half-way down this happy street sat the artist whom they had seen before in the court of the Hôtel Dieu; he was sketching something, and evoking the curious life of the neighborhood. Two school-boys in the uniform of the Seminary paused to look at him as they loitered down the pavement; a group of children encircled him; a little girl with her hair in blue ribbons talked at a window about him to some one within; a young lady opened her case-ment and gazed furtively at him; a door was set quietly ajar, and an old grandam peeped out, shading her eyes with her hand; a woman in deep mourning gave his sketch a glance as she passed; a calash with a fat Quebecker in it ran into a cart driven by a broad-hatted peasant-woman, so eager were all to know what he was drawing; a man lingered even at the head of the street, as if it were any use to stop there.

As Kitty and Mr. Arbuton passed him, the artist glanced at her with the smile of a man who believes he knows how the case stands, and she followed his eye in its withdrawal towards the

bit he was sketching: an old roof, and on top of this a balcony, shut in with green blinds; yet higher, a weather-worn, wood-colored gallery, pent-roofed and balustered, with a geranium showing through the balusters; a dormer-window with hook and tackle, beside an Oriental-shaped pavilion with a shining tin dome,—a picturesque confusion of forms which had been, apparently, added from time to time without design, and yet were full of harmony. The unreasonable succession of roofs had lifted the top far above the level of the surrounding houses, into the heart of the morning light, and some white doves circled about the pavilion, or nestled cooing upon the window-sill, where a young girl sat and sewed.

"Why, it's Hilda in her tower," said Kitty, "of course! And this is just the kind of street for such a girl to look down into. It does n't seem like a street in real life, does it? The people all look as if they had stepped out of stories, and might step back any moment; and these queer little houses: they're the very places for things to happen in!"

Mr. Arbuton smiled forbearingly, as she thought, at this burst, but she did not care, and she turned, at the bottom of the street, and lingered a few moments for another look at the whole charming picture; and then he praised it, and said that the artist was making a very good sketch. "I wonder Quebec is n't infested by artists the whole summer long," he added. "They go about hungrily picking up bits of the picturesque, along our shores and country roads, when they might exchange their famine for a feast by coming here."

"I suppose there's a pleasure in finding out the small graces and beauties of the poverty-stricken subjects, that they would n't have in better ones, is n't there?" asked Kitty. "At any rate, if I were to write a story, I should want to take the slightest sort of plot, and lay the scene in the dullest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities. I'll tell you a book after

my own heart: 'Details,'—just the history of a week in the life of some young people who happen together in an old New-England country-house; nothing extraordinary, little, every-day things told so exquisitely, and all fading naturally away without any particular result, only the full meaning of everything brought out."

"And don't you think it's rather a sad ending for all to fade away without any particular result?" asked the young man, stricken he hardly knew how or where. "Besides, I always thought that the author of that book found too much meaning in everything. He did for men, I'm sure; but I believe women are different, and see much more than we do in a little space."

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly,"

nora a woman," mocked Kitty. "Have you read his other books?"

"Yes."

"Are n't they delightful?"

"They're very well; and I always wondered he could write them. He does n't look it."

"O, have you ever seen him?"

"He lives in Boston, you know."

"Yes, yes; but—" Kitty could not go on and say that she had not supposed authors consorted with creatures of common clay; and Mr. Arbuton, who was the constant guest of people who would have thought most authors sufficiently honored in being received among them to meet such men as he, was very far from guessing what was in her mind.

He waited a moment for her, and then said, "He's a very ordinary sort of man,—not what one would exactly call a gentleman, you know, in his belongings,—and yet his books have nothing of the shop, nothing professionally literary, about them. It seems as if almost any of us might have written them."

Kitty glanced quickly at him to see if he were jesting; but Mr. Arbuton was not easily given to irony, and he was now very much in earnest about

drawing on his light overcoat, which he had hitherto carried on his arm with that scrupulous consideration for it which was not dandyism, but part of his self-respect: apparently, as an overcoat, he cared nothing for it; as the overcoat of a man of his condition he cared everything; and now, though the sun was so bright on the open spaces, in these narrow streets the garment was comfortable.

At another time, Kitty would have enjoyed the care with which he smoothed it about his person, but this profanation of her dearest ideals made the moment serious. Her pulse quickened, and she said, "I'm afraid I can't enter into your feelings. I was n't taught to respect the idea of a gentleman very much. I've often heard my uncle say that, at the best, it was a poor excuse for not being just honest and just brave and just kind, and a false pretence of being something more. I believe, if I were a man, I should n't want to be a gentleman. At any rate, I'd rather be the author of those books, which any gentleman *might* have written, than all the gentlemen who did n't, put together."

In the career of her indignation she had unconsciously hurried her companion forward so swiftly that they had reached Hope Gate as she spoke, and interrupted the revery in which Colonel Ellison, loafing up against the masonry, was contemplating the sentry in his box.

"You'd better not overheat yourself so early in the day, Kitty," said her cousin, serenely, with a glance at her flushed face; "this expedition is not going to be any joke."

Now that Prescott Gate, by which so many thousands of Americans have entered Quebec since Arnold's excursionists failed to do so, is demolished, there is nothing left so picturesque and characteristic as Hope Gate, and I doubt if anywhere in Europe there is a more mediæval-looking bit of military architecture. The heavy stone gateway is black with age, and the gate, which has probably never been closed

in our century, is of massive frame set thick with mighty bolts and spikes. The wall here sweeps along the brow of the crag on which the city is built, and a steep street drops down, by stone-parapeted curves and angles, from the Upper to the Lower Town, where, in 1775, nothing but a narrow lane bordered the St. Lawrence. A considerable breadth of land has since been won from the river, and several streets and many piers now stretch between this alley and the water; but the old Sault au Matelot still crouches and creeps along under the shelter of the city wall and the overhanging rock, which is thickly bearded with weeds and grass, and trickles with abundant moisture. It must be an ice-pit in winter, and I should think it the last spot on the continent for the summer to find; but when the summer has at last found it, the old Sault au Matelot puts on a vagabond air of Southern leisure and abandon, not to be matched anywhere out of Italy. Looking from that jutting rock near Hope Gate, behind which the defeated Americans took refuge from the fire of their enemies, the vista is almost unique for a certain scenic squalor and gypsy luxury of color: sag-roofed barns and stables, and weak-backed, sunken-chested work-shops of every sort lounge along in tumble-down succession, and lean up against the cliff in every imaginable posture of worthlessness and decrepitude; light wooden galleries cross to them from the second stories of the houses which back upon the alley; and over these galleries flutters, from a labyrinth of clothes-lines, a gay variety of bright-colored garments of all ages, sexes, and conditions; while the footway underneath swarms with gossiping women, smoking men, idle poultry, cats, children, and great numbers of large, indolent Newfoundland dogs.

"It was through this lane that Arnold's party advanced almost to the foot of Mountain Street, where they were to be joined by Montgomery's force in an attempt to surprise Pres-

cott Gate," said the colonel, with his unerring second-hand history.

"You that will follow me to this attempt,"

'Wait till you see the whites of their eyes, and then fire low,' and so forth. By the way, do you suppose anybody did that at Bunker Hill, Mr. Arbuton? Come, you're a Boston man. My experience is that recruits chivalrously fire into the air without waiting to see the enemy at all, let alone the whites of their eyes. Why! are n't you coming?" he asked, seeing no movement to follow in Kitty or Mr. Arbuton.

"It does n't look very pleasant under foot, Dick," suggested Kitty.

"Well, upon my word! Is this your uncle's niece? I shall never dare to report this panic at Erie-creek. It's worse than the absence of Mound-Builders in the Valley of the Shenandoah."

"I can see the whole length of the alley, and there's nothing in it but chickens and domestic animals."

"Very well, as Fanny says; when Uncle Jack—he's *your* uncle—asks you about every inch of the ground that Arnold's men were demoralized over, I hope you'll know what to say."

Kitty laughed and said she should try a little invention if her Uncle Jack came down to inches.

"All right, Kitty; you can go along St. Paul Street, there, and Mr. Arbuton and I will explore the Sault au Matelot, and come out upon you, covered with glory, at the other end."

"I hope it'll be glory," said Kitty, with a glance at the lane, "but I think it's more likely to be feathers and chopped straw. Good by, Mr. Arbuton."

"Not in the least," answered the young man; "I'm going with you."

The colonel feigned indignant surprise, and marched briskly down the Sault au Matelot alone, while the others took their way through St. Paul Street in the same direction, amidst the bustle and business of the port, past the banks and great commercial houses, with the encounter of throngs of sea-

faring faces of many nations, and, at the corner of St. Peter Street, a glimpse of the national flag thrown out from the American Consulate, which intensified for untraveller Kitty her sense of remoteness from her native land. At length they turned into the street now called Sault au Matelot, into which opens the lane once bearing the name, and strolled idly along in the cool shadow, silence, and solitude of the street. She was strangely released from the constraint which he usually put upon her. A certain defiant ease filled her heart; she felt and thought whatever she liked, for the first time in many days; while he went puzzling himself with the problem of a young lady who despised gentlemen, and yet remained charming to him.

A mighty marine smell of oakum and salt-fish was in the air, and "O," sighed Kitty, "doesn't it make you long for distant seas? Should n't you like to be shipwrecked for half a day or so, Mr. Arbuton?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," he replied absently, and wondered what she laughed at. The silence of the place was broken only by the noise of coopering which seemed to be going on in every other house; the solitude relieved only by the Newfoundland dogs that stretched themselves upon the thresholds of the cooper-shops. The monotony of these shops and dogs took Kitty's humor, and as they went slowly by she made a jest of them, as she used to do with things she saw.

"But here 's a door without a dog!" she said, presently. "This can't be a genuine cooper-shop, of course, without a dog. O, that accounts for it, perhaps!" she added, pausing before the threshold, and glancing up at a sign—"Académie commerciale et littéraire"—set under an upper window. "What a curious place for a seat of learning! What do you suppose is the connection between cooper-shops and an academical education, Mr. Arbuton?"

She stood looking up at the sign that moved her mirth, and swinging

her shut parasol idly to and fro, while a light of laughter played over her face.

Suddenly a shadow seemed to dart betwixt her and the open doorway, Mr. Arbuton was hurled violently against her, and, as she struggled to keep her footing under the shock, she saw him bent over a furious dog, that hung from the breast of his overcoat, while he clutched its throat with both his hands.

He met the terror of her face with a quick glance. "I beg your pardon, don't call out, please," he said. But from within the shop came loud cries and maledictions, "O nom de Dieu! c'est le boule-dogue du capitaine anglais!" with appalling screams for help; and a wild, uncouth little figure of a man, bareheaded, horror-eyed, came flying out of the open door. He wore a cooper's apron, and he bore in one hand a red-hot iron, which, with continuous clamor, he dashed against the muzzle of the hideous brute. Without a sound the dog loosed his grip, and, dropping to the ground, fled into the obscurity of the shop as silently as he had launched himself out of it, while Kitty yet stood spell-bound, and before the crowd that the appeal of Mr. Arbuton's rescuer had summoned could see what had happened.

Mr. Arbuton lifted himself, and looked angrily round upon the gaping spectators, who began, one by one, to take in their heads from their windows and to slink back to their thresholds as if they had been guilty of something much worse than a desire to succor a human being in peril.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Arbuton, "what an abominable scene!" His face was deadly pale, as he turned from these insolent intruders to his deliverer, whom he saluted, with a "Merci bien!" spoken in a cold, steady voice. Then he drew off his overcoat, which had been torn by the dog's teeth and irreparably dishonored in the encounter. He looked at it shuddering, with a countenance of intense disgust, and made a motion as if to hurl it into the street. But his eye again fell upon

the cooper's squalid little figure, as he stood twisting his hands into his apron, and with voluble eagerness protesting that it was not his dog, but that of the English ship-captain, who had left it with him, and whom he had many a time besought to have the beast killed knowing it to be dangerous. Mr. Arbuton interrupted him in French: "You've done me the greatest service. I cannot repay you, but you must take this," he said, as he thrust a bank-note into the little man's grimy hand.

"O, but it is too much! But it is like a monsieur so brave, so —"

"Hush! It was nothing," interrupted Mr. Arbuton again. Then he threw his overcoat upon the man's shoulder. "If you will do me the pleasure to receive this also? Perhaps you can make use of it."

"Monsieur heaps me with benefits; monsieur —" began the bewildered cooper; but Mr. Arbuton turned abruptly away from him toward Kitty, who trembled at having shared the guilt of the other spectators, and seizing her hand, he placed it on his arm, where he held it close as he strode away, leaving his deliverer planted in the middle of the sidewalk and staring after him. She scarcely dared ask him if he were hurt, as she found herself doing now with a faltering voice.

"No, I believe not," he said with a glance at the frock-coat, which was buttoned across his chest and was quite intact.

It had all happened so suddenly, and in so brief time, that she might well have failed to understand it, even if she had seen it all. It was barely intelligible to Mr. Arbuton himself, who, as Kitty had loitered mocking and laughing before the door of the shop, chanced to see the dog crouched within, and had only time to leap forward and receive the cruel brute on his breast as it flung itself at her.

He had not thought of the danger to himself in what he had done. He knew that he was unhurt, but he did not care for that; he cared only that she was safe; and as he pressed her hand tight

against his heart, there passed through it a thrill of inexpressible tenderness, a quick, passionate sense of possession, a rapture as of having won her and made her his own forever, by saving her from that horrible risk. The maze in which he had but now dwelt concerning her seemed an obsolete frivolity of an alien past; all the cold doubts and hindering scruples which he had felt from the first were gone; gone all his care for his world. His world? In that divine moment, there was no world but in the tender eyes at which he looked down with a glance which she knew not how to interpret.

She thought that his pride was deeply wounded at the ignominy of his experience, — for she was sure he would care more for that than for the danger, — and that if she spoke of it she might add to the angry pain he felt. As they hurried along she waited for him to speak, but he did not; though always, as he looked down at her with that strange look, he seemed about to speak.

Presently she stopped, and, withdrawing her hand from his arm she cried, "Why, we've forgotten my cousin!"

"O — yes!" said Mr. Arbuton with a vacant smile.

Looking back they saw the colonel standing on the pavement near the end of the old Sault au Matelot, with his hands in his pockets, and steadfastly staring at them. He did not relax the severity of his gaze when they returned to join him, and appeared to find little consolation in Kitty's "O Dick, I forgot all about you," given with an hysterical laugh.

"Well, this may be very flattering, Kitty, but it is n't altogether comprehensible," said he, with a keen glance at both their faces. "I don't know what you'll say to Uncle Jack. It's not forgetting me alone; it's forgetting the whole American expedition against Quebec."

The colonel waited for some reply; but Kitty dared not trust herself to an explanation, and Mr. Arbuton was not the man to seem to boast of his share of the adventure by telling what had

happened even if he had cared at that moment to do so. They were both silent, till Kitty burst again into inexplicable laughter. Her very ignorance of what he had dared for her only confirmed his new sense of possession and endeared her to him the more. If he could, he would not have marred the pleasure he felt by making her grateful yet, sweet as that might be in its time. Now it was sweet above all things to keep his knowledge, to have had her unwitting compassion, to hear her pour out her unwitting relief in this wild, gay laugh, while he superiorly permitted it. No recognition of his service could have had the pleasure he received as a lover and as a man from her error.

"I don't understand this thing," said the colonel, through whose dense, masculine intelligence some suspicions of love-making were beginning to pierce. But he dismissed them as absurd, and added, "However, I'm willing to forgive, and you've done the forgetting; and all that I ask now is the pleasure of your company on the spot where Montgomery fell. Fanny'll never believe I've found it unless you go with me," he appealed, finally.

"O, we'll go, by all means," said Mr. Arbuton, unconsciously speaking, as by authority, for both.

They came into busier streets of the Port again, and then passed through the square of the Lower Town Market, with the market-house in the midst, the shops and warehouses on either side, the long row of tented booths with every kind of peasant-wares to sell, and the wide stairway dropping to the river which brought the abundance of the neighboring country to the mart. The whole place was alive with country-folk in carts and citizens on foot. In one place a gayly painted wagon was drawn up in the midst of a group of people to whom a quackish-faced Yankee was hawking, in his own personal French, an American patent-medicine, and making his audience giggle. Because Kitty was amused at this, Mr. Arbuton found it the drollest thing im-

aginable, but saw something yet droller when she made the colonel look at a peasant, standing in one corner beside a basket of fowls, which a woman, coming up to buy, examined as if the provision were some natural curiosity, while a crowd at once gathered round.

"It requires a considerable population to make a bargain, up here," remarked the colonel. "I suppose they turn out the garrison when they sell a beef." For both buyer and seller seemed to take advice of the bystanders, who discussed and inspected the different fowls as if nothing so novel as poultry had yet fallen in their way.

At last the peasant himself took up the fowls and carefully scrutinized them.

"*Those* chickens, it seems, never happened to catch his eye before," interpreted Kitty; and Mr. Arbuton, who was usually very restive during such banter, smiled as if it were the most admirable fooling, or the most precious wisdom, in the world. He made them wait to see the bargain out, and could, apparently, have lingered there forever.

But the colonel had a conscience about Montgomery, and he hurried them away, on past the Queen's Wharf, and down the Cove Road to that point where the scarp and rugged breast of the cliff bears the sign, "Here fell Montgomery," though he really fell, not half-way up the height, but at the foot of it, where stood the battery that forbade his juncture with Arnold at Prescott Gate.

A certain wildness yet possesses the spot: the front of the crag, topped by the high citadel-wall, is so grim, and the few tough evergreens that cling to its clefts are torn and twisted by the winter blasts, and the houses are decrepit with age, showing here and there the scars of the frequent fires that sweep the Lower Town.

It was quite useless: neither the memories of the place nor their setting were sufficient to engage the wayward thoughts of these curiously assorted pilgrims; and the colonel, after some attempts to bring the matter home to himself and the others, was obliged

to abandon Mr. Arbuton to his tender reveries of Kitty, and Kitty to her puzzling over the change in Mr. Arbuton. His complaisance made her uncomfortable and shy of him, it was so strange; it gave her a little shiver, as if he were behaving undignifiedly.

"Well, Kitty," said the colonel, "I reckon Uncle Jack would have made more out of this than we've done. He'd have had their geology out of these rocks, any way."

IX.

MR. ARBUTON'S INFATUATION.

KITTY went as usual to Mrs. Ellison's room after her walk, but she lapsed into a deep abstraction as she sat down beside the sofa.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Mrs. Ellison, after briefly supporting her absent-mindedness.

"Was I smiling?" asked Kitty, beginning to laugh. "I did n't know it."

"What *has* happened so very funny?"

"Why, I don't know whether it's so very funny or not. I believe it is n't funny at all."

"Then what makes you laugh?"

"I don't know. Was I—"

"Now *don't* ask me if you were laughing, Kitty. It's a little too much. You can talk or not, as you choose; but I don't like to be turned into ridicule."

"O Fanny, how can you? I was thinking about something very different. But I don't see how I can tell you, without putting Mr. Arbuton in a ludicrous light, and it is n't quite fair."

"You're very careful of him, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Ellison. "You did n't seem disposed to spare him yesterday so much. I don't understand this conversion."

Kitty responded with a fit of outrageous laughter. "Now I see I must tell you," she said, and rapidly recounted Mr. Arbuton's adventure.

"Why, I never knew anything so cool and brave, Fanny, and I admired

him more than ever I did; but then I *could* n't help seeing the other side of it, you know."

"What other side? I *don't* know."

"Well, you'd have had to laugh yourself, if you'd seen the lordly way he dismissed the poor people who had come running out of their houses to help him, and his stateliness in rewarding that little cooper, and his heroic parting from his cherished overcoat,—which of course he can't replace in Quebec,—and his absent-minded politeness in taking my hand under his arm, and marching off with me so magnificently."

"Kitty, I do believe the witch is in you to-day."

"But the worst thing, Fanny,"—and she bowed herself under a tempest of long-pent mirth, as the grotesque idea grew upon her,— "the worst thing was, that the iron, you know, was the cooper's branding-iron, and I had a vision of the dog carrying about on his nose, as long as he lived, the monogram that marks the cooper's casks as holding a certain number of gallons—"

"Kitty, don't be—sacrilegious!" cried Mrs. Ellison.

"No, I'm not," she retorted, gasping and panting. "I never respected Mr. Arbuton so much, and you say yourself I have n't shown myself so careful of him before. But I never was so glad to see Dick in my life, and to have some excuse for laughing. I did n't dare to speak to Mr. Arbuton about it, for he could n't, if he had tried, have let me laugh it out and be done with it. I trudged demurely along by his side, and neither of us mentioned the matter to Dick," she concluded breathlessly. Then, "I don't know why I should tell you now; it seems wicked and cruel," she said penitently, almost pensively.

Mrs. Ellison had not been amused. She said, "Well, Kitty, in *some* girls I should say it was quite heartless to do as you've done."

"It's heartless in *me*, Fanny; and you need n't say such a thing. I'm sure I did n't utter a syllable to wound

him, and just before that he'd been *very* disagreeable, and I forgave him because I thought he was mortified. And you need n't say that I've no feeling"; and thereupon she rose, and, putting her hands into her cousin's, "Fanny," she cried, vehemently, "I *have* been heartless. I'm afraid I have n't shown any sympathy or consideration. I'm afraid I must have seemed dreadfully callous and hard. What *can* I do?"

"Don't go crazy, at any rate, Kitty. He does n't know that you've been laughing about him. You need n't do anything."

"O yes, I need. He does n't know that I've been laughing about him to you; but, don't you see, I laughed when we met Dick; and what can he think of that?"

"He just thinks you were nervous, I suppose."

"O, do you suppose he does, Fanny? O, I *wish* I could believe that! O, I'm so horribly ashamed of myself! And here yesterday I was criticising him for being unfeeling, and now I've been a thousand times ruder than he has ever been, or ever could be! O dear, dear, dear!"

"Kitty! hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellison; "you run on like a wild thing, and you're driving me distracted, by not being like yourself."

"O, it's very well for *you* to be so calm; but if you did n't know what to do, you would n't."

"Yes, I would; I don't, and I am."

"But what shall I do?" and Kitty plucked away the hands which Fanny had been holding and wrung them. "I'll tell you what I can do," she suddenly added, while a gleam of relief dawned upon her face: "I can bear all his disagreeable ways after this, as long as he stays, and not say anything back. Yes, I'll put up with everything. I'll be as *meeek!* He may patronize me and snub me and put me in the wrong as much as he pleases. He may trample on everything I hold dear. And then he won't be *approaching* my behavior. O Fanny!"

Upon this, Mrs. Ellison said that she was going to give her a good scolding for her nonsense, and pulled her down and kissed her, and said that she had not done anything, and was, nevertheless, consoled at her resolve to expiate her offence by respecting thenceforward all Mr. Arbuton's foibles and prejudices.

It is not certain how far Kitty would have succeeded in her good purposes: these things, so easily conceived, are not of such facile execution; and, fortunately for her, Mr. Arbuton's foibles and prejudices seemed to have fallen into a strange abeyance. The change that had come upon him that day remained; he was still Mr. Arbuton, but with a difference. He could not undo his whole inherited and educated being, and perhaps no chance could deeply affect it without destroying the man. He continued hopelessly superior to Colonel and Mrs. Ellison; but it is not easy to love a woman and not seek, at least before marriage, to please those dear to her. Mr. Arbuton had contested his passion at every advance; he had firmly set his face against the fancy that, at the beginning, invested this girl with a charm; he had only done the things afterwards that mere civilization required; he had suffered torments of doubt concerning her fitness for himself and his place in society; he was not sure yet that her unknown relations were not horribly vulgar people; even yet, he was almost wholly ignorant of the circumstances and conditions of her life. But, nevertheless, he loved her, — hopelessly, irremediably loved her; he saw her forever in the enrapturing light of his darling for her sake, of a self-devotion that had seemed to make her his own; and he behaved toward her now with a lover's self-forgetfulness, — or something like it: say a perfect tolerance, a tender patience, in which it would have been hard to detect the lurking shadow of condescension.

He was fairly domesticated with the family. Mrs. Ellison's hurt, in spite of her many imprudences, was

decidedly better, and sometimes she made a ceremony of being helped down from her room to dinner; but she always had tea beside her sofa, and he with the others drank it there. Few hours of the day passed in which they did not meet in that easy relation which establishes itself among people sojourning in summer idleness under the same roof. In the morning he saw the young girl fresh and glad as any flower of the garden beneath her window, while the sweet abstraction of her maiden dreams yet hovered in her eyes. At night he sat with her beside the lamp whose light, illuming a little world within, shut out the great world outside, and seemed to be the soft effulgence of her presence, as she sewed, or knit, or read, — a heavenly spirit of home. Sometimes he heard her talking with her cousin, or lightly laughing, after he had said good night; once, when he woke, she seemed to be looking out of her window across the moonlight in the Ursulines' Garden while she sang a fragment of song. To meet her on the stairs or in the narrow entries; or to encounter her at the doors, and make way for her to pass with a jest and blush and flutter; to sit down at table with her three times a day, — was a potent witchery. There was a rapture in her shawl flung over the back of her chair; her gloves, lying light as fallen leaves on the table, and keeping the shape of her hands, were full of winning character; and all the more unaccountably they touched his heart because they had a certain careless, sweet shabbiness about the finger-tips.

He found himself hanging upon her desultory talk with Fanny about the set of things and the agreement of colors. There was always more or less of this talk going on, whatever the main topic was, for continual question arose in the minds of one or other lady concerning those adaptations of Mrs. Ellison's finery to the exigencies of Kitty's daily life. They pleased their innocent hearts with the secrecy of the affair, which, in the concealments it required, the sudden difficulties it

presented, and the guiltless equivocations it inspired, had the excitement of intrigue. Nothing could have been more to the mind of Mrs. Ellison than to deck Kitty for this perpetual masquerade; and, since the things were very pretty, and Kitty was a girl in every motion of her being, I do not see how anything could have delighted her more than to wear them. Their talk effervesced with the delicious consciousness that he could not dream of what was going on, and bubbled over with mysterious jests and laughter, which sometimes he feared to be at his expense, and so joined in, and made them laugh the more at his misconception. He went and came among them at will; he had but to tap at Mrs. Ellison's door, and some voice of unaffected cordiality, — the invalid's, or the colonel's, or Kitty's, — welcomed him in; he had but to ask, and she was frankly ready for any of those strolls about Quebec in which most of their waking hours were dreamed away.

The gray Lady of the North cast her spell about them, — the freshness of her mornings, the still heat of her mid-days, the slant, pensive radiance of her afternoons, and the pale splendor of her auroral nights. Never was city so faithfully explored; never did city so abound in objects of interest; for Kitty's love of the place was boundless, and his love of her was inevitable friendship with this adoptive patriotism.

"I did n't suppose you Western people cared for these things," he once said; "I thought your minds were set on things new and square."

"But how could you think so?" replied Kitty, tolerantly. "It's because we have so many new and square things that we like the old, crooked ones. I do believe I should enjoy Europe even better than you. There's a forsaken farmhouse near Eriecreek, dropping to pieces amongst its wild-grown sweetbriars and quince-bushes, that I used to think a wonder of antiquity because it was built in 1815. Can't you imagine how I must feel in

a city like this, that was founded nearly three centuries ago, and has suffered so many sieges and captures, and looks like pictures of those beautiful old towns I can never see?"

"O, perhaps you will see them some day!" he said, touched by her fervor.

"I don't ask it at present: Quebec's enough. I'm in love with the place. I wish I never had to leave it. There is n't a crook, or a turn, or a tin-roof, or a dormer-window, or a gray stone in it that is n't precious."

Mr. Arbuton laughed. "Well, you shall be sovereign lady of Quebec for me. Shall we have the English garrison turned out?"

"No; not unless you can bring back Montcalm's men to take their places."

All this might be as they sauntered out of one of the city gates, and strayed through the Lower Town till they should chance upon some poor, bare-interiored church, with a few humble worshippers adoring their Saint, with his lamps alight before his picture; or as they passed some high convent-wall, and caught the strange, metallic clang of the nuns' voices singing their hymns within. Sometimes they whiled away the hours on the Esplanade, breathing its pensive sentiment of neglect and incipient decay, and pacing up and down over the turf athwart the slim shadows of the poplars; or, with comfortable indifference to the local observances, sat in talk on the carriage of one of the burly, uncared-for guns, while the spider wove his web across the mortar's mouth, and the grass nodded above the tumbled pyramids of shot, and the children raced up and down, and the nursery-maids were wooed of the dapper sergeants, and the red-coated sentry loitered lazily to and fro before his box. On the days of the music, they listened to the band in the Governor's Garden, and watched the fine world of the old capital in flirtation with the blond-whiskered officers; and on pleasant nights they mingled with the citizen throng that filled the Dur-

ham Terrace, while the river shaped itself in the lights of its shipping, and the Lower Town, with its lamps, lay, like a nether firmament, two hundred feet below them, and Point Levis glittered and sparkled on the thither shore, and in the northern sky the aurora throbbled in swift pulsations of violet and crimson. They liked to climb the Break-Neck Steps at Prescott Gate, dropping from the Upper to the Lower Town, which reminded Mr. Arbuton of Naples and Trieste, and took Kitty with the unassociated picturesqueness of their odd shops and taverns, and their lofty windows green with house-plants.

They would stop and look up at the geraniums and fuchsias, and fall a thinking of far different things, and the friendly, unbusy people would come to their doors and look up with them. They recognized the handsome, blond young man, and the pretty, gray-eyed girl; for people in Quebec have time to note strangers who linger there, and Kitty and Mr. Arbuton had come to be well-known figures, different from the fleeting tourists on their rounds; and, indeed, as sojourners they themselves perceived their poetic distinction from mere birds of passage.

Indoors they resorted much to the little entry-window looking out on the Ursulines' Garden. Two chairs stood confronted there, and it was hard for either of the young people to pass them without sinking a moment into one of them, and this appeared always to charm another presence into the opposite chair. There they often lingered in the soft forenoons, talking in desultory phrase of things far and near, or watching, in long silences, the nuns pacing up and down in the garden below, and waiting for the pensive, slender nun, and the stout, jolly nun whom Kitty had adopted, and whom she had gayly interpreted to him as an allegory of Life in their quaint inseparableness; and they played that the influence of one or other nun was in the ascendant, according as their own talk was gay or sad. In their relation,

people are not so different from children; they like the same thing over and over again; they like it the better the less it is in itself.

At times Kitty would come with a book in her hand (one finger shut in to keep the place), — some latest novel, or a pirated edition of Longfellow, recently purchased at a Quebec bookstore; and then Mr. Arbuton must ask to see it; and he read romance or poetry to her by the hour. He showed to as much advantage as most men do in the serious follies of wooing; and an influence which he could not defy, or would not, shaped him to all the sweet, absurd demands of the affair. From time to time, recollecting himself, and trying to look consequences in the face, he gently turned the talk upon Erie-creek, and endeavored to possess himself of some intelligible image of the

place, and of Kitty's home and friends. Even then, the present was so fair and full of content, that his thoughts, when they reverted to the future, no longer met the obstacles that had made him recoil from it before. Whatever her past had been, he could find some way to weaken the ties that bound her to it; a year or two of Europe would leave no trace of Erie-creek; without effort of his, her life would adapt itself to his own, and cease to be part of the lives of those people there; again and again his amiable imaginations — they were scarcely intents — accomplished themselves in many a swift, fugitive revery, while the days went by, and the shadow of the ivy in the window at which they sat fell, in moonlight and sunlight, upon Kitty's cheeks, and the fuchsia kissed her hair with its purple and crimson blossom.

W. D. Howells.

MADRIGAL.

EVERY robin-redbreast takes himself a mate!
 Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait
 Till the lily-footed spring glides out at summer's gate."
 So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day:
 O, my treasure! O, my pleasure! Canst thou say me nay?

Birds' songs and birds' nests and green boughs together,
 All gone: love alone laughs at bitter weather.
 Summer days or winter days; little recks Love whether;
 If so be that Love have his own, his darling way.
 Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay?

In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight,
 Low down and deep down and world-forgotten quite.
 But do you think the Wind forgets that she was sweet and white?
 Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray!
 O, my cruel! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?

The sun stole to a red rose and wiled her leaves apart:
 May dew and June air had wooed her at the start;
 But was 't not fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart?
 Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say:
 Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

Howard Glyndon.

THOMAS CLARKSON AND NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS somewhat precocious in my literary pretensions. My father's habit, during my early youth, was to move from the country, for the three winter months, into that garden-surrounded cottage in the heart of our village where he and my mother had spent some of their earliest married days; I think he did so that his work-people and he might become better acquainted. One of these removes gave rise to my first effort in authorship. I still remember its pathetic exordium:—

“Farewell, Braxfield, — a long farewell to all thy beauties! No longer shall our jocund footsteps trace thy winding walks, nor our joyous voices sound through thy delightful groves. We now bid adieu to thee” — And a good deal more in the *Araminta-Sophonisba* vein.

Neither my father nor my mother was critical in literary matters, and my aunts, who were living with us, were blinded by partiality. The result was to lay the foundation, in the boy of eleven unduly commended for a trivial rhapsody, of a false estimate of his own abilities; which, similarly fed, grew for years, and required many years more to chasten it.

About this time — the great struggle with Napoleon being then at its height — several French officers, prisoners of war on parole, were quartered in the old town of Lanark. From one of these, Monsieur Levasseur, a handsome young fellow, my brother William and I had our first lessons in French; and my father, now and then, invited him to our table, with a result, no doubt, little expected. I observed that Monsieur gradually became more spruce and showy in his dress and appointments, carrying a gold (?)-headed cane; and that from his dark, sleek, carefully brushed and curled hair came the odor of some perfumed oil. On

Christmas eve he handed me, with a flourish, a letter addressed to my Aunt Mary. It was not closed, and he told me I might read it, which of course I did. It began by saying that, at this season of *fêtes*, when cherished friends were invoking blessings on those who were well beloved, the heart had pushed him to imitate that mode, and to offer her his profound congratulations. Then it ran off into various sentimental effusions which were not very intelligible to me, — making no direct offer of marriage, but speaking (in very touching terms, I thought) about “the solace, very soft, of the friendship of heart, and the charms inexpressible of the life domestic.” That seemed to me all right, and I duly delivered the missive. Great was my surprise at the effect it produced!

My Aunt Mary, who is still living, was then about twenty-one years old; a belle, rather tall and pretty, a good musician and a graceful dancer; stylish, too, having returned a year or two before from a fashionable boarding-school. Her three sisters and herself, all unmarried and considered very good matches, made our house their home.

She and her elder sister, Jane, a little beauty with a charming figure, had both had sundry very eligible offers of marriage, among others from officers of rank in the British Army; and, as they had rejected these, it may be imagined with what feelings the rich belle perused the overtures of an obscure foreigner, of whom nothing was known except that he had held a lieutenant's commission in an enemy's ranks.

“Just to think of it!” she exclaimed; “as if I had ever given the man the least little scrap of encouragement! He must be downright crazy.” Then to me: “It was very wrong of you indeed, Robert, to bring me any such letter as that.”

"Why, how could I tell, Aunt, whether you would like it or not? It's very polite."

"Like it! polite! The most impudent—" There she checked herself, remembering no doubt that he was my teacher; then enclosed the tabooed letter in a blank envelope, and bade me return it to the writer the very first opportunity.

"And what shall I say to him, Aunt Mary?"

"That if he ever repeats the offence—no, say nothing, except that I have forbidden you ever to receive such a letter again."

I was very sorry for poor Monsieur, who wore for a week the air of a martyr, and went to no further expense, I think, for sweet-scented oil.

My father was informed by his sister-in-law of this piece of presumption, for which she wished the Frenchman to be dismissed at once. But taking pity, probably, on the poor fellow, he continued him as our teacher so long as the war lasted. I was glad of this, for he was very good-natured, and I made progress under his tuition, especially during long walks with him, when only French was spoken. But I observed that he did not appear at our dinner-table again,—a concession, I imagine, to the offended dignity of my sensitive aunt.

We had many interesting visitors at Braxfield, some of whom remained with us for a day or two; among them one of the Edgeworths, brother of that Maria to whose labors for young people we children were indebted for so much pleasure. He was a bright, cheery youth, who sank considerably in my father's estimation by preferring, to long disquisitions with him on the formation of character, a good romp with us. Of course, we thought him charming, especially when he propounded sundry games, among them the composition of impromptu verses on some given theme. My verses, unfortunately for my humility, were voted the best. I took to writing ballads, and there is no saying how far the

poetic frenzy might have carried me had I not perused soon after *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—the finest poem, I think, Scott ever wrote. At that time, too, were just appearing Byron's best works: first, *Childe Harold*, then the *Giaour*, and the *Corsair*. I was fascinated by their fiery power, and thoroughly convinced that my vocation was not that of a poet.

Other works, of a very different character, fell into my hands about this time. Sir Charles Grandison, despite its stately formality, did me good. I think its tone of old-fashioned, homely chivalry has a healthy influence on young people. *Paradise Lost* had great attractions, but tended much to confuse my Biblical lore. As has doubtless happened to others, it was not till many years afterwards that I learned to distinguish between Milton's apocryphal story and the orthodox Bible narrative. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, too, which I read over and over again, further entangled my theological ideas. Christian's journey and adventures won my belief as fully as those of the Israelites, led by Moses toward the promised land.

These were works which the children of a former century had read and pondered. But my boyhood was at a period when a branch of literature, till then underrated, and indeed little worth, suddenly assumed new character and proportions. One by one, the marvellous productions of the prince of novelists startled and charmed the British public. *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Ivanhoe*, and all the rest,—what sunny memories, what hours of rapt enjoyment, do the very titles still call up!

But events were approaching that were to leave a deeper impress on my character than books, whether of fancy or of graver tone. I was a strong, hearty boy, fond of all rough sports, a very fair rider, following the fox-hounds on a clever dun pony in a manner that called forth commendation from my companions. The young country gentry of that day, in the heart of Scot-

land, were a good-natured, rollicking set, given to violation of the Third Commandment and quite willing to risk their necks any day at a five-bar gate.

One instance of profanity, I remember, greatly scandalized me, brought up as I had been to venerate ministers of the Gospel. I was sitting on my impatient pony, one gray morning, next to a jolly, well-mounted curate who had just joined the hunt. The hounds had been turned into a dense copse, and we were in momentary expectation of the signal announcing that Reynard had got away before the dogs, when a horseman, riding up, told us that "the stupid animal had suffered himself to be killed only a few yards from where he was unearthed."

"D—n the creature!" broke forth my clerical neighbor; "God d—n such a fox!" Adding, perhaps in reply to my look of astonishment, "And that's a good deal for a clergyman to say."

After a time we came upon another, more satisfactory specimen of the vulpine race, who got a fair start before the hounds, and we followed him under full cry. Over a field or two, where the fences were low, I kept up with a young officer mounted on a beautiful hunter, nearly thorough-bred. Finally, there presented itself before us an enclosure of a formidable character, flanked by a double ditch; between the two ditches a mound, on which was a light fence with stakes and rail,—the whole upwards of five feet high, and the stretch, from outside to outside of the ditches, a good fourteen or fifteen feet. They say that a thoroughly trained Irish hunter will light, like a cat, sideways on the summit of such a mound, and then, with a second bound, clear the farther ditch. But I never witnessed such an exploit, and our horses were incapable of performing it. I pulled up, of course; but my military companion, after a good look at what awaited him, patted his horse on the neck with the words, "O, Jamie, lad, we're going to get a deevil of a tumble," and put him unhesitat-

ingly at the leap. The spirited animal cleared it handsomely with his fore-feet; but one hind foot caught in the top rail, and horse and man rolled into the farther ditch. I held my breath, fearing that the rider was killed; but he was up again in a few seconds smirched, indeed, from head to foot with the contents of the mud-puddle, but evidently unhurt; for he sprang as lightly into the saddle as if nothing had happened, and was off at a gallop before I recovered from my surprise.

I rode ignominiously round by a farm-gate and was completely thrown out, while the young dare-devil came in triumphantly, first at the death.

But for me all such sports were soon to end. When about twelve years old I had the measles; and, though I recovered easily, I had afterwards, from undue exposure I believe, a terrible relapse, resulting in high and unmanageable fever and some sort of inflammation of the chest. They gave me foxglove and other powerful medicines, and applied, on breast and stomach, a large Spanish-fly blister, which was kept open for a week. Every day during that week, as I was afterwards told, my death was expected; during a month I continued in great danger, and for six months more I was confined to the house.

By this illness my nervous system was completely unstrung; indeed, prostrated to such degree that the slightest noise, even an abrupt word or the unexpected opening of a door, caused me to start with terror. Some one had to remain constantly in the room; for I could not endure to be left alone, even for a moment. So abnormal was the condition of my nerves of touch, that the sheets of my bed seemed to me thicker than sail-cloth, and the blankets like inch-boards. Then, too, I had a constantly repeated sensation of sinking down, down, as to the centre of the earth; and the slightest unforeseen incident, pleasant or unpleasant, moved me to tears. I remember that the doctor ordered my head to be shaved, and that a wig was bought for me; but the

sight of it and the idea of the head-shaving threw me into such a paroxysm of grief, that it was abandoned and the matter compounded by having my hair cut short.

These symptoms subsided very gradually, lingering after the first half-year had past and I had been at last permitted once more to mount Donald — that was my pony's name — and enjoy a short ride daily. A full year elapsed before I was able to part with any intimate friend, even for a few days, with equanimity, or to read aloud any touching episode in history, — the death of Queen Mary of Scotland, for example.

My father and mother were very considerate, never adverting to this nervous weakness. I was terribly ashamed of it, but it was no more under my control than were the beats of my pulse. I did not regain reasonable command of my sensations till college-life, with regular gymnastic training, brought hardening influence. Then I gradually got rid of all mere physical nervous debility, so that throughout life my equanimity has not been easily disturbed by sudden danger nor unduly excited by partisan abuse; and even to this day I can carry a full cup or strike a billiard-ball as steadily as I could fifty years ago. The mental effects, however, of that sickness, carrying me to the verge of death, have never been wholly removed. Since then my emotions seem to lie nearer the surface than formerly; to be more readily called forth by pity, by admiration, by love. I have continued to be more quickly excited by wrong to indignation, and more easily moved to tears. But though my emotional nature was thus intensified by the ordeal through which it passed, the change did not involve any tendency to nervous anxiety or to undue thought for the morrow, — still less to any dark forebodings as to the future. So little have I been prone to expect that things would turn out ill, that I have to set a constant watch on a disposition to careless incaution.

Many of our friends said, and I think my parents believed, that my chance

of attaining manhood was doubtful. But let those who find themselves, in youth, as nigh unto death and as wearied waiters for convalescence as I, take heart. From that time to the present I have not had what might be called a serious illness; and, at this day, I am free from the infirmities — even from the usual ailments — of age.

Before I finally recovered, however, I was overtaken by a serious affection of the eyes, the balls becoming blood-shot and the lids inflamed. The usual prescriptions by an oculist proving ineffectual, my mother, somewhat alarmed, decided to try the effect of sea-bathing, renting two rooms for my brother William and myself, in Porto Bello, the seaport of Edinburgh, where our windows looked out on the beautiful Frith of Forth. There we were put in charge of a kind, motherly old lady, with whom instructions were left that, so we kept within reasonable bounds, we might order what we pleased for dinner.

The first day, after mature deliberation, we concluded that there was nothing in the way of delicacies superior to mashed potatoes browned before the fire, and apple-pie; so we decided on that bill of fare. The second day, failing to hit upon anything else as good, and seeing no reason why we should have anything short of the best, we renewed the order; and so on for several days in succession, much to the amazement of our good hostess. It was not until the sixth day, I think, that it occurred to us that the *toujours-perdrix* plan did not work quite satisfactorily, and that we should like pie and potatoes better if we tried something else for a few days.

Three or four months of relaxation, most agreeably spent, sufficed to effect a radical cure; and here, again, it may comfort others similarly afflicted to learn that my eyes have never troubled me since; and that — though now on what is called the wrong side of seventy, but what I think ought to be called the *right* side, as being nearer home — my

sight, at a distance, is nearly as good as it ever was, and spectacles are less necessary than they were twenty years ago; for I can read fair-sized type by daylight without them.

When I returned to Braxfield, my father, rightly judging that further suspension of regular study and change of scene were needed to confirm my health, took me with him, in the summer of 1815, on a journey throughout England and Scotland, which he made for the purpose of collecting evidence touching the condition of children employed in the cotton, woollen, linen, and silk factories of the kingdom.

At a meeting which he had previously held at the Tontine, Glasgow, he had introduced two resolutions recommending petitions to Parliament,—one for the remission of the duty on imported cotton; the other for the protection of factory children from labor beyond their strength. The first passed unanimously; the second was lost by an overwhelming majority. Thereupon my father determined to agitate the matter himself.

As a preliminary measure we visited all the chief factories in Great Britain. The facts we collected seemed to me terrible almost beyond belief. Not in exceptional cases, but as a general rule, we found children of *ten years old worked regularly fourteen hours a day*, with but half an hour's interval for the midday meal, which was eaten in the factory. In the fine-yarn cotton mills (producing from a hundred and twenty to three hundred hanks to the pound), they were subjected to this labor in a temperature usually exceeding seventy-five degrees; and in all the cotton factories they breathed an atmosphere more or less injurious to the lungs, because of the dust and minute cotton fibres that pervaded it.

In some cases we found that greed of gain had impelled the mill-owners to still greater extremes of inhumanity, utterly disgraceful, indeed, to a civilized nation. Their mills were run fifteen and, in exceptional cases, *sixteen* hours a day with a single set of hands; and they did not scruple to employ children

of both sexes from the age of eight. We actually found a considerable number under that age.

It need not be said that such a system could not be maintained without corporal punishment. Most of the overseers openly carried stout leather thongs, and we frequently saw even the youngest children severely beaten.

We sought out the surgeons who were in the habit of attending these children, noting their names and the facts to which they testified. Their stories haunted my dreams. In some large factories from one fourth to one fifth of the children were either cripples or otherwise deformed, or permanently injured by excessive toil, sometimes by brutal abuse. The younger children seldom held out more than three or four years without severe illness, often ending in death.

When we expressed surprise that parents should voluntarily condemn their sons and daughters to slavery so intolerable, the explanation seemed to be that many of the fathers were out of work themselves, and so were, in a measure, driven to the sacrifice for lack of bread; while others, imbruted by intemperance, saw with indifference an abuse of the infant faculties compared to which the infanticide of China may almost be termed humane.

In London my father laid before several members of Parliament the mass of evidence he had collected, and a bill which he had prepared forbidding the employment in factories of child-workers under twelve years of age, and fixing the hours they might be employed at ten a day. Finally he obtained from the elder Sir Robert Peel (father of the well-known Prime Minister, and then between sixty and seventy years old) a promise to introduce this humane measure into the House of Commons. Sir Robert, then one of the richest cotton-spinners in the kingdom and a member of twenty-five years' standing, possessed considerable influence. Had he exerted it heartily, I think (and my father thought) that the measure might have been carried the

first session. But, in several interviews with him to which I accompanied my father, even my inexperience detected a slackness of purpose and an indisposition to offend his fellow-manufacturers, who were almost all violently opposed to the measure. I think it probable that his hesitation was mainly due to a consciousness that it ill became him to denounce cruelties in causing which he had himself had a prominent share. The bill dragged through the House for four sessions; and when passed at last, it was in a mutilated and comparatively valueless form.

Pending its discussion I frequently attended with my father the sessions of a committee of the House appointed to collect evidence and report on the condition of factory children. He was a chief witness, and one day had to stand (and did stand unmoved) a bitter cross-examination by Sir George Philips, a "cotton lord," as the millionnaires among mill-owners were then popularly called. This oppressor of childhood questioned my father as to his religious opinions, and other personal matters equally irrelevant, in a tone so insolent, that, to my utter shame, I could not repress my tears. They were arrested, however, when Lord Brougham (then plain Henry) called the offender to order, and after commenting, in terms that were caustic to my heart's content, on the impertinent character of Sir George's cross-examination, moved that it be expunged from the records of the committee, — a motion which was carried without a dissenting voice.

Throughout the four years during which this reformatory measure was in progress, my father (in truth the soul of the movement) was unremitting in his endeavors to bring the evidence he had obtained before the public. The periodical press aided him in this; and I remember that one touching story, in particular, had a wide circulation. It came out in evidence given before the committee by an assistant overseer of the poor. He was called upon to relieve a father out of employment, and

found his only child, a factory girl quite ill; and he testifies further as follows: "Some time after, the father came to me with tears in his eyes. 'What's the matter, Thomas?' I asked. He said, 'My little girl is gone; she died in the night; and what breaks my heart is this, — though she was not able to do her work, I had to let her go to the mill yesterday morning. She promised to pay a little boy a half-penny on Saturday, if he would help her so she could rest a little. I told her he should have a penny.' At night the child could not walk home, fell several times by the way, and had to be carried at last to her father's house by her companions. She never spoke intelligibly afterwards. She was ten years old."

Some poet of that day — true poets are the best friends of the Right — versified this incident: —

"THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

"T was on a winter morning,
The weather wet and mild,
Two hours before the dawning
The father roused his child:
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried: 'The bell is ringing:
My hapless darling, haste!'

" 'Dear father, I'm so weary!
I scarce can reach the door;
And long the way and dreary;
O, carry me once more!
Her wasted form seems nothing;
The load is on his heart:
He soothes the little sufferer,
Till at the mill they part.

"The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept:
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her when she wept.
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke:
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

"She thought how her dead mother
Blessed her, with latest breath,
And of her little brother,
Worked down, like her, to death:
Then told a tiny neighbor
A half-penny she'd pay
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she lay.

"The sun had long descended
Ere she sought that repose:

Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
Then home ! but oft she tarried ;
She fell, and rose no more ;
By pitying comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

" At night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his sleepless child :
Though close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smil'd.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried :
Up from her straw-bed springing,
' It's time ! ' she shrieked, and died !

" That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay :
The daughters of her master
An evening-visit pay.
Their tender hearts were sighing,
As negroes' wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying
Who gained their father's gold."

While in London I became acquainted with another reformer, as zealous and persevering in his way as my father. It happened thus.

I had a standing invitation from William Allen — the same who refused me a second supply of roast-beef — to dine or sup with him any time I happened to be in the city. Entering Plough Court late one afternoon I met him, equipped for a journey, and he greeted me joyfully.

" Ah, Robert, thee comes just in time. Friend Thomas Clarkson will be here to take supper and spend the night. I am going into the country and cannot return till to-morrow. So thee must stay here to-night and take my place. Thee knows what a firm friend Thomas has been to the good cause."

I was overjoyed, and I told him so. Just before leaving Braxfield I had read Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade, and had there inspected the famous print of the plan and sections of a slave-ship with its four hundred and fifty victims packed in like so many herrings, — a print which the antislavery committee had got up, I think in 1790. No pamphlet or book or speech was ever so eloquent as that mute appeal. I recollect laying down the print and pacing the floor with mingled feelings of horror and of burning indignation. From that day forth I

had regarded Clarkson with a sentiment akin to hero-worship.

But his genial manner soon put me at my ease. Alone with him after tea, I plied him with eager questions. He must have been gratified by the enthusiasm shown by a youth not yet fifteen ; for we sat together from seven or eight until one or two in the morning ; and he gave me, in minute detail, many particulars of the great struggle which had terminated triumphantly eight years before. To me they were of absorbing interest, and I remember to this day much that he said.

Clarkson, then fifty-five years old, had written, thirty years before (when senior bachelor in St. John's College, Cambridge), a successful essay on the question, " Is involuntary slavery justifiable ? " That essay determined the entire course of his life. He spent twenty years in gathering, arranging, and disseminating the sickening mass of facts that marked the character of the slave-trade.

He told me that, during the early portion of that period, there were many days during which he collected evidence so replete with horrors and atrocities that he returned home, in the evening, with a burning sensation in his head which rendered sleep impossible, until he had applied for hours bandages soaked in coldest water to forehead and temples, so as to allay the fever of the brain.

But what chiefly lives in my recollection is the graphic account he gave me of an interview which, after several years thus spent, he obtained, through the influence of Wilberforce, with William Pitt, then Prime Minister.

With the directness of a master-mind that great man plunged into the subject at once. " I know that you have bestowed much study on this matter, Mr. Clarkson," he said ; " but I want details. Can you give them ? "

" Yes, if you will allow your secretary to bring in some books which I left in the antechamber."

Four or five ponderous folios, labelled respectively Day Book, Journal, and

Ledger, were produced. Pitt mentioned the name of some well-known slaver (the ship Brooks, I think it was), and asked, "Do you know anything about her?"

"Yes; do you wish to see an account of her last voyage?"

Pitt assenting, Clarkson, after referring to the index of one of his journals labelled "Slave-Voyages," handed the volume, open at the narrative demanded, to the minister, who read it with the closest attention; then asked, "Do you know the names of the officers and sailors who were shipped for this voyage?"

"Here they are," — opening one of the ledgers at a page headed, "The Ship Brooks."

"Ah! did you take the testimony of any of these sailors?"

"I did, of this one," — pointing to his name; "and here it is," — opening the ledger at another page, headed with the man's name.

Pitt read his testimony from the first word to the last. "Any other?" he then asked.

Clarkson gave him three or four more to read, which he perused with the same care, then added, "The surgeon; did you examine him?"

"Here is his testimony."

The minister ran it over, taking notes as he did so. "An important witness that, Mr. Clarkson. Can you tell where he is to be found?"

"Just at present he is at sea; but the Brooks will be in during the summer, and then his address will be —" giving it.

"Can the sailor witnesses be procured if they are wanted?"

"Next summer they can easily be found." And Clarkson, having copied from a ledger the names of the boarding-houses in Liverpool which each respectively frequented when on shore, handed them to the minister.

"Any more vessels?" asked Mr. Pitt.

"Twenty or thirty more, if you have time to examine the testimony regarding them."

"I shall *make* time. It is a very important inquiry."

This rapid cross-examination, Clarkson told me, lasted three or four hours, during which, he said, Mr. Pitt must have looked over attentively not less than a hundred pages of manuscript. To every question put, Clarkson had a satisfactory answer ready. When the slave-voyages had occurred years before, and some of the sailors could not be produced, it was stated what had become of them, whether by death, discharge, or desertion. Pains had even been taken, in every case, to record the former abode or service of each, together with the time of his entry, copied from the books of the vessel.

The effect produced on the Prime Minister, during this memorable interview, exceeded, Clarkson said, his most sanguine anticipations.

When Pitt had glanced over the last page submitted to him, he closed the book and said: "That will do. I doubted whether the slave-trade was the iniquitous traffic which many good men have represented it to be. You have removed these doubts, Mr. Clarkson; and I thank you for the wonderful pains you have taken and the facts you have brought before me. You may depend upon whatever I can do, upon all the personal influence I can exert, to further your wishes. I may not be able," — he hesitated a moment, — "there are circumstances that are likely to prevent this being made a Cabinet question. But nothing shall prevent me from expressing, so far as I can benefit the cause by doing so, my individual opinion on this subject. Come to me whenever you have anything important to communicate, without ceremony or previous appointment. I shall give instructions that, unless I am very specially engaged, you be admitted at once. Any papers you want I will order. Perhaps I may communicate with some of our Continental neighbors on the subject. Can I do anything more for you?"

Clarkson begged to be allowed to lay before him some African produc-

tions; and they were brought from the next room. They included native manufactures of cotton, leather, gold, and iron. Pitt examined them with interest, and spoke with emotion.

"I fear that we have underrated these people, Mr. Clarkson. We owe them a debt for the miseries we have aided to bring upon them. It would be worthy of England to bestir herself for the civilization of Africa."

Then, after sitting silent for some time, — much moved, Clarkson thought, — he dismissed him with a few brief words of kindness and encouragement.

Doubts have been cast on Pitt's sincerity in this matter. I know that Lord Brougham was incredulous as to his earnest desire for abolition. But Clarkson told me that he regarded him as a firm friend of the African to the last. The above interview took place in 1788; and before the close of that year Pitt caused to be made to the French government a communication in which he urged a union of the two countries to abolish the slave-trade. But the answer from France was unfavorable; and as the correspondence was not made public at the time, few persons knew that it had taken place. Pitt kept his word, also, to Mr. Clarkson, — giving him access at all times, and furnishing him with many important documents which could only be had by a government order.

"He was true to the cause," Clarkson said to me, "from the early years of our great struggle till his death in 1806. He did not live to see the Abolition Bill passed; yet had it not been for his assistance at critical moments, we might not have succeeded in passing it even to this day. Fox, when that bill was on its passage, did him full justice on that score."

The circumstances alluded to by Pitt as likely to cramp his action were, Clarkson informed me, the course taken by three of the most influential members of his Cabinet, — Lord Chancellor Thurlow, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Dundas, — who remained persistent in resisting abolition.

As late as 1799, during a debate in the Lords on a bill to terminate the trade, Thurlow declared that slavery was sanctioned by Scripture, adding, "The bill is altogether miserable and contemptible."* With such comrades and with his powers taxed to the uttermost in that terrible struggle with Napoleon during which England herself was threatened with invasion, it is little wonder that Pitt scrupled to adopt an extreme policy which might have broken up the Cabinet.

Perhaps that evening with Clarkson was the most important I ever passed. Its lesson, never forgotten, influenced my action during a long public life. I bore in mind that declamation, eloquence even, avails little in a practical way, without a basis of fact carefully prepared and consolidated; for what amount of empty brilliancy would have converted Pitt? I never brought forward a measure of any importance, either in the Indiana Legislature or in Congress, without first seeking out and systematizing, not only the facts which I proposed to use in opening debate, but all others which, in the course of the discussion, my opponents were likely to employ. It is chiefly, I think, to this habit that I owe what success I may have had as a member of deliberative bodies. As an author, also, my rule has been the same. I owe a great debt to Thomas Clarkson.

On my return, soon afterwards, to Braxfield, my time, aside from private lessons in the languages, was chiefly spent in our day and evening schools, where I gave occasional lectures to the older classes. Nor was the instruction afforded to these factory children restricted to the school-house. I remember taking several classes of the more advanced scholars to see a large collection of wild animals in a menagerie which was exhibited, for a few days, in the old town of Lanark. This incident is stamped on my recollection the more because of what might easily have proved a fatal accident which oc-

* Lives of the Lord Chancellors, by Lord Campbell. London, 1868. Vol. VII. p. 233.

curred on that occasion. Among the beasts were two lions, a male and a female, and a lion's cub a few months old. This cub, which was already heavier and stronger than the largest Newfoundland dog, was in a separate cage; and one of the keepers, entering with a whip, ordered it about like a dog, and chastised it when it disobeyed. The children, of course, were delighted, and crowded close up, "to see the fun." But their cheer was soon changed. A blow struck by the keeper caused the young brute to back against the front bars of his cage. These, being insecurely fastened, gave way, and the whelp was precipitated into the midst of the children. At first he seemed almost as much frightened as they; but, recovering himself, he turned and sprang upon a little girl ten years old, named Mary Morrison, his teeth just grazing the back of her head. Meanwhile, however, the "lion-tamer," as he was called in the bills, sprang from the cage after the fugitive and struck him sharply with his whip, causing him to relinquish his hold of the terrified girl; while another secured the animal by throwing a noose over his neck. Luckily they were both brave and powerful men; and they picked up the creature, threw him back into his cage, and secured the bars, without further accident.

My father sought to make education as practical as possible. The girls were taught sewing and knitting, and both sexes, in the upper classes, besides geography and natural history, had simple lessons in drawing. Yet it was not the graver studies that chiefly interested and pleased our numerous visitors: the dancing and music lessons formed the chief attraction. The juvenile performers were dressed alike, all in tartan, the boys wearing the Highland kilt and hose. Carefully instructed in the dances then in vogue, as a lesson, not as a performance, they went through their reels and quadrilles with an ease and grace that would not have shamed a fashionable ball-room, coupled with a simplicity and unconscious-

ness natural to children when they are not spoiled, but which in higher circles is often sadly lacking.

The class for vocal music numbered, at one time, a hundred and fifty; and under a well-qualified teacher they made wonderful progress. I selected, and had printed for them, on a succession of pasteboard sheets, a collection of simple airs, chiefly national Scottish melodies, which they rendered with a homely pathos scarcely attainable, perhaps, except by those who are "to the manner born."

Another feature in our schools which proved very popular with visitors was the military training of the older children. Drilled by a superannuated soldier whom my father had hired for the purpose, and preceded by a boy-band of a drum or two and four or five fifes, they made a very creditable appearance.

All this, unprecedented then in any spinning village, or indeed in any free public school throughout the kingdom, gradually drew crowds of travellers as witnesses. I have seen as many as seventy persons in the building at one time. The number of names recorded in our Visitors' Book, from the year 1815 to 1825, the year in which my father bought the village and lands of New Harmony, and sold out of the New Lanark concern, was nearly twenty thousand.

There came, not only nobility and gentry from every part of Great Britain, but also many foreigners of rank from the Continent. Among these last the most notable was a nobleman who, nine years afterwards, became the most powerful emperor in the world.

It was in 1816 that Nicholas, Grand Duke of Russia, then on a tour through Great Britain, visited Glasgow. There he received and accepted an invitation from my father; and he and the officers of his suite, to the number of eight or ten, spent two days with us at Braxfield. He was then twenty years old; fully six feet high; and, in face and figure, I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen. His manner, in those

days, was simple and courteous; and the dignity which marked it at times had not yet degenerated, as it is said afterwards to have done, into haughtiness.

My French tutor, in anticipation of this visit, had been drilling me in matters of etiquette. "Your Imperial Highness," he bade me bear in mind, was the only proper mode of address. I must be sure not to say *you*, and the "Imperial" was imperative, — *de rigueur*, as he phrased it, not to be replaced by *milord* or any other common title. He would have me try it, in conversation with himself; but it did not come "trippingly on the tongue," as Hamlet required, and Monsieur Levasseur prophesied a failure.

My father, I could see, waited his guest's arrival with a little touch of nervousness. Somewhat inconsiderately, I think, he had instructed the village band to meet the Duke's carriage and escort it the last mile or two. I judged from some remarks made by a member of his suite, and not intended for my ear, that the delay and the indifferent music annoyed the Duke; but he was too well-bred to show it, causing fifty dollars to be handed to the band-leader.

The Duke's physician, a Scotchman named Sir Alexander Creighton, interpreted between his royal patient and my father, who spoke English only. A great relief it was to me, who had feared to be called upon in a similar capacity. And, as a listener, I was soon set at ease on another point. I observed that the officers of the Duke's suite, in addressing their master, ignored the "Imperial"; said *you*, as to other people, and used no title except *Monseigneur*. Greatly relieved in mind, I concluded that Monsieur Levasseur was not *au fait* in regard to court etiquette; and when the Duke addressed me in French, I replied without embarrassment.

I think, however, that I must have shared my father's feeling as to the importance of this visit; for I can still recall some of the exact words of a conversation which I had with the Duke during a walk from Braxfield to

the Mills. Among other questions touching our business, he asked me what was our daily produce. It so happened that some weeks before I had calculated that we spun, on the average, three hundred and sixty thousand miles of thread per week. So I was able to reply that we manufactured daily "autant de fil de coton qu'il faut pour entourer deux fois et demi le monde."

In my turn, I asked him if he had ever been in England before; to which he answered, "Je la visite pour la première et pour la dernière fois," — a mistake of his, however; for twenty-eight years afterwards he crossed to London on a visit to Queen Victoria.

He next inquired if I would like to know by what name he was known in his own country; and, on my assenting, said he was there called *Nicolas, Veliki Kneis Rouski*, — wrongly spelt, probably, and perhaps bad Russian; but he repeated it several times, laughing at my pronunciation, till I got it by heart; and thus it comes to me now.

The Duke seemed to take a special fancy to a younger brother of mine, named David Dale, after his grandfather, and then nine or ten years old. He was a remarkable-looking boy, with handsome features, light yellow curling hair, and dark eyes, eyebrows, and eyelashes. The Duke had him on his knee, playing with him, during a considerable portion of the evening; and the child, flattered by such notice, took so cordially to our visitor that it appeared to win his heart. At all events, next day he caused it to be intimated to my father that, if he would give up the boy, he (Nicholas) would charge himself with his future. Whether my mother objected, or whether my father himself thought a court life an undesirable career, I know not; but the offer was gratefully declined.

If my impressions, such as they were at fifteen, are trustworthy, there was nothing, at that early age, in the future Emperor to indicate the arbitrary and cruel spirit which, in later years, marked his subjugation of Poland and his armed

intervention against the Hungarian patriots; nothing, in the appearance of the youth of twenty, to prefigure the stern autocrat who was by and by to revive, against his own subjects, that capital punishment which had been humanely abolished by the Empress Elizabeth. There have been many Hazael's who, while yet unhardened by the habit of irresponsible power, might exclaim, from the heart, "What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

At all events the young Duke's manner seemed to me unaffected, earnest, and cordial. He listened with marked attention for two hours or more to an exposition, by my father, of his peculiar views for the improvement of mankind, and showed a lively interest in all he saw, whether in school or factory, at New Lanark. Count Gurowski, who knew Russia well and with whom Nicholas was no favorite, speaking of him as he was in youth, admits: "His primitive tendency was to be a reformer. . . . He believed that his mission was to be the conductor of his people into light and civilization; that he was to lay a corner-stone for their moral and social amelioration. This was more than a dream; it was a reality of several years' duration."*

At the time of his visit to us, he was engaged to the Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the King of Prussia; and he purchased at the company's store, and had sent to her, sundry specimens of goods manufactured from our yarns.

My father states in his Autobiography that his guest, alluding to Malthus's theory that Great Britain was overpeopled, expressed his willingness to receive and promote the advantageous settlement in Russia of as many British manufacturers and their operatives, including my father and the villagers

* Russia as It Is, pp. 51, 52. New York. 1854.

Gurowski also tells us that, in 1825, when the Czar's councillors urged him to restore capital punishment, bringing him a sentence of the criminal court condemning five conspirators to death, he refused, for three days, to give his signature in approval, and acquiesced, at last, with reluctance.

of New Lanark, as might see fit to emigrate thither. But if I heard this at the time, I have since forgotten it. My father, successful and satisfied in his position, declined the offer.

Nicholas, as I remember, was frugal to abstemiousness in his mode of living, eating sparingly of the plainest food only, and scarcely touching wine. In some of his appointments he was homely—so it occurs to me now—to the point of affectation. He caused to be set up, in the handsome chamber which had been provided for him, a small iron camp-bed, with leathern mattress and pillow stuffed with hay, and spread with the rudest covering. An officer of his suite told us that such was his constant habit.

One of his attendants slept on the floor across his chamber-door, outside,—a measure of precautionary suspicion, probably of Oriental origin, and adopted, I believe, by all Russian princes of the blood.

A trifling incident connected with the Duke's visit to us occurs to me now, as characteristic of a weakness into which my good father, prosperous and generous, was occasionally betrayed. The crest of our family, two eagles' heads, had been, as is customary, engraved on our service of plate. At supper, one of the Duke's suite, handing a silver fork to him, called his attention to the engraving as being almost an exact copy of the double-eagle, part of the blazon of the Russian coat-of-arms. Some jest as to right of property having passed, in connection with the matter, and attracted my father's attention, it suggested a gift to his guest. Accordingly, next morning he had a silver dessert-set packed up, and handed, just as the party were starting off, to one of the attendants, together with a letter begging the Duke's acceptance of it as a memento of his visit to New Lanark.

My mother, good, sensible matron, took exception to any such proceeding. In the case of a friend to whom we owed kindness or gratitude, or to any one who would value the offering for

the donor's sake, she would not have grudged her nice forks and spoons; but to the possessor of thousands, a two days' acquaintance who was not likely to bestow a second thought on the things!—in all which I cordially agreed with her, especially when I found William Sheddon, our butler, lamenting over his empty cases, the glittering contents of which had often excited my childish admiration. But I think the worthy man was somewhat comforted when he estimated his lion's share of a ten-pound note which the Duke's purser had put into his hands for distribution among the servants.

My recollections of William Sheddon extend over more than twenty years. Careful, punctiliously respectful, order-loving even to fanaticism, a piece of animated clock-work in all his daily duties, how well I recollect the staid face, with a nervous twitching of the chin when at all excited! The best

men have their failings, and I think Sheddon, after he had decanted, with infinite care, the old port and pale sherry, was wont to taste them, to assure himself that they had not lost their flavor. But, to atone, I have seen him spend full ten minutes over the dinner-table, after it had been all set, to give it a finishing touch; adjusting each cover, and every knife, fork, glass, and salt-cellar so scrupulously to its allotted spot, that a mathematician, with his compasses, might have found it difficult to detect an error of a quarter of an inch in their respective distances each from the other.

Peace to his shade! I wonder how many of his life-long peculiarities he carried with him to the next world.

But all these familiar scenes were soon to become, for me, things of the past. I was about to quit our quiet home, and to find, in a distant country, a new and more stirring life.

Robert Dale Owen.

AT THE WINDOW.

I HEARD the woodpecker pecking,
The bluebird tenderly sing;
I turned and looked out of my window,
And lo, it was spring!

A breath from tropical borders,
Just a ripple, flowed into my room,
And washed my face clean of its sadness,
Blew my heart into bloom.

The loves I have kept for a lifetime,
Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,
Break forth into full-leaf and tassel
When spring winds do blow.

For the sap of my life goes upward,
Obeying the same sweet law
That waters the heart of the maple
After a thaw;

I forget my old age and grow youthful
Bathing in wind-tides of spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The first bluebird sing.

James Maurice Thompson.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON SOCIAL LIFE.

I WISH to record some impressions of London social life and of that particular phase of it we call society, — an institution wise men are accustomed to hold in great contempt while very gladly accepting its invitations. I may dwell upon some faults which, I should explain, are shared by society in all times and places, — indeed, are quite inseparable from it, — while others to be described are the peculiarities not so much of the country as of the age. Whatever be the defects and drawbacks of society, scholars and thinkers would wish to establish something like it, did they not see that, in many respects, that already established was unfit for their uses. Were it possible, they would want some common ground where men and women might meet to talk and see and be seen. What they, with their very high intentions, would desire, the rest of us would find enjoyable. When the gods had brought man into existence, they were still puzzled by the formidable problem of how he was to be amused. It was supposed that something more extended and complex than the original race would be required for that purpose; and numerous plans were submitted to the council of the gods, and were one by one rejected. At length one Olympian inventor arose and suggested that the members of the new race should find their amusement in looking at each other. This novel and audacious suggestion, though at first received with merriment and wonder, was finally adopted, and on trial was discovered to work admirably. It has certainly since proved itself to be the completest of all inventions, at once the most perfect and the simplest and most labor-saving.

I have often wondered if something like the Athenian Agora could not be devised. One of the great features of Athens, I fancy, was the active intel-

lectual interest the people took in their society as a spectacle. The liveliest curiosity everywhere pervaded the community, and the stimulus of a public place of resort must have been great. Hither came men of all ranks and professions, — merchants, poets, soldiers, sophists, and statesmen. When Socrates or Cimon passed, every pedler had his jibe and every huckster his bit of scandal. The whole market-place was full of mirth, movement, gayety, gossip, and curiosity. There is one modern institution which has some points of similarity to the Agora: I mean London society. The resemblance is one more of form than of character. It is like it in the fact that it brings numbers of people into association, or rather contiguity, and that in it we see constantly all the noted people of the day. Here the likeness ends: the life and variety are not there.

Yet, easy as it is to find fault with, London society is far the most perfect thing of the kind in the world, and it must be a dull man who would fail to extract amusement and pleasure from it. Were it a little less hard and rude, and were there a little more liberty for individualities, and especially for good individualities, one might spend a lifetime in it with profit. As a spectacle, it is valuable for its profuseness, its pomp of life, the beautiful women and famous men we see in it. There is, moreover, something of moral education in it. We get a certain strength, — of a kind, indeed, which we should not take long to acquire, and, having acquired, should not take a lifetime to practise, but still a kind of strength, — silent resistance, and ease in the presence of people who are indifferent and critical. The dowagers are the persons in conversing with whom one experiences the greatest growth of character. Some large and listless mother, whose eyes are

following the fortunes of her charges over the field, and who has asked you for the fourth time the question you have already answered for the third, — to go on discoursing to such a person as calmly and fluently as Cato does to the universe is a great and difficult thing. There is not a pleasure in it, nor indeed a rapture, but there is real growth and building up in a certain amount of it.

But the moral education of society is scarcely its most important service. There is a large class of men to whom success in it is the main object of life. To them it furnishes a profession, and one in which they are sure in time to succeed. He who in the bloom of youth is bidden to dance at some great lady's ball is sure, with average luck and persistence, to go to breakfast in his toupee. It gives the swell something to live for. When he has attained the Marquis of This, the Duke of That shines yet ahead of him. The way is plain, and there is no limit to the possibilities of its extension. From round to round of the Jacob's ladder of fashion the aspiring climber may ascend indefinitely. There is always something a little ahead. To tread all the ways of Mayfair, to sound all the depths and shoals of Belgravia, were indeed a hopeless task. But it has many sorts of uses for many sorts of people. Mothers there exhibit their marriageable wares. Politicians put their heads together. The Earl of Barchester asks a Cabinet minister to appoint a friend. But the old gentlemen who go to look on and take their daughters get the most out of it. It is especially pleasant for them by contrast with the treatment they receive in this country. Here the fathers of families creep about among their daughters' suitors in a very abject and humble manner. "What talk is there of fathers when there is such a man as Orlando?" The old men in England are much more defiant and unmanageable. They do not strike their flags to the young ones, as is their habit with us. They confront age with fine clothes, the locks

right from the hand of the hair-dresser, and the air of success and authority. The condition of an Englishman who has grown gray in honors, who has a star and a decoration and the health and vanity to wear them properly, is by no means an unhappy one. (Decorations should be given to suit complexions; kings and colleges should award blue ribbons to blond men and red ribbons to dark men.) If, besides his fortunate accidents, he has humor, sensibility, and an individuality, his is really an enviable lot. In the most rigid of societies, wealth, rank, and success clear a way for individuality. They make one elbow-room. An eccentric clerk in the Admiralty would very soon find himself on the curbstone; the eccentric nobleman, on the contrary, is a popular personage, and has a recognized position in all the novels. Even hard and supercilious people are not apt to question the wit and manners of one whom kings and learned societies have indorsed. A stare need not make him check his humor. He may be a strong and natural person, if he chooses. It used to delight me to watch one old man who had run a career in literature and politics, and to whom the world had given all its good things. He protected himself with the best of Poole's tailoring. He wore a decoration which suited his complexion perfectly. He was none of your cravens. He met old age with hand gayly extended in the jauntiest, boldest way in the world. With a bearing humorously perverse and imperious, with a pair of yellow-gray eyes flashing over his eagle beak, he moved through the throng; shaking hands pleasantly with many, complimenting the mammas, and hectoring the maidens, whose conversation he corrected with mock severity, and whom he cautioned against slang. Such of the young ladies as received his reproof demurely, he looked down on with approbation; while those who were saucy pleased quite as well, as they gave him opportunity for more extended rebuke. If age ever retains the vanity, humor, and

kindness of youth, this old man must have had a pleasant time. The only drawback is, that the people who to-night are flattered by his smile may, a week hence, be reading his obituary with that contempt we instinctively feel for a man who has just ceased to live. The death of a successful man of the world affects our way of thinking of him much as any other reverse in his affairs, — the loss of his fortune, for instance, or the favor of his party. We cannot help reflecting that he must now take in a little sail, that he must in future abate a little his demand upon society.

But for the average man the very last thing society does is to give him an opportunity to express himself. Self-suppression is the lesson it inculcates by precept and by very strong example. The man of society must imitate the patience of the processes of nature. He must act as though he intended to go out forever, and was in no hurry to get the good of it. No wise man attempts to hurry London society. The people who compose it never hurry. They must believe in the immortality of the soul, or they never would consent to live so slowly. But if the man of society be unselfish and be careful to retain his sanity, its chief good is in what it offers him to look at, — the carriages flashing back and forth at the dinner-hour, looking like caskets or Christmas-boxes with the most wonderful lining and furniture (the drapery and lace almost floating out of the windows), the balls and parties, the acres of British girls through which he may wander as in a wilderness, the odors of the midnight gardens, the breath of the dawn, and the first flush of sunrise over Hyde Park as the drowsy cabman wheels homeward and to bed. Every spring he may watch for the reappearance of some queen of the last season, as for the coming of the flowers. To a mind capable of pleasure it must often be a joyous and delightful spectacle, and always an amusing one. But if a man be subject to feelings of pique and envy, and allow fortunes better than his own to make him wretched, there could hardly be a

worse place for him. I knew one man, foolish fellow! who, instead of giving himself up to the admiration of the ladies and the graces and peculiarities of the dancers, had held aloof and had been unhappy because people took so little notice of him. He told me that, when he saw other men successful and smiled upon, he used to stand back and try to look "devilish deserving." "I have since found out," he remarked, "what a very poor expedient it was. For success in society, either here or anywhere else, I had as lief be accused of forgery as of modest merit."

I found everywhere an excessive respect of the individual for the sentiment of the mass, — I mean in regard to behavior. In matters of opinion there is greater latitude than with us. Nowadays a man in England may believe anything he chooses; the reason being, I suppose, that beliefs have not much root or practical importance. Authority seems to have left the domain of thought and literature, and to have invaded that of manners. Of the two sorts of tyranny, I think I should prefer the first. I would rather be compelled to write my poetry in pentameters, and to speak with respect of the Church and the government, than to be forever made to behave as other people dictate. I know Englishmen do not accept this as true of themselves. One of them, to whom I had hinted something of the sort, said, "O, I don't know; we do about as we please." Precisely; but they have lived so constantly in the eyes of other people, have got so used to conforming, that they never think of wanting to do what society would disapprove of. They have been so in the habit of subduing whatever native individuality they possess, that they have at last got rid of it. Of course, it would be impossible to make them believe this. They mistake their inattention, the hostile front they present to the world, and their indifference to the strictures of foreigners when they are abroad, for real independence and a self-reliant adherence to nature. But there seems

to me to be something conventional even about the rude and lounging manners of which they are so proud. It is like the "stand-at-ease" of soldiers. It would be highly improper and contrary to orders to do anything else.

Englishmen appeared to me to be criticising themselves away. It is not only among Englishmen of fashion, nor solely in England, that this is the case. The age everywhere partakes of it. It has come to attach great importance to proper externals, to seemliness, to a dignified and harmonious behavior. What unexceptionable people in their private lives are the writers of the day! Artists used to be envious and backbiting: if they retain such feelings at present, they are certainly not candid. It cannot be that the world has made such progress in a few years as to have quite got rid of the passions of spite and envy. We fear the age has caught cold and the disease has been driven in. Certainly we have come to devote an exceedingly particular and microscopic care to externals; we give such attention to our walk and conversation, we are so careful to avoid faults and littlenesses of demeanor, that we seem to have acquired some sort of negative Puritanism or Pharisaism. This is true of ourselves, and it is true of all educated English people; but the disease reaches its extremest form among Englishmen of fashion and quality. I once asked one of the kindest and cleverest of them I knew, "Can a young man in this country read poetry to the ladies, — not his own, of course, but out of a book?" "No," said he, "that would be rather com-promising" (shaking his head and pronouncing the word slowly). On reflection, I did not remember having done that thing myself for some years, but I hardly had it classified as one of the things not to be done under any circumstances.

In this very great self-consciousness and doubt as to what to do, it was an advantage to have some particular tone set and the range of conversation narrowed within some well-understood

limits. By this, language, as a medium of expression, is abolished, and becomes a means of getting along comfortably with friends. Certain things are set apart as good for men to converse upon, — the races, horse-flesh, politics, anything in short, providing it is not discussed in a definite or original manner. No man should say anything which might not be very well said by any one else. Each man has an infallible guide in the rest. He must set his clock by them, and regulate it carefully when it inclines to go faster. The following is a simple and easily understood specimen of a club conversation: —

First Speaker. "Are you going to Aldershott to-morrow?"

Second Speaker. "No."

Here follows a pause of several minutes.

First Speaker. "Why aren't you going to Aldershott to-morrow?"

Second Speaker. "O, I hate Aldershott."

Here follows a pause of longer duration, during which the first speaker reads over the Pall Mall Gazette for the third time.

Second Speaker. "Waiter, bring me gin and seltzer."

This one might call the unit of a club conversation, upon which more elaborate remark may be superadded at will, or it may be considered that ultimate atom of dialogue which does not admit of further divisibility.

We are of course always bound to pitch our voices to the ears of those around us. As a rule we must expect people to talk about trivial matters; it would be a great bore if they did otherwise. But now and then we need not be surprised at a little genuine laughter or hearty greetings between friends. But in the clubs, from what I saw, there rarely seemed to be any abandon or heartiness. There was roseate youth with the finest health, with beauty, with a flower in the buttonhole, with horses to ride in the Row, with fine raiment and sumptuous living every day, with the smiles of

mammas and the sly adoration of the maidens. Yet I have seen old men who seemed far more happily self-forgetful and with more enthusiasm for enjoyment. The young men have deteriorated from the energy of their fathers of forty years ago, who must have been a very amusing class of men. The strong pressure of public sentiment prevents these young men from acquiring the old physical vigor and freedom of the British upper class; and as they have no task set them, they are driven unavoidably into dulness. They never swear, or rarely. The "demmes" and "egads" of their ancestors are quite out of employment. They even sin with a certain decorum. For instance, it is very "bad form" to dance with the ladies at the casinos, though there is no impropriety in leaving those places in their company. The few men who are literary and intellectual make, perhaps, the weakest impression. The thin wash of opinion which forms their conversation evaporates, and leaves a very slight sediment. They have that contagious weariness I have noticed in the population along the water-courses of Illinois and Missouri. In the latter it is the result of fever and ague, and the long eating of half-baked bread. The voices of those people seemed to struggle up from a region below their lungs, and in them the peculiarity, besides wearying intensely, repelled and disgusted. In men as charmingly dressed, and beautifully clean as these Englishmen, the offensive quality was missed, but there was the same weariness and a vapidness that inoculated and subdued you. There often seemed to me an effeminate sound in the talk, not only of the intellectual sort, but even of the faster men. Should the ghosts of their uproarious ancestors ever rustle through those halls of Pall Mall and St. James Street, they must marvel, I fancy, to see the young bloods of the present sitting about and comparing experiences of vaccination with the minuteness of old ladies at a religious tea-party.

It is an old folly, it may be said, that

of decrying the present, and I may be reminded that most men are human, no matter what the age or the country in which they live. There is truth in that; but we may easily see how very different men may be whom centuries deride, when we consider that most important fact of the human mind,—mood. How diverse are the thoughts and passions which rule the fast following movements of a single human life! How diverse the lives of individual men! How widely separate from our own may be the feelings of men between whom and ourselves many years intervene, and of whom no living soul remains to speak. The complete banishment of profanity from the conversation of men of fashion seemed to me a curious phenomenon. I do not believe it could have been accomplished in any country where example had less authority. The common modern oaths you hear very little; as to the archaic and Homeric forms, they have quite gone out. I never met a man, however aged, who used those expressions. I used constantly to see one old gentleman who always came arrayed in the traditional blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, and great neckcloth of the Regency. I fancied he might be like that South American parrot of which Humboldt tells, that was the sole remaining creature to speak the language of a lost tribe. I never had the pleasure, however, of hearing him express himself. He silently surveyed the moving throng. The present, perhaps, seemed dull to him. He had heard, a fine May morning long ago, in Piccadilly, the horn of the coachman ringing up the street, and had awaited the stopping of the coach at Hatcher's, to see such blooming faces looking merrily out of the windows, and the ladies in the short waists and petticoats of the time alighting from the top. Somewhere away in one of those shires whose name recalls the green fields and the sound of the milk in the pail, he had kissed a country sweetheart under one of the big bonnets they wore when the century

and he and his sweetheart were all in their teens.

In the parlors the narrow range of thought and conversation is even more noticeable than at the clubs. Here the ladies set the tone; and, kind as they usually are, bright and pretty as they often are, there is unmistakably among them an unconsciousness of all outside certain narrow limits that custom has prescribed for them. The freedom and gayety which are not uncommon in the parlors of Americans of the best class will be hard to find in the drawing-rooms of English fashionables. They *talk*, professedly. Upon those common topics which should form the ordinary conversation they do very well, and, among the brighter of them, a kind of wit and wisdom is permitted. But that is apt to be *à la mode*. The wit is badly watered. I am not sure, however, that fashionable wisdom and watered wit are peculiar to London. All society-wit is somewhat diseased. The wit of rich and idle men is poor. It is curious that they who have nothing to do but to make jokes should make such very poor ones. There are a few recipes afloat from which most of these fine things are evidently prepared. The fashionable joke is usually accompanied by the fashionable gesture, and an expression of inward illumination which the state of the mind hardly justifies. Though as to artificial pantomime and vocal inflection, there is less of that among the English "respectables" than among our own. It may seem to contradict this, but really does not, when I say that our own fashionable manners are borrowed from the English. English people must speak in some way, and their peculiarities, as a rule, are proper and natural. Our imitative and impressible society leaders, seeing something admirable in English aristocratical style, copy the accents and gestures, forgetting that they too would seem admirable to others were they to speak naturally.

As a rule, women in English society are remarkably natural,—negatively natural, I mean. English girls are

particularly simple and unassuming. They are innocent of all effort to impress or astonish. As all womankind does and should do, they make themselves as pretty as they can; but as to personal superiorities, their educators do not lay enough stress upon such things to make them ambitious to excel in that way. All young ladies are taught a certain mode of deportment, which is excellent so far as it goes. The chief precept of the code, whether inculcated openly or by the silent feeling of society, is that each young lady must do as the rest. That "young English girl," who is the theme of the novelists and the magazine bards and artists, easily merits all the adulation she receives. Does not all the world know, is it not almost an impertinence to say, that for dignity, modesty, propriety, sense, and a certain soft self-possession, she has hardly her equal anywhere? But the British maiden is taught that ambition in character is not a desirable thing. The naturalness and propriety which accompany this state of mind are not particularly admirable. It is very different from that propriety which is the result of elevation of character, of conclusions intimately known and constantly practised. People who have activity and ambition are very apt to be affected, and very apt to unduly crave recognition. That we ask to be thought superior, shows at least that we prize superiority. When the young are left to their own growth, and no restrictive tariff is put upon individuality, we may expect a little nonsense. Society will certainly do a great thing for the young if it teaches them the folly of a desire for recognition. But this society does not do, I fear. It merely instructs them not to ask for recognition, because by so doing they make a bad impression. It has done them a still more doubtful service, if, in giving them this very good trait, it has also taught them to emphasize less strongly the superiorities of character and conduct.

I have said that English-society people make but little effort to impress or

astonish; and I explained that they have no wish to be thought individually remarkable, because that sort of ambition among them is a very exceptional thing. What they do value is the "getting on"; and the inevitable effect of living among them is to make one think that that is the best thing one can do. Certainly those old familiar ideas of the poets and moralists, "truth, innocence, fidelity, affection, etc.," which one always felt at home with in the snug corners of the parlors at the village sewing-circles, suddenly became strange to me and very unreal and whimsical. They danced off at a distance in the oddest and most fantastical manner. If anybody sneered at "upholstery" or spoke contemptuously of rank and fashion, you at once fancied some one had snubbed him; if he praised virtue, you suspected him of wanting a dinner. But while the lust of the eyes and the pride of life are everything to upper-class Englishmen, you hear wonderfully little said about these things. Carlyle and Thackeray, the poets and satirists and the goody old maids who write the novels, though they have quite shut the mouths of these brave gentlemen, have by no means driven such thoughts out of their hearts. To give you to understand that they are persons of consequence, they would think the last degree of vulgarity. Yet, if they do not claim consequence, it is not because they do not value consequence. They know that to assert openly their demand is not the best way to have it accorded them. The avidity of Mrs. Governor Brown and Mrs. Judge Jones for the best rooms at the hotels, and the recognition and sympathy of all the railway conductors, is unknown in England. But the two manners, so different apparently, are not so different essentially. Both demand consideration and consequence, — the one only more successfully than the other. The quiet demeanor, the sedulous avoidance of self-assertion, the critical look, the slightly reserved bearing, say very plainly, "See, I am a person of conse-

quence." Both make the same inferior claim. The one makes it in a wise, refined, and successful way; the other in a foolish, vulgar, and unsuccessful way.

"Pose" is the name given to this wise, refined, and successful manner of self-assertion. It may be defined as the quality of absolute quiescence. By the aid of it we move with the semblance of unconsciousness through a throng of which we are inspecting every individual. Society has discovered (what the young find it so hard to learn) that by looking quite blank we may keep people altogether in the dark as to what we are thinking about. That which Serjeant Buzfuz found so difficult, — to look as though no one were looking at him, — London society has learned to do.

Yet I think that some other quality besides mere quiescence is necessary to "pose." That we will suppose to be some beauty (whether physical or spiritual) of face or form. An unconscious costermonger would not be imposing. I have seen flunkies who possessed the quality to a greater degree than their masters, and who were yet not admirable. A thing must be beautiful absolutely before it can be beautiful in any one condition, — particularly in that of rest. No doubt the young men are as fine looking a lot of fellows as can be found. They have good physiques, which they keep in good condition; they have had an education among people of breeding and cultivation; they have been at the best schools, and brought away such culture as they could not help getting; they have had respect and consideration from their cradles; they know very well they have nothing to ask of society. But besides all this, they owe most to the pains which they lavish upon their exteriors. That last is an important point. Let Carlyle deride the Stultz swallow-tail. The Stultz swallow-tail, and the white waistcoats, and the gold chains, and the wonderful linen, and the silk stockings, and the beautiful boots, — these between them do work

wonders. The young dons at the universities and the young clergy of England, — than whom no finer race of gentlemen exists, candid, catholic, modest, learned, courteous, — are yet not so beautiful as the men of Pall Mall and St. James Street. The reason is that they do not so generally seek the outdoor life, and especially that they give no such scrupulous and continuous care to the decoration of the ambrosial person.

In English ladies, "pose" is particularly admired, yet I am not sure that the novelists do not make too much of it. The female phenomenon at a circus is trained to stand with one foot on the back of a galloping horse, and yet not for a moment lose her equable expression of countenance. Surely, then, it were no such great thing to teach a lady to move amid a throng of well-disposed people with the appearance of equanimity and unconsciousness. The ladies are beautiful, especially the younger and softer of them; they choose to stand still, and the impression which is really due to some quality of face or form or spirit is ascribed to attitude. But I doubt if quiescence is the highest attainable condition of mind and body. Grace is beauty become expressive and vital. That is the quality which must delight us while we move upon the earth, and we are not content with any state of things which robs us of it. We shall not always be here, and we are impatient that whatever there is lovely in life should be in haste to express itself. Grace, I should say, was the expression of a beautiful past. It finds egress, we know, in any sort of action, — walking, sewing, reading, or singing, — but most of all in dancing. Here, fortunately, the baneful influence of "pose" is counteracted. The ball seems to be the invention of some good friend of humanity to force home and the inner life into society. Self-indulgence and conceit generate ugliness; virtue and self-denial beget beauty, and we know how necessary it is that people should always be expressing these things. No

training of the body can eradicate vulgarity; no awkwardness or inexperience of limb can suppress grace. With what odious sensations the trained dancing girls of the Alhambra afflict us! What indescribable pleasure some little creature's mistakes who blunders in the Lancers afford us!

"Pose" has been adopted by English people of fashion in self-defence. London and Texan societies have this one point in common, — they all go armed, even to the women. As acquaintances in the Southwest discuss politics over their slings and cocktails, with knives and revolvers half hidden in their belts, so the London swell, as you meet him at the club or the party, hardly conceals under his waistcoat and watch-chains the handles of his weapons of defence; and, set like jewels in the girdle that zones a lady's waist, you detect the dearest little gemmed and mounted implements of destruction. The Englishman conducts himself as though he were in an enemy's country. In the strictest apostolic sense he regards this life as a warfare. "And well he may," he would say. "Consider what people we meet, what dangers we encounter by sea and land, on the promenade, in the park, and at the watering-place. The *parvenu* walks abroad in daylight. All about us are people who don't know their grandfathers. Everywhere rich contractors and lotion-sellers lie in ambush. It behooves us to tread cautiously. And not only are we in constant dread of these people, but we must be forever on our guard against those of our own sort. If we are affable to our superiors, they may think us familiar; if we are civil to our equals, they may fancy we think them better than ourselves. So, amid imminent perils from the insults of the great, from the snubs of equals, and the familiarities of inferiors, we move through this dangerous wilderness of society."

Of the external advantage of London society I have already spoken. Its machinery is nearly perfect. One meets numbers of persons who not

only bear themselves perfectly, but seem to think and feel almost with perfection; women born sensible and gracious, men from whom reflection and high purpose have removed every trace of triviality. Parties and receptions have this advantage: we have the perfection of social ease with those to whom we are under no obligation to be agreeable. The guests cannot be unconscious and oblivious of the host, nor the host of the guests. But between those who meet on common ground there may be silence or conversation, just as is most comfortable. Hence the benefit of such an organized social establishment as London possesses. The great distinction which rank and

money obtain in England may perhaps be irksome to those who spend their lives in the midst of its society. To a stranger or sojourner, it is a novel and interesting feature. One felt that here was company which, however it might be in Saturn and Jupiter, no set of tellurians at least could affect to despise. You enjoyed this sensation. All round this wide planet, through the continents and the islands of the sea, among the Franks and the Arabs, the Scandinavians, the Patagonians, and the Polynesians, there were none who could give themselves airs over this. The descendants of Adam, the world over, could show nothing more select and *recherché*.

E. S. Nadal.

B E E T H O V E N .

O SOVEREIGN Master! stern and splendid power,
 That calmly dost both Time and Death defy;
 Lofty and lone as mountain peaks that tower,
 Leading our thoughts up to the eternal sky:
 Keeper of some divine, mysterious key,
 Raising us far above all human care,
 Unlocking awful gates of harmony
 To let heaven's light in on the world's despair;
 Smiter of solemn chords that still command
 Echoes in souls that suffer and aspire,
 In the great moment while we hold thy hand,
 Baptized with pain and rapture, tears and fire,
 God lifts our saddened foreheads from the dust,
 The everlasting God, in whom we trust!

And was it thus the master looked, think you?
 • Is this the painter's fancy? Who can tell!
 These strong and noble outlines should be true:
 On the broad brow such majesty should dwell.
 Yea, and these deep, indomitable eyes
 Are surely his. Lo, the imperial will
 In every feature! Mighty purpose lies
 About the shut mouth, resolute and still.
 Notice the head's pathetic attitude,
 Bent forward, listening,— he that might not hear!
 Ah, could the world's adoring gratitude,
 So late to come, have made his life less drear!
 Hearest thou, now, great soul beyond our ken,
 Men's reverent voices answering thee, "Amen"?

Celia Thaxter.

THE SYMMES THEORY OF THE EARTH.

THIS theory originated some fifty years ago with Captain John Cleves Symmes of Newport, Kentucky.* He was a captain in the United States Army, and spent the best part of his life in the service of his country. He was a man of decided ability, and a bold and original thinker.

Dissatisfied with the Newtonian theory of the earth, he promulgated his own, by sundry articles in the press, and by lectures before the faculties and students of colleges in different parts of the country.

The novelty of his theory sometimes occasioned ridicule, and "Symmes's Hole," among the masses, became a by-word; but, as a general thing, his theory was popular, and the facts and

arguments marshalled in its support commanded the attention of the learned and scientific men of the day, and showed much thought and research on his part.

During the winter of 1826-27 he lectured before the faculty and students of Union College, and by none was he heard with more profound attention than by the learned and venerable Drs. Nott and Wayland. The writer was a member of the Senior Class of 1827, and in common with other members of his class took copious notes.

From these notes he has prepared the present article, claiming only to present the theory of Captain Symmes as propounded in his lectures at Union, adding, indeed, some new facts

* "John Cleves Symmes, the author of the Theory of Concentric Spheres, was born in New Jersey about 1780, and died at Hamilton, Ohio, 1829."

"During the early part of his life he received what was then considered a common English education, which in after-life he improved by having access to tolerably well-selected libraries; and, being endued by nature with an insatiable desire for knowledge of all kinds, he thus had, during the greater part of his life, ample opportunities to indulge it. In the year 1802, Mr. Symmes entered the army of the United States in the office of ensign, from which he afterwards rose to that of captain. He continued in service until after the close of the war with Great Britain. While attached to the army he was universally esteemed a brave soldier and a zealous and faithful officer. He was in the memorable battle of Bridgewater, and was senior captain in the regiment to which he belonged. The company under his immediate command that day discharged seventy rounds of cartridges and repelled three desperate charges of the bayonet."

"Afterwards, in the sortie from Fort Erie, Captain Symmes with his command captured the enemy's battery number two, and with his own hand spiked the cannon it contained."

"During the period of about three years after the war, and after Captain Symmes had left the army, he was engaged in the difficult and laborious task of furnishing supplies to the troops stationed on the Upper Mississippi. Since that time he has resided at Newport, Kentucky, devoting, almost exclusively, the whole of his time and attention to the investigation and perfection of his favorite Theory of Concentric Spheres. In a short circular, dated St. Louis, 1818, Captain Symmes first promulgated the fundamental principles of this theory to the world."

"Captain Symmes published two other numbers at St. Louis in the year 1818. His two next num-

bers, marked four and five, treated, the one of the original formation of the Alleghany Mountains, and the other claiming the discovery of open poles. His sixth number dates at Cincinnati, in January, 1819. His seventh number, entitled Arctic Memoir, is dated at Cincinnati in February, 1819. And another number, entitled Light between the Spheres, dated at Cincinnati in August, 1819, was published in the National Intelligencer. Afterwards, numerous pieces from the pen of Captain Symmes appeared in different newspapers."

Independent of his written publications, he has delivered a number of lectures on the theory, first at Cincinnati in 1820, and afterwards at various other places.

"In 1822, Captain Symmes petitioned Congress, setting forth in the first place, his belief of the existence of a habitable and accessible concave to this globe; his desire to embark on a voyage of discovery to one or other of the polar regions; his belief in the great profit and honor his country would derive from such a discovery; and prayed that Congress would equip and fit out for the expedition two vessels of two hundred and fifty or three hundred tons' burden. This petition was presented by Richard M. Johnson, on the 7th March, 1822, when, after a few remarks, it was laid on the table. In December, 1823, he forwarded similar petitions to both houses of Congress, which met with a similar fate."

"That Captain Symmes was a high-minded, honorable man is attested by all who knew him. He has devised a theory whereby to account for various singular and interesting phenomena, and most satisfactorily to explain a great variety of acknowledged facts." — *Extracts from a Biographical Sketch of Captain Symmes, written in 1824, and published in 1826 in Cincinnati, Ohio. "By a Citizen of the United States."*

from recent explorations, and drawing from them some inferences in accordance with the theory.

According to this, the earth is globular, hollow, and open at the poles. The diameter of the northern opening is about two thousand miles, or four thousand miles from outside to outside. The south opening is somewhat larger. The planes of these openings are parallel to each other, but form an angle of 12° with the equator, so that the highest part of the north plane is directly opposite the lowest part of the south plane. The shell of the earth is about one thousand miles thick, and the edges of this shell at the openings are called verges, and measure, from the regular concavity within to the regular convexity without, about fifteen hundred miles. The verges occupy about 25° , and if delineated on a map would show only the outer half of the verge, while all above or farther from the equator, both north and south, would lie on the apex and within the verge. All the polar regions upon the present map would be out of sight. The meridian lines extend at right angles from the equator to the outer edges of the verges, and then wind round along the surface of the verges, terminating at the points directly under the highest parts of the verges both north and south.

The line which marks the location of the apex of the northern verge begins at a point in Lapland about 68° N. and 20° E. from London on a meridian traversing Spitzbergen, whence it passes southwest across the Atlantic Ocean and the southern part of Greenland, through Hudson's Bay and over the continent to the Pacific near Cook's Inlet, thence across the Fox Islands, to a point about 56° N. and 160° W., nearly south of Behring's Straits. Then it passes over the Pacific, crossing the south part of Kamtchatka, continuing northwest through Siberia, entering Europe across the Ural Mountains, in latitude about 58° N., and passing near the Arctic coast, over the mouth of the White Sea, to the point of starting.

Captain Symmes collated with great labor many isolated facts from his own researches, and from the accounts of Ross, Howe, Parry, McKenzie, and others who had by sea and land explored the polar regions, while similar proofs have been drawn from later explorations, since the promulgation of the theory in 1829.

The explorers who furnish facts for the support of this theory seem, none of them, to have had the remotest conjecture of it. The facts are admitted, and it cannot be urged against its author that he has marshalled in its support fictitious premises. His arguments, drawn from the facts, may be erroneous. Yet it is true that many of them which have not as yet been otherwise satisfactorily explained are easily accounted for upon his theory.

There is a remarkable difference of climate under different meridians upon the same parallel of latitude. It is known that the climate of the eastern coast of North America is much colder than that of Western Europe in the same latitude. The notion that this diversity is produced by the proximity of the ocean or of ranges of mountains is unsatisfactory; for countries, similar in these respects, in the same latitude, have a great diversity of climate. A theory which would explain the mild climate of France and England from these causes, would not suit the case of New York and New England and the cold regions around the Gulf of St. Lawrence south of 59° north latitude. The topography of these sections of country is similar; and yet England and France have a mild and genial climate, while New England and Newfoundland are cold and bleak in the winter. Labrador, not so far north as Great Britain, is as cold and bleak as countries in Europe 20° farther north.

The Gulf Stream does not satisfactorily account for this diversity of climate between America and Europe. Sweeping along the coast of the United States northeastwardly from the Gulf of Mexico, with its vast volume of water, why should it not moderate the

climate of North America as well as that of Eastern Europe? After nearing the banks of Newfoundland, it deflects eastwardly across the Atlantic about two thousand miles, and then sends off one branch northeastwardly along the coast of Norway, and another down the western coast of Europe and Africa, till it is lost in the Southern Atlantic. Why, then, does not this mighty river of the ocean affect the climate of the United States as much or even more than that of France and England? It is claimed that this stream raises the climate of Europe 12° or 15° higher than that of the United States, whereas its effect should be greater upon the United States than upon Europe.

The characteristics of the isothermal belts of both hemispheres throw some light upon this theory. The region of the verges must be the coldest parts of the earth's surface, because, being more convex, they diverge instead of converging the sun's rays. The temperature, therefore, of any given part of the earth's surface depends as well upon its proximity to the verge as to the equator. Europe, under the northern verge in latitude 60° N. would have the same climate with a place 70° west longitude, some six degrees farther south; and at 160° west longitude the climate would be some twelve degrees colder than that of England. This would be true as a general rule, subject, however, to many local exceptions arising from the elevation and direction of mountain ranges, or the proximity of the ocean or large bodies of water, or from other causes. Paris, 49° N., is about the same distance from the verge as Washington in latitude 30° N., and their climate is nearly alike.

Thus, while this theory does not explain all the phenomena of climatic differences as indicated by the isothermal belts, it affords a general rule for explaining why the climate of Europe is milder than that of North America. The isothermal line of 32° of Fahrenheit, which marks the southern limit of frozen ground, as laid down on cli-

matic charts, corresponds very nearly with the location of the northern verge.

The theory of ocean currents will not explain these climatic differences upon the earth's surface. If, for instance, the Gulf Stream — having traversed the Atlantic, battling with the cold waters of Baffin's Bay and the icebergs, which are drifted out of the Arctic Ocean — so modifies the climate of Western Europe, why should not the Brazilian current, flowing southwardly along the east coast of South America, produce the same effect upon Patagonia? The antarctic currents, sweeping past Cape Horn and uniting with this warm Brazilian current, flow eastwardly across the South Atlantic Ocean, round the Cape of Good Hope, into the Indian Ocean. While these antarctic currents might lower the temperature of the west coast of Patagonia, it will not be pretended that they would in like manner affect the east coast of this bleak region, or so counteract the effect of the warm Brazilian current flowing down along the eastern coast of South America as to produce the cold climate of Eastern Patagonia.

It is now generally conceded that a vast open ocean exists in the polar regions, and Professor Maury holds that this open sea results from the flow of warm submarine currents from the equatorial regions of the earth, north and south, causing the counterflow, upon the surface, of mighty currents from the arctic regions. Further discoveries may throw more light upon this mysterious subject, and explain these ocean currents in connection with the interior currents of the earth, across the verges in both directions, and thus demonstrate the truth of Captain Symmes's theory.

The highest altitude of the sun is not at noon in high latitude, but at some time after, as Captain Parry informs us. The meridian lines on which the sun is at noon come up from the equator at right angles until they reach the outer edge of the verge,

where they deflect to the right over and along the surface of the verge to a point underneath the highest part of the same. This deflection, as well as the angularity of the plane of the verge with the equator, would cause the sun, in latitude on and over the verge, to have the highest altitude after midday. Beyond longitude 160° west from London, this deflection of the meridian lines is to the left.

In the Pacific Ocean, in longitude and latitude answering to the lowest part of the verge, or that part of it nearest the equator, navigators have observed opposite the sun a luminous belt or ring, of a crescent form, elevated some 15° above the horizon, which is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the opposite highest part of the verge. The refracted rays, coming from the opposite side of the earth through the dense atmosphere of the verge, would so strike the eye of the observer as to cause this apparent elevation.

But navigators in longitude answering to the highest part of the verge, instead of the bright appearance just noted, observe opposite the sun a dark, opaque space low in the horizon, as though there were no objects to reflect back the rays of the sun. This singular appearance is produced by the fact that the incident rays of light, as they are reflected from the lowest part of the verge, are so refracted that they fall below the eye of the observer, and thus cause this dark appearance, or blank space, in the horizon.

Captain Ross states that in high latitudes there are remarkable changes in the apparent extent of the sensible horizon. From north to south the horizon is so limited that objects can be seen only at very short distances, while in a direction east or west the horizon is greatly extended, and objects can be seen at an immense distance, as if upon a horizontal plane. The direction north and south is directly over the convex surface of the verge, where the horizon is extremely limited; while along the surface of the verge

east and west the view is along upon the plane of the verge, and the horizon is greatly extended. This is precisely what would result from the existence of such a verge. The slight depression of the surface of the earth around the poles is wholly insufficient to produce this effect, which accords so well with this theory.

Another beautiful phenomena, observed by Captain Parry, is the elongated appearance of the sun and moon in high latitude, with the prismatic colors observed on these occasions. According to a simple law of optics, this is due to the dense atmosphere of the verge acting like a prism, and causing this elongated appearance; and the prismatic hues are due to the different refrangibility of the sun's rays. These beautiful hues may be heightened by particles of frost floating in the atmosphere.

Captain Parry and others speak of the brilliant twilight of the North, as being sufficient to enable them to read ordinary printed matter distinctly. This curious fact is wholly inexplicable upon the Newtonian theory, but is easy of explanation upon this. This twilight coming from the north may be caused by the sun's rays thrown into the interior through the southern opening, which by two refractions, one at each opening, and two or three reflections from the inner concave surface, would pass out at the north over the verge, and produce there this strong twilight.

Captain Parry states that, when sailing northward in high latitude, the North Star rises over the bow of the ship to the zenith and then declines towards the stern. On the Newtonian theory the ship must have sailed directly under the star, and over and down upon the opposite side of the earth. But this cannot be true, for no navigator has sailed so far north.

From the regular convexity to the interior concavity of the earth across the verge is fifteen hundred miles, — a distance so great that a vessel, in sailing over the verge, would not perceive

the change in her direction, except from the apparent change of the heavenly bodies, or from observations of the difference in the expanse of the visible horizon. The ship going north along the deflected meridians upon and over the verge causes these apparent changes in the North Star.

Further confirmation of the Symmes theory is drawn from the variations and dip of the magnetic needle. "The line of no variation" is a line coming up through the South Atlantic Ocean over the eastern part of South America, and passing on north-north-west over the equator to a point a little west of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, then through Virginia to Lake Erie east of Cleveland, and on through Lake Huron, terminating at a point in longitude about 90° west from London and in north latitude about 70° .

How do these facts accord with this theory? It will be remembered that the planes of the verges form an angle each with the equator, but are parallel to each other. Now, midway between the verges lies the magnetic equator cutting the equator of the earth at an angle of twelve degrees, and "the line of no variation" crosses this magnetic equator at nearly right angles. The terminus of "the line of no variation" is about midway between the highest and lowest parts of the northern verge. This line continued to the southern verge would also terminate about midway between the highest and lowest parts of the southern verge. These are curious facts and are entitled to consideration. If they do not fully explain the variation of the magnetic needle, they present some views which may help to clear up these mysteries of nature.

The dip of the needle is another phenomenon not fully understood. This dip is nearly uniform upon the same latitude, but increases as the needle is carried north, and, in high latitude answering to the location of the verge, the dip is greatly increased and becomes nearly perpendicular.

The true magnetic poles are not at the

points where the "line of no variation" terminates, — at the north and south, — but are equidistant from this line and immediately under the highest points of the verges north and south, and "the line of no variation" lies midway between these magnetic poles. The needle, while it does not vary, along the line, to the right or left, yet, as it goes northward or southward from the magnetic equator, it is attracted towards the true magnetic poles lying under the highest part of the verges; and so the dip is increased till it reaches the apex of the verge, where it is the greatest.

Thus these general facts in regard to the movement of the magnetic needle correspond with the Symmes theory of the earth. The barometer also illustrates the theory; for it is well established that, along the region of the verge, the mercury rises the highest, for here the atmosphere is most dense. It would be difficult to show, upon any other hypothesis, why the barometer should rise higher along the locality of the verge than upon the upper side of it to north or south.

The aurora borealis affords a most interesting illustration. If, as Franklin supposed, this is an electrical phenomenon, the question arises, Why is it always exhibited in high latitude? The electric fluid pervades all nature, and is excited by heat, by cold, and by friction.

The sun in his daily course rarefies the air of the equatorial regions. It therefore rises and falls down towards the poles, causing currents from the equator towards the north and the south, where it is condensed. This process of rarefaction and condensation produces the aurora along the verges, where the greatest condensation takes place. In proof of this view, Captain Parry and other explorers and navigators state that, when in high latitudes upon and beyond the verge, the aurora is almost always seen in a southerly or southwesterly direction.

Navigators in the South Atlantic, while sailing down the coast of South America, observe, low in the horizon, to the east and southeast, several bright,

luminous bodies, like clouds in the sky, which become more and more elevated as the vessel goes south, until, in the vicinity of the Straits of Magellan, these clouds appear nearly in the zenith.

The cause of this beautiful appearance is as yet unknown, or is only the subject of vague conjecture. Captain Symmes holds that these bright clouds are produced by the light of the sun reflected from New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, and perhaps the south part of New Holland, which lie upon the opposite side of the earth, and which, in the vicinity of Cape Horn, are nearly in the zenith. They are upon the southern verge, between the highest and lowest parts of it, and an observer near Cape Horn is within the southern verge, or upon it, and his zenith is not a radial line drawn from the centre of the earth, but is at right angles to a line equidistant from the outer and inner surfaces of the earth, and nearly at right angles to the plane of the verge, so that the opposite side of the earth would be nearly in the zenith to him, and the light thrown from these islands would present them as bright, luminous bodies, always seen in the same direction, like moons, reflecting the light of the sun. They do not rise and set, as do the sun and moon; and this fact gives plausibility to the explanation.

Facts attested by good authority prove the existence of a warmer climate beyond the verge. The Indians of the interior of North America, in latitude about 60°, migrate west or northwest on the approach of winter, to seek a milder climate, and find no sea. Hearn establishes this fact. Though these Indians thus migrate far to the northwest, they have, as Hearn informs us, no knowledge of the Pacific Ocean.

From the interior of North America, west of Hudson's Bay, such emigration would have to be to a great distance to reach the Arctic Ocean in the vicinity of Behring's Straits. This course would take them through Alaska, and lead over the verge, where they would come to a milder climate.

In 1789 Hearn travelled over this part of the continent. Great changes have since taken place, and much information has been obtained, yet it is interesting to know what were his views at that time. He says, that for a long time he travelled over a bleak, inhospitable country, and found it difficult to sustain existence. At length the character of the country changed, and he found a milder climate, sustaining vegetation, with forests of timber, of various kinds. He found also a variety of animals, and inhabitants whom he calls "strangers," different from any he had before seen.

From these people he learned there was a vast continent stretching far to the northwest. They had also a tradition of a large river, greater than McKenzie's River, far to the west and northwest of them. This river was probably the great river Yukon in Alaska, which rises southeast of Mount Elias and flows west and northwest, some twelve hundred miles, into the Pacific Ocean or into Behring's Straits. Its whole course is along upon the verge, and at its mouth it should be warmer than up the stream six hundred miles,—a fact that could be easily ascertained. The statements of Hearn, so far as relates to climate, are corroborated by other travellers. They concur in stating that, in high latitude, the inhabitants speak of the south as colder than the north in the winter, and that they migrate north in the winter season to a milder climate.

One navigator, Captain Ross, when in high latitude beyond the verge, speaks of the Arctic Sea as being calm and clear of ice, while south of him was a wide belt of ice. He describes the currents of air coming from the north as being so warm as to dissolve the snow and ice around him and far to the south. Captain Parry makes frequent mention of these warm currents of air coming from the north and northeast,—that is, from the interior of the earth.

Now, all these facts are utterly inconsistent with the commonly received

opinion of the arctic regions, that the farther we go to the north the colder it becomes. If any reliance can be placed upon the representations of these explorers, it is fully proved that, above and beyond 68° and 70° north latitude, in the interior of North America, there is milder climate than at a lower degree of latitude. According to the common opinion, such a climate could not encircle the poles, for every argument which shows the climate colder at 45° than at 20° north, proves it colder at the poles than at 70° north. Large herds of deer, white bears, foxes, and other animals migrate northward on the approach of winter. They cannot exist upon the cold, icy belt of the earth along the verge, and they instinctively migrate where they can procure subsistence. From the regions around the northern part of the verge they migrate to the north, and from the southern border of the same they migrate south in winter. From Canada and the countries along the same latitude, immense flocks of migrating birds go south on the approach of winter and return in the spring. The reindeer in March or April come down from the north in droves of thousands and return north again in October, in the interior of North America. (See Rees's Cyclopædia, "Hudson Bay.") The same is true of the north of Asia. In these high latitudes the musk-oxen and white bears thus migrate. The cattle are seen retiring north on the ice in autumn, and returning in the spring in great numbers, bringing their young with them. (See Hearn's Journal, pp. 357, 358.) These are curious facts, and well deserve a candid consideration.

Immense shoals of herrings in good condition, according to Buffon, come down from the polar seas, and are never known to return. This renders the solution of the migration of fishes from the north more difficult. If they return in the spring, why are they never observed as well as when they go south? Admit the Symmes theory, and the conjecture would not be unreasonable, that they make the annual circuit of

the earth, over the exterior and interior surfaces and through both openings at the poles. If, on the present hypothesis of the earth, we allow land enough for the sustenance of the numerous herds of animals which annually migrate to the polar regions, there would hardly remain water sufficient for the immense shoals of fishes which abound there.

The true causes which produced this change of climate in the arctic regions — heretofore supposed to be one vast solitude of eternal ice — may not be fully known. The progress of science and the discoveries of explorers will soon shed more light on this interesting subject.

Spitzbergen, on the south side of the verge, is a bleak, barren country, while, to the northward, plants, flowers, and trees are found. This island is upon or partly within the verge, and the north part would lie within and be warmer than the southern portion of the island.

Driftwood is found in great quantities upon the northern coasts of Iceland, Norway, Spitzbergen, and the arctic borders of Siberia, having every appearance of a tropical production. Trees of large dimensions and of different kinds are found, some in a good state of preservation. Vegetables of singular character, and flowers of peculiar fragrance and color, unknown to botanists, are sometimes found in this drift. These could not be the production of the cold arctic regions, nor is it probable they were drifted thither by the Gulf Stream or by submarine currents, for their specific gravity would make this impossible. Besides, why are they not found along the southern coasts of these localities, if borne north by the Gulf Stream, and why is not this drift seen as it passes along through the Atlantic?

It is interesting, in this connection, to notice that one of the results of late German exploration in the arctic regions is the discovery of beds of mineral coal; also mountains higher than Mont Blanc; and botanical specimens which indicate that Greenland must

have been once covered with a rich vegetation; or, as Captain Symmes might have urged, these deposits were drifted from the interior of the earth.

The winters of Spitzbergen and England alternate in severity; when it is cold in England, it is comparatively mild in Spitzbergen, and the reverse is true. The explanation is this: the warm winds from the south moderate the winters of England, but, continuing through the ice-bound regions of the verge, fall down on Spitzbergen as cold, bleak winds, and lower the temperature of that island. So, winds out of the interior, which moderate the winter of this island, as they pass over the verge fall down upon England as cold north winds.

McKenzie, who discovered the great river of the North bearing his name, informs us that he found the river near its source clear of ice, but along the location of the verge it was ice-bound, and again open at its mouth. This is what would be expected if this theory be true, but is difficult of explanation upon any other hypothesis.

All these facts being admitted, — and most of them are fully established by incontestible proofs, — the conclusion is legitimate, that, far to the north of the frozen regions of the verge, there exists a milder climate and an open sea, whose existence has never been fully explained, and is inconsistent with the Newtonian theory of the earth.

Little is known of the southern verge, but many of the facts in support of the northern verge are applicable to this also. The unequal distribution of land upon the globe is remarkable, three fourths of it being in the northern hemisphere. This unequal distribution might seem to jeopard the equilibrium of our planet; but it may be counterpoised by a corresponding inequality of land in the interior; or the general depth of the ocean in the southern hemisphere may be less, and so compensate this unequal distribution of land surface upon the earth. Future discoveries will demonstrate what now remains unknown. The

United States Exploring Expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, discovered a long line of coast in the Antarctic Ocean, of more than fifteen hundred miles in extent, which may be the margin of a vast continent extending into the interior across the southern verge.

Since the promulgation of the Symmes theory of the earth, and only a few years ago, Captain Weddell actually penetrated through this icy region of the southern verge and found an open ocean similar to that around the north pole.

Modern explorers have added much to our knowledge of the arctic regions which corroborates the arguments of Captain Symmes. The most of them have found an open sea. They tell of immense flocks of birds and of migrating animals going north in winter. They speak of warm currents of air and water coming from the north.

Captain Whimper, now or lately exploring Greenland, from Jacob's Haven, on the west coast, in north latitude 70°, thinks the interior of that vast country is not one ice-bound region of eternal frost and snow, as has been generally supposed; for he says large numbers of reindeer come in from the interior in good condition, and therefore good pasturage must be found in the interior north and northeast from Jacob's Haven.

In olden times Archangel, on the river Dwina, near the White Sea, had a considerable commerce, when Sweden held the whole of Finland. It is said that steamers from Archangel can ply down the White Sea and through the Arctic Ocean, around North Cape to the ports of Norway, six months in the year. This is as long as the St. Lawrence is free from ice, and nearly as long as the Erie Canal is navigable.

Captain Symmes maintained that the other planets, like the earth, were each composed of concentric spheres; but I have not space sufficient to refer to the telescopic appearances which are noticed by him in support of his theory.

The most common objection to his theory is, that, if it were true, the sun could not possibly light and warm the

interior of the world. This is easily answered. The rays of light come parallel from the sun to the earth, and, if he were no larger than the earth, they would fall at least twelve degrees upon the concave interior surface, as they passed over the lower part of the verge both north and south. But the earth in her annual revolution, owing to the inclination of the poles to the plane of her orbit, alternately permits the incident rays to fall much more than twelve degrees upon the interior surface. This inclination is $23^{\circ} 30'$, which, added to 12° , the angularity of the verges, gives $35^{\circ} 30'$ of the concave surface upon which the direct incident rays of the sun fall. But these rays, passing over the dense, cold air of the verges, are refracted many degrees, probably at least ten or fifteen degrees, so that by one refraction and one or two reflections the rays of light would be thrown out over the verge opposite to that through which they entered; and because those rays would converge upon the concave surface instead of diverging, they would produce abundant light and heat throughout the whole interior. As compared with moonlight, the sun's rays, reflected from one interior surface to the other, would be as much more intense as the square of the diameter of the inner world is less than the square of the distance of the moon from the earth. According to this law, assuming the diameter of the interior to average 4,000 miles, and the moon's distance 240,000 miles, the light of the interior would be equal to 3,600 moons as large as our sun, and this too without considering the greater intensity of the interior light upon a concave surface over that of the moonlight reflected from and falling upon convex surfaces. These views, which are in accordance with the known laws of light, show that this popular objection has not the slightest force. On the contrary, the strong probability would be, that, on account of intense light and heat, the interior would be uninhabitable, except around the vicinity of the verges both north and south.

Another popular objection is, that the law of gravitation is overturned. How, says the objector, could bodies be attracted alike to both the outer and inner surfaces of the earth? There is no force in this objection.

We have been so long accustomed to consider the centre of gravity as an indefinite something at the centre of our globe, to which all bodies on the exterior surface tend with an irresistible force, that it is difficult to consider it from any other stand-point. Such a central something would be attracted by everything around it, and would be more likely to be drawn from the centre than to attract to itself all surrounding bodies.

All we know of gravitation is, that a body let fall above the surface of the earth falls towards the centre; but whether the cause exists there or above the surface, or whether some *tertium quid* rises, and presses down the falling body, we know not.

It would be difficult to prove that bodies in the interior, as well as upon the exterior, surface, when let fall, would not tend to the surface in each case. There is probably a line between the inner and outer surfaces of the earth which may be called the centre of gravity, and to which falling bodies tend with equal force. The matter of the earth, like a great magnet, attracts to itself all bodies coming within its influence, as well upon the concave, as upon the convex, surface.

Yet another popular objection is, that the shadow of the earth appears circular, and not of the form claimed upon this theory.

At first sight this objection is plausible, but really it has no force; for the extreme density of the atmosphere around the verges increases its refractive power, like a convex lens, and so refracts the sun's rays that the shadow of the earth would still appear circular; for by this refraction an equal number of rays are intercepted as though the regular convexity of the earth were as claimed by the Newtonian theory.

Again it is objected, with some de-

gree of plausibility, that, if the earth be hollow, the relative attraction of the heavenly bodies which compose the solar system is disturbed, and the great laws discovered by Newton, which regulate the motion of the system, are destroyed.

A little reflection, however, will show that, if the Newtonian theory be correct in relation to the attraction of the solar system, we have only to concede that, if the quantity of matter in the earth be less than was assumed upon that theory, the same relative differences obtain in the other heavenly bodies, or that the attraction of hollow bodies may somehow be greater in proportion to their quantity of matter than that of solid spheres.

The visible heavens would be seen by refracted rays in the inner world.

From both surfaces the same polar stars would be seen at each extreme, while a wide belt of the starry heavens, over the heads of observers upon the exterior world, would be invisible upon a corresponding zone of the interior.

The extent of the visible horizon, to the inhabitants of the interior, would be largest immediately around the verges, and it would contract as the observer receded from the verges towards the equatorial regions of the interior surface.

The inhabitants upon the exterior surface would be antipodes to those immediately under them, upon the interior surface, as well as to those upon the opposite side of the earth; while the inhabitants of the inner world would be antipodal only to those immediately opposite to them upon the outer side, that is to say, the external inhabitants would have two sets of antipodes, while those of the interior would have only one.

There are many other facts and arguments which were from time to time urged by Captain Symmes in support of his theory. The writer has lately seen a small anonymous book written in 1824 "by a citizen of the United States," and published in Cincinnati, which has great interest. It enlarges

the arguments drawn from the telescopic appearances of the planets, the laws of gravitation, and the doctrine of *mid-plane spaces* between the concentric spheres of the planets. It is stated in this work that Captain Symmes maintained that there were openings through the crust of the earth from the interior to the exterior surface through which the water flowed, and facts are given in support of this idea. It is one of great interest, however, as connected with the phenomena of subterranean rivers, submarine currents, earthquakes and volcanoes, artesian wells, springs on high mountains, etc. In this little book it is also stated that Captain Symmes held that our earth had at least *five concentric spheres*. Such might have been his views as early as 1823 and 1824, at and prior to the time when this work was published, but such were not the views expressed in his lectures at Union College in 1827. Doubtless his views were modified more or less between 1827 and 1829, when he died.

Since this theory was promulgated by its author, enough has come to light to prove that he was correct in his views of the existence of a warmer climate at the north, and of an open polar sea. And it is believed that, if his theory had been fully made public long ago, much hardship, suffering, and expense would or might have been avoided in the futile attempts to find a passage through the bleak and desolate regions around Baffin's Bay. That Behring's Straits offer the best route into the arctic regions admits of little or no doubt, and an expedition for this purpose from the Pacific coast is well worth the consideration of the government.

Time, the great revealer of secrets, will soon determine whether this startling theory is true, in whole or in part, and whether its author was a visionary enthusiast, or a profound philosopher whose name will be honored among men, like that of Franklin or Newton, as a benefactor of his race, and an honor to the country which gave him birth.

P. Clark.

R U B Y.

I WAS a colonel commanding a regiment of German cavalymen in South Missouri, and so I must have a horse; it was desirable to be conspicuously well mounted, and so I must have a showy horse; I was a heavy weight and a rough rider, and so I must have a good horse. If I had not been a colonel, I might have been compelled to take a very ordinary mount and be content; my vanity would not have availed me, and my rough riding must have ceased.

But I was chief ruler of the little world that lay encamped on the beautiful banks of the Roubie d'Eaux; and I suppose life was easier to all under me when I was satisfied and happy. I am not conscious of having been mean and crabbed, or of favoring those who favored me to the disadvantage of those who did not. I cannot recall an instance in which I ever took a bribe, even in the form of a pleasant smile. It was probably easier, in the long run, to be fair than to be unfair, and therefore the laziest private I ever ordered on extra duty could not lay his hand on his heart and say he thinks I did it because he was not diligent in foraging for turkeys and hens for my private mess. I had very early in life been impressed with the consciousness that the way of the transgressor is not easy; and as I wanted my way to be easy, I fell into the habit of not transgressing. This may not have been a very worthy motive to actuate the conduct of a military commander; but I flatter myself it was as good as the average in our Department of the Southwest, where, if the truth must be told, virtue did not have it all its own way,—we were different from troops farther east; and although it made me sometimes wince to have my conduct ascribed to a noble uprightness of purpose, and showed me that it would really have been more honest in me not to have been quite so good, yet I

managed, I trust, to carry out my intention of treating every man in the command, officer or soldier, as nearly as he should be treated as the interests of the public service, the good of the individual himself, and my own personal convenience, would allow.

Therefore, I say, I am not conscious of having favored those who favored me, to the disadvantage of those who did not; neither do I think that (at the stage of our acquaintance of which I write) the Grafs and Barons and simple Vons, of whom the command was so largely composed, entertained the hope of personal benefit when they laid their kindnesses at my accustomed feet.

The head-quarters' mess was generally well supplied, and no questions asked. My relations with most of my command were kindly, and I think it came to be understood—for German cavalymen are not without intelligence—that the happiness of the individual members of the regiment depended rather on the happiness of its colonel than on any direct bids for his favor. Be this as it may, I am not conscious of having received such direct appeals, and I am entirely conscious of the fullest measure of happiness that my circumstances would allow; not an ecstasy of delight,—far from that,—but a comfortable sense of such well-fed, well-paid, well-encamped, and pleasantly occupied virtue as had left nothing undone that my subordinates could be made to do, and did nothing that my conditions rendered difficult. My good-humor was equalled by that of the regiment at large, and the beetling sides of the Ozark valleys nowhere sheltered a happier campful of jolly good fellows than the Vierte Missouri Cavalry.

We lay on the marvellous Roubie d'Eaux, at its source; no such babbling brook as trickles from the hill-

side springs of New England, but a roaring torrent, breaking at once from a fathomless vent in the mountain. The processes of formation with these South Missouri rivers are all hidden from sight, but, far away in the topmost caves of the Ozark hills, the little streamlets trickle, and unite for a larger and ever larger flow, gorging at last the huge caverns of the limestone rock and bursting upon the world a full-grown river. Within our camp this wonderful spring broke forth, and close at hand was a large grist-mill that it drove. We were a self-sustaining community,—in this, that we foraged our own corn and ground our own meal. With similar industry we provided ourselves with fish, flesh, and fowl.

The trees were bare with the November frosts, but the Indian summer had come, and, day after day, it bathed every twig and spray with its amber breath, warming all nature to a second life, and floating the remoter hills far away into a hazy dreamland.

But personally, notwithstanding all this, I was not content: I was practically a dismounted cavalryman. Indeed, it would even have been a pity to see a colonel of infantry riding such brutes as fell to my lot, for good weight-carriers were rare in that section. I had paid a very high price for a young thorough-bred stallion (afterwards, happily, sold for a large advance), only to find him a year too young for his work, and the regiment had been scoured in vain for an available mount. I would have gone any reasonable length, even in injustice, to secure such an animal as I needed. It was not easy to make up my mind to order a soldier to give up a horse he was fond of, and some soldier had an especial fondness for all but the worthless brutes. My reluctance to do this was perhaps not lessened by the fact that it was forbidden for officers to ride United States horses. It finally became evident that the chances were very small of ever finding a suitable animal, and I even went out, on one shooting excursion, mounted on a mule.

Up to this time the regiment had been all that could be asked, but now it seemed to contain a thousand ill-tempered, sore-headed men. The whole camp was awry. Some of the officers intimated that this was all the fault of the adjutant; that the orders from head-quarters had lately been unusually harsh. This officer, when remonstrated with, insisted that he had only transmitted the exact orders I had given him, and I knew that my own action had always been reasonable,—on principle so. Sometimes one almost wished himself back in civil life, away from such constant annoyances.

We had in the regiment one Captain Graf von Glückmansklegge, who was in many respects the most accomplished and skilful officer of us all. His life had been passed in the profession, and he had only left his position of major in a Bavarian Uhlán regiment to draw his sabre in defence of "die Freiheit," in America, as senior captain of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. He was an officer of Asboth's selection, and had many of that veteran's qualities. Tall, thin, of elegant figure, as perfect a horseman as good natural advantages and good training could make, and near-sighted, as a German cavalry officer must be, he was as natty a fellow as ever wore an eye-glass and a blond mustache.

He was, at the same time, a man of keen worldly shrewdness and of quick judgment,—qualities which, in his case, may have been sharpened by long practice at those games of chance with which it has not been unusual for European officers to preface their coming to draw their sabres in defence of "die Freiheit" in America.

With Glückmansklegge I had always been on friendly terms. Among the many lessons of his life he had learned none more thoroughly than the best way to treat his commanding officer; and there was in his manner an air of friendly deference and of cordial submission to rank, accompanied by a degree of personal dignity, that elevated the colonel rather than lowered the cap-

tain,—a manner that probably makes its way with a newly fledged officer more surely than any other form of appeal to his vanity. One sometimes saw a brand-new second-lieutenant made happier than a king by this same touch of skill from an old soldier in his company, whom he knew to be far his superior in all matters of service. To be quite frank, if I have an element of snobishness in my own organization, it has been more nurtured into life by the military deference of better soldiers than myself under my command than by all other influences combined; thus modified do the best of us become in the presence of unmerited praise.

One evening Glückmanslegge came to my tent door: "Excuse, Col-onel, may I come?" And then, flinging out his eye-glass with a toss of the head, he went on, with his imperfect English, to tell me he had just learned from his lieutenant that I could find no horse to suit me; that he had a good one strong enough for my weight, and, he thought, even good enough for my needs. He had bought him in St. Louis from the quarter-master, and would I oblige him by trying him? He was quite at my service, at the government price, for he, being lighter, could easily replace him. Did I remember his horse, — his "Fuchs"? "He is good, nice, strong horse, an he yoomp! — yei!!"

I did remember his horse, and I had seen him "yoomp." It had long been a subject of regret to think that such an animal should be in the regiment, yet not on my own picket-line. It was well known that great prices had been offered for him, only to make Glückmanslegge fling his eye-glass loose, and grin in derision. "Fuchs is — how you call? — heely,' an gesund; wenn you like, your Ike will go to my company to bring him." I did like, and I had no scruples against buying him for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Ike, a handsome contraband, went early the next morning with a halter for the Fuchs, and I was up bright and be-times to try him.

I had only seen the horse before under the saddle, perfectly equipped, perfectly bitted, and perfectly ridden, an almost ideal charger. There was a great firebrand scar on the flat of each shoulder, where he had been fired for a cough, — so said Glückmanslegge; — others intimated that this effaced a U. S. brand; but, except this, not a sign of a blemish. In form, action, style, color (chestnut), and training he was unexceptionably good, and might well excite the envy of all good horsemen who saw him *under the saddle*. Knowing him so well, I went rather eagerly to the picket-line to refresh myself with the added sensation that the actual ownership of such a horse must give.

There stood the new purchase, — a picture of the most abject misery; his hind legs drawn under him; the immense muscles of his hips lying flabby, like a cart-horse's; his head hanging to the level of his knees, and his under-lip drooping; his eyes half shut, and his great ears falling out sideways like a sleepy mule's. I had bought him for a safe price, and he would probably do to carry Ike and my saddle-bags; but I felt as far as ever from a mount for myself, and went back to my tent wiser and no happier than before.

Presently Ike appeared with the coffee, and asked how I liked the new horse.

"Not at all."

"Don't ye? well now I reckon he's a consid'able of a hoss."

I sent him to look at him, and he came back with a very thoughtful air, — evidently he had been impressed. At last he said, "Well now, Colonel, I don't reckon you bought that hoss to look at him on the picket-line, did you?"

"No, Ike, or he should be sold out very cheap; but he is not the *kind* of horse I supposed he was; he ought to work in a mule-team."

"Well now, Colonel, mebbe he is; but you can't never tell nothin' about a hoss till you get him between ye;

and I reckon he's a consid'able of a hoss, I reckon he is."

Ike was wise, in his way, and his way was a very horsy one,—so my hopes revived a little; and when Glückmansklegge came up on a capital little beast he had been handling (secretly to replace the Fuchs), I had the new venture saddled and brought round. He came blundering along, head and ears and tail down, and stood like a leathern horse for me to mount, Glückmansklegge dropping his eye-glass and grinning. It was as well to find out first as last whether he had anything in him or not, and I gathered up the curb rein, which brought his head into superb position and settled him well back on his haunches; but, as the movement had been made with dignity, I gave him both heels, firmly,—when we went sailing!—how high I don't know, probably not fifteen feet, but it seemed that, and covering a good stretch to the front. It was the most enormous lift I had ever had, and when (after an appreciable time in the air, it seemed) he landed square on all four feet, it was to strike a spanking, even trot, the bit playing loose in his mouth, his head swaying easily with his step, and his tail flying. I had never been more amazed in my life than by the wonderful grace and agility of this splendid brute. As he trotted along with his high, strong, and perfectly cadenced step, he showed in the swing of his head all the satisfaction of an athlete turning, conscious, lightly away from the foot-lights, after his especial *tour de force*.

As Glückmansklegge rode up, he said, "Well, Col-o-nel, how you like? Nice pretty strong horse, what?"

And then, his English failing him, he fell, through an attempt at French, into German, in which his tongue was far more ready than my ear. Still, it was easy to gather enough to understand some of the processes by which the animal's natural qualifications for his work had been developed into such unusual accomplishments; and then he glided into the complimentary as-

sertion that no one but the colonel of his regiment could ever have hoped to buy him at any price, and of course he did not consider it a sale. His original outlay, which he could not afford to lose, had been reimbursed; but the true value of the horse, his education, he was only too glad to give me. And then, the pleasure of seeing his colonel suitably mounted, and the satisfaction of seeing the horse properly ridden, really threw the obligation on his side. Then, with his inimitable *naïveté*, he not only expressed, but demonstrated, in every look and gesture, more delight in watching our movements than he had felt in his own riding. "Praise a horseman for his horsemanship, and he will ride to the Devil." Glückmansklegge (I did not suspect him of a desire for promotion) pointed to a strong rail-fence near by, and suggested that the combination of man and horse for that sort of thing was unusual. Whether it was a banter or a compliment, it would have been impossible for any man who properly esteemed himself and his riding to stop to consider. Turning toward the fence, the Fuchs, checking his speed, seemed to creep toward it, as a cat would, making it very uncertain what he proposed; but as he came nearer to it, that willingness to leap that an accustomed rider will always recognize communicated itself to me, and, with perfect judgment, but with a force and spirit I had never hoped to meet in a horse of this world, he carried me over the enormous height, and landed, like a deer, among the stumps and brush on the other side, and trotted gayly away, athlete-like again, happier and prouder than ever horse was before.

Sitting that evening at my tent door, opposite the spring, bragging, as the custom is, over my new purchase, it occurred to me that that stream of water and that bit of horseflesh had some qualities alike; so I christened the latter "Roubie d'Eaux," which was soon translated and shortened to "Ruby,"—a name thenceforth familiar throughout the regiment.

To become my property was the only thing needed to make him perfect, for Ike was born in a racing stud in Kentucky, and had practised all the arts of the craft, up to the time when, being both jockey and "the stakes" in a race he rode, he was lost to a Missouri gentleman of fortune, and became a body-servant. He was once confidential:

"Well now, Colonel, you see, this is how it was: I had n't nothin' agin my master, — he was a right nice man; but then, you see, he dranked, and I did n't know what might become of me some time. Then, you see, I knowed this man was stiddy, an' he'd jess done bought a yallar gal I kinder had a notion for, an' so, — don't ye see why? — well, the hoss could have won the *race* fast enough, but then, you see, my master, — well, he was a drinkin' kind of a man, an' I thought I might as well fix it. I knowed I was up for stakes, an' that's how I come to Missouri; I ain't no Missouri man *born*, but that's how it was."

He had become a good body-servant without forgetting his stable training, and his horses bore testimony to his skill and fidelity. After going through the routine of a well-regulated stable, he gave each horse a half-hour's stroking with the flat of his hands, brisk and invigorating; and the result was a more blooming condition and more vigorous health than is often seen in horses on a campaign. The best substitute that could be secured for a stable was a very heavy canvas blanket, covering the horse from his ears to his tail and down to his knees, water-proof and wind-proof. It was a standing entertainment with the less dignified members of the mess to invite attention to Ruby as he stood moping under this hideous housing. Certainly I never saw him thus without thinking that his time had at last come, and that he surely would never again be able to carry me creditably. Yet as Ike's devotion continued, he grew better and better, commanding daily more of the respect and admiration of all who

knew him, and attaching himself to me more and more as we learned each other's ways.

One never loves but one horse entirely, and so Ruby never quite filled old Vixen's place; but, as a serviceable friend, he was all that could be desired. The unsupplied want of my life, that had made me restless and discontented, was now satisfied, and my duties became easy, and my pastimes (the principal times of South Missouri warfare) entirely agreeable.

It was no slight addition to these sources of contentment to feel that the command had at last awakened to a sense of its dereliction, and was fast reforming its ways. I had hardly owned Ruby for a fortnight before the old cheerfulness and alacrity returned to the regiment, and by the time we broke up our camp on the Roubie d'Eaux and went over to Lebanon for the hunting season, the entire organization was in a most satisfactory condition.

Our life at Lebanon was an episode of the war that we shall not soon forget. To the best of my knowledge and belief, after Price had retreated from Pea Ridge, the only organized forces of armed Rebels to be found north of the White River were local bands of jayhawkers, whose rebellion was mainly directed against the laws of property, and the actuating motive of whose military movements was "nags." The stealing of horses, with the consequent application of Lynch law, was all that the native male population had to keep them out of mischief, for weeks and weeks together. There was just enough of this sort of armed lawlessness to furnish us with a semblance of duty; not enough seriously to interrupt our more regular avocations. Lebanon is on the high table-land of the Ozarks, in the heart of a country flowing with prairie-hens and wild turkeys, and bountifully productive of the more humdrum necessities of life. Thanks to the fleeing of Rebel families, we found comfortable quarters without too severely oppressing those

who had remained. What with moving the court-house away from the public square, leaving the space free for a parade, and substituting a garrison flag-staff for the town pump, we kept our men from rusting; and when, after a time, we had established a comfortable post-hospital and a commodious military prison, Lebanon was as complete and well-ordered a station as could be found in South Missouri. I had the questionable honor and the unquestionable comfort of holding its command from the end of January to the end of April, — three dreamy months, that seem now to have been passed in a shooting-lodge, under favorable auspices.

As a legacy of the "Hundred Days," when the "Fourth Missouri" was the "Fremont Hussars," we had an able-bodied and extremely well-selected regimental band, that soothed our overtaxed senses when we came in from our work in the fields, gathering where our enemies had sown, and (under the suspended game laws of the State) shooting grouse and quail in the early spring.

Naturally, most of my official duties were such as could be performed by an extremely well-regulated adjutant; and I usually passed his busy half-hour (in private) with Ruby. There had been an impetuosity about the horse at the outset which it was desirable to quell, and I rode him regularly in a nicely fenced kitchen-garden, where, after he learned that fences are not always intended for leaping-bars, he fell slowly into the routine of the training-school, and easily acquired a perfect self-command and *aplomb* that enabled him, under all circumstances, to await his rider's instructions.

I wish that less account had been made, in the writings of those whose horse-stories have preceded mine, of the specified feats of their animals. The rôle of a horse's performances is necessarily limited, and it is probably impossible for a well-constituted mind to recite the simple story of his deeds without drawing largely on the imagi-

nation. Consequently, an unexaggerated account of what Ruby actually did (and I cannot bring my mind to an embellishment of the truth) would hardly interest a public whose fancy has been thus pampered and spoiled. But for this, these pages could be filled with instances of his strength and agility that would almost tax belief. Suffice it to say that, while, like most good high leapers, he would cover but a moderate breadth of water, he would get over anything reasonable in the shape of a fence that could be found about the town.

I was a heavy weight, — riding nearly two hundred pounds, — and necessarily rode with judgment. If there was a low place in a fence, we never chose a high one; but, at the same time, if there were no low places, we took the best we could find. Ruby seemed to know that the two of us were solid enough to break through any ordinary pile of rails, and what we could not jump over we jumped *at*. More than once did he carry away the top rail of a snake fence with his knees, and land fair and square on the other side; but it was a very high leap that made this necessary.

He would jump on to the porch of the quarter-master's office (approached from the ground by four steps) and then jump over the hand-rail and land on the ground below again, — almost wagging his tail with delight at the feat.

His ear was quicker than mine for the peeping of quail and for the drumming of grouse, and, in the absence of a good dog, there is no doubt that my pot (for which alone I have been said to hunt) was better filled by reason of his intelligence in the field, and because he would allow one to shoot from the saddle. The birds never mistook me for a sportsman until I was quite in among them, blazing away.

In coming home from the prairie, we generally rode round by the way of a certain sunken garden that stood a couple of feet below the level of the road. A five-foot picket-fence that

stood at the roadside had fallen over toward the garden, so that its top was hardly four feet higher than the road. This made the most satisfactory leap we ever took, — the long, sailing descent, and the safe landing on sandy loam, satisfied so completely one's prudent love of danger.

I think I missed this leap more than anything at Lebanon when, finally, we set out for Arkansas.

We made our first considerable halt early in May, at Batesville, on the White River, — a lovely, rose-grown village, carrying, in the neatly kept homes of its New England secessionists, evidence that they remembered their native land, where, in their day, before the age of railroads, the "village" flourished in all its freshness and simplicity. It had now acquired the picturesque dilapidation, in the matter of fences and gates and defective window-panes, that marked the Southern domicile during the war. Ruby had strained himself quite seriously on the march, and had been left to come on slowly with the quarter-master's train. This left me quite free for the social life, such as it was, to which we — the only available men that had been seen there since Price gathered his force at Springfield — were welcomed with a reserved cordiality. Our facilities for forming a correct opinion of society were not especially good, but I fancied I should have passed my time to as good advantage in the saddle.

We soon left for an active expedition in the direction of Little Rock, of which it is only necessary to say, here, that it lasted about a month, and brought the writer acquainted with some very unsatisfactory horses, — a fact which heightened his pleasure, on striking the White River bottom again, at finding that Ruby had been brought over the ferry to meet him. Tired as I was, I took a glorious brisk trot through the Canebrake Road, with a couple of leaps over fallen trees, that revived the old emotions and made a man of me again.

While we lay at Batesville we were

unusually active in the matter of drill and reorganization; and this, with our engagements in the town, kept us too busy for much recreation; but Ludlow and I managed to work in a daily swim in the White River, with old saddles on our horses, and scant clothing on our persons. Talk of aquatic sports! there is no royal bath without a plucky horse to assist; and a swim across the swift current at Batesville, with a horse like Ruby snorting and straining at every stroke, belittled even the leaping at Lebanon.

From Batesville we commenced our memorable march to join the fleet that had just passed Memphis, following down the left bank of the river to Augusta, and then striking across the cotton country to Helena, — a march on which we enjoyed the rarest picturesqueness of plantation life, and suffered enough from heat and hunger and thirst and stifling, golden dust to more than pay for it.

Helena was a pestiferous swamp, worth more than an active campaign to our enemies, filling our hospitals, and furrowing the levee bank with graves. It was too hot for much drilling, and we kept our better horses in order by daybreak races. With the local fever feeling its way into my veins, I was too listless to care much for any diversion; but Ike came to me one evening to say that he "reckoned" Ruby was as good a horse as anybody had in the "camps," and he might as well take a hand in the games. I told him I had no objection to his being run, if he could find a suitable boy, but that both he and I were too heavy for race-riding.

"I don't weigh only about a hundred and a half," said the ambitious man.

"Well, suppose you don't, that is ten pounds too much."

"I reckon a man can ride ten pound lighter 'n he is if he knows how to ride; anyhow, if Rube can't skin anything around here, I don't know nothin' about horses."

"Ike, did you ever run that horse?"

"Well, Colonel, now you ask me, I

did jest give Ludlow's darkey a little brush once."

Conquering my indignation and my scruples, I went over, just for the honor of the establishment, and made up a race for the next day.

I have seen crack horse-races in my day, but I never saw more artistic riding nor more capital running than that summer morning on the River Road at Helena, just as the sun began to gild the muddy Mississippi. The satisfaction of this conquest, and the activity with which new engagements were offered by ambitious lieutenants, who little knew the stuff my man and horse were made of, kept off my fever for some weeks; but I steadily declined all opportunity of racing with horses outside of our own command, for I had been reared in a school of Puritan severity, and had never quite overcome my convictions against the public turf. A corporal of an "Injeanny rigement" took occasion to crow lustily — so I heard — because "one of them French coveys" was afraid to run him a quarter for five dollars. It appeared that a cleanly European was always supposed by this gentry to be French; and in the army at large I was better known by the company I kept than by my New England characteristics.

Naturally, Ike thought that, while Ruby was engaged in this more legitimate occupation, he ought not to be ridden for mere pleasure; and it was only when a visitor was to be entertained, or when I went out on plea of duty, that I could steal an opportunity to leap him; but he took one fence which fairly did him credit. It was a snake fence measuring four feet and two inches, with a deep ditch on each side cut close to the projecting angles of the rails. Ruby carried me over the first ditch into the angle between the rails, then over the fence into the narrow space on the other side, and then over the second ditch into the field. It was the most perfect combination of skill, strength, and judgment that was possible to horseflesh; and I think Glückmanslegge, who was with me

and had suggested the venture, despaired of ever getting his promotion by any fair means, when we rejoined him by the return leap and rode safely to camp.

Unhappily, even entire satisfaction with one's horse is powerless to ward off such malaria as that of the camp at Helena, and in due time I fell ill with the fever. The horse was turned over to the care of the quarter-master, and Ike and I came wearily home on sick-leave.

Late in the autumn we returned to St. Louis, where one of the German officers told me that the regiment had joined Davidson's army at "Pilot K-nopp"; and after the Hun, our new adjutant, arrived from the East, we set out for head-quarters, and took command of the cavalry brigade of Davidson's army.

From November until January we were tossed about from post to post, wearing out our horses, wearying our men, and accomplishing absolutely nothing of value beyond the destruction of an enormous amount of the rough forage, which would otherwise have been used to feed "nags," — stolen, or to be stolen, — and would have thus tended to foster the prevailing vice of the region.

At last we settled down in a pleasant camp at Thomasville, — a good twelve miles away from Davidson, — and were at rest; it was only those near him who suffered from his fitful caprices, and he was now encamped with the infantry.

Pleasant as we found it with our little duty and much sport, I can never look back to Thomasville without sorrow. To say that I had acquired a tenderness for Ruby would not be strictly just; but I felt for him all the respect and admiration and fondness that is possible short of love. Vix had been my heroine, and my only one; but Ruby was my hero, and I depended on him for my duty and my pleasure more than I knew. With his full measure of intelligence he had learned exactly his rôle, and he was always eager, whenever occasion offered, to show the world what a remarkably fine horse I

had, — being himself conscious, not only of his unusual virtues, but, no less of the praise they elicited.

One sunny Southern day, toward the end of January, Davidson had ridden over, with his following, to dine with us; and as we were sitting before our mess-tent, mellow with after-dinner talk of our guns and our dogs and our horses, the General was good enough to remember that he had seen me riding a chestnut that he thought much too finely bred for field work: had I been able to keep him? Then Ruby was discussed, and all his successes were recalled, first by one friend and then by another, until Davidson needed ocular proof of our truthfulness.

Ike had taken the hint, and brought Ruby round in due time, — glistening like gold in the slanting rays of the setting sun, but blundering along with his head down and ears drooping in his old, dismal way.

“O no, I don't mean that horse,” said Davidson; “I mean a very high-strung horse I have seen you ride on the march.”

“Very well, General, that is the animal; he keeps his strings loose when he is not at his work.”

“No, I have seen you riding a far better horse than that; I am too old a cavalryman to be caught with such chaff.”

To the great glee of the Hun, whose faith in Ruby was unbounded, Davidson's whole staff turned the laugh on me for trying to deceive the General just because he had been dining.

I mounted, and started off with one

of Ruby's enormous lifts, that brought the whole company to their feet. It was the supreme moment with him. Full of consciousness, as though he knew the opportunity would never come again, and quivering in anticipation of his triumph, he was yet true to his training, and held himself subject to my least impulse.

We had lain in our camp for more than a week, and there was not a vestige left of the recently substantial fences, — only the suggestive and conspicuous gateways that stood to mark the march of our armies from the Chesapeake to the Indian nation. But Ruby built fences in his imagination higher than any he had ever faced, and cleared them without a scratch, landing close, as though the Helena ditch were still to be taken.

It would take long to tell all he did and how perfectly he did it: he went back at last to his canvas blanket, loaded with adulation and as happy as it is given a horse to be.

In his leaping he had started a shoe, and Ike took him in the morning to the smith (who had taken possession of an actual forge) to have it reset. A moment later, the Hun cried, “My God, Colonel, look at Ruby!”

Hobbling along with one hind foot drawn up with pain, he was making his last mournful march, and we laid him that day to rest, — as true a friend and as faithful a fellow as ever wore a chestnut coat.

He had reared in the shop, parted his halter, and fallen under a bench, breaking his thigh far up above the stifle.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE verdict which public opinion has pronounced, or, rather, is from time to time pronouncing, on the writings of George Eliot is certainly a very complicated one. That she is an acute delineator of character, a subtle humorist, a master of English, a universal observer and a comprehensive student, a profound moralist,—all this is part of her established reputation. That she is, besides this, a poet of great force and originality would, if we took as the test the most widely published criticism, be also established. That she has also succeeded,—in an age in which the public has been satiated with novels, and critics have begun even to doubt whether novel-writing were not a thing of the past,—if not in founding a new school of novel-writing, at least in proving that this literary form could be adapted, in skilful hands, to purposes which her predecessors had never dreamed of. Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Disraeli,—between them and George Eliot there is no relationship; and yet George Eliot, in the hold which she maintains upon the public interest, is certainly their successor. But is this all? Does not every one who reads generalizations like these involuntarily say to himself, this is nothing? To say of an author like George Eliot that she is distinguishable by this or that abstract quality is very much like trying to revive the effect produced upon our imaginations by a broad and majestic river by describing the general direction of a body of flowing water, the height of the banks between which it flows, the measurements of its soundings taken by the latest hydrographical survey. When we

think of all the immense variety of her books, from the Scenes from Clerical Life to Middlemarch, of the range of feeling and thought that they cover, and the wonderful manner in which the work has been done, one is tempted to give up the task of studying this student, of observing this author who has devoted her life to observation, or of analyzing this professor of analysis.

Several critics have agreed, and it is almost becoming the fashion to say, that the leading trait in all of George Eliot's works is the constant presence of the idea of Fate or Destiny, of the helplessness of man in his pitiful attempt to struggle with the eternal forces of nature; and no one will dispute that both the Mill on the Floss and Middlemarch have given undue reason for this opinion. But the idea of fate is very different in different minds, and it seems to us by no means clear that the fate of George Eliot is of a sort which has hitherto been known to literature. The conception of destiny with which we are most familiar is that of the Grecian tragedies and myths,—an individual fate, or at most a family fate, which attends, during a long succession of years, a particular man or family. They are born into the world together; they move through life together; perhaps, even, they struggle for the mastery: at last the fate is accomplished, whether for good or evil. In the Arabian Nights we find a conception of somewhat the same kind in the story of the young prince who is fated to die on coming of age, and whom his father, the king, sends out of the kingdom to an island, where he is to live in a subterranean palace

* *Middlemarch*: A Study of Provincial Life. By GEORGE ELIOT. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. New York: Harpers.

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A Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land in 1869-70. By HENRY M. HARMON, D. D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

The Class-Room Taine. History of English Literature. By H. A. TAINÉ. Abridged from the Translation of H. Van Laun, and edited with Chronological Table, Notes, and Index. By JOHN FISKE, Assistant Librarian and late Lecturer on Philosophy in Harvard University. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872.

Modern Leaders. Being a Series of Biographical Sketches by JUSTIN MCCARTHY. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

until the fatal moment is past ; but to the same island comes by accident a traveller who discovers the prince's retreat, and lives with him on terms of great intimacy and affection, consoling him for his solitude. At last the prince's birthday—the last of his imprisonment—arrives, and the king's vessel is descried above the horizon coming to take his son home in safety. The moment, however, has come ; the prince, reclining on a sofa, asks his friend for a knife from a shelf above ; there is a misstep, and the king arrives to find the fate fulfilled.

Perhaps the destiny which appears in Scott's novels—in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, or *Guy Mannering*—is of the same essential kind as that of the Greeks, but the coloring is totally different ; while the Mohammedan, with his "will of God be done," has given to the idea a religious character, again of a quite opposite kind. The idea takes a thousand different forms, which a scientific treatment of the subject would no doubt show in their real order and historical sequence.

The fate of George Eliot is not one of them. Hers is a more modern and truer conception. The destiny which surrounds her characters, which leads to their several allotted ends the lives of Tito, Maggie Tulliver, Tom, Hetty, Romola, Lydgate, the Vincys, or the poor drunkard whose last agonies are described with such minuteness in *Middlemarch*, is the compounded destiny of natural laws, character, and accident which we call life. It leaves nothing out of view ; neither the material nor the moral forces ; neither the immutable fixity of physical succession, nor the will. Man is, in these novels, neither a creature who controls us and who controls nor who is controlled by nature ; he is himself part of nature.

We would not, however, overlook the fact,—which is of the first importance,—that George Eliot's fate is a moral fate, or, to put what we mean in other words, that the moral lessons enforced by life are the most important lessons for her. It is not the strangeness and awfulness of life, it is not the joy of life, it is not the misery of life, nor the absurdity of life, that is first with her : all these she understands and feels ; but what she most keenly understands and most keenly feels are the lessons which all this strangeness, awfulness, joy, misery, and absurdity bring for those who will read them aright, as well as the obligation

that she herself is under to help others to read them aright. This is not merely saying over again that she is a moralist. There have been many moralists in literature, particularly English literature, who would have been quite at a loss to understand the meaning of this morality ; moralists to whom the bare idea of fate or destiny was anathema, and who could not have even imagined the connection between it and duty.

That fate should, in English hands, assume a moral color is natural enough ; but if we compare the novels of George Eliot with those of a Continental writer whose novels have a distinctly fatalistic turn, we shall begin to doubt perhaps whether this view of life is the growth of any one soil. Turgéniéff's character, or at least some of his characters, are the playthings of fate quite as much as any of his English contemporary. And Turgéniéff, too, is impressed with the moral side of his subject. His *Liza*, if it were not for the pervading sadness of the book, might be distributed as a tract among refined people. Yet, after all, the sadness is more fundamental than the morality, and perhaps it would be fairer to say that there is a general way of looking at life, peculiar to modern men, which Turgéniéff happened to take in *Liza*, although he certainly did not very distinctly grasp it, as George Eliot always does.

And what is this modern view of life, which is different from all others,—so sad, and so moral, so ironical, so didactic, yet so undogmatically didactic ? M. Taine, in his *English Literature*, after speaking of Byron's unhappy career, and that of the poets whom he calls "romantic," answers this question in a way that, whatever may be thought of the criticism in other respects, is complete : "So lived and so ended this unhappy great man ; the malady of the age had no more distinguished prey ; around him, like a hecatomb, lie the rest, wounded also by the greatness of their faculties, and their immoderate desires,—some extinguished in stupor or drunkenness, others worn out by pleasure or work ; these driven to madness or suicide ; those beaten down by impotence, or lying on a sick-bed ; all agitated by their acute or aching nerves ; the strongest carrying their bleeding wound to old age, the happiest having suffered as much as the rest, and preserving their scars, though healed. The concert of their lamentations has filled their age, and we have stood around them, hearing in our hearts

the low echo of their cries. We were sad like them, and, like them, inclined to revolt. The institution of democracy excited our ambitions without satisfying them; the proclamation of philosophy kindled our curiosity without contenting it. In this wide-open career the plebeian suffered for his mediocrity, and the sceptic for his doubt. The plebeian, like the sceptic, attacked by a precocious melancholy, and withered by a premature experience, delivered his sympathies and his conduct to the poets, who declared happiness impossible, truth unattainable, society ill-arranged, man abortive or marred. From this unison of voices an idea sprang, — the centre of the literature, the arts, the religion of the age, — that there is, namely, a monstrous disproportion between the different parts of our social structure, and that human destiny is vitiated by this disagreement. "What advice have they given us for its remedy? They were great: were they wise? 'Let deep and strong sensations rain upon you; if your machine breaks, so much the worse! . . . Cultivate your garden, busy yourself in a little circle; re-enter the flock, be a beast of burden. . . . Turn believer again, take holy water, abandon your mind to dogmas, and your conduct to hand-books. . . . Make your way; aspire to power, honors, wealth.' Such are the various replies of artists and citizens, Christians and men of the world. Are they replies? And what do they propose but to satiate one's self, to become beasts, to turn out of the way, to forget? There is another and a deeper answer, which Goethe was the first to give, which we begin to conceive, in which issue all the labor and experience of the age, and which may perhaps be the subject-matter of future literature. 'Try to understand yourself and things in general.' A strange reply, seeming barely new, whose scope we shall only hereafter discover. For a long time yet, men will feel their sympathies thrill at the sound of the sobs of their great poets. For a long time they will rage against a destiny which opens to their aspirations the career of limitless space, to shatter them, within two steps of the goal, against a wretched post which they had not seen. For a long time they will bear, like fetters, the necessities which they must embrace as laws. Our generation, like the preceding, has been tainted by the malady of the age, and will never more than half be quit of it. We shall arrive at truth, not at calm. All we

can heal at present is our intellect; we have no hold upon our sentiments. But we have a right to conceive for others the hopes which we no longer entertain for ourselves, and to prepare for our descendants the happiness which we shall never enjoy."

But we have not yet reached the fortunate isles. The future may have in store for those who are to come after us a thousand blessings of which we can only dream; for the present we live in a period of intellectual and moral tumult of revolt against the old, mixed with dread of the new, — indeed, not half understanding the new, but half loving the old. Science has opened the portals of knowledge, and we are not scientific; science has revealed a new harmony of the feelings, and yet in our dull ears the old, incongruous, sentimental melodies go on ringing. Science offers us the key to the moral law which governs the world, yet we cannot bring ourselves to turn it. Is it any wonder that, amid all this doubt, hesitation, and, it may be, despair, we find a wonderful zest in humor, in analysis, in irony, in the purely critical study of the world? Such a life as ours is too complicated, too revolutionary, too full of sudden surprises and absurdities, too sad, too merry, too horribly real, too shamefully false, to admit of that repose which furnishes the only sure foundation for happy art. Our business is not creation, but criticism.

When we have said that George Eliot is almost an inspired critic, have we not said what is really the most important thing about her? No doubt at such an opinion thousands of her admirers would hold up their hands in horror. "Inspired critic!" they would exclaim; "how can an author of singular dramatic power, and of equally singular power of human delineation, be called a critic?" This, however, is the question. If George Eliot has real dramatic power, and has imagined real characters, there is no doubt that it is folly to say that she is primarily a critic. But we think she has not. What she has done has been to describe, with such wonderful minuteness and ironical force, the thoughts and feelings which, under given circumstances, a certain *kind* of person might have, that we are forced to admit the possibility of the picture, or, to speak more accurately, the reality of the report. Besides this, she has a wonderful power of reproducing scenes of every sort, with which she is familiar, or, rather,

with which her audience is familiar,—a faculty which seems to us, at least, not a pictorial or imaginative one, but rather that faculty of description which comes of observation and general power of statement. That this is true may be occasionally seen when George Eliot attempts remote studies, like that, for instance, of the mediæval Italian barber-shop in Romola,—a shop in which we feel too acutely sensible of the daylight of the English intellect of the nineteenth century, as well as the keenness of George Eliot's humor, to make ourselves quite at home. Even in the English scenes, as has been well said by a recent critic, we are from time to time oppressed by a sense that the village worthies who make reflections on life and on each other are, after all, only masks through which George Eliot is ventriloquizing.

To turn to the more noted and distinct characters,—are they characters?—no one, we suppose, except a woman, would claim actual existence for Adam Bede, or for Felix Holt, or Will Ladislaw; but there are, besides such failures as these, remarkable successes in Maggie Tulliver, in Arthur Donnithorne, in Hetty, in Tom Tulliver, in Philip, in Tito, in Romola, in Lydgate, in Rosamond Vincy, Dorothea, and a very long list besides. But if an artist were to be asked to illustrate these books, would he not find considerable difficulty in drawing these characters, so that they would be recognized? Would he not find, for instance, a strange family likeness, between Romola and Dorothea? Would not Rosamond Vincy, with a few slight touches (an alteration of coloring and outline), change into Hetty? Would not any one of a dozen Englishmen do for Lydgate? And can the other characters we have mentioned be fastened upon, and their likeness really kept? Perhaps Maggie, Arthur, Philip, and Tito make more against our theory than the rest; but though their psychological situations are always interesting, they seem always to be doing the work of representation for man or woman,—not that they are types, but that their movements seem a trifle too much in the control of the wonderful exhibitor who is half concealed behind the show. Romola was once illustrated; but the illustrations were rather of the situations than of the people. Thackeray's characters and Dickens's caricatures live and move of their own accord. Compare Becky Sharp with Rosamond Vincy,—both women in whom selfishness is the

moving principle, and whose married life is the principal subject of treatment. If we were to meet Becky we should know her at once; Rosamond we should be perfectly certain to mistake for some one else. The honest farcical countenances of the members of the Pickwick Club are as familiar to us as those of our own acquaintances; but Mr. Brooke, who is really almost as farcical, would not have the slightest difficulty in proving an alibi at any time.

To be sure, it may be said that Thackeray had been educated as an artist, and that he illustrated his own books. But he was an artist because it was his disposition to see certain things picturesquely or pictorially, and this is not George Eliot's disposition. Thackeray used to say, in reply to people who complained of Esmond's "marriage with his mother-in-law," that he had done nothing to arrange the match; he could not prevent his characters doing what they chose. Nobody can conceive of George Eliot's being able to make such a reply as this; yet both Thackeray and George Eliot are moralists. Thackeray was a moralist of the old school, however; his *vanitas vanitatum* was but the echo, after all, of the *vanitas vanitatum* handed down to us by tradition,—a charming echo, but still an echo. George Eliot is a moralist because her epoch is a moralizing epoch: it is her profession, her life.

The author of these volumes is a critic. Her maxim—"Know thyself and things in general"—she has taken profoundly to heart, and as a result we have a body of what might be called sympathetic erudition such as no one else ever dreamed of. History, science, art, literature, language, she is mistress of. Upon all these fields she draws. Human life, however, is her interest; in this all her studies centre. Her observation is always beginning, never ending. Certainly if writers are divided as Goethe somewhere suggests into those who are born to say some one thing, to produce some single literary flower and die, and those whose life is one constant development, like that of Nature herself, in which education and production go on side by side to the end, George Eliot would be included in the latter class. Goethe himself belonged to it, and, as M. Taine says, Goethe was the first of modern men to appreciate the changed relations between man and nature which the new renaissance was to introduce.

It would be a mere waste of time to go

into a minute criticism of *Middlemarch*. The plots are too numerous, the characters too multitudinous, and the whole too complicated. Out of the history of Dorothea's marriage and domestic life, Lydgate's marriage and domestic life, Bulstrode's crimes and hypocrisy, the love-affair of Mary and Fred, and the adventures of Ladislav, a library of novels might be made; while on the humor, the observation, reflection, and suggestion contained in the book a regiment of writers of social articles might support themselves for a lifetime. It is an interesting question, whether this *Study of Provincial Life* is a success or a failure; whether it is a work which, judged by its own standard, reaches or falls short of that standard. This question, however, we must leave to others to answer, partly because it seems now a little too soon to make up our minds, and partly because we find great difficulty in knowing what the standard is. It is *A Study of Provincial Life*, but this is about as indicative of the character of the book as *romans nationaux* are in the case of Erckmann-Chatrion. It is, says one critic, the study of the effects of the narrow English provincial life of forty years ago on the characters of the story which interests the author, and therefore should interest the reader. If this is so, we say that, somehow or other, the effects of this narrow provincial life on the characters is the last thing in the world we should have supposed the central point of interest. In *Cranford*, this is undoubtedly the main thing, and we think we may with great safety ask any one who has ever lived in a village—a real village, we mean, not a "quarter section" of town lots—to say in which book the relation in question is brought out most distinctly. In *Cranford*, do we not feel in every line the remoteness of the world, the whimsical pettiness of the interests, the eccentricity of the characters, the village life, with the thrill of reality which real art always produces? Of course, *Middlemarch* is not *Cranford*: *Middlemarch* is a county, *Cranford* is a village; but, after all, a county is a place, and there is, for some reason or other, no locality whatever for *Middlemarch*. Some one else says that it is Dorothea's life which is the main thing; the struggle of an ardent, impassioned, and noble nature with surrounding obstacles; with a pedantic sham of a husband, with her own duty to this husband, with her love for Ladislav, with her sense of duty to her

family, and, in short, with provincial life. But though there is certainly some reason for this opinion, there is just as much for the opinion that Lydgate is the central figure. Probably a good deal of difficulty of the same kind would be found in some of her other books, in *Adam Bede*, for instance, and *The Mill on the Floss*. Is Adam the principal figure in the first? If he is, it is in the same way that the figure-head of a ship is. What is the esoteric meaning of *The Mill on the Floss*? Certainly, compared with one or two of the former novels, *Middlemarch* is not a success. There is no such Satanic omniscience shown as we had in the analysis of Arthur Donnithorne's unhappy conscience. There is nothing here like Tito or the pathetic yet beautiful description of the gradual alterations in the relations between Maggie and Tom Tulliver. Yet *Middlemarch* is certainly infinitely more interesting than *Felix Holt*.

And yet, — and yet these rambling suggestions seem only worth making that we may take them all back in the end. In the attempt to play the critic of such works as these, one cannot help feeling that to properly analyze and explain George Eliot, another George Eliot is needed, and that all suggestion can do is to indicate the impossibility of grasping, in even the most comprehensive terms, the variety of her powers. An author whose novels it has really been a liberal education to read, one is more tempted to admire silently than to criticize at all.

— Among the Charles Lambs of America, whom the book-noticers have given us in such number that we can no longer count the humorous fold upon the fingers of both hands, we believe that we like none so well as Mr. Warner, who indeed need not be "called out of his name," if one has a desire to praise his talent. Nothing, to be sure, is quite new in literature, which, like the doting diner-out, is apt to repeat its good things; by the time that an author is perfectly new, he is old, and some young writer is imitating him. But in this apparently hopeless process, original force and beauty get themselves constantly expressed, and we are aware from time to time of a figure that has grown upon us as something quite different from the other figures that it seemed to suggest or resemble. Just now, certainly, any one who reads Mr. Warner's *Backlog Studies* must confess that there is no other book, on the whole, like it, though the light, humorous

essay is common enough, though Mr. Helps sets his friends dialoguing around him, though Dr. Holmes weaves a thread of love-story into the desultory disquisitions of his characters, and though Mr. Ike Marvel Mitchell mused by wood-fires long ago. The form, after all, must go for very little; it is the manner, the spirit, that matters, and in Mr. Warner's latest book this is altogether novel, while the style is peculiarly fresh and charming. There is first a little dissertation about wood-fires; then the company of guests and neighbors talk round the hearth, in conversation that easily lapses into the essayist's monologue, on all sorts of topics; and presently the spring has come, and the fire is out, and the book at an end. The people are lightly but distinctly indicated, and the talk is managed with unflinching ease; but the great pleasure of the book is in the author's humor, which lies in wait for you round corners and under ambushes of serious observation, and surprises you with some turn so odd, so bright, so unexpected, that you own with gratitude a new touch in literature. Toward the end of the book there are two studies—one of a very old man, and the other of a shiftless man—that seem to us surpassing examples of Mr. Warner's humor; but we speak with reservation, for it is hard to name any passage as the best. The humor is far from epigram; one might say it was a new, strange kind of irony with a very hard outside, but inwardly full of mellow sweetness. It is shrewd, and has its edge of satire, but it leaves particular matters pretty much where it found them, only teaching, as all true humor does, quite as much modesty and mercifulness generally as human nature is capable of learning. You can even read the whole book through, and feel merely that you have been agreeably entertained; but then you would not be the wisest reader of the book.

We have been thinking that the first paragraph in it is a very felicitous instance of the play of the genuinely humorous mind, and is worthy a little special study on that account. "The fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England; the hearth has gone out; the family has lost its centre; age ceases to be respected; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills; there is no more toast-and-cider; the young are not allowed to eat mince-pies at ten at night; half a cheese is no longer set to

toast before the fire; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney-corner."

In this passage we should say that Mr. Warner wrote the first word about the fire having gone out, with possibly a serious feeling; then it suddenly occurred to him with a smile that the hearth itself had gone out; then he mocks the touch of sentiment he has felt by those bits of exaggeration about the family having lost its centre, and about the millinery and tailors' bills; then he goes a little further and satirizes the unwholesome habits of the boasted good old times; then his fancy is lit up with that pretty little picture of the child turning the apples,—doubtless a memory,—and finally with an abrupt laugh we have the grotesque association of the old man stropping his razor on the family Bible. There is no logic in these changing moods; but they follow each other in perfectly natural, inevitable succession, and the whole passage, in its delightfulness, is curiously harmonious. It is because it is perfect without logic that we like it; nothing is to be foreseen, or to be argued from what went before, and yet a subtle relation is established between all the ideas, such as exists in a pleasant reverie.

On a larger scale the whole of this first essay of Mr. Warner's has much the same character as the opening paragraph, and it is full of points characteristic of the humorist in particular, as well as of the humorist in general. When he is denouncing the patent sham gas-fire of asbestos-coated iron logs, it is with his own suddenness he asks, "Do you think a cat would lie down before it?" Speaking in another place of a boy's heroic preoccupation and absorption in his reading about Indian fights, he says with peculiar quaintness, "There is something about a boy that I like, after all," and then comes one of the most charming passages of the book, about what, to the boy's imagination, is in the cellar: "Who can forget the smell that comes through the open door,—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels,—a sort of ancestral air, as if the door had been opened into an old romance? Do you like it? Not much. But then I would not exchange the

remembrance of it for a good many odors and perfumes that I do like," — a touch of exquisite tenderness.

"I wish," says Mr. Warner, "I could more fitly celebrate the joyousness of the New England winter," and you tremble lest he is going to try it, when he adds with a dash of quick sincerity, "Perhaps I could, if I more thoroughly believed in it." This is the key-note of the whole; there is no sentimental feigning, but the humor is never unfriendly to poetic feeling, and it never troubles itself to be bitter. All the good qualities of the author's two preceding books are here, but there is a riper taste, a smoother flavor in these Backlog Studies, which "the palate fine" will not fail to detect. In style, in temper, in material, it is a thoroughly pleasant book.

— There are some silly people who, when they travel abroad, imagine it a sagacious and original thing not to do Europe in the guide-book manner, as they say, and who seek out novelties for themselves at the cost of missing some of the standard objects of interest. But the standard object of interest is always the thing worthiest to be seen, and the traveller who misses it has missed one of the chief ends of travel. His un-hackneyed picture, or church, or palace, may be all very well, but it is certain never to be so good as what the common voice of knowledge and experience has pronounced the best. So, concerning the literature of the past, certain facts have been established, and it is idle to pass through it, expecting to discover new things finer than those which long criticism and admiration have consecrated. From Gray what can you choose but *The Elegy*? From Goldsmith what but *The Deserted Village*? From Coleridge you must take *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Passions* from Collins, *The Vision of Mirza* from Addison, the *Essay on Roast Pig* from Lamb, *Alexander's Feast* from Dryden, *Lycidas* and *Il Penseroso* and *L'Allegro* from Milton; and so on up to the earliest and down to some of the latest authors, their names are connected in a supreme degree with some performance, to reject which, in compiling a hand-book of literature, would be not to represent them. Mr. Underwood abides by tradition in his selections from British authors, and in his work we have the old favorites again, though he has done what he could to enlarge its scope by adding less familiar passages to them. In this effort he has had a varying fortune, and it is quite safe to say that he

would not have pleased every critic if he had been constantly inspired in his choice. But we think that he has done very well, and that his book as a volume of extracts leaves little to be reasonably demanded in a volume of its size. It is large enough indeed to contain much more than most pretty well-read people actually know (there is no end to what they suppose themselves to know) of English literature; and of some authors called classic there is quite as much as any one need know: the truly immortal part of such worthies as Surrey, Marvell, Vaughan, and many others, can be got into very little space indeed; and of the greatest authors there is at least not everything that one wants to read.

We do not like Mr. Underwood's introductory chapter and his biographical notices so well as his selections. What he has to say of the origin and growth of the English language is necessarily sketchy for want of space, and elementary because it is addressed to young readers whose philology is small. But a due regard for the tenderness of their years would have induced him to omit from the reporter's phrases which he quotes that describing "an unchaste woman" as "a social evil"; and generally we may say that Mr. Underwood's literary taste is better than his other taste, and vastly better than his style, which is apt to be magaziny, not to say newspaperly. There is at least a loss of dignity in saying, in the biographical notice of Carlyle, that "his manners are not gracious, and he is not free from the common errors and prejudices of his countrymen in regard to this country"; and in that of Ruskin, "of all living Englishmen he has shown the most intense insular prejudice against the free institutions and the people of the United States." If there were any occasion to touch upon such facts at all, Mr. Underwood might better have told the youth of the high-schools, that, of all the modern English writers from Tennyson down, there were not above two or three (and these of rather secondary importance) who liked us or believed in us; but that this really made no difference, so far as their literature was concerned, though of course we were at liberty to scorn them politically and personally along with the rest of the English nation. However, these slips are not characteristic of Mr. Underwood's notices, and their occurrence does not affect the discretion with which he has done his work of selection.

The second volume of the Hand-Book is devoted to American literature, and contains an interesting historical introduction, and a chronological list of American authors, and another list specifying those from whom no selection has been made. Of course Mr. Underwood's choice has often been determined by the limits of his book. On the whole, however, it cannot be justly blamed, though with his performance of an extremely difficult task it would not be at all difficult to find fault. It is imaginable that each of our younger writers could point out the gross unfairness with which he has been treated, while his unworthy contemporaries have all been overpraised and overquoted. Rising above this low jealousy, we should say that there is perhaps too much space given to the political writers and orators of our earlier period, and that this would be more strictly a hand-book of literature if the struggling votaries of *belles-lettres* in the remoter epochs had been more fully represented. Some faults of other taste than literary taste are observable here, as in the first volume; but they are smaller faults, and may easily be condoned. Neither volume is ideally successful; but the work is done with a real love of literature; and apart from the sort of blemishes we have noted, we do not see why it does not serve the end for which it was designed. It certainly will serve a good purpose if it is read with anything like the faithfulness with which it is compiled, and the high-school boy who is master of it will be well grounded in a knowledge of English and American literature, with few distorted conceptions of their proportions and relations.

—Mr. Wilson Flagg, in the dedicatory epistle to *The Woods and By-Ways* of New England, has so sufficiently indicated the scope of the work, that we cannot do better than let him play critic to the extent of a dozen lines: "Though I have probably passed more time in the woods than any man who is not a woodcutter by trade, I have not been a collector of specimens, nor a dissector of birds and flowers, nor a measurer of trees, nor a hammerer of rocks. I know the value of this kind of research, but my observations are of a different character. . . . My book differs from learned works as Lavater's Physiognomy differs from Cheselden's Anatomy, or as a lover's description of his lady's hand would differ from Bell's anatomical description of it. I mention these things, not with any vulgar

depreciation of technical science, but that the reader may not seek in this volume for matters it does not contain." Yet the reader who has merely a passing acquaintance with the roadsides and trees of New England will find much valuable information in these pages, the manner of which is not unknown to those familiar with this magazine. It is not necessary here for us to say how charmingly and sensibly the author writes on the various aspects of rural scenery in the Eastern States. His hints on landscape gardening, and his severe strictures on the false taste that directs the ornamentation of our suburban cemeteries, are worthy of all the serious attention which they will not be likely to get. The glaring white headstone with which Americans delight to mark their departure for Paris is Mr. Flagg's especial detestation. But even in his wrath he is graceful, and does not, so to speak, drop too many of his leaves. Imagine an amiable Thoreau,—if you can. And there are many things to vex him. To clip a glorious, full-flowing tree into the shape of a pyramid, is to Mr. Flagg a custom as barbarous as that of the Hottentots,—if it is the Hottentots; we believe it is not,—who flatten the heads of their progeny. Nature, unadorned by the man-miliner, is quite good enough for him. In his dealings with her he is, as he says, a lover rather than a scientist, though his observation is of the keenest, and is nowhere blunted by sentimentality. His fancy runs along picturesque stone-walls, and clambers up to the mossy eaves of quaint old farm-houses, with vine-like felicity. The plant parasite that drapes the American elm and makes it the loveliest of trees is not more spontaneous than his love for the natural beauties of meadow, lane, and woodland. To him, the ash, the oak, the pine, the chestnut, and the willow, are so many human beings to be treated with respect and affection according to their individual merits; and he draws the reader into his mood. Yet we find ourselves constantly quitting this leafy company, to turn back to that page of the volume where Mr. Flagg gives us a glimpse of human character a great deal more interesting than anything in the American *flora*. It is the page where the writer speaks of himself with a simplicity and modesty that would be difficult to simulate. "My life," he says, "has been passed with my family in almost entire seclusion, hardly interrupted by a small circle of friends and kinsmen, who, being

engaged in trade, have not been my companions; for men of letters and commercial men, however so much they may hold each other in esteem, are seldom intimate. And as I had no social intercourse with any person who is distinguished in science, literature, the fine arts, or by wealth, politics, or civil position, I have lived almost alone in the world. . . . I have studied Nature more than the library, employing my time in observing her aspects and interpreting her problems more than in reading or hearing the observations of others. . . . I have not been drawn into society by a taste for its amusements or its vices; I have not joined the crowd either of its saints or its sinners; I have pursued my tasks alone, except as I have read and conversed with my wife and children. She and they have been the only companions of my studies and recreations during all the prime of my life. But, perhaps from this cause alone, I have been very happy. The study of nature and my domestic avocations have yielded me a full harvest of pleasures, though it was barren of honors." We are certain that this will send the reader to the volume itself, with its wild-wood odors. Books of this kind are not likely to multiply, for the conditions under which they can alone be produced are becoming every day less possible in New England. Our rural districts are rapidly losing their primitive beauty and seclusion. Elegant Anglo-Gothic villas with Ionic columns and mansard roofs spring up along the byways, and the trail of the railroad is over us all.

— Mr. Kroeger appears not to anticipate an adequate reception of his book from what, in the opening, he calls "a public so clannish in its literary pursuits as that which speaks the English language." Notwithstanding this, we are disposed to believe that his small but compendious volume will find many and appreciative readers. He has certainly done our literature a considerable service, in adding to it the best book on this subject which has yet appeared in English. The subject of the Minnesinger is one which can hardly ever lose its interest for students of poetry and romance, offering as it does a finished and beautiful system of lyricism contemporary with that of the troubadours and *trouvères*, and connected with the earliest flowerings of poetry in England. Under it is included all that flourishing period known as the Suabian, from the time of Barbarossa, — in the middle of the twelfth century, when Veldig, or Vel-

deke, first struck the lyre destined to make its sound heard again in these late times, — until the reign of Rudolph of Hapsburg, when poetry began to fall into the hands of mechanics in the now rising cities, and was by them reduced to a trade, with Meister and Lehrling, — a powerful guild of which the masters and apprentices were alike uninspired. It is little more than a century ago, however, that the productions of this period were brought clearly into notice even in Germany; and not until 1838 did Von der Hagen reproduce from the manuscript the entire Manessian collection of songs, lays, and epics (these latter being a later outgrowth of that period) made towards the close of the Suabian era. It is perhaps not surprising, then, that English writers should have effected but little in this direction. However, it was high time for the appearance of some satisfactory treatise, before Mr. Kroeger supplied our want. A small octavo, published anonymously in 1825, written chiefly by Edgar Taylor, was all that had hitherto been extant. In it, however, the poems are rendered with very little of the fresh grace and variety marking the original forms. One of the chief points of significance in this species of poetry is the indication it affords of the relation between poetry and music at a particular stage of development in language. Von der Hagen points out, in this connection, the tendency to a single-toned accentuation of polysyllables in German, and a similar movement is certainly to be detected in the growth of English. Such words, however, used formerly to be more flexible; so that, while language has gained in force and precision, it has lost in the singing quality. In relation to this it is interesting to observe that Mr. Kroeger often finds himself obliged to go back to antiquated forms of English, in order to produce effects corresponding with those of his originals.

The translator maintains throughout a most musical consciousness of the relation between words and time, almost tuning his lines, it would seem, to some imaginary melody, — quite in the spirit of his originals, who invariably composed with music, except in the case of *Sprüche*. As is natural, Mr. Kroeger exaggerates a little the importance and beauty of the minne-song; for it is true, as Bouterwek says, that we miss in it the classic culture in the true sense, "that thoughtful avoidance of the paradoxical and clumsy, that clearness and certainty of thought and expression, that exemplary

purity and firmness of æsthetic forms," which neither the minnesinger nor the troubadour could bring about, but with which the Italian, later on, crowned the labors of both. Browning and Tennyson are somewhat slighted by the author, who subjects the latter's treatment of the Arthurian legends to a rather damaging criticism, — apropos of a translation from parts of Gottfried von Strasburg's *Tristan and Isolde*, — a perusal of which, it must be confessed, strengthens the impression against the laureate's handling of that story.

— Islam, common enemy of civilization and Christianity, has been our friend in this one thing, that it has kept for our time and a future time a preserve of voyage and adventure, where tourists will not swarm, and where there will, for a long time yet, be something to explore and discover. And J. Lewis Farley, Consul of the Sublime Porte at Bristol, who writes of Modern Turkey, is not the explorer or the storyteller to diminish the limits of our conserve. After the profuse eulogies of climate and natural advantages with which he opens, and a brief and trifling chapter on the scenery about Beyrout and Lebanon, he engages in a long and labored apology for the Turkish Empire, and the politics, ethics, and social status which it has developed, and to a serious attempt to induce his countrymen to emigrate to the East!

Mr. Farley has a comforting faith in Islam, and a candid preference for it to Christianity, which is refreshing; and he is one of a great many Englishmen — and not very few of other nations — who are incapable of distinguishing varnish from polish, and Turkish laxity from true liberality, and who, measuring the civilization of the world by its deference or subserviency to themselves, individually, find in weakened and sycophantic Stamboul a city of delights and the acme of political goodness, just as another class, mainly of our own people, found Paris the city of the true life. Despotism, corruption, venality, and government by favoritism are all very fine when we are the favorites and *protégés*; and the friends of Turkey are generally those who accept the bounty, and make no question whence it came.

Mr. Farley defends polygamy. "Another popular belief is that polygamy is a bar to all human progress," which he disproves by these "facts": "that Islamism marched for ten centuries at the head of humanity"; "polygamy did not prevent Greece from creating her masterpieces of art"; "while

as to the exact sciences, and that which is so proudly called liberty of thought, we owe them to Islamism"; "drunkenness and gambling are the destruction of domestic peace, and, in cursing them, Islamism procures for the wife those positive guaranties which are in reality much more efficacious than the platonic recommendation of Christian preachers."

To this curious line of argument it is needless to append a comment; but there are certain statements which make one doubt if the author recognizes any measure of mendacity, or if he really knows nothing of Turkey. "Adultery is exceedingly rare, and there is no divorce court in Turkey," is one of these; the fact being that adultery in the cities and with wives of the wealthier Mussulmans is the rule and not the exception, and that there is no divorce court because a husband may divorce his wife at any time, without any kind of legal process.

Of all rottenness and dead men's bones that the world ever saw, the Mohammedan state contains the worst and most. Except under the immediate eye of foreign representatives, there is no law which avails the weak; the civil service is *worse than our own*; public affairs are regulated by bribery, and justice is sold in the eyes of the whole world; the Mussulman peasantry are honest and truthful, but so are the Christians in most Christian countries; while the Turk, as he rises in politics, becomes generally the most accomplished of liars, believing no one, and never telling the truth; brigandage and Bedouinage divide the greater part of the empire between them; and out of the cities no man dare grow rich, because, between the Pasha and the brigand, a small amount of money would endanger his existence. In every province of the empire population diminishes in proportion to its subjection to the government at Constantinople, and every element of prosperity fades and decays day by day, except those which it is the interest of European capital to maintain and cause to be protected. Mr. Farley's chapter on the British interests in Turkey gives the clew to the intense interest England takes in the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. "Apart from political considerations, our interests in Turkey consist in the fact that she is one of the best customers we have for our products and manufactures, and that, besides, we are her creditors for loans to a considerable extent." "In 1869 they (British exports to Turkey) amounted to about £ 8,000,000."

These are the "interests Great Britain has in the stability and progress of the Ottoman Empire."

— At various times we have seen fears expressed that the old-time American traveller was disappearing from the face of the earth, or at least from the face of Europe, and that he had been succeeded by a race infallible in its judgment of works of art, bearing no trace of republican simplicity, hardly to be distinguished from those born beneath the demoralizing influences of monarchy or despotism. To refute these fears we will let Mr. Harmon himself, by means of extracts, tell the story of his journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. On reaching Queenstown, "the passengers seemed delighted with the sight of land, and even those who lived on the sea rejoiced to see the land, their native element." On landing at Dieppe, "we were right in the midst of the French, who were chattering their 'Parlez-vous.' After getting some bread and coffee, I took cars for Paris at twenty minutes past six o'clock A. M. In the morning it began to snow, and before we reached Paris, at noon, the ground was covered. The train stopped for some time at Rouen. I asked a Frenchman whether it was usual to have snow, so early; he replied, '*Non, non,*'—No, no." The doctor visited the Louvre, "a kind of museum. Here I saw numberless magnificent paintings, in the examining of which I grew weary." Florence is vividly described: "Florence has a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand. The houses are white, with green window-shutters. The streets are paved with flagstones." On the way to Rome, "in the car was an Irishwoman, servant in the family of an Italian count who had married an American lady. I saw on my right, miles before reaching Rome, a river; half asleep, I interrogated our Hibernian fellow-traveller as to the name of the river. She answered, '*Tiber.*' Strange feelings did the sound of this name produce. What classic associations cluster around this river! It could not but remind me that I was rapidly approaching 'the Eternal City.'" At Alexandria, one "Saturday afternoon, I mounted a donkey, for the novelty of the thing, to ride to the bazaar. It seemed to me that I cut a ridiculous figure. A large man, more than six feet high, riding a little donkey! I looked around on all sides to see if any one laughed. But it seemed strange to nobody. An American lady, however, who

saw me from the hotel-window, laughed, as she afterwards told me." The historical parts are worth reading: "Jerusalem next fell into the hands of the celebrated Caliph Omar, after a long siege. He entered the city in his garment of camel's hair, and conducted himself with much generous forbearance." The last sentence of the book is this: "I have not been detained on my journey a single day through sickness. The medicines I took abroad—blue mass and quinine pills—at the advice of my friend, Dr. Henry M. Wilson of Baltimore, I brought back; had no necessity to use them. A merciful Providence had preserved me."

— In general, the works which Mr. Fiske's abridgment of Taine's English literature is intended to replace are very hasty compends with a few biographical facts about each author, a word more or less of criticism, and two or three pages of extracts, for which we have to trust to the taste of the editor or very often of his predecessors in similar undertakings. A student is often stimulated by the passages quoted, but for the practical purpose of giving a broad sketch of English literature they are as ill-adapted for their purpose as would be a specimen brick from the various buildings of the world to teach one architecture. Mr. Taine, in this abridged version of his work, with judicious teachers to select the extracts to be read by the scholars, his ingenious criticism, his novel method and eloquent discussion, will be sure to rouse some interest in even the dullest breast. The others will find so much that is suggestive, they will be able to learn so clearly the difference between receiving a word of criticism applied to some remote author which shall be hallowed with age, and the possibility of making up their minds for themselves, that, by the very method which they will acquire from Taine, they will be able to differ from him, and to differ intelligently. This we think one of the greatest merits of the volume: that it teaches the young reader how to think, how to form his opinion; it is very far removed from the easy utterance of final judgments. We see everywhere Taine's mode of thinking; here we follow him, there we do not; but he continually claims that you should make clear to yourself the reasons of the difference. Mr. Fiske has done his work with taste and judgment, removing obnoxious passages, curtailing some of the longer historical discussions, and bringing the vol-

ume down to a very convenient size. The chronological table adds to the utility of the volume.

— In "Modern Leaders," a collection of short papers which have appeared in the "Galaxy" at intervals during the past three years, Mr. Justin McCarthy defiles before us a number of notable men and women of our time. The selection is made somewhat at haphazard; but nearly all the persons treated of in the book are those whose lives have not yet been formally written, and about whom we are all anxious to hear what we can. This popular desire is a thing which Mr. McCarthy makes a business of meeting; and in this case his readiness will no doubt bring success to a book not otherwise entitled to much notoriety or endurance. The author is a skilful collector of opinions, up with the times in the way of knowing something about everything and everybody, and understands how to present his information in a readable fashion. The persons sketched are still living, and naturally but incomplete accounts of them can be furnished. In the way of facts, indeed, little more is presented than may be found in recent editions of the cyclopædias. From this, and from the gossipy mode of treatment, it follows that the articles hardly justify the description of "biographical sketches" given on the title-page, falling as they do rather under the head of brilliant and amplified newspaper notices. As presenting some of the current opinions of average intelligent men about their illustrious contemporaries, they may be taken for "a fair contribution to history." Each subject, however, is dealt with, not according to its importance, but primarily with the view of working up a magazine paper of a given length; so that, of course, nothing like independent investigation is to be found in them. There is too much of the "everybody knows" tone in the book to admit of this. Perhaps the article on John Ruskin is the most disagreeable of all, as illustrating how a clever magazinist of not too sensitive fibre may give wide circulation to an utterly inappreciative view of a man of genius, and to a vulgar mistake as to the importance of a movement in art like that known as the pre-Raphaelite.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

WE have two volumes, each written by a personal friend, giving a brief history of the life of Henri Regnault, a young French

painter of promise, who fell one of the last victims of the war with Germany. Both books are inspired by keen affection, and with the aid of copious extracts from Regnault's letters they set before us the picture of a very charming, lovable young man. Of his merits as a painter we on this side of the water have to take our opinions from hearsay. Judging from Théophile Gautier's account, no words of praise could be too high for him; while Paul de Saint-Victor, on the other hand, while giving him credit for great excellence, is by no means blind to what he considers notable faults. It was in 1867 that he was sent to Rome by the *École des Beaux Arts*; and in his letters he gives us an account of the disappointment which is so often the first feeling of the enthusiastic visitor who has built for himself an imaginary Rome, all picturesque ruins, without the continuous squalor and mean Italian modernness which mar so sadly our romantic ideal. He says in a letter to a friend: "You will doubtless experience the impression as I did in my walk, when you come to see me. No one can help walking with a certain religious respect through the streets and the places where every stone tells the story of a triumph or a murder; but one is continually surprised at the meagre dimensions of all these buildings, to which the imagination had lent a grandeur proportionate to the memories it awakened. The Arch of Titus is but a toy by the side of the Arch of Titus which one had constructed in his head. The *Via triumphalis* . . . is only surprising by reason of its narrowness and many windings. . . . We can hardly understand how the Roman people, who ruled half of the earth, could content themselves with their little Forum, which was still further crowded by the surrounding temples; nor how these conquerors, these gigantic heroes, could pass beneath

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Henri Regnault. Sa Vie et son œuvre. Par HENRI CAZALIS. Paris. 1872.

Correspondance de Henri Regnault. Annotée et recueillie. Par ARTHUR DUPARE. Paris. 1872.

Le Travail des Femmes au XIX^e Siècle. Par PAUL LEROY-BEAULIEU. Ouvrage couronné par l'académie des sciences, morales, et politiques. Paris. 1873.

Tableau de la Littérature Russe depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Par CONSTANTIN PÉTROV. Traduit par ALEXANDRE ROMALD. Saint Pétersbourg. 1872. J. Bandey. Paris.

Les Temps Nouveaux. Par HENRI NADAULT DE BUFFON. Paris. 1873.

such triumphal arches without striking their heads against them, and without crushing against their walls the trophies and the troops of slaves attached to their chariots." Of St. Peter's he says: "One can only appreciate its true grandeur from the Campagna." All this life at Rome he enjoyed, not only by hasty visits to neighboring places, and sight-seeing within the city, but also by hard work at his painting.

In 1868 he was seriously injured by an accident, and in order to facilitate his recovery he went to Spain. In Madrid he found the pictures of a master whom he thoroughly worshipped, Velasquez. His whole busy life in Madrid, his many hours in the magnificent gallery, his acquaintance with the *gitanos*, his work over his portrait of Prim, one of the best of his pictures, is all told in a series of delightful letters. Later we find him in Granada, living in the garden of the Alhambra, and enjoying keenly the semi-tropical glow and splendor of that fascinating ruin. He had always felt a warm devotion for the East, and for a time this outlying piece of Orientalism contented him. Soon, however, he goes over to Tangiers, where he remained till he felt himself called upon to leave for duty in Paris, then about to be besieged. He enrolled himself at once as a private, and, refusing all proposals of advance, remained in the ranks until his death, at the end of the last *sortie* of the war. We can most warmly recommend to our readers both of these volumes which are put at the head of our list, but more especially the second, that of M. Dupare. Every one of the letters of Ozalis is interesting, and the whole story of his life, of which we have given the most shadowy outline, is very touching. It shows us how rich in enjoyment life is.

—M. Leroy-Beaulieu's *Le Travail des Femmes au XIXe Siècle* shows us, on the other hand, how much misery there is in life for which no relief has yet been found. He discusses in the first of these parts more especially the wages paid women, with the following remarks upon the inferiority of their pay to that received by men. After disproving the explanation of the difference which ascribes it to the difference between the sums needed by each, he repeats the well-known principle of political economy that work is a species of merchandise which is paid higher in proportion of the greatness of the demand and the lack of supply. Men can be employed in almost all varieties of work. In Belgium

young men make lace, in Switzerland embroidery, and in the South of France there are nearly as many men employed in the manufacture of silk as there are women. Women, on the other hand, have but a limited field for their activity. Physically hard work is beyond their power; they can only apply themselves to more delicate labor, *travaux d'adresse*. So that hitherto fewer fields have been open to them. Then, too, they have been less thoroughly educated. The positions in which they could work being few in number, they have overcrowded some, and are too ignorant to succeed in others for which they would seem naturally fitted. The main reason is that the market is over-stocked. As for the future, with science daily replacing machinery for the physical work of strong men, with a greater call for skilled labor, for which women have often more aptitude than men, it would seem that, with careful management and a thorough education, this inconsistency should cease to exist. Women and men being equally able to do good work, they would be paid alike; and what seems gross injustice could no longer be charged against the capitalist, who, as it is, is merely following one of the simplest economical laws. In the second part the author discusses legal interference with regard to the regulation of the work of women, with an interesting review of the dangers which beset their physical and moral health. In the third part he treats of certain modifications of industry which result from the introduction of sewing and other machines. There is no pretension on the part of the writer that he has solved one of the knottiest questions which embarrass those who study social laws. He has brought together a great deal of information, and by his earnest appeal for a more general education of working-women to fit them for higher grades of employment he points out one of the surest ways to serve morality and to help the state. All who take an interest in social questions would do well to read the volume, which was crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

—A book which may be of interest to some of our readers is Professor Pétrow's *Tableau de la Littérature Russe*, translated into French by Alexandre Romald. It is by no means an entertaining volume; his manner is about as dry as his subject, but his information is of a sort on which one would not be ready at all times to lay one's hand. He seems to have done his work

with great thoroughness, and any one who has taken any interest in Russian novels will be glad to see the connection they have with the rest of the literature of that country, instead of regarding them as perfectly isolated phenomena.

— In *Les Temps Nouveaux*, M. Henri Nadauld de Buffon mourns the misfortunes of his country, and not with the dapper nod with which almost every Frenchman used to refer before the war to recent historical events. Far from it, our writer wrote one book about ten years ago in which he de-

nounced the increasing luxury, and now, like a modern prose Juvenal, armed with statistics, he attacks the wide-spread laxity and points out the better way. He may not be the wisest of counsellors, for he demands first of all obedient, right-loving hearts of all Frenchmen; such people generally go right of themselves: it is the evil-minded who make all the trouble; but if he errs in this, he is at least entirely and unselfishly in earnest, and that is more than can be said of a great many people who are trying to set the world right.

A R T.

THE final volume of Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art* will be read, we imagine, with more satisfaction than any other portion of the work, excepting that section of the second volume relating to the "essential" of Greek art. As we have intimated in a previous notice, it is in this particular branch of his subject that Winckelmann is excellent. His details and conjectures regarding the remote work of other nations are sometimes tedious to the general reader, and have been to a certain extent superseded by the investigations of more recent authors. No greater mistake may be made than to consider Winckelmann merely as an archæologist, in the limited sense of the term. Great as is his merit in this respect, he was apparently too much moulded by local influences and too lacking in scientific method to achieve what we now rate the highest success in this department. As an antiquarian his great erudition is often squandered in the discussion of minor matters. Twelve years' work, however, of such a man in Rome at that time, and under the protection of a Cardinal Albani, is no indifferent matter in archæology henceforth. But the moment he touches Greek art, or, properly, Greek sculpture, in its flower, he attains a complete mastery of the subject: the gods and heroes are of his own household and all about him; he knows them equally in marble, in bronze, cut in agate, or stamped in the

precious metals. Given a fragment, a leg or an arm or a bit of drapery, he invokes the complete figure, and assigns its school and period. He strips off the shreds and patches of the restorers, and shows us what is genuine beneath them. He has little respect for names; the relics of the great time have been too freely "baptized"; but he gives us to know what this fragment or that figure could have been and what it could not have been. No one is more familiar with details and measurements, no one more conversant with symbols. No one discriminates more closely in technical matters, or recognizes more fully relative value in execution. He follows the chisel and the graver, he complains of the drill on the under cuttings, he will not have the eyebrows too much rounded off, he insists upon the recognition of the material in the design, he analyzes and exalts the archaic, the architectonic, and the natural styles. He is an enthusiast, with a foot-rule in his hand. This he drops only in the presence of the loftiest work. Then indeed he subjects himself, or rather exalts himself, in his admiration and reverence for the sublime soul of antiquity. His patient study of the exterior of the temple has fitted him to enter and commune with the deities themselves. It is his thorough training, his accumulated knowledge, which have made him capable of such ecstasy. We feel that we may safely share his enthusiasm; it is the harvest from a wide sowing of facts. One may see through his description of the Apollo the ardor of his spirit, and how inadequate language appears to him in rea-

*The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann. By G. Henry Lodge, M. D. Vol. IV. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

dering an idea of its beauty. With him we gain a new perception of the wonderful massing and modelling of the Torso. In the presence of these perfect works he is no longer objective; his foot-rule is forgotten. For him, as for us, the best products of Greek art belong to the infinite; one can no longer define, he must worship.

The chief attraction of this closing volume to the general reader lies in its detailed comments upon well-known antique statues and groups, among which are the Laocoön, the Torso of Hercules, the Antinoüs and the Cleopatra, in the Belvedere; the Discobuli, the famous Pompey in the Spada Palace, the Borghese Gladiator, the Dying Herald (see frontispiece), and others, forming, with the works cited in the second volume, a nearly complete record of notable Greek sculpture existing at Rome in Winckelmann's time. Many beautiful statues have been since exhumed, some of which take rank in merit and fame with those mentioned; but they do not illustrate any period or style not described in the History. Certainly much that is valuable concerning these discoveries has been published, and much has been added to Winckelmann's labor; but his judgment has been reversed in no essential matters, and with all the handbooks and dictionaries and essays in various languages, the Ancient Art is still indispensable to the connoisseur in Rome, and wherever a relic of Greek art appears.

The first two parts of the fourth volume (Books IX. and X.), are given in consideration of "art in its relation to the external circumstances of the times among the Greeks." This elaborate title goes for very little, so far as the times are concerned. The author gives the dates of certain schools and artists, and says, at such a time the Greeks were free and art consequently flourished; at another time they were enslaved and art languished. The description of the work is the main thing. He is very emphatic in joining all good art with liberty, but he develops his "external circumstances" no further. He is no Taine. We see the majesty of the work, but we do not see what the artist had for his dinner, nor how, having eaten such a dinner in such a climate, with the wind in such a quarter, he *must* have modelled the hair or the cheek just in this way. But one may see too much: the primary object of art is to please. The concluding division of the volume and of the History (Books

XI. and XII. "Greek Art among the Romans") is more completely within Winckelmann's scope. Here he traces art (with him sculpture), from its highest point off external glory, under the Republic and the earlier Caesars, through its decline to its utter extinction, as he believes, in the times of Constantine. The number of works cited and described is very great, and includes very nearly all of those belonging to the period in which the reader can take an interest, excepting, of course, those of recent discovery. The detail of the great renaissance under Hadrian is particularly interesting and valuable; and, in our opinion, this concluding division is one of the finest portions of the whole History.

The reader must not omit the "notes" because they are placed at the close of the volume and bothersome to get at: those of the German editor are full of erudition. The engravings of the last volume are numerous and as good as those of the first and third, and perhaps answer the purpose; but the frontispiece, the so-called Dying Gladiator, seems hardly worthy of its place. The outline is tolerably correct, but the modelling is enfeebled and falsified, the face and hair ruined. The work of translation, so far as we can see, is well and carefully done, and the thanks of American art-lovers are certainly due for so considerable an undertaking. The division of the Ancient History is obscure, and Dr. Lodge would render an additional service to art by a thorough index to a work which ought to be commonly used for reference.

To Winckelmann, more than any other writer, is due the reaction toward simplicity and purity in modern ideal sculpture. The influence which his work has already exerted in Europe can hardly be overestimated; it seems to us desirable that it should be extended in this country, where, we believe, there is a better soil for its development. There is here, in sculpture, so far, no determination toward any "school," and consequent degeneration. We are yet uncontaminated by the elaborate barbarity of the French style, and the puerility of Roman manufacture is more dangerous to our pockets than our aesthetics. Naturally so young a nation has produced but few sculptors; but there are indicated, in the effort of those few, possibilities of the highest achievement. Prominent among the indications are a certain restraint and dignity, showing that the intent is toward es-

sentials, not surfaces. (We are not now thinking of sculpture at the capital!) Perhaps we cannot yet claim any exceptional success, but the tendency now is everything. It is not so much what has been done as what is likely to be done that concerns us. There is a broad, handsome manner of treating forms in Ward's statues that approaches more nearly the Greek, without copying it, than anything we have hitherto seen. Several American sculptors have accomplished portraiture in marble which loses nothing by comparison with the best work of antiquity. Calverly's medallions are noted for an extraordinary refinement of form and surface finish. No work of any time excels them in these characteristics. Story and other of our countrymen residing in Italy have produced work of a high character, though it can hardly be called American. Rome, being our greatest friend, is also our worst enemy. Artists are denationalized there; and, scanning the product, we soon find traces of the shop. The transition should be from Rome, hither, and not hence to Rome. There is, perhaps, some danger of

too much copying Greek forms. It is the spirit of a noble art that is wanted, not its methods. Towards this lofty intent Winckelmann is one of the surest guides. To those of our modellers and carvers who do not go to Rome he is a compensation; and we are not sure but he may be even more. If, as we believe, the conditions in America are favorable to the development of a great formative art, our sculptors will build up their art-life here rather than wonder among the ghosts and ruins. Whether here or there, the artist will find the History of Ancient Art a lamp to his feet. Like its immortal themes, it is unique. We close the volume with a strong impression of Winckelmann's personality. The words of Schelling are strikingly appropriate: "Winckelmann during his entire life stood in lofty solitude, like a mountain. No answering sound, no emotion, no throb in the entire wide domain of knowledge, kindly encouraged his exertions. At the very moment when trusty companions were gathering around this excellent man, he was hurried away. And yet how much he accomplished!"

MUSIC.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF and her company of artists have given some very interesting concerts here this season, besides appearing with the Handel and Haydn Society in the oratorios of Elijah and Judas Maccabæus. Madame Rudersdorff still impresses us as formerly by her consummate artistic faculty, although throughout the latter part of the season her voice, from a severe temporary affection of the vocal chords, has not been entirely under her control. But all those who heard her sing Haydn's grand scena *Arianna a Naxos* in the early part of the winter at one of the Symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, and later in the season Handel's fiery *Vanne, sorella ingrata!* from *Radamisto*, and his famous Harpsichord Song, *Vo far guerra*, at her own concerts, must count these performances among their most inspiring musical experiences. The song from *Radamisto* was in particular a splendid exhibition of a passionate dramatic force and well-sustained, masterly vocaliza-

tion. Some critics have taken exception to her altering the final cadences of Handel's songs. Let us say emphatically that, according to the best authorities, this free ending of a song does not in any way do violence either to Handel's intention or to the musical spirit of his time. In England, where all the old Handel traditions are most zealously preserved, the hold \curvearrowright over the penultimate note in his songs is accepted as having the same significance that it has in instrumental concertos, namely, as indicating a *free cadenza* at the performer's pleasure. The same is true of this sign in the final cadences of Mozart's songs. One day when a singer was reading a new song with Mozart, she stopped at the hold, saying, "What shall I do here?" The composer answered, "Wo ich das Ding hinklexe, da machen Sie was Sie wollen!"* Be it remembered that these changes are only admissible in final cadences when marked

* Wherever I splash that thing upon the paper, do what you please!

by a hold. Other alterations of the printed music we do not remember to have heard Madame Rudersdorff make. She is a true artist, and has evidently arrived at her high position by no royal road. Only a genuine musical organization perfected by a long and arduous course of training can produce such results. Miss Alice Fairman has a rich, penetrating contralto, of great beauty and evenness of *timbre* throughout its compass. She has, moreover, that refined musical perception that instinctively leads her to sing good music for its own high sake and her own enjoyment. We have never heard any one sing those nobly tender airs of Sebastian Bach with more genuine gusto, in spite of the inevitable feeling that she was, so to speak, singing over the heads of most of her hearers. This indicates a great power of concentration. She sings with great sentiment, although as yet her self-dependent Anglo-Saxon nature does not seem to have quite acquired that radiating power of expression which is a necessary attribute of a public performer. But this will no doubt come with time; and this absorbed, introspective quality is no bad sign in a young artist, with whom greater demonstrativeness is as often a sign of weakness and superficiality as of genuine force of sentiment. Mr. Nelson Varley is without doubt the finest Handelian tenor that this country has heard for a long while. His voice is of a fine, brilliant timbre, running easily up to the high tenor notes, and of better quality in the lower register than is usual with tenor voices. He rides over the long, trying Handel *roulades* with triumphant firmness and vigor, making them really telling musical phrases, full of strength and passion, instead of the rambling remnants of a by-gone fashion that we are in these days too prone to consider them. His elocution and lyric declamation are alike superb, and in the tenderer songs, like *Waft her, Angels*, he evinces great sentiment and poetic feeling.

Miss Liebe, the young violinist, well maintains the satisfying impression she made at her first appearance. This young lady's high artistic gifts and thorough, conscientious training, together with that indescribable Teutonic *Innigkeit*, that feminine forgetfulness of self in her absorption in what she is playing, make everything that she does entirely enjoyable from even the highest artistic point of view. It is seldom that one so young exhibits such a capacity for true, heartfelt sentimental expres-

sion unalloyed by callow sentimentality. To say that she exhausts the possibilities of modern violin-playing would be ridiculous, as it would be absurd to expect such things of a young girl of nineteen; but she shows *that* in her playing which we have not found in many older violinists even of world-wide renown, and which is not to be acquired by any amount of study, — a sincere reverence for and enjoyment of the highest music, such as precludes the toleration of anything trivial or aesthetically unworthy.

— We have for some time hesitated to fulfil our promise, made in a former number, of saying something definite about Mr. John K. Paine's oratorio of *St. Peter*, partly because it is impossible to form any adequate notion of a work of this class from the piano-forte score alone, partly because so much of very doubtful value has been written about the work by musicians and would-be musicians, who, although differing somewhat from one another in their expressions of opinion, all agree in claiming to know all about the oratorio itself, and to have, by some means or other, succeeded in dropping salt on the tails of all its musical and dramatic subtleties. To judge from what they say, these critics know more about the work than even the composer himself can fairly assume to know, for he has not yet heard his work performed. Although at times we might feel like crying out, *Save Mr. Paine from his friends!* — for these notices have been mostly in the admiring vein, — we have thought best to hold our peace, feeling pretty sure that, as soon as the oratorio came to be performed, its own merits would of themselves dispel any unfavorable prejudice that these ill-timed panegyrics might have raised in the minds of real musicians. But there has appeared in *The Nation* of February 13 an article on *American Oratorios*, in which particular, and not altogether favorable, mention is made of Mr. Paine's *St. Peter*; and on this article it does not seem altogether idle to comment, especially as it bears marks of being written by a man of cultivation, whose opinion is worth something. *The Nation* says: "No one can turn over the pages of Mr. Paine's *St. Peter*, and not see everywhere the work of an excellent musician. It is without doubt the most important musical work yet produced in this country." So far good. We heartily concur in the opinion. This is a very condensed criticism of almost the only point in a musical

work of this class that a piano-forte score gives the material for forming a final opinion upon, namely, the composer's technical musicianship. Exceptional men, gifted with exceptional musical insight, may find hints of something beyond this in a piano-forte score, and may arrive inductively at very shrewd conclusions as to the æsthetic value of a work. Thus Robert Schumann was enabled, by studying Liszt's piano-forte arrangement of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, to see the real nature and quality of the work even more clearly than Fétis, with his drudgelike cast of mind, did after hearing it actually performed. But Schumann was a very exceptional man, and the world has perhaps never seen his peer as a musical critic. All that the average critic can do, over and above judging the musical form and mere technical part of the work, from a piano-forte arrangement, resolves itself into comparing the work with some ideal standard in his own mind of what an oratorio ought to be,—into an attempt to find out what the composer aimed at in his music, which is to a certain extent possible. How nearly and well he has hit his mark must remain in great part an unanswerable question until the work is adequately performed.

The Nation goes on to say: "Nevertheless, one must be very much in love with Bach, and very little influenced by the modern taste for lyric forms, not to find a certain dryness in St. Peter. The real false step in the book, it appears to us, is the text,—the libretto. It ought to be a mere truism to say that the first essential quality of text for musical illustration is *emotion*. Music is emotional if it *is* music. True, a Schubert or Mozart can write tunes for any words, however matter-of-fact they may be. But modern taste requires of vocal music something more than melody; it imperatively demands a true interpretation of the dramatic element in the text. This, in its fullest extent, one finds in the admirable little songs by Franz and Robert Schumann, and in the operas of Wagner, though with perhaps less regard to the exclusively *musical*." True to a certain extent, if rightly understood, except that little bit about Schubert's and Mozart's faculty of writing tunes, concerning which the following may be suggestive:—

"How little did this most richly gifted of all musicians (Mozart) know the feat of our modern music-makers,—of building up gold-glistening music-towers upon a shal-

low, unworthy foundation, of playing the inspired enthusiast, where all poetry was hollow and empty, just to show that, after all, the musician was the real cock-of-the-walk and could do anything, even to creating something out of nothing,—just like the good God! O, how dear to me and highly to be honored is Mozart, that he found it impossible to compose music to *Titus* like that to *Don Juan*, to *Così fan tutte*, like that to *Figaro*; how shamefully would this have dishonored music! Mozart made music incessantly; but he never could write *fine* music except when he was inspired."*

This is only in passing, and has not much to do with the subject in hand, but we do not like to see flings of this flippant sort made at Mozart. As for the text of St. Peter being wanting in emotional qualities, we cannot agree with The Nation. Take the very first chorus, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent, and believe the glad tidings of God." These words The Nation calls "very unpromising"! Hardly a happy epithet, we think. Take again Peter's first air, "My heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth; for thou wilt show me the path of life. In thy presence, O Lord, is the fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore."

The following chorus, the last of the first division of the oratorio, ends with, "It is marvellous in our eyes." What more of emotion in a religious work can the soul of man desire? In the Denial and Repentance there is surely enough of an emotional nature, and enough of intense dramatic interest, culminating in the chorus, "Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." Unemotional! Has The Nation's appetite for emotion become so jaded that these things leave it calm and unmoved? It goes on to say, "The great objection to the entire last part of the work is the undue length and dryness of the recitatives." This may apply either to the text or to the musical treatment. We cannot see how the text can be considered dry. Take, for instance, the tenor recitative, No. 27, "And when the day of Pentecost was come, the apostles were all together in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting; and there appeared unto them

* Richard Wagner, *Oper und Drama*, p. 29.

cloven tongues as of fire ; and it sat upon each of them. And they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." What better chance for dramatic musical writing could the veriest sensational effect-seeker desire? As to the music of Mr. Paine's oratorio, we do not as yet consider ourselves competent to give an opinion of any value, and although nobody can carefully study such a work as we have done, without at least forming an approximate notion of the genius, talent, and general musical and dramatic power displayed in its composition, yet we can form no decided opinion as to its merits that we might not be forced to retract after hearing the whole work performed. Suffice to say that the work impresses us as one of great power and beauty, and we have found in it no sign of weakness or sentimentalism. The Nation has criticised the musical part of the oratorio entirely on general principles, and upon principles that do not seem to us entirely sound. It says: "The old oratorio was too devotional, too monotonous in its emotional range, to serve as an amusement." But who ever thought of an oratorio in the light of an *amusement*? Let it be said to Mr. Paine's honor, that, at all events, he has not tried to be amusing in his work, to make his oratorio something to be listened to *entre le café et le cigare!* Passing over The Nation's disparaging estimate of Bach's oratorios, we find this about Mendelssohn: "To whatever extent Mendelssohn carried the melodious in his oratorios, it is always chaste and religious in tone." And again about Mr. Paine: "It is very unfortunate that the text does not include words suitable for at least one genuine musical chorus in each part." We suppose The Nation means choruses of the so-called *melodious* stamp, like "He watching over Israel," and "Blessed are the men that fear Him," in Elijah. That these choruses of Mendelssohn are musically beautiful to a high degree, no one will undertake to deny, but we can see nothing of the distinctly *religious* element in them. In both these choruses, and to a still greater degree in the latter part of the Whirlwind Chorus in the same oratorio, at the words, "And in that still voice onward came the Lord," we can see nothing but the purely sensu-

ous development of a sensuously beautiful melody. Mendelssohn has done much toward enlarging the oratorio form, but we insist that this intensely lyric melody, this *Lied ohne Worte* element which runs through almost all his music, and which in light compositions, like his concert overtures and *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, is nothing but charming, has only served to weaken and impoverish his great religious works. We can only congratulate Mr. Paine upon having made a manly stand against this tendency to purely sensuous melody, which is one of the greatest blemishes in the prevailing religious school of music of our day. The Nation says: "The lyric element is one of the most vital. By lyric forms in music are meant those song-like strains where the melodic ideas fall into symmetrical sequences of phrases. . . . The song is comprehensible without study. And so the lyric moment in an oratorio is at once the moment of greatest passion to the singer and most complete repose to the listener; complete repose, because the often-returning melodic phrases convey their own interpretation, and the conviction that the singer has at last quit 'fooling around' in recitative, and settled down to a good steady pull at singing, is especially reassuring to the average listener." Very true; but earnest musicians do not write music for the "average listener." An artist does not work for years, putting his whole heart, soul, and being into his work, merely to furnish people with an æsthetic-intellectual anodyne, — to give them music which they can passively enjoy without the exertion of thinking. Rossini did that, and heartily laughed at himself for doing it; but few people would call Rossini an earnest musician, however much of a genius he might have been. Mendelssohn certainly *was* an earnest musician, and did what he did with a serious purpose; but we cannot but find his tendency to the purely sensuous an excessive one, and all the less excusable from the fact that the sensuous character of his melodies seems rather of the indolent, sentimental, day-dreamer sort than the result of an over-passionate nature. Throughout the whole of Mr. Paine's *St. Peter* the music is persistently of a religious character, never inclining to sentimentality. What other characteristics it may have, we must await a performance of the work to decide.

POLITICS.

THE war against the liquor-dealer bids fair to spread over the surface of the habitable globe. Beginning a generation ago in an obscure community on this side of the Atlantic, it rapidly extended itself throughout most of the Northern States of America, then through England, and now we hear of devotees of the cause making their appearance even in Russia. The length of time during which the cause has maintained itself, the ardor of the prohibitionists, and the importance of the subject itself, all show that the popular feeling is no momentary whim, but a genuine and deep sentiment, which must be taken into grave consideration by all those who are interested in government. It has been laughed at, reasoned against, and voted against for a generation, and it is to-day stronger than ever. The parallel which we have just suggested — between the zeal which now animates the vast legions of the "Alliance" in England, of the prohibitionists in America, and their new allies in Russia, and the zeal which a thousand years ago animated the hosts which marched out of Europe under Peter the Hermit to rescue the Holy Land from the Paynim — though curious, is not in reality very far-fetched. The early crusades were religious; this crusade, though directed to a moral end, is guided by religious leaders. The early crusades manifested a reckless disregard of consequences; and so do also the hosts of Neal Dow and Dr. Miner. If the Holy Land could be rescued from the infidel, that was enough. Whether it ever could be held by the Christians was a question which troubled no one. And so to-day it is not prevention, but prohibition, which is demanded.

At the present moment, parliamentary bodies all over the world are engaged in enacting laws for the prohibition or restriction of the sale of intoxicating liquors. In Massachusetts a controversy is raging, now in the Legislature and now in the courts, over the exception of malt liquors from the prohibitory statute in force. In New Jersey a constitutional war over the "local-option clause" has been going on. In many of the other States some legislation will probably be had during the next few months. Under these circumstances it cannot be inappropriate if we call attention to one or two

considerations connected with the subject which are habitually overlooked, and which yet have a direct bearing upon its ultimate decision.

It is not with the old question of license or prohibition that we propose to deal. We take it to be settled by a long and painful experience, in the minds of all those who are not actually engaged in the struggle itself, that absolute prevention is out of the question; that men will drink, if not openly, then secretly; and that the effect of prohibitory laws is thoroughly bad. Restriction by way of license is the only other means left, and the license system is now in vogue in some States. The theory on which the license system rests is, that, though the sale of liquors cannot be prevented, it may be placed by the government in good or bad hands, and that it is the duty of the government to see that it is in good hands; that if the licensee makes a bad use of his license, it is the duty of the government to revoke his authority.

It cannot be denied that licensing has generally proved a failure. The effect of it has not been to restrict sales, but really to throw the business open to all. Licenses have proved no guaranty for the character of public houses, bars, hotels, or restaurants. In Massachusetts the license system and the prohibitory system have each alternately proved the best argument in favor of the introduction of the other. No doubt this has been mainly due to the generally low tone of political character throughout the country: it is idle to expect a good license system, when the hands which issue the licenses are corrupt or clumsy, and the eyes which inspect the licensees are blinded by partisanship or something worse. But this does not exhaust the matter. There are other difficulties connected with the subject which will have to be removed before a good licensing system can be obtained.

The radical defect in all the plans which have yet been proposed is that no provision has been made in any of them for the responsibility of the seller for violation of his license. In theory he is always responsible to somebody, either the selectmen or the supervisors or the judges. In theory, too, this responsibility is enforced in cases

of violation by the revocation of the license. But who ever heard of a liquor license being revoked? Those who are in theory charged with the duty of supervising the seller never do supervise him. And the question is, whether this difficulty can be surmounted. If we assume at the outset, as the theorists of thirty years ago did, that the only means of securing official responsibility is universal suffrage, the difficulty is at an end. But few people, after the experience of this method which we have had, can be induced to make the necessary assumption. The alternative generally proposed is a long and secure tenure of office. Once give officials confidence, it is said, that their reputation is in their own hands, that their tenure of office depends, not on the necessities of party, but on their own good behavior, and the natural desire of every man to make the most of his opportunities will be a quite sufficient motive to keep him in the straight path. If he goes wrong, let him be removed from office. And there can be little doubt that, of the two plans for securing efficiency and honesty in administration, both reason and experience point to the latter. But it is not at this point that the difficulty arises. We are all agreed that the first step in administrative reform must be by making the tenure of office different from what it is now. But when that is done, when we have a reformed civil service and a judiciary appointed for life, much will remain uneffected. When we have secured these reforms, we shall only be in the same position in which our predecessors stood in 1846; and even in 1846 the world was not perfect.

The question, then, which we think is yet in need of a solution, and which will remain unsolved, even with a reformed civil service and a reformed judiciary, is this: how to secure official responsibility for negligence, incapacity, or malfeasance. The reforms we are interested now in carrying through have in view the admirable object of getting into office good men; the question will still remain how to get bad men out. The question is an old one, and has often arisen in political debates, but it has always been answered in an unsatisfactory and feeble manner.

The most ancient and familiar method is that of impeachment. The danger of a solemn trial and removal from office, it was once supposed, was enough to terrify the most brazen official into rectitude. But we have ample evidence that this did not prove so, even in those early times in which the pen-

alty, on conviction of high crimes and misdemeanors, was not infrequently the scaffold. In England, certainly down to a very late period, the danger of impeachment has been so remote that it has had no deterrent effect whatever. In this country, since the trial of Andrew Johnson, impeachment proceedings have been a farce. There has been at least one impeachment trial in almost every Southern State; and each trial has been more ridiculously partisan than the one preceding.

The reason why impeachment has failed is a simple one: it has hardly ever been for any one's interest to move in honest impeachment. The official against whom accusations are made is almost always of the same party with the court which tries him; when he is not, the proceedings merely become partisan. And this will remain so, as long as the spoils of office include the distribution of official positions among the dominant party. It may be supposed that this danger will, with a reformed civil service, be removed: on the contrary, it will be increased. What slight sense of responsibility there may now be for acts committed by party adherents will then be gone, for the civil servants of the government will not any longer be party adherents. And the inertia of public bodies is always so great that houses of representatives will be but little likely to take measures for the impeachment of an official whom they had no share in appointing, and whose removal will bring with it no patronage. Under the present system it may occasionally be for some one's interest to move an impeachment: with a reformed service, it will be for no one's interest. Even as an attack on the administration, the impeachment of subordinate officials, to whom alone the competitive system will apply, is never likely to become popular, partly because of the cumbrous and antique character of the proceeding. A "ventilation" or "exposure" through the press will be a far simpler means of making party capital; and there will always be something too laughable for serious politics in the preference of articles of impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors against an obscure collector of internal revenue or a country postmistress.

One other method has been tried; and that is the one which the civil-service commissioners propose to retain, — the right of removal by the executive. The commissioners are of the opinion that, in order to

increase official responsibility for misconduct, it is of the last importance that this power should remain where it is. The President, they say, under the new system, will have no inducement to continue improper appointments, and every motive of patriotism and reputation will impel him in such cases to revoke commissions.

This brings us at once to the principle which, in discussions on this subject, has been always overlooked, and is yet the one on which the whole matter hinges. This principle is that *the only means of securing official responsibility is by placing the power of effecting a removal from office in the hands of those who have a direct interest in the faithful performance of the duties of the office.*

This principle is one which rests, not on tradition, but on fundamental facts. It would hold good under any form of government. To be sure, under a monarchy or an empire, the means of carrying it into effect might be different from the methods which the conditions of democracy would necessitate; but the principle would still hold good, because in all forms of government the fact upon which it rests would still exist. That fact is the inertia of salaried officials and public bodies, and the routine of political life. That the employees of government always do their work with less zeal than those engaged in private employment, that they make it their aim to establish a minimum of efficient work, instead of throwing themselves heart and soul into their occupation, is a fact which has long been admitted by all who have given attention to the scientific study of government. This is a necessary consequence of the system of salaries, and it was in order to get over this difficulty that the fee-system was first introduced. But the evil of the fee-system, at all events as we see it practised by the Leets and Stockings of the present day, seems to outweigh the disadvantage on the other side; and we are much more likely to see the system of salaries extended and perfected than any other. The salaried official, as we have said, whether he be congressman, judge, president, or postmaster, works in a rut, and prefers to work in a rut, and does his work far better in than out of his rut. The business of enforcing official responsibility by removal from office, however, is not one of routine; it is not, or ought not to be, a matter of every day; it is a solemn and disagreeable duty. There is probably no task more irksome or odious to the vast

majority of mankind than that of preferring charges against their fellow-men. The man who should habitually undertake the work would acquire, as the professional informer does, a reputation too odious to be borne. Yet it is a business which must be performed; it is to the last degree unlikely that any of the ordinary motives of patriotism or duty will induce superior officials to move in the matter. Some extraordinary motive must be brought into play. And the only motive which can be confidently relied upon is interest.

To some of our readers this argument may seem vague; an application of it to some of the practical questions of the day may serve to render it more plain.

The responsibility of such officials as mayors and aldermen for official misconduct under the present system in most of the United States is theoretically secured in two ways. Officials who have been guilty of misconduct may be removed, either by impeachment or, at the end of their term, by a new election. The value of these constitutional provisions we have recently had the opportunity of testing in the struggle with the ring in New York. The antiquated and unpractical character of impeachment has rendered this remedy not only out of the question, but ludicrously impossible. The only resource left is election. And it is true that, by means of a spasmodic exercise of public virtue, such as a community is capable of making once in a generation, men like Hall, Tweed, Conolly, and Sweeney may be got out of office, and a legislature elected which may, possibly, prevent the creation of a new ring, and on the other hand is almost as likely to create a ring of its own. Considering the open robbery by which New York was plundered, and the close approach of the city to actual bankruptcy, it cannot be denied that the election of a legislature and municipal government for which the most that can be said is, that their character is doubtful, is rather a lame and impotent beginning for reform, whatever conclusion the good luck of New York may bring. And, moreover, it cannot be said that the means of removal afforded by election is of much value; as the careers of Tweed and his confederates have proved that a single term of office is quite enough to give opportunity for the most profitable rascality.

Suppose that, instead of the antiquated machinery of the present Constitution of New York, provision for the removal of

delinquent mayors, aldermen, or commissioners had been made by placing the means of removal in the hands of those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the good administration of such officers,—in the hands of the tax-payers. Suppose that it had been required that, on the petition of a certain proportion of the tax-payers of the city, a corrupt mayor should be peremptorily tried in a court of justice, like any other suspected felon, and, if found guilty, removed. Can any one doubt that Hall and his confederates would have found their vile careers much more perilous than they actually proved? No doubt it will be objected to this plan, that it opens the door to intriguing petitions, — petitions designed with a view, not to getting rid of dishonest or incompetent officials, but to making an office vacant for the petitioners' friends. This objection, however, has really nothing in it. To imagine that any considerable number of tax-payers (of course it would have to be provided that they should not be office-holders) would make a combination for political ends of this kind, is to imagine a capacity for political chicane which the non-political classes are far from possessing. Men actively engaged in commerce and trade have little time for political intrigue; the history of New York shows that such little time as they can be induced to devote to politics is mainly given because of their fear of the effect of maladministration upon their property.

As to Federal offices, the civil-service commissioners have, as we said above, recommended that the power of removal be retained where it now is, that is, in the hands of the President. The head of the administration, it is said, as he appoints, ought to have the power of removal. Undoubtedly with a reformed civil service, the President's power of removal would not be so dangerous as it is now. But it may certainly be doubted whether the heads of departments have not a far more direct interest in the faithful performance of their duties by their subordinates than the President. The true system would seem to be, responsibility of the subordinate officials to the heads of departments; the latter, of course, being responsible to the President. If, in addition to this, some plan could be devised by which charges could, at any time, be preferred by a certain number of those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the administration of these offices, the machinery would be made still better.

To return now to the liquor question, let us see whether the principle cannot be applied to license. As we said before, the reason the license system always breaks down is that the supervision of the licensee is purely theoretic and never takes place. But it would take place, if we could place the right of inspection in the hands of those who have a direct interest in the faithful execution of the authority of the license. Those who have this direct interest are not the supervisors or selectmen, to whom the duty is usually intrusted. There is, however, a class in every community to whom the sale of liquor is a matter of vital interest, inasmuch as it not infrequently involves them in beggary and ruin. This class consists of the married women. And it is in the hands of the married women that we would place the right of inspection. That is to say, we would have the law provide, as in the other cases, a judicial investigation into the licensee's conduct, upon the motion of a certain number of the married women of the community, and we would have the proof of his misconduct peremptorily followed by the withdrawal of his license. A dim perception of the necessity of some provision of this kind has before now occurred to legislators; but the idea has only found expression in the enactment, in some States, that a married woman may forbid the sale of liquor to her husband. But this provision is useless; because, although she may forbid it, if she is an unusually brave and independent woman, she cannot prevent it. A perpetual supervision of men's habits by their wives would break up family life in a very short time. But a supervision of liquor-dealers would not.

These suggestions we have made rather for the purpose of calling attention to the principle which ought to govern in all constitutional arrangements providing for the removal of delinquent officials, not because we are wedded to any of the details proposed. The principle is a fundamental and eternal one in politics; the method of using it must be governed by circumstances. It will be seen that the changes we propose would all tend to increase the power of the judiciary: there may be some people who think this is a dangerous experiment. Of course we suppose in all our changes a pure judiciary, and we would have judges themselves subjected to the same tests which we have proposed for other officials.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI. — MAY, 1873. — NO. CLXXXVII.

THE TWO LETTERS.

Letter writ in 1635 - 36 to Mistress Alice Lovell.

“WHY dost thou go?” that was thy question, dear Alice, when I parted with thee. “Why dost thou go?” saidst thou; the same words have sounded in my ears all the way hither. Ah, why? It was too late before I found that I could not well answer the question. And yet — and yet do I wish that I had stayed behind? Thou seest it is still a question; and so, for mine own good, I will try and write thee down an answer.

As to these others that are around me, it is easy to see for what they came. Methinks I ought to hide my face in shame, that I came hither with so little purpose, and they with such high meaning. Many women are here from homes as comfortable, as luxurious, as that I left behind; many who left fathers, mothers, dear sisters, brothers, and all because they heard God call them, because they would find a land of freedom in which to worship Him. I think they look at me to ask what led me hither, what called me to cross the wide sea; and I have no answer to

make to them, as I had no answer for thee. “Why dost thou go?”

Alas! why was my father taken away, and I still so young? Yet let me not go back into the depths of old sorrows. Surely if ever a girl was left fatherless and motherless, yet in the midst of many friends, with much cause for gratitude, 't was I. On the one side all my father's family; I might have had with them a home among great people, have even tasted the pleasures of the court. For my uncle, Sir Hugh, hath always been truly kind to me, and, though a Papist, has never urged his worship on me. And thou knowest what a happy Christmas-tide I passed there a year ago, only a year ago! Well, but my father would never love to have me consort much with this high folk. He could himself remember the tales of the terrible days of Popedom, and never recovered from his sadness when Sir Hugh was led by a Popish wife back into heathenish ways. Yes, it was this that made me seek a home with my Cousin Wetherell and his dear wife Ursula, my cousin too, and so like my own mother that often she has put me to sleep by the soft sound of her

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voice. And with them I might be living now if not — Ah well, why did I leave them ?

Thou hast been often enough with us to have heard the jokes and the jibes — and often coarse enough they were — of my Cousin Wetherell with regard to Geoffrey Patteson. Long ago he would insist that Patteson had a liking for me. And, foolish virgin that I was, it was not displeasing to me to have it said, that among my followers was one of the richest landholders of Nottinghamshire; and when Cousin Wetherell would point with his whip to the old stone-walls that looked down the hill-side, and say, "Well, Cousin Rose, thy domain looks lordly and well," I but laughed, and asked him when would he visit me, and would I serve the pasty that he liked best, and would he counsel the repairing of the break in the old walls. So it answered well enow for pastime; but if Geoffrey himself came, the talk was not wont to be so lively. Spite of a play of words between my cousin and me, the converse was like to move slow. I might ask for Patteson's hounds or the game; but glad were we womenkind to leave the men to their bottles.

But then came a serious time. Geoffrey did come to my cousin for me, with offer of his hand. I laughed in Cousin Wetherell's face when he brought it me. "'T is very well for a sport," said I, "but none of your heavy farmers for me." We had many words, and it was hard to make my cousin perceive that I was in earnest, truly meant what I said. When at length he fathomed my real meaning, he became wroth, and swore he would take Geoffrey no such answer. Again he sent Cousin Ursula to me, and her pleadings, I can say, 't was hard to listen to. I will not tell you all the scenes that passed. My Cousin Wetherell reproached me that my head was turned by thoughts of lords and ladies, that I pined for the court, and threatened to send me back to Sir Hugh, would I not listen to Geoffrey Patteson. My blood was up. I had no leaning, said I, to be sent back

to Sir Hugh, hither and thither like a poor shuttlecock, a bird that has no resting-place.

And then he turned upon me, to ask, How did I differ, what home had I, and what claim had I upon his home? — words that I think he sorrowed for when he had uttered them; yet they held a sharp edge, that wounded even when he would have healed. I sat a while buried in my thoughts. Were not the words true? Did I go to Sir Hugh, could I hope that he would treat me more kindly than Cousin Wetherell? He might too favor some court dangler to force him upon me in marriage; there were many such around him, indeed, at Christmas-time. I looked across the court-yard, and saw a milk-maid bearing her brimming pails towards the dairy.

"Ah! why am I not such as she?" cried I; "then I might have only the labor of mine own hands to thank for sustenance!"

"Thy hands, thy little hands," cried Cousin Wetherell, "they could not dig for thee a grave!" He had been walking up and down; then, seeming to feel sorrowful for his distempered words, he came to me, and spake to me caressingly. I should always have a home with him and Ursula; but then — did I think never to marry? and Geoffrey Patteson! It was all over again, — the same words, the same threats and reproaches. Why had I let a worthy man believe himself to be encouraged? In short, I gave way; I promised I would see Patteson that same afternoon.

And yet, in my own room, as I arrayed myself to receive him, — Of what shall I speak to him? I thought; already I know he hath his turnips set in his field for the spring crop, and the brown mare Bess is like to recover from the jaundice, and John Hardon will not sell his hounds for any price!

Were I to live inside those walls on the brown hills there, and have no other words to offer to him, — my mate for life! — and he never to know what other thoughts are passing through my mind, and all because I must have bread

to eat, and a soft pillow, and a shelter from the wind! And then I thought again of the milkmaid; and thou canst think in what mood I went down to meet my suitor. Awkward enough he came to greet me, and my Cousin Wetherell was there with his rude jokes, in which my man was willing enough to join. Happily he was to leave the country for a few days, and the meeting was soon over.

It was in these days came Cousin Patience, own sister to Ursula, like her, and so different. Ursula is soft and gentle: it soothes and sets one to sleep to listen to her words; it is like the softness of a down pillow on which one might gladly rest a weary head. Dear Patience, too, is soft and gentle; but hers is the softness of a breath of wind. It comes with a sweet strength to it, bringing freshness and healthy wood savors. She came to say farewell, just betrothed to Gabriel Sharpe, about to go in the Puritan company to the New England.

Now, Cousin Wetherell had set down his foot that Gabriel Sharpe should not enter his house; but out of kindness to Ursula, he sent for Patience, that she should come and abide for a few days with us ere she left forever. Yet he never let her rest. He would have her give up her purpose, and called upon Ursula to help him with his urgings. Poor, soft Ursula, she was torn both ways; for Patience, though younger, had always much sway with her. In a gentle voice Patience said, "I follow my chosen husband: man cannot set us asunder."

Then as I looked admiring on the quiet steadfastness that Patience showed, of a sudden I bethought me, I too might break away. On the day before she was to leave us, I brake to her my purpose. She doubted; for what she seeks always is the right. For her to go, she doubted not; but for me? I painted the hopeless marriage that waited for me did I stay; and I think my words moved her to a yearning of love, and a longing to protect me. She sent a message to Gabriel, who was

not far away, to ask for his decision. Had he then known how unstable and timid a maid he was adding to his company, I think he had hardly counselled as he did. But he saw only another convert to the Lord he follows, another planter in his kingdom. And thou knowest all the hurry of that last day at Stacy: of my intemperate parting with Wetherell; and how I stood by the side of Patience at her bridal; and of my farewell to thee; and of thy words, "Why dost thou go?"

And thy words echoed through my heart all through that long passage across the monstrous sea, a little plank alone shielding us from those savage waves, into which at times, indeed, I would fain have plunged to flee my misery.

And long have I been in bringing my mind to write to thee. I cannot tell whether it was sickness of body or of soul that most prevailed with me, and fain would I have tarried longer with the kind friends that greeted us in the town of Boston, which was the first port we reached. But my cousins were fixed to come to this place, which once bore the heathenish name of Naumkeag, but happily is now more peaceably styled Salem.

In respect to my woful sickness of the sea, my cousins strove to come hither by land, but we met with a great river that barred our way along the shore. And here I incurred severe displeasure from my Cousin Sharpe, by fainting quite away, in a fancy that we had met with a band of heathen Indians, which proved, indeed, to be our friends,—among them a youth whom I have since seen here, and who is wont to rally me, in somewhat uncomely manner, for my too feminine weakness.

Indeed, often Cousin Sharpe reproacheth me for my feebleness, and fondness for things of the world, of which, indeed, but little show can be seen here, where are no tapestries, nor velvet hangings, nor rich arras, but where all must be of the simplest. A poor knot of cherry satin ribbon of mine slipping from a broken hamper,

he seized and flung it from him, then stamped upon it, saying, "Methinks such foolery doth not become a new world. Here we have set aside the idle vanities of the old. May we never see such gewgaws flaunting here!"

"Nay," said I, "I fear thou wilt be letting some tears drop at loss of this one bit of gay color. Thou mayst find it hard to cage the butterflies."

. . . . Yet I strive to give some help to these my friends; for here all must labor with the hands, and I sorrow much that I am so useless a thing. Here each man helps his neighbor. Now it is to work in getting in the harvest, now in building a house. Handicraftsmen are few; gentlemen and all must work. All came to our aid, as we left the ship to bear our few household wares. The hinges for the doors were lacking, that were to have accompanied us from Boston; so one here and another there, with kindly cheer and some laughter, we hung up our mantles in place of doors. One service I find I can offer: all are so busy with their labor in house-building, — each house of hewn planks, daubing in with clay, to make them close for the winter, and setting up stockades of planks — thou wilt shudder to hear it! — for defence against the heathen foe. A score or more of houses are as yet built. In all these labors, women come, too, with their help; and that I can spin, is held happily as some amends for my weak spirits and body. I sit me in a sunny nook in quiet, while the rest are going hither and thither, hasting busily ere the winter shall come. Happily the harvest has been more plentiful than in the last years, when there was great suffering for want of food, and much sickness, and many pined and died. And often I think it cause for gratitude that times are more hopeful; for how much might I have to reproach myself had I been thrown here even worse than a burden on the shoulders of dear friends, had I brought them only another mouth to fill, another creature needing food, had I brought but a poor, weary body, going up and down.

Yet there assemble about Cousin Ga-

briel many men whose converse is moving and strange. When I sit at my spinning, and list to the words of these men, I wonder at what manner of people I have come among. I hear a new word uttered that at court would have been deemed treason, but here it is spoke out into the full air: the word is liberty. Thou couldst not understand the discourse, even did I strive to write it thee; methinks it needs this wide region to speak it in, where are no battlemented walls or hushing tapestry to keep its echo.

. . . . For a while their talks lift me above my little self. I would be willing to let my little day pass on, without cumbering myself if it be light or dark, if only this great free air might blow and prevail. But mostly it all hangs upon me to oppress me, and I feel myself too little for such great work, and would fain sink back into the whirl of the thoughtless life of pleasure out of which I have so strangely fallen. Not fallen, — I will say risen, — who knows or can tell?

For these men come to talk with my Cousin Sharpe, not of cattle nor fat beef, as friend Patteson would like to dwell upon. In sooth, the tale of cattle is here soon told; and for fields — I smile when I fancy Geoffrey Patteson or Cousin Wetherell looking out upon these rocky pastures. Something of this sort I said one day to Cousin Sharpe. He had been talking high of the great, numerous people that should in time inhabit this vast country.

"But how wilt thou gather corn for so great a people?" said I, somewhat sorrowfully. He turned upon me with words from Scripture. "'Where shall we find food for so many?' Don't ask." Then, shaking his head, he said, "I say to thee, one day we shall be sending corn back to the folk in the old land." "Nay, now I must needs doubt," said I, laughing, "unless the rocks can bring forth corn."

. . . . We hear much spoken of one Roger Williams, but have not seen him yet, though he returns hither shortly. There are various and strong opinions

with regard to him. Some make it, that there are none like him in persuasiveness of speaking, and in all goodly things. Others will have it that he thinks only to stir up discord in the settlement, and set one against another. For my part, I could hardly like him, in that he has used such distempered words against the Prayer-Book, and all who commune with the Church of England. My cousins Sharpe, indeed, and all of our little company, hold themselves separated from the mother Church, yet this Williams goeth further still, and will not have to do with those who have not made public repentance of former communion with the Church of England. He hath refused even to join in family prayers or grace at table with his wife, because she hath continued to frequent their communion. Thou wilt scarce understand this, or believe that some have already been sent back to England for setting up worship according to the Common Prayer.

I think it is to do me a pleasure that my cousins have bidden a niece of Gabriel's to abide with us for a while. Perhaps they thought 't would cure my moping habits, if I had one of my own age to consort with. Yet, at first, I do not take a liking to her. She scarce ventures to say a word in my cousins' presence, yet prattles freely behind their backs, oft in jest of Cousin Gabriel. This I like not, though he fain would have me take pattern of Rachel's meekness, for never does she show she hath a mind of her own. She is handy with her work, and helpful to Cousin Patience, and I might mayhap take lesson of her. But truth to tell, dear Alice, it but maketh my sickness at heart the greater to find it so hard to make companionship with her, as she is of those who love to intrigue. I, as thou knowest, am of the other sort, and often come out with words for which I am sorrowful afterwards, and I like not underhand ways. I have a small room apportioned to me for mine own, to which I come, and pour out my weariness and disconsolateness to thee. Winds and tempests out of doors also,

that make the heart moody and desponding.

. . . . Christmas Day, and I have had a storm with my cousins. So fresh and bright yesterday, I ventured out alone. A hot sun had caused a light snow almost to disappear, and I pulled my hood about my ears, and ran on joyously. If this is all the embrace of the cold winter they speak of, thought I, I can only laugh at it. I made my way towards some green shrubs I had marked before; yes, they were green, still fresh as Christmas holly. I seized and plucked many branches, then sought among the snow till I found a trailing vine still green. I filled my arms with my prize, and would fain break out into a song of gladness. It brought me back to the thoughts of Christmas-time, of gay berries, of Christmas songs, of rich, plentisome dinners, with wassail-bowl and smoking pudding, of the crackling of the Yule log, of cheer and laughter. I would run back with my gay bundle, and make joyful the first Christmas Eve of the new home. I was startled by a voice behind me, and turned me round. "What art doing, young mistress?" A comely looking man, scarcely young, yet with fresh cheeks and a kindly smile, accosted me. But the smile passed away as he beheld my bundle. "Greens, Christmas greens, young lass!" he said reprovingly, and then waxed more wroth; "an abomination — an abomination of Popedom! Cast them from thee!" And more would he have said, when he looked up into my astonished face and smiled at my affright. "Nay," said he, "here are Christmas roses; why not Christmas greens?" So he passed on, turning round more than once, and shaking his stick at me, but smilingly. This discomposed me, so that I flung away a part of my load, and made my way to the house secretly, and hid my poor greens in my own room. I did not venture to bring them forth that night; my Cousin Sharpe held a meeting of elders with him. But before the morning sun, I awaked me early, and stole down ere the household had stirred,

and planted some of my greens above the fireplace, and hung the trailing vine across the small casement. I had scarce done so when the door opened, and Cousin Gabriel came in. 'T was but a moment ere he saw it all. "How! dost thou make a Popish day of this?" he cried; and in another moment he had dashed my vines to the ground, and then, in quicker time than ere I thought a flame could be lit with the flint lock of his fowling-piece, he had raised a blaze in the fireplace, and thrust in the poor, crackling greens, treading them in the roaring fire, and burning every leaf and twig; then set on more wood and logs, as though even the ashes might be pagan and spread mischief. In all this so quick were his motions, so intemperate his speech, his eyes glared with such fierceness, I thought some savage beast had entered him, and moved him with its spirit. He turned then upon me, and so terrified was I with his bearing that I cowered before him; methought I, too, were to be laid upon the flames as sacrifice for wantonness. He did indeed glare at me for some moments as I stood with crossed hands; then bethought himself, and put a strong bridle upon his passion, and was then rueful and moved with repentance: "I had nigh killed thee, Cousin Rose." I would have burst into tears at his softness, and have pleaded that mine was but a thoughtless act, a mere happy remembrance of old home customs that clung to me, but at that moment I saw Rachel standing at the entrance of the room, holding up her hands, as in wonder at my guiltiness, with expression of a sanctified amaze. Then I broke out, and know not what I said, not only against Rachel, but Gabriel and Patience, taunting them with hypocrisy that set themselves above others in religion, but were as the Pharisees of old, but whited sepulchres. My words were for Rachel, for it was only yesterday she had talked with me regretfully of the gay Christmas in Old England, and how gladly would she join even in its dances, and in many other merrymakings more

rude, which even I have been taught to despise. But Patience was sorely wounded, and would lead me from the room. "Nay, nay," cried Gabriel, "let her not go shut herself up in her closet and write treason and heresy to her fellows at home. Better she should pass her Feast day in some godly work, and in the company of reasonable beings." Yet even his anger passed off somewhat, though he himself set me a task at spinning; and at dinner he smiled grimly as he gave me my share of the only dish,—naught but fish, as 't were a Fast day,—a poor food, salted; and I was forced to eat a dinner the most sorry we have yet partaken. And this is merry Christmas!

It seems the stranger who met me with the Christmas greens is no other than this famous Roger Williams! He hath the gift of prophecy; and a few evenings since, he came to cousins' house, where had assembled the elders and many women to listen to his instructions. I started when I saw him, and could scarce believe that he who has been so strict with the practices of the Church of England could have smiled upon me then. He shook his head at me, indeed, on seeing me; but it was not till after his discourse that he addressed some words to me. And then, so moved was I with these, I fain would almost fall down to worship him. Something of this I let out, when he had left us, and Cousin Sharpe reprov'd me. "Worship is for God," said he. So I scarcely dare say to paper all that his wondrous sayings wrought in me. Methought whatever road he should point out to be the path of life, must be the way. His words persuasive, his manner gentle, while he blamed many yet he would have freedom of thought for all. All petty thoughts and desires in life seemed low and mean; what were they all before the great thirsts of the soul? Methought I could have listened all night; and indeed, long after all had left, and ere I slept, and in dreams, I seemed to hear the words, winning me, beseeching me, calling me, even me.

What stirring converse now, in these long evenings! I am forced often to let my wheel stay a little, as I sit, hands in my lap, casting my glances from one to another of the speakers, as the pine-knots blaze upon their faces. The young man of whom I spoke is often among the company; I mean he who met us as we were lost in our wanderings on the way hither, Roger Ashley by name. I am not yet gotten over the feeling I had against him at that first sight of him, when he seemed inclined to mock at my distress and make game of my terror. Nay, he himself seemeth not to have forgotten it; for oft he asks, do I faint still at sight of friends? and telleth how he came into the town with two squaws yestereve, and how he hopeth the stockade is well manned. I do not take upon myself to answer him, nor give him many words in any way. Yet when he will he can be more serious, and, in converse with cousin and the men, he hath much to say to which I gladly listen. He hath but lately returned from a perilous journey into the wilderness, by land, with one John Oldham, a bold adventure, all say, for many hundreds of miles,—a small party of men, passing through many savage tribes. He told of a sight that suddenly came upon them one eve, after long travel, when a broad river broke upon them, green meadows on either side, and here and there the wigwams, the homes of the savage tribes.

"A river!" I cried,—for I could not keep my silence,—“I had thought it had been a sea.” “Nay, young mistress,”—and he turned to me of a sudden,—“we live on no such small island as that thou camest from. Here we have a broad continent that cannot be trod over in one season. Here will be homes for all who seek liberty from the Old World. Thy little isle has scarce air enough for liberal souls to breathe, or soil for them to tread.” “For soil,” I put in angrily, “hadst thou been there, thou mightest have known that, besides its fair homesteads and comfortable fields, it holds forests wide and uninhabited

as any in this land, and wild beasts enow, didst thou covet their companionship.” But here Cousin Patience looked upon me mournful and reproving, and Cousin Sharpe spoke on, not heeding me, as though my words had been but the buzzing of an importunate fly that he would brush away. And some one asked of the advantage of this new land Oldham hath discovered, for tilling. It seemeth the fields are more wide and fruitful, the soil more rich, than are these rock-bound shores, and many counsel the forming a settlement there as being more hopeful for harvests, seeing these regions may be approached by less dangerous ways, by ship, as the river is a comely one, and hath water for anchorage.

. . . My cousin saith this John Oldham is a restless character; he doubteth if he betokeneth much good; yet his boldness and adventure are of profit, and lead to much discovery. I said I thought this young man Ashley bore some of his companion's boldness. But Cousin Sharpe defendeth him. He saith he hath great courage and purpose of mind; then he fell to chiding me for my too great forwardness in speaking.

Roger Ashley, this eve, came to my side to ask me to pardon the seeming words of disrespect towards the mother country. “It is our mother country indeed,” said he, “yet oft I am led to forget it, since I was weaned early from her care, and have little cause to treasure kindness towards her.”

“Nay, none of us love her too well,” broke in Rachel; “and what, indeed, hath England e'er done for us?” Rachel's voice is wont to set my soul on edge, and drop some acid into the current of my thoughts. “'Tis only our home,” said I; “some love to speak lightly of their homes.” And I turned myself away.

. . . We hear more and more the teaching of Roger Williams. There is not a day but we meet together in one or another house to listen to his goodly words. No snow too deep, no wind too bleak, to keep us from meeting upon

the Sabbath. Indeed, there is much stir with regard to him; for the magistrates would fain banish him from among us, for having published certain matter tending to bring disquiet upon all titles to estates, and displeasure at the English court. To hear him speak, one could but think it were impossible for one so gentle in words, so benevolent in look, so wise and penetrating in judgment, to bring compulsion among us. Rather would I believe that the elders and magistrates in the other towns are envious of his influence, and would fain bring him to discredit by unjust means.

Rachel and I have been much brought together of late; the preaching of Roger Williams hath awakened in us a kindred feeling, and I have been much touched by her fervency and zeal. Yesterday we accomplished a secret expedition together. I had cherished a volume of the Common Prayer, to which I was wont to resort, in my little closet. I had hardly ventured to take it forth openly; since Cousin Sharpe is so zealous a Separatist, he had fain burned down his house and all within, rather than have such token of papacy, as he would deem it, beneath its roof. Yet at times I have sought consolation in it, when cast down and depressed with drear homesickness, and I longed for words that sounded of the dear old church. But on last Sabbath Roger Williams gave us a searching discourse upon the using of such books. " 'T is such that we have come away from," he saith; and he declareth that thence arise many simple corruptions, and a leading to other abominable, even papal gear. But from this he passed to glorifying the prayer that is not *read out from the book*, but cometh from the soul of the sinner, from the heart of the child of God. And then, indeed, he poured forth words that it seemed as if mine own soul were pleading, and I alone were standing in the presence of the Lord God. . . . So it was when we returned home I spake to Rachel of my purpose to put away all signs of Babylon, as Mr. Williams is

wont to call the Romish Church,— nay, even the Church of England and all its belongings. And we plotted to go out at eventide, and leave my book in its purple velvet and its clasps of gold in the deep sea. Rachel took me to a steep rock upon the shore, not far from the stockade. We passed out easily, for of late there has been little fear of attack from outward foe. The short afternoon had glided away, and the evening shadows were beginning to grow heavy; yet along the smooth beach, had any hostile step approached us, we had detected it afar off. We climbed the high cliff and looked hither and thither: no one to behold us. The sea moaned heavily, and the high wave struck the hard rock. "Thou art a cruel sea," I cried, "thou dividest, thou wouldst destroy. Is thy master the Evil One? Then take to him his own." And I flung far from me the poor gilded book, into the embrace of the deep ocean.

. . . My letter to you still lingers. Goodman Phillips, who thinketh to take this to you with his own hands, goeth first to Boston, then to Plymouth, then returneth hither.

Mr. Williams telleth us much of the savages, the Indians. He hath dwelt in their rude houses, and sat by their barbarous fires, and in part speaketh their language.

A question hath come forward of much moment to us women, regarding the duty of wearing veils in public assemblies. In Boston there hath been much said against it. Methinks Mr. Williams must needs have the right of it, when he saith, "Judge in yourselves; is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?" He useth the very words of the Apostle Paul. One Mr. Cotton will discourse to us next Sabbath, in the place of Mr. Williams. 'T is said he will preach upon this subject. Shall we then wear our veils next Sabbath? I have not hesitated to say openly, "I will not be hindered in the wearing of my veil by any man, cometh he from new Boston or old. I will not forsake the teaching of Elder Williams." But Cousin Patience chid-

eth me for my quick speech. "Nay," said I, "doth not our own pastor teach us 't is more comely for a woman to appear in public in her veil, and that it is a shamefacedness if she cometh only to show the plaiting of her hair and the tiring of her head?" Said Patience, "Thou art too quick, Cousin Rose. A woman showeth her weakness by her submission to authority; and there may be more vanity in the broidery of the veil than in simple tiring of the head." I had many words in answer, but there were others to take up my side. 'T is thought by all we should not lay aside our veils. Seeing that Mr. Williams hath enjoined upon us the wearing them, 'tis a foolish yielding to the prejudices of another community, do we forsake them, especially in his absence. Nay, where indeed are those principles of liberty that have been so much discussed among us, if men and women are to be restricted in following out their consciences?

Methinks there was not one woman absent of our whole community, and not one but had worn her veil. Even poor Eunice Smith, who liveth nigh to us in much poverty, and who hath suffered much in the death of husband and mother, and who hath met with losses by sea, came to Cousin Patience, the eve of the Lord's day, begging some scrap she might wear as a veil. I bethought myself of a strip of lace I had broidered in my childhood, and fetched it her. "We women," said I, "must show we can wear colors in the cause of liberty as well as the men." "Yea, I will take my stand with Pastor Williams," said she, "even though it must be on the verysteeps of the block." Alone in my room, the words returned to me and gave me a shudder. Tales my old Elspeth used to tell me as a child came back, of days when men, women, yea children, were dragged to the flames for conscience' sake, and gave their lives gladly. Would such days come again, and among righteous men, in this peaceful land, planted in the fear of the Lord? Let them come, I said. So we walked to the church as 't were to the

fires of Smithfield. Mr. Cotton did indeed preach to us on the much-vexed subject, and in sooth, I must say, with much earnestness and vigor, and many felt touched, and many convinced. He speaketh like one led by conscience, not as though he would impose a rule upon all men, but as though men should be a rule unto themselves. I saw many women weeping, nay, shed some tears myself. Coming out, there was much whispering and talking, and I heard some women — wives of the elders, indeed — declare they should leave their veils at home in the afternoon, calling on all others to do the same. I declared to Rachel I would not be so easily moved, and she stoutly agreed with me. On reaching home, much talk and discussion. Patience meekly folded her veil and laid it aside without words, till Gabriel said, "Come, maidens, Patience is right; 'tis no day for little things. Lay aside with the rest of the congregation such worldly gear; it is the day of the Lord!" "What," cried I, all flushing, "can we so soon forget the words of our dear teacher? Let the rest of the congregation do what they will, let us be among the few willing to suffer for conscience' sake." Gabriel smiled, and this heated me the more. But Patience put in, in her quiet way, "Hath not the Scripture bade us take no thought what we shall put on? Is not life more than meat, the body than raiment? To array our souls in meekness and purity, this is the dress fit for the Lord's day. And to question if one or another hath a veil, or to cause another to wander in thought, as Mr. Cotton hath said, because of our arraying, is a sin. God looketh at the heart." A moment I was silent, yet the name of Mr. Williams was on my lips.

But Gabriel called us to table, and said grace. I would then again bring up the subject. "Let us hear no more," said Gabriel; "Mr. Cotton and the elders have requested that the veils be laid aside; 't is fitting that the women should comply."

"Nay, if it had been men," murmured I, "the question of obedience had not

been so smoothly answered." Rachel plucked my garment, and I was silent. When the meal was over, she drew me aside. "Why waste words?" she asked; "Gabriel and Patience will leave us to care for the house and follow them, and we will do our own pleasure with regard to wearing our veils."

This is ever Rachel's way, — to gain by intrigue what she ventureth not to reach by courage. This time I yielded to her; thou wilt see, with indifferent success in the result. We tied on our veils, indeed, with some heart, and followed Gabriel and Patience at a distance. We had not gone far, before we could see that the whole assembly of women had yielded to Mr. Cotton's request; nay, more, that they looked askance at us who wore our veils, avoiding us, and passing to the other side. For my part, I walked on more bold, and turned to give courage to Rachel, but found her silently folding up her veil and tucking it in her pocket. Still, I held my head high, my cheeks flushed: what matter if I alone held to the truth? and I recalled Smithfield fires. But Gabriel came back to find us, at the very door of the place of meeting.

"Off with thy mummery!" he said to me. "'Tis the Lord's day; set thy soul to prayer." The quickness of his words surprised me: I must needs obey.

There was not one veil worn in the assembly.

... More and greater trials. Our Mr. Williams is to leave us, — a sentence of banishment against him from the General Court. At first, he must leave in six weeks. Now he may stay until spring, yet some say a ship will come to take him to England. So good a man to be punished for his very goodness! Yet he goeth about to hold up our hearts.

... He hath gone. He had notice that indeed there was a plot of conveying him to England, and in midwinter hath betaken himself to the woods. He hath left with his family and a few companions, among them Roger Ash-

ley. They will steer their course to the Narragansett, where I know not, where Mr. Williams thinketh to plant a colony.

Naught but parting in this world. I feel that our number is sadly diminished, yet am I not so sad as some months back. The days bring much occupation.

Cousin Patience down with fever. For many weeks I have been by her bedside, fearing for her life; but God hath raised her up again to be our stay. Cousin Sharpe sore put about by this great sorrow.

Cousin Gabriel is wont to call me Rhoda; he thinketh it hath a sound more suited to a Christian woman. Just now he came to me: "Cousin Rhoda, 'tis thy care has saved my dear wife's life. God be praised that he led thee to come forth with us." He could not say more; 'tis much for Cousin Gabriel to have said, — and to me of whom he has been wont to think so lightly.

... Roger Ashley back again, and Cousin Patience sitting with us once more, and methinks the airs blow milder as though heralding the spring. Ashley went not far with Mr. Williams, of whom we speak much. Cousin Gabriel thinketh to join Mr. Williams in the summer, for he hopeth to found a new colony in the Narragansett region, where the rights of all may be more considered. It is for questioning of politics and of the government, for which the Court has pronounced his banishment. Patience thinketh he could never lead a quiet life. Yet in his strife he hath a friendliness that wins.

... At my spinning-wheel, this evening, Ashley sat watching me. Methought he was observing my motions, and I studied some answer, in case he allowed himself a mere idle compliment. At last, "It might be done," said he, turning to Gabriel: "why not set one of our numerous streams to wind such a wheel? 'Tis only required that the stream should flow even and uniform. It needeth an even hand to hold the thread; why not a hand me-

chanically contrived? Methinks I could plan a wheel." I grew impatient at his utilities, and some sudden motion broke my thread. "Thou seest," said Cousin Gabriel, "thy machine must not have his humors, else the thread were often broke." I let my spindle fall in some anger. "Indeed," said Ashley, as he rose to give it to me again, "I had not thought to discompose thee. Why should I seek to take the slender thread from hands as white and slender? 'T were dull music to list but to the spinning of mere machines."

. . . 'T is heard of Mr. Williams that he was sorely tossed many weeks, in the bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed doth mean. O, how much have his persecutors to answer for! And Roger Ashley regretteth that he consented to Mr. Williams's advice to await and join him with John Oldham. He would fain have shared Mr. Williams's discomforts.

Patience's sore sickness has discovered to us many friends who had stood aloof from us, because we so readily listened to the teachings of Mr. Williams.

It is pleasing to have again the counsel of the elder women, to see the motherly face of Mistress Endicott within our walls, and to have the kindly ministrations of many others. Cousin Patience, her face doth light up marvellously, if good old Mistress Sharpe, a kinswoman of Gabriel's, cometh in to gossip with her by the hour or more, bringing more than one cure for divers pains.

. . . 'T is amazing how much learning this Roger Ashley hath stored up. He cometh night after night, and by the light of the pine-torch, with Gabriel, pondereth over sundry charts he hath drawn up portraying the coast, the islands, even marking out the wilderness. I had taken him for a bold adventurer, — one who might by his courage found new lands, and hold heathen savages in subjection; but I had not thought to hear him talk of books ancient and new, as might Master Eaton or his own namesake, Roger Ascham. This giveth

Cousin Gabriel much comfort; for, in sooth, he hath passed his days more among books than in the planting of fields, and it pleaseth him to linger still among them. Yet Ashley is fond of spicing his words with poesy, and brought upon himself yesternight some chiding from Cousin Gabriel, in that he used the words of the playwright Will Shakespeare. Dost thou not remember how wont Cousin Everard was to resort to the playhouse for the mere purpose of witnessing this man's plays? and thou and I were not sorry to list to every word he would vouchsafe us concerning them. The matter yesternight went thus: the fire was low, and I rose from my wheel to seek some logs to plenish it, but Ashley would forestall me. I would not have his help. "Nay, precious creature," — so he began and spoke forth, — "I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, than you should such dishonor undergo, while I sit lazy by." Whereat I looked amazed, the more that he accosted me as Fair Miranda. But when he had set down his logs, he related to us the wonderful imagery of the poet who painteth the assembling of a princely party on a desert shore, mayhap such as our fathers lighted on in planting this land. Ask Cousin Everard to tell thee of one play called "The Tempest."

. . . 'T is said that the airs round Narragansett are soft and healthful, and Gabriel purposeth to join with some others in concert with Roger Williams to erect a plantation on the bay. Some say that country is filled with Indians; but Roger Ashley telleth us they are friendly. Thou seest, then, there is here no abiding city for us.

. . . I am sore disturbed at words of Rachel's. She has summoned me aside to impart to me a secret. She saith that Ashley stayed behind from joining Roger Williams, wishing to plot a marriage with her, with Rachel; but that I must not say one word to Gabriel of this. I could scarce believe her tale. But why such secrecy? I cried. And she saith that of late Gabriel has showed

her an unkindly feeling, and that it is Roger Ashley's wish to delay asking his consent. I am not to speak of it. I had, indeed, seen of late some whisperings between these two, but had thought they were of Rachel's seeking; but now she explaineth to me many things.

.... I know not why I am so moved. I had come to esteem this Roger Ashley, and there was that in his straightforward manner that I had deemed would have been displeased with the bearing of Rachel. It is this love of intrigue in her that hath disturbed Cousin Gabriel, since he hath found she holds not to plain speaking. Yet why should I marvel? There are many who love the fair outside; and why should not Roger Ashley be one of these? Why not? — except, indeed, certain words and looks of his.

But ah! I had been bringing myself to think I had fallen among a higher race of men than those I had ever wot of before. How different these from Geoffrey Patteson, treading only in furrows of the plough! Indeed, let Roger Ashley love Rachel; but why should he have ever feigned to think slightly of her? For his bearing hath always borne that meaning, though he hath never uttered it in words.

.... Chill days, snow deep outside, all shut in to one small house. 'T was happy when all were of one mind, when we greeted the presence of Patience among us once more after her sore illness. The busy, crackling sound of the flame among the logs, the broad sunlight striving to pierce the windows, or better even, the flickering torchlight of an evening gave us all a warmth that shut out the thought of ice and snow. We had within a happy, cordial gayety, a witty talk, a joyous friendliness. But now there has come among us a restraint. Gabriel and Patience suspect not its cause, but the rest among us are ill at ease with each other; for there are tempests without, so I cannot go forth to spend my ill-humors in the air or breathe in a fresh element. I leave Rachel much to Roger Ashley.

.... Gloomy, chill days, winds beating against the casement. Roger Ashley comes each eve, as has been his wont, readeth to us much, discourseth much; but the converse falls into his hands and Cousin Gabriel's. They speak of governments; we sit silent. This question of cutting the red cross from the flag is truly a weighty one. Ashley thinketh it hath not to do with the question of Papistry merely, — though the red cross savors, indeed, of idolatry, — but he asketh if a free people need borrow their colors even from their mother country. Fancy Geoffrey Patteson and his stolid look at such a question!

.... Yester eve, Ashley summoned us to the porch. He would have us see how the stars shone in the clear, cold sky, and pointed out the constellations of Orion and the Pleiades, that have stood there since the days of Job. "They have followed us to another continent," said I; and then bethought myself how wide a home is this that God hath built for us beneath this same ceiling studded over with such golden lamps; when my thoughts were roused by Ashley's voice near my shoulder, asking would I let him speak with me. I looked round. Gabriel had gone in to shield Patience, lest a chill draught of air should reach her. I saw Rachel just within the doorway. I turned me suddenly, and hastened in. "'T is very cold," said I. Ashley followed close. "Yes, 't is cold," he said; "cold without, but more cold within, methinks." But I had spoken falsely: there was a flaming heat raging within me. I felt my cheeks glow, my heart throb in fever. When he took a hasty leave, glad was I to hurry to my room. He would speak to me of his love for Rachel; they would make me their confidante! Not I! I am not wont to hold my feelings under cover, and know not how to gloss over a secret. Let them love in their way, let them marry: what have I to do with it? Gabriel is Rachel's appointed guardian; yet she telleth me he is the last person to whom she will speak of her proposed marriage with

Ashley. Why so? Hath Gabriel not always proved himself her best friend? I love not these underhand dealings.

Ashley hath not been here to-day. Was I too hasty in refusing to listen to him? Might I not have acquainted him openly with my disapproval of his secrecy? I might have told him how noble is Gabriel's nature; that he could have, indeed, no reason to thwart Rachel's wishes; how could he throw an obstacle to such a marriage? But ah! I am ever too quick. All through the long sea-sick and home-sick days and nights on shipboard, I bemoaned my too great hastiness in venturing into perils I knew not of. God hath kindly turned that mourning into joy, and given me peace where there seemed little hope. But now again, by my jealous thoughts of self and hasty temper, I have turned from me a kind friend. Perhaps 't is not too late to amend when he cometh again.

But he cometh not again; perhaps, he cometh never. He hath gone forth alone into the wilderness, no one knoweth why or wherefore. Even Rachel telleth me no reason for his sudden departure; none of his nearest friends can say. He left early in the morning. It seemeth now, an Indian came to speak to him, — I mean, to Roger Ashley, — telling of the sore danger of his former companion, John Oldham, who hath ventured, it is feared too boldly, among the Indians on the shore of Connecticut and he hath set forth alone to seek for him, — alone in these winter days, without guide; for even the Indian refused to accompany him. Cousin Gabriel hath spoken with the man.

Now am I sorely punished for my hastiness. I might have said some words of cheer to this brave man; but now have let him go to meet danger, starvation, death, — who knows? Poor Rachel! I am ever thinking of myself, but should most pity her.

... General Fast proclaimed on account of distractions in the churches. The snow heavy, alas! for all travellers.

... The days pass but tediously; the evenings, indeed, by calendar grow shorter, yet methinks I count every sand that falleth. Mr. Peter, preaching at Boston, requesteth earnestly that order be taken for the employment of women and children, especially in the winter time; and I, in sooth, would say amen heartily, and would pray Mr. Peter fetch something for hands and head to busy themselves with; heart is already full. I weary of the sound of my wheel, of the converse of the men, of questionings concerning the magistrates, — shall they be chosen for life, or no. Methinks 'twere well indeed to find some business for women and children. I have no mind to seek it for myself.

... The Rebecka from Bermuda, with thirty thousand weight of potatoes, and store of oranges and limes. It remindeth me of Roger Ashley. He was wont to call those isles the "vexed Bermoothes" from his favorite poet. As I look each night upon Orion and the Pleiades, I ask, Can he also look up to them? finds he shelter still beneath this wide roof?

... A scene with Rachel. I scarce can write it down, I am so stirred with passion and with anger; yet methinks I must impart my wrath to thee, for I could not trust myself to speak to Gabriel or Patience. One Simon Wither hath been sojourning the last week in our neighborhood, fresh from Virginia, where he hath been the last twelve months, and proposeth to return thither, — a bold man, quick in speech, well known to Rachel, and hath always seemed to admire her, and she to smile on him, to whom I did not give much attention. Yet this very day, not many hours ago, I was about to leave the house to wander to the sea-shore, whence came a soft, wooing wind, — the first time for many days that I have broke out from doors, full weary of my long imprisonment. At the door met Cousin Gabriel, and told him my intent. "Hadst been a little sooner," said he, smiling, "thou hadst witnessed a tender parting. Simon Wither puts

off in his boat, he leaveth for Plymouth for a few days. Rachel was there, saying farewell. If you hasten you will find her weeping his loss, adding a few more salt drops to the brine." I lingered, looking at him wonderingly. "What hath Rachel to do with Simon Wither?" questioned I. "It cannot be," said he, "that Rachel hath kept her secrets from thee! What else could women-folk discourse upon, but such like affairs?" I grew impatient. "But I pray thee, do not fume, dear Cousin Rhoda," continued he. "Thou surely must know that Simon goeth to Plymouth to set his house in order for his young wife, for Rachel." I stood with open mouth. "Is it true, is it possible?" I cried. "Nay, go and find her." And I hurried to the shore.

Yes; I saw a white sail fast disappearing behind the point. O, the blue sea! and the blue sky, calm and still! But in my tossed soul came rushing a tempest of wild thoughts. Over the broad sand came moving towards me a solitary figure; it was Rachel. Far away I could see how she drooped sadly, then that she saw me, and hastened to meet me. I had hurried on, so that my breath choked me; so I stood waiting her, and my anger grew and flamed, and struggled for utterance. She did not heed my panting, but cried out, with her eyes filled with tears, and hands raised, "O Cousin Rose, dost thou think he will reach there safely?" Then I burst out: "*Which* he?" I cried; "whom dost thou mean?"

She gazed at me, then fell to laughing. O, how suddenly can such as Rachel pass from tears to laughter! Is it that all her feelings lie so near the surface that they can swiftly shift their colors? I cannot say her former grief was heartless, but surely now her mirth was so; nay, more; 't was cruel.

"Nay, simple cousin," she broke out, at last, "could I believe you would give credence to my tale? Could I think that you would trust my secret words more than the public acts of your Ashley he showed to you? I

thought to stir a little breeze between you, that might only fan your flame. I had much to ask about Simon Wither of Roger, who knows him well, therefore held some secret counsel with him. To tell the truth, Cousin Rose, methought you knew Roger Ashley better than to believe me, and that you knew me too well!"

What answer could I give as I stood blazing? Could I ever learn to know her wholly? Could she ever know me? Indeed, she knew not what she had done,—she who knew not what truth was, or faith in friendship. Of what avail, indeed, to upbraid her! She stood, half sad, half penitent for the mischief she had worked, alas! too shallow of heart even to know what mischief, or how great. Anger of mine only led her to marvel. Her malice had been the malice of the moment, and her easy confession showed that her repentance was no deeper. . . .

I broke away,—the smooth sand beneath my feet, my broad pathway hemmed here by the ebbing tide, then by the pebbly bank. Dizzy and wild, I ran on, wrapping my cloak about me that the rising breeze strove to wring from me. Yet I saw all,—the yeasty waves far out in the distance, low clouds catching the red light of the set sun, the rose and blue of the clear sky above, the gray golden of the sand; and all moved and tossed and swayed with my changing passions.

First came a bitter anger. It was Rachel that had thrust Roger Ashley into the wilderness. Could I have seen him but once, but once before he ventured forth, I might have prevailed with him, I might have stayed him from going! All together,—anger, contempt, bitterness, regret,—it was a seething and a whirl of passions, dark, gloomy, sad; yet strange to say, through them all gleamed a wondrous ray of joy, a sudden lightness about my heart, a radiance and a glow like that of the past sunset on the blue waves. Ah, then, he did love me, he loved me! and ah, he had gone,—gone, perhaps, forever! These two passions swayed and

throbb'd in my heart, now one gaining the mastery, now another, along with them both a pang of remorse, an agony of regret. 'T was I that sent him from me!

NEWTOWN, June.

Long time since I have written thee, and yet methinks I must send thee this, thinking thy love for me will make my tale less tedious. Since I wrote last, we have set forth on one long journey towards the new plantations to join Mr. Williams and his party. We now are tarrying many days at Newtown, whence a large company will go with us, and much cattle. Mr. Williams had first planted himself in another spot, but having been reproached by them of Plymouth that he had placed himself within their bounds, he hath moved farther on towards the Narragansetts.

Mr. Hooker, formerly pastor of the church here, hath left with most of his congregation not many weeks ago, for Connecticut, still farther on. This land, indeed, offereth wide space; there is room for all those who will dissent to live apart, and none to crowd another with his opinion. As Mr. Hooker's wife was borne on a horse litter, Gabriel thinketh that Patience may journey the same way, for her strength hath wasted much lately. They too drove one hundred and sixty cattle, and fed of their milk by the way. These latter months have been filled with care and sorrow, so that I could think I might never smile again. Yet, strange to say, my heart and courage grow stronger as the days go on. These days look more solemn, yet so more valued, and I take them up more cordially. I find we cannot live out our sorrow; yet we can take it along with us, perhaps, at times, as support, defence.

Since Rachel's marriage, Gabriel, Patience, and I are drawn more closely together. With the little band who accompany us, we had felt shut out from the community of Salem, on account of our attachment to Roger Williams and his teaching. All this brings us more

nigh together, and we cling to each other with a brotherly love. Thou wouldst smile at hearing me ever called Rhoda, and I think the name would not be as sweet to thee as that of Rose. Yet on Gabriel's tongue and that of Patience it hath a pleasing sound. Yea, indeed, before he left us, Roger Ashley had once or twice addressed me by that name. It hath a more formal sound, perhaps, and he might venture it when he had not dared speak a more familiar name. Yet I would have liked to have heard him once call me Rose.

We find here at Newtown the certain tidings that Mr. John Oldham was murdered by the Indians at Block Island, two companions with him, their bodies found in a boat, — Roger Ashley one. He did indeed pass through here in the winter months to join Oldham. The sachems of the Narragansett were the contrivers of Mr. Oldham's death, and the governor has written back to Mr. Williams to let the Narragansetts know that they are expected to take revenge upon the islanders, and they profess they will do so. For Block Island is under the Narragansetts, and Canonicus, their chief, is even under suspicion, and he must clear himself.

Revenge! 'T is but a poor word. I shudder when I take it on my lips; then bow my head when I think that it may have been my own jealous passions working my coldness that sent this man to the wilderness and death. Ah! what a fight indeed is this life; not merely with heathen foes, but with the untamed passions of our own hearts, beleaguere'd without and within.

I long to leave here, — to plunge into the wilderness. Let the savage Indians howl about us, let that terrible silence of the night encompass us; yet naught surpasseth the sorrow and the agony of the soul, however housed.

He would, indeed, have gone to meet his friend, — I mean Roger Ashley, — whatever words I might have said; yet the thought ever comes back to me, — I sent him forth alone!

I find certain words often come back to me that Roger Ashley was wont to repeat from his favorite poet,

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens,"

and more of such meaning.

Could I but keep these words in my heart, the wilderness might not seem lone. And in truth I almost feel I am going towards that haven to which Heaven leadeth me.

I was born the year Shakespeare died. So I have never breathed that same air he breathed, and came into another world than he.

We call this the New World on which we colonists have entered. Nay, will that world the other side of death differ more than this from our old home? Nay, will not that be more our home? God here, there, everywhere; but there the dear friends we have parted with. Here in this New World we find old things,—things that we knew in the Old World,—the oaks, the pines, the green grass, along with trees and leaves and flowers hitherto unknown. Will it not be so there? The dear old friends, and the new loveliness, like, yet different.

Writing once more! The lonely, desolate wilderness is passed, and the blue bay of the Narragansett before my eyes! A ship, the Blessing, comes up the bay; 't will bring us letters from thee, and I will close this long journal of a winter's life to send thee in exchange for thine.

Didst thou remember thee of my birthday? Didst thou recall a year ago, how we drank syllabub at the farm, when Geoffrey Patteson ambled about us, and strove to make merry with his antics? Merry we were, but sorely at his expense, and Cousin Wetherell joined in our laughter at the foolish clown. Yet afterwards he could bid me take this boor for my husband!

Ah well! that day came again. A year had passed. I was again beneath green trees, but how different the

scene! Not the blithe party of a summer's day, but serious men and women journeying through the wilderness, and I among them, my heart saddened nigh to breaking with grief and regret. I was roused by some strange cries, then friendly voices, as of new-comers to our camp, and glad greetings. I looked out from my nightly tent, and saw a group, among them savage Indians, I knew not how many, for my eyes were fixed on one,—on one,—no wonder, for he stood high, lofty above all the rest. Was he truly there? Was I still dreaming? I rubbed my eyes, and heard them call Roger Ashley by name, and heard a noisy clamor, then heard them summon him to tell whence he came, what had saved him, what led him among us, why he came there! Let the rest murmur and ask and question: it was enough for me that he stood there among the living. Were it a miracle of God that brought him I could not ask, nor think of aught but gazing on him!

How he came there? What, indeed, was that to me? God forgive me that I thought little of the cruel, murderous death of poor John Oldham, which all reported, in the storm of thankfulness that was flooding my heart. I had wept Roger Ashley dead, had thought I could never meet him but in the heavenly fields, had thought the green earth forever saddened by his loss. Yet, strange to say, at that first bound of joy that throbbed in my heart I felt no question nor wonder of how or whence he came! Think you that when we meet in that other world it will be so? That we shall so readily claim our joy, accept our happiness, and pass so easily from the body's agony into the soul's bliss?

The meeting here was indeed an earthly one! So many times I have pictured such a meeting; but how different! Ah! we quick souls that jump so readily at conclusions, we gain time to press down our eager words, to smooth our anxious faces, careful lest we over-speak! With all the rest so noisy in their greeting, so earnest with

their questions, so clamorous for answer, what could I do but stay silent, and offer my hand as coldly as at our parting!

A day of rest followed, to listen to this long story of adventure, to give our weary cattle time for repose. Before it was over, after he had satisfied all questions, Ashley, who knew the region well, summoned us to show us what he esteemed an enchanted spot. All the young people made ready to follow.

It was all familiar to him, he said, and, drawing near to me, he said he would show me namesakes of mine that hid themselves in the moist swamps. Then he led the way, and all followed. I have not told you of the summer flowers we have been meeting, — of the roses, of the white flowering shrubs, blue violets, that smell, indeed, not so sweet as thine beneath the hedge, the trailing virgin's bower, gay field-lilies, — ah, how little I tell thee of this beauteous land! Our way led over briars and stones into a wet morass, where one must leap from mound to mound, or make a bridge of some fallen tree. Roger's hand was ever ready, his eyes to guide, and point where was a safe footing. Many lagged behind. At last we came into an open space, the ground still wet, and the soft earth moist, but covered with long, rich grass, all the copse filled with high reeds, trailing vines, large leaves and lilies; but over all drooped down upon us, or towered above us, tall sprays of rich, rose-colored flowers. "Trees of roses!" exclaimed I, as I stood in amaze, and thought myself in some scene of the tropics, out of this cold Northern land. So large and gorgeous in color, the rich flowers flashed in hue, and they seemed to light up the space as though it were a hall for banqueting. Nay, one branch of these glowing blossoms would have made gay the boudoir of any princess.

"Trees of roses, thou dost call them," said Roger Ashley, by my side; " 't is well to baptize them with thy name. The learned must needs more reverent-

ly call them rhododendrons." Rhoda or Rose, he lingered over the name, then called me to look up into his face.

I looked as I had not yet ventured to look, and saw how sorrow and anxiety had set lines there; then saw a meaning in his eyes that his words, too, began to interpret. I cast down mine, then looked up once more, but to give forth a scream of terror; for lo! upon the bank above I saw a crouching, savage form, axe in hand, at that moment reaching towards my Roger Ashley!

Dost thou remember, one day, sitting in the oriel corridor, when Cousin Everard first came out from Italy, how he gave us account of a painting of one of the new masters there, — where the archangel was casting the Evil One, Satan, down from the courts of heaven? He told us of the blue, glittering armor of the angel; how, light in form, he planted his foot upon the shoulder of the dark, powerful demon, thrusting him into the abodes of hell. The picture oft has haunted me, as though I had looked upon it myself; and now, in all my agony, strange to say, it flashed before me, as a scene acting before my eyes. Here again was the fair, glorious, glittering angel, and here the strong, dark-browed Satan! But it was all *reversed*. My angel, Roger, lay below; and above, trampling upon his shoulder, a wild, savage being, with hate and anger in his eye, and Satanic power in his lifted arm!

A moment, when reality seemed a terrible dream, and when all horrid dreams seemed to mingle in one reality, — a moment of senseless agony, when I was flinging myself forward to come between him and the blow. There were shouts and cries and savage yells, blows given and returned, voices of our friends, wild whoops of our enemies, quiet again, — and we were safe. Roger was safe, stunned by that first blow, but recovered again; his treacherous enemy, who had been stealthily pursuing him many days, all for the sake of some fierce words he had ut-

tered against the murderers of John Oldham, — his enemy lay in his death agony at his side. Some of our people had been aware of his intent, had followed him, and stayed him ere it was too late.

And this was our betrothal! For, ah yes, my Alice! this is, indeed, a man, — a man with heart and strength, with firm body and firm soul. And he would have me for his wife, — even me, weak, foolish, passionate!

And so thy question with which I began this long epistle finds its answer at its close. I, too, asked myself, Why didst thou go? It is Roger who answereth for me. I, who had no home, have found a home even in the wilderness. God hath led us all with his hand from sorrow into light. I left behind a tedious life of little things, and there openeth before me a glorious future with the man I have chosen, who hath chosen me to lead me henceforth. He speaketh often of a great nation that some time is to arise from this small colony of men.

Ah! he is not like him to whom they would fain have married me, — poor, stolid Geoffrey, with eyes upon the ground, like his own oxen, thinking of naught but meat and drink, of cattle and barns, of hounds and fattening swine! Let him find a partner after his own kind: there are such who can drowse with him in the comfort of the chimney-corner. Glad am I, I came hither, and cast my lot with those who will live, nay, die, for the soul's freedom, and will plant a nation where they set their homes!

The Second Letter for Mistress Alice Lovell and that was sent.

MANTIC, August, 1636.

MISTRESS ALICE LOVELL: Cousin, thy letter is received by the Blessing, which will bear this to thee. Gabriel sendeth many thanks to thy father for the oatmeal; the beef, too, cometh sweet and good.

These letters will scarce reach thee ere thy marriage with Geoffrey Patten, of which thine inform us. May he prove a good husband to thee.

Thy Cousin Rose biddeth me say she writeth not at this time.

God has surely graciously preserved and blessed us. We are refreshed by the goods and provisions brought by the Blessing, though much received damage by wet. Of eight cows but four are living. With love to thee and all of our good friends, I desire the Lord to bless thee, and rest thy loving cousin,

PATIENCE SHARPE.

Let Brother Sharpe send, as he purposeth, store of pitch, tallow, and wick, also some small axes. Rose desireth to be remembered to thee. Roger Ashley, whom she will shortly marry, is a godly man, of good estate. The Lord hath brought us all through great trials. His mercies are great.

Gabriel biddeth me say that he hath appointed money to be paid to Brother Sharpe, by one Mr. Stone, who goeth with this. He is to discount for two mares and a horse that died by the way. Let the cheese be brought loose, or packed in very dry malt.

Lucretia P. Hale.

A LEGEND.

"Projice te in eum, non se subtrahet ut cadas."

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THERE'S a legend, old and quaint,
Of a painter and a saint,
Told at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the swift river flies ;
Where the berg with snowy crown
Hangs darkling o'er the town,
And, circling all, the green-domed hills and castled Alps arise.

In a church, at set of sun
(Thus doth the story run),
Some children watched the cupola, where, propped on dizzy frames,
Daniel Asam, calm and grand,
With a heaven-directed hand,
Stood painting a colossal figure of the great Saint James.

And one there, whispering, praised
The painter, as they gazed,
Telling how he had pondered o'er each text of Holy Word
That helps the story on
Of the brother of Saint John,
Of the first apostle who was martyred for the martyred Lord.

Every dawn of day, 't was said,
He ate the Holy Bread ;
And every night the knotted lash wounded his shoulders bare.
Silent he came and went,
Like one whom God has sent
On a high and solemn mission, that brooks no speech but prayer.

For 't was meet that he should pray,
Who fitly would portray
The form that walked with Christ, and feasted at the mystic board.
And much he needed grace,
Who would picture forth the face
That had shone back in the glory of the transfigured Lord !

Thus whispered they below ;
While above, within the glow
Of an isolating sunshine, the unconscious artist stood.
And, where the rays did fall
Full clearly on the wall,
Leaned the Apostle, half revealed, in dawning saintlihood.

Daniel Asam paused in doubt,
As he traced the nimbus out :
Would the face show dimmer should he add one crowning raylet more,—
With a single pointed spire
Tip the auroral fire,
Whose curved and clustered radiance that awful forehead wore ?

Hesitating, back he drew,
 For a more commanding view.
 The children trembled where they stood, and whitened, and grew faint;
 And still he backward stept,
 And still, forgetful, kept
 His studious eyes fixed earnestly upon the bending saint.

One plank remained alone,
 And then the cruel stone
 That paved the chancel and the nave, two hundred feet below.
 The man, enwrapped in God,
 Still slowly backward trod,
 And stepped beyond the platform's dizzy edge, and fell, — when, lo!

Swift as a startled thought,
 The saint his hands had wrought
 Lived, and flashed downward from the dome with outstretched, saving arm;
 One dazzling instant, one,
 The heavenly meteor shone,
 And Daniel Asam stood before the altar, free from harm!

Like mist around him hung,
 The ling'ring glory clung;
 He felt the pictured holy ones grow still within their frames;
 He knew the light that shone
 Through eyes of carven stone;
 And, fading up within the dome, his savior, great Saint James!

Thus shall thy rescue be
 (My soul said unto me),
 If thou but cast thyself on God, and trust to him thine all.
 For he, who, with his might,
 Labors with God aright,
 Hath angel hands about him ever, and he cannot fall!

M. A. T.

CHILD-LIFE AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

I WELL remember my first sight of White Island, where we took up our abode on leaving the mainland. I was scarcely five years old; but from the upper windows of our dwelling in Portsmouth, I had been shown the clustered masts of ships lying at the wharves along the Piscataqua River, faintly outlined against the sky, and, baby as I was, even then I was drawn, with a vague longing, seaward. How delightful was that long, first sail to the Isles of Shoals! How pleasant the unaccustomed sound of the incessant ripple against the boat-side, the sight of the wide water and limitless sky, the warmth of the broad sunshine that made us blink like young sandpipers as we sat in triumph, perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden! It was at sunset that we were set ashore on that loneliest,

lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them. The stars were beginning to twinkle; the wind blew cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Some one began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich red and golden, they swung round in mid-air; everything was strange and fascinating and new. We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling and deep window-seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted! A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window-seats we climbed, and with pennies (for which we had no other use) made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea, all "feather-white" where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea-fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water; or, in calmer days, we saw how the stealthy Star-Islander paddled among the ledges, or lay for hours stretched on the wet sea-weed, watching for wild-fowl with his gun. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the kelp-covered rocks. A few are seen every winter, and are occasionally shot; but they are shy and more alert even than the birds.

We were forced to lay in stores of all sorts in the autumn, as if we were fitting out a ship for an Arctic expedition. The lower story of the lighthouse was hung with mutton and beef, and the store-room packed with provisions.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house we played in stormy days, and every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened with assurance of safety. As I grew older I was allowed to kindle the lamps sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure. So little a creature as I might do that much for the great world! But by the fireside our best pleasure lay, — with plants and singing birds and books and playthings, and loving care and kindness the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away, and died into the summer calm. We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter; but with the spring came manifold life to our lonely dwelling, — human life among other forms. Our neighbors from Star paddled across; the pilot-boat from Portsmouth steered over, and brought us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months. The faint echoes from the far-off world hardly touched us little ones. We listened to the talk of our elders. "Winfield Scott and Santa Anna!" "The war in Mexico;" "The famine in Ireland!" It all meant nothing to us. We heard the reading aloud of details of the famine, and saw tears in the eyes of the reader, and were vaguely sorry; but the fate of Red Riding-Hood was much more near and dreadful to us. We waited for the spring with an eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds, the everlasting beauty of the thousand tender tints that clothed the world, — these things brought us unspeakable bliss. To the heart of Nature one must needs be drawn in such a life; and very soon I learned how richly she repays in deep

refreshment the reverent love of her worshipper. With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers at the edge of the foam, shouted to the gossiping kittiwakes that fluttered above, or watched the pranks of the burgomaster gull, or cried to the crying loons. The gannet's long white wings stretched overhead, perhaps, or the dusky shag made a sudden shadow in mid-air, or we startled on some lonely ledge the great blue heron that flew off, trailing legs and wings, stork-like, against the clouds. Or, in the sunshine on the bare rocks, we cut from the broad, brown leaves of the slippery, varnished kelps, grotesque shapes of man and bird and beast, that withered in the wind and blew away; or we fashioned rude boats from bits of driftwood, manned them with a weird crew of kelpies, and set them adrift on the great deep, to float we cared not whither.

We played with the empty limpet-shells; they were mottled gray and brown, like the song-sparrow's breast. We launched fleets of purple mussel-shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, — pools that were like bits of fallen rainbow with the wealth of the sea, with tints of delicate seaweeds, crimson and green and ruddy brown and violet; where wandered the pearly eolis with rosy spines and fairy horns, and the large round sea-urchins, like a boss upon a shield, were fastened here and there on the rock at the bottom, putting out from their green, prickly spikes transparent tentacles to seek their invisible food. Rosy and lilac star-fish clung to the sides; in some dark nook perhaps a holothuria unfolded its perfect ferns, a lovely, warm buff color, delicate as frost-work; little forests of coralline moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silver-darting fins of slender minnows. The dimmest recesses were haunts of sea-anemones that opened wide their starry flowers to the flowing tide, or drew themselves together, and hung in large,

half-transparent drops, like clusters of some strange, amber-colored fruit, along the crevices as the water ebbed away. Sometimes we were cruel enough to capture a female lobster hiding in a deep cleft, with her millions of mottled eggs; or we laughed to see the hermit-crabs challenge each other, and come out and fight a deadly battle till the stronger overcame, and, turning the weaker topsy-turvy, possessed himself of his ampler cockle-shell, and scuttled off with it triumphant. Or, pulling all together, we dragged up the long kelps, or devil's-aprons; their roots were almost always fastened about large, living mussels; these we unclasped, carrying the mussels home to be cooked; fried in crumbs or batter, they were as good as oysters. We picked out from the kelp-roots a kind of star-fish which we called sea-spider; the moment we touched it an extraordinary process began. One by one it disjoined all its sections, — whether from fear or anger we knew not; but it threw itself away, bit by bit, until nothing was left of it save the little, round body whence the legs had sprung!

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we were friends and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land-spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every window-pane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down. One variety lived among the round gray stones on the beach, just above high-water mark, and spun no webs at all. Large and black, they speckled the light stones, swarming in the hot sun; at the first footfall they vanished beneath the pebbles.

All the cracks in the rocks were draped with swinging veils like the window-panes. How often have we marvelled at them, after a fog or a heavy fall of dew, in the early morning, when every slender thread was strung with glittering drops, — the whole symmetrical web a wonder of shining jewels trembling in the breeze! Tennyson's lines,

"The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more,"

always bring back to my mind the memory of those delicate, spangled draperies, more beautiful than any mortal loom could weave, that curtained the rocks at White Island and "shook their threaded tears" in every wind.

Sometimes we saw the bats wheel through the summer dusk, and in profoundly silent evenings heard, from the lighthouse top, their shrill, small cries, their voices sharper and finer than needle-points. One day I found one clinging to the under side of a shutter, — a soft, dun-colored, downy lump. I took it in my hand, and in an instant it changed to a hideous little demon, and its fierce white teeth met in the palm of my hand. So much fury in so small a beast I never encountered, and I was glad enough to give him his liberty without more ado.

A kind of sandhopper about an inch long, that infested the beach, was a great source of amusement. Lifting the stranded sea-weed that marked the high-water-line, we always startled a gray and brown cloud of them from beneath it, leaping away, like tiny kangaroos, out of sight. In storms these were driven into the house, forcing their way through every crack and cranny till they strewed the floors, — the sea so encircled us! Dying immediately upon leaving the water from which they fled, they turned from a clear brown, or what Mr. Kingsley would call a "pellucid gray," to bright brick-color, like a boiled lobster, and many a time I have swept them up in ruddy heaps; they looked like bits of coral.

I remember in the spring kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Better than a shop full of toys they were to me! Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet, refreshing tint from the brown earth, or the limp air, or the white light? Chemistry was not at hand to answer me, and all her wisdom would not have dispelled the

wonder. Later the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was like a human thing. I knew it by its homely name of poor-man's weather-glass. It was so much wiser than I, for, when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its little red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come! How could it know so much? Here is a question science cannot answer. The pimpernel grows everywhere about the islands, in every cleft and cranny where a suspicion of sustenance for its slender root can lodge; and it is one of the most exquisite of flowers, so rich in color, so quaint and dainty in its method of growth. I never knew its silent warning fail. I wondered much how every flower knew what to do and to be: why the morning-glory did n't forget sometimes, and bear a cluster of elder-bloom, or the elder hang out pennons of gold and purple like the iris, or the golden-rod suddenly blaze out a scarlet plume, the color of the pimpernel, was a mystery to my childish thought. And why did the sweet wild primrose wait till after sunset to uncloset its pale yellow buds; why did it unlock its treasure of rich perfume to the night alone? Few flowers bloomed for me upon the lonesome rock; but I made the most of all I had, and neither knew of nor desired more. Ah, how beautiful they were! Tiny stars of crimson sorrel threaded on their long brown stems; the blackberry blossoms in bridal white; the surprise of the blue-eyed grass; the crowfoot flowers, like drops of yellow gold spilt about among the short grass and over the moss; the rich, blue-purple beach-pea, the sweet, spiked germander, and the homely, delightful yarrow that grows thickly on all the islands. Sometimes its broad clusters of dull white bloom are stained a lovely reddish-purple, as if with the light of sunset. I never saw it colored so elsewhere. Quantities of slender, wide-spreading mustard-bushes grew about the house; their delicate flowers were like fragrant

golden clouds. Dandelions, buttercups, and clover were not denied to us; though we had no daisies nor violets nor wild roses, no asters, but gorgeous spikes of golden-rod, and wonderful wild morning-glories, whose long, pale, ivory buds I used to find in the twilight, glimmering among the dark leaves, waiting for the touch of dawn to unfold and become each an exquisite incarnate blush, — the perfect color of a South Sea shell. They ran wild, knotting and twisting about the rocks, and smothering the loose boulders in the gorges with lush green leaves and pink blossoms.

Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before any one was awake, and, wrapping myself closely from the chill wind of dawn, climbed to the top of the high cliff called the Head to watch the sunrise. Pale grew the lighthouse flame before the broadening day as, nestled in a crevice at the cliff's edge, I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with all the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine as the deepening rose-color flushed the delicate cloud-flocks that dappled the sky, where the gulls soared, rosy too, while the calm sea blushed beneath. Or perhaps it was a cloudless sunrise with a sky of orange-red, and the sea-line silver-blue against it, peaceful as heaven. Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me, and filled me with an absorbing, unreasoning joy such as makes the song-sparrow sing, — a sense of perfect bliss. Coming back in the sunshine, the morning-glories would lift up their faces, all awake, to my adoring gaze. Like countless rosy trumpets sometimes I thought they were, tossed everywhere about the rocks, turned up to the sky, or drooping toward the ground, or looking east, west, north, south, in silent loveliness. It seemed as if they had gathered the peace of the golden morning in their still depths even as my heart had gathered it.

In some of those matchless summer mornings when I went out to milk the little dun cow, it was hardly possible to go

farther than the doorstep, for pure wonder, as I looked abroad at the sea lying still, like a vast, round mirror, the tide drawn away from the rich brown rocks, a sail or two asleep in the calm, not a sound abroad except a few bird voices; dew lying like jewel-dust sifted over everything, — diamond and ruby, sapphire, topaz, and amethyst, flashing out of the emerald deeps of the tufted grass or from the bending tops. Looking over to the mainland, I could dimly discern in the level sunshine the depths of glowing green woods faintly revealed in the distance, fold beyond fold of hill and valley thickly clothed with the summer's splendor. But my handful of grass was more precious to me than miles of green fields, and I was led to consider every blade where there were so few. Not long ago I had watched them piercing the ground toward the light; now, how strong in their slender grace were these stems, how perfect the poise of the heavy heads that waved with such harmony of movement in the faintest breeze! And I noticed at mid-day when the dew was dry, where the tall, blossoming spears stood in graceful companies, that, before they grew purple, brown, and ripe, when they began to blossom, they put out first a downy ring of pollen in tiny, yellow rays, held by an almost invisible thread, which stood out like an aureole from each slow-waving head, — a fairy-like effect. On Seavey's Island (united to ours by a narrow beach covered at high tide with contending waves) grew one single root of fern, the only one within the circle of my little world. It was safe in a deep cleft, but I was in perpetual anxiety lest my little cow, going there daily to pasture, should leave her cropping of the grass and eat it up some day. Poor little cow! One night she did not come home to be milked as usual, and on going to seek her we found she had caught one foot in a crevice and twisted her hoof entirely off! That was a calamity; for we were forced to summon our neighbors and have her killed on the spot.

I had a scrap of garden, literally not more than a yard square, wherein grew only African marigolds, rich in color as barbaric gold. I knew nothing of John Keats at that time, — poor Keats, “who told Severn that he thought his intensest pleasure in life had been to watch the growth of flowers,” — but I am sure he never felt their beauty more devoutly than the little, half-savage being who knelt like a fire-worshipper to watch the unfolding of those golden disks. When, later, the “brave new world” of poets was opened to me, with what power those glowing lines of his went straight to my heart,

“Open afresh your rounds of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!”

All flowers had for me such human interest, they were so dear and precious, I hardly liked to gather them, and when they were withered, I carried them all to one place and laid them tenderly together, and never liked to pass the spot where they were hidden.

Once or twice every year came the black, lumbering old “oil-schooner” that brought supplies for the light-house, and the inspector, who gravely examined everything, to see if all was in order. He left stacks of clear red and white glass chimneys for the lamps, and several doe-skins for polishing the great, silver-lined copper reflectors, large bundles of wicks, and various pairs of scissors for trimming them, heavy black casks of ill-perfumed whale-oil, and other things, which were all stowed in the round, dimly-lighted rooms of the tower. Very awe-struck, we children always crept into corners, and whispered and watched the intruders till they embarked in their ancient, clumsy vessel, and, hoisting their dark, weather-stained sails, bore slowly away again. About ten years ago that old white light-house was taken away, and a new, perpendicular brick tower built in its place. The lantern, with its fifteen lamps, ten golden and five red, gave place to Fresnel’s powerful single burner, or, rather, three burners in one, enclosed in its case of prisms. The old light-

house was by far the most picturesque; but perhaps the new one is more effective, the light being, undoubtedly, more powerful.

Often, in pleasant days, the head of the family sailed away to visit the other islands, sometimes taking the children with him, oftener going alone, frequently not returning till after dark. The landing at White Island is so dangerous that the greatest care is requisite, if there is any sea running, to get ashore in safety. Two long and very solid timbers about three feet apart are laid from the boat-house to low-water mark, and between those timbers the boat’s bow must be accurately steered; if she goes to the right or the left, woe to her crew unless the sea is calm! Safely lodged in the slip, as it is called, she is drawn up into the boat-house by a capstan, and fastened securely. The lighthouse gave no ray to the dark rock below it; sending its beams far out to sea, it left us at its foot in greater darkness for its lofty light. So when the boat was out late, in soft, moonless summer nights, I used to light a lantern, and, going down to the water’s edge, take my station between the timbers of the slip, and, with the lantern at my feet, sit waiting in the darkness, quite content, knowing my little star was watched for, and that the safety of the boat depended in a great measure upon it. How sweet the summer wind blew, how softly plashed the water round me, how refreshing was the odor of the sparkling brine! High above the lighthouse rays streamed out into the humid dark, and the cottage windows were ruddy from the glow within. I felt so much a part of the Lord’s universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the waves or winds; but I was glad to hear at last the creaking of the mast and the rattling of the rowlocks as the boat approached; and, while yet she was far off, the lighthouse touched her one large sail into sight, so that I knew she was nearing me, and shouted, listening for the reply that came so blithely back to me over the water.

Unafraid, too, we watched the summer tempests and listened to the deep, melodious thunder rolling away over the rain-calmed ocean. The lightning played over the iron rods that ran from the lighthouse-top down into the sea. Where it lay on the sharp ridge-pole of the long, covered walk that spanned the gorge, the strange fire ran up the spikes that were set at equal distances, and burnt like pale flame from their tips. It was fine indeed from the lighthouse itself to watch the storm come rushing over the sea and engulf us in our helplessness. How the rain weltered down over the great panes of plate glass, — floods of sweet fresh water that poured off the rocks and mingled with the bitter brine. I wondered why the fresh floods never made the salt sea any sweeter. Those pale flames that we beheld burning from the spikes of the lightning-rod I suppose were identical with the St. Elmo's fire that I have since seen described as haunting the spars of ships in thunder-storms. And here I am reminded of a story told by some gentlemen visiting Appledore sixteen or eighteen years ago. They started from Portsmouth for the Shoals in a whale-boat, one evening in summer, with a native Star-Islander, one of the Haley family, to manage the boat. They had sailed about half the distance, when they were surprised at seeing a large ball of fire, like a rising moon, rolling toward them over the sea from the south. They watched it eagerly as it bore down upon them, and, veering off, went east of them at some little distance, and then passed astern, and there of course they expected to lose sight of it; but while they were marvelling and speculating, it altered its course and suddenly began to near them, coming back upon its track against the wind and steadily following in their wake. This was too much for the native Shoaler. He took off his jacket and turned it inside out to exorcise the fiend, and lo, the apparition most certainly disappeared! We heard the excited account of the strange gen-

tleman and witnessed the holy horror of the boatmen, on the occasion; but no one could imagine what had set the globe of fire rolling across the sea. Some one suggested that it might be an exhalation, a phosphorescent light, from the decaying body of some dead fish; but in that case it must have been taken in tow by some living finny creature, else how could it have sailed straight "into the teeth of the wind"? It was never satisfactorily accounted for, and must remain a mystery.

One autumn at White Island our little boat had been to Portsmouth for provisions, etc. With the spy-glass we watched her returning, beating against the head wind. The day was bright, but there had been a storm at sea, and the breakers rolled and roared about us. The process of "beating" is so tedious that, though the boat had started in the morning, the sun was sending long yellow light from the west before it reached the island. There was no cessation in those resistless billows that rolled from the Devil's Rock upon the slip; but still the little craft sailed on, striving to reach the landing. The hand at the tiller was firm, but a huge wave swept suddenly in, swerving the boat to the left of the slip, and in a moment she was overturned and flung upon the rocks, and her only occupant tossed high upon the beach, safe except for a few bruises; but what a moment of terror it was for us all, who saw and could not save! All the freight was lost except a roll of iron wire and a barrel of walnuts. These were spread on the floor of an unoccupied eastern chamber in the cottage to dry. And they did dry, but before they were gathered up came a terrible storm from the southeast. It raved and tore at lighthouse and cottage; the sea broke into the windows of that eastern chamber where the walnuts lay, and washed them out till they came dancing down the stairs in briny foam! The sea broke the windows of the house several times during our stay at the lighthouse. Everything shook so violently from the concussion of the

breakers, that dishes on the closet shelves fell to the floor, and one member of the family was at first always made sea-sick in storms, by the tremor and deafening confusion. One night when, from the southeast, the very soul of chaos seemed to have been let loose upon the world, the whole ponderous "walk" (the covered bridge that connected the house and lighthouse) was carried thundering down the gorge and dragged out into the raging sea.

It was a distressing situation for us, — cut off from the precious light that must be kept alive; for the breakers were tearing through the gorge so that no living thing could climb across. But the tide could not resist the mighty impulse that drew it down; it was forced to obey the still voice that bade it ebb; all swollen and raging and towering as it was, slowly and surely, at the appointed time, it sank away from our rock, so that, between the billows that still strove to clutch at the white, silent, golden-crowned tower, one could creep across, and scale the height, and wind up the machinery that kept the great clustered light revolving till the gray daylight broke to extinguish it.

I often wondered how it was possible for the sea-birds to live through such storms as these. But, when one could see at all, the gulls were always soaring, in the wildest tumult, and the stormy petrels half flying, half swimming in the hollows of the waves.

Would it were possible to describe the beauty of the calm that followed such tempests! The long lines of silver foam that streaked the tranquil blue, the "tender curving lines of creamy spray" along the shore, the clear-washed sky, the peaceful yellow light, the mellow breakers murmuring slumberously!

Of all the storms our childish eyes

watched with delighted awe, one thunder-storm remains fixed in my memory. Late in an August afternoon it rolled its awful clouds to the zenith, and, after the tumult had subsided, spread its lightened vapors in an under-roof of gray over all the sky. Presently this solemn gray lid was lifted at its western edge, and an insufferable splendor streamed across the world from the sinking sun. The whole heaven was in a blaze of scarlet, across which sprang a rainbow unbroken to the topmost clouds, "with its seven perfect colors chorded in a triumph" against the flaming background; the sea answered the sky's rich blush, and the gray rocks lay drowned in melancholy purple. I hid my face from the glory, — it was too much to bear. Ever I longed to *speak* these things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur. A vain longing! I might as well have sighed for the mighty pencil of Michael Angelo to wield in my impotent child's hand. Better to "hush and bless one's self with silence"; but ever the wish grew. Facing the July sunsets, deep red and golden through and through, or watching the summer northern lights, — battalions of brilliant streamers advancing and retreating, shooting upward to the zenith, and glowing like fiery veils before the stars; or when the fog-bow spanned the silver mist of morning, or the earth and sea lay shimmering in a golden haze of noon, in storm or calm, by day or night, the manifold aspects of Nature held me and swayed all my thoughts until it was impossible to be silent any longer, and I was fain to mingle my voice with her myriad voices, only aspiring to be in accord with the Infinite harmony, however feeble and broken the notes might be.

Celia Thaxter.

THE TRODDEN PATH.

GO to bed? Not yet, for I want to think:
 When one is in sorrow, one longs for peace;
 And you know, since Sunday, the house has rung
 With weary whispers that would not cease.

Good night, Amy dear . . . How good it feels
 To be freed from the watch of those loving eyes!
 O kind, good friends, you would help me more
 If you did not all try so to sympathize!

Let me turn the lamp,—so; now the light shines
 Far down the hall, on the carpet old,
 On the white path measured from east to west,
 Over faded glories of brown and gold.

Fifteen years since he brought me home!
 Choosing this carpet was first of my cares;
 And he teased me merrily all that spring
 About my “treasures of tables and chairs.”

“Your heart is set on your spoons,” he said;
 “I shall steal them; in truth, I do well to be vexed.
 I wedded Minerva: lo, I find
 Her soul in the tea-urn! What change next?”

So he teased through the day; but when twilight came,
 His arm around me, we paced the hall,
 And I heard the schemes about rods and wheels,
 Acids and alkalies, each and all,

Till I won some share of my husband's skill,—
 Love makes apt pupils, you understand;
 For his tests and reckonings, an eager will
 Made a ready brain and a dext'rous hand.

Ah, the path was the way to Fortune then!
 The brown and the gold were gay and bright;
 Our footsteps fell on no faded tints;
 The road to ruin was out of sight.

Things changed in time; science kept us poor;
 What was the matter, 'twere hard to say;
 No one bought the books; the lectures were dull;
 And the rich men wavered; “Would that scheme pay?”

“*Practical* science is all we want;
 It is worth what it brings, sir, not one whit more!

Prove the risk nothing; or some of your friends
Might try," — with a restless glance at the door.

Years were going and money was gone;
And the keen, quick ardor too had paled;
With the hopeful heart went the ready brain,
But I loved him better because he failed!

No complaint, no murmuring, even to me, —
Only the hall's length measured alone
After each rebuff; while my heart knew well
That every footfall stifled a moan.

I was his comfort, his blessing, he said;
The truest helper, his own dear wife.
I knew he meant it; and I knew too
No woman could fill the whole of his life.

His work would have rounded it out complete,
Could he have done it — Well, God knows best;
Our bitter is often His rarest sweet:
I thank Him for sending His servant rest.

For he kept Faith's anchor firm and true;
His hand took a closer hold than mine
On the chain that the microscope would not show
Between things earthly and things divine.

So the restless feet went up and down,
Summer and winter, morn and eve,
Where I pace to-night, till last week he fell
Where I am standing — I will not grieve,

It is too selfish! There, that shall do!
Am I not glad he has found release —
That pain passed by him? thank God for that!
In the path of failure he met Heaven's peace.

Yes, I am glad, or I shall be soon.
This loss makes changes; one thing I know,
No change comes hither; sacred I keep
The path where his heart broke, years ago.

B. W.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1796.

EIGHT bushels of wheat to the acre is not brilliant agriculture ; nor could the production of eighteen bushels of Indian corn to the acre, at the present time, be thrown in the face of a rival farmer with any reasonable hope of abasing his pride. But, in 1796, when Mr. Jefferson had been two years at home after retiring from the office of Secretary of State, and was showing his home farm to an old French friend, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, these were the figures he gave as the utmost he could then extract from his lands in the garden of Virginia. The land was cheap enough, however, — four or five dollars an acre ; and wheat sold in Richmond at two dollars and a half a bushel. Mr. Jefferson boasted that the wheat grown upon his mountain slopes was whiter than the low-country wheat, and averaged five or six pounds heavier to the bushel.

Overseers, during his ten years' absence in the public service, had ravaged his farms in the fine old fashion of old Virginia. The usual routine was this : When the forest was first cleared, laying bare the rich, deep, black virgin soil, the slow accumulation of ages of growth and decay, tobacco was grown for five successive years : That broke the heart of the land, and it was allowed to rest awhile. Then tobacco was raised again, until the crop ceased to be remunerative ; and then the fields were abandoned to the crops sown by the methods of Nature ; and she made haste to cover up with a growth of evergreens the outraged nakedness of the soil. But Jefferson had, long before, abandoned the culture of the exacting weed on his Albemarle estate. His overseers, therefore, had another rotation, which exhausted the soil more completely, if less rapidly. They sowed wheat in the virgin soil among the stumps ; next year, corn ; then wheat again ; then corn again ; and main-

tained this rotation as long as they could gather a harvest of five bushels of wheat or ten bushels of corn to the acre ; after which Nature was permitted to have her way with the soil again, and new lands were cleared for spoliation. There was then no lack of land for the application of this method of exhaustion. Out of Mr. Jefferson's five thousand five hundred and ninety-one acres and two thirds in Albemarle, less than twelve hundred were under cultivation. His estate of Poplar Forest was nearly as large, but only eight hundred acres were cleared. The land upon which the Natural Bridge was situated, one hundred and fifty-seven acres in extent, was a wilderness ; though he always hoped to build a hut there for retirement and repose, amid a scene which awoke all his enthusiasm.

This system of agriculture wasted something more costly than Virginia land, namely, African muscle. One hundred and fifty-four persons called Thomas Jefferson master ; equivalent, perhaps, to a working force of eighty efficient field-hands. Give an Illinois or Ohio farmer of ability the command of such a force, on the simple condition of maintaining it in the style of old Virginia, and in fifteen years he could be a millionaire. But, on the system practised in Albemarle in 1795, the slaves had two years' work to do in one. No sooner was the wretched crop of the summer gathered in, and the grain trodden out with horses, and the pitiful result set afloat in barges bound for Richmond, than the slaves were formed into chopping-gangs, who made the woods melodious with the music of the axe during the long fall and winter. All the arts by which the good farmer contrives to give back to his fields a little more than he takes from them were of necessity neglected, and the strenuous force of the eighty

hands was squandered in an endless endeavor to make good the ravage of the fields by the ravage of the woods. Mr. Jefferson's eight bushels of wheat, his eighteen of corn, and his scant ton of clover to the acre, was the beginning of victory, instead of the continuation of defeat.

It was on the 16th of January, 1794, that he surveyed once more his Albe-marle estate from the summit of Monticello. Every object upon which he looked betrayed the ten years' absence of the master: the house unfinished, and its incompleteness made conspicuous by the rude way in which it was covered up; the grounds and gardens not advanced beyond their condition when he had last rambled over them by the side of the mother of his children; his fields, all lying distinct before him like a map, irregular in shape, separated by zigzag fences and a dense growth of bushes; outhouses dilapidated; roads in ill repair; the whole scene demanding the intelligent regard which he was burning to bestow upon it. Never was there a Yankee in whom the instinct to improve was more insatiable; and seldom, out of old Ireland, has there been an estate that furnished such an opportunity for its gratification as this one in old Virginia. "Ten years' abandonment of my lands," he wrote to General Washington, "has brought on them a degree of degradation far beyond what I had expected."

After the lapse of two years and a half, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld saw a different prospect from the portico of Monticello. The summit, indeed, was disfigured with the litter of building; for, as the exile informs us, Mr. Jefferson, who had formerly studied architecture and landscape-gardening in books only, had since seen in Europe the noblest triumphs of both, and was endeavoring now to improve upon his original designs. Monticello, the Duke remarks, had been infinitely superior before to all other homes in America; but, in the course of another year, he thought, when the central dome would

be finished, and the new designs happily blended with the old, the house would rank with the most pleasant mansions in France and England. And how enchanting the panorama! Nothing to break the view to the ocean, from which, though it was a hundred and fifty miles distant, the cooling breeze reached the mountain on a summer day about two in the afternoon. The traveller thought the prospect faultless except in two particulars, — too much forest and too little water. His European eye craved a cultivated expanse, — craved castle-crowned heights, the spire piercing the distant grove, the farm-house, the cottage, and the village clustering in the vale; and without a mass of water, he thought, the grandest view lacks the last charm.

In the whole world it had been difficult to find men who had more in common than these two, — the exile from distracted France, and the American who never loved France so much as when the banded despotisms of Europe had driven her mad. Jefferson had last seen the Duke when, as President of the National Assembly of 1789, he was striving, with Jefferson's cordial sympathy, to save kingship and establish liberty. It was La Rochefoucauld who sought the King's presence at Versailles on a memorable occasion in July, 1789, and laid before that bewildered locksmith the real state of things at Paris. "But this is a revolt, then!" said the King. "Sire," replied the Duke, "it is a revolution!" Two days after the Bastille was in the hands of the people. Besides the political accord between Jefferson and his guest, they were both improvers by nature, and both most zealous agriculturists. For years the French nobleman had had upon his estate a model farm for the purpose of introducing into his neighborhood English methods of tillage and improved utensils. He had maintained also an industrial school, and endeavored to plant in France the cotton manufacture which was beginning to make the world tributary to England. In a word, he was a citizen

after the best American pattern, which is another way of saying that he was a man after Jefferson's own heart.

We can easily imagine the family group as they would gather on the portico to see the master of the house and his guest mount for a morning's ride over the farms. Jefferson was now approaching fifty-three, and his light hair was touched with gray; but his face was as ruddy, his tall form as erect, his tread as elastic, his seat in the saddle as easy, as when at twenty-one he had galloped from Shadwell with Dabney Carr. From his youth temperate and chaste, keeping faith with man and woman, occupied always with pursuits worthy of a man, neither narrowed by a small ambition, nor perverted by malignant passions, nor degraded by vulgar appetites, equable, cheery, and affectionate, he only reached his prime at sixty, and shone with mellowing lustre twenty years longer, giving the world assurance of an unwasted manhood. The noble exile was forty-nine, with thirty-one years of vigorous life before him. The eldest daughter of the house, at home now because her father was at home, the mother of three fine children, had assumed something of matronly dignity during her six years of married life; and her husband had become a perfect Randolph,—tall, gaunt, restless, difficult to manage, and not very capable of managing himself. He vented superfluous energy, Mr. Randall tells us, in riding eighty miles a day through Virginia mud, and, rather than take the trouble of riding another mile or two to a bridge, would swim his foaming steed across a river in full flood. If making cavalry charges were the chief end of man, he had been an admirable specimen of our race; but, for life as it is in piping times of peace, he was not always a desirable inmate, despite his hereditary love of botany, and his genuine regard for his father-in-law.

Maria Jefferson, now seventeen years of age, attracted the French traveller; and he easily read the open secret of her young life. "Miss Maria," he ob-

serves, "constantly resides with her father; but, as she is seventeen years old, and is remarkably handsome, she will doubtless soon find that there are duties which it is sweeter to perform than those of a daughter." "Jack Eppes" may have been one of the Monticello circle during those pleasant June days of 1796, when the Duke de la Rochefoucauld surprised Mr. Jefferson in the harvest-field under a scorching sun. Perhaps the guest of the house may have said to the young college student what he recorded in his narrative. He may even have accompanied the remark with the nearest thing to a wink which the politeness of the *ancien régime* permitted. "Mr. Jefferson's philosophic mind," observes the exile, "his love of study, his excellent library, which supplies him with the means of satisfying it, and his friends will undoubtedly help him to endure this loss; which, moreover, is not likely to become an absolute privation, as the second son-in-law of Mr. Jefferson may, like Mr. Randolph, reside in the vicinity of Monticello, and, if he be worthy of Miss Maria, will not be able to find any company more desirable than that of Mr. Jefferson."

But the horses await their riders. We may be sure that both gentlemen were well mounted. Virginia took the lead of all the thirteen Colonies in breeding horses; and Jefferson, though he differed from his countrymen in things more important, surpassed them in his love of fine horses. And, curiously enough, it was only in dealing with horses that he was ever known to show anything of that spirit of domination which marks some varieties of common men. With a pilfering negro, an uncomfortable neighbor, a refractory child, or a perverse colleague, his patience seemed inexhaustible; but let a horse rebel, and the lash instantly descended, and the battle never ceased until the animal had discovered which of the two held the reins. He always loved the exhilaration of a race, and did not permit false ideas of official decorum to prevent his at-

tending races near the seat of government, no matter what office he may have held. The saddle alone was his test of the quality of a horse, the trotting-wagon being unknown in the land of corduroy roads. Jefferson and the horsemen of that age liked to share the labor and peril of the ride with the horse, seeking no vantage-ground of a vehicle from which to exercise mastery over him. He liked a horse, fiery and sure-footed, that could gallop down his mountain on a dark night, and carry him through flood and mire safe to the next village, while a negro would be fumbling over the broken bridle of his mule.

On this occasion, however, there was no need of haste, and the two gentlemen descended at their ease the winding road to the country below. The French agriculturist was too polite to hint that his American brother's methods were defective; and yet he appears to have thought so. Mr. Jefferson, he intimates, was a book farmer. "Knowledge thus acquired often misleads," the exile remarks, and "yet it is preferable to mere practical knowledge." In arranging his new system, Mr. Jefferson had betrayed a mathematical taste. All the old, unsightly fences, with their masses of bushes and brambles, having been swept away, he had divided his cultivated land into four farms of two hundred and eighty acres each, and divided each farm into seven fields of forty acres, marking the boundaries by a row of peach-trees, of which he set out eleven hundred and fifty-one during his first year at home. The seven fields indicated his new system of rotation, which embraced seven years: first year, wheat; second, corn; third, peas or potatoes; fourth, vetches; fifth, wheat again; sixth and seventh, clover. Each of the four farms, under its own overseer, was cultivated by four negroes, four nesses, four horses, and four oxen; but at harvest and other busy times the whole working force was concentrated. Upon each farm, Mr. Jefferson had caused to be built a great log-barn, at little cost except the labor of the slaves.

He did not fail to show his guest the new threshing-machine imported from Scotland, where it was invented,—the first specimen ever seen in Virginia. It answered its purpose so well that several planters of the State had sent for machines, or were trying to get them made at home. "This machine," records the traveller, "the whole of which does not weigh two thousand pounds, is conveyed from one farm to another in a wagon, and threshes from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels a day." Mr. Jefferson showed him, also, a drilling-machine for sowing seed in rows, invented in the neighborhood, with the performance of which the master of Monticello was well pleased. Doubtless, the two farmers discussed again that plough of Mr. Jefferson's invention for which he had received, in 1790, a gold medal from France. During his European tours he had been struck with the waste of power caused by the bad construction of the ploughs in common use. The part of the plough, called then the mould-board, which is above the share, and turns over the earth, seemed to him the chief seat of error; and he spent many of the leisure hours of his last two years in France in evolving from Euclid the mould-board which should offer the minimum of resistance. Nothing is more likely than that he had discussed the subject many a time in Paris with so ardent an agriculturist as the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Satisfied, at length, that he had discovered precisely the best form of mould-board, he sent a plough provided with one to the Royal Agricultural Society of the Seine, of which the Duke was a member. The medal which they awarded it followed the inventor to New York, and, eighteen years after, the society sent President Jefferson a superb plough containing his improvement.

An agreeable incident in connection with that plough-invention has been reported. Among the many young Virginians who were educated under the direction of Mr. Jefferson was the late

William C. Rives, born almost in the shadow of Monticello. In 1853, when, for the second time, Mr. Rives was American Minister at Paris, he was elected a member of the Agricultural Society, then temporarily dishonored by the prefix "Imperial" to its name. In his address at his public reception, Mr. Rives alluded to the prize bestowed by the society, half a century before, upon one of his predecessors. "Yes," said the president, "we still have, and will show you, the prize plough of Thomas Jefferson."

The French traveller was interested in seeing at Monticello a principality of two hundred inhabitants almost independent of the world without; for Mr. Jefferson showed him a cluster of little shops wherein his own negroes carried on all the necessary trades, such as carpentry, cabinet-making, shoe-making, tailoring, weaving. The masonry of the rising mansion was also executed by slaves. There was a mill upon the estate for the accommodation of the neighborhood. For many years the making of nails had been one of the winter industries of American farmers; all nails being then of the wrought description; and Mr. Jefferson, too, had his nail forge, wherein a foreman and half a dozen men and boys hammered out nails for the country roundabout. When James Monroe built his house near by, it was from his former instructor that he bought his nails. At times Jefferson had as many as ten nailers at work, — two fires and five hands at each fire, — and he supplied the country stores far and near with nails, at an excellent rate of profit. His weaving-house grew, also, into a little factory of sixty spindles, producing cotton cloth enough for all his plantations, as well as a redundancy for the village stores. Some of the black mechanics whom the exile saw on his friend's estate were among the best workmen in Virginia. One man is spoken of as being a universal genius in handiwork. He painted the mansion, made some of its best furniture, repaired the mill, and lent a hand in that pro-

digious structure of the olden time, a family coach, planned by the master.

The Duke bears testimony to the kind, considerate way in which the slaves were treated. They had not only substantial justice, he tells us, but received special reward for special excellence. In the distribution of clothes, Mr. Randall adds, it was a system at Monticello to give better and handsomer garments to those who lived decently together in families than to the unmarried, — an expedient which had obvious good results. This was not freedom; but, in the Virginia of that period, there was room and chance of welfare for every kind of creature, excepting a free negro.

The exile remained a week at Monticello in June, 1796, and then left his brother farmer to pursue his labors. "On several occasions," the Duke records, "I heard him speak with great respect of the virtues of the President, and in terms of esteem of his sound and unerring judgment." He adds these remarks: "In private life, Mr. Jefferson displays a mild, easy, and obliging temper, though he is somewhat cold and reserved. His conversation is of the most agreeable kind, and he possesses a stock of information not inferior to that of any other man. In Europe he would hold a distinguished rank among men of letters, and as such he has already appeared there; at present he is employed with activity and perseverance in the management of his farms and buildings; and he orders, directs, and pursues, in the minutest detail, every branch of business relative to them. I found him in the midst of the harvest, from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance."

At present! Had he, then, really accepted this plantation life as a career for the remainder of his days?

In the first exultation at his recovered ease and liberty, in 1794, he thought he had. "I return to farming," he wrote to his old friend and colleague, John Adams in the midst of the joyous April work of that year, "with an ardor

which I scarcely knew in my youth, and which has got the better entirely of my love of study. Instead of writing ten or twelve letters a day, — which I have been in the habit of doing as a thing in course, — I put off answering my letters now, farmer-like, till a rainy day, and then find them sometimes postponed by other necessary occupations." At first, too, he was even indifferent to the newspapers. Young Buonaparte (he had not yet dropped the *u* from his Italian name) had canonaded the English out of Toulon Harbor a few weeks before; and though his name was still unknown, his genius was making itself felt in the organization of the French armies. The great Toulon news, which reached Monticello by private letters a month after the master's return, recalled him to his old self for a moment. He even indulged in a little sanguine prophecy. "Over the foreign powers," he wrote in April, 1794, "I am convinced the French will triumph completely." The French, led by Napoleone di Buonaparte, a general of alien race, *did* triumph over the foreign powers; but the rest of Mr. Jefferson's anticipation, happily, was not realized: "I cannot but hope that that triumph, and the consequent disgrace of the invading tyrants, is destined, in the order of events, to kindle the wrath of the people of Europe against those who have dared to embroil them in such wickedness, and to bring, at length, kings, nobles, and priests to the scaffolds which they have been so long deluging with human blood. I am still warm whenever I think of these scoundrels, though I do it as seldom as I can, preferring infinitely to contemplate the tranquil growth of my lucerne and potatoes."

Nor did the lapse of a long summer change his mind. General Washington naturally concluded, that the coming retirement of Hamilton from the Cabinet would remove the cause of Jefferson's aversion to a Cabinet office; but it did not. In September, 1794, when an express from Philadelphia dismounted at his door, bearing an in-

itation from the President to resume the office of Secretary of State, he replied that *no* circumstances would ever more tempt him to engage in anything public. . . . "I thought myself perfectly fixed in this determination when I left Philadelphia; but every day and hour since has added to its inflexibility." The President was sorely embarrassed. The aristocratical sentiment which had fixed the salaries of the higher offices at such a point that only rich men could accept them with safety to their affairs and their honor, made it always difficult to fill them aright, and sometimes impossible. Jefferson sympathized with him, but felt himself justified in refusing. "After twenty-five years' continual employment in the service of our country," he wrote to a friend, "I trust it will be thought I have fulfilled my tour, like a punctual soldier, and may claim my discharge."

These words were written in November, 1795. In June, 1796, when the Duke de la Rochefoucauld discovered him in the scorching harvest-field, he was the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. It was the year of the Presidential election, and the noise of that quadrennial uproar was beginning to resound in every village. General Washington was going out of office in March, 1797. Where was the American citizen indifferent to the mighty question, Who should succeed him? In 1796, for the first time, there was a contest for the first office, — for Washington never had a competitor; and we can all imagine — we who are familiar with such scenes — with what ardor a young Republic, in peril between two such powerful belligerents as France and England, would spring to a contest so novel, so interesting, so momentous.

How are we to reconcile the habitual language of Jefferson in 1794 and 1795 with his position before the country in 1796? It is not necessary to reconcile it, since it is permitted to every man to change his mind; and considering the limits and defects of that portion

of our organization, what can we do better with our minds than change them? But the discrepancy was much more apparent than real. In predicting the future, Jefferson's hopeful disposition frequently led him astray; but his judgment concerning the issue of a contested election was remarkably sound. His conviction was, that the time had not yet come for a national triumph of the Republicans. The bloody lapse of the French Revolution was too recent, the tide of reaction too strong, the *vis inertia* of ancient habit too general, Hamilton too active, Bonaparte too young (he was in Italy now, and *had* dropped the Italian *u* from his name), the French Directory was too touchy, and the French marine too indiscriminate in the matter of prize-taking on the ocean, to afford a Republican calculator ground for expecting an immediate triumph of his half-organized party in the United States. Nor had the Federalists yet filled up the measure of their errors, nor attained that advanced degree of madness which *immediately* precedes destruction. The country, too, was getting rich by supplying the belligerents with flour, beef, pork, fish, fruit, potatoes, and rum. Those square, spacious, handsome houses, which still give an air of mingled comfort and grandeur to the old towns on the New England coast — Newburyport, Portsmouth, Salem, Portland — and others, were beginning to be built. As President Washington remarked in March, 1796, in a letter to Gouverneur Morris, "No city, town, village, or even farm, but what exhibits evidence of increasing wealth and prosperity, while taxes are hardly known but in name."

Jefferson, therefore, felt that he was in small danger of being torn from Monticello by an election to the Presidency. Vice-President, indeed, he might be, through that absurd relic of Hamilton's mischievous ingenuity, the electoral college, which, even now, in 1873, waits to be swept into oblivion. By the system as then established, the candidate receiving the next to the

highest number of electoral votes was declared to be Vice-President; so that there was always a probability that the Presidential candidate of the party defeated would be elected to the second office. That office, however, happened to be the only one, in the gift of the people or of the President, which Jefferson thought desirable *in itself*: first, because the salary paid the cost of four months' residence at the seat of government; secondly, because it gave the occupant eight months' leisure; and thirdly, because it enhanced a man's power to disseminate and recommend principles, without his joining in the conflict of parties.

Behold him, then, in a new character, one of the most trying to human virtue, digestion, nerve, and dignity ever contrived by mortals for a mortal, — candidate for the Presidency! To him, partly because he was a Democrat, partly because he was Jefferson, it was less trying than to any other man that ever was subjected to it. At once, without effort, without a precedent to guide him, without consultation with friends, he comprehended the morality of the situation, and assumed the proper attitude toward it. His tone, his demeanor, his feelings, his conduct, were all simply right; and, since a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the United States expect one day to stand in the same bewildering relation to the universe, it may be useful to some of them to know how he comported himself.

His grand advantage was, that he did not want the office. He was in the position of a belle who is wooed, not in that of the pale and anxious lover who trembles with desire and fear. It is an immense thing, if you have property to dispose of, to be able to stand serene in the market, not caring whether you sell it this year or next, or never. Nor was this anything so very meritorious in such a man. All men, it is true, love power, who are capable of wielding power; but there are grades and kinds of power. All men love; but each man's love takes the quality of

his nature. The noble love nobly; the base, basely; the common, commonly. The feeling that bound together in sweet and sublime accord Goethe and Schiller, the noblest pair of lovers since Socrates and Plato, was only called love; and the instinct that originally drew Bill Sikes to the side of Nancy was also love, of the Sikes quality, the best he had to bestow. In like manner, power is of as many grades as there are grades of men. Rude physical strength is power in the dawn of civilization. In a commercial city, to possess five million dollars is power. A refinement upon this crude form was that mystical device of former ages, now no longer potent, styled Rank. Great ministers, like Richelieu, were an advance upon the men of mere pedigree, as the Leader of the House of Commons is an advance upon them. Latest and highest is that power which Jefferson craved,—that of governing men and moulding institutions by the promulgation of heartfelt truth.

Valuing power, but not place, he found it easy to adhere to the rule which he adopted: To avoid writing or conversing on politics during the contest, except with two or three confidential friends. According to Mr. Adams, it was in 1793, soon after the publication of Jefferson's correspondence with Genet and Hammond, that the movement began which ended in his nomination. Boston, of all places in the world, originated it! Boston, too, enjoys the credit of having originated the method by which it was done, as well as the word which describes that method,—CAUCUS. "The Republican party," says Mr. Adams, "had a caucus in 1793, and wrote to Mr. Jefferson, upon his resignation of the office of Secretary of State, that, if he would place himself at their head, they would choose him at the next election; and they organized their party by their correspondences through the States." Whatever civil reply the candidate may have made to these gentlemen, he did *not* place himself at their head, but remained passive and silent from that

time until the question had been decided.

These Jeffersonian rules will guide any man with safety and dignity through the thousand snares of such a contest: 1. Don't want the office; 2. Utter no syllable concerning it beyond the narrowest circle of tried confidants.

It was the Jay treaty of 1794, ratified in 1795, and executed in 1796, which embittered politics during this strife for the control of the administration, and nearly gave it to Jefferson. Who shall now presume to judge between the able and honest men of that day who so widely differed concerning this treaty? Having sent Mr. Jay to England to negotiate, we can easily admit that the President did well to ratify the treaty which resulted; but the difficult question is, Was it becoming in the United States to send a special envoy, the chief judge of its highest court, to negotiate with a country from which it had received and was hourly receiving indignity and wrong? It was no more becoming than it is becoming in a man, creation's lord, to make terms with a lion that has got his hand in its mouth, or with a bull which has obtained prior possession of a field. It was not becoming in Galileo to kneel submissive before the herd of infuriated Inquisitors who had power to roast him. But it was right. He had been a traitor to his class and to his vocation, to science and to man, if he had allowed those tonsured savages to rack and burn an aged philosopher. His lie was a wiser fidelity to truth. There is sometimes an accidental and extreme inequality of force between a spoiler and his victim which suspends the operation of some moral laws in favor of the victim, and makes a device justifiable which, in ordinary circumstances, would be dastardly.

It is difficult for us to realize the weakness of the country over which George Washington presided. If its four millions of people had all been cast in the heroic mould, capable of Spartan discipline, like-minded, demanding for their country, with unani-

mous voice, only untarnished honor, with or without prosperity; even in that case it had been a doubtful question; for there would still have been a hand in the lion's mouth, — Detroit and the chain of lake-posts occupied by British garrisons, the mouth of the Mississippi held by the Spanish, and no single port of the coast capable of keeping out an armed sloop. But the people of the United States only had their fair share of heroic souls; and there was the most honest and irreconcilable difference of opinion among them as to which of the belligerents was really fighting the battle of mankind and civilization. President Washington was as right in sending Mr. Jay to London as the Republicans were right in opposing it. The President, surveying the whole scene from the watch-tower of his office, weighing all the circumstances, hearing all opinions, considering all interests, felt it admissible to court a power he could not crush. Republicans, considering only the obvious facts of the situation, longing to see their country joining heart and hand with France in her unequal strife, yet willing to be neutral, could not but lament a policy which looked like abasement to a powerful foe, and abandonment of a prostrate friend. The modern student of those mad times finds himself at this conclusion: "If I had been Washington, I should have made the treaty: if I had been Jefferson, I should have held it in execration."

What a struggle it cost the President to choke down this huge bolus of humiliation is revealed in his letters. If he had put off the departure of the envoy a few weeks, he would, perhaps, have put it off forever, and the course of events in the United States had gone otherwise. While Mr. Jay was upon the ocean, Colonel Simcoe, the Governor of Upper Canada, published a protest which claimed jurisdiction over a wide expanse of *territory* of the United States which the posts commanded. The President, during the whole of his administration, never wrote an official letter showing such warmth

of indignation as the one which he instantly penned to Mr. Jay, hoping to send it by a vessel on the point of sailing from New York. The best of Washington's letters are those which we know he must have written with his own hand; and this is one of them. It is the letter of a man, not of a secretary. Smooth and polished it is not; but it has the eloquence of deep emotion struggling in vain for adequate expression. He begins by saying, that, on this irregular and high-handed proceeding, he would rather hear what the ministry of Great Britain will say than pronounce his own sentiments. Nevertheless, he does tell Mr. Jay, that, although this amazing claim of Colonel Simcoe is the most audacious thing yet done by British agents in America, it is by no means the most cruel. To this the President adds a paragraph which contains ten years of bloody history: —

"There does not remain a doubt in the mind of any well-informed person in this country, not shut against conviction, that all the difficulties we encounter with the Indians, their hostilities, the murders of helpless women and innocent children along our frontiers, result from the conduct of the agents of Great Britain in this country. In vain is it, then, for its administration in Britain to disavow having given orders which will warrant such conduct, whilst their agents go unpunished; whilst we have a thousand corroborating circumstances, and, indeed, almost as many evidences, some of which cannot be brought forward, to prove that they are seducing from our alliance, and endeavoring to remove over the line, tribes that have hitherto been kept in peace and friendship with us at a heavy expense, and who have no causes of complaint, except pretended ones of their creating; whilst they keep in a state of irritation the tribes who are hostile to us, and are instigating those who know little of us or we of them, to unite in the war against us; and whilst it is an undeniable fact that they are furnishing the whole with arms, ammu-

dition, clothing, and even provisions, to carry on the war; I might go further, and, if they are not much belied, add men, also, in disguise."

Thus, General Washington, in August, 1794. Mr. Wendell Phillips was much censured a few weeks ago for expressing a similar opinion on the platform. The President proceeded to declare that nothing short of a surrender of the posts could prevent war between the two countries; and Mr. Jay was to say to the Ministry, Give up the posts,—peace! Keep the posts,—war!

Contrary to expectation, the amiable and virtuous envoy found Court, Parliament, Ministry, people, king, all desirous of a better understanding. And who could have been better chosen for such an embassy to such a country than John Jay, a devoted member of the English Church, a friend of Wilberforce, a gentleman whose virtues, tastes, foibles, and limitations were as English as if he had been born and reared in a rural parish of Sussex? The king smiled benignantly upon him, and told him he *thought* he would succeed in his mission. After five months' negotiation, a treaty was concluded which Mr. Jay was willing to sign; not because he thought it good and sufficient, but because he knew it to be the least bad then possible, and, upon the whole, better than none,—better than drifting into war. The posts were to be surrendered. Commissioners were to be appointed—two by the king, two by the President, and one by these four—to award damages to the owners of American ships illegally captured. Other commissioners were to settle the claims of the English creditors of American merchants. American vessels of seventy tons' burden could trade between the West Indies and the United States, but not carry West India produce to any other country. American ships could trade with the East Indies and other distant British possessions, on possible terms. But whatever could feed a French soldier, or equip a French ship, was declared

contraband; and an American captain obtained from the treaty neither any limitation of the right of search, nor the slightest additional protection against the press-gang. No compensation was made for the loss of millions of dollars and many hundreds of lives through the eleven years' lawless retention of the posts, and none for the negroes carried off from New York and Virginia after the peace of 1783.

In the innocence of his heart, Mr. Jay supposed at first that the concessions of the treaty were due to a revival of friendly feeling on the part of the English people. On the eve of his departure for America, the merchants concerned in American commerce gave him a dinner, at which the leading Cabinet ministers and two hundred merchants assisted. When the health of the President was proposed, the company could not express all their enthusiasm in the "three cheers" prescribed by the chairman, but prolonged them to six. Every toast, Mr. Jay reports, which referred in a friendly manner to America, was received with "general and strong marks of approbation." At length, an incident occurred which threw light upon the unconscious motive of the cheerers. "Toward the conclusion of the feast," Mr. Jay relates, "I was asked for a toast. I gave a neutral one, namely, 'A safe and honorable peace to all the belligerent powers.' You cannot conceive how coldly it was received; and though civility induced them to give it three cheers, yet they were so faint and single, as most decidedly to show that peace was not the thing they wished. These were *merchants*." If Mr. Jay had desired to hear thunders of applause and see the glasses dance on the thumped mahogany, he should have given, War eternal, and British bottoms forever!

The treaty was received in the United States with what must have seemed, at the time, universal execration. Even Hamilton, though he favored ratification, pronounced it, and justly pronounced it, "execrable"; nor was he

entirely wrong in saying that Mr. Jay was "an old woman for making it." It *was* because Mr. Jay possessed some of the traits which we revere in our grandmothers, that he was able to make the treaty. Posterity's verdict on this matter is one in which each successive student of the period will finally acquiesce: That a President of the United States has seldom done an act more difficult, more wise, or more right than the ratification of the Jay treaty of 1794, which procured the surrender of the posts, inaugurated the policy that naturally issued in arbitration, made some slight beginnings of reciprocity and free-trade, and postponed inevitable war for eighteen years. If ever there was a case in which half a loaf was better than no bread, surely it was this.

But the agonizing want of the other half of the loaf justifies the opposition. That was the time when collections were still made in churches for the ransom of American mariners in captivity among the Algerines; when *the whole crew* of an American vessel was frequently impressed by a British man-of-war at out-of-the-way places, like the Barbadoes; when a neutral vessel had *no* rights which a "dashing" British captain would allow to stand between himself and his object; when a *suspicion* that a schooner containing provisions was bound for a French port often sufficed to condemn her. A search in the old garrets of Salem, Gloucester, Newburyport, New London, or any other old town on the coast, would discover hundred of letters like those given by Mrs. E. Vale Smith in her History of Newburyport. One captain of a schooner writes home, in 1794, from Martinico: "We are continually insulted and abused by the British. The Commodore says, 'All American property here will be confiscated.' My schooner is unloaded, stripped, and plundered of everything. Nineteen American sail here have been libelled; seven of them were lashed together, and drifted ashore, and stove to pieces." Worse outrages occurred in 1796, when

the Republicans were concentrating all their forces upon defeating the appropriation needful for the execution of the Jay treaty. How grand in Washington to ratify it! How pardonable the execrations that form a great part of the glory of the act!

It was in April, 1796, that the battle of the treaty was fought in the House of Representatives. The man that saved it was, as tradition reports, Fisher Ames of Massachusetts, whose speech in its defence, delivered to a concourse of people, lived in the memory of that generation as the greatest achievement of eloquence which the American Parliament had yet exhibited. He was just the man to plead for such a treaty; for he was a conservative by the nature of his mind, and the pulmonary disease which was to terminate his existence twelve years after had already overspread his face with pallor and tinged his mind with gloom. A man so gifted as he was, if in robust and joyous health, might have been brought to vote for the treaty, but he could not have defended it with such warmth and pathos. His appearance, as he rose to speak, was that of a man with one foot in the grave, and his first words gave the impression to the audience that they were assisting at a scene like those in which Chatham, swathed in flannel, had risen in the House of Lords to speak for the rights of Englishmen violated in America, or to rebuke the employment of savages in a war upon brethren. "I entertain the hope," he faltered, "perhaps a rash one, that my strength will hold me out to speak a few minutes." He was not, however, as near death as he looked; and as he went on, speaking in a peculiar reserved tone, low but solemn, weighty, and penetrating, he gathered strength, and spoke for an hour in a manner which enthralled every hearer. Toward the close occurred the famous tomahawk passage, in which he foretold the consequences to the frontiers of a longer retention of the posts by the English. On reaching this subject, the orator was no longer an inva-

lid. He was transfixed. His words seemed fraught with passionate apprehension, and drew tears from the eyes, not of women only, but of judges grown gray on the bench. Such poor sentences as these fell from his lips in tones that disguised their poverty and irrelevancy:—

“By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision may make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture; already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where the storm was raging, and afforded at the same time the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colors will grow pale; it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war.”

When by such appeals as these he had wrought upon the feelings and the fears of his auditors, he again, by a stroke of the orator's art, drew attention to himself. “I have,” said he, “as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote should pass to reject, and a spirit should arise, as it will, with the public disorders to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and Constitution of my country.”

The last stroke completed the subjugation of his audience. “My God!” exclaimed Irish Judge Iredell (of the

Supreme Court) to Vice-President Adams seated at his side, “how great he is! how great he has been!” “Noble!” cried Adams. “Bless my stars!” broke in the judge, after a pause, “I never heard anything so great since I was born!” “Divine!” chimed in the Vice-President. And so they continued their interchange of interjections while the tears rolled down their cheeks. “Not a dry eye in the house,” Mr. Adams reports, “except some of the jackasses who had occasioned the oratory. These attempted to laugh, but their visages grinned horribly ghastly smiles.” The ladies, he adds, wished the orator's soul had a better body. Forty-eight hours after, the treaty was carried by a vote of fifty-one to forty-eight.

It is not unlikely that Fisher Ames's appeal to the apprehensions and sympathies of the House, supported by his artful allusion to the *interests* involved, may have added the needful votes to the side of the administration. He did not disdain to remind his auditors on this occasion that “profit was every hour becoming capital,” and that “the vast crop of our neutrality was all seed wheat and was sown again to swell almost beyond calculation the future harvest of our prosperity.” He was right there. Seldom has there been a treaty that brought in a larger return of profit, and never one that yielded less honor. Many interests united in the demand for the treaty. It was only the honor and dignity of the nation that could be sacrificed by accepting it; and they were only saved by the hard necessity of the case. A hand was in the lion's mouth which it was a thing of necessity to get out; and on the 1st of June, 1796, when the posts were surrendered, that indispensable preliminary to a fair fight was accomplished.

From the airy height of Monticello Jefferson surveyed this troubled scene with the deepest interest. He held the treaty in abhorrence. He thought the honest part of its friends were influenced by an excessive, unreasonable

dread of the power of Great Britain; and the dishonest, by the vast pecuniary interests involved. He speaks of one person, high in office, who was possessed in turn by a mortal fear of two bugbears,—a British fleet and the Democratical societies. Years after the storm of this controversy had blown over, he still adhered to the opinion that, “by a firm yet just conduct in 1793, we might have obtained a respect for our neutral rights.” Not being a military man, having, indeed, no military instincts, the recovery of the posts did not strike his mind as a compensation for the defects of the treaty; and, inhabiting a part of the country which shared the perils of the situation, *but not its prosperity*; which bore the shame of a violated flag without deriving profit from the commerce that escaped interruption, he desired ardently the rejection of the treaty. Once, in the heat of the controversy, he declared that General Washington was the only honest man who favored it. Silence, however, became a candidate for the Presidency; and, though he lent the aid of his experience and knowledge to Madison in private conferences, he uttered not a word designed for the public ear or eye. After the final acceptance of the treaty in April, 1796, he passed a quiet, pleasant summer in the congenial labors of his farm and garden, and in building his house, never going seven miles from home.

To secure the influence of General Washington was one of the objects of both parties. The President could have decided this election by merely letting it be distinctly known which of the two candidates he preferred for his successor. Nor were attempts wanting to bias his mind. Only a few months after Jefferson's return home, in 1794, Governor Henry Lee of Virginia, a recent convert to Federalism, felt it to be his duty to do a dastardly act: he was constrained by his conscience to report to the President a question which Mr. Jefferson was said to have addressed to a guest at his own house. Lee was not present when

this awful question was asked; but he had received his information from the “very respectable gentleman” of whom Mr. Jefferson had made the inquiry: “Was it *possible* that the President had attached himself to England, and was governed by British influence?” General Washington, though he stooped to reply to this small infamy, marked his sense of it by immediately (two days after) sending an express to invite Jefferson back to his old place in the Cabinet. And now, in the summer of 1796, we find him writing to Jefferson in the most frank and friendly manner, as of old, though evidently smarting under the sharp attacks of the Republican press. People told him, he wrote, that Mr. Jefferson had represented the President as being too much under Hamilton's influence. “My answer,” said he, “has invariably been, that I had never discovered anything in the conduct of Mr. Jefferson to raise suspicions in my mind of his insincerity; that, if he would retrace my public conduct while he was in the administration, abundant proofs would occur to him, that truth and right decisions were the sole objects of my pursuit; that there were as many instances within his own knowledge of my having decided *against* as *in favor* of the opinions of the person evidently alluded to; and, moreover, that I was no believer in the infallibility of the politics or measures of any man living.” At the same time, he bitterly complained that he should be rewarded for an honest attempt to avert a desolating war, by being assailed “in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket.” Mrs. Washington, who is said to have hated “filthy Democrats” with all the ardor of a lady of the old school, sent her “best wishes” to the chief Democrat on this occasion. Indeed, nothing like a breach ever occurred between the two families or the two men; and Jefferson never failed, on any occasion, to the last day of his life, to do justice, not alone to the

integrity of Washington, — which was never questioned, — but to his mind and judgment, which Hamilton underrated, if he did not despise. To Jefferson's pen we owe the best characterization of Washington which comes down to us from his contemporaries.

The strife of parties continued during the summer and autumn of 1796. The contest was unexpectedly close. The Jay treaty, though the remoter commerce of the young nation was almost created by it, seemed, at first, to the great damage of its friends, only to give new audacity to the dashing British captain. "Three hundred American vessels seized, and one thousand American sailors impressed," during the year following its ratification! Such was the statement of the Republican press of the period. Long lists of seizures lie before me, — not three hundred, it is true, nor one hundred, but enough to stir the indignation of those who read the particulars, even at this late day. Nor was the news from France reassuring. Republicans, in 1796, could point to France, after exhibiting the catalogue of British impressments and captures, and say, with alarming appearance of truth: The Jay treaty, which has not conciliated our most dangerous enemy, has alienated our only friend.

James Monroe replaced in Paris the brilliant aristocrat, Gouverneur Morris, a few days after the execution of Robespierre had broken the spell of terror. The National Convention received the young Republican with every honor which enthusiasm could suggest. Reiterated plaudits greeted his entrance, and followed the reading of a translation of his address. The chairman of the Convention replied in a style of rhetorical flourish that made Monroe's plain speech seem a model of Roman simplicity. "Why," said the President, at length, "should I delay to confirm the friendship of our republics by the fraternal embrace I am directed to give you in the name of the French people? Come and receive it in the name of the American people; and

may this scene destroy the last hope of the impious band of tyrants!" Mr. Monroe was then conducted to the President, who, as the *Moniteur* of the next day reports, "gave the kiss and embrace in the midst of universal acclamations of joy, delight, and admiration." Republican Paris smiled upon the new minister. He found it not difficult to procure the release of Thomas Paine from the Luxembourg. He wrote consolingly to Paine in his prison, claiming him as an American citizen concerning whose welfare Americans could not be indifferent, and for whom the President cherished a grateful regard. He received the sick and forlorn captive into his house, and entertained him for a year and a half. All went well with Mr. Monroe until the rumor of Jay's mission reached Paris. From that hour to the Convention of 1800, the relations of the United States with France had but one course, from bad to worse; French captains, at length, surpassing the English in dashing exploits upon schooners hailing from the American coast.

It was for these reasons that the voters were so evenly divided in November, 1796, between the candidates of the two parties: Adams and Pinckney, Jefferson and Burr. Jefferson had the narrowest escape from being elected to the Presidency: Adams 71, Jefferson 68, Pinckney 59, Burr 30, Samuel Adams 15, Oliver Ellsworth 11, George Clinton 7, Jay 5, Iredell 2, George Washington 2, John Henry 2, Samuel Johnson 2, C. C. Pinckney 1. It was a geographical result. For Adams, the North; for Jefferson, the South, — except that Jefferson received every Pennsylvania vote but one, and Adams seven from Maryland, one from Virginia, and one from North Carolina. Hamilton might well say, that Mr. Adams was elected by a kind of "miracle"; for the three votes that elected him were, so to speak, unnatural, eccentric, contrary to all rational expectation, against the current of popular feeling in the States which gave them, namely, Pennsylvania, North Carolina,

and Virginia. According to the Constitution, not then amended, Mr. Jefferson, having received next to the highest number of electoral votes, was elected Vice-President.

December was well advanced before he knew the result. His feelings on learning it were fully expressed in a confidential letter to his other political self, James Madison. He said the vote had come much nearer an equality than he had expected, and that he was well content with his escape. "As to the first office," said he, "it was impossible that a more solid unwillingness, settled on full calculation, could have existed in any man's mind, short of the degree of absolute refusal. The only view on which I would have gone into it for a while was, to put our vessel on her republican tack, before she should be thrown too much to leeward of her true principles. As to the second, it is the only office in the world about which I am unable to decide in my own mind whether I had rather have it or not have it. Pride does not enter into the estimate; for I think with the Romans, that the general of to-day should be a soldier to-morrow if necessary. I can particularly have no feelings which would revolt at a secondary position to Mr. Adams. I am his junior in life, was his junior in Congress, his junior in the diplomatic line, his junior lately in our civil government." Nay, more: "If Mr. Adams can be induced to administer the government on its true principles, and to relinquish his bias to an English constitution, it is to be considered whether it would not be on the whole for the public good to come to a good understanding with him as to his future elections. He is, perhaps, the only sure barrier against Hamilton's getting in."

Having settled these affairs of state, he proceeds to discourse upon a parcel of books which Madison had lately sent him. In this letter to Madison he enclosed an open one to Mr. Adams, leaving it to Madison's discretion to forward or return it. Jefferson's doubt as to the propriety of sending this let-

ter arose from the awkwardness of professing indifference to public honors. Not one man in five could then believe such professions sincere; and we see, in all the campaign frenzy of those years, the most unquestioning assumption that Jefferson's every act and word had but one object,—the Presidency. He desired to say to Mr. Adams how satisfied he was, personally, with the result of the election, and to congratulate him upon the honor his country had done him. "I leave to others," he wrote, "the sublime delight of riding in the storm, better pleased with sound sleep and a warm berth below, with the society of neighbors, friends, and fellow-laborers of the earth, than of spies and sycophants. No one, then, will congratulate you with purer disinterestedness than myself. The share, indeed, which I may have had in the late vote, I shall still value highly, as an evidence of the share I have in the esteem of my fellow-citizens. But still, in this point of view, a few votes less would be little sensible; the difference in the effect of a few more would be very sensible and oppressive to me. I have no ambition to govern men. It is a painful and thankless office."

Upon reflection, Mr. Madison deemed it best not to send this letter. The "ticklish temper" of Mr. Adams, the consideration due to those who had so vehemently contested his election, and the probable future necessity of opposing his measures, induced him to keep the letter till Mr. Jefferson's arrival at the seat of government. At the same time, Mr. Madison admitted "the duty and policy of cultivating Mr. Adams's favorable disposition and giving a fair start to his executive career."

As soon as the result of this long contest was known, an imaginative paragraphist evolved the report, that Mr. Jefferson would not deign to accept the second office. The rumor rapidly spread itself over the country. Madison wrote to Monticello, suggesting that the best way to dispel so absurd an imputation was for Mr. Jeffer-

son to come to Philadelphia and be publicly sworn in on the 4th of March. It was one of the "cold winters" of the century. On the very day upon which Madison wrote this letter, the shivering lord of Monticello, in the course of a long meteorological letter to Volney (in exile at Philadelphia) used these words: "It is at this moment so cold, that the ink freezes in my pen, so that my letter will scarcely be legible." It is to be feared that the remodelled mansion was not yet weather-proof. For so healthy a man, Jefferson was curiously susceptible of cold, and he once wrote that he had suffered during his life more from cold than from all other physical causes put together. He resolved, however, as he told Madison, to appear in Philadelphia on the day of the inauguration, "as a mark of respect for the public, and to do away with the doubts which have spread that I should consider the second office as beneath my acceptance." The journey, however, he owned, was "a tremendous undertaking for one who had not been seven miles from home since his resettlement."

Jefferson's aversion to ceremonial was manifested on this occasion. It was an article of his political creed, that political office stood upon the same footing as any other respectable vocation, and entitled the holder to no special consideration; no respect except that which justly rewards fidelity to any important trust; no etiquette except such as that very fidelity necessitates; no privileges except those legally given to facilitate the discharge of public duty. Holding this opinion, he wrote to Mr. Tazewell of the Senate, asking him to prevent the sending of a costly and imposing embassy to notify him of his election, as had been done when General Washington and Mr. Adams were first elected. Better drop a letter into the post-office, said he in substance; it is the simplest, quickest, and surest way. He begged Madison, also, to discourage anything that might be proposed in the way of a public reception at Philadelphia. "If Govern-

nor Mifflin" (of Pennsylvania, a pronounced Republican) "should show any symptoms of ceremony, pray contrive to parry them."

When John Howard was appointed high-sheriff of his county, he conceived the novel idea of inquiring what duties were attached to the office. The duties of a high-sheriff, he was informed, were to ride into town on court days in a gilt coach, entertain the judges at dinner, and give an annual county ball. But Howard pushed his eccentricity so far as to look into the law-books, to see if there might not be something else required at the hands of a high-sheriff. There *was*: he was to inspect the jail! He inspected the jail; and his inspection had the unprecedented quality of being real. He looked; he felt; he smelt; he tasted; he weighed; he measured; he questioned. The reformation of the jails of Christendom dates from that incongruous act. So Jefferson, soon after his election to an office that made him chairman of the Senate, awoke to the fact that he was, from twelve years' disuse, "entirely rusty in the parliamentary rules of procedure." He had once been well versed in those rules. Among the many curious relics of his tireless, minute industry which have been preserved to this day, is a small, well-worn, leather-bound manuscript volume of one hundred and five pages, entitled *Parliamentary Pocket-Book*, begun by him when he was a young lawyer, expecting soon to be a member of the parliament of Virginia. This work, which contained the substance of ancient parliamentary law and usage, he now fished from its hiding-place, and upon it, as a basis, he gradually constructed his *Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, which still governs our deliberative bodies. After amending it and adding to it for four years, aided by the learning and experience of his ancient master in the law, George Wythe, he left it in manuscript to the Senate, as the standard by which he "had judged and was willing to be judged."

The opening paragraph betrays the habit of his mind and shows from what quarter he habitually expected danger: "Mr. Onslow, the ablest among the speakers of the House of Commons, used to say, 'It was a maxim he had often heard, when he was a young man, from old and experienced members, that nothing tended more to throw power into the hands of administration and those who acted with a majority of the House of Commons, than a neglect of or departure from the rules of proceeding; that these forms, as instituted by our ancestors, operated as a check and control on the actions of the majority; and that they were, in many instances, a shelter and protection to the minority against the attempts of power.'" This little Manual is really a wonderful piece of work, compact with the brief results of wide research. This sentence startles one who now turns over its pages: "WHEN THE PRIVATE INTERESTS OF A MEMBER ARE CONCERNED IN A BILL OR QUESTION, HE IS TO WITHDRAW!"

In 1797, it was still ten days' ride from Monticello to Philadelphia. When Mr. Jefferson's man, Jupiter, drove his chaise round to the door on the 20th of February, the master did not forget that a few weeks before he had been elected president of the Philosophical Society; and, accordingly, he placed in the carriage some bones of the mastodon, lately come into his possession, the size of which had filled him with special wonder. With the Parliamentary Pocket-Book in his trunk and these bones under the seat, he was well set up in both his characters. From Alexandria he took the public coach, and sent his own vehicle home; not omitting to record in his diary that the stage fare from Alexandria to Philadelphia was \$ 11.75, — no great charge for six days' ride in February mud. Mr. Madison did not succeed in parrying the symptoms of ceremony; for we read in a Philadelphia newspaper of the time, that, on Thursday, the 2d of March, "the company of artillery welcomed that tried patriot, Thomas

Jefferson, with a discharge of sixteen rounds from two twelve-pounders, and a flag was displayed from the *park* of artillery bearing the device, 'Jefferson, the Friend of the People.'"

The inauguration of a new President, like the accession of a young prince to a throne, is naturally a time of joyous excitement; but the present occasion was clouded with apprehension. Every newspaper of those early weeks of 1797, which contained news from abroad, had from one to a dozen items like this: "The ship *Eliza*, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, sprang a leak, and was obliged to bear away to the West Indies. In sight of Martinico she was taken by a *French* privateer and run ashore, where she was totally wrecked. The Captain was imprisoned thirty-two days, and then released without trial." This, from the only power in the world which could be regarded as the natural ally of the United States! This from the native land of Lafayette! And now the great character which had stood between contending parties, himself no partisan, was to withdraw from the scene, leaving the crisis to be dealt with by men untried in the responsibilities of government. Good citizens might well be anxious for their country.

On reaching Philadelphia, Jefferson went at once to pay his respects to Mr. Adams, who, the next morning, returned the call, and started immediately the topic that was upon every man's mind and tongue, — the danger of a rupture with France. The President elect said that he was impressed with the necessity of sending an embassy to that country. The first wish of his heart would have been to intrust the mission to Jefferson; but he supposed that was out of the question, as it did not seem justifiable for a President to send away the person destined to take his place in case of accident to himself, nor decent to remove from competition one who was a rival for the public favor. He had resolved, he said, to send an imposing embassy of three dis-

tinguished persons, — Elbridge Gerry from New England, from Virginia James Madison, from South Carolina C. C. Pinckney. The dignity of the mission, he thought, would satisfy France, and its selection from the three great divisions of the country would satisfy the people of the United States. Mr. Jefferson agreed with the President elect as to the impropriety of his leaving the post assigned him by the people, and consented to make known his wishes to Madison. Mr. Adams was all candor and cordiality on this occasion. In the elation of the hour, he evidently regarded Mr. Jefferson as a colleague with whom it was but natural for him to consult. In his swelling moments during these first days of his elevation, he liked to compare Jefferson's position in the country with that of prince royal or heir-apparent to a throne,—much too exalted a personage to be sent on any mission.

On the last day of Washington's term, Jefferson was one of the guests at the dinner given by the President to the conspicuous persons of the capital with whom he had been officially connected. It was a merry dinner; for, on this occasion, he who was to lay down the burden of power was happier than they who were to take it up. On Saturday, the 4th of March, occurred the memorable scenes of the inauguration so often described. At eleven, Mr. Jefferson, in the Senate chamber, was sworn into office, assumed the chair, and delivered the usual brief address. He concluded with a cordial tribute to Mr. Adams: "No one more sincerely prays that no accident may call me to the higher and more important functions which the Constitution eventually devolves on this office. These have been justly confided to the eminent character which has preceded me here, whose talents and integrity have been known and revered by me through a long course of years, and have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendship between us; and I devoutly pray he may be long preserved for the gov-

ernment, the happiness, and prosperity of our common country."

The Senate, with Mr. Jefferson at their head, then proceeded to the Representatives' Hall, where Mr. Adams took the oath, and delivered his robust inaugural, so worthy of him and of the occasion, so little appreciated by the party leaders who were to deceive, mislead, and destroy him. General Washington's fine sense of propriety was shown on this occasion in a trifling incident that caught every eye and dwelt in many memories. After Mr. Adams had left the chamber, the General and Mr. Jefferson rose at the same moment to follow him, and Mr. Jefferson, of course, stood aside to let the ex-President take the lead in leaving the chamber. But the private citizen pointedly refused to accept the precedence over the Vice-President. Mr. Jefferson was obliged to go first.

That afternoon there was a mighty banquet given in honor of the retiring chief by the merchants of Philadelphia, which was attended by the President, the Vice-President, members of Congress, the Cabinet, the foreign ministers, and a great company of noted citizens. The circus was converted into a banqueting-hall, to which the company marched, two and two, from the great tavern of the day. The toast given by Jefferson was very significant to the men of that time, little as it conveys to us: "Eternal union of sentiment between the commerce and agriculture of our country." Benevolent readers will be pleased to learn that, in accordance with a kindly custom of the period, "the remains of this festival were given to the prisoners in the jail and the sick in the hospital, that the unfortunate and afflicted might also rejoice."

Sunday passed. If we may judge from the vituperation of after-years, Mr. Jefferson took the liberty of attending the Unitarian chapel, where Dr. Priestley might then be occasionally heard, instead of exhibiting himself at Christ Church, which had been more politic. On Monday, Mr. Adams and

himself again dined with General Washington. As they chanced to leave at the same moment, they walked together until their ways diverged, and Mr. Jefferson seized the opportunity to inform the President that Madison declined the French mission. The topic had evidently become an embarrassing one to the President. Objections, he said, in his honest, tactless manner, had been made to the nomination of Mr. Madison; and he continued to stammer excuses till the welcome corner of Market Street and Fifth Street gave him an undeniable excuse for breaking off the conversation.

Mr. Adams never again consulted the Vice-President on a political measure. They exchanged punctually the civilities which their situations and their ancient friendship demanded; but never again did they converse on a measure of the administration. Mr. Jefferson, as he strolled along Fifth Street in the silence and solitude of a Philadelphia evening, mused upon the

cause of the sudden change in the President's tone on the subject of the French mission. He arrived at a probable solution of the mystery: Mr. Adams had met the Cabinet that Monday morning for the first time. Madison to France! What a proposition to make to a knot of Federalists, sore and hot from the strife of 1796! Madison, the thorn in Hamilton's side for seven years, to be selected for the most conspicuous honor in the administration's gift by Hamilton's own satellites and *protégés*! Mr. Adams, as Jefferson conjectured, rose from the council-table in an altered mood; and "as he never acted on any system, but was always governed by the feeling of the moment," he gave up his dream of steering impartially between the two parties, and employing the talents of both, in the lofty style of Washington. It is not given to every man to bend the bow of Ulysses! The king and the heir-apparent seldom agree in politics while the king reigns!

James Parton.

THE GOAL OF SPRING.

WHEN the May showers are past
Which waked the meadows to their tender green,
And summer blooms have come and faded fast,
No longer to be seen;
Memory with tearful fondness looketh back
As age on childhood's flower-besprinkled track.

But from the first brown clod,
On through the rainbow-colored April mist,
Across broad clover-fields by mowers trod
And summer sunshine kissed,
Maturer thought — imagination's bond —
Leaps into autumn's radiant realms beyond.

Upon the joyous hills
Her festal multitudes stand grouped on high;
As where some city's population fills
Window and balcony,
When with loud welcoming and clarion strain
Its armies come, victorious, home again.

Along the river's brim
 The crimson-clad battalions of the trees, —
 The rustling music of their army-hymn.
 Borne on the exultant breeze, —
 Move through the valley in majestic march,
 Under the noontide heaven's triumphal arch.

And still — when Day hath set
 For dwellers in the hamlet by the bridge —
 In his last beams the ensanguined maples yet
 Shine on the upland ridge ;
 And kindled larches flash like bonfire lights
 From peak to peak, along the blazing heights.

In comradeship like this,
 I come — ere Winter violate her charms —
 To press on Nature's cheek a farewell kiss,
 Enfold her in my arms,
 And her consummate loveliness recall
 Ere my queen lies beneath her silver pall.

Amid the forest glades
 I track the hours of the receding year ;
 Along October's curtained colonnades
 Their rustling steps I hear ;
 And where the sunshine warms the mountain-side
 Their lingering shadows still awhile abide.

Beneath the mossy ledge,
 Which overhangs a bowl of amber-brown,
 I watch the streamlet brimming o'er the edge,
 And farther down
 Hear its impatient accents, and discern
 Its eager strugglings, tangled in the fern.

And as I lie reclined
 Against some trunk the husbandman hath felled,
 Old legendary poems fill my mind,
 And parables of eld.
 I wander with Orlando through the wood,
 Or muse with Jaques in his solitude.

The birch on yonder mound —
 With leafless ivory branches glimmering bare,
 Its yellow treasures heaped upon the ground —
 Seemeth Godiva fair,
 Standing, white-limbed, and naked as at birth,
 With all her golden raiment slid to earth.

But costlier far than all,
 All noble images in Fancy's sphere,
 Fair shapes descend from Memory's pictured hall, —
 Forms my fond heart holds dear ;
 Visions of unreturning ones, who stand
 Beside me here and take me by the hand.

Ye sweet autumnal days !
 Is there no spell to call your beauty back,
 To re-illumine these divine delays
 Upon your dusky track ?
 To wake at will your dear delights, which steep
 The soul in bliss till the tired senses sleep ?

Vainly, alas ! I cry ;
 Vainly I strive to grasp your garments' hem :
 Ye sweep, in your empurpled radiance, by,
 With coronal and gem,
 As earth's unpitying sovereigns those that grieve,
 And stretch sad hands for pardon or reprieve.

Even as I gaze ye cease ;
 Your palaces are empty in the land ;
 And into ruin crumbles, piece by piece,
 Your culmination grand ;
 And the red embers darken on the sod
 O'er which, unscathed, your saintlike footsteps trod.

O, for some poet-soul,
 The subtle fervor of whose honeyed line
 Might crush the hoarded harvest of the whole
 Within one cup divine !
 And all your dim-eyed dreams of joy be quaffed
 When to our lips he held the precious draught.

So princely Ganymede,
 Whose roseate cheek the downcast lashes sweep,
 Serving the immortal revellers' thirsty need
 In Jove's Olympian keep,
 Pours in star-beaming beakers crystalline
 The lusty life-blood of the fruited vine.

But be not we as they
 Who, in the recurrent glow of bud and bloom,
 See but fruition twin-born with decay,
 And through your golden gloom
 Grope on to winter, aimless, hopeless, blind, —
 Beasts that but build the ladder of their kind, —

Dead to the noble thrill,
 The rapture of the elemental strife,
 The kingly pity, the heroic will,
 The brotherhood of life, —
 Parted companionships, which live again
 Within the orbéd portals of the brain.

Yet were it sweet, perhaps,
 To pillow in your arms a weary head,
 And with yon rivulet's unhindered lapse
 Pass to the earlier dead,
 And closing thus our heavy-lidded eyes,
 Wake to the glad contentment of the skies.

James F. Colman.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

X.

MR. ARBUTON SPEAKS.

MRS. ELLISON was almost well; she had already been shopping twice in the Rue Fabrique, and her recovery was now chiefly retarded by the dress-maker's delays in making up a silk too precious to be risked in the piece with the customs officers, at the frontier. Moreover, although the colonel was beginning to chafe, she was not loath to linger yet a few days for the sake of an affair to which her suffering had been a willing sacrifice. In return for her indefatigable self-devotion, Kitty had lately done very little. She ungratefully shrunk more and more from those confidences to which her cousin's speeches covertly invited; she openly resisted open attempts upon her knowledge of facts. If she was not prepared to confess everything to Fanny, it was perhaps because it was all so very little, or because a young girl has not, or ought not to have, a mind in certain matters, or else knows it not, till it is asked her by the one first authorized to learn it. The dream in which she lived was flattering and fair; and it wholly contented her imagination while it lulled her consciousness. It moved from phase to phase without the harshness of reality, and was apparently allied neither to the future nor to the past. She herself seemed to have no more fixity or responsibility in it than the heroine of a romance.

As their last week in Quebec drew to its close, only two or three things remained for them to do, as tourists; and chief among the few unvisited shrines of sentiment was the site of the old Jesuit mission at Sillery.

"It won't do not to see that, Kitty," said Mrs. Ellison, who, as usual, had arranged the details of the excursion, and now announced them. "It's

one of the principal things here, and your Uncle Jack would never be satisfied if you missed it. In fact, it's a shame to have left it so long. I can't go with you, for I'm saving up all my strength for our picnic at Château-Bigot to-morrow; and I want you, Kitty, to see that the colonel sees everything. I've had trouble enough, goodness knows, getting the facts together for him." This was as Kitty and Mr. Arbuton sat waiting in Mrs. Ellison's parlor for the delinquent colonel, who had just stepped round to the Hotel St. Louis and was to be back presently. But the moment of his return passed; a quarter-hour of grace; a half-hour of grim magnanimity, — and still no colonel. Mrs. Ellison began by saying that it was perfectly abominable, and left herself, in a greater extremity, with nothing more forcible to add than that it was too provoking. "It's getting so late now," she said at last, "that it's no use waiting any longer, if you mean to go at all, to-day; and to-day's the only day you *can* go. There, you'd better drive on without him. I can't bear to have you miss it." And, thus adjured, the younger people rose and went.

When the high-born Noël Brulart de Sillery, Knight of Malta and courtier of Marie de Medicis, turned from the vanities of this world and became a priest, Canada was the fashionable mission of the day, and the noble neophyte signalized his self-renunciation by giving of his great wealth for the conversion of the Indian heathen. He supplied the Jesuits with money to maintain a religious establishment near Quebec; and the settlement of red Christians took his musical name, which the region still keeps. It became famous at once as the first residence of the Jesuits and the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, who wrought and suffered for religion there amidst the terrors of pestilence, Iroquois, and winter. It was the scene

of miracles and martyrdoms, and marvels of many kinds, and the centre of the missionary efforts among the Indians. Indeed, few events of the picturesque early history of Quebec left it untouched; and it is worthy to be seen, no less for the wild beauty of the spot than for its heroic memories. About a league from the city, where the irregular wall of rock on which Quebec is built recedes from the river, and a grassy space stretches between the tide and the foot of the woody steep, the old mission and the Indian village once stood; and to this day there yet stands the stalwart frame of the first Jesuit Residence, modernized, of course, and turned to secular uses, but firm as of old, and good for a century to come. All round is a world of lumber, and rafts of vast extent cover the face of the waters in the ample cove, — one of many that indent the shore of the St. Lawrence. A careless village straggles along the roadside and the river's margin; huge lumber-ships are loading for Europe in the stream; a town shines out of the woods on the opposite shore; nothing but a friendly climate is needed to make this one of the most charming scenes the heart could imagine.

Kitty and Mr. Arbuton drove out towards Sillery by the St. Louis Road, and already the jealous foliage that hides the pretty villas and stately places of that aristocratic suburb was tinged in here and there a bough with autumnal crimson or yellow; in the meadows here and there a vine ran red along the grass; the loath choke-cherries were ripening in the fence corners; the air was full of the pensive jargon of the crickets and grasshoppers, and all the subtle sentiment of the fading summer. Their hearts were open to every dreamy influence of the time; their driver understood hardly any English, and their talk might safely be made up of those harmless egotisms which young people exchange, — those strains of psychological autobiography which mark advancing intimacy and in which they appear to each

other the most uncommon persons that ever lived, and their experiences and emotions and ideas are all the more surprisingly unique because exactly alike.

It seemed a very short league to Sillery when they left the St. Louis Road, and the driver turned his horses' heads towards the river, down the winding sylvan way that descended to the shore; and they had not so much desire, after all, to explore the site of the old mission. Nevertheless, they got out and visited the little space once occupied by the Jesuit chapel, where its foundations may yet be traced in the grass, and they read the inscription on the monument lately raised by the parish to the memory of the first Jesuit missionary to Canada, who died at Sillery. Then there seemed nothing more to do but admire the mighty rafts and piles of lumber; but their show of interest in the local celebrity had stirred the pride of Sillery, and a little French boy entered the chapel-yard, and gave Kitty a pamphlet history of the place, for which he would not suffer himself to be paid; and a sweet-faced young Englishwoman came out of the house across the way, and hesitatingly asked if they would not like to see the Jesuit Residence. She led them indoors, and showed them how the ancient edifice had been encased by the modern house, and bade them note, from the deep shelving window-seats, that the stone walls were three feet thick. The rooms were low-ceiled and quaintly shaped, but they borrowed a certain grandeur from this massiveness; and it was easy to figure the priests in black and the nuns in gray in those dim chambers, which now a life so different inhabited. Behind the house was a plot of grass, and thence the wooded hill rose steep.

"But come up stairs," said the ardent little hostess to Kitty, when her husband came in, and had civilly welcomed the strangers, "and I'll show you my own room, that's as old as any."

They left the two men below, and

mounted to a large room carpeted and furnished in modern taste. "We had to take down the old staircase," she continued, "to get our bedstead up," — a magnificent structure which she plainly thought well worth the sacrifice; and then she pointed out divers remnants of the ancient building. "It's a queer place to live in; but we're only here for the summer"; and she went on to explain, with a pretty *naïveté*, how her husband's business brought him to Sillery from Quebec in that season. They were descending the stairs, Kitty foremost, as she added, "This is my first housekeeping, you know, and of course it would be strange anywhere; but you can't think how funny it is here. I suppose," she said, shyly, but as if all her confidences merited some return, while Kitty stepped from the stairway face to face with Mr. Arbuton, who was about to follow them, with the lady's husband, — "I suppose this is your wedding-journey."

A quick alarm flamed through the young girl, and burned out of her glowing cheeks. This pleasant masquerade of hers must look to others like the most intentional love-making between her and Mr. Arbuton, — no dreams either of them, nor figures in a play, nor characters in a romance; nay, on one spectator, at least, it had shed the soft lustre of a honeymoon. How could it be otherwise? Here on this fatal line of wedding-travel, — so common that she remembered Mrs. March half apologized for making it her first tour after marriage, — how could it happen but that two young people together as they were should be taken for bride and bridegroom? Moreover, and worst of all, he must have heard that fatal speech!

He was pale, if she was flushed, and looked grave, as she fancied; but he passed on up the stairs, and she sat down to wait for his return.

"I used to notice so many couples from the States when we lived in the city," continued the hospitable mistress of the house, "but I don't think they often came out to Sillery. In fact, you're

the only pair that's come this summer; and so, when you seemed interested about the mission, I thought you would n't mind if I spoke to you, and asked you in to see the house. Most of the Americans stay long enough to visit the citadel, and the Plains of Abraham, and the Falls at Montmorenci, and then they go away. I should think they'd be tired always doing the same things. To be sure, they're always different people."

It was unfair to let her entertainer go on talking for quantity in this way; and Kitty said how glad she was to see the old Residence, and that she should always be grateful to her for asking them in. She did not disabuse her of her error; it cost less to leave it alone; and when Mr. Arbuton reappeared, she took leave of those kind people with a sort of remote enjoyment of the wife's mistakenness concerning herself. Yet, as the young matron and her husband stood beside the carriage repeating their adieux, she would fain have prolonged the parting forever, so much she dreaded to be left alone with Mr. Arbuton. But, left alone with him, her spirits violently rose; and as they drove along under the shadow of the cliff, she descanted in her liveliest strain upon all the interests of the way; she dwelt on the beauty of the wide, still river, with the ships at anchor in it; she praised the lovely sunset-light on the other shore; she commented lightly on the village, through which they passed, with the open doors and the suppers frying on the great stoves set into the partition-walls of each cleanly home; she made him look at the two great stairways that climb the cliff from the lumber-yards to the Plains of Abraham, and the army of laborers, each with his empty dinner-pail in hand, scaling the once difficult heights on their way home to the suburb of St. Roch; she did all that she could to keep the talk to herself and yet away from herself. Part of the way the village was French and neat and pleasant, then it grovelled with Irish people, and ceased to be a tolerable theme for discourse;

and so at last the silence against which she had battled fell upon them and deepened like a spell that she could not break.

It would have been better for Mr. Arbuton's success just then if he had not broken it. But failure was not within his reckoning; for, complete as was his surrender to this fancy of his, he had not conceived that she could feel any doubt in accepting him. He had so long regarded this young girl *de haut en bas*, to say it brutally, that he could not but believe his preference must irresistibly flatter her. Moreover, a magnanimous sense of obligation mingled with his confident love. She must have known that he had overheard that speech at the Residence, and it was due to himself to speak now. Perhaps he let this feeling color his manner, however faintly. He lacked the last fine instinct; he could not forbear; and he spoke while all her nerves and fluttering pulses cried him mercy.

XI.

KITTY ANSWERS.

It was dimmest twilight when Kitty entered Mrs. Ellison's room and sat rigidly down on the chair before her sofa.

"The colonel met a friend at the St. Louis, and forgot all about the expedition, Kitty," said Fanny, "and he only came in half an hour ago. But it's just as well; I know you've had a splendid time. Where's Mr. Arbuton?"

Kitty burst into tears.

"Why, has anything happened to him?" cried Mrs. Ellison, springing towards her.

"To him? No! What should happen to *him*?" Kitty demanded with an indignant accent.

"Well, then, has anything happened to *you*?"

"I don't know if you can call it *happening*. But I suppose you'll be satisfied *now*, Fanny. He's offered himself to me." Kitty uttered the last

words with a sort of violence, as if since the fact must be stated, she wished it to appear in the sharpest relief.

"O dear!" said Mrs. Ellison, not so well satisfied as the successful match-maker ought to be. So long as it was a marriage in the abstract, she had never ceased to desire it; but as the actual union of Kitty and this Mr. Arbuton, of whom, after all, they knew so little, and of whom, if she searched her heart, she had as little liking as knowledge, it was another affair. Mrs. Ellison trembled at her triumph, and began to think that failure would have been easier to bear. Were they in the least suited to each other? Would she like to see poor Kitty chained for life to that impassive egotist, whose very merits were repellent, and whose modesty even seemed to convict and snub you? Mrs. Ellison was not able to put the matter to herself with moderation, either way; doubtless she did Mr. Arbuton injustice. "Did you accept him?" she whispered, feebly.

"Accept him?" repeated Kitty. "No!"

"O dear!" again sighed Mrs. Ellison, feeling that this was scarcely better, and not daring to ask further.

"I'm dreadfully perplexed, Fanny," said Kitty, after waiting for the questions which did not come, "and I wish you'd help me think."

"I will, darling. But I don't know that I'll be of much use. I begin to think I'm not very good at thinking."

Kitty, who longed chiefly to get the situation more distinctly before herself gave no heed to this confession, but went on to rehearse the whole affair. The twilight lent her its veil; and in the kindly obscurity she gathered courage to face all the facts, and even to find what was droll in them.

"It was very solemn, of course, and I was frightened; but I tried to keep my wits about me, and *not* to say yes, simply because that was the easiest thing. I told him that I did n't know, — and I don't; and that I must have time to think, — and I must. He was

very ungenerous, and said he had hoped I had already had time to think ; and he could n't seem to understand, or else I could n't very well explain, how it had been with me all along."

"He might certainly say you had encouraged him," Mrs. Ellison remarked, thoughtfully.

"Encouraged him, Fanny? How can you accuse me of such indelicacy?"

"Encouraging is n't indelicacy. The gentlemen *have* to be encouraged, or of course they'd never have any courage. They're so timid, naturally."

"I don't think Mr. Arbuton is very timid. He seemed to think that he had only to ask as a matter of form, and I had no business to say anything. What has he ever done for me? And has n't he often been intensely disagreeable? He ought n't to have spoken just after overhearing what he did. He ought to have had some confidence in my confidence in him. He was very obtuse, too, not to see that girls can't always be so certain of themselves as men, or, if they are, don't know they are as soon as they're asked."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Ellison, "that's the way with girls. I do believe that most of them — when they're young like you, Kitty — never think of marriage as the end of their flirtations. They'd just like the attentions and the romance to go on forever, and never turn into anything more serious ; and they're not to blame for that, though they *do* get blamed for it."

"Certainly," assented Kitty, eagerly, "that's it; that's just what I was saying ; that's the very reason why girls must have time to make up their minds. *You* had, I suppose."

"Yes, two minutes. Poor Dick was going back to his regiment, and stood with his watch in his hand. I said no, and called after him to correct myself. But, Kitty, if the romance had happened to stop without his saying anything, you would n't have liked that either, would you?"

"No," faltered Kitty, "I suppose not."

"Well, then, don't you see? That's a great point in his favor. How much time did you want, or did he give you?"

"I said I should answer before we left Quebec," answered Kitty, with a heavy sigh.

"Don't you know, what to say now?"

"I can't tell. That's what I want you to help me think out."

Mrs. Ellison was silent for a moment before she said, "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to go back to the very beginning."

"Yes," assented Kitty, faintly.

"You did have a sort of fancy for him the first time you saw him, did n't you?" asked Mrs. Ellison, coaxingly, while forcing herself to be systematic and coherent, by a mental strain of which no idea can be given.

"Yes," said Kitty, yet more faintly, adding, "but I can't tell just what sort of a fancy it was. I suppose I admired him for being handsome and stylish, and for having such exquisite manners."

"Go on," said Mrs. Ellison. "And after you got acquainted with him?"

"Why, you know we've talked that over once already, Fanny."

"Yes, but we ought n't to skip anything now," replied Mrs. Ellison, in a tone of judicial accuracy which made Kitty smile.

But she quickly became serious again, and said, "Afterwards I could n't tell whether to like him or not, or whether he wanted me to. I think he acted very strangely for a person in — love. I used to feel so troubled and oppressed when I was with him. He seemed always to be making himself agreeable under protest."

"Perhaps that was just your imagination, Kitty."

"Perhaps it was ; but it troubled me all the same."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, and then after that day of the Montgomery expedition, he seemed to change altogether, and to try always to be pleasant, and to do everything he could to make me like him. I don't know how to account for it. Ever

since then he's been extremely careful of me, and behaved—of course without knowing it—as if I belonged to him already. Or maybe I've imagined that too. It's very hard to tell what has really happened the last two weeks."

Kitty was silent, and Mrs. Ellison did not speak at once. Presently she asked, "Was his acting as if you belonged to him disagreeable?"

"I can't tell. I think it was rather presuming. I don't know why he did it."

"Do you respect him?" demanded Mrs. Ellison.

"Why, Fanny, I've always told you that I did respect some things in him."

Mrs. Ellison had the facts before her, and it rested upon her to sum them up, and do something with them. She rose to a sitting posture, and confronted her task.

"Well, Kitty, I'll tell you: I don't really know what to think. But I can say this: if you liked him at first, and then did n't like him, and afterwards he made himself more agreeable, and you did n't mind his behaving as if you belonged to him, and you respected him, but after all did n't think him fascinating—"

"He *is* fascinating—in a kind of way. He was, from the beginning. In a story his cold, snubbing, putting-down ways would have been perfectly fascinating."

"Then why did n't you take him?"

"Because," answered Kitty, between laughing and crying, "it is n't a story, and I don't know whether I like him."

"But do you think you might get to like him?"

"I don't know. His asking brings back all the doubts I ever had of him, and that I have been forgetting the past two weeks. I can't tell whether I like him or not. If I did, should n't I trust him more?"

"Well, whether you are in love or not, I'll tell you what you *are*, Kitty," cried Mrs. Ellison, provoked with her indecision, and yet relieved that the worst, whatever it was, was postponed thereby for a day or two.

"What?"

But at this important juncture the colonel came lounging in, and Kitty ran out of the room.

"Richard," said Mrs. Ellison, seriously, and in a tone implying that it was all the colonel's fault, as usual, "you know what has happened, I suppose."

"No, my dear, I don't; but no matter: I will presently, I dare say."

"O, I wish for once you would n't be so flippant. Mr. Arbuton has offered himself to Kitty."

Colonel Ellison gave a quick, sharp whistle of amazement, but trusted himself to nothing more articulate.

"Yes," said his wife, responding to the whistle, "and it makes me perfectly wretched."

"Why, I thought you liked him."

"I did n't *like* him; but I thought it would be an excellent thing for Kitty."

"And won't it?"

"She does n't know."

"Does n't know?"

"No."

The colonel was silent, while Mrs. Ellison stated the case in full, and its pending uncertainty. Then he exclaimed vehemently, as if his amazement had been growing upon him, "This is the most astonishing thing in the world! Who would ever have dreamt of that young iceberg being in love?"

"Have n't I *told* you all along he was?"

"O yes, certainly; but that might be taken either way, you know. You could discover the tender passion in the eye of a potato."

"Colonel Ellison," said Fanny with sternness, "why do you suppose he's been hanging about us for the last four weeks? Why should he have stayed in Quebec? Do you think he pitied *me*, or found *you* so very agreeable?"

"Well, I thought he found us just tolerable, and was interested in the place."

Mrs. Ellison made no reply to this at once, but looked a scorn which, happily for the colonel, the darkness hid. Presently she said that bats did not express the blindness of men, for any

bat could have seen what was going on.

"Why," remarked the colonel, "I did have a momentary suspicion that day of the Montgomery business; they both looked very confused, when I saw them at the end of that street, and neither of them had anything to say; but that was accounted for by what you told me afterwards about his adventure. At the time I did n't pay much attention to the matter. The idea of his being in love seemed too ridiculous."

"Was it ridiculous for you to be in love with me?"

"No; and yet I can't praise my condition for its wisdom, Fanny."

"Yes! that's *like* men. As soon as one of them is safely married, he thinks all the love-making in the world has been done forever, and he can't conceive of two young people taking a fancy to each other."

"That's something so, Fanny. But granting—for the sake of argument merely—that Boston has been asking Kitty to marry him, and she does n't know whether she wants him, what are we to do about it? I don't like him well enough to plead his cause; do you? When does Kitty think she'll be able to make up her mind?"

"She's to let him know before we leave."

The colonel laughed. "And so he's to hang about here on uncertainties for two whole days! That *is* rather rough on him. Fanny, what made you so eager for this business?"

"Eager? I *was* n't eager."

"Well, then,—reluctantly acquiescent?"

"Why, she's so literary and that."

"And what?"

"How insulting!—Intellectual, and so on; and I thought she would be just fit to live in a place where everybody is literary and intellectual. That is, I thought that, if I thought anything."

"Well," said the colonel, "you may have been right on the whole, but I don't think Kitty is showing any par-

ticular force of mind, just now, that would fit her to live in Boston. My opinion is, that it's ridiculous for her to keep him in suspense. She might as well answer him first as last. She's putting herself under a kind of obligation by her delay. I'll talk to her—"

"If you do, you'll kill her. You don't know how she's wrought up about it."

"O well, I'll be careful of her sensibilities. It's my duty to speak with her. I'm here in the place of a parent. Besides, don't I know Kitty? I've almost brought her up."

"Maybe you're right. You're all so queer that perhaps you're right. Only, do be careful, Richard. You must approach the matter very delicately,—indirectly, you know. Girls are different, remember, from young men, and you must n't be blunt. Do manœuvre a little, for once in your life."

"All right, Fanny; you need n't be afraid of my doing anything awkward or sudden. I'll go to her room pretty soon, after she's quieted down, and have a good, calm old fatherly conversation with her."

The colonel was spared this errand; for Kitty had left some of her things on Fanny's table, and now came back for them with a lamp in her hand. Her averted face showed the marks of weeping; the corners of her firm-set lips were downward bent, as if some resolution which she had taken were very painful. This the anxious Fanny saw; and she made a gesture to the colonel which any woman would have understood to enjoin silence, or, at least, the utmost caution and tenderness of speech. The colonel summoned his *finesse* and said, cheerily, "Well, Kitty, what's Boston been saying to you?"

Mrs. Ellison fell back upon her sofa as if shot, and placed her hand over her face.

Kitty seemed not to hear her cousin. Having gathered up her things, she bent an unmoved face and an unseeing

gaze full upon him, and glided from the room without a word.

"Well, upon my soul," cried the colonel, "this is a pleasant, nightmarish, sleep-walking, Lady-Macbethish little transaction. Confound it, Fanny! this comes of your wanting me to manoeuvre. If you'd let me come straight at the subject, — like a *man* —"

"Please, Richard, don't say anything more now," pleaded Mrs. Ellison in a broken voice. "You can't help it, I know; and I must do the best I can, under the circumstances. Do go away for a little while, darling! O dear!"

As for Kitty, when she had got out of the room in that phantasmal fashion, she dimly recalled, through the mists of her own trouble, the colonel's dismay at her so glooming upon him, and began to think that she had used poor Dick more tragically than she need, and so began to laugh softly to herself; but while she stood there at the entry window a moment, laughing in the moonlight, that made her lamp-flame thin, and painted her face with its pale lustre, Mr. Arbuton came down the attic stairway. He was not a man of quick fancies; but to one of even slower imagination and of calmer mood, she might very well have seemed unreal, the creature of a dream, fantastic, intangible, insensible, arch, not wholly without some touch of the malign. In his heart he groaned over her beauty as if she were lost to him forever in this elfish transfiguration.

"Miss Ellison!" he scarcely more than whispered.

"You ought not to speak to me now," she answered, gravely.

"I know it; but I could not help it. For heaven's sake, do not let it tell against me. I wished to ask if I should not see you to-morrow; to beg that all might go on as had been planned, and as if nothing had been said to-day."

"It'll be very strange," said Kitty. "My cousins know everything now. How can we meet before them?"

"I'm not going away without my answer, and we can't remain here with-

out meeting. It will be less strange if we let everything take its course."

"Well."

"Thanks."

He looked strangely humbled, but even more bewildered than humbled.

She listened while he descended the steps, unbolted the street door, and closed it behind him. Then she passed out of the moonlight into her own room, whose close-curtained space the lamp filled with its ruddy glow, and revealed her again, no malicious sprite, but a very puzzled, conscientious, anxious young girl.

Of one thing, at least, she was clear. It had all come about through misunderstanding, through his taking her to be something that she was not; for she was resolute that Mr. Arbuton was of too worldly a spirit to choose, if he had known clearly, a girl of such an origin and lot as she was only too proud to own. The deception must have begun with dress; and she determined that her first stroke for truth and sincerity should be most sublimely made in the return of Fanny's things, and a rigid fidelity to her own dresses. "Besides," she could not help reflecting, "my travelling-suit will be just the thing for a picnic." And here, if the cynical reader of another sex is disposed to sneer at the method of her self-devotion, I am sure that women, at least, will allow it was most natural and highly proper that in this great moment she should first think of dress, upon which so great consequences hang in matters of the heart. Who — to be honest for once, O vain and conceited men! — can deny that the cut, the color, the texture, the stylish set of dresses has not had everything to do with the rapture of love's young dream? Are not certain bits of lace and knots of ribbon as much a part of it as any smile or sidelong glance of them all? And hath not the long experience of the fair taught them that artful dress is half the virtue of their spells? Full well they know it; and when Kitty resolved to profit no longer by Fanny's wardrobe, she had won the

hardest part of the battle in behalf of perfect truth towards Mr. Arbuton. She did not, indeed, stop with this, but lay awake, devising schemes by which she should disabuse him of his errors about her, and persuade him that she was no wife for him.

XII.

THE PICNIC AT CHÂTEAU-BIGOT.

"WELL," said Mrs. Ellison, who had slipped into Kitty's room, in the morning, to do her back hair with some advantages of light which her own chamber lacked, "it'll be no crazier than the rest of the performance; and if you and he can stand it, I'm sure that *we've* no reason to complain."

"Why, I don't see how it's to be helped, Fanny. He's asked it; and I'm rather glad he has, for I should have hated to have the conventional head-ache that keeps young ladies from being seen; and at any rate I don't understand how the day could be passed more sensibly than just as we originally planned to spend it. I can make up my mind a great deal better with him than away from him. But I think there never was a more ridiculous situation: now that the high tragedy has faded out of it, and the serious part is coming, it makes me laugh. Poor Mr. Arbuton will feel all day that he is under my mercilessly critical eye, and that he must n't do this and he must n't say that, for fear of me; and he can't run away, for he's promised to wait patiently for my decision. It's a most inglorious position for him, but I don't think of anything to do about it. I could say no at once, but he'd rather not."

"What have you got that dress on for?" asked Mrs. Ellison, abruptly.

"Because I'm not going to wear your things any more, Fanny. It's a case of conscience. I feel like a guilty creature, being courted in another's clothes; and I don't know but it's for a kind of punishment of my deceit that I can't realize this affair as I ought, or

my part in it. I keep feeling, the whole time, as if it were somebody else, and I have an absurd kind of other person's interest in it."

Mrs. Ellison essayed some reply, but was met by Kitty's steadfast resolution, and in the end did not prevail in so much as a ribbon for her hair.

It was not till well into the forenoon that the preparations for the picnic were complete and they all set off together in one carriage. In the strong need that was on each of them to make the best of the affair, the colonel's unconsciousness might have been a little overdone, but Mrs. Ellison's demeanor was sublimely successful. The situation gave full play to her peculiar genius, and you could not have said that any act of hers failed to contribute to the perfection of her design, that any tone or speech was too highly colored. Mr. Arbuton, of whom she took possession, and who knew that she knew all, felt that he had never done justice to her, and seconded her efforts with something like cordial admiration; while Kitty, with certain grateful looks and aversions of the face, paid an ardent homage to her strokes of tact, and after a few miserable moments, in which her nightlong trouble gnawed at her heart, began, in spite of herself, to enjoy the humor of the situation.

It is a lovely road out to Château-Bigot. First you drive through the ancient suburbs of the Lower Town, and then you mount the smooth, hard highway, between pretty country-houses, toward the village of Charlesbourg, while Quebec shows, to your casual backward-glance, like a wondrous painted scene, with the spires and lofty roofs of the Upper Town, and the long, irregular wall wandering on the verge of the cliff; then the thronging gables and chimneys of St. Roch, and again many spires and convent walls; lastly the shipping in the St. Charles, which, in one direction, runs, a narrowing gleam, up into its valley, and in the other widens into the broad light of the St. Lawrence. Quiet, elmy spaces of

meadow land stretch between the last suburban mansions and the village of Charlesbourg, where the driver reassured himself as to his route from the group of idlers on the platform before the church. Then he struck off on a country road, and presently turned from this again into a lane that grew rougher and rougher, till at last it lapsed to a mere cart-track among the woods, where the rich, strong odors of the pine, and of the wild herbs bruised under the wheels, filled the air. A peasant and his black-eyed, open-mouthed boy were cutting withes to bind hay at the side of the track, and the latter consented to show the strangers to the château from a point beyond which they could not go with the carriage. There the small *habitant* and the driver took up the picnic-baskets, and led the way through pathless growths of underbrush to a stream, so swift that it is said never to freeze, so deeply sprung that the summer never drinks it dry. A screen of water-growth bordered it; and when this was passed a wide, open space revealed itself, with the ruin of the château in the midst.

The pathos of long neglect lay upon the scene; for here were evidences of gardens and bowery aisles in other times, and now, for many a year, desolation and the slow return of the wilderness. The mountain rising behind the château grounds showed the dying flush of the deciduous leaves among the dark green of the pines that clothed it to the crest; a cry of innumerable crickets filled the ear of the dreaming noon.

The ruin itself is not of impressive size, and it is a château by grace of the popular fancy rather than through any right of its own; for it was, in truth, never more than the hunting-lodge of the king's Intendant, Bigot, a man whose sins claim for him a lordly consideration in the history of Quebec. He was the last Intendant before the British conquest, and in that time of general distress he grew rich by oppression of the citizens, and by peculation from the soldiers. He built this

pleasure-house here in the woods, and hither he rode out from Quebec to enjoy himself in the chase and the carousals that succeed the chase. Here, too, it is said, dwelt in secret the Huron girl who loved him, and who survives in the memory of the peasants as the murdered *sauvagesse*; and, indeed, there is as much proof that she was murdered as that she ever lived. When the wicked Bigot was arrested and sent to France, where he was tried with great result of documentary record, his château fell into other hands; at last a party of Arnold's men wintered there in 1775, and it is to our own countrymen that we owe the conflagration and the ruin of Château-Bigot. It stands, as I said, in the middle of that open place, with the two gable walls and the stone, partition-wall still almost entire, and that day showing very effectively against the tender northern sky. On the most weatherward gable the iron in the stone had shed a dark red stain under the lash of many winter storms, and some tough lichens had encrusted patches of the surface; but, for the rest, the walls rose in the univied nakedness of all ruins in our climate, which has no clinging evergreens wherewith to pity and soften the forlornness of decay. Out of the rubbish at the foot of the walls there sprang a wilding growth of syringas and lilacs; and the interior was choked with flourishing weeds, and with the briers of the raspberry, on which a few berries hung. The heavy beams, left where they fell a hundred years ago, proclaimed the honest solidity with which the château had been built; and there was proof in the cut stone of the hearths and chimney-places that it had once had at least the ambition of luxury.

While its visitors stood amidst the ruin, a harmless garden-snake slipped out of one crevice into another; from her nest in some hidden corner overhead a silent bird flew away. For the moment, — so slight is the capacity of any mood, so deeply is the heart responsive to a little impulse, — the palace of the Cæsars could not have imparted a

keener sense of loss and desolation. They eagerly sought such particulars of the ruin as agreed with the descriptions they had read of it, and were as well contented with a bit of cellar-way outside as if they really had found the secret passage to the subterranean chamber of the château, or the hoard of silver which the little habitant said was buried under it. Then they dispersed about the grounds to trace out the borders of the garden, and Mr. Arbuton won the common praise by discovering the foundations of the stable of the château.

Then there was no more to do but to prepare for the picnic. They chose a grassy plot in the shadow of a half-dismantled bark-lodge, — a relic of the Indians, who resort to the place every summer. In the ashes of that sylvan hearth they kindled their fire, Mr. Arbuton gathering the sticks, and the colonel showing a peculiar genius in adapting the savage flames to the limitations of the civilized coffee-pot borrowed of Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Ellison laid the cloth, much meditating the arrangement of the viands, and reversing again and again the relative positions of the sliced tongue and the sardines that flanked the cold roast chicken, and doubting dreadfully whether to put down the cake and the canned peaches at once, or reserve them for a second course; the stuffed olives drove her to despair, being in a bottle, and refusing to be balanced by anything less monumental in shape. Some wild asters and red leaves and green and yellow sprays of fern which Kitty arranged in a tumbler were hailed with rapture, but presently flung far away with fierce disdain because they had ants on them. Kitty witnessed this outburst with her usual complacency, and then went on making the coffee. With such blissful pain as none but lovers know, Mr. Arbuton saw her break the egg upon the edge of the coffee-pot, and let it drop therein, and then, with a charming frenzy, stir it round and round. It was a picture of domestic suggestion, a subtle insinua-

tion of home, the unconscious appeal of inherent housewifery to inherent husbandhood. At the crash of the egg-shell he trembled; the swift agitation of the coffee and the egg within the pot made him dizzy.

"Sha' n't I stir that for you, Miss Ellison?" he said, awkwardly.

"O dear, no!" she answered in surprise at a man's presuming to stir coffee; "but you may go get me some water at the creek, if you please."

She gave him a pitcher, and he went off to the brook which was but a minute's distance away. This minute, however, left her alone, for the first time that day, with both Dick and Fanny, and a silence fell upon all three at once. They could not help looking at one another; and then the colonel, to show that he was not thinking of anything, began to whistle, and Mrs. Ellison rebuked him for whistling.

"Why not?" he asked. "It is n't a funeral, is it?"

"Of course it is n't," said Mrs. Ellison; and Kitty, who had been blushing to the verge of tears, laughed instead, and then was consumed with vexation when Mr. Arbuton came up, feeling that he must suspect himself the motive of her ill-timed mirth. "The champagne ought to be cooled, I suppose," observed Mrs. Ellison, when the coffee had been finally stirred and set to boil on the coals.

"I'm best acquainted with the brook," said Mr. Arbuton, "and I know just the eddy in it where the champagne will cool soonest."

"Then you shall take it there," answered the governess of the feast; and Mr. Arbuton duteously set off with the bottle in his hand.

The pitcher of water which he had already brought stood in the grass; by a sudden movement of the skirt, Kitty knocked it over. The colonel made a start forward; Mrs. Ellison arrested him with a touch, while she bent a look of ineffable admiration upon Kitty.

"Now, I must be taught," said Kitty, "that I can't be so clumsy with impunity. I'll go and fill that

pitcher again myself." She hurried after Mr. Arbuton; they scarcely spoke going or coming; but the constraint that Kitty felt was nothing to that she had dreaded in seeking to escape from the tacit raillery of the colonel and the championship of Fanny. Yet she trembled to realize that already her life had become so far entangled with this stranger's, that she found refuge with him from her own kindred. They could do nothing to help her in this; the trouble was solely hers and his, and they two must get out of it one way or other themselves; the case scarcely admitted even of sympathy, and if it had not been hers, it would have been one to amuse her rather than appeal to her compassion. Even as it was, she sometimes caught herself smiling at the predicament of a young girl who had passed a month in every appearance of love-making, and who, being asked her heart, was holding her lover in suspense whilst she searched it, and meantime was picnicking with him upon the terms of casual flirtation. Of all the heroines in her books, she knew none in such a strait as this.

But her perplexities did not impair the appetite which she brought to the sylvan feast. In her whole simple life she had never tasted champagne before, and she said innocently, as she put the frisking fluid from her lips after the first taste, "Why, I thought you had to *learn* to like champagne."

"No," remarked the colonel, "it's like reading and writing: it comes by nature. I suppose that even one of the lower animals would like champagne. The refined instinct of young ladies makes them recognize its merits instantly. Some of the Confederate cellars," added the colonel, thoughtfully, "had very good champagne in them. Green seal was the favorite of our erring brethren. It was n't one of their errors. I prefer it myself to our own native cider, whether made of apples or grapes. Yes, it's better even than the water from the old chain-pump in the back yard at Ericcreek,

though it has n't so fine a flavor of lubricating oil in it."

The faint chill that touched Mr. Arbuton at the mention of Ericcreek and its petrolic associations was transient. He was very light of heart, since the advance that Kitty seemed to have made him; and in his temporary abandon he talked well, and promoted the pleasure of the time without critical reserves. When the colonel, with the reluctance of our soldiers to speak of their warlike experiences before civilians, had suffered himself to tell a story that his wife begged of him about his last battle, Mr. Arbuton listened with a deference that flattered poor Mrs. Ellison, and made her marvel at Kitty's doubt concerning him; and then he spoke entertainingly of some travel experiences of his own, which he politely excused as quite unworthy to come after the colonel's story. He excused them a little too much, and just gave the modest soldier a faint, uneasy fear of having boasted. But no one else felt this result of his delicacy, and the feast was merry enough. When it was ended, Mrs. Ellison, being still a little infirm of foot, remained in the shadow of the bark-lodge, and the colonel lit his cigar, and loyally stretched himself upon the grass before her.

There was nothing else for Kitty and Mr. Arbuton but to stroll off together, and she preferred to do this.

They sauntered up to the *château* in silence, and peered somewhat languidly about the ruin. On a bit of smooth surface in a sheltered place many names of former visitors were written, and Mr. Arbuton said he supposed they might as well add those of their own party.

"O yes," answered Kitty, with a half-sigh, seating herself upon a fallen stone, and letting her hands fall into each other in her lap as her wont was, "you write them." A curious pensiveness passed from one to the other and possessed them both.

Mr. Arbuton began to write. Suddenly, "Miss Ellison," said he, with a smile, "I've blundered in your name; I neglected to put the Miss before it;

and now there is n't room on the plastering."

"O, never mind," replied Kitty, "I dare say it won't be missed!"

Mr. Arbuton neither perceived nor heeded the pun. He was looking in a sort of rapture at the name which his own hand had written now for the first time, and he felt an indecorous desire to kiss it.

"If I could speak it as I've written it —"

"I don't see what harm there would be in that," said the owner of the name, "or what object," she added more discreetly.

—"I should feel that I had made a great gain."

"I never told you," answered Kitty, evasively, "how much I admire *your* first name, Mr. Arbuton."

"How did you know it?"

"It was on the card you gave my cousin," said Kitty, thinking he now must know she had been keeping his card.

"It's an old family name, — a sort of heirloom from the first of us who came to the country; and in every generation since, some Arbuton has had to wear it."

"It's superb!" cried Kitty. "Miles! 'Miles Standish, the Puritan captain,' 'Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.' I should be very proud of such a name."

"You have only to take it," he said, gravely.

"O, I did n't mean that," she said with a blush, and then added, "Yours is a very old family, then, is n't it?"

"Yes, it's pretty well," answered Mr. Arbuton, "but it's not such a rare thing in the East, you know."

"I suppose not. The Ellisons are *not* an old family. If we went back of my uncle, we should only come to backwoodsmen and Indian hunters. Perhaps that's the reason we don't care much for old families. You think a great deal of them in Boston, don't you?"

"We do, and we don't. It's a long story, and I'm afraid I could n't make

you understand, unless you had seen something of Boston society."

"Mr. Arbuton," said Kitty, abruptly plunging to the bottom of the subject on which they had been hovering, "I'm dreadfully afraid that what you said to me, — what you asked of me, yesterday, — was all through a misunderstanding. I'm afraid that you've somehow mistaken me and my circumstances, and that somehow I've innocently helped on your mistake."

"There is no mistake," he answered, eagerly, "about my loving you!"

Kitty did not look up, nor answer this outburst, which flattered while it pained her. She said, "I've been so much mistaken myself, and I've been so long finding it out, that I should feel anxious to have you know just what kind of girl you'd asked to be your wife, before I —"

"What?"

"Nothing. But I should want you to know that in many things my life has been very, very different from yours. The first thing I can remember — you'll think I'm more autobiographical than our driver at Ha-Ha Bay even, but I must tell you all this — is about Kansas, where we had moved from Illinois, and of our having hardly enough to eat or wear, and of my mother grieving over our privations. At last, when my father was killed," she said, dropping her voice, "in front of our own door —"

Mr. Arbuton gave a start. "Killed?"

"Yes; did n't you know? Or no: how could you? He was shot by the Missourians."

Whether it was not hopelessly out of taste to have a father-in-law who had been shot by the Missourians? Whether he could persuade Kitty to suppress that part of her history? That she looked very pretty, sitting there, with her earnest eyes lifted toward his. These things flashed wilfully through Mr. Arbuton's mind.

"My father was a Free-State man," continued Kitty, in a tone of pride. "He was n't when he first went to Kansas," she added simply; while Mr. Arbuton groped among his recollec-

tions of that forgotten struggle for some association with these names, keenly feeling the squalor of it all, and thinking still how very pretty she was. "He went out there to publish a pro-slavery paper. But when he found what the Border Ruffians really were, he turned against them. He used to be very bitter about my uncle's having become an Abolitionist; they had had a quarrel about it; but father wrote to him from Kansas, and they made it up; and before father died he was able to tell mother that we were to go to uncle's. But mother was sick then, and she only lived a month after father; and when my cousin came out to get us, just before she died, there was scarcely a crust of cornbread in our cabin. It seemed like heaven to get to Erie creek; but even at Erie creek we live in a way that I am afraid you would n't respect. My uncle has just enough, and we are very plain people indeed. I suppose," continued the young girl meekly, "that I have n't had at all what you'd call an education. Uncle told me what to read, at first, and after that I helped myself. It seemed to come naturally; but don't you see that it was n't an education?"

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Arbuton, with a blush; for he had just then lost the sense of what she said in the music of her voice, as it hesitated over these particulars of her history.

"I mean," explained Kitty, "that I'm afraid I must be very one-sided. I'm dreadfully ignorant of a great many things. I have n't any accomplishments, only the little bit of singing and playing that you've heard; I could n't tell a good picture from a bad one; I've never been to the opera; I don't know anything about society. Now just imagine," cried Kitty, with sublime impartiality, "such a girl as that in Boston!"

Even Mr. Arbuton could not help smiling at this comic earnestness, while she resumed: "At home my cousins and I do all kinds of things that the ladies whom you know have done for them. We do all our own work, for

one thing," she continued, with a sudden treacherous misgiving that what she was saying might be silly and not heroic, but bravely stifling her doubt. "My cousin Virginia is housekeeper, and Rachel does the sewing, and I'm a kind of maid-of-all-work."

Mr. Arbuton listened respectfully, vainly striving for some likeness of Miss Ellison in the figure of the different second-girls who, during life, had taken his card, or shown him into drawing-rooms, or waited on him at table; failing in this, he tried her in the character of daughter of that kind of farmhouse where they take summer boarders and do their own work; but evidently the Ellisons were not of that sort either; and he gave it up and was silent, not knowing what to say, while Kitty, a little piqued by his silence, went on: "We're not ashamed, you understand, of our ways; there's such a thing as being proud of not being proud; and that's what we are, or what I am; for the rest are not mean enough ever to think about it, and once I was n't, either. But that's the kind of life I'm used to; and though I've read of other kinds of life a great deal, I've not been brought up to anything different, don't you understand? And maybe — I don't know — I might n't like or respect your kind of people any more than they did me. My uncle taught us ideas that are quite different from yours; and what if I should n't be able to give them up?"

"There is only one thing I know or see: I love you!" he said, passionately, and drew nearer by a step; but she put out her hand and repelled him with a gesture.

"Sometimes you might be ashamed of me before those you knew to be my inferiors, — really common and coarse-minded people, but regularly educated, and used to money and fashion. I should cower before them, and I never could forgive you."

"I've one answer to all this: I love you!"

Kitty flushed in generous admiration of his magnanimity, and said, with

more of tenderness than she had yet felt towards him, "I'm sorry that I can't answer you now, as you wish, Mr. Arbuton."

"But you will, to-morrow."

She shook her head. "I don't know; O, I don't know! I've been thinking of something. That Mrs. March asked me to visit her in Boston; but we had given up doing so, because of the long delay here. If I asked my cousins, they'd still go home that way. It's too bad to put you off again; but you must see me in Boston, if only for a day or two, and after you've got back into your old associations there, before I answer you. I'm in great trouble. You must wait, or I must say no."

"I'll wait," said Mr. Arbuton.

"O, thank you," sighed Kitty, grateful for this patience, and not for the chance of still winning him; "you are very forbearing, I'm sure."

She again put forth her hand, but not now to repel him. He clasped it and kept it in his, then impulsively pressed it against his lips.

Colonel and Mrs. Ellison had been watching the whole pantomime, forgotten.

"Well," said the colonel, "I suppose that's the end of the play, is n't it? I don't like it, Fanny; I don't like it."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Ellison.

They were both puzzled when Kitty and Mr. Arbuton came towards them with anxious faces. Kitty was painfully revolving in her mind what she had just said, and thinking she had said not so much as she meant and yet so much more, and tormenting herself with the fear that she had been at once too bold and too meek in her demand for longer delay. Did it not give him further claim upon her? Must it not have seemed a very audacious thing? What right had she to make it, and how could she now finally say no? Then the matter of her explanation to him: was it at all what she meant to say? Must it not give him an idea of intellectual and spiritual poverty in her life which she knew had not been in it? Would he not believe, in spite of her

boasts, that she was humiliated before him by a feeling of essential inferiority? O, *had* she boasted? What she meant to do was just to make him understand clearly what she was; but, had she? Could he be made to understand this with what seemed his narrow conception of things outside of his own experience? Was it worth while to try? Did she care enough for him to make the effort desirable? Had she made it for his sake, or in the interest of truth, merely, or in self-defence?

These and a thousand other like questions beset her all the way home to Quebec, amid the frequent pauses of the talk, and underneath whatever she was saying. Half the time she answered yes or no to them, and not to what Dick, or Fanny, or Mr. Arbuton had asked her; she was distraught with their recurrence, as they teased about her like angry bees, and one now and then settled, and stung and stung. Through the whole night, too, they pursued her in dreams with pitiless iteration and fantastic change; and at dawn she was awakened by voices calling up to her from the Ursulines' Garden, — the slim, pale nun crying out, in a lamentable accent, that all men were false and there was no shelter save the convent or the grave, and the comfortable sister bemoaning herself that on meagre days Madame de la Peltrie ate nothing but chokecherries from Château-Bigot.

Kitty rose and dressed herself, and sat at the window, and watched the morning come into the garden below: first, a tremulous flush of the heavens; then a rosy light on the silvery roofs and gables; then little golden aisles among the lilacs and hollyhocks. The tiny flower-beds just under her window were left, with their snapdragons and larkspurs, in dew and shadow; the small dog stood on the threshold, and barked uneasily when the bell rang in the Ursulines' Chapel, where the nuns were at matins.

It was Sunday, and a soft tranquillity blest the cool air in which the young girl bathed her troubled spirit. A faint

anticipative homesickness mingled now with her nightlong anxiety, — a pity for herself that on the morrow she must leave these pretty sights, which had become so dear to her that she could not but feel herself native among them. She must go back to Eriecreek, which was not a walled city, and had not a stone building, much less a cathedral or convent, within its borders; and though she dearly loved those under her uncle's roof there, yet she had to own that, beyond that shelter, there was little in Eriecreek to touch the heart or take the fancy; that the village was ugly, and the village people mortally dull, narrow, and uncongenial. Why was not her lot cast somewhere else? Why should she not see more of the world that she had found so fair, and which all her aspirations had fitted her to enjoy? Quebec had been to her a rapture of beautiful antiquity; but Europe, but London, Venice, Rome, those infinitely older and more storied cities of which she had lately talked so much with Mr. Arbuton, — why should she not see them?

Here, for the guilty space of a heat-lightning flash, Kitty wickedly enter-

tained the thought of marrying Mr. Arbuton for the sake of a bridal trip to Europe, and bade love and the fitness of things and the incompatibility of Boston and Eriecreek traditions take care of themselves. But then she blushed for her meanness, and tried to atone for it as she could by meditating the praise of Mr. Arbuton. She felt remorse for having, as he had proved yesterday, undervalued and misunderstood him; and she was willing now to think him even more magnanimous than his generous words and conduct showed him. It would be a base return for his patience to accept him from a worldly ambition; a man of his noble spirit merited all that love could give. But she respected him; at last she respected him fully and entirely, and she could tell him that at any rate.

The words in which he had yesterday protested his love for her repeated themselves constantly in her reverie. If he should speak them again after he had seen her in Boston, in the light by which she was anxious to be tested, — she did not know what she should say.

W. D. Howells.

A PRAYER IN WEAKNESS.

O FATHER, infinite and near,
My will subdue, my heart control!
With weary, helpless, burdened soul
I cry to thee, and thou wilt hear!

The restless longings of the Past,
The frantic clasp of hands that strained
To clutch a gift thou kept'st, unstained,
For meeker thanks, at last! at last! —

The bitter word, the idle hand,
The blind revolt against thy will, —
Forgive them, Father, ah! if still
My prayer war not with thy command.

O, make them memories dark and dim,
Whose warning visions only meet
My eyes when earth-love seems too sweet,
Or songs of triumph drown my hymn!

M. B. C.

A CRUISE THROUGH THE GALAPAGOS.

ON a lovely day in June, 1872, we were approaching Charles Island in the Galapagos group. A marvellous school of porpoises, to be counted by hundreds, or perhaps by thousands, formed our escort. It was impossible to count them; but the surface of the water, for half a mile around, was broken into foam by their antics. Crowding about the bows of the ship, springing and jumping yards at a time, tumbling over one another, turning somersaults, they seemed to be having a great jubilee. One must be very familiar with the ocean to recognize the fact that there is as gay, as tumultuous, as enjoyable a life for animals in the sea as on land. I once passed many weeks in the Gulf of Mexico; and there, as we floated for hours in our row-boat over the coral reefs lying fathoms below us, and with the help of our water-glass watched the floor of that transparent sea as we might have studied a vast and ever-changing aquarium, I first became aware that a life full of physical enjoyment and the mere delight of living was provided for the tenants of the sea as well as for those of the forest. Among the purple and green flexible coral fans, as they stirred gently with the movement of the water, were swimming bright-colored fishes, sometimes singly, sometimes following each other in zigzags, as if they played a game of hide-and-seek between the branches, sometimes in large schools advancing all together, as if with a special purpose, toward a given point. Occasionally a barracuda or a huge garupa would loom up in the neighborhood of such a crowd of small fry, and instantly they would disperse and be gone among the thousand nooks and crevices of coral growth. There they would be hidden until their enemy had disappeared, when they would come out again and resume their play. The fishes made, however, but a small, though the more

active, part of this submarine population. Lovely sea-anemones, crimson or pale green, opened themselves to the waves, or perhaps to the light; for do not the creatures who live in those limpid waters enjoy the broken, softened sunbeams as they come shimmering down to them? Star-fishes without number, and brilliant ophiurans, all arms and no disk, crimson, purple, and yellow, crawled over the huge masses of coral. These made up the living, glowing picture as you looked down into the water; but the dredge brought up to us many beautiful things which a cursory glance from the surface failed to reveal,—single corals so like flowers you would say a convolvulus-cup had crystallized under the sea, and exquisite shells, *Hyalinas* delicate as blown glass, glossy *Marginellas*, and hundreds of others equally pretty. Even shells, which we are wont to consider very inanimate, are quite active and busy in their native element. I have seen a little *Oliva* from the Rio Plata fold back the edges of the foot upon which mollusks drag themselves along, and, flapping them with a quick, wing-like motion, dart through the water with the rapidity of flight.

Still more novel and unexpected to me than all this vivid life among the smaller marine animals was the playfulness and activity of the huge monsters of the deep, such as whales, or their less conspicuous fellow-citizens, porpoises, seals, and the like. Seeing these animals in numbers, as one meets them in the Pacific Ocean or about Cape Horn, you cannot resist the impression that they have an excellent time in their way; that they romp and frolic and enjoy life and each other immensely.

But to return to the Galapagos. The outline of Charles Island is picturesque, rising into several abrupt heights, the loftiest of which seemed, from the deck

of our vessel, to be a broken crater. A low, shrubby growth, mingled with cactus, covers it. It seemed strange that these islands, lying in the line of the moist trade winds, should be so destitute of verdure. We cast anchor in Post-Office Bay, so named because there was formerly a settlement upon the island, and a mail-box stood on this lonely shore. Passing vessels dropped their letters into it, and they were collected with those of the settlement, and forwarded from time to time. The box seems to have disappeared with the colony; at least we saw no traces of either.

We went on shore later in the day; some to drag the seine, others to geologize, others to shoot, others to botanize or collect in various ways. On landing it was my purpose to reach a small but very symmetrical crater which seemed not more than a mile from the shore; but I found the brambles so thick, and the cactus so thorny, that I was soon discouraged, and, changing my plan, I wandered along the shore for an hour or two. The whole island, as far as I could see, looked like a burned-out furnace. Huge masses of slag, like the slag of an iron-foundry, were scattered everywhere. The beach ridges were built of the same substance broken into fragments; and the soil was but a finer, more pulverized material of a like character. Arid and scorched as the ground looked, a few mangrove-trees had found foothold along the shore, and, throwing down, their long, stilt-like roots, had bordered the beach with a scanty rim of verdure and shade. Under such a shelter I sat on a gnarled mangrove root, and wiled away the time in watching the armies of brilliant red crabs swarming on the rocks and sand, until our collectors assembled at the boats again. We returned to the ship laden with as many specimens as could well be taken off in one day. After dinner we visited a rookery of sea-lions, whose hoarse cries had attracted us from time to time during the day. We could see them lying on a small beach some quarter of a mile from the ship; but as we approached them we found their

numbers much greater than we had supposed. They were seen distinctly on the white sand; but as we neared the shore, the reefs of rock running out from either end of the beach grew alive with them. A hundred glossy, uncouth shapes lifted themselves from the black rocks of which they had seemed a part, and gazed at us, uttering their strange, gruff, hoarse cries. Then they scuttled down into the water, till its surface all around the boat darkened with their heads. As we reached our boat, those that were lying on the sand took fright also, first stretching themselves to look, and then hurrying down to the surf with the awkward, limping movement characteristic of amphibious creatures. On landing, however, we were surprised to find many of them still on shore hidden among the mangrove-bushes, at quite a distance from the water. The shot from Captain Johnson's gun, which killed one of their number at least, frightened them all away. Our half-dozen men had much difficulty in dragging the huge, unwieldy creature down to the water's edge and getting him into the boat. At last, however, we secured our bulky prize; and as we rowed away with him through the surf, crowds of mourners followed us, coming so near as almost to touch the boat, crying and howling, whether in anger, fear, or lamentation we could not tell. At all events, it was a strange funeral procession, to which the twilight fading into night upon the sea, the black rocks fringed with surf, the white sand beach with its dark background of mangroves added a wild picturesqueness.

Returning to the vessel after dark, we found an unexpected guest on board. He was, by his own account, a native of Ecuador, had been in the opposition, and, after seeing a number of his friends and family executed, and being imprisoned himself, he had, at last, made his escape. A friend, who had rented one or more of these islands, offered him a refuge here, on condition that he should plant a part of the island, look after the cattle, etc. At first, he had sixty or

seventy "peons" under him ; but, after a time, his friend had withdrawn the greater part of the men to work on another island, promising to return after two months. Many months had now passed away, and he had had no tidings of them ; and knowing that a mutinous disposition existed on the vessel, he feared evil had befallen his friend. He and his half-dozen companions had exhausted all their provisions, except such as the island afforded, — fish, wild cattle, and wild pigs. They had neither coffee nor bread nor sugar nor salt nor tobacco left ; their shoes were worn out, and their clothes were not in much better condition. Seeing the smoke of our vessel, some of them had come down with their leader from their huts, some four miles away, had succeeded in attracting attention by their signals from the beach, and a boat had been sent for them. They passed the night on board, and the next day returned to their settlement with such supplies in food and clothing as we could give them. Whether the story was true or not, whether the man and his companions were exiles for social or political offences, the situation was dreary and desolate enough to excite compassion and charity.

We remained but two days at Charles Island, and started for our next station, Albemarle Island, on the 12th of June, accompanied on our departure by a crowd of blackfish. They followed our vessel a long distance, playing so close about us that we could look into their great, blunt snouts as they threw themselves out of the water, and watch every movement as they swam alongside. All the afternoon we coasted along the western side of Albemarle Island, trying to make a landing. It was a strange scene, — a barren mountain rising from the sea, the base and slope of which were covered with extinct craters. In a small tract upon the shore, certainly not more than a square mile in extent, I counted forty-eight little craters, some perfectly symmetrical, others irregular, and blasted out on one side. Involuntarily there

rose to one's mind the picture of a vast underground foundry ; these craters seemed the chimneys of some huge smelting-furnace in the bowels of the earth, worked by a subterranean Vulcan and his men. At sunset a long, narrow shred of cloud stretched ribbon-like across the whole mountain-side. It was deeply tinged by the setting sun, and shed a red glow beneath it, contrasting strangely with the black streams and sheets of lava which threw themselves down the mountain-side as if they had cooled but yesterday.

Our chart directed us to Iguana Cove ; but the so-called cove proved to be a rocky, open shore, against which a heavy surf was breaking. As we could see no chance for landing, we slowed down, and crept along till toward daylight, when we made for Tagus Sound and anchored in a deep, quiet bay, which cannot always have been peaceful as it now is, since it was blasted out by volcanic eruptions. The steep sides, which plunge down into the water and hardly give foothold anywhere, are the walls of an old crater ; and the whole ground, consisting of abrupt hills and ravines, seems built of contorted lava sheets. The first day, owing to the heavy surf and difficult landing, I did not go on shore, but contented myself with seeing the great variety of new and beautiful fish caught on board, with watching the large, lizard-like iguanas swimming past, and with feeding the pretty gulls, with soft brown and gray plumage and red bills, which came round the vessel. The next day, the sea having gone down, I joined the shore party. We landed at the foot of a ravine which you would say must once have been the bed of a stream in this burned and parched-up region. We followed this ravine for a little distance, and then, climbing its left bank, we found ourselves, after a short walk, on the ledge of a large crater holding a beautiful lake in its depth. The curve of the banks was perfectly regular, but they broke down to a low ridge toward the sea, and thus formed a symmetrical amphitheatre, instead of a cir-

cle, the ridge being only high enough to hold back the waters of a shallow lake, lying green and crystal clear in the bottom of this broken cup. From this point the view was beautiful, over the lake to the pretty harbor of Tagus Sound, where our ship lay at anchor, and far out to the blue sea beyond. This lake crater is but a smaller one lying within another much larger, which rises in a higher and equally symmetrical amphitheatre above the first.

Following the brink of the lake to its upper end, we struck across the head of the ravine by which we had come. Here we entered upon a truly wonderful lava region. We found ourselves upon a kind of ridge, from which we looked down upon an immense circular field or sea of lava, spreading out over an area of many miles until it reaches the sea-shore. We went down upon this field of lava, and found it full of the most singular and interesting details of lava structure. In some instances a lava bubble was blown up, the side blasted out, and you could see down to the floor of a deep, vertical tube or hole running thirty or forty feet into the ground. I remember one in particular, where a stray sunbeam had found its way to the very bottom, and had lighted up the black walls and floor with a strange brilliancy as if illuminated from within. Memory has a singular persistency and power; as I write of it, I see the light quiver and tremble in that dark recess as when I looked down into it out of the glowing noon.

Frequently we met with large, heavy splashes of lava, evidently thrown up, liquid and burning, into the air, and then falling and spreading by their own weight and plasticity, like cakes of dough. Rounded domes were common, sometimes broken, sometimes whole; but most curious of all were the caves. Wherever the interior of a large mass of lava, once cooled, had become heated again and flowed out, leaving the outside crust standing, this outside crust formed a hollow tunnel or arch. They varied, of course, greatly in size, according to that of the mass of

lava; some being large enough to hold a number of persons standing upright, others barely large enough for one to creep through on hands and knees.

While I stood in the midst of this field of strange, charred ruins, looking about me in blank wonder, I missed my companion, but suddenly heard him calling to me in a stifled voice that seemed to come from below. I looked around vainly, and it was only after a little search that I discovered him standing at the black opening of one of these underground tunnels. Heated and dusty with his walk, a large club in his hand, he seemed the very subterranean Vulcan my fancy had predicted. Climbing over the huge *débris* of the ancient fire-time, I followed his invitation and entered the mouth of the cave, expecting to find, at the least, a one-eyed Cyclops at his forge hewing out a thunderbolt for imperial Jove. But I found only the lunch-basket, more prosaic, but also more acceptable at the moment; while some of the party, resting on the seats formed by the old levels of melted lava along the sides of the cave, were refreshing themselves with claret and water. This cave, or rather open gallery — for it had an entrance at either end — was some thirty or forty feet long, at least ten feet high in the centre, and perhaps six or eight feet wide. The roof was fretted with curious fine incrustations, like delicate coral.

Part of our day's adventures and amusements consisted in a hunt for the red and orange colored terrestrial iguanas which haunt this island in numbers. The ground is burrowed in every direction with their holes. They look like huge lizards, are about two feet long, with large, clumsy bodies; and though they move rapidly enough, they never lose a kind of awkward grotesqueness of appearance. As I was returning through the ravine in advance of my companions, I saw an iguana running very actively around the foot of a tree. I had heard one of our party say that these animals were easily attracted by music, and could be quieted

and caught in that way. Remembering the charm, I began to sing. Suddenly he stood quite still; and, delighted with my own success and with the susceptibility of the uncouth creature, I drew gently nearer, always singing, and beckoning meanwhile — though not without a certain self-reproach for taking such unfair advantage of his love of music — to one of our sportsmen behind to come up cautiously and give the fatal blow. He approached silently and quickly, but suddenly exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Agassiz, he's tied!"

The emotional side of his character was at once explained; his seemingly breathless appreciation of my music was wholly due to the fact that he had twisted his rope round the tree till he could not move another step; and I think a more mortified *prima donna* was never hissed off the stage. Some of our sailors had caught him on coming up, and had tied him there to await our return. The rope having slipped down to the root of the tree, I had not seen it. Notwithstanding my failure, other means were found more efficient, and we succeeded in capturing a number, both alive and dead. We left Albemarle Island with the greatest regret. Indeed, our visits to all these islands were the merest *reconnaissances*, giving time for nothing more than a superficial survey of their geology and zoölogy. Our collections, were, indeed, large and various, because our small corps of naturalists was multiplied by the whole working force of the ship, officers and men joining in the search with a hearty good-will which trebled and quadrupled the strength of the scientific party; but they would have been far more interesting had we been less hurried. Leaving Albemarle on the 14th of June, we passed the 15th at James Island, the aspect of which was greener and more inviting than that of either Charles or Albemarle, probably because the fires of this island were earlier extinguished, and it has had time to put on a garment of vegetation. And yet, even here, one vast lava stream started from the higher

ground, and, though comparatively narrow in its upper course, widened into a broad area below until it reached the sea. These volcanic regions take strong hold of the imagination. So perfectly do they tell the story of past eruptions, that, to the fancy, the blackened field is once more a heaving, palpitating sheet of fire, the hardened stream turns to a flowing river of molten lava, the dead slags are aglow, and the burned-out furnaces are alive again, throwing up flame and smoke as of old. You can track the course of the whole as if it had happened yesterday.

After the steep, rocky walls of Tagus Sound, which hardly afforded a ledge wide enough for a safe and steady spring on shore, the broad sand beach of James Island, presenting a safe and easy landing, was a pleasant change. As I sat under a belt of trees on the beach ridge, a superb flock of flamingoes swept past me, their pink necks stretched, their red wings, tipped with black, glittering in the sunshine. Part of them alighted, some on the water, some on land, and I had the greatest pleasure in watching them. Swimming they are prettiest. They look then like pink swans. Their attitude in the water is full of ease and grace, and they arch their long necks proudly as if they liked to turn the soft, rose-colored plumage in the light. On land they are very attractive also. As I sat hidden by the trees, two of them promenaded near me, walking along the edge of the surf. They stepped high, with a certain dainty caution, an aristocratic deliberateness of movement, which seemed to imply that haste was vulgar. The curve of the neck was no less graceful in walking than in swimming; but in flight, though their color is wonderfully brilliant and shows to great advantage, their position, with the legs and neck stretched out, is awkward. Shall I confess that, beautiful as they were, and seemingly unfit for coarser uses, we dined on roasted flamingo that evening? Very tender and delicate it was, and of a delicious flavor. In the

somewhat monotonous state of our reduced larder, the temptation was irresistible. James Island, however, abounded in game, — ducks, snipes, and other small birds, — so that for a day or two our table was not without its luxuries.

On the 17th we arrived at Jarvis Island, where we passed the afternoon on a beach which was covered with large seals. As we approached they looked curiously at us, and then waddled into the water, remaining, however, in the surf, sometimes coming up on the sand, sometimes rolling over and over in the waves, playing with one another, rubbing their heads together, and indulging in endless gambols and fun. These creatures were quite tame, for we found a little family of them on land who were not in the least disturbed by our presence. A mother had made a kind of nursery for herself and her two little cubs in a green arbor formed by the low-growing branches of a tree a few yards from the beach. Though they looked at us with inquiring wonder, they were perfectly unconcerned at our approach; allowed us to sit down close by them, and pat them, and they would even smell of the bread and crackers with which we tried to tempt them to feed from our hands. It was amusing to watch them in their home; the little ones cuddling up to the mother, quarrelling for the nearest, warmest place with that selfish instinct of dependence and affection which startles us in animals as something strangely human. The "happy family," so often represented in menageries, was to be seen here in nature. Small lizards crawled over the mother seal and ate flies from her back, and little birds hopped close over her head and between her and her little ones, without the slightest fear.

At the farther end of this beach was

a very lofty, picturesque cliff of dark-red rock and soil. Half crumbling, it was full of rifts and broken ledges, which made superb shadows on the rich background of color. I passed a pleasant hour sitting alone under its shade in the soft summer afternoon, and watching the seals at their play in the surf. This was my last experience in the Galapagos Islands. We stopped the next day for a few hours under shelter of Indefatigable Island to mend our engine, but I did not go on shore.

These islands are exceedingly interesting to the naturalist, from their recent volcanic origin, and from the fact that they have a singular and characteristic fauna and flora. Darwin gave the first specific and detailed account of their zoölogy, more than thirty years ago. He first named the large marine and terrestrial lizards which haunt the shores and the interior of some of them. Here some of the best work of his youth was done; and now, at the close of his life, these very islands connect themselves, by an odd coincidence, with his theory of the origin of species. These volcanic islands, of so late a formation that their lava fields still lie black and bare, suggesting the idea that the old fires may break out again at any moment, are inhabited by a fauna specifically distinct from that of the mainland. Whence does this fauna come, so peculiar and so circumscribed? Either it originated where it is found, or else those changes, by whose subtle, imperceptible alchemy it is argued that all differences of species have been brought about, are much more rapid in their action than has been supposed. If the latter be true, then the transition types should not elude the patient student or the alert and watchful spirit of the age.

E. C. Agassiz.

EMANUEL VON FELLEBERG AND HIS SELF-GOVERNING COLLEGE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

GROWING up and educated, to the age of sixteen, in the country, and in the quiet and genial atmosphere of a domestic circle, I was isolated from a thousand temptations that are wont to assail boys in schools and cities. It was a civilizing circumstance, too, that our family consisted chiefly of cultivated women.

But the situation had its serious drawbacks also. It lacked bracing, case-hardening influences. While it nourished self-esteem, it failed to give self-assertion. I was in danger of reaching manhood devoid of that sterling quality, specially prized in England, — *pluck*; and this the rather because of the excessive sensibility which that grave fit of sickness had left behind. I was then little fitted to hold my place in the world as it is.

What effect a sudden transition to the buffetings of some such public school as Eton or Harrow, with its fag-tyranny and its *hazing*, and its squabbles settled by the fist, might have had, I cannot tell. At all events, I think it fortunate that I was spared the trial; and for this I am chiefly indebted to an excellent man, Charles Pictet (de Richement) of Geneva.

An enlightened agriculturist and firm friend of education; an intimate associate of Cuvier, La Place, and other distinguished scientists; one of the editors of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*; a diplomatist, too, trusted by his countrymen, — Pictet had been sent by the Swiss Republic as Envoy Extraordinary to the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and to that of Paris in 1815. In 1817 he visited New Lanark; and he and my father contracted a warm and lasting friendship. They agreed to travel together to London, Paris, and Geneva; and afterwards to visit in Switzerland a certain institution, the most remark-

able of its kind then in the world, of which Pictet had been the historian* from the inception of the enterprise in the first years of the present century. It embraced the various establishments of M. de Fellenberg on his estate of Hofwyl, two leagues from Berne, consisting of a primary school, a college, an industrial school, and workshops for improved agricultural instruments.

That journey had an important influence on all my after life; for my father was so much pleased with all he saw, that, on his return, he engaged a private tutor to teach my brother William and myself German, and sent us to Hofwyl in the autumn of next year, my brother being upwards of fifteen, and I upwards of sixteen years old.

We entered the college, then having rather more than a hundred students, natives of every part of Europe, and from fifteen to twenty-three years of age. But, as it was early in August and during vacation that we reached the place, we found only three or four of its inmates there.

We were placed in charge of one of these, a Prussian two or three years

* Chiefly in the pages of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, or as it was afterwards called, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. His first letter on the subject is dated December 20, 1807. In 1808 the French ambassador to Switzerland had a public correspondence with Pictet on the subject. Count de Capod'Istria, who was the Russian Envoy to the Congresses of Vienna and Paris, made to the Emperor Alexander, in 1814, an extended report on Hofwyl, which, being widely circulated in book form, brought M. de Fellenberg's ideas into notice all over Europe. There were also published, about the same time, a Report made to the Swiss government by a special commission appointed to that effect; another by M. Hoffman, special envoy of the Princess of Swartzenberg Rudolstadt; observations thereon by M. Thaer, Councillor of State of the King of Prussia; a report by M. Schefold, Commissioner of the King of Württemberg; and various others. Sundry articles by Fellenberg himself, in German, were translated into French by Pictet, and attracted much attention.

older than I, named Carl Bressler. I shall never forget the considerate forbearance with which this good young fellow treated two raw Scotch lads, childish for their age, and the pains he took to correct in us any habits that might have exposed us to ridicule. One example comes to me.

Walking with him some miles into the country, a large and fierce dog from a neighboring farmhouse suddenly rushed open-mouthed at us. William and I shrank back, and might have run away. But Bressler, stopping us with a word, struck the animal so sharply with a stout cane that he fled, yelling. Then he turned to us.

"Look here," said he, "this will never do. Remember! If you ever show the white feather, you're done for, with us. I give you fair warning."

All we could plead was that we had no canes.

"Yes, that was my fault. You shall have a good *Ziegenhainer* apiece, just as soon as we get back. But, anyhow, you ought to have stood your ground, and kicked the brute, if you could not do better."

I thanked him, adding, "You'll see that this is the last time anybody will have to find fault on that score." (And I kept my word.)

"All right!" Then, after looking me fixedly in the eye: "I think you'll do. I'm glad I had a chance to warn you before the other fellows came. Raw young ones always need drilling."

Before the remaining six weeks of vacation had expired and the college began to fill again, we had already, in a measure, settled down into the ways of the place, and understood pretty much all that was said to us, a few slang phrases excepted.* Then began for me a marvellous life.

Marvellous, because the world and its institutions are *as* they are; because of the much that we might be, compared to the little that we are.

* One especially puzzled me. It was some time before I discovered that "Es ist mir Wurst" had no reference whatever to German sausage, but meant, "What do I care?"

But, in those days, it did not strike me that there was anything marvellous about it. Just from the shelter of a refined and peaceful home, with the sunny hopes and high ideal and scanty experience of youth, I accepted, as but natural and in the due course of things, much that comes before me now, by the light of a life's teachings and by comparison with the realities of after years, more like a dream of fancy, seen under the glamour of optimism, than anything sober, actual, really to be met with in this prosaic world. I say this heedfully, after making what I deem full allowance for the roseate hue that is wont to linger over one's early recollections.

I was speedily inducted into some of the wonders, social and political, of the little republic of which I had become a member.

We of the United States assert that, in our country, the rights of the person are more liberally acknowledged and more strictly assured than in any other great nation. We have beautiful theories of government. We boast of our universal suffrage. We live under a Constitution framed by wise ancestors. We are governed by laws enacted by the consent of the governed.

Yet if a governmental system is to be prized either according to the spirit in which it is administered, or by the practical results obtained through its agency, the democratic *Verein* (Union) of Hofwyl was, in a very small way, more of a success than the American Union with its forty millions.*

I found the students living under a *Verfassung* (constitution) which had been drafted by a select committee of their number, five or six years before, adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the whole body, and approved by Mr. Fellenberg's signature. This constitution and the by-laws supplemental to it (drawn up by the same committee) were subject to amendment, Fellenberg retaining a veto; but during the three years I remained at college, scarcely any amendments were made.

This embraced the entire police of

the institution. Neither the founder and president nor the faculty issued any rules or regulations. Our professors had no authority whatever except within their class-rooms. Our laws, whether defining official duties, or relating to household affairs, hours of retiring, and the like, or for the maintenance of morality, good order, cleanliness, and health, were stringent, but they were all strictly self-imposed. A breach of the laws was an offence against the Verein; and as to all such we ourselves had sole jurisdiction. I cannot doubt that Fellenberg kept unobtrusive watch over our doings; but while I remained at Hofwyl he never openly interfered with our legislation or our domestic proceedings, by veto or otherwise.

And while punishment by the college authorities held no place, as restraining motive, among us, neither was any outside stimulus of reward, or even of class rank, admitted. Emulation was limited among us to that which naturally arises among young men prosecuting the same studies. It was never artificially excited. There were no prizes or college honors, no "double-firsts" to be won; there was no acknowledged position, marked by numbers, giving precedence and conferring name and fame; there was not even the excitement of public examinations; we had no Commencement exercises that might have assembled the magnates of Switzerland to criticise or to applaud.

A dangerous experiment it would usually be pronounced; the more dangerous because of the heterogeneous materials that had come together at Hofwyl from half the nations of the world,—Swiss, Germans, Russians, Prussians, French, Dutch, Italians, Greeks, English, and I know not of what other nationalities,—some having been nursed and petted in luxury, others sent thither, probably, because their parents could not manage them at home. The difficulties were the greater on account of the comparatively late age at which students were received,

many of them just from schools where teachers were considered natural enemies, where severity was the rule, and artificial reward the trusted stimulant to exertion. Yet I am witness to the fact that this hazarded experiment was an eminent success. It was a triumph in self-government. The nobler elements of our nature had been appealed to, and the response was prompt and ardent.

I think I may say that I had been nurtured at home in an atmosphere of purity and rectitude, no ignoble motive, as of fear or jealous rivalry, called into play; no bribe offered for behaving well; self-respect encouraged by absence of all mean suspicion. Once, when my father had occasion to leave me in London for a few weeks, William Allen had warned me: "Thee will be exposed to great temptation here, and I am afraid for thee. Our nature is desperately wicked. Thee must resist the Devil; for he is ever tempting youth to its ruin." But all my father had said, in taking leave of me, was, "You've been well trained, Robert; you know what is right, and I'm sure I can trust you till I return." Well do I remember, still, the glow of indignation with which I listened to the one speech, and the blush of glad pride called forth by the other!

But there was no jar to my sensitive nature, even from the first, at Hofwyl. I was trusted there as I had been trusted at Braxfield. Of course I had hardships. I was jostled and bandied about and shaken into place, roughly enough sometimes. But there was no bitterness or ill-will mixed in: that hard novitiate was wholesome, not degrading, and after some months it gradually ceased. There were no coarse incentives, no mean submissions, no selfish jealousies. There was pride, but it grew chiefly out of a sense that we were equal members of an independent, self-governing community, calling no man master or lord: Fellenberg, our president, preferred to be called, and was usually called, *Pflegevater* (foster-father). We were proud that

our republic had no laws but those we ourselves had made. It had its Council of Legislation, its court of judges, its civil and military officers, and its public treasury. It had its annual elections, by ballot, at which each student had a vote; its privileges and honors equally accessible to all; its labors and duties shared by all. In its Council of Legislation laws were repealed or changed; yet our system was stable, few and not radical changes being proposed. And never, I think, were laws framed or modified with a more single eye to the public good, or more strictly obeyed by those who framed them.

Nor was this an unwilling obedience; nothing resembling that eye-service which springs from fear or force. It was given ungrudgingly, cheerfully, honestly. It became a point of honor to conform in spirit as in letter to laws that were our own.

I do not recollect, and perhaps never knew, whether the idea of this self-regulating society originated with Fellenberg or with some of the older students. The memory of several of its founders was as gratefully cherished by us as, in the American Union, is the fame of the Revolutionary fathers. But whether the first conception was theirs or Fellenberg's, the system thence resulting was the chief lever that raised the moral character of our college to the height at which I found it. It gave birth to public spirit and to social and civic virtues. It nurtured a conscious independence that submitted with alacrity to what it knew to be the will of the whole, and felt itself bound to submit to nothing else. It created, in an aristocratic class, young Republicans, and awakened in them that zeal for the public good which we seek too often in vain in older but not wiser communities.

Our system of rule had another wholesome ingredient. The annual election to the offices of the Verein acted indirectly as a powerful stimulus to industry and good conduct. The graduated scale of public judgment

might be read as on a moral thermometer, when the result of these elections was declared. That result informed us who had risen and who had fallen in the estimate of his fellows; for it was felt that public opinion among us, enlightened and incorrupt, operated with strict justice. In that youthful commonwealth, to deserve well of the republic was to win its confidence and obtain testimonial of its approbation. I was not able to detect one sinister motive swaying the votes given,—neither favoritism, nor envy, nor any selfish inducement. There was nothing even that could be called canvassing for candidates. There was quiet, dispassionate discussion of relative merits; but the one question which the elector asked himself or his neighbor was, "Who can best fill such or such an office?" And the answer to that question furnished the motive for decision. I cannot call to mind a single instance, during the years I spent at Hofwyl, in which even a suspicion of partisan cabal or other factious proceeding attached to an election among us. It can scarcely be said that there were aspirants for office. Preference was, indeed, highly valued, as a token of public confidence; but it was not solicited, directly or indirectly: it was accepted rather as imposing duty than conferring privilege. The Lacedæmonian who, when he lost his election as one of the three hundred, went away rejoicing that there were found in Sparta three hundred better men than he, is lauded as a model of ideal virtue. Yet such virtue was matter of common occurrence and little remark at Hofwyl. There were not only one or two, but many among us, who would have sincerely rejoiced to find others, more capable than themselves, preferred to office in their stead.

All this sounds, I dare say, strangely Utopian and extravagant. As I write, it seems to myself so widely at variance with a thirty years' experience of public life, that I should scruple, at this distance of time, to record it, if I had not, forty years ago, carefully noted down my

recollections while they were still fresh and trustworthy. It avails nothing to tell me that such things cannot be, for at Hofwyl *they were*. I describe a state of society which I saw, and part of which I was.

As partial explanation it should be stated that no patronage or salary was attached to office among us.

To our public treasury (*Armenkasse*, we called it) each contributed according to means or inclination, and the proceeds were expended exclusively for the relief of the poor. We had an overseer of the poor, he being the chairman of a committee whose duty it was to visit the indigent peasantry in the neighborhood, ascertain their wants and their character, and afford them relief, especially in winter. This relief was occasionally given in the form of money, more frequently of food, clothing, or furniture. In other cases, we lent them goats, selected, when in milk, from a flock which we kept for that purpose. Our fund was ample, and, I think, judiciously dispensed.

The article in our *Verfassung* relative to moral government provided for the division of the students into six circles (*Kreise*); and for the government of these each circle elected a councillor (*Kreisrath*). These were held to be our most important officers, their jurisdiction extending to the social life and moral deportment of each member of the *Kreis*. This, one might imagine, would degenerate into an inquisitorial or intermeddling surveillance, but in practice it never did. Each *Kreis* was a band of friends, and its chief was the friend most valued and loved among them. It had its weekly meetings; and, during fine summer weather, these were usually held in a grove (*das Wäldchen*) near by. In all my experience I remember no pleasanter gatherings than these. During the last year of my college life, I was myself a *Kreisrath*; and I carried home no memorial more valued than a brief letter of farewell, expressing affection and gratitude signed by all the members of my *Kreis*.

These presiding officers of circles constituted a sort of grand jury, holding occasional meetings, and having the right of presentment, when any offence had come to their knowledge.

Our judiciary consisted of a bench of three judges, whose sessions were held in the principal college-hall with due formality, two sentinels, with drawn swords, guarding the doors. Its decisions were final. The punishments within its power to inflict were a vote of censure, fines, which went to the *Armenkasse*, deprivation of the right of suffrage, declaration of ineligibility to office, and degradation from office. This last punishment was not inflicted while I remained in the college. Trials were rare, and I do not remember one, except for some venial offence. The offender usually pleaded his own cause; but he had the right to procure a friend to act as his advocate. The first public speech I ever made was in German, in defence of a fellow-student.

The dread of public censure, thus declared by sentence after formal trial, was keenly felt, as may be judged from the following example:—

Two German princes, sons of a wealthy nobleman, the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, having been furnished by their father with a larger allowance of pocket-money than they could legitimately spend at Hofwyl, fell upon a somewhat irregular mode of using part of it. Now and then they would get up of nights, after all their comrades had gone to bed, and proceed to the neighboring village of Buchsee, there to spend an hour or two in a tavern, smoking, and drinking lager-beer.

Now, we had no strict college bounds and no prohibition against entering a tavern, though we knew that M. de Fellenberg objected to our contracting the habit of visiting such places. Our practice on Sundays may illustrate this. That day was strictly kept, and devoted to religious exercises until mid-day, when we dined. After dinner it was given up to recreation; and our favorite recreation was, to form into parties of two or three, and sally forth,

stout stick in hand, on excursions of many miles into the beautiful, richly cultivated country that surrounded us, often ascending some eminence which commanded a view of the magnificent Bernese Alps, their summits covered with eternal snow. It sometimes happened that, on such excursions, we were overtaken by a storm; or perhaps, having wandered farther than we intended, we were tired and hungry. In either case we did not scruple to enter some country tavern and procure refreshments there. But whenever we did so, it was a custom — not a prescribed law, but a custom sanctioned by college tradition — to visit, on our return, the professor who overlooked the domestic department of our institution, — a short, stout, middle-aged man, the picture of good-nature, but not deficient in energy when occasion demanded, — it was our uniform custom to call upon this gentleman, Herr Lippe, and inform him that we *had* visited such or such a tavern, and the occasion of our doing so. A benignant smile, and his usual "It is very well, my sons," closed such interviews.

But the use of tobacco — strange, in a German college! — was forbidden by our rules; so also was a departure, after the usual hour of rest, from the college buildings, except for good reason shown. Thus Max and Fritz Taxis (so the youths were called) had become offenders amenable to justice.

The irregularity of which they had been guilty — the only one of the kind which I recollect — became known accidentally to one of the students. There existed among us not even the name of informer; but it was considered a duty to give notice to the proper authorities of any breach of law. Accordingly the fact was communicated by the student to his Kreisrath, who, thereupon, called his colleagues in office together. Having satisfied themselves as to the facts, they presented Max and Fritz for breach of law. The brothers were then officially notified that, on the second day thereafter, their case would be brought up before the

Tribunal of Justice, and they would be heard in defence.

Max, the elder, held some minor office; and the sentence would probably have been a vote of censure, or a fine for both, and a dismissal from office in his (Max's) case. But it would seem that this was more than they could make up their minds to bear. Accordingly, the night before trial, they decamped secretly, hired a *post-kalesche* at Buchsee, and, being well provided with money, returned to their parents.

We afterwards ascertained that our president did not send after them, in pursuit or otherwise, not even writing to their parents, but quietly suffering the fugitives to tell their own story in their own way.

The result was that, in a few weeks, the father came, bringing with him the runaways, and asking, as a favor, that M. de Fellenberg would once more take them on probation, which he very willingly did. They were received by us with kindness, and no allusion was ever made to the cause of their absence. They remained several years, quiet and law-abiding members of our Verein, but neither attained to any office of trust again.

I think this habit of our founder — to let things have their course, whenever interference could be dispensed with — had much to do with the success of his college experiment.

Emanuel von Fellenberg was one of the men of mark who arose during those exciting times when liberty, cheated in France, triumphed in America. He came of a patrician family of Berne, his father having been a member of the Swiss government and a friend of the celebrated Pestalozzi, — a friendship afterwards shared by the son. His mother was granddaughter of the stout Admiral Van Tromp, — the Nelson of Holland, — who was victor in more than thirty naval engagements, and who died in that fatal battle which lost forever to his country the supremacy of the seas. Frau von Fellenberg seems to have inherited her

grandfather's spirit and courage ; and to this noble woman her son owed ideas of freedom and philanthropy beyond the age in which he lived, and foreign to the aristocratic class to which he belonged. "My son," she used to say, "the great have plenty of friends : do thou be the friend of the poor."*

Educated at Colmar and Tübingen, the years succeeding his college-life were spent in travels which brought him, at the age of twenty-three, and just after the death of Robespierre, to Paris, where he had opportunity to study men in the subsiding tumult of a terrible revolution.

The result — partly determined, no doubt, by recollection of the atrocities committed during the Reign of Terror, then fresh in all men's minds — was to make the young Fellenberg a Republican, but not a leveller. Appointed to an important military command, he quelled an insurrection of the peasantry in the Oberland ; but, true to his mother's injunction, he granted these people terms so liberal that his government refused to ratify them. Thereupon he threw up his commission, and served, for a time, on the Board of Education in Berne.

The one great idea of his life appears to have been, not (as Madame Roland and the Girondists thought possible) to fuse, in the crucible of equality, what are called the upper and the lower classes, but to seize the extremes of society, and carefully to educate them both: the one to be intelligent, cultivated workers; the other to be wise and considerate legislators, enlightened and philanthropic leaders of civilization. I believe he imagined that there would be rich and poor to the end of the world; and he restricted his endeavors to making the rich friends of the poor, and the poor worthy of such friendship. To carry out this last he considered agriculture, when intel-

ligently followed as a calling, to be an essential aid.

On his estate of Hofwyl, purchased in 1809, he commenced first a workshop for improved farm implements; ten years later an industrial school, called the Vehrli School, from the excellent young man who conducted it. It had thirty scholars in 1815, and forty or fifty when I first saw it. The children, from seven to fourteen years old, and chiefly destitute orphans or sons of indigent peasants, were employed in farm work eight or nine hours a day, and had two hours' instruction in summer and four hours in winter. This school became self-supporting after a few years. Besides the ordinary branches, the children were taught drawing, geometry, natural history, and music. We did not see much of the *Vehrli-Knaben* (Vehrli boys), as we called them; but there was the kindest feeling between our college and their school; and I never saw a happier-looking set of children than they. I think M. de Fellenberg considered this industrial experiment of more importance, as a reformatory agency, than our college.

There was, in addition, supplementary to the college, at Diemerswyl, a few miles from Hofwyl, a primary school, for boys up to the age of thirteen or fourteen; but there was little intercourse between us and them.

The habits and tone of all these establishments seemed to have been colored by their founder's democratic leanings. The Vehrli boys, though always respectful, had a look of bright, spirited independence about them. Among us students, in spite of what might have been disturbing causes, the strictest equality prevailed.

Though our habits were simple, the college was an expensive one, our annual bills, everything included, running up to some fifteen hundred dollars each; and thus those only, with few exceptions, could obtain admission whose parents had ample means; the exceptions being the sons of a few of Fellenberg's Swiss friends, in moderate cir-

* *Biographie Universelle*, Article *Fellenberg*. At one time Fellenberg planned emigration, with several friends, to the United States, but gave up the idea when offered important public service in his own country.

cumstances, whom, when they showed great promise, he admitted with little or no charge. We had among us many of the nobility of the Continent, —dukes, princes, some of them related to crowned heads, and minor nobles by the dozen; yet between them and others, including the recipients of Fellenberg's bounty, there was nothing, in word or bearing, to mark difference of rank.

No one was ever addressed by his title; and to the tuft-hunters of English universities it will appear scarcely credible that I lived several weeks among my college-mates before I accidentally learned who were the princes and other nobles, and who the objects of Fellenberg's charity, my informant being my friend Bressler.

"Carl," said I one day, "what's become of all the nobility you used to have here? I heard, before I came, that there were quite a number."

"Why," said he, smiling, "they're all here still."

"Indeed! Which are they?"

"See if you can't guess."

I named several who had appeared to me to have the greatest consideration among the other students.

"Out!" said he, laughing; "these are all sons of merchants and commoners. Try your hand again."

I did so, with no better success. Then he named, to my surprise, several young men who had seemed to me to command little influence or respect; among them, two sons of the Duke of Hilburghausen, the two princes of Thurn and Taxis, and three or four Russian princes; at which last item a good-natured young fellow named Stösser, a room-mate of ours, looked up from his desk and laughed, but said nothing. "Then," added Bressler, "there's Alexander; he's another prince, nephew of the King of Würtemberg." I had especially observed that this young man was coldly treated — indeed, avoided rather than sought — by his companions.

A few days later I obtained two additional items. Bressler had said

nothing to me of himself as having a title, nor did I suppose he had any; but I happened to see, on his desk, a letter addressed, "À Monsieur le Comte Charles de Bressler." *Stösser* I found to be a nickname (literally *Zolter*, from a sort of pounding gait he had); and the youth who bore it turned out to be a Russian prince, grandson of a celebrated general, Catherine's Suwarow. Bressler had told me that there *were* two young Suwarows, but left me to find out that our room-mate was one of them. He (*Stösser*) had charge of our flock of goats, above referred to; and he took to the office very kindly.

And, as of rank, so of religion; neither introduced among us any disturbing element. We had Protestants, Catholics, members of the Greek Church, and members of no church at all; but I recollect not a single word, nor other evidence of feeling, indicating any shade of coldness or aversion, which had rise in theological differences. It might have puzzled me, after a three years' residence, to call to mind whether those with whom I was intimate as with my own brother were Protestants or Catholics or neither; and long ere this I have quite forgotten. We never debated controversial points of belief. M. de Fellenberg read to us occasional lectures on religion; but they were liberal in tone, and practical, not doctrinal; embracing those essentials which belong to all Christian sects, and thus suiting Protestants and Catholics alike. The Catholics, it is true, had, from time to time, a priest who came, in a quiet way, to confess them, and, no doubt, to urge strict observance of the weekly fast; yet we of the Protestant persuasion used, I believe, to eat as much fish and as many frogs on Fridays as they.

So, also, as to the various nationalities that made up our corps of students; it caused no dispute, it gave rise to no unkindness. Duels, common in most of the German universities, were here an unheard-of absurdity; quarrels ending in blows were

scarcely known among us. I recall but two, both of which were quickly arrested by the bystanders, who felt their college dishonored by such an exhibition. One of these was commenced by a youth fresh from an English school. The other occurred one evening, in a private room, between a fiery Prussian count and a sturdy Swiss. When the dispute grew warm, we pounced upon the combatants, carried them off, each to his own room, on our shoulders, and there, with a hearty laugh at their folly, set them down to cool. It was so good-humoredly done, that they could not help joining in the merriment.

I have heard much of the manliness supposed to grow out of the English habit of settling school-quarrels by boxing. But I do not think it would have been a safe experiment for one of these pugilistic young gentlemen to insult a Hofwyl student, even though the manhood of this latter had never been tested by pounding another's face with his fist. His anger, when roused, is most to be dreaded who so bears himself as to give no one just cause of offence.

But though little prone to quarrel, our indignation, on occasion, could be readily roused. Witness this example.

It happened that three officers of distinction from the Court of Würtemberg, coming one day to visit M. de Fellenberg, desired to see their sovereign's nephew, the same Prince Alexander of whom I have already spoken as no favorite among us. The interview took place in front of Fellenberg's *Schloss*, where four or five students, of whom I was one; then happened to be not more than eight or ten steps distant. The officers, as they approached the prince, uncovered, and stood, their plumed caps in their hands, while conversing with him. The young man, whose silly airs had chiefly caused his unpopularity among us, did not remove the little student-cap he wore, nor say a word to his visitors about resuming their hats.

This was more than I could stand, and I knew that my companions felt as I did. "Alexander," said I, loud enough to be heard by all concerned, "take off your cap!"

But the cap did not stir. We took a step or two nearer, and another of our party said, "Alexander, if you don't take that cap off yourself, I'll come and take it off for you."

This time the admonition took effect. The cap was slowly removed, and we remained to make sure that it was not resumed until the officers, bowing low, took their leave, — carrying, I dare say, to their royal master no favorable report of the courtly manners of Hofwyl.

Such an institution naturally awoke the jealousy of European legitimacy; and it was probably with feelings more of sorrow than surprise that Fellenberg, about the year 1820, received official notice that no Austrian subject would thereafter be allowed to enter the college, and an order that those then studying there should instantly return home. No greater compliment could have been paid to Fellenberg and our college than this tyrannical edict of the Austrian Emperor, — the same Francis who did not blush to declare that he desired to have loyal subjects, not learned men, in his dominions. "Je ne veux pas des savans dans mes États: je veux des bons sujets," were his words.

I don't think, however, that any of us gave promise of becoming very learned men. I am not sure whether classical proficiency did not suffer, in a measure, from the lack of artificial stimulus. I am not sure whether some sluggards did not, because of this, lag behind. Yet the general advancement in learning was satisfactory; and the student, when he entered the world, bore with him a habit of study needing no excitants, and which insured the continuance of education beyond his college years.

Our course of instruction included the study of the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, the last of which was the language of the college;

history, natural philosophy, chemistry, mechanics; mathematics, a thorough course, embracing the highest branches; drawing, in the senior class from busts and models; music, vocal and instrumental; and finally gymnastics, riding, and fencing. There was a riding-school with a considerable stable of horses attached; and the higher classes were in the habit of riding out once a week with M. de Fellenberg, many of whose practical life-lessons, given as I rode by his side during these pleasant excursions, I well remember yet; for example, a recommendation to use superlatives sparingly, in speech and writing, reserving them for occasions where they were needed and in place.

The number of professors was large compared to that of the taught, being from twenty-five to thirty; and the classes were small, containing from ten to fifteen. Twice or thrice only, during the term of my residence, one of the students, on account of repeated inattention during a recitation, was requested by the professor to leave the room. But this was quite an event, to be talked of for a week. No expulsion occurred while I was there. I do not myself remember to have received, either from M. de Fellenberg or from any of the faculty, a single harsh word during the happy years I spent at Hofwyl.

Latin and Greek, though thoroughly taught, did not engross as much attention as in most colleges. Not more time was given to each than to ancient and modern history, and less than to mathematics. This last, a special object of study, was taught by extempore lectures, of which we took notes in short-hand; and, in after years, when details and demonstrations had faded from memory, I have never found difficulty in working these out afresh, without aid from books.

I look back on one incident connected with our mathematical studies — always my favorite pursuit — with a pleasant impression. My chief college friend was Hippolyte de Saussure, grandson of the eminent Swiss naturalist of that

name, who the first, with a single exception, reached the summit of Mont Blanc. The subject of our lecture was some puzzling problem in differential calculus; and De Saussure propounded to the professor a knotty difficulty in connection with it. The reply was unsatisfactory. My friend still pressed his point, and the professor rejoined, learnedly and ingeniously, but without meeting the case; whereupon the other silently assented, as if satisfied.

"You were *not* satisfied with that explanation," said I to De Saussure, as we walked to our rooms.

"Of course not," was his reply; "but would you have had me, before the class, shame the good man who takes so much pains with us and is usually so clear-headed? We must work it out ourselves to-night."

This trifle gives a glimpse of the relation between professor and student at Hofwyl. There was no antagonism between them. The former was regarded, not as a pedagogue from whom to stand aloof, but as an elder friend with whom it was a privilege to converse familiarly out of college hours. And the professors frequently joined in our sports. Nor did I observe that this at all diminished the respect we entertained for them.

Our recreations consisted of public games, athletic exercises, gymnastics, and — what was prized above all — an annual excursion on foot, lasting about six weeks.

A favorite amusement in the way of athletic exercise was throwing the lance (*Lanzenwerfen*). The weapons used were stout ashen spears, six or seven feet long, heavily pointed with iron; the target a squared log of hard wood, firmly set in the ground, about six feet high, — the upper portion, or head, which it was the chief object to hit, a separate block, attached to the trunk by stout hinges. A dozen or more engaged in it at a time, divided into two sides; and the points gained by each stroke were reckoned according to power and accuracy. We attained great skill in this exercise.

We had a fencing-master, and took lessons twice a week in the use of the rapier, skill in the management of which was then considered, throughout Continental Europe, indispensable in the education of a gentleman. There were many swordsmen in the upper classes who need not have feared any ordinary antagonist. I was exceedingly fond of this exercise; and I suppose our teacher may have thought me his best pupil, for he said to me one day, "Herr Owen, I expect a friend of mine, who is professor of fencing in Zurich, to visit me in a few days. He will expect, of course, to try his hand with some of the class, and I've chosen you to represent us. If you don't hit him first, I'll never forgive you."

"I think that's hard measure," I replied; "he has made fencing the business of his life, and I have n't taken lessons three years yet."

"I don't care. I know his strength. I'd be ashamed not to turn out a pupil who could beat him."

I told him I would do my best. He let me into his visitor's parlour, as he called it, warning me of the feints likely to be employed against me. Yet I think it was by good fortune rather than skill that I made the first hit. Our professor assumed to take it as a matter of accident, yet I could see that he was triumphant.

Much has been said for and against gymnastic exercises. We spent an hour a day, just before dinner, in the gymnasium. And this experience causes me to regard these exercises, judiciously conducted, as essential to a complete system of education. They induce a vigor, an address, a hardihood, a presence of mind in danger, difficult of attainment without them. While they fortify the general health, they strengthen the nerves; and their mental and moral influence is great. I know that, in my case, they tended to equalize the spirits, to invigorate the intellect, and to calm the temper. I left Hofwyl, not only perfectly well, but athletic.

Our annual excursions, undertaken,

in the autumn of that bright and beautiful climate, by those students who, like myself, were too far from home to return thither during the holidays, were looked forward to, weeks beforehand, with brilliant anticipations of pleasure; which, strange to say, were realized. Our favorite professor, Herr Lippe, accompanied us; our number being commonly from thirty to thirty-five.

It was usually about the first of August that, clad in the plain student-uniform of the college, knapsack on shoulder, and long, iron-shod mountain-staff (*Alpenstock*) in hand, we sallied forth, an exultant party, on "the journey," as we called it. Before our departure Herr Lippe, at a public meeting, had chalked out for us the intended route; and when we found, as on two occasions we did, that it was to extend beyond the valleys and mountain-passes of Switzerland to the lakes of Northern Italy, our enthusiasm burst forth in a tumult of applause.

Our day's journey, usually eighteen or twenty miles, sometimes extended to twenty-five or more. We breakfasted early, walked till midday; then sought some shady nook where we could enjoy a lunch of bread and wine, with grapes or goat's-milk cheese, when such luxuries could be had. Then we despatched in advance some of our swiftest pedestrians, as commissariat of the party, to order supper preparatory to our arrival. How joyfully we sat down to that evening meal! How we talked over the events of the day, the magnificent scenes we had witnessed, the little adventures we had met! The small country taverns seldom furnished more than six or eight beds; so that three fourths of our number usually slept in some barn, well supplied with hay or straw. How soundly we slept, and how merry the awaking!

There were among us, as among German students there always are, good musicians, well trained to sing their stirring national airs, together with gems from the best operas or the like,—duets, trios, quartets. After our

frugal noonday meal, or, perhaps, when we had surmounted some mountain-pass, and came suddenly, as we reached the verge of the descent, upon a splendid expanse of valley or champaign, stretching out far beneath us, it was our habit to call a halt for music. The fresh grass, dotted with Alpine roses, furnished seats; our vocalists drew from their knapsacks the slender *cahier* containing melodies arranged, in parts, for the occasion; and we had, under charming circumstances, an impromptu concert. I have heard much better music since, but never any that I enjoyed more.

On one of these expeditions we passed, by Napoleon's wonderful road, the Simplon, into one of the most beautiful regions of Piedmont. How amazing the change! How lovely that first night at Baveno! The sweet Southern air; the moonlight on the placid lake, on the softly-rounded, olive-clad hills, on the trellised vines, so picturesque compared to the formal vineyards of France, in such contrast to the scenes we had left behind,—to the giant mountain-peaks of granite, snow-covered, piercing the clouds; to the vast glacier, bristling with ice-blocks, sliding down, an encroacher on the valley's verdure,—all in such marvellous contrast to that region of rock and ice and mountain-torrent and rugged path and grand, rude majesty of aspect,—it seemed like passing, in a single day, into another and a gentler world.

The morning after our arrival we crossed to the Isola Bella, once a barren island of slate rock, then a gorgeous garden, teeming with the vegetation of the tropics. We explored its vast palace, lingered in its orange groves, where I exchanged the few words of Italian of which I was master with a fair and courteous Signora who crossed our path. In returning from this abode of luxurious and elegant leisure, we touched at the little Isola dei Pescatori, a desolate island dotted with rude hovels, occupied only by poor fishermen and their families, who won, from the waters of the lake,

a precarious and scanty subsistence. They seemed far more destitute and careworn than the Swiss peasant on his mountains. Perhaps the contrast, daily before their eyes, between their own cabins perched on the bare, hot rock, and the stately grandeur of that fairy palace, rising from the cool and fragrant groves that sheltered its base and swept down even to the water's edge, may have had something to do with the hard, hopeless air that darkened these weather-beaten features.

Then we made other charming excursions on the lakes,—Maggiore, Lugano, Como,—rowed by young girls with pensive, oval faces, who sang barcaroles as they rowed. I don't know which we enjoyed most,—the sight of these comely damsels, in their picturesque costume, or the rest to our blistered feet. Those blisters *were* a drawback; but what episode in human life has none? We might have had rest on the road by hiring mules for a day; but none of us had been willing to venture on that. What college lad was ever willing to incur, in the eyes of his mates, the charge of effeminacy? So we had drawn worsted threads through the blisters and walked on, the thoughts of the Italian paradise before us, and of the boating on its sunny lakes, shedding hope and comfort over craggy path and rugged pilgrimage.

One of our excursions on Lago Maggiore brought us to the town of Arona, on an eminence near which stands the gigantic bronze statue of that cardinal and saint, Carlo Borromeo, illustrious for more than piety,—of all his compeers, perhaps, the most worthy; for he not only devoted much of his life to reform the morals of the clergy and to found institutions for the relief of the poor, but also, when the plague raged at Milan nearly three hundred years ago, gave unremitting personal attendance on the sick at risk of his life, and spent his entire estate in ministering to their wants. We ascended this memento of a good man, first by a ladder, then by clambering up within one of the folds of the saint's short mantle;

sat down inside the head, and looked out through the eyebrows on the lake, under whose waters lies buried the wide-brimmed shovel-hat which once covered the shaven crown, but was swept off by a storm-wind one winter night.*

Throughout the term of these charming excursions the strictest order was observed. And herein was evinced the power of that honorable party spirit which imposed on every one of us a certain charge as to the good conduct of the whole,—making each, as it were, alive to the faults and responsible for the shortcomings of our little community. Rude noise, unseemly confusion, the least approach to dissipation at a tavern, or any other violation of propriety on the road, would have been considered an insult to the college. And thus it happened that we established, throughout Switzerland, a character for decorum such as no other institution ever obtained.

Nor did influences thus salutary cease with the term of our college life. So far as I know anything of the after-fortunes of my college-mates, they did honor to their *alma mater*,—if older and more learned foundations will not grudge ours that name. As a body, they were distinguished for probity and excellent conduct, some attaining eminence. Even that Alexander of Würtemberg whom we so lightly esteemed seemed to have profited by the Hofwyl discipline; for I heard him spoken of, at a later period, as one of the most estimable young princes of the court he graced. Fifteen years ago I met at Naples (the first time since I left Hofwyl) our quondam master of the goats, now an officer of the Emperor of Russia's household, and governor of one of the Germano-Russian provinces.

* His death seems to have affected men as did that of Abraham Lincoln. Here is the record: "It was such a lament as had been given to no prince or hero within the memory of man. At the first alarm that their bishop was dying, a cry went up in the streets which reached to every house and convent and chamber. Some ran to the churches to pray. Some waited at the gate of the palace for instant tidings. All Italy was mourner for this good man."

—*Amer. Cyclo.*, Art. *Borromeo*.

We embraced after the hearty German fashion,—a kiss on either cheek,—still addressed each other, as of old, with the familiar *du* and *dich*; sat down, forgetting the present, and were soon deep in college reminiscences, none the less interesting that they were more than thirty years old.

So also of the Vehrli institution. It assumed a normal character, sending forth teachers of industrial schools, who were in great request and highly esteemed all over Europe. I found one of them, when, more than forty years since, I visited Holland, intrusted by the Dutch government with the care of a public school of industry; and his employers spoke in the strongest terms of his character and abilities.

It does not enter into my present purpose to consider whether, in the hundred universities that are springing up throughout our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it is practicable to reproduce, under a system of self-government, the noble spirit that animated the Hofwyl College. But one conviction it may not be out of place here to record. I regard such reform as this to be impracticable, unless, in the persons of those who preside over these learned foundations, we can unite, with the highest cultivation, literary and social, not only eminent administrative talent, but, above all, a devotion such as marked the Alsatian Pastor Oberlin, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, or our own Horace Mann. The soul of Hofwyl was its great president and founder; its palmy days ceased with Fellenberg's life. Under the inefficient management of his son and the son's successors, it gradually dwindled into an ordinary seminary, with little to distinguish it from many other reputable boarding-schools to be found throughout Switzerland.

But, while I live, the golden memories of our college, as it once was, can never fade. With me they have left a blessing,—a belief which existing abuses cannot shake nor worldly scepticisms destroy, an abiding faith in human virtue and in social progress.

Robert Dale Owen.

SPECIE RESUMPTION.

THE proverbial diversity of men's minds has a notable exception in the universal harmony of opinion in favor of the resumption of specie payment. The President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the blunt-spoken Treasurer, Congress, the party and commercial conventions, and the free and enlightened press all join in the chorus. Inasmuch as specie payment is called the key-note of commercial soundness and of public and private faith, this accord is a cheering testimony to the general sentiment of integrity. It is agreed with like harmony that resumption shall take place as soon as the country shall be prepared for it. But it is found that every measure to prepare for resumption meets almost unanimous opposition. In all things else, progress toward a condition of good is good; but although the state of specie payment is unanimously thought good, all progress toward it is unanimously held to be bad, and all the methods proposed to hasten it are with one accord pronounced destructive. The fact is so curious as to excite inquiry.

The reason of this hostility to any measure to promote resumption is the common notion that it can be positively promoted only by a withdrawal of part of the paper-money, or, in other words, a contraction of the currency. Contraction is so fearful a thing that no public man dares to propose it. It is one of the mysteries of the monetary problem, that, whilst the contraction of the currency is by all held to be a curse, the appreciation of the currency is accepted as a blessing. Who shall be so rash as to say their effect is the same? But what is appreciation? Simply the increased purchasing power of money. It takes more of labor and commodities to buy the dollar. Debts contracted in cheap money have to be paid in dear. The rise in the purchasing power of money is meas-

ured by the fall in the values of all other things. This is the only real appreciation of the currency.

What is the effect of contraction of the currency? It is the same. It makes money grow dearer. Its purchasing power rises. It takes more of labor and its products to buy the dollar. Debts have to be paid in dearer money. Appreciation is all that can come of contraction. Yet contraction is thought a calamity, and appreciation a blessing. Therefore the financial genius of the country is turned to the contrivance of resumption without contraction. Many reckon this easy by the old banking theory, that one third in specie in bank is a good basis for circulation. They apply this rule to the volume of greenbacks, and they liberally reckon all the specie they guess at in the country. But what has resumption to do with the greenbacks? For the resumption chorals are not more harmonious than were the declarations that these notes were issued upon military necessity,—an extraordinary recourse in the nature of a "forced loan," justifiable only by that common peril which gave warrant to take even the lives of citizens for the public defence. All agreed that a power so arbitrary and so liable to abuse should be laid down as soon as the country was saved.

But since that salvation the Treasury has received from \$450,000,000 to \$600,000,000 a year in taxes. It has had a surplus of from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 a year. It has taken into the Treasury the whole amount of greenbacks several times over. It needed only to cancel so much of them each year as it could spare from its surplus, as they came in by way of revenue, to withdraw all these notes by payment, without the use of a dollar in coin. It has only to receive and hold them, to do the same now. Their withdrawal would leave the banks no medium of redemp-

tion but coin. This would be specie payment as was promised, when the legal-tender notes were emitted.

But this would be redemption of the greenbacks, not resumption. The curious fact is that the popular want is resumption, not redemption. It looks, not to the payment of the "forced loan," but to keeping it out. And so we find that all the talk by which we kept virtuous principles while emitting legal-tender notes has subsided; we have accepted their issue as the permanent function of a party government, and parties will vie with each other in increasing this blessing to the people. Development is the order of creation.

There are \$356,000,000 of greenbacks in authorized circulation, and \$40,000,000 of fractional notes. Some india-rubber warrant has been found for issuing more greenbacks "to move the crops"; but we will reckon for the time when there are no crops to move. The one-third rule would require \$132,000,000 of coin in the Treasury; but as the greenbacks are the "people's currency," this calculation takes in all the coin in the country, which is generally thought to exceed this sum; and it seems reasonable that, if the Treasury shall thus float the greenbacks and fractionals with resumption, thereby furnishing to the banks a specie currency of \$396,000,000 for their medium of redemption, the whole \$732,000,000 of paper-money can be floated on \$132,000,000 of specie. By resting one thing on another thing, in the manner of Irving's Hindoo Cosmogony, our expanded paper-money structure may, after two or three removes, rest on a very narrow base of coin.

In this great country, whose progress is a continual surprise to itself, the experience of the past is no guide for the future. For example, in the era of intermittent specie-paying banks, the proportion of one third coin — when the banks had it — was the lesser part of the specie in the country. The whole bank circulation seldom, if ever, equalled the specie. When it rose to near that

amount, there was a disturbance, and that periodical turn which was called a crisis; and a suspension and a sharp contraction of the circulation took place before payment could be renewed. The one-third rule for greenback resumption ignores the main premise. It has not yet been proved that a paper currency equal to the whole amount of coin can be floated with specie payment.

It is true, no way had been invented for finding out the quantity of coin in a country until we invented one by putting the specie out of circulation. But when we think of the prejudices of the common people in favor of specie, of their habit of getting it for all their hoards, and of that habit of saving which money of intrinsic value promotes, we have to conclude that a reasonable estimate of what was in the hands of the people, added to what was visible in banks and Treasury, prior to 1860, would be more than \$200,000,000.

The wonderful capacity of our country to carry paper-money without payment has made us forget how limited were its capabilities with payment. But the highest point ever reached by the circulation with specie payment was \$214,000,000 in 1857, which caused a crisis, a suspension, and a sharp contraction. It is commonly thought our favored people never felt the pangs of currency contraction till Secretary McCulloch withdrew \$4,000,000 a month from an aggregate paper currency of over \$700,000,000, counting only greenbacks, fractional notes, and issued national bank circulation. Pathetic descriptions were given by a leader in the House of Representatives of "the groans of the great West, and of her cries, now, as she feels the life's blood drawn from her veins, and her limbs chafed and swollen by the gyves of contraction," — the very mild reduction of the volume of paper-money, at the rate of little over six per cent a year. But our beloved country's veins and limbs have really been used to more heroic treatment.

According to figures published by the Treasury, the bank circulation of

\$ 214,778,822 in 1857, sank to \$ 155,208,344 in 1858, being a contraction of more than \$ 69,500,000 in one year, which was at the rate of near twenty-eight per cent. That was a contraction to speak of. During the same time the volume of bank loans was contracted from \$ 684,456,000 to \$ 533,165,000. That was another severe pinch. But a virgin soil, a great foreign demand for our crude products, and the rapid growth of industry under a moderate taxation gave wonderful recuperative power against the calamity of a vicious paper-money system. Prosperity brought another increase of bank circulation, which had reached \$ 207,000,000 in 1860, when it was settled by suspension. Yet it is not likely that in either of these inflations the volume of paper-money equalled the specie in the country.

In the historic inflation of 1837 the bank circulation had risen from \$ 61,000,000 in 1830, to \$ 103,000,000 in 1835, to \$ 140,000,000 in 1836, and to \$ 149,000,000 in 1837. Then came the crisis, the suspension, and contraction. In 1843 the circulation was but \$ 58,500,000. Let no one think this contraction and appreciation of money was pleasant; for it would need a whole volume to tell its calamities. But all the sins of paper-money are easily forgotten in this blessed land.

It is not likely that the great bank inflation of 1837 exceeded the specie of the country. In 1849 the flow of gold from California began, and the specie must have largely gained on the volume of paper-money, which increased very slowly till 1853.

An approximate estimate of the specie in this country can now be made, because the most of it is visible in the banks and the Treasury, save that which serves the diminishing gold circulation of California. Nowhere else does it circulate, and the hoarding of specie in small savings has ceased. It is questionable if there are \$ 160,000,000 of specie in the whole country, including the amount circulating in California.

The resumption problem, therefore, is to float our paper-money on something under \$ 160,000,000 of coin in the country, of which the California circulation will contribute nothing to the work. If we judge by the past, this would be impossible; but, as was remarked, the past is no criterion for America.

A more distinguished class of financiers have made the resumption problem easy by a stroke of that simplicity which marks true genius. "The preparation for resumption is to resume." A former Secretary of the Treasury, holding the disputed title of Father of the Greenbacks, made this great utterance. It was advocated by another distinguished but unfortunate public man and writer on political economy, who founded it on a principle deep in the wellsprings of human nature,—that principle which makes man indifferent to whatever he can have for nothing. It was reasoned that, as soon as the holders of paper-money found they could have specie for it, they would cease to want it. Thus, without any preparation, resumption could be achieved by simply placarding the Treasury door with the legend, "Specie Payment is Resumed." Yet it was feared the note-holders might suspect that specie would not continue to be had for the asking, and so with one accord would take Time by the forelock. This admirable method, therefore, was condemned by the administration party, and in a conspicuous manner by its late finance minister.

That officer justified himself by presenting a theory quite as simple, and even more agreeable, and founded on substantial principles universally accepted by our people. His theory frankly grants that our currency is too great at present; but it affirms the wonderful growth of the country, and holds that, if the currency be kept at the present amount, the country will in time grow up to it. The premises of this are such as no American can deny. First, this is a great country. Second, a great country needs a great currency. As it grows greater it must have more.

With increase in population, settlement, industry, production, and trade, there must be an increase of money to make the exchanges. It is as plain as that it takes more blood to keep up the circulation of a man than of an infant. If these premises be granted, then, if the currency be in excess now, we have only to let it be till the growth of the country catches up.

This was declared by the Secretary of the Treasury to be the only way of resumption, save the destructive one of contraction. It is generally accepted by our statesmen and by the press. There are still a few who talk of the ancient monetary principles, and insist that there is no way to specie payment but by reducing the volume of paper-money; but, as they deny the self-evident American truth that a great country needs a currency expanded in proportion, they are regarded as men destitute of patriotism, if not bereft of judgment.

The growing-up process may be called the development theory of resumption. But it proposes to stop the currency development while the development of the country goes on. Thus the development theory of resumption is, after all, only inverted contraction.

A more consistent application of the development theory of paper-money was made by one of our leading statesmen, now representing the country in a diplomatic capacity, in a speech in the House of Representatives, July, 1868, from which we extract briefly here and there, to show its expansive American spirit:—

“Our currency, as well as everything else, must keep pace with our growth as a nation. My plan is to increase our circulation until it will be commensurate with the increase of our country in every particular. . . . Expansion is the natural law of currency, and of a healthy growth as a nation. . . . Five times as much postage is paid today as was paid ten years ago; consequently we need five times as much of a circulating medium to transact this little item of business as we previously

needed. . . . Reduce the currency,—the means of the people,—and, in my opinion, you are fast finding the road to universal bankruptcy, from which may be seen leading repudiation. . . . But, says my hard-money friend, the price of gold proves that we have a redundancy of money. No such thing; if it did, we had less when the war closed than now, for gold was lower. . . . The great cause that made gold go up to 280 was the fact that there was a doubt in the minds of some as to our ability to conquer the South; not because we had too much paper, but too little confidence. And the same thing enters into the price of gold to-day, and any return to a gold basis, before it is settled, will be only at the expense of the people. . . . France has a circulation *per capita* of \$30; England, of \$25; and we, with our extent of territory and improvements, certainly require more than either. . . . Then, to determine the amount necessary, we must take into consideration the area of our territory, extending across a continent larger than England, France, and Prussia combined, with a network of railroads unparalleled anywhere. Soon the great iron artery will be spanning our whole country, furnishing the great through route to China. With everything yet in its infancy and unfinished, from the cabin in the far West to our magnificent Capitol above us, farms to be opened, and manufactories building, railroads reaching out here and there with a rapidity unknown anywhere else, no calculation can tell how much we need or can use. You have no past to judge from; for nowhere upon the page of history do you find the counterpart of ours, nor can you institute a comparison with our past.”

An unappreciated Philistine of Massachusetts tried to contend with this Samson of speech, by a letter published in a Treasury document, showing that he had greatly exaggerated the *per capita* circulation of these foreign countries. But this was not heeded; for a free, enlightened, self-gov-

erning American citizen must not be gauged in his circulating medium by the measure of the stolid subjects of the effete despotisms. It was estimated that not more than one third of the circulation of Great Britain and France was in paper. Two thirds was in coin, which they got by earning it. This is the true measure of the money a country needs, as it is of a man's needs, — what it earns. But if either does not earn it, the most common resource is to emit notes as a substitute. According to the evidence of the senses, our circulation is paper. The orator's declaration that no calculation can tell how much currency we need or can use, means that it would be rash to place a limit, since the country is illimitable. But he has stated the elements from which a calculation may be made. If we multiply the population by the square of the continent, and the product of that by the network of railroads, and add the cost of finishing everything unfinished, from the cabin to the Capitol, and the cost of opening up the continent and the China trade, and allow for the increment, we shall have a sufficient basis to show that we may put all the greenback mills grinding night and day, without any risk of catching up with the need.

It has been shown by writers upon money that the reciprocal nature of the trade of civilized countries reduces the use of money to the payment of balances; that modern improvements have much quickened its circulation; that the medium has been made to do increased service through deposits and checks and bills of exchange and clearing-houses and other contrivances; that various kinds of securities serve some of the uses of money; and that, through these inventions, the use of money grows less with increasing trade. They point, as an example, to Great Britain, whose industrial production and trade multiply at a rate which challenges even American admiration, without any increase of paper-money, or of any currency save what is gained honestly by the profits of trade with

other countries. But, as we remarked, and as was better expressed in the speech we have quoted from, no other country is a criterion for ours, and she is no criterion for herself.

Our public financiers do sometimes, in a splendid general way, refer to the process of this development method of resumption, and calculate on an increase in production that shall turn the balance of foreign trade in our favor, and so stop the outflow of specie. But American experience has uniformly shown that, with the expansion of paper-money, exports diminish and imports increase, and thus the balance of trade grows adverse. This is the natural consequence of increasing "the means of the people" by making paper-money. For what is the use of making paper-money, if it is not to raise prices, and thus make "good times"? And to raise prices by making money plenty is to make it dearer to produce at home than to buy of those peoples whose tyrannical governments have refused to thus increase "the means of the people."

By the bank statement of December 27, 1872, the actual bank circulation was \$ 336,289,285, — say \$ 336,000,000. The amount authorized is \$ 356,000,000, and it is all going out; but we catch this sum on the wing for our use. This, with the authorized greenbacks and fractionals, makes \$ 732,000,000 of paper-money. How shall we turn the balance of trade in our favor, while we have \$ 732,000,000 of paper-money? How shall we turn the flow of specie inward, whilst our Treasury policy of depressing gold so as to force an appearance of appreciation of the currency, makes gold the cheapest commodity for export, — except bonds?

A sketch of the current resumption methods would be very imperfect which left out the prevalent belief that, as the territorial area of circulation is increased, its redundancy is diminished by the quantity that pours into the new field. When the South became reconciled to greenbacks, it was thought that so much as she took into her cir-

ulation was taken from the redundancy of the circulation in the before circumscribed area. Likewise the purchase of Alaska enlarged the area of circulation, and so will the annexation of San Domingo and the Sandwich Islands. It is impossible to deny a proposition so plain. Yet if this is true, all the currency poured into the circulation of the South was so much taken from the "life's blood" of the North. Four millions a month was but a drop to this wholesale venesection. And the annexation of San Domingo and the Sandwich Islands, and the rest, will only tighten "the gyves of contraction" on the limbs of our own people. Thus all our pleasant paths of resumption come out at the den of this ogre, contraction. Even our manifest destiny has become a diminution of our life-blood.

But, in the wonderful currency experiences of the last ten years, there have been phenomena which confounded all monetary principles, giving an apparent victory to those who affirm that the American Eagle has soared above all the Old World rules and all the lessons of the past, and exploding the idea that there is any relation between the volume of paper-money and its depreciation. Positive proof is found in the fact that, after Lee's capitulation and the sudden fall of the great Rebellion, the gold premium, which on one day, in July, 1864, had touched 185, fell, with various diminishing rebounds, till it touched 28 in May, 1865, from which it rose to 48 in June, and for the rest of that year ranged about 47 to 48 with much steadiness, and for the next three years ranged in the neighborhood of 40. Affirming that in all this there was no material variation in the amount of paper-money, and that this flight of the gold premium was the measure of depreciation and appreciation of the currency, the friends of the Eagle declare it demonstrated that the volume of currency has nothing to do with its value, but that all depends on faith. And inasmuch as the rise of faith in the coun-

try's stability and solvency has appreciated the currency so greatly, they want to know why faith may not overcome the small remaining margin. At first it was alleged that, when the rise of faith should lift our six-per-cent bonds to par with gold, the currency would appreciate with them. There was no natural relation between irredeemable notes and interest-bearing bonds, but it was thought there was a relation in faith. Upon this assumption the famous bill to lift the public credit was passed. But the bonds have risen to par, while the currency remains about as it was when this bill was passed.

It would be foolish to deny that faith is a potent element in paper-money currency and all other affairs of credit. Even in the time when the currency was payable in specie, and when the whole volume was less than the specie, a decline of faith generally brought a suspension of payment. Faith is a vital property when \$732,000,000 of paper-money is to be raised to par with coin. When Congress, after it had promised that the limit of the issue should be \$150,000,000, went on and authorized \$450,000,000; when the war seemed interminable, and increasing in magnitude, and when the brood of national banks had been authorized to pour \$300,000,000 more into the circulation, there was reason enough for a heavy decline of faith and a consequent depreciation. And, besides these natural causes and effects, the situation made an opportunity for that kind of trade in the money market which buys and sells without ownership or transfer, and creates an appearance of demand or supply, of plenty or scarcity, without any realities. But there was no such variation in the purchasing power of the greenback dollar in things in general as would be indicated by the fluctuations of the Wall Street gold market.

The currency depreciation never reached the point indicated by the gold premium of 185. Likewise, when the great Rebellion suddenly collapsed,

and confidence rebounded, and it was thought that the declarations that the legal-tender notes were strictly a war measure would be at once practically verified, and when the Treasury was aiding the reaction of faith by throwing gold upon the market, — then all this force of the unreal speculation was turned the other way, and all these causes carried the gold premium below proportion or reason. But still it was not the measure of the value of the greenbacks. There was not such appreciation of them as would be measured by the fall of the gold premium from 185 to 29, nor such a following depreciation as would be indicated by the rise of the gold premium to near 50. We must learn the amount of depreciation and appreciation of the currency by other measures, if we would demonstrate by it the soundness or unsoundness of accepted monetary principles. In the face of this great fall of the gold premium, the greenbacks appreciated very slowly in the purchase of general commodities and of labor, and this appreciation has long since ceased. We have learned that when we cut loose paper-money from specie redemption, and give it a forced circulation by making it a legal tender, gold and silver do become in a considerable degree “demonetized” — to use a term invented by a former Secretary of the Treasury — and become commodities of commerce, and in some respects lose their quality of a standard of value. This distraction is greatly increased when the Secretary of the Treasury becomes *Ursa Major* in the gold market, and holds a great reserve threatening it.

Yet, if we look into the conditions, we shall find that the wonderful phenomena of the gold market do not conflict with any monetary rules before accepted as sound. We still find that the purchasing power of the paper dollar in wages and general commodities is about in proportion to the volume of the currency. As to the gold premium, the narrow margin of about one

fifteenth of its highest point is found harder to pass than all the rest. It is also generally believed that but for the standing “bear” posture of the Secretary of the Treasury, the premium would range much higher. Not till that threat is taken off the market can it be affirmed that, even with paper-money in forced circulation and with gold demonetized, gold has quite ceased to be the standard of value of the currency and of other things.

But when, in all this reckoning, we speak of the volume of currency, do we comprehend it? The mind commonly stops at the greenbacks and bank-notes; when contraction is spoken of, the mind runs only to the \$44,000,000 of greenbacks retired under Secretary McCulloch. But both the volume and the contraction of the currency have greatly exceeded these items, as we shall show. Secretary McCulloch’s Report for 1867 states that the public debt reached its highest point August 31, 1865. He gives its various forms, including these: —

Temporary loan certificates	\$ 107,148,913.16
Certificates of indebtedness	85,093,000.00
Five-per-cent legal-tender notes	33,954,230.00
Compound-interest legal-tender notes	217,024,160.00
U. S. notes (greenbacks)	433,160,569.00
Fractional notes	26,344,742.51
	<u>\$ 902,725,614.67</u>
Add national bank-notes returned as in circulation, October, 1865	171,321,903.00
Circulation of State banks as by same report	78,867,575.00
Total notes serving as currency	<u>\$ 1,152,915,092.67</u>

Of this sum \$684,138,959 was in legal-tenders, besides the fractional notes. These items, with the bank circulation, made \$960,693,179.51 of common currency. But the other certificates served the uses of currency for payments by the government, for bank deposits, and for payments in trade, and made the amount of the currency in actual circulation as above stated. At that time the gold premium was 46.

The Secretary’s Report for 1868 showed the following currency items on the 1st of July of that year: —

Temporary loan certificates	\$ 797,029.00
Certificates of indebtedness	18,000.00
Five-per-cent legal-tenders	710,603.64
Compound-interest notes	28,161,810.00
Three-per-cent certificates	50,000,000.00
Fractional notes	3,626,954.75
Greenbacks	356,141,723.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 468,456,120.39
Add national bank-notes returned as in circulation	299,806,565.00
Total currency	\$ 768,262,685.39

This shows a contraction in three years of \$ 384,652,207.28. In this the contraction of greenbacks was but \$ 44,000,000; yet the people look to that as the measure of the contraction we have suffered. An inspection of these items will suggest the idea that the noiseless contraction of these various irregular forms of currency would naturally have gone on, and thus would have greatly reduced the inflating material before its full effect, had not financial unwisdom provided a banking establishment to pour \$ 300,000,000 more into the inflated circulation, and to neutralize the further reduction of these temporary forms of debt currency. It was given out that this bank currency was to take the place of the greenbacks, and in some mysterious way was to bring about specie payment. But it only added to the currency inflation, after the war necessity for emitting irredeemable paper-money had ceased, and it has made the chief part of the difficult problem of specie payment.

The question will arise, How could the country stand so great a contraction, with its inseparable concomitants, appreciation of money and falling prices? In the first place, several things prevented an inflation of general prices commensurate with this volume of currency. It had not been issued long enough to have full effect. It was expected that contraction would follow hard on the end of war. War apprehensions prevented the inflation of confidence. The swift fall of the gold premium, upon Lee's surrender, tended to restrain the inflation of prices; and as soon as the war ended, Secretary McCulloch took the flood tide of

revenue and confidence, and paid off various currency obligations, except the greenbacks, at a most heroic rate. His prompt contraction of these forms of currency stopped the paper-money inflation of prices far within the limit they would otherwise have reached. Had it not been for his gigantic blunder of converting from \$ 700,000,000 to \$ 800,000,000 of seven-thirty currency obligations into gold bonds, he might have been called a great finance minister. And had it not been for the new banks then pouring their notes into circulation, his policy of contraction would have brought the country much nearer to the possibility of specie payment, without any pressure, than it now is after all the "bearing" of gold and the increase of bank paper.

In the second place, there was, after the war, a considerable though unequal fall in prices, with attendant loss of the profits due to industry and trade, increase of debt of every sort, and generally a realization by business men of difficulty in making ends meet. Falling prices which are caused by variations in money are always a calamity, as our country has felt. But the amount of contraction of the currency that has been made must astonish those who picture the body politic with a tourniquet twisted on its veins by the greenback contraction of but \$ 4,000,000 a month.

There are still a few who cling to the belief in monetary principles, as applicable to this surprising country. Some of them have been in the Treasury Department, and have vaticinated before the country in official reports. But our government has shown that it has no more use for them than King Ahab had for the unpleasant Prophet Micah, whilst there were four hundred others whose words pleased him better.

The recent session of Congress abounded in resumption plans founded on the American principle, that a great and expanding country needs a great and expanding emission of paper-money; nearly all of them sought the

measure of the proper issue of paper-money in the "wants of the people"; and nearly all proposed resumption, without any diminution of the luxury of paper-money. The simplest application of the American principle was in the proposition to add \$ 25,000,000 to the bank circulation; to add \$ 50,000,000 to the greenbacks for a revenue, the spigot of which should be turned on by the Secretary of the Treasury at his discretion, in "moving the crops," preventing stringency, or checking speculation, abolishing the limitation of bank circulation, and the requirement of bank reserves. All of the plans failed to be adopted. But they showed a prevalence of financial genius which gives assurance of future safety.

The most complete and surprising resumption measure was presented by Mr. Sherman, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance. Its main features are these: 1. The Treasury at New York shall begin, January 1, 1874, to exchange coin or five-per-cent gold bonds, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury, for greenbacks in sums of \$ 1,000 or any multiple thereof. 2. The Secretary may reissue the greenbacks, either to pay current expenses or to buy or redeem bonds. 3. The limitation of bank circulation shall be abolished July 1. 4. Banks that make a redeeming agency shall be released from the law reserves.

The merits of this plan are ably set forth in Mr. Sherman's speech on presenting it. First, he invokes the national conscience. He starts with the solemn pledge of the faith of the nation to pay, as soon as the public peril was over, the notes which Mr. Sherman has continually characterized as a forced loan. He then gives assurance that these notes shall not be taken away from the people, but shall be reissued, since the people insist on being forced to lend money to the government, and cling to their forced loan with a fondness hitherto unheard of.

The speech declares the impregna-

ble principle, that specie is the only true standard of values, and specie payment the only sound basis of paper-money; but that positive specie payment has an ever-impending danger of panics, because many may want it. The finance chairman says: "All that is needed to complete the system is general specie redemption, but with provision for temporarily suspending specie payments in case of extreme necessity." Specie payment when it is not wanted, with suspension when it is wanted, is the perfect currency system.

Mr. Sherman forcibly describes the evils caused by a depreciated currency; but as the popular taste has become depraved by depreciated money, he promises appreciations and specie payment without any change in its value. For, he says, "there will be no contraction of the currency, no disturbance of real values." Thus the dollar shall appreciate fourteen or fifteen per cent without any change of value. And with specie payment, he says, there will be a flexible currency adjusting itself to the demand; whereas now everything is subject to the shifting value of a fixed currency.

These are but a part of the wonderful virtues ascribed to this plan. It promises to offer coin or bonds for the greenbacks, and to return the greenbacks again, thus giving two for one. It promises the addition of the bank reserve to the circulation. It promises free banking and unlimited paper-money, and proposes to throw the coin into the circulation. It fools the American people to the top of their bent, by offering them the meal of paper-money inflation, wholly concealing the cat of specie payment.

And the finance chairman gives positive assurance of the practicability of his plan by laying down as a fundamental rule, that the notes will not be presented for specie unless they are in excess of the wants of the people. He says, "If, then, these notes are in excess of the wants of the people for a currency, they will be presented for redemption, and ought to be redeemed. If

not, their value will be appreciated to the gold standard, and this in specie payments." Everybody knows that he has no more of these notes than he wants. The people would take a thousand millions more, and still cry, Give! And the principle, that if the paper-money be not in excess of the wants of the people, it will not be presented for redemption, makes the alternative of redemption in bonds, if not all redemption, unnecessary. Surely it makes resumption easy.

The other most notable resumption bill was that of a distinguished financier of the House, Mr. Samuel Hooper. It was more simple. It proposed simple convertibility of the greenbacks at the Treasury at New York, to begin May 1, 1874, after which time greenbacks should be received for customs, and the Secretary might sell six-per-cent bonds to buy coin to keep the mill running, and should re-issue the greenbacks. In this, as in the other case, the greenbacks that flowed into the treasury in exchange for coin were to flow out again, bringing more debt with them, and to repeat the operation *ad infinitum*. The bill also provided for the issue of three-per-cent notes to the banks on call, in exchange for greenbacks, to be held as reserves. This was to induce them not to lend their money to speculators. Having created banks to issue paper-money as a loan to the people, it was now proposed to pay them interest out of the public treasury on their idle money, to prevent their lending it too freely. This method also promised much paper-money inflation with specie payment,—a recognized necessity in plans for resumption; for the popular instinct fears contraction, and is in favor of unlimited paper-money. We should not judge harshly our public financiers, who have to frame their plans for resumption upon this necessity.

The problem of the paper-money expansion is much complicated by the expansion of the American Eagle in our statesmanship and in the palladium of our liberties. He would be a proph-

et without honor in his own country who should say that depreciation of gold by the Treasury operations is no real appreciation of the currency, and, therefore, is no approach to specie payment: he would fare even worse who should say that there is no appreciation of the currency without calamity; that appreciation is an increase in the purchasing power of money in all things which is measured by falling prices in all things; that to cause an apparent appreciation of the currency by depreciating gold, whether it be by making notes legal tender, or by "bearing" the gold market with the Treasury surplus, is only to cheapen gold for export, and thus to drive it from the country, and put specie payment farther off; that the depreciation of gold below the range of 45 to 50 has not been attended with a corresponding appreciation of the currency in its general purchasing power; that the actual depreciation of the currency is now more than double what is marked by the premium on gold; and that all the operations of "bearing" gold below its just ratio to the currency have only sacrificed so much of its value to the Treasury, stimulated its exportation, and reduced the means of resumption.

The American people have had from their infancy a genius for paper-money. It is mortifying to find that the colonial fathers brought it to a more perfect system than we. Regularly, after their frequent Indian wars had made necessary a "forced loan" in notes, they fixed the rate of their redemption according to the depreciation they had experienced. Thus the depreciation was diffused gently as the dew, and at the end the holder got all the value he paid. Thus the good times of expansion were not followed by the terrible pinching of contraction. There was no appreciation, and thus the measure of private contracts was not raised, nor the specie standard disturbed. The colonial fathers were very pious men, and they thought this a just way of levying a "forced loan," and of redeeming a depreciated currency. But

we have a higher standard: we insist on the inflexibility of the obligation of the government, overlooking the fact that we raise the obligation of the \$10,000,000,000 of private contracts by raising the value of the medium of payment. But the mysteries of paper-money have so confused the popular mind that it actually believes this raising of the obligation of contracts makes all richer. It was a serious matter to change the measure of all existing contracts from coin to flying paper: it is vastly more serious to raise the obligation of current indebtedness from flying paper to coin. But we call this tremendous alteration of private obligations public faith.

This is chiefly because we have imagined that the currency can be raised to par with coin, without changing its value, and that the dollar can be appreciated, and yet be as easy to get as when it was cheap. But real appreciation of money is always a calamity. The instinct against contraction recognizes this. Depreciation of money stimulates all the circulation of the body politic. It is rising prices, quickened trade, easy payment of debts, general confidence, and, apparently, general prosperity. Appreciation is the reverse. It restricts the circulation of the body politic, causes falling prices, harder payment of debts, diminishing trade, and general distrust. It is the instinctive perception of the hard consequences of real appreciation which, in the face of all the high professions of public faith, has caused it to be fixed that there shall be no redemption of the greenbacks, no payment, and therefore no real appreciation. It is this that has imposed on the Secretary of the Treasury the miraculous task of converting \$732,000,000 of paper-money (with occasional additions to "move the crops" and to equalize the banking privilege) to specie value and to resumption, by speculative operations on the Wall Street gold market.

There is for our instruction the experience of Great Britain in restoring specie payment after a lesser deprecia-

tion. It tells of contraction and appreciation, and their consequences, — monetary pressure and widespread mercantile ruin. At the last the small remaining margin between paper and gold was overcome by beginning payment, in large sums only, in ingots, somewhat raised in value. An attempt to force specie payment, before contraction had appreciated the notes to par, proved disastrous. But America is such a surprising country that no experience serves her.

The bank circulation before the civil war had been as high as \$214,000,000. In 1860 it was \$207,000,000. We suppose the amount of specie was over \$250,000,000, and the greater part was in the hands of the people. This gave \$457,000,000 as the circulation medium of that time. We suppose \$165,000,000 a high estimate for the specie at this time. Save the diminishing amount circulating in California, it is out of the ordinary channels of circulation or deposit. This seems to leave the \$732,000,000 of paper-money the sum of the circulation. No close comparison can be made of the situation at this time with that in the era of specie-paying bank-paper, because of the peculiar condition of the coin, and because of the law of bank reserves on circulation and deposits. No one can tell how far this law is observed, or how far it holds currency out of circulation. But if we make a rough guess, and set off the doubtful amount withheld from the circulation by the law of reserves, against such incalculable influence as the specie may have in the circulation, and call the \$732,000,000 of issued paper the true volume of the circulation we may find that this increase, as compared with the circulation, with specie payment, is not far above the inflation of general prices. And these have risen with the increase of bank circulation, and are rising. The cost of domestic production in general has been increasing for several years, and is growing with the growth of paper-money. This is the way a country grows up to its currency. But the inflation of prices by paper-money is always uneven and fluctu-

ating. In the reckoning, we must take into account that the operations of the Treasury to depress gold depress in like degree the prices of the exportable products. There never was devised so potent an engine for stimulating imports as that which inflates the cost of home production by paper-money, and "bears" the gold for foreign purchases.

A simpler showing is made by taking the actual amount of paper and specie, and comparing their proportions with those of any time of specie payment, anywhere. Only they who think the expansion of the American Eagle is to bring specie payment will deny that a specie basis is prerequisite, and that conditions must be made which will secure this basis before resumption can begin. To depress the purchasing power of specie drives this basis out of the country. Not only the paper, but the coin, must be made to appreciate. If the appreciation of money be a blessing, the country can have much of it; for by a contraction of the paper-money we can not only bring that to par with coin, but, by restoring coin to its natural channels, we can rescue that from a forced depreciation which drives it from the land.

But it is confessed that the real appreciation of money which comes from contraction, or making it grow dearer, is so repugnant to the popular instinct that no public man dare propose it. It may be that ingenious financiers will invent a plan of banking upon a specie basis, with special encouragement, which shall transfer new transactions to the coin basis, and thus specie payment shall be made to steal upon the people unawares. It may be that, through some endless chain contrivance, which shall carry greenbacks into the Treasury and bring out bonds, contraction shall surreptitiously come upon the country through the promise of inflation. But at this writing the development theory of resumption is the great American doctrine. The country is waiting to grow up to specie payment. And as confidence in the growth of the country is boundless, many are desirous to show their faith in it by pouring the bank reserves into the inflated current, and by adding a large sum in greenbacks, to be issued to "move the crops," or to relieve the chronic monetary stringency, or to regulate general speculation, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sam. R. Reed.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THEY never crowned him, never knew his worth,
 But let him go unlaurell'd to the grave.
 Hereafter—yes!—are guerdons for the brave,
 Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,
 Balms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth
 Of human love. So let the lilies wave
 Above him, nameless. Little did he crave
 Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth,
 Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate,—
 Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
 Cities and camps, and War's immortal woe;
 Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
 His spirit is not whiter now than then!)
 A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MY RAILROAD FIGHT IN AND OUT OF COURT.

IN the Atlantic Monthly for December last, I told the story of The Fight of a Man with a Railroad; and related how, while travelling on the New York and New Haven Railroad, from New York to New Haven, I tendered in payment for my passage a coupon-ticket marked, "Good from New Haven to New York," and was dragged from the train because I refused to pay my fare in any other form, and subjected to severe bodily injuries. The facts of this case are so familiar to the public that they need not be recapitulated here. The sequel of the contest—a suit for damages which, after four trials, resulted in a verdict of \$3,500 in my favor—is also well known. But some interesting and characteristic facts of the legal struggle still remain to be told; and by way of preface, it should be stated that my suit against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company was an action for damages for physical injuries sustained by me at the hands of its employees; not for its refusal to receive the ticket which I offered, and which I claimed was a legal and sufficient tender. I believed, and still believe, that if I pay for seventy-four miles of transportation on a railroad, I am entitled to such transportation on presentation of the evidence of my payment in the form of a ticket, at whichever end of the route I claim my due. But the basis of my suit was not the denial of my rights as a traveller. I sued the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, demanding damages for its wrongful act in beating and maiming me,—for an assault, in fact. I brought the suit in a Massachusetts court, first, because the superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad had said that, if I wished to test the case, "he would give me all the law I wanted, and would show me that the laws in Connecticut were different from those

where I came from"; secondly, because most of the witnesses on my side were residents of Boston and vicinity, and could attend court in that city without much inconvenience; and thirdly, because I believed that the Massachusetts courts represented the highest type of judicial purity.

On the day of the first trial, I entered the court-room laboring under the agitation natural to the novice in legal contests, and worn with the labors of preparation. When the examination of witnesses was begun, I was first called to the stand. I was required, as is the custom, in direct examination, to tell who I was, where I lived, what my business was; and, these preliminary questions having been answered, to give a full history of the collision between myself and the railroad authorities. What was said and what was done I was permitted to tell, under constant interruptions from the counsel for the railroad, with, "Your Honor, I object!" and thanks to these interruptions, and to the slow pen of the judge, which lagged in note-taking, and had to be waited for, I gave, instead of the concise, straightforward, and symmetrical account which I intended to give, confused and piecemeal sketches, which did no justice to my case before the jury. I was wholly unable to show the animus of my antagonists,—the contemptuous, insolence which characterized their treatment of me in the earliest stages of the affair, and the reckless brutality which marked its catastrophe. I was allowed to tell the jury that I was ejected from the train and received bodily harm: the law recognizes the fact of an ejection; but it ignores the fact that the victim has "senses, affections, passions," and that the insult was put upon him in the presence of a car full of ladies and gentlemen.

The hasty retrospect of my evidence

which I involuntarily made gave me no courage for the next and severer ordeal, — the cross-examination. The first questions of the counsel for the corporation were gentle, soothing, and seductive; but, finding that I refused the hidden pitfalls into which he would fain lead me, he changed his method, and strove to make me exhibit myself as a "common travelling agent," who had deliberately plotted to swindle the railroad company by trumping up a claim for damages for a pretended injury. He interrogated me as to the particulars of my physical discomforts: on what days did I suffer pain from my injury? at what hours of the day? Did the weather affect my state of health? Then he required me to consider what a mean, contemptible fellow I was, to try to save two dollars and a quarter by using an old ticket. Then he demanded, to know why need I be such a "rough," and get into that disgraceful quarrel, disturbing the other passengers, assaulting the railroad officials, and making them leave their business and come all the way to Boston, when I might have paid my fare, and every thing would have been smooth?

On another trial the lawyer who conducted the case in behalf of the railroad company thundered out this command: "Now, sir, look upon the jury and tell them why you broke the rules of that road, — why you attempted to use that ticket! A man of your age and your experience in travelling must have known better. What made you think you could do it?" A hush followed this indignant outburst. Every eye in the court-room was fixed upon me; the spectators straightened themselves in their seats to listen; the reporters lifted their heads, and fingered their pencils nervously; the lawyers within the bar winked at each other significantly; and the presiding judge bent forward in an attitude of grave expectation.

My answer was deliberate, for I had outgrown my original nervousness, and was hardened to the asperities of judicial inquisition: "On general prin-

ciples, when I pay a dollar for a thing, I am entitled to the equivalent of that dollar, whether I buy a railroad ticket or potatoes."

"Ye-e-s," rejoined the lawyer, slowly, and with a sneer in every word, "and when you buy *potatoes*, you think you can take it out in *sugar* or *tea*, if you prefer." He had made a good point, he thought, and he cast about the room a look inviting congratulation.

"No," I said; "I do not think I can take it out in sugar or tea. But I think, if I buy a barrel of potatoes, it's nobody's business but my own whether I take the head out of the barrel and eat through *that way*, or *tip it the other end up*, and go through *that way!*"

For once I had the whole court with me in a laugh, in which judge, jury, lawyers, and spectators took eager part; and my inquisitor dashed his papers on the table, and dropped into his seat.

During the last trial I had testified that I knew tickets had been used "backwards" on the road, and I believed such usage amounted to a custom. My tormentor asked why I did not bring witnesses to prove such a custom. I replied, that we did introduce a witness for that purpose, but the defendant's counsel refused to permit him to testify, declaring that the *custom* of the road had nothing to do with the case; only the *rule* of the road was to be considered. The counsel denied this, and affirmed that he would not have objected to such testimony, if we had been able to produce it. A gentleman sitting among the spectators rose and whispered to my lawyer; and as soon as I left the witness-stand, he was called and sworn, the opposing counsel watching the proceeding with undisguised curiosity. "Mr. Witness," asked my lawyer, "you have travelled a good deal on the New York and New Haven Railroad, have you not?" "Yes, sir." "State whether or not you ever had any tickets to go in the reverse direction, and how they were marked."

Before the witness could answer, the

counsel for the railroad sprang up and vehemently protested against the introduction of the evidence. The judge evidently did not comprehend the situation, and turned an inquiring look upon my lawyer, who answered it by saying, "Your Honor, the defendants have asked me why we did not call witnesses to prove the custom of using tickets 'backward,' and said that they should not object if we did so. Now we have put this gentleman on the stand to show that he had such tickets —" "Yes, and used them too," interrupted the witness. "Stop, sir!" cried the judge, "you are not to testify until you are told to do so." But the caution was too late; the mischief was done; and again all present, appreciating the humor of this breach of legal etiquette, united in a hearty laugh. It was plainly unnecessary to pursue the examination of this witness further, and he was permitted to stand aside.

The other witnesses for the plaintiff, ladies and gentlemen who were in the car at the time of my ejection, gave their evidence on each trial, clearly and impressively, corroborating my own in all material points, and resisting successfully the diligent efforts of the opposing counsel to lead them into self-contradiction and confusion. They, too, were badgered and brow-beaten, as I had been; and their plight in the grasp of the cross-examining lawyer, though not edifying, was instructive in so far as it proved that the law is no respecter of persons. All the evidence for the plaintiff having been put in, the defendants' counsel opened their case in a brief speech, in which he quietly assumed, and seemed to take the jury into partnership in the assumption, that I had deliberately laid a plan to cheat the railroad company, and coolly stigmatized my suit for redress as a "fraud." He then introduced his witnesses, — "the honest, hard-working men who had been styled 'roughs' by the other side," and whose advent was now witnessed by the spectators with ill-concealed amusement. The contrast, in fact, between the witnesses for the two

sides of the case was too glaring to be ignored.

The first honest witness was as prompt as a well-drilled recruit. He described the incidents of my ejection: the conductor called upon him and some of the other "boys" to take a man out of the car; they attempted to carry out his order quietly, but the man refused to go; therefore they laid gentle hands on him, whereupon the man kicked and struck and bit, and he (the witness) had to take hold of the man's hands to restrain his violence. He swore positively that it took six men to move the man. In answer to an inviting question, he eagerly testified that he saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the boys on the arm, — right through the woollen garment that the man wore. The story was clear, concise, and told with an air of confidence that was quite impressive. "Mr. Witness," said my lawyer, beginning the cross-examination, "you said just now that you saw Mr. Coleman bite one of the men?" "Yes, sir; on the arm. "Which arm?" The witness hesitated; he was well prepared in generalities, but not in details. Presently he answered, "The left arm." "How many men had hold of Mr. Coleman at this time?" "One man was on his left side and another on his right, others had him by his legs, and I was in front." "These men were abreast of Mr. Coleman, taking him out squarely through the car, were they?" "Yes, sir." "Will you swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir," said the witness, resolutely. "Careful, now; are you *sure* of that?" "Yes, *sir*; I am *sure* of it." "On which side of Mr. Coleman was the man who was bitten?" Again the witness hesitated, and his face, hitherto calm, grew flushed and anxious. But he answered at last, "The left side, sir." "Will you swear positively to that also?" "Yes, sir; I swear positively to it." "Now, sir," resumed the lawyer, "do you not know that a man of Mr. Coleman's breadth in that narrow car-aisle would completely fill it, so that neither two men nor one could stand at his

side, as you swear they did?" Flustered, but not daunted, the witness explained, "The men were a little *back* of Mr. Coleman"; and witness quitted the stand, leaving the court to meditate on the strange spectacle of a man curving his giraffe-like neck, and fastening his teeth in the *left* arm of a man who stood on his *left* side, and a "little *back* of him!"

Several other honest witnesses gave similar testimony as to the biting, and as to the violent behavior of the plaintiff, and the gentle but firm deportment of the railroad-men; these latter struck no blows, but several were delivered by the plaintiff. The harmony of the witnesses was beautiful. They seemed to have beheld the scenes which they described with a single eye: as to the biting, the arm bitten, and the position of the biter, their agreement was perfect. At this stage of the proceedings a recess was taken. On the reassembling of the court, other witnesses for the railroad were examined; but, strange to say, not one of them could give any particular information as to the biting; they swore that Mr. Coleman *did* bite, but, though they had enjoyed the same opportunities for observation with their predecessors on the stand, they "could n't exactly remember the details." Such is the effect of lunch.

The conductor told a plausible story, modelled carefully on my own statement, but differing in certain points that could be turned against me. It will be remembered that he told me in the cars that the directors had made a "rule," forbidding him to take tickets backward. On cross-examination, my counsel asked him where he was accustomed to turn in his tickets to the company. He attempted to evade the question again and again, but finally answered, with painful reluctance, "In New York." It was further extorted from him that the tickets were turned in at New York whether taken in going to or from that city; *that it made no difference which way my coupon was used*; and, finally, that the directors of the road had

never given him (as he asserted to me) a rule against taking coupons "backwards," but that the superintendent had verbally ordered him not to take them, about three years before! This superintendent, who, with his son, wrenched me from the train at Stamford when I attempted to re-enter it after my ejection, was obliged to swear that it was the exclusive right of the directors to make "rules," and, further, that they never had made a "rule" touching the ticket question; he himself having verbally instructed the conductors not to take tickets "backward," which he had no shadow of authority to do. Thus it seems that the "rule" for the violation of which I had been mildly rebuked by the servants of the railroad,—a violation which was the soul of the defence, its single excuse and answer to my allegations—*was not a "rule" at all, but a mere verbal order given by an unauthorized person.* Yet, in the face of the declaration, by one of the highest officers of the road, that there was no "rule," the judge charged the jury that a "rule" had been broken, that I was a trespasser, and that the railroad company had a right to eject me from the train, employing the necessary force and no more! Such a charge concerns every person in the community; for it seems that any of us, *for disobedience to a non-existent rule*, may be brutally dragged from a railway-car, and, seeking redress, shall be informed by the court that the railway company is responsible only for "excess of violence."

The examination of the superintendent having been concluded, the counsel for the railroad stated to the court that the victim of Mr. Coleman's carnivorous ferocity had been discharged from the road immediately after his misfortune; that diligent search had been made for him, but in vain. By one of those dramatic felicities, so frequent in fiction and so rare in real life, just at this juncture a telegram was brought in announcing that the bitten man had been found, and would

arrive on a train due in ten minutes. The judge granted the delay asked for, and the spectators brightened up in anticipation of new and measurably tragic revelations. The delay was brief. In a few minutes the door of the courtroom was thrust open, and in rushed the witness, breathless with haste. A brisk, bronzed person he was, self-contained and self-satisfied, with locomotive gait, and a habit of gesture suggestive of brake-rods. He mounted the witness-stand, was sworn, and delivered his direct testimony with easy indifference, coupling his sentences as he would couple cars, with a jerk. This is his story in brief: "The conductor c'm out the car 'n' said, 'S man in there want ye t' take out.' Went in the car, and he said, 'That's th' man: put 'im out!' I jes' took 'im up and carried him out through the car out on t' th' platform th' depot, an' took 'n' set 'im down, an' never hurt him a mite." "Did Mr. Coleman bite you?" inquired the counsel for the railroad. "Yes, sir." "Did he bite you on the arm?" "Yes, sir." The lawyer asked him no more questions, evidently satisfied, with the effect of his evidence thus far, and possibly remembering that, unlike the other witnesses for the road, he had not enjoyed the benefit of lunch. Remitted to my counsel for cross-examination, the witness, well pleased with his success, and confident in his own powers, met the inquisitorial onset with calm dignity.

"Mr. Witness," said the lawyer, "you were in the car on the day when Mr. Coleman was taken out, were you?" "Yes, sir; I took him out myself." "Ah! you assisted the men to take him out, did you?" "No, *sir*; did n't have no men; took him out myself." "O, you took him out alone, then?" "Yes, sir; took him out alone." "You swear to that?" "Yes, sir; swear to it." "Nobody helped you?" "No, sir; took him out myself." "Well, sir," pursued the lawyer, "you must be a stout fellow, to handle a man like that. Won't you

please describe just how you took him out." "Well, I jes' went up to th' man, reached one arm 'round his neck, so fashion, had his head right up here on my arm, 'n' I jes' took 'im right through the car out on t' the platform th' depot, an' set 'im down and never hurt 'im a mite."

Every face was intent upon the witness and not a sound was heard save his voice, though there were premonitory symptoms of laughter. With a suavity delightful to see, the lawyer said, while he scanned the compact frame of the witness, "Why, you must be a powerful fellow!" "Yes, *sir*; I'm big enough for him." "Well, now, will you be kind enough to tell the jury, did Mr. Coleman strike anybody?" "No, sir; I did n't give 'im no chance; I had 'im." "You swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir." A look of dismay and disgust settled upon the faces of the earlier witnesses for the road, who had graphically and minutely described my violent resistance, my kicks and blows. The spectators giggled, and even the judge relaxed the solemnity of his visage. "Did anybody strike Mr. Coleman?" continued the lawyer. "No, *sir*; I had 'im and did n't give 'em no chance." "You swear to that, too?" "Yes, sir." "Well, Mr. Witness, when you had Mr. Coleman's head upon your arm, as you described, I suppose you had his face turned a little toward your breast?" The witness, eagerly following this description of the situation and the gestures which illustrated it, his face now flushed and beaded with perspiration (for the work was harder than he had thought it), nodded assent. "Mr. Coleman's mouth, then, would come about there?" inquired the lawyer, pointing to the inside of the arm, next to the body. "Yes, sir; that's just the place where he bit me." "You swear to that positively?" "Yes, sir, positively." All the witnesses for the road, except the conductor, who did not commit himself as to the biting, swore emphatically that the bite was on the outside of the left arm, some of them

placing the bitten man upon the left of the biter; and now comes a third untutored witness, who claimed to be the sufferer and who of course ought to know the place of the bite, testifying with equal positiveness that the bite was on the inside of his arm. Even the counsel for the road could not refuse to join in the universal merriment which ensued.

On subsequent trials all this testimony as to the biting was rearranged. The victim of my ferocity was obliged to share the honor of taking me out with five auxiliaries, and the bite was transferred to his *right* arm. Being a draughtsman, I had measured the car, and was ready with a drawing to show that the new theories of the defence as to the method of taking me out left just three inches for the movement of each stalwart brakeman as he walked at my side.

I suppose that I need give no extended report of the argument of the road's counsel. He took the highest ground,—the ground that the public had no right to question the management of the road; that the company owned it, and had the right to manage it as any other property is managed by a private corporation: that is, he denied the fact that *the public is virtually a partner* in railroad companies, which it creates and lifts into power by grants of franchises and land. Indeed, this distinction between public and private corporations has been carelessly ignored by the judiciary of the country; and to this the present alarming domination of railroad corporations is mainly traceable.

I may say, for the encouragement of those who look to the courts for deliverance from a railroad tyranny, whose bonds the judiciary seems willing enough to rivet, that, in every trial, my counsel carried the jury with him, one single juror of the forty-eight excepted. This juror was said to have been formerly an employee of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The action of the several juries, so far as the public is concerned in it, is satis-

factory and cheering; for it indicates unmistakably that the spring of railroad power in our courts is not in the deliberate judgment of intelligent men; but the judges' charges were in effect restatements of the arguments of the counsel for the railroad touching the general question of the rights and powers of railroads. The juries were instructed that the public has no voice in the affairs of railroads; that contracts with passengers were to be made on conditions fixed by one party, the railroad; that if a passenger violated its regulations, an assault upon him by the agents of the corporation was justifiable, though these latter must be careful to avoid excess of violence. The juries were also instructed that if they found that, in this case, the defendants had employed an excess of violence, they must not allow punitive damages, but only such as would compensate the plaintiff for his injuries. Despite these instructions the four juries promptly brought in verdicts in my favor, each one giving heavier damages than its immediate predecessor. On the second trial the jury disagreed, owing to one of its members; I am informed that many of his associates desired to award me \$15,000. The first jury agreed upon a verdict of \$10,000; but one of their number, versed in the ways of courts, suggested that it would probably be set aside, and that I would consequently be subjected to great trouble and expense; so they reduced the figures to \$3,300, which was increased to \$3,500 on the last trial.

Such, briefly sketched, were some of the features of my railroad fight in court. The reader will recollect that I—a man not rich and ill able to afford the time or expense of such a contest with an opulent corporation—was compelled to repeat this fight three times: first, because the verdict of \$3,300 awarded excessive damages for one of the most brutal assaults ever committed, and the infliction of lifelong injuries; and subsequently upon pretexts even more trivial. The judges

ruled that the roads had all the rights in the case, and I had none. They ruled that an order given by an unauthorized person, and confessedly no regulation, *was* a regulation, and that, if I violated it, I must take the consequences. They declared in effect that a railroad ticket was a contract, though it bore no government stamp, and was made by a single party. They suffered the wild and contradictory swearing of the road's witnesses to go unnoticed. But in spite of the judges, and their rulings, the juries were for me.

My fight out of court has been a different matter. The publication of my first article has called forth comments from the press in every part of the country. I have seen more than one hundred notices and articles based upon it, all of which, with three or four exceptions, applaud my course, and express the public sympathy with me in terms which I could not reproduce without seeming to turn to my own honor a matter which I am anxious to regard in an impersonal light. These articles have appeared in the most important journals of the country; I believe that *no* journal of influence has left the case unnoticed; and the country press has treated it as generously and courageously as the great newspapers of the city, which are supposed to be less susceptible to local influences, and more independent to advertisements and free passes. Nothing could be more instructive and interesting than this almost universal expression of public opinion by the public press in regard to the arbitrary and despotic management of our railroads. Many of the journals recur to the subject again and again, and all testify to the fact that every railroad passenger has seen or felt some outrage or oppression against which he has longed to protest.

This fact is even more vividly enforced by the private letters which have not ceased to come to me since the publication of my paper. They are from women as well as men, and from persons in every station of life and

every department of business, in nearly every State of the Union; and they congratulate me, not only upon my personal victory, but also upon my demonstration of the fact that it is possible for an individual to stand up in defence of his rights against a railroad corporation. They recite the tyrannies and meannesses of different railroads, and catalogue the stratagems by which railroad managers bind the hands that should protect the people from their encroachments. If it were possible to print these letters together, they would constitute an indictment whose force would impress even the most easy-going and spiritless citizen. I make an extract from one of them which, brief as it is, carries a tremendous significance. The letter was written by a resident of another State, who, like myself, had dared to sue a railroad. He writes:—

"But I am not yet out of the woods, as the case is again before the lower court, where it is delayed from the fact that most of our judges are disqualified from trying the case: one is secretary of the company; others are stockholders; others, before their elevation to the bench, were regular counsel for the company."

What is true in that State is true in all; the trail of the railroad is over every judicial bench in the country. In one of the great States of the West, a correspondent writes that one of the judges of the Supreme Court permits a railroad corporation, which is party to several suits pending before him, to transport free of charge building material for his new house, thereby saving him from five hundred to one thousand dollars in freight-money. In New York some judges had become openly vendible; in other States they are more coy and circumspect; but in no State are they above suspicion, as judges ought to be. It is a notorious fact that railroad corporations regard the free-ticket system as one of the strongest bonds wherewith they have bound the American people. On the press, on the legislature, and on the judiciary they be-

stow "passes" with lavish hand, well knowing that every man who accepts one virtually assumes an obligation to favor the corporation which gives it. They do not count upon an immediate return, but are content to bide their time. Some day their road may need defence in the newspapers; or it may need an extension of its privileges at the hands of the legislature; or it may be a party in an important lawsuit. For all these contingencies it is prudent to provide.

One of the most curious and interesting of the letters I have received is from a former railroad man, in the West, who gives me his full name and address, and says, "I wish to express my thanks to you for having benefited the country by your victory over a railroad, and by the article just sent forth; *the statements of which I can testify are true, having been a railroad agent in a Western State.*"

From Albany a prominent merchant writes to congratulate me, and to express his own feeling in regard to the "arrogance, tyranny, and oftentimes brutality exhibited by railroad officials and employees"; and from Washington a gentleman, distinguished in literature and society, sends me his thanks. "I have for years," he adds, "called the attention of the public to the extortions and illegalities of our railroads. But it is slow work, because, as you have very well shown, the companies bribe *indirectly*, by propitiation, men who are, some of them at least, too honest to be bribed directly. . . . But let us hope, some day or other, those fellows may hustle or maim a senator by mistake"; or, let me suggest, as even more to the purpose, a judge of the courts.

A letter from a well-known firm in Boston asserts that our merchants are doing business under a worse despotism than exists under any arbitrary government of the Old World. I need hardly say that my correspondents abound on the line of the New York and New Haven Road, and that they one and all hail my success with joy,

and reiterate those well-known complaints of the road.

I may be excused, I trust, for copying finally a letter from a lawyer of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which is remarkable for the practical turn of the writer's sympathy:—

"Accept my sincere thanks for your article in the December Atlantic. I have been intending to write you a letter of thanks for two weeks past, but am now specially moved to do so, as I can add to my own the high commendation of my friend Mr. —, our United States minister to —, who spent last night at my house. If you will accept it, I will send you fifty dollars as an earnest of my thanks, and as my contribution to your good work."

Naturally, I could not accept my correspondent's offer, but I valued it as a movement in the right direction. The impulse which prompted it has already taken a practical shape in the West, where, as I learn, the farmers and merchants have already begun to form unions for their common defence against the railroads. The members contribute to a fund which is to be used in attacking the illegalities of the roads in the courts, and for defraying, at the common cost, the expenses of suits which private persons would not dare to undertake. This is a thoroughly practical movement, and altogether preferable to the secret political organization against the roads which has also been set on foot. Such a party is predestined to be the prey of politicians, who will betray it on the first occasion; but a co-operative society seeking justice in the courts must succeed, even though the judges who make railroad-law preside, with free passes in their pockets. There, with jurors who have never been connected with railroads,—jurors chosen only half as carefully in this view as jurors in murder cases are chosen,—the victim of railroad tyranny is sure of justice at last. No compromises should ever be accepted. A thousand suits at law would do more to right the public than any amount of legislation.

The most encouraging and satisfactory characteristic of my railroad fight out of court is that *it is still going on*, and I trust that it will continue till the insolence of these railroad corporations is curbed, and they are taught their single and true function of common carriers for the sovereign people. They are servants who have usurped the mastery. It is time they relinquished it.

John A. Coleman.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost;
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode,
And gazed at the fatal stars
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying fight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,

And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said :
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod ;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : "What misdeed
Have I done, that without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him : "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe !
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said :
"Allah is great and just,
We are but ashes and dust !
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered : "Write !"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air

On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied :
"Our pathways here divide ;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near ;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear ;
And no one saw the deed ;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;
And his heart was merry within
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said : "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design !
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,

This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said :
"Allah is just and great !
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine ;
Who shall contend with fate ?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black 'Eagle with double head ;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague ;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is : "Long live Scanderbeg !"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own ;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

Henry W. Longfellow.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE story of Henry Timrod, the South Carolinian poet, as his friend Mr. Paul H. Hayne tells it, is about as sad as any tragedy in the annals of literature; and it is darkened by some shadows peculiar to the time and place in which he expiated his purpose of being a poet. He struggled forward to the full use of his powers in a community where, as we understand it, there was a taste for literature and a certain pride in it, but no market for it; and where he paid for his devotion with poverty and privations and hard, uncongenial toil; then, just when he might have hoped for some happier fortune, the disasters of the Rebellion gathered upon his cause and people, and, while the desolation of defeat still weighed heaviest upon them, he died suddenly of consumption. He was born in Charleston, of a German family on his father's side, from whom he inherited a real poetic strain and a most unworldly passion for literature. As a boy, Timrod's father ran away from school and apprenticed himself to a bookbinder, in the fond belief that he could so have constant communion with books; and Timrod, in his turn, forsook his law-studies, and chose to be a private tutor in planters' families for the sake of the greater opportunity for poetry this would give him. Before the war, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields published a little volume for him, which won some notice, and he wrote thereafter other poems of the warmest Southern tint, in which it seems that we of the North were, to his gentle and kindly spirit, tyrants and oppressors, and our brothers and sons, who went South to die for freedom and union, no other than ruffian hordes of hirelings. So it appears that it was a holy war — on both sides; and poor Timrod's execration need not offend us now; some of the verses, it must be owned, were very well turned, and have a true fire and force, as such lines as these can witness: —

"Come with the weapons at your call,
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose
Or stab him with a thorn."

But these war-poems of Timrod express, as we think, only an exceptional phase of his poetic genius, which was essentially meditative and tenderly lyrical. They made him very popular with his section, however; and at one time there was talk at Charleston of publishing a luxurious edition of his poetry in London, — talk that was presently forever hushed by the din of arms, to the poet's infinite disappointment. So he struggled on as he might, doing gladly any sort of drudgery, literary or other, till the end of the war. In 1864, he married the young English girl who inspired the loveliest poems in his book, and for a while he was not unprosperously placed on a newspaper at Columbia. Then came Sherman and doomsday, and for Timrod nothing after that but want, decay, and death, manfully fought off to the very end by as brave and high a soul as there ever was.

Of the poems in the present volume the sweetest and the best are, as we said, those inspired by his wife. He shows very little, in any of his poems, those influences of contemporary great poets which make minor poets the despair of their friends; but in the poem called *Katie*, he is most freshly, tenderly, and wholly himself. It is a fancy of meeting in England this girl who makes an England everywhere; and these are of the best lines in it: —

"I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup I

* *The Poems of Henry Timrod*. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by PAUL H. HAYNE. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1873.

Lars: A Pastoral of Norway. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Wishing-Cap Papers. By LEIGH HUNT. Now first collected. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1873.

The Romance of the Harem. By ANNA

H. LEONOWENS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Essays, Sketches, and Stories, selected from the Writings of GEORGE BRYANT WOODS. With a Biographical Memoir. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Harvard University Catalogue. 1872-73. Cambridge: Published for the University, by Charles W. Sever. 1873.

I roam with her through fields of cane,
 And seem to stroll an English lane,
 Which, white with blossoms of the May,
 Spreads its green carpet in her way !
 As fancy wills, the path beneath
 Is golden gorse, or purple heath :
 And now we hear in woodlands dim
 Their unarticulated hymn,
 Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
 Now sink in mats of clover sward,
 Or see before us from the lawn
 The lark go up to greet the dawn !
 All birds that love the English sky
 Throng round my path when she is by :
 The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
 With music brims the cup of morn,
 And in a thick, melodious rain
 The mavis pours her mellow strain !
 But only when my Katie's voice
 Makes all the listening woods rejoice
 I hear — with cheeks that flush and pale —
 The passion of the nightingale ! ”

The Two Portraits, A Year's Courtship, and The Lily Confidante, please us next after this, for the same half-playful qualities of graceful and delicate passion ; and it seems to us that in Timrod died a poet who was capable of enriching our somewhat slenderly endowed love-poetry with pieces in which we should find all that warmth, purity, and idealizing subtlety demanded by the American taste at its best. It would be a coarse injustice to call the cast of his genius amorous ; it merits the nobler word *loving*, and loving in the best sense of a poetic passion for those dear to him by the ties of friendship and nature. This appears in his poems often enough, and in his life as it is cordially and sympathetically written by Mr. Hayne ; and it strikes home to the reader's heart with a pang in that passage of his sister's letter descriptive of his death. He longed to live : “ For hours the struggle lasted, and then came for a space partial quiet and consciousness. He knew that he was dying. ‘ Oh ! ’ I murmured to him, ‘ you will soon be at rest now ! ’ ‘ Yes, ’ he replied, in a tone so mournful that it seemed the wail of a lifetime of desolation, — ‘ yes, my sister, but love is sweeter than rest ! ’ ”

— We think there can be no question but the Norwegian pastoral Lars, which Mr. Taylor has just given us, is altogether the finest poem he has written ; and not this only, but one of the purest, most sweetly moralized romances which English verse of this time can show. It has from the beginning the interest of a genuine story ; and this never flags from the moment we see Brita, with the other Norse maidens and Lars and Per, on that Sunday morning

when the trouble begins, through all the after scenes of the duel at the wedding feast where Per is slain, of Lars's wandering far off to Pennsylvania, and his repentance, and marriage there with Quaker Ruth, of his return with her to Norway to preach his new faith in his old home, of his encounter with Per's brother and with Brita, and of his peaceful last days amid foes become Friends in Arendal. Our praise could not express the skill with which all is managed, and one is loath to use one's hackneyed adjectives on a poem which gives such fresh and unalloyed pleasure. The pictures of wild peasant life in Norway and of the tranquil Pennsylvania Quaker homes and meetings contrast every characteristic aspect and property of both, and seem to pour their atmosphere around the reader. The Norwegian scenes are exquisitely studied, the Pennsylvanian scenes are exquisitely felt ; there is that difference, and yet no difference in their poetic value ; and much the same may be said of the peasant and Quaker folks who are introduced. Brita and Ruth are alike fine conceptions of that dependent, puissant feminine character which takes youth with passion and maturer life with compassion and reverence ; but all minor varieties of circumstance and education are vividly marked in the Norse girl, in whose blood the wild, headstrong impulses of her pirate ancestry live, and in the Quaker maiden, chastened almost to heavenly gentleness and purity by the still, thoughtful usage of her people. When Lars and Per stand face to face before Brita in the dance, and her choice of one or other will forbid their deadly feud, her proud girl's heart will not let her choose, and so they fight : —

“ Then both drew off and threw aside their coats,
 Their brodered waistcoats, and the silken scarves
 About their necks ; but Per growled ‘ All ! ’ and
 made

His body bare to where the leathern belt
 Is clasped between the breast-bone and the hip.
 Lars did the same ; then, setting tight the belts,
 Both turned a little : the low daylight clad
 Their forms with awful fairness, beauty now
 Of life, so warm and ripe and glorious, yet
 So near the beauty terrible of Death.
 All saw the mutual sign, and understood ;
 And two stepped forth, two men with grizzled hair
 And earnest faces, grasped the hooks of steel
 In either's belt, and drew them breast to breast,
 And in the belts made fast each other's hooks.
 An utter stillness on the people fell
 While this was done : each face was stern and
 strange,
 And Brita, powerless to turn her eyes,
 Heard herself cry, and started : ‘ Per, O Per ! ’

"When those two backward stepped, all saw the flash
Of knives, the lift of arms, the instant clench
Of hands that held and hands that strove to strike :
All heard the sound of quick and hard-drawn breath,
And naught beside ; but sudden red appeared,
Splashed on the white of shoulders and of arms.
Then, thighs entwined, and all the body's force
Called to the mixed resistance and assault,
They reeled and swayed, let go the guarding clutch,
And struck out madly. Per drew back, and aimed
A deadly blow, but Lars embraced him close,
Reached o'er his shoulder and from underneath
Thrust upward, while upon his ribs the knife,
Glancing, transixed the arm. A gasp was heard :
The struggling limbs relaxed ; and both, still bound
Together, fell upon the bloody floor.

"Some forward sprang, and loosed, and lifted them
A little ; but the head of Per hung back,
With lips apart and dim blue eyes unshut,
And all the passion and the pain were gone
Forever."

The passage which we would like to place beside this is too long ; but the reader will easily find the scene where Ruth interposes between Lars and his Quaker rival, Abner Cloud. Both are powerfully painted, but only one is needed here to give the spirit of the poem in its grimmer aspects. There is a very winning and tender description of the meeting of Lars and Ruth, however, which we shall give ourselves the pleasure of quoting, in spite of its length :—

"So Lars went onward, losing hope of good,
To where, upon her hill, fair Wilmington
Looks to the river over marshy meads.
He saw the low brick church, with stunted tower,
The portal-arches, ivied now and old,
And passed the gate : lo ! there, the ancient stones
Bore Norland names and dear, familiar words !
It seemed the dead a comfort spake : he read,
Thrusting the nettles and the vines aside,
And softly wept : he knew not why he wept,
But here was something in the strange new land
That made a home, though growing out of graves.

"Led by a faith that rest could not be far,
Beyond the town, where deeper vales bring down
The winding brooks from Pennsylvanian hills,
He walked : the ordered farms were fair to see,
And fair the peaceful houses : old repose
Mellowed the lavish newness of the land,
And sober toil gave everywhere the right
To simple pleasures. As by each he passed,
A spirit whispered : ' No, not there ! ' and then
His sceptic heart said : ' Never anywhere ! '

"The sun was low, when, with the valley's bend,
There came a change. Two willow-fountains flung
And showered their leafy streams before a house
Of rusty stone, with chimneys tall and white :
A meadow stretched below : and dappled cows,
Full-fed, were waiting for their evening call.
The garden lay upon a sunny knoll,
An orchard dark behind it, and the barn,
With wide, warm wings, a giant mother-bird,
Seemed brooding o'er its empty summer nest.
Then Lars upon the roadside bank sat down,
For here was peace that almost seemed despair,
So near his eyes, so distant from his life

It lay : and while he mused, a woman came
Forth from the house, no servant-maid more plain
In her attire, yet, as she nearer drew,
Her still, sweet face, and pure, untroubled eyes
Spake gentle blood. A browner dove she seemed,
Without the shifting iris of the neck,
And when she spake her voice was like a dove's,
Soft, even-toned, and sinking in the heart.
Lars could not know that loss and yearning made
His eyes so pleading ; he but saw how hers
Bent on him as some serious angel's might
Upon a child, strayed in the wilderness."

The poem abounds in descriptions, which are so justly subordinated to its dramatic interest that the reader will best enjoy their charm in recurring to them after he has read the story. For the same reason it is not easy to detach them from the context for quotation. The unity of Mr. Taylor's work in this poem is the fact that most commends itself to the critical sense ; and after that comes the truth of its character-painting. The treatment of the personages throughout is simple and unforced ; the dramatic rarely or never drops to the melodramatic in them ; they are real, and do the things natural to such people as they are. The tale is told in blank verse of unusual sweetness and strength, colored here and there with Tennysonian tints, it must be owned, but not, as one may say, flavored or perfumed with the potent qualities of the all-pervading laureate, while the whole conception and management of the poem are unlike him.

—Mr. J. E. Babson has taken the pleasure—it would be an abuse of language to call it trouble—of collecting for the first time, from old Examiners and other newspapers and magazines, some of the most delightful papers by Leigh Hunt which we have read. These he has put into a very pretty and portable volume called *The Wishing-Cap Papers*, after those essays in which Leigh Hunt, while in Italy, wished himself into the midst of London streets and suburbs by favor of a magical cap. We are inclined to think that he really did this, without any feigning about it ; and upon trying on one or two of the *Wishing-Caps*, the gentle reader (and no other has any business with them) will agree with us that they do actually transport one to the London of fifty or sixty years ago,—the London of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Keats,—the most lovable London that ever was or will be. The *Wishing-Caps* are only eleven in number, but save for the editor's conscience, all the essays in the book might have been so

called, for they are all akin in spirit. The most of them are sketches of places in that dear old Cockagne which is like a fairy-land to generous lovers of letters and the stage, with reminiscences of authors and actors long since "with God," as Lamb used to say; and the best of them, to our thinking, is that *On the Suburbs of Genoa and the Country about London*. There is mighty little about Genoa, as the reader doubtless imagines, but all that there is about London is delicious; one feels that there ought to be eternally more and more of it. And what is it? Nothing whatever but gossip concerning houses or localities in which divers poets have lived or walked, with personal recollections of Shelley's goodness, and of Keats's telling the author under certain elms in *Well-Walk* that he was "dying of a broken heart." But the manner, the manner! The gentle, rambling tone, the easy style, the sweet enthusiasm for literature, the tenderness for all mankind,—even Calvinists,—everything that was Leigh Hunt! You get these in the other essays, to be sure, but nowhere else so finely proportioned and adjusted. Yet we would say nothing—how could we?—against such essays as *Twilight Accused and Defended*, *Table Wits*, *Personal Reminiscences of Lords*, *Dr. Doddridge and the Ladies*, or any of the *Wishing-Caps* proper. The only place in which Leigh Hunt seems to have failed himself, is in his *Edinburgh Review* of the life of George Selwyn and his contemporaries. This, too, is full of charming matter; but the easy-mannered muse of the old poet was stiffened almost into a literary lady by the chill propriety of Mr. Editor Napier, who, when Hunt proposed "a chatty article" on the subject named, wrote him "a harsh letter on dignity of style."

We should not take leave of this volume without expressing our sense of the great favor Mr. Babson is doing literature by such collections as this; and we wish that every reader of the editor's brief and self-denying notes could know from what a generous ardor and full knowledge these services are rendered to authors now past helping themselves.

—We do not know of any story in literature more tragical than that which Mrs. Leonowens tells, in *The Romance of the Harem*, of the slave-woman Boon. Our readers will remember it as the woful tale of that favorite of the King

of Siam who fell in love with one of his courtiers; Boon being the courtier's wife who promoted his passion for the favorite because of her own love, far above jealousy, for him. Her unselfishness in this, indeed, carries the tragedy to a height beyond any Occidental ideal; but she is none the less—perhaps all the more—a figure of the greatest nobility, the most exquisite self-devotion; and the hapless favorite by whose mouth the story is told, and who is crushed by Boon's fate, which she had not the courage to share, appeals to the reader's compassion with almost intolerable pathos. If a poet could take that story and treat it with simple greatness, it would be his fortune and his immortality; yet we should tremble to have a poet touch it. Perhaps it is better, after all, that it should be left in the narrative, for the truth of which Mrs. Leonowens vouches. There are many other tales in her book about life in the harem which are hardly less touching and only less perfect than this. Our readers know that of *L'Ore*, the slave of the Siamese Queen, and we can commend the others to them. It is a strange book,—the wonderfully fresh result of unique opportunities; for it is the personal history of many of Mrs. Leonowens's pupils while she was the English Governess at the Siamese Court. It is not this alone, however, but also careful observation of the conditions that surrounded her, and a mass of unsentimentalized fact concerning the present Siamese civilization,—a state which has undergone startling changes since 1872, when Mrs. Leonowens's royal pupil abolished slavery. In view of this event, the chapter on Siamese slavery is peculiarly interesting; and upon some characteristic of servitude almost all the incidents of the Romance turn. It is not all dark; there is, for example, the case of that gentle lady of the harem who freed her slaves, after having read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, because she wished "to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowâ," and who, with an affecting and reverent simplicity, always signed her letters with the beloved name of that author. It is by the reading of such books as this, which intimately acquaint us with the remote life of other lands and religions, that we are to learn how true to one humanity are the traits of all the different peoples, and to feel the essential unity of the race. It teaches toleration, charity, and modesty, for it teaches that the virtues we call Christian are also Buddhist virtues; and it is in this way not

merely a contribution to literature, it is a benefaction to mankind.

— We printed, three or four years ago, two stories, — *Marrying a Pickpocket* and *The Blue River Bank Robbery*, — both of which we thought showed an unusual talent for construction, and an uncommon promise in the way of realistic fiction. These stories were written by George Bryant Woods, a young journalist of Boston, who has since died in the very spring of manhood, when his successful career was plain before him, when his friends were made, and his public secure, and life opened fairest to him. It was a sad loss, and those who knew of him cannot take up the volume of *Essays, Sketches, and Stories* which has been compiled from his writings without being tenderly disposed towards it by the thought of his early death. But though it is chiefly an earnest of what he might have done, it by no means needs a kindly predisposition in the reader, who will not fail to see the careful observation, the good sense, the temperance of style and thought, with which Mr. Woods wrote. Here are studies, notable for their shrewdness and discretion, of American society and American celebrities; here are criticisms on the principal actors and dramatists of the last ten years, expressed with good temper and good taste, and without a touch of that smartness which is so cheaply achieved in criticism of all kinds, but with a sincere spirit of inquiry as to characteristics and values; here are a correspondent's letters about some old New England country towns, about the Fenian invasion of Canada, about the occupation of Richmond, and the murder of Lincoln. It is nearly all newspaper writing, and has the stamp of evanescence upon it; but it has excellent quality, and it is proof of how much there was in the mind and heart of the author. The five stories with which the volume closes are more meditated work, and they are all proportionately good. *Marrying a Pickpocket* is, more especially, one of the freshest, most ingenious short stories of local life that we know.

— The College Catalogue has of late years, with the constant increase in the number of officers and students, grown from a pamphlet of seventy-five or eighty pages to twice that size. This year it is again more than doubled in bulk by the addition of a hundred and sixty pages of examination-papers. A considerable body of advertisements, also, most of which,

however, are properly enough placed within these covers, still further augment its size. Being thus grown so great, though still wearing the familiar blue livery, it is no longer printed for gratuitous distribution, but is put into the shops, as is done in England with the Oxford and Cambridge Calendars, to be sold like any other book.

Even a superficial survey of the examination-papers suffices to explain and to justify their publication. In no other way could the work the University is accomplishing and the amplitude of its resources, and the efficiency of its methods be so clearly and fully set forth. These papers furnish samples, as it were, of the intellectual food it offers, and their extent and variety is such as really to give one quite a new notion of the extent and variety of human knowledge. No one can look over these pages without a quickening of his intellectual zeal and a new appetite and enthusiasm for the "things of the mind." It is possible, of course, and such things have sometimes happened, for such papers to be fraudulently prepared with the express view of giving the public a false notion of the standard of scholarship which is maintained, and nothing, of course, is easier than to ask questions which nobody is really expected to answer. But *bona fide* papers, like those in hand, afford the best possible information as to the work actually accomplished, and cannot but be of the greatest value to students and to teachers. There are many of these to whom they must come as a revelation of methods and processes of instruction hitherto undreamed of. To that intelligent public, also, which is made up of the University's own sons, who, for the most part, fancy that things are going on pretty much as they went on thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago, these pages are full of instruction.

Not less instructive and surprising are the twenty pages in the body of the Catalogue in which are detailed the various required and elective courses of study for undergraduates, with those prescribed for candidates for honors, and for the new degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy, and Doctor of Science. Whatever may be thought of the so-called "elective" system of study, it cannot be denied that the experiment is here having a magnificent trial. With the freedom of choice allowed, and the variety and extent of the courses among which the student can choose, it

would seem as if the most indifferent might find something to engage his interest and arouse his intellectual fires. It is certainly to be hoped that it may succeed in replacing the school-boy obstructiveness, which is traditional at Cambridge, by a more honest and manly tone, a workmanlike and scholarly spirit, from which in time may spring a real zeal and enthusiasm. Already, we understand, there are some signs of such a result. It is true, at least, that the rank-list exhibits an increasing proportion of names of those who do not "need" to study, and who, under the older dispensation, would have found little inducement to do so. This may well afford some consolation to those who have feared that the enhanced cost of a college education, by driving away that middle class who, though too well off to receive pecuniary aid, are yet not able to live at Cambridge as they are used to living at home, might result in dividing the college into two distinct bodies, the impecunious "digs" and the well-to-do do-nothings. Such a result would be in every way disastrous, and one may pray that the gods who sit in the academic councils may finally avert it. The college training is indeed of incalculable benefit alike to the illiterate poor and to the illiterate rich. The munificent endowments in the shape of scholarships, loans, and other benefactions, all devoted to the support of capable but needy students, afford sufficient assurance that the functions of the college as a means of reaching the higher walks of life from the lower will not cease.

So far as public favor goes, the present policy, both in the college proper and in the professional schools, seems successful enough. In spite of some real and some apparent diminution of numbers in special departments, the several courses of study have never been so much frequented as

now, nor, as we are given to understand, by so hard-working a set of young men. The reorganization of almost every branch of the University, amounting in some cases, as in that of the Medical School, to a complete revolution in the methods of instruction, with increased demands upon the students, has, thanks to the increased efficiency which it has brought about, only served to render the University more attractive to serious and earnest workers. The long list of candidates for the post-graduate degrees in the academic department shows also that literature and philosophy are beginning to feel at home in their ancient seat.

Whatever may be the measure of success attending any special line of policy, however, the University will doubtless grow, year by year, with the growth of the country. While its serious claims multiply, its social advantages are not likely to diminish, and these are felt to be of lasting benefit. Still, the real social advantage of college-life is reaped while a young man is still young, and comes from the very fact that he takes part in a highly organized society, with a well-established code of manners and morals. It is common to call attention to the dangers that come from the toleration among students of certain evils. It is forgotten how many forms of vice and folly are utterly condemned by the same public opinion, and thus removed from the list of possible temptations. Indeed, in view of the risks run, in any large city, by young men who are without any such protection, and are left to fight the world, the flesh, and the Devil as best they may single-handed, college-life, even if it were less exceptionally high-toned and pure than we believe life at Cambridge to be, seems like a haven of safety in the midst of a rocky and tempestuous sea.

A R T.

BOSTON bids fair, by present signs, to prove itself an unsuspected mine of valuable old pictures. Not very long since a portrait by Bartolommeo Passerotti, a Bolognese painter in the latter half of the sixteenth century, was unearthed here; and now we find brought to light a small piece of glossy gloom, in which is imbedded some rich bits

of color, and purporting to be a genuine production by Rembrandt van Rhyn. The Passerotti, which, we believe, is signed and therefore settled in its genealogy, represents the head in life-size of a comfortable Italian, thirty-five or forty years old, perhaps, who looks out reassuringly from the black void behind him, with an aspect of hearty reality

that attracts one's sympathy at once. How far his blooming freshness is owing to the revivifying touch of the restorer, we do not know; but certainly this genial effigy has a strong appearance of being in much the same condition in which the dry air and delicate sunshine of Italy may have left it, after evaporating the moisture of the painter's last additions, three centuries since. The operations of the cleanser have, it is true, left a kind of dusky halo all around the head, which is not in the least consonant with the very human and unsaintly look of good living and good fellowship beaming from the face; but we are not otherwise made especially conscious of the restorer's office. The face itself is long, but well filled out, having an ample forehead, somewhat expanded and increased by the receding growth of the hair, or what may be an early baldness upon its forward fringes. The cheeks display a vigorous red, the nose is powerful, the mouth mainly concealed by a soft mustache of dark brown, and a light chin-beard, unstiffened by the razor, which curls easily about this extremity of the face, growing in the natural fashion. An habitual crease in the cheek runs from the slight upward curve in the wing of the nose down to the corner of the softly bearded lips; and the brown eyes look out obliquely at us, with that certain amused yet humorously reproachful look with which one greets a poor pun, or a witticism not provocative of a fully generous and uncritical mirth. An inscription upon the back of the canvas has led to the belief that the portrait is of Passerotti himself; and a certain superiority in the face — a trace of artistic perceptiveness — seems to substantiate this. Yet withal, too, there is such a sentiment of the good-liver and the man of humor in the features, that we find ourselves thinking rather of him than of the value of the painting, and are inclined to picture him to ourselves as seated in a party of artistic roisterers, trying and tempering his wit with light rural wine, or munching, with those fine jaws, a delicate salad, or a simple piece of bread, perhaps, dipped in the oil of olives. If, however, we detach ourselves from these idle musings, and come to a survey of the technical merits displayed in the work, we shall undoubtedly discover a true gift of color in the maker of this head. The pigment is laid on freely and thickly, the visible ear being but a semi-organized, large blot of flesh-tint; and the cheek is positively buttered with the creamy thick-

ness of pink and white which the painter has thought it necessary to apply here in order to gain his effect. But the tone of the face throughout is fresh, healthy, and harmonious, if viewed at a little distance, as the handling requires; and the broad white linen collar, which lies loosely about the throat, upon the black vest, though not toned to any very low degree, serves rather to set off the coloring of the flesh than to diminish its force. The attention excited by the discovery of this piece, quite worthy of preservation in some safe and accessible place, has been somewhat superseded by the greater notice which the supposed work of Rembrandt naturally attracts. A difference of opinion has, we believe, arisen as to the authorship of it, one view assigning it to Tintoretto. If, indeed, it be from the hand of Jacopo Robusti, it must, we imagine, have been executed with at least the second-best of the three pencils — a golden, a silver, and an iron one — which that Venetian worthy was by his contemporaries fabled to possess. The subject is the presentation of Christ before Pontius Pilate and the people. His figure stands at about the centre of the picture, — a small canvas, some twelve by fifteen inches, perhaps, in extent, — and has apparently been just led out from the entrance into a receding colonnade on the right. Thence also throng dimly a number of accessory figures. The Christ is supported by a guard, whose black velvet jerkin and brown buckskin breeches are painted with a rich smoothness in some degree recalling our modern Meissonier; he stands upon a terrace of stone projecting beyond the main building behind, which brings his feet just above the heads of the people in the foreground. On the same level, at the left, and shadowed by a projection of the edifice, appears Pilate, throned, in a general suggestion, at least, of great magnificence, and looking more like a chasuble priest than a Roman governor. The chief light is directly from the middle of the background, — a temperate yellow glow, streaming thence through a break in the dark, pillared, and corniced mass of the governor's palace. A man standing just behind the figure of Christ holds on a slender pole a spot of red, which looks as if meant for a torch; but whether so liberal an illumination is meant to proceed thence, or whether it is the light of sunset that we see, is difficult to determine. It strikes us that this light is not used with Rembrandt's characteristic economy. Hav-

ing massed here a strong and eloquent radiance, the painter has employed it upon the chief group almost too sparingly to bring them into a sufficient superiority of distinctness to that with which less important points are urged upon us by other lights. The person of Pilate, for instance, and that of some one who, just below him, leans upon a balustrade and looks over at the populace, are brought out by some reflected light, which is so strong as to give them a spotty relation to the other portions of the whole. The figures in the foreground, too, both to right and left, break out into a brilliance that hardly seems to consort well with the rest. The poising of light-forces does not seem to have been happy. The drawing of the figures is rude, and some of the faces are but slightly developed; while the distance which must be supposed to intervene between the figures in the foreground and those on the terrace is not indicated by any diminution of size in the latter. Bad drawing, indeed, is characteristic of Rembrandt; but it is difficult to reconcile the incoherent ordering of lights with that complete unity of chiaroscuro which placed him in a position unique among painters. With him, more than with any one who had preceded him, even among the Italians, the identity of light and color became prominent. He especially emphasized in his practice the principle that color depends for its force upon the amount of light which it reflects. Accordingly, every point of color became precious in his hands. His compositions were pitched in a low key; but for this reason, each of the pigments which absorbed a less number of the prismatic rays, that is, the brighter tints, had to be chosen with the greatest nicety of skill. In the picture before us we feel the want of masterful judgment in this choice. Yet Rembrandt himself was sometimes less happy than at others in the attainment of effects coming within the range of his chosen speciality; and it may be that the present little work is one of the less successful efforts. From the disorder of the lights, however, results a certain general confusion, which only gradually disappears as the eye accustoms itself to rest upon the soothing depths of shade and the sober splendor in much of the coloring, apart for themselves. The figures are too small to exhibit much of the translucent golden excellence of Rembrandt's flesh-tints; and, indeed, they hardly possess this, at its best, at all. As for the people in the foreground, there is

something meagre about them, a want of that variety of character and passion which are found in Rembrandt's etchings.

— SINCE we last noticed the objects exhibited by the Museum Committee at the Athenæum, there have been further acquisitions of great value made by this organization. Two charming tapestries, representing a vintage and a harvesting, and probably of Flemish manufacture, have been hung in the room containing the pottery and porcelain, Græco-Etrurian vases, etc. Their beautiful surfaces, in which some very powerful and interesting figures in Flemish costume contrast rich blue and scarlet and delicate green with the harmonious golden tone of their backgrounds are irradiated by a bit of historic interest which is worth mention. They belonged formerly to Louis Philippe, and were saved from the château of Neuilly, at its burning in 1848, only to be exposed, as it appears, to a more frightful conflagration in Boston, in November last, on which occasion they were withdrawn from a warehouse situated in the centre of the burnt district. Besides these, the museum has been enriched with some fine Dresden porcelain, a good example of which it has previously lacked; a cast of the Eleusis bas-relief representing Ceres, Triptolemus, and Proserpine; and several other minor objects. But by far the most important addition is that of the authentic collection of Egyptian antiquities presented by C. G. Way, Esq., which now occupies another entire room adjoining that devoted to the previous assemblage of objects. As one enters this chamber, peopled with numerous remains of so distant an antiquity, the effect is quite that which hitherto one could only encounter in visiting the museums abroad. Here are ponderous mummy cases of wood, with a pair of hands sculptured on the front, standing upright against the walls between the glass cases filled with smaller relics. Other mummy-cases, made of matting richly figured over with bird and beast and hieroglyphic shapes, lie near, under glass, with the gilding slowly scaling from their faces, in dignified decay. At one point we see a group of bronze figures, large and small, more or less corroded, representing gods and kings; and at another a collection of figures in wood, of a more domestic character. Beside these, a multitude of pectoral talismans mysteriously inscribed, scarabs and nilometers, in black

limestone, cornelian, and lapis lazuli, lie scattered about in their respective compartments, numbered and catalogued. Rows of hideous cat-headed and dog-headed jars, designed to contain the viscera of the dead, suggest comparison with that other array of exquisite fictile vases in the next room, and refer to a time when the powers of nature had not been personified in human shape for worship,—such a time as that in which the Greek Athene was still conceived of as an owl. Certain more graceful and acceptable little bottles of alabaster prove to be the receptacles for stibium, that compound of lampblack and antimony with which the long-since disintegrated Egyptian beauties, among whose toilet apparatus these vases may have stood, were wont to adorn themselves. Then, there is the usual collection of wooden implements; among them combs for the hair, and paint-brushes,—slender sticks of wood frayed at one end,—and paint-boxes in which traces of color still exist.

—THOSE readers who have followed the controversy between ourselves and the critic of *The Nation* concerning the measurement of Mr. Ward's Shakespeare will be interested to read the following state-

ment by a distinguished English sculptor, one of the most skilful and thoroughly educated artists of his time:—

“Having been invited to measure the statue of Shakespeare by J. Q. A. Ward, N. A., I am wishful to state that I find its proportions to be seven and one half heads, namely, that it contains in vertical measurements seven and one half of its own heads. If reduced to the minutæ of actual scales, I believe it would exceed this by perhaps one degree, thus proving the truth of the Italian proverb, which has come down to us from the finest period of art, that a small head is the fault of a great sculptor.”

“MARSHALL WOOD.”

Seven and a half heads, then, are the proportions of the Shakespeare, as ascertained by Mr. Wood, as well as by Mr. H. K. Brown, both sculptors of eminence and careful study; and *six and a half heads* are the proportions according to a critic who considers himself perfectly competent in so simple a matter as the measurement of statues. We are quite willing to let the public choose between him and these artists.

MUSIC.*

OF some recently published songs by Charles Gounod, one at least is sufficiently instructive in several ways to claim a more extended notice than its intrinsic merits would at first seem to warrant. Everything that M. Gounod does shows him to be a musician thoroughly versed in the ways and means of his art,—at the very

* *Passed Away.* Song. Words by EDWIN SAUNDERS, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

When in the Early Morn. Song. Words by EDWARD MAITLAND, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

Aprile. Song. Words by J. BARBIER, music by CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Deep down within the Cellar, old German Drinking-Song. English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

A Mariner's Home 's the Sea. Song. Words by J. P. WOOLER, ESQ., music by ALBERTO RANDEGER. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Gay little Dandelion. Song. Words by GEORGE

MACDONALD, music by G. L. OSGOOD. Op. 1. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Somebody, Sunset. Songs. By GEORGE L. OSGOOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Ten Études for the Piano-forte. By ANTON KRAUSE. Op. 5. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Instructive Piano Pieces. Composed and graded expressly for the Stuttgart Conservatory. By S. LEBERT and L. STARK. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

15 Inventionen à 2 voix et 15 inventionen à 3 voix pour piano. Par J. SEBASTIAN BACH. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Mendelssohn's Third Symphony. Paraphrase for Piano-forte. By SYDNEY SMITH. Op. 101. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

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spontaneous inspiration, the instinctive, natural (and also *national*) tendency of the man towards the theatrical and artificial in art cannot be overlooked even by his warm admirers. In common with most of his countrymen, his habitual inner artistic life seems to be an artificial one; he seems to be perpetually posing before his public, or, in default of a public, before himself; and one insensibly feels that he cannot trust himself far from a looking-glass. A Frenchman must be either on one side of the foot-lights or the other, either on the stage or the benches; and when anybody does his stage-posing and gesticulating as well as does M. Gounod, who sits on the benches must applaud with a will. Nay, these Frenchmen do so brilliantly improve upon nature in their artificial art, that for the time being we cannot but be cheated into enthusiasm, and almost believe in Bengal lights and stage lamps as the purest source of light; for do not the very stars themselves pale and grow sickly dim before a bunch of rockets and a couple of streetfuls of painted lamps? But for anything purely artificial to have even a temporary hold upon us, it must be absolutely perfect in all its details, even more perfect than the *reality* that it mimics. However, to leave all mere abstractions, and come down to the case in hand, we heartily wish that M. Gounod had never undertaken to write music to *English* words. The song *Passed Away* is, musically considered, a clever bit of forced sentimentality, worthless, perhaps, from any really high artistic point of view, but in no way inferior to many of his French songs, which any one of an easy-going artistic conscience would be willing to accept as thoroughly charming. The modulations are, for the most part, forced and unnatural, but yet skilfully and even gracefully forced with the light touch of a master. The music perfectly expresses the words; but the text itself is what spoils the whole. Mr. Saunders's verses express a sentiment not altogether new in the annals of poetry, — that of an unhappy swain who offers up to the departed spirit of his mistress a fixed determination never to be consoled till death do them reunite. To a man in this unhappy state of mind commonplace versification is no doubt an innocent anodyne; and after having once made up his mind that he will be of no further use in the world either to himself or anybody else, we cannot blame him for eking out the remainder of his blighted existence

with rhymed soliloquy. But he should *not* print it! Especially not in the English tongue, in which commonplaces of the lovesorn sort inevitably cut their sublime moorings, and are washed hither and thither in the sea of the ridiculous in aimless wanderings. That M. Gounod, as a Frenchman, should be instinctively attracted by the tender, susceptible nature revealed in all this metrical woe is not surprising. The sentiment, and indeed the expression of it taken as a mental diagnosis, is not one whit inferior to much of the namby-pambier sort of French love-poetry which the world has voted respectable. But M. Gounod has vastly miscalculated his power of discriminating between poetry and doggerel in a foreign language. Mr. Saunders's verses are, in fact, of the most outrageous doggerel.

When in the *Early Morn* is, perhaps, the weakest and most unmusician-like of the composer's productions that we have yet seen. It would hardly reflect credit upon the most commonplace ballad-writer. On the other hand, *Aprile* is, everything considered, the most thoroughly fascinating song of Gounod's that we know. The beautiful, passionate melody is rather un-French in tone, and, strange to say, neither it nor the manner in which it is harmonized have much that is distinctly characteristic of the composer. Only in the inimitably beautiful transition from passionate intensity to most caressing tenderness at the words "D'arcano ardor mi sento acceso il cor!" (we are sorry not to be able to quote from the French original) do we recognize Gounod in one of his best and most characteristic moods. The whole song is written with rare spontaneity, every note and phrase seeming to have sprung into being in willing response to an artistic necessity, not to have been forced upon the paper by any mock-passionate "grasping at the thunder," or in accordance with any artificial laws of dramatic effect. Yet the song is much more *effective*, not to mention its being more pure in character, than hosts of more elaborately written French love-songs in which the most carefully calculated effects, intended to portray all the various shades of passion, too often bear the stamp of the ingenious art manufacturer, rather than of the heaven-compelled artist.

Deep down within the *Cellar* is a slightly altered version of the old German drinking-song, *Im Kühlen Keller*, authorship, we suppose, not now discover-

able. What we take to be the original melody is published in Leipzig in a collection of Old and New Students' Songs, with Illustrations and Tunes, edited by L. Richter and A. E. Marschner, in which no hint is given as to the origin of either words or melody. The present edition, furnished with a piano-forte accompaniment and an English version of the text by John Oxenford, has not quite the uncouth, half-tipsy simplicity of the original, is, in fact, rather an expurgated musical version, but is, nevertheless, vigorous and concise in melody and masterly in harmony. The only place where it has really suffered by the change is in the last bar but two of the air, at the words *Ich halt's empor*. The half-maudlin, pot-valiant mock-dignity of the skip from B-flat up a tenth to high D and then to high F, in the original version, is too good to be lost. We can see the jolly toper boastfully holding up his glass, singing his own praises, a little dashed perhaps by the sudden change of register and the unexpected sound of his own voice in a high key, but yet retaining self-possession enough to finish his phrase with *ich trinke, trinke, trinke*, in dignified self-complacency and a hiccup or two down to low F. This effect is much weakened in Mr. Oxenford's version, where the smooth arpeggio from B-flat to D lacks the drastic realism of the original.

Randegger's A Mariner's Home 's the Sea is a good vigorous song; not strikingly original, but well written and effective. The subject is rather a trite one, and belongs rather to the harmonic meeting and "Back-Kitchen" period of song-writing than to these degenerate days, when screw-steamers and a more extended acquaintance with the vasty deep have robbed it of much of its romantic charm. The song is, indeed, much better than its title would at first lead one to think, and may be ranked rather above average concert songs of the vagabond type.

Gay little Dandelion, Somebody, and Sunset, by George L. Osgood, show our sweet-voiced young tenor to be something more than a singer. However much good Mr. Osgood's Italian training may have done him in respect to vocal culture, it has manifestly had little effect upon his writing. It is pleasant to find a singer writing music simply as music, without any eye to producing something merely effective and vocally astonishing, — to find that the virtuoso persistently aims at being an artist, and not merely an acrobat. Mr. Osgood

has evidently written these songs with some higher intent than to *faire briller la voix*. Of the three, the Little Dandelion strikes us as the best. Here, as in Sunset, the strong influence the songs of Robert Franz have had upon the composer is unmistakable. The melody has a piquant grace, suggestive of the flower balancing itself upon its stem, that is quite fascinating; and the playful, breezy triplets of the accompaniment, together with the unusually fine harmony, give the song a peculiar charm. Sunset is of a quiet, religious character, entirely unpretentious, yet neither flat nor commonplace. In the song called Somebody we feel the influence of Gounod rather than of Franz. In spite of many points of beauty, this song seems not quite up to the mark of the other two. With great singleness of general plan, it somehow wants unity of character, and some of the phrases verge dangerously upon the commonplace. Too many nationalities seem to have got mixed up in the music. Nevertheless, many places show the accomplished musician, especially in the harmonizing; neither is a certain poetic flavor wanting. The best part of the song is the close, where the words, "Through life, says somebody," are repeated three times; first in the brilliant, sunshiny key of A major, then in the more reposeful *innig* key of F (the subdominant key of the song), and lastly in the tonic, C. This change from the first impetuous outburst of joy to a calmer, serener, but deeper expression of feeling is singularly beautiful.

Anton Krause's Ten Piano-forte Studies are most excellent. They are admirably calculated to advance the pupil in reading music, while there is enough in them to develop strength and agility of finger and wrist, and particularly to train the pupil's eye in judging distances on the keyboard. Musically they are unusually interesting. We notice with pleasure that Messrs Russell and Company are republishing in sheet form many things from Lebert and Stark's Piano-forte School, written and arranged for the use of the Conservatory at Stuttgart. This will be a godsend to our piano-forte teachers, especially to those who have to do with young beginners, and whom a few more years of the eternal Kuhe, Beyer, & Co., "easy and graceful transcriptions" would undoubtedly drive to distraction. The same firm have published an excellent edition of Sebastian Bach's two-part inventions and three-part

symphonies for piano-forte. We would earnestly counsel all young pianists, who are of a kindly disposition towards Bach and to whom the "well-tempered clavier" presents too many technical difficulties, to study these little two-voice compositions. As a study for acquiring perfect independence between the two hands they are unsurpassed, and as musical compositions they are really delightful. The three-voice inventions, or "symphonies" as they are called in the great Leipzig edition of Breitkopf and Härtel, are more difficult, from the additional *obbligato* part, but are musically all the more fascinating. To the contrapuntal student these inventions are invaluable examples of polyphonic writing in the purest style, though not conforming at all to the strict fugue and canon forms.

We hardly know whether to be glad or sorry that Mr. Sydney Smith has made a Paraphrase of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. At first sight this reducing a fine symphony to a *potpourrie de salon* strikes one as rather a desecration, to be deplored by the sincere art-lover. But after all, when we properly consider it, there seem to be no good reason why a symphony should not be made a medley of, as well as an opera; unless, indeed, it be that there are so many poor popular operas, which it is no serious matter to chop up for parlor consumption, and so few really fine sym-

phonies that can be treated in this manner. Possibly some interest in the higher music may be created in persons of weak musical digestion, to whom a "whole symphony" is a tough dose, by these diluted abridgments of the too strong original. Mr. Sydney Smith, in common with some few other pianist composers, has held a sort of middle ground between Thalberg, the founder of the school and its one shining light, and such men as Spindler, Oesten, and other more purely mechanical sheet-music purveyors. Sydney Smith's transcriptions and *salon*-pieces have had great vogue in school exhibitions and like occasions, and are to be found on the music racks of most æsthetically minded young ladies, to the terror and boredom of musicians, whom his imitations of Thalberg fail to delight, in spite of his really clever handling of the instrument. He is, in fact, the burnt stick of the Thalberg rocket, interesting only to him upon whose head it happens to fall. In the transcription in hand he has done as well as might have been expected, and no better. As a simple piece of piano-forte writing, the piece is capital, the instrument exceedingly well treated, and the execution not difficult; as a mere piece of transcribing, it is in high degree commendable; but as a treatment of the Scotch Symphony, it is simple butchery, wanting in coherence, fervor, and good taste.

SCIENCE.

IF we have delayed somewhat too long the mention of Dr. Bastian's learned and powerful treatise on the "Beginnings of Life," it has been because of a natural reluctance to approach so vast a subject, on which so much is to be said, while yet so little can be said that is thoroughly satisfactory. If the half of Dr. Bastian's positions are destined to become substantiated, his work will mark an epoch in biology hardly less important than that which was marked by Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." Unfortunately, the kind of proof which is needed for Dr. Bastian's main thesis is much more difficult, not only to obtain, but also to appreciate properly when obtained, than the kind of proof by which the hypothesis of natural selection has

been converted into a scientific theory. In the latter case what was needed was some principle of interpretation which should account for the facts of the classification, embryology, morphology, and distribution of plants and animals, without appealing to any other forces than such as are known to be actually in operation; and it was because the theory of natural selection furnished such a principle that it met with such ready acceptance from the scientific world. On the other hand, the fate of Dr. Bastian's theory of archebiosis depends upon the issue of a series of experiments of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, — experiments which are of value only when performed by scientific experts of consummate training, and which the soundest critic

of inductive methods must find it perilous to interpret with confidence, unless he has had something of the training of an expert himself. For, however simple it may seem to the uninitiated to shut up an organizable solution so securely that organic germs from the atmosphere cannot gain access to it, or cannot even be imagined to gain access to it, this is really one of the most desperate tasks which an experimenter has ever had set before him; yet to such rigor of exclusion is the inquirer forced who aims to settle the question by the direct application of what logicians call the method of difference. And thus the question at issue is reduced to that unpromising state in which both parties to the dispute are called upon to perform the apparently hopeless task of proving a negative. When living things appear in the isolated solution, the adherents of the germ-theory are always able to point out some imaginable way in which germs might have got in; and on the other hand, when the panspermatists adduce instances in which no living things have been found, the believers in archebiosis are able to maintain, with equal cogency, that the failure was due, not to the complete exclusion of germs from without, but to the neglect of some other condition essential to the evolution of living matter.

But Dr. Bastian strikes out from this closed circle of rebutting arguments with a boldness which deserves success. He takes very strong ground in maintaining that the notion that the atmosphere is forever swarming with the germs of bacteria and vibriones, ready on all occasions to penetrate the pores of glass bottles, to creep in through the capillary neck of a flask from which the air has been expelled by boiling, and to sustain a heat sufficient to disintegrate all known forms of life, is a pure hypothesis, unsupported by a solitary fact, save those in the interpretation of which it is itself taken for granted. Half its force is, indeed, taken away from the germ-theory, when it is stated after this straightforward manner. For Spallanzani to assume that the air is always loaded with such germs was a very happy guess; but what is to assure us that it was a true one? and, above all, why are we to go on acquiescing in it as if it were a demonstrated fact? The only facts to sustain it are such as admit equally well of a totally different explanation. The germ-theory only maintains its ground as a tradition; and were the scales

of prejudice turned ever so little in favor of archebiosis, the germ-theory would be no longer appealed to, and would almost immediately be forgotten. Obviously, these are hardly the characteristics of a valid scientific hypothesis.

From this point of view, one set of Dr. Bastian's experiments is of striking significance. Two similar flasks, the one containing a boiled "Pasteur's solution" and the other a boiled infusion of turnip, are placed beneath the same bell-jar and allowed to stand for a few days. It is found that the "Pasteur's solution" will remain free from bacteria for an indefinite length of time, while bacteria are always speedily developed in the turnip infusion. Now, the advocates of the germ-theory cannot maintain that atmospheric germs were excluded in the one case but not in the other; for the two flasks are treated in precisely the same manner, and the possibility of any accidental difference of treatment is eliminated by the frequent repetition of the experiment. Nor can it be urged that all germs of life were destroyed by boiling in the case of the "Pasteur's solution," but not in the case of the turnip infusion; for both have alike been subjected to a temperature considerably higher than that which is admitted to be fatal to every form of life; while here, again, repetition of the experiment negatives the supposition of any accidental variation in the process. We are, in short, debarred from assuming any physical condition in the one case which is not present in the other. The only imaginable retreat for the panspermatists is in the assumption that the "Pasteur's solution" is an unfavorable medium for the development of introduced bacteria-germs, while the turnip infusion allows such germs to develop freely. Another experiment, however, cuts off this line of retreat. When bacteria are introduced into "Pasteur's solution," they multiply with great rapidity and soon render the liquid turbid. In view of these striking facts, but one conclusion would appear to be tenable: the bacteria must originate *de novo* from organizable matter, and their presence in the one case and absence in the other must depend solely on the difference in constitution between the two liquids. The one contains the materials essential for the origination of life, while the other does not. "We can only infer," says Dr. Bastian, "that, whilst the boiled saline solution is quite incapable of engendering bacteria,

such organisms are able to arise *de novo* in the boiled organic infusion."

It is not more than three years since Professor Huxley described the doctrine of the panspermatisists as "victorious along the whole line"; yet it is now undeniable that, owing to such experiments as those just cited and others of like implication, that doctrine has been put upon the defensive, with a rather poor prospect of being able to maintain its ground. Until these conclusions have been thoroughly refuted, the probabilities must be regarded as decidedly in favor of archebiosis.

By "archebiosis" Dr. Bastian means the genesis of living matter *de novo* in the absence of living parentage. The bacterium is supposed to be, as it were, *precipitated* from the solution in much the same way that a crystal is precipitated. As Professor Huxley observes, "It is not probable that there is any real difference in the nature of the molecular forces which compel the carbonate of lime to assume and retain the crystalline form, and those which cause the albuminoid matter to move and grow, select and form, and maintain its particles in a state of incessant motion. The property of crystallizing is to crystallizable matter what the vital property is to albuminoid matter (protoplasm). The crystalline form corresponds to the organic form, and its internal structure to tissue structure. Crystalline force being a property of matter, vital force is but a property of matter." When, therefore, the constituent proximate elements of lowest organisms are brought together under suitable conditions, they unite to form bacteria or vibriones or ciliated infusoria, the resulting forms being determined by the operation of principles analogous to those which govern the production of crystals.

However the question may be decided as to the possibility of archebiosis occurring at the present day amid the artificial circumstances of the laboratory, there are few who will deny that archebiosis, or the origination of living matter, in accordance with natural laws, must have occurred at some epoch in the past. Let us take note of some of the facts which bear upon this question.

When our earth, refusing to follow in their retreat the heavier portions of the solar nebula, began its independent career as a planet, its surface was by no means so heterogeneous as at present. We may fairly suppose that the temperature of that

surface cannot have been lower, but may well have been much higher, than that of the solar surface at the present time, which is estimated at three million degrees Fahrenheit, — or more than fourteen thousand times hotter than boiling water. At such a temperature there could have been no formation of chemical compounds; so that the chief source of terrestrial heterogeneity did not exist, while physical causes of heterogeneity were equally kept in abeyance by the maintenance of all things in a gaseous state. We have now to show how the mere cooling of this gaseous planet, consequent upon perpetual radiation of heat into surrounding space, must have given rise to the endless variety of structures, organic as well as inorganic, which the earth's surface now presents. The origination of life will thus appear in its proper place, as an event in the chemical history of the earth. Let us see what must have been the inevitable chemical consequences of the earth's cooling.

In a large number of cases, heat is favorable to chemical union, as in the familiar instance of lighting a candle, a gas-jet, or a wood-fire. The molecules of carbon and oxygen, which will not unite when simply brought into juxtaposition, nevertheless begin rapidly to unite as soon as their rates of undulation are heightened by the intense heat of the match. In like manner, the phosphoric compound with which the end of the match is equipped refuses to take up molecules of atmospheric oxygen, until its molecules receive an increment of motion supplied by the arrested molar motion of the match along a rough surface. So oxygen and hydrogen do not combine when they are simply mingled together in the same vessel; but when sufficiently heated they explode, and unite to form steam. In these and in many other cases a certain amount of heat causes substances to enter into chemical union. But it is none the less true that an enormous supply of heat causes such violent molecular undulation as to render chemical union impossible. Since the mode of attractive force known as chemism acts only at infinitesimal distances, the increase of thermal undulation, which at first only causes such a molecular rearrangement as to allow mutually attracting molecules to rush together, must at last cause such a separation of particles that chemism will be unable to act. This inference from known laws of heat is fully verified by experiment

in the case of all those compounds which we can decompose by such thermal means as we have at command. Speaking generally, the most complex compounds are the most unstable, and these are the soonest decomposed by heat. The highly complex organic molecules of fibrine and albumen are often separated by the ordinary heat of a summer's day, as is witnessed in the spoiling of meat. Supersalts and double salts are decomposed at lower temperatures than simple salts; and these again yield to a less amount of heat than is required to sunder the elements of deutoxides, peroxides, etc. The protoxides, which are only one degree more complex than simple elements, withstand a still higher temperature, and several of them refuse to yield to the greatest heat which we can produce artificially. No chemist, however, doubts that a still greater heat would decompose even these. We may picture to ourselves the earth's surface as at the outset composed only of uncombined elements, of free oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, etc., and of iron, copper, sodium, and other metals in a state of vapor. With the lowering of this nebular temperature by radiation, chemical combinations of greater and greater heterogeneity became gradually possible. First appeared the stable binary compounds, such as water and the inorganic acids and bases. After still further lowering of temperature, some of the less stable compounds, such as salts and double salts, were enabled to appear on the scene. At a later date came the still more heterogeneous and unstable organic acids and ethers. And all this chemical evolution must have taken place before the first appearance of living protoplasm. Upon these statements we may rest with confidence, since they are immediate corollaries from known properties of matter.

When it is asked, then, in what way were brought about the various chemical combinations from which have resulted the innumerable mineral forms which make up the crust of the globe, the reply is that they were primarily due to the unhindered working of the chemical affinities of their constituent molecules as soon as the requisite coolness was obtained. As soon as it became cool enough for oxygen and hydrogen to unite into a stable compound, they did unite to form vapor of water. As soon as it became cool enough for double salts to exist, then the mutual affinities of simple binary compounds and single salts, vari-

ously brought into juxtaposition, sufficed to produce double salts. And so on, throughout the inorganic world.

Here we obtain a hint as to the origin of organic life upon the earth's surface. In accordance with the modern dynamic theory of life, we are bound to admit that the higher and less stable aggregations of molecules which constitute protoplasm were built up in just the same way in which the lower and more stable aggregations of molecules which constitute a single or a double salt were built up. Dynamically, the only difference between carbonate of ammonia and protoplasm, which can be called fundamental, is the greater molecular complexity and consequent instability of the latter. We are bound to admit, then, that, as carbonic acid and ammonia, when brought into juxtaposition, united by virtue of their inherent properties as soon as the diminishing temperature would let them, so also carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, when brought into juxtaposition, united by virtue of their inherent properties into higher and higher multiples as fast as the diminishing temperature would let them, until at last living protoplasm was the result of the long-continued process.

While by following such considerations as these into greater detail the mode in which protoplasm must have arisen may by and by be partially comprehended, it is at the same time true that the ultimate mystery — the association of vital properties with the enormously complex chemical compound known as protoplasm — remains unsolved. Why the substance protoplasm should manifest sundry properties which are not manifested by any of its constituent substances, we do not know; and very likely we shall never know. But whether the mystery be forever insoluble or not, it can in no wise be regarded as a solitary mystery. It is equally mysterious that starch or sugar or alcohol should manifest properties not displayed by their elements, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, when uncombined; it is equally mysterious that a silvery metal and a suffocating gas should, by their union, become transformed into table-salt. Yet, however mysterious, the fact remains that one result of every chemical synthesis is the manifestation of a new set of properties. The case of living matter or protoplasm is in no wise exceptional.

In view of these considerations, it may

be held that the evolution of living things is a not improbable concomitant of the cooling down of any planetary body which contains upon its surface the chemical constituents of living matter. It may, perhaps, turn out that we can no more reproduce in the laboratory the precise group of conditions under which living matter was first evolved than we can obtain direct testimony as to the language and civilization of our pre-historic ancestors. But, just as it is conceded to be possible, by reasoning upon established philological principles, to ob-

tain trustworthy results as to the speech and culture of the pre-historic Aryans, so it must be admitted that, by reasoning upon known facts in physical science, we may get some glimpse of the circumstances which must have attended the origin of living matter. By following this method new light will no doubt eventually be thrown upon the past history of our planet, and a sound basis will be obtained for conjectures regarding the existence of living organisms upon some of our neighboring worlds.

POLITICS.

THE last session of Congress may, like most other things, be looked at from a good many different points of view; and as the present moment in politics is not one of absorbing interest, it may be as well to turn back and consider briefly the impression produced by the proceedings of the national legislature in different quarters.

Judging from the press, then, of the effect of the proceedings of the last session of Congress on the public mind, in the first place, the foreign critic has been led to draw very unfavorable conclusions as to the merits of republican institutions. The foreign critic's reasoning is something of this sort: A hundred years ago, the United States were colonies of England, and had a quasi-aristocratic system of society. The forms of life were simple, compared with those of our time, but the government of the colonies was in the hands of skilled political families, who managed matters so well that they were enabled, after the separation from the mother country, to form a good, conservative constitution, not only for the federation, but for the single States. By and by, the democratic fever seized on the people, and in one State after another the suffrage was made universal, offices elective, and elective too for short periods, the system of rotation was introduced, and conservatism went by the board. What results have unrestricted suffrage, a rotatory civil service, an elective judiciary, in other words republicanism, produced? In the State governments they have produced Barnards, Cardozos, Pomeroyes, Caldwells; in Washington the system of which they are all

parts has begot Credit Mobiliers, protection, and salary jobs, Oakes Ames and Butlers; in Louisiana and Florida, society is on the verge of anarchy; throughout the entire country there is a universal cry of corruption, fraud, and crime, charges against everybody in office or aspiring to office, every man's voice lifted against every man's reputation, and a general carnival of slander and libel. The inference is, that the American people are not fit to govern themselves; and if they are not, with all their experience, no people are. These criticisms are most openly expressed in England, but they are only less openly expressed in France and Germany, because, in those two countries, journalism does not occupy the place that it does in England.

If we turn to our own press, its discussion of the proceedings of Congress has been remarkable for more reasons than one. It might have been anticipated that the Credit Mobilier investigation, to take the principal event of the session as an illustration, would have been investigated outside of Congress in a partisan manner; that Republican newspapers would have defended the corruption, because the members involved were for the most part Republicans; that Democrats would have made the occasion one of party triumph, because the original exposure of the bribery was made last summer in the columns of a Liberal Republican newspaper. The discussion, however, has by no means been conducted in a partisan spirit, and it is curious to observe how unanimous the press has been in condemning, not only the original swindle of

the Credit Mobilier, and the prevarications and perjury of members of Congress, but also the timidity of Congress in refusing to deal with the question in a straightforward, honest way. To be sure, there has been now and then a newspaper which has defended the proceeding, and even extolled Oakes Ames and James Brooks, on the score of patriotism and honesty. But these were exceptions. As a general rule, the press has treated Democratic and Republican members alike; and as this is the first case for many years in political discussion in which party interests have been subordinated to public interests, the fact is worth noticing. We may be pretty sure, that when the public gives such convincing evidence that it is beginning to discriminate between the two, and to look on its legally chosen representatives as a foreign body, of unpopular and suspicious character, that the day is not far distant when a change in the *status quo* must take place.

That the last session of Congress was a public scandal is generally admitted. What is the moral drawn from the fact by domestic criticism?

The press comes to the conclusion that politics are corrupt, even corrupter than we had previously supposed; that the system of subsidies and protection has finally ended in imbuing people with the notion that it is corporations, mills, steamship and railroad lines, that are really represented in Congress, instead of themselves; that the politicians have come to be a real class, elected by a class, representing a class, and legislating in the interest of a class; that the country is on the high road to destruction, unless these things can be stopped; and that the only way to stop them is, first, by working for the election of honest representatives to Congress; second, by being honest ourselves; and third, through a union of honest men, wherever found, throughout the country, combining without regard to party to secure a change. In fact, the only difference between foreign and domestic opinion on the subject is that foreign opinion points to republicanism and democracy, as the sources of all our evils, while we stop short of that final step, and say that, by stopping the immediate causes of degeneration, we can reanimate the body politic, and make it again a healthy organism.

Are we right? Can it be done? The grounds on which the foreign opinion rests are these: the character of a government depends on the character of the govern-

ing body, whatever it may be; if the sovereign is a king, on the king's character; if the sovereign is an aristocracy, on the character of the nobles who compose it; if the sovereign is a people, on their character. A popular government will be good only so long as the individuals who compose the population lead, in the main, simple, honest, quiet lives, and take a deep interest in government. As soon as the system of society becomes complex, the occupations of the population highly diversified, and wealth has begun to introduce distinctions, popular government begins to be an impossibility. A mixed crowd of men, some of them devoted to money-making by the pursuit of law, some to money-making by the pursuit of commerce or trade, others by the pursuit of art or letters, or any of the thousand pursuits to which the variety of modern life has given rise, does not take much more interest in good government than it does in anything else. Now and then, perhaps, on some great occasion, when a gigantic abuse has been discovered, or when a popular passion is stirred to its depths, the people may, by supreme exertion of the will, effect a momentary revolution; but, in ordinary time, the people will no more govern themselves than the individuals who compose the people will make their own hats, mine their own coal, slaughter their own beef, weave their own clothes, or carry their grain to market on their own shoulders. Just as there are hatters, miners, butchers, manufacturers, and common carriers, so there will be politicians, who will do the work of government. Universal suffrage will have no other effect than this, that it will be regarded by the politician as a piece of machinery which must be put in running order, before he can make his possession of power secure. When this state of affairs exists, popular government is evidently at an end, though its form may linger on for a long time. The government does faithfully represent something, but what it represents is the popular incapacity to deal with political questions.

This argument is a very old one, and it all ends in the old view of the world's affairs taken by the philosophical writers who flourished in Athens and Rome, and later by the *religiosi* of the Middle Ages, whose chief aim was to persuade their followers to abandon earthly struggles, hopes, joys, doubts, and fears, for the sake of philosophic calm or heavenly peace. Mundane affairs, they used to say, move in a vicious

circle. First, simplicity and virtuous republicanism; then, with the growth of wealth, corruption and the decay of republican ideas. Then the rise into power of demagogues, who, with a specious pretence of a desire to serve the public, in reality manage the public in their own interests. By and by the demagogue is succeeded by the tyrant, and the tyrant begins to govern in real earnest. The tyrant's possession of power soon insures his own corruption; he outrages law and justice and liberty, and the best among his subjects resist him. After a struggle they gain the day, and, meanwhile, the struggle itself has developed among the subjects an amount of self-restraint, self-respect, and regard for law and right, which convinces them of the necessity of establishing some form of self-government. Popular rule returns, and the tale begins again. It is all a juggle; men are puppets worked for an unknown object by an unseen conjurer.

Stoical morality and religion have not, in these days, that strong hold on people's feelings that we can apprehend anything but extreme danger from the spread of such beliefs as these. A general belief among men of education that no struggle against evil in the government of the world was worth making because it could only in the end result in the production of some other and new kind of evil, would only lead to one conclusion, — a wide-spread materialism, indifference, or cynicism. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," would be the only answer necessary to make to importunate reformers, if, indeed, there should any longer be reformers; for of what use is it to be a reformer at all, if, indeed, the eternal law of action and reaction in the moral world means that whatever good be done, evil of an equal amount will come of it? Would it not be better, on the whole, to play the part of tempter? Who knows of how much good Satan has been the indirect cause?

It is not for the purpose of expressing our belief in this philosophy that we refer to it. It can, we think, be shown to be shallow and incomplete; but it deserves attention from the fact that the country has reached a period in its growth when, to a certain class of minds, such speculations are becoming extremely tempting, and, if unresisted, are sure to lead to results of the worst kind.

The reason we do not believe in this cynical view of politics is the same which

has led the world generally, or the educated part of it, at least, to give up the old cynical view of man himself. Every man, in his progress from childhood to the grave, passes through much the same stages a government passes through. Childhood is the age of simplicity, and gradually leads to youth, the age of independence; as soon as independence comes, temptation of every kind comes with it, — the temptations of wealth, of appetite, of sloth, of ambition. It used to be thought that the invariable result of these temptations was a moral fall, after which the victorious passion might in the human frame be supposed to represent the usurping tyrant in the body politic. Then, with another generation, the work began again. This view of man was a good while ago given up, and it is now generally admitted by most sane-minded people that a man may grow up, flourish, and descend into the grave, without illustrating the doctrine of depravity by his career. The question, in the case of each individual man is, Has he enough moral force, enough character, to resist? It is the same with governments. The people of any country will have a good government just as long as they have in themselves virtue, public spirit, industry, strength, and courage. Whether the form of government is an empire, or a republic, or a monarchy, or that extraordinary, anomalous form which exists in England, and for which there is in reality no name, depends on other circumstances. But, in modern times, the character of the government depends on that of the people themselves.

While it is perfectly true that the complexity of life produced by the increase of wealth and the division of occupations places politics in a less prominent position than that which they occupy in simple conditions of society, it should also be remembered that, with the general advance of civilization, the business of government itself becomes different. The object of government, about which so much has been said and written, is, in barbarous times, simply the securing of power to the governor. In our day, the object of government is universally admitted, even by those who care least about it, to be the advancement of the general good. Even wars are carried on, whenever it is possible, under a moral cover; the administration of justice is not any longer the settlement of casual disputes between subjects, as it undoubtedly was in the days of the *Aula Regis*; the courts are simply re-

garded as judicial agents of society for a certain well-known and defined purpose. Executive officials are regarded as social agents for another purpose, and legislative for a third. The taxing power was once, as it still is in Asia, a means of raising revenue for the support of a powerful individual or body of individuals. The taxing power, nowadays, is simply a device for carrying on the various pieces of intricate machinery which serve, each in its place, some end in the social order. In short, government is now, in fact, at least in this country, what a century ago it was only in theory, the servant, or rather agent, of the people, and its character will be determined by that of the people; and we do not believe that the government is going to destruction, notwithstanding many Cincinnati Conventions and Fifth Avenue conferences, Credit Mobilier failures and salary jobs, merely because we think there is in the country an enormous amount of vital moral energy and earnestness which will, in the course of time, make itself felt by the government, and end by achieving the reform of many abuses which now seem to be growing worse and worse every year.

If we look back a little, we certainly see some ground for hope. Twelve years ago this spring, the United States was a slave power. Twelve years before that, the slave States had a far closer and surer hold on the government than any corporation, custom-house, or whiskey ring, or administration ring has ever had since. There were as many millions of capital invested in slaves, and in industries to the success of which a continuance of slavery was then honestly supposed by many people to be essential, as there are now in all the industries, schemes, enterprises, or jobs which employ the lobby at Washington, debauch the civil service, and corrupt Congress. To the good people who, twenty-five years since, prayed for the deliverance of the country from the curse of slavery, the condition of affairs looked far blacker than it does now to any one. A mere handful they were, too. They had no money. Capital was against them, the law was against them, government and social opinion were against them. They had really nothing on their side except their own conviction of its righteousness, and foreign sympathy. They had not even the cordial co-operation of the slaves whose freedom they desired to secure. Yet they triumphed so completely that not a slave is to

be found now on American soil, and hardly a man who will confess that he once was a believer in slavery. To be sure, this victory was obtained at the cost of a war; but this makes the case only the more singular proof of the fact that the country will go far, very far, in the support of what it believes to be right. The popular dislike of war was one of the obstacles which was constantly thwarting the efforts of the abolitionists. The war for the suppression of the Rebellion is, we believe, almost the first instance in history of a people sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives and thousands of millions of money for a purely moral object; for we may leave the selfish object of the preservation of the Union out of the account, since the Union might have been preserved perfectly well without the war, by one of the many compromises which were so artfully suggested, and so indignantly rejected at the beginning of the struggle.

The most cheerless pessimist must confess that there is something encouraging to the cause of reform in the history of the slavery struggle. The reforms which we now desire to be introduced into the government are certainly very different from that which the abolitionists fought for: they are, however, like it in this respect,—in which all reforms are alike,—that they cannot be introduced without the existence in the country of a number of people who are filled with the desire to do something to make the country happier and better, and whose main interest in government is to improve it. The antislavery struggle proved the existence of such a body of people; and sooner or later we may rely on it that other people, filled with the same desire, will come forward to take their places and do the new work which this generation finds before it.

The Cincinnati movement ended in disaster, last summer, but it had one good result, which all those who avow an interest in reform ought to notice: it proved the existence of a small class of sincere reformers, who are not only capable of making a bold attack on the party in power, but who are also ready, in the interest of reform, to turn on their own *soi-disant* fellows and ruin them; who are not interested in the reform movement because it seems to afford an avenue to place and profit, but because it is a real reform movement; and who leave it the moment it ceases to be true to the object of its existence.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXXI.—JUNE, 1873.—NO. CLXXXVIII.

THE FRENCH IMBROGLIO OF 1798.

WHETHER the people of the United States should govern or be governed, or, in other words, whether America should remain America or become merely a greater Britain,—that was the issue in the infuriate Presidential election of 1800. The issue was confused, as it always is, by intrigue, accident, and personality; but the people saw it clearly enough; for of all the devices of man for clarifying and disseminating truth, nothing has yet been invented so effective as one of our hotly contested Presidential elections. Millions of lies are generated only to be consumed; and the two warring principles stand at last clearly revealed, for each man to choose, according to his nature. Never once, from 1789 to 1872, have the people of the United States failed to reach a decision which, upon the whole, was *best*; not once, little as some of us could think so on the morning after certain elections that could be named.

The discussion, which had begun in the privacy of President Washington's Cabinet in 1790, between American Jefferson and British Hamilton, at length divided the nation into two par-

ties. The representative individuals who began it were now in situations that seemed to withdraw them from the arena of strife,—Hamilton a lawyer at the New York bar, Jefferson in the chair of the Senate; and yet it was about these two men that the strife concentrated. It was still Hamilton who led the party of reaction; it was still Jefferson who inspired the Republicans, each deeply and entirely convinced that upon the supremacy of his ideas depended, not the welfare of America only, but the happiness of man. What a might there is in disinterested conviction! It sometimes invests common talents with a far-reaching and late-enduring power which unprincipled genius never wields.

And it so chanced in this first year of Mr. Adams's Presidency, 1797, that both these individuals, without agency of their own and to their extreme annoyance, were invested with a new and intense conspicuousness. They awoke to find "the eyes of the universe" fixed upon them.

In April, 1796, in the heat of the debates upon the Jay treaty, Mr. Jefferson had occasion to write a long letter

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of business to his old neighbor, Mazzei, then happily settled in his native Italy. By way of a friendly finish to a letter of dull detail, he appended a short paragraph upon politics, writing hastily and without reserves, as republican to republican. He told Mazzei that, since he had left America, the aspect of politics had wonderfully changed. An Anglican monarchical and aristocratical party had sprung up, small in numbers but high in station, whose avowed object was to draw us over to the substance, as they had already to the forms, of the British government. On the side of republicanism pure and simple were these three, — the people, the planters, and the talents; against republicanism pure and simple, placemen, office-seekers, the Senate, "all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty, British merchants and Americans trading on British capitals, speculators and holders in the banks and public funds, a contrivance invented for the purposes of corruption, and for assimilating us in all things to the rotten as well as the sound parts of the British model." He added these observations: "It would give you a fever were I to name to you the apostates who have gone over to these heresies, — men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot England. In short, we are likely to preserve the liberty we have obtained only by unremitting labors and perils. But we shall preserve it; and our mass of weight and wealth on the good side is so great as to leave no danger that force will ever be attempted against us. We have only to awake, and snap the Lilliputian cords with which they have been entangling us during the first sleep which succeeded our labors."

Upon receiving this letter, Mazzei translated the political paragraph into Italian, and had it inserted in one of the newspapers of Florence, as an extract from a letter from Thomas Jefferson, late Secretary of State of the United States. The editor of the Paris

Moniteur espied it, translated it into French, and transferred it to his journal. An American editor translated it back into English, printed it, and soon all America was ringing with it.

It would be difficult to compress into a few lines a greater amount of exasperating offence than Jefferson had managed to pack into these; for it was not individuals who were hit, but classes, and classes too that had weapons with which to return the stroke. The passage had another peculiarity: to the few extreme Federalists it had the bitter sting of truth; while the mass of the party honestly resented it as calumny. Nor could the writer disavow or explain it away, despite the errors of translation that intensified some phrases. Upon reflection, and after consultation with Madison, he decided to adhere to his ancient rule, and publish not a word of personal explanation. But nothing that Jefferson ever did or wrote in his whole life gave such deep, wide, and lasting offence as this hasty postscript, written in the heat of controversy, and published with criminal thoughtlessness by a sincere friend four thousand miles away. Those figures of speech which are the natural utterance of a kindled mind, how they delight and mislead the unconcerned hearer; how they rankle in the wounds of self-love!

Hamilton's affair was a thousand times worse than this; and yet, strange to say, it gave less offence, and seemed to be sooner forgotten. To clear himself from a charge of speculation during his tenure of the Treasury, he was obliged to publish in great detail the history of his amour with a married woman, named Reynolds. His pamphlet on this subject will be valuable to any one who may desire to pursue Mr. Lecky's line of investigation in America, and get further light upon the history of morals. It is a highly interesting fact, that A. D. 1797 one of the foremost men of the United States, a person who valued himself upon his moral principle, and was accepted by a powerful party at his own valuation in

that particular, should have felt it to be a far baser thing to cheat men of their money than to despoil women of their honor. In this pamphlet he puts his honorable wife to an open shame, and publishes to the world the frailty of the woman who had gratified him; and this to refute a calumny which few would have credited. His conduct in this affair throws light upon his political course. He could be false to women for the same reason that he could disregard the will of the people. He did not look upon a woman as a person and an equal with whom faith was to be kept, any more than he recognized the people as the master and the owner whose will was law. Original in nothing, he took his morals from one side of the Straits of Dover and his politics from the other.

What more amusing than the high-stepping morality of the opening of this pamphlet, where the author declares that the spirit of Jacobinism (Hamilton's word for the opinions of his opponents) threatens more mischief to the world than the three great scourges, War, Pestilence, and Famine; and that it is, in fact, nothing other than "*a conspiracy of Vice against Virtue!*" It was after preluding upon this theme, that the representative of Injured Innocence told his story. In the summer of 1791, a woman had called at his house in Philadelphia, and asked to speak with him in private. As soon as they were alone, she had related a piteous tale; how her husband, after treating her cruelly, had left her destitute and gone off to live with another woman. She now desired only to get home to her friends in New York, and, knowing that Colonel Hamilton was a New-Yorker, she had ventured to come to him, as a countryman, and ask him to give her money enough for the journey. He replied that her situation was interesting, and that he was disposed to help her, but he had no money,—a very common case with the Secretary of the Treasury. He told her to leave her address, and he would call or send in the evening.

"In the evening," he says, "I put a bank-bill in my pocket and went to the house. I inquired for Mrs. Reynolds, and was shown up stairs, at the head of which she met me, and conducted me into a bedroom. I took the bill out of my pocket and gave it to her. Some conversation ensued, from which it quickly appeared that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable. After this I had frequent meetings with her, most of them at my own house; Mrs. Hamilton with her children being absent on a visit to her father."

These "frequent meetings," which began in July, continued until December, when they were rudely interrupted by the return of the husband and his discovery of what had occurred in his absence. The honorable Secretary received one morning a chaotic letter from Mrs. Reynolds, who had then become "Maria" to him, in which she announced the appalling fact, in the ladies' spelling of the period, that irate Reynolds "has sworn if he dose not see or hear from you to day, he will write Mrs. Hamilton."

A letter not less chaotic, nor better spelled, soon arrived from the husband; and this led to an interview between the husband and the paramour,—not at Weehawken, but in Colonel Hamilton's house. The consolation which the husband desired could not be described as "other than pecuniary." He asked for a place under government. But Colonel Hamilton was never capable of the infamy of saddling such a fellow upon the public service. In the vain attempt to shut the man's mouth, he committed very great folly, it is true, but not crime: he tried to buy his silence with money,—with a thousand dollars, paid in two instalments; six hundred dollars on the 22d of December, 1791, and the remainder January 3, 1792. The reader knows very well what followed; for he lives in the advanced year 1873, when the truth is familiar that blackmail is a case of interminable subtraction. The thousand dollars which was squeezed with so much difficulty out of a small salary

kept the noble Reynolds quiet for fourteen days. On the 17th of January, 1792, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States had the pleasure of receiving the following note:—

“Sir I suppose you will be surprised in my writing to you Repeatedly as I do. but dont be Alarmed for its Mrs. R. wish to See you. and for My own happiness and hers. I have not the Least Objections to your Calling. as a friend to Bouth of us. and must Rely intirely on your and her honor. when I conversed with you last. I told you it would be disagreeable to me for you to Call, but Sence, I am pritty well Convinsed, She would onely wish to See you as a friend. and sence I am Reconsiled to live with her, I would wish to do every thing for her happiness and my own, and Time may ware of every thing, So dont fail in Calling as Soon as you Can make it Conveanant. and I Rely on your befriending me if there should any thing offer that would be to my advantage. as you Express a wish to befrind me. So I am yours to Serve

“JAMES REYNOLDS.”

From this letter it appeared that Mr. Reynolds wished to open a new account with a gentleman who was so free with his money. But the burnt child avoided the fire. Colonel Hamilton did not call. Late one evening, a maid-servant left at his door an epistle still more moving from “Maria” herself. She could “neither Eate nor sleep.” She had been on the point of doing “the moast horrid acts,” the thought of which made her “shuder.” She felt that she was not long for this world; and all she asked was to “se” him once more. “For God sake,” she concluded, “be not so voed of all humannity as to deni me this Last request but if you will not Call some time this night I no its late but any tim between this and twelve A Clock I shall be up Let me Intreat you If you wont Come to send me a Line oh my head I can rite no more do something to Ease My heart or Els I no not what I shall do for

so I cannot live Commit this to the care of my maid be not offended I beg.”

But even this tender appeal did not bring the truant to her feet. She wrote again two days after, on “Wensday Morning ten of Clock,” imploring him “if he has the Least Esteeme for the unhappy Maid whos grateest fault Is loveing him that he will come as soon as he shall get this and till that time My breaste will be the seate of pain and woe.” Nor did she omit the truly feminine postscript: “P. S. If you cannot come this Evening to stay just come only for one moment as I shal be Lone Mr. is going to sup with a friend from New York.” This postscript, it is to be feared, proved too much for the “virtue” of a man against whom the spirit of Jācobinism had formed a conspiracy with vice. At least we know that relations between the woman and the Cabinet minister were re-established and that the husband promptly brought in his bill. If we may judge from the specimens of receipts signed James Reynolds which Hamilton gives in his pamphlet, we may conclude that whenever James Reynolds felt the need of a little money, which was only too often, he was in the habit of applying to the honorable Secretary of the Treasury for a small loan; which alas! the Secretary dared not refuse. He responded promptly, too; for we find the receipt bearing the same date as the begging letter.

What a snarl for the leader of a national party to be caught in, in the year of a Presidential election,—the wife pestering him with her tears and her awful letters, and the husband bleeding him every few weeks of a fifty-dollar bill, so needed for his own teeming household! We cannot wonder that he should have broken out, in that indecorous manner, in the newspapers, against his colleague. The affair became loathsome beyond expression, and he could get neither peace nor respite. With a shabby servant-girl leaving crumpled notes at his door at nine o'clock in the evening, and a man of the Reynolds stamp, to whom he

dared not deny a private interview, hanging round his office in the daytime, he could not hope long to escape suspicion, if he did detection; and, as time went on, the importunities of both became alarmingly frequent. If he abstained from going near the woman for a few days, he received a letter from the husband, begging him to call.

“Sir I am sorry to be the barer of So disagreeable. an unhappy infermation. I must tell you Sir that I have bin the most unhappiest man, for this five days in Existance, which you aught to be the last person I ever Should tell my troubles to. ever Sence the night you Called and gave her the Blank Paper. She has treated me more Cruel than pen cant paint out. and Ses that She is determed never to be a wife to me any more, and Ses that it is a plan of ours. what has past god knows. I Freely forgive you and dont wish to give you fear or pain a moment on the account of it. now Sir I hope you will give me your advise as freely as if Nothing had ever passed Between us I think it is in your power to make matter all Easy again. and I suppose you to be that Man of fealing that you would wish to make every person happy Where it in your power I shall wate to See you at the office if its Convenant. I am sir with Asteem yours

“JAMES REYNOLDS.”

Only six days passed before the husband handed in his account. The date of the note just given was April 17. The date of the following was April 23d:—

“Sir I am sorry I am in this disagreeable sutation which Obliges me to trouble you So offen as I do. but I hope it wont be long before it will be In my power to discharge what I am indetbed to you Nothing will give me greater pleasure I must Sir ask the loan of thirty dollars more from you, which I shall asteem as a particular favour. and you may Rest ashured that I will pay you with Strickest Justice. for the Reliefe you have aforded me, the Inclosed is the Receipt for the

thirty dollars. I shall wate at your Office. Sir for an answer I am sir your very Humble Servant,

“JAMES REYNOLDS.”

The connection became intolerable to the victim at last, and he contrived to shake it off. But Reynolds, five years after, finding himself in jail for debt, thought to extricate himself by selling Hamilton's good name to his political opponents; and he had letters to show, in Hamilton's own hand, proving that, between this dastardly and ignorant wretch and the Secretary of the Treasury, *some* incongruous connection involving pecuniary transactions had existed. It was to explain the incongruity, that, in July, 1797, Hamilton felt himself obliged to publish the pamphlet relating the rise and progress of this “amorous intrigue,” with enough of the letters to show that the sinner in the case was not the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, but only a weak, vain, and limited human being, named Alexander Hamilton.

Public opinion might have judged Hamilton with almost as much severity for this amour as the Federalists condemned Jefferson for his Mazzei paragraph, if public events had not given a brief but overwhelming ascendancy to the political system which Hamilton represented. By the time his pamphlet had made its way through the remoter States, the French imbroglia assumed a character that destroyed in a moment (and for a moment) all that popular sympathy with France which had constituted a great part of the political capital of the Republican party. For a time, say about a year, Republicanism was under a cloud; and that man was the hero of every circle who was loudest against France. Hamilton saw his dream of a consolidating war on the point of realization. The poor man was excessively vain of his military prowess, and had no more doubt of his eminent fitness to command an army than Lord John Russell was once supposed to have of his ability to command the Channel fleet. It was a be-

wildering turn in public affairs for a man who regarded war as the noblest vocation of human beings, who esteemed himself singularly endowed by nature to shine in that vocation, and who felt that only a war could save "social order" in the United States.

It was the exploits of three French "strikers," that deceived and maddened the American people in 1798. Vain-glorious Americans pretend that *striking* is an American invention, practised first in New York, and then at Albany, upon persons interested in a pending act. "Pay me five thousand dollars," says the professional striker, "and your bill will pass." And no man can say whether or not the bill passes in consequence of the striker's influence, or whether the striking was or was not authorized by members. It was the Eastern Continent, not the Western, that originated this fine device.

President Adams carried out his scheme of sending to France an imposing embassy of three gentlemen of the first distinction. The Directory had refused to receive *one* American plenipotentiary, General C. C. Pinckney; refused even to give him "cards of hospitality," legalizing his residence in Paris; and, finally (January 25, 1797), notified him that he had no legal right to remain in France. The cause of this remarkable behavior was the Jay treaty; or, as the French government styled it, "the condescension of the American government to its ancient tyrants." Imagine the effect in the United States of an insult so emphatic and so unprovoked! The best friends of France were the most wounded and dismayed; while the party in power, in extra session of Congress assembled, voted everything short of downright war, and might even have precipitated actual hostilities, but for the overshadowing, portentous prestige of General Bonaparte. In the nick of time was published an "Order of the Day," dated "30 Germinal, An V" (or, vulgarly, April 19, 1797), in which that "Général en Chef" informed his army, in five lines, that the prelimina-

ries of peace had been signed the day before between the Emperor of Austria and the French Republic. This brief document notified mankind that General Bonaparte, with resources vastly increased, was now free to direct his exclusive attention to the war with perfidious Albion, either by way of Calais and Dover, or Egypt and Calcutta. This intelligence, as Jefferson remarked at the time, "cooled the ardent spirits," and, therefore, instead of war, we had the grand embassy, — C. C. Pinckney, John Marshall, and Elbridge Gerry. Pinckney and Marshall were Federalists; Gerry, a Republican.

How warmly Mr. Jefferson urged Mr. Gerry to accept the mission is worthy of remembrance, in view of its result. "If," wrote Jefferson, "we engage in a war during our present passions, and our present weakness in some quarters, our Union runs the greatest risk of not coming out of that war in the shape in which it enters it. My reliance for our preservation is in your acceptance of this mission. I know the tender circumstances which will oppose themselves to it. But its duration will be short, and its reward long. You have it in your power, by accepting and determining the character of the mission, to secure the present peace and eternal union of your country. If you decline, on motives of private pain, a substitute may be named who has enlisted his passions in the present contest, and, by the preponderance of his vote in the mission, may entail on us calamities, your share in which, and your feelings, will outweigh whatever pain a temporary absence from your family could give you."

After the departure of the envoys, in August, there was a lull in the storm of politics, and several months of expectation passed, increasing as time went on, until the mere delay created alarm. The summer passed, the autumn glided by, winter began, Congress convened, the winter ended, and still the dreadful question of peace or

war remained unanswered. What of our envoys? How has our sublime embassy been received? It was not until it had been gone seven months that any authoritative answer could be given to such inquiries, even by the President. And, then, what an answer! Let us accompany these gentlemen on their mission.

It was on the 4th of October, 1797, that the three envoys found themselves in Paris,—two having come fresh from the United States, and General Pinckney from Holland. On that very first morning they had an experience which was a fit prelude to what was to come. The musicians of the Directory, in accordance with ancient custom ("everybody does it, my dear sir"), called upon them for a present, and got from each, as Mr. Gerry reports, "fifteen or twenty guineas." Next, a deputation of fishwomen, also in accordance with ancient custom, presented themselves for the same purpose. "When the ladies," wrote Mr. Gerry, "get sight of a minister, as they did of my colleagues, they smother him with kisses." But Mr. Gerry escaped this part of the penalty by sending one of the secretaries of the mission, Major Rutledge, to "negotiate for me." Gerry paid the guineas, and Rutledge, it is to be presumed, drew the kisses.

The next morning business began. The envoys sent a messenger to notify verbally M. de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, of their arrival in Paris, and to ask him to name a time when he would be at leisure to receive one of their secretaries with a formal and written notification. Answer: The next day at two o'clock. Major Rutledge, punctual to the time, delivered the usual letter, announcing the object of the embassy, and requesting the minister to appoint an hour for them to present their letters of credence. To the cordial and stately letter of the three envoys, Talleyrand gave a verbal reply: "The day after to-morrow at one o'clock." They waited upon him at the hour appointed. He was not at home! His chief secretary informed

them that he had been compelled to meet the Directory, but would be glad to see them at three o'clock. They called again at three o'clock. He was "engaged with the Portuguese minister," and the envoys waited till he was disengaged, about ten minutes. They were then introduced, and presented their letters, which the minister read and kept. He then informed them that the Directory had required him to draw up a report upon the relations of France with the United States, which he was then engaged upon, and would complete in a few days; when he would let them know "what steps were to follow." They asked him if, in the mean time, the usual cards of hospitality would be necessary. Yes, and they should be sent to them. He rang his bell, told his secretary to make them out. The envoys then withdrew, and, on the day following, the cards were brought to them.

Ten days passed. No letter from M. de Talleyrand.

But, on the morning of October 18, the Strikers began their attempts upon the envoys. A certain "Mr. W." called upon General Pinckney and informed him that "a Mr. X was a person of considerable credit and reputation, and that the envoys might place great reliance upon him"; and, in the evening of the same day, who should happen to drop in upon the envoys but the same Mr. X? After sitting awhile, this Unknown Quantity whispered to General Pinckney that he was the bearer of a message to him from M. de Talleyrand. The General immediately showed the message-bearer into the next room, and lent an attentive ear to his communication, which was to this effect: M. de Talleyrand, who had a great regard for the American people, was very desirous to promote a reconciliation between them and France, and was ready, in confidence, strict confidence, to suggest a plan which he thought would answer the purpose. "I shall be glad to hear it," said the envoy. Mr. X resumed: The Directory was exceedingly irritated at some passages

of the President's speech. First, those passages must be "softened." That was essential even to the mere reception of the envoys by the Directory. Then, the United States must lend some money to France. But, besides this, "a sum of money was required for the pockets of the Directory and Ministers." "What passages of the President's speech have given offence?" asked General Pinckney. Mr. X did not know. "What amount of loan is expected?" Mr. X could not tell. "How much for the pockets of the Directory?" "On this point, and on this only, the Striker possessed exact information: "Twelve hundred thousand francs"; or, say, a matter of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gold!

In the secret recesses of his soul, it is to be presumed, General Pinckney whistled. But, being on duty, he only said, that he could not so much as take these propositions into consideration, until he had consulted his colleagues: He consulted his colleagues. Their answer was: Let Mr. X meet us *all* face to face, and, to avoid mistakes, let him reduce his propositions to writing. Mr. X consenting, he came the next evening, and submitted in writing the same "suggestions." He was careful to explain, on this occasion, that his communication did not come directly from M. de Talleyrand; O no; but from "a gentleman in whom M. de Talleyrand had great confidence." Other interviews followed; and, at length, the envoys had the pleasure of meeting that very gentleman in whom M. de Talleyrand had so much confidence. He did but confirm what Mr. X had said. "You can have your treaty, gentlemen," said he, "but I will not disguise from you, that, satisfaction being made (softening the President's speech), the *essential* part of the treaty remains to be adjusted; MONEY IS NECESSARY; MUCH MONEY."

For a month or more this Head Striker kept coming and going, making various propositions, and pretending to bring from Talleyrand various suggestions; but always the burden of his song

was: The *douceur*; the loan; money; much money! The envoys, having once for all declined to entertain any proposition of that nature, fought shy of the subject, and turned a deaf ear to hints. Take the following as a sample of these lofty conversations:—

HEAD STRIKER. Gentlemen, you do not speak to the point. The point is money! It is expected you will offer money.

ENVOYS. We have spoken to that point very explicitly; we have given an answer.

HEAD STRIKER. No: you have not. What is your answer?

ENVOYS. It is No, NO; not a six-pence!

HEAD STRIKER. Think of the dangers which threaten your country. Would it not be prudent, even though you may not make a loan to the nation, to interest an influential friend in your favor? Consider the character of the Directory; they care nothing for the justice of the case; they can only be reached by a judicious application of money.

ENVOYS. We have no proof of this, even if we were disposed to give the money.

HEAD STRIKER. When you employ a lawyer, you give him a fee without knowing whether the cause can be gained or lost. It is necessary to have a lawyer, and you pay for his services whether those services are successful or not. So, in the present state of things, the money must be advanced for the good offices the individuals are to render, whatever may be the effect of those offices.

ENVOYS. There is no parallel in the cases; for the lawyer cannot command success. But the Directory has but to order that no more vessels should be seized, and to release those now held, and there could be no opposition to the order.

HEAD STRIKER. All the members of the Directory are not disposed to receive your money. Merlin, for example, is paid from another quarter, and would touch no part of your *douceur*.

ENVOYS. We have understood that Merlin is paid by the privateers.

HEAD STRIKER (nodding assent). You pay money to obtain peace with the Indians and with the Algerines; and it is doing no more to pay France for peace. Does not your government know that nothing is to be obtained here without money?

ENVOYS. Our government has not even suspected such a state of things.

HEAD STRIKER (with an appearance of surprise). There is not an American in Paris who cannot give you that information.

The gentleman, with what the envoys in their despatch styled "vast perseverance," continued to urge this view upon them, returning to "the point" again and again; they ever adhering to their original reply, "Not a sixpence." It was General Pinckney, who afterwards converted that homely Not a Sixpence into an electric and immortal phrase, "Millions for Defence, but not a Cent for Tribute." At the end of thirty days, the envoys seemed no nearer recognition than on the day when the fishwomen had smothered them with kisses.

Elbridge Gerry alone had known Talleyrand in the United States. One of the mysterious go-betweens informed him, one day, that M. de Talleyrand had expected to meet and converse with the envoys individually. Mr. Gerry reported this intimation to his colleagues, who thought that he might, considering his acquaintance with the minister, call upon him. He did so. They conversed freely upon the relations of the two countries, and Mr. Gerry thus learned precisely what the Directory expected as conditions preliminary to a treaty: 1. An apology for certain expressions in the President's speech; as when he said, France must be convinced "we are not a degraded people," "fitted to be the miserable instruments of foreign influence." 2. A *voluntary* loan of fifteen or sixteen million florins. Nothing was said touching a *douceur*. Mr. Gerry having reported the conversation to his col-

leagues, they all agreed that neither of these preliminaries was admissible, — no apology, and not a sixpence, — and they caused this information to be conveyed to Talleyrand by one of the mysterious emissaries. But, in recognition of Mr. Gerry's call, Talleyrand invited him to one of his diplomatic dinners. Mr. Gerry went to the dinner, and, in return, gave Talleyrand a dinner. No progress, however, was made in the business of the mission, and Mr. Gerry declined further civilities.

For six months the envoys vainly endeavored to bring the Directory to reason. From first to last, the cry was, Money, money, money! "We are engaged in a death-grapple with our only foe; *your* foe; liberty's foe; mankind's foe; we lent you money when you were in a similar situation; lend us some in our struggle." Such was the substance of the later messages from the Directory. And above the uproar of events, Thomas Paine's voice made itself heard, expressing exultation at the proposed descent upon England, and offering material aid toward it. Not much, it is true; but enough to create a "scene" in the Council of Five Hundred, and stimulate the loan. The chairman of that excitable body read aloud Paine's letter on the 31st of January, 1798; in which he said that, although in his present circumstances he could not subscribe to the invasion loan, yet his economy enabled him to make a small donation. "I send one hundred livres, and, with it, all the wishes of my heart for the success of the descent, and a voluntary offer of any service I can render to promote it. There will be no lasting peace, for France, nor for the world, until the tyranny and corruption of the English government be abolished, and England, like Italy, becomes a sister republic." This letter was received with acclamations, and unanimously ordered to be printed.

But the American envoys refused to take the hint. "No," they replied, in substance, "a loan to France will embroil us with England." "Well, then,"

rejoined Talleyrand, "make us a loan payable after the war." On this last proposition the envoys differed in opinion; Marshall and Pinckney rejecting it as not fit to be entertained, Gerry willing to "open negotiations on the basis" of such a loan. The difference proved irreconcilable; and, after numberless attempts to arrange the difficulty, Talleyrand notified the envoys that the two gentlemen who refused to consider the proposition might expect to receive their passports, but Mr. Gerry was desired to remain. Gerry replied, that he had no authority to conclude anything apart from his colleagues; he could only, in their absence, confer with the French minister unofficially, and communicate with his own government as a private citizen. Messrs. Marshall and Pinckney departed. Mr. Gerry, eager as he was to rejoin his family, and foreseeing the ruin to his affairs from his prolonged absence, which actually occurred, was induced to stay. Talleyrand officially informed him, "by order of the Directory," that his departure from France would be instantly followed by a declaration of war; which, if he remained, would be withheld until he could hear from his government.

And so this weighty embassy, this grand and magnanimous endeavor to restore the ancient friendship between two estranged nations, seemed to end pitifully in an intrigue to get a little money. French cruisers had despoiled American commerce of many millions of dollars, and a demand was now made of millions more, before the claim for redress would be listened to! Half a dozen corrupt men, whirled aloft in the storm of the Revolution, committed this outrage; but to the people of the United States, remote from Europe, unversed in its tortuous and childish politics, what could it seem but the act of France? For a short time France had few friends in the United States, and the extremists of the Federalist party, led by Hamilton, had everything their own way.

Judge of the effect of this intelli-

gence upon the public mind by events: Gerry recalled; Marshall received home like a conqueror; meetings everywhere; addresses "poured into" the President's office from every town, "offering life and fortune"; a navy department created; a navy voted; guns ordered; small arms purchased to a vast amount; an army of ten thousand regulars and any number of militia authorized, *in case* war was declared or the country invaded; Washington induced to accept the command as lieutenant-general; three major-generals and nine brigadiers commissioned; Hamilton nominally second in command, but, practically, commander-in-chief; the fortification of harbors begun; merchant vessels authorized to arm and to resist French men-of-war: naval commanders ordered to seize and bring in any French vessel which had molested, or was suspected of being about to molest, American ships; the President authorized to suspend commercial intercourse between France and the United States. In a word, the power and resources of the country were placed at the disposal of the President, to be by him employed in waging war against France, at his discretion. Hamilton saw the dream of his life about to be realized,—a war, in which he should win the only distinction he valued,—military glory,—and employ, at least, *the prestige* of a victorious sword on behalf of what he was accustomed to style "social order." All this year, 1798, he was in earnest, confidential correspondence with Miranda, the South American patriot, who was in England striving to unite William Pitt and Alexander Hamilton, or, in other words, the government of England and the United States, in an expedition to invade and wrest from Spain her American colonies.

This was to Hamilton a captivating scheme, as it was a few years later to Aaron Burr. But Hamilton, ardently as he cherished it, expressly stipulated that he could have nothing to do with it, "unless patronized by the government of this country." The country,

he wrote in August, 1798, was not quite ready for the undertaking; "but we ripen fast." The plan, he thought, should be this: "A fleet of Great Britain; an army of the United States, a government for the liberated territory agreeable to both the co-operators." Mr. Pitt, it seems, was decided for the scheme. Miranda replied to Hamilton's August letter in October. "Your wishes are in some sort fulfilled," wrote the South-American; "since they have agreed here that no English troops are to be employed on shore, seeing that the auxiliary land forces should be American only, while the naval force shall be purely English. All difficulties have vanished, and we only await the fiat of your illustrious President to set out like a flash." To this point Hamilton had brought the mad scheme without the illustrious President knowing anything of it.

But even this was not the wildest nor the worst of Hamilton's misuse of the transient power which circumstances gave him in 1798. What shall be said of his attempt to fasten upon the United States the stupid and shameful repressive system of George III.? What of the Alien Laws, inspired by him, approved by him, passed by his adherents? The mere rumor of the intention to pass such laws sent shiploads of French and Irish exiles hurrying home and prevented worthy men from seeking needful refuge here. Kosciusko and Volney departed; Priestley was not deemed safe; noble Gallatin was menaced. By these Alien Laws, the wonder and opprobrium of American politics, servile copies of Pitt's servile originals, the President could order away "all such aliens as he should judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States"; and the alien who disobeyed the order was liable to three years' imprisonment. Other clauses and amendments placed the entire foreign population of the United States, and all who might in future seek their shores, under strictest surveillance; and, in case of war with France, every Frenchman not naturalized was to leave

the country, or be forcibly put out of it.

But even this was not so monstrous as the Sedition Law, also borrowed from recent British legislation. Five years' imprisonment and five thousand dollars' fine for conspiring to oppose any measure passed by Congress, or for attempting or advising a riot or insurrection, whether "the advice or attempt should have the proposed effect or not." Imprisonment for two years and a fine of two thousand dollars for writing, speaking, or publishing "any false, scandalous, and malicious writing or writings against the government of the United States, or either house of the Congress of the United States, or the President of the United States, with intent to defame the said government, or either house of the said Congress, or the said President, or to bring them, or either of them, into contempt or disrepute; or to excite against them or either or any of them the hatred of the good people of the United States, or to stir up sedition within the United States, or to excite any unlawful combinations therein, for opposing or resisting any law of the United States." Is it not incredible? But I have open before me, at this moment, a ponderous law-book of seven hundred and twenty-one large pages, two thirds filled with "State Trials" under the Alien and Sedition Laws.

To these base imitations the Federalists added an originality that surpassed in refined absurdity anything devised by Pitt or executed by Castlereagh. A very worthy, benevolent physician, Dr. George Logan of Philadelphia, appalled at the prospect of two friendly nations being thus cruelly misled into a bloody war, scraped together a little money with much difficulty, and went to France to try and prevent, by purely moral means, by mere remonstrance and persuasion, a calamity so dire and so unnecessary. He discovered, by conversations with Talleyrand and others, and so reported, that there was nothing the French government so little desired as war

with the United States. To parry this blow, the Hamiltonians passed what was called, in party parlance, the Logan Law: five thousand dollars' fine and three years' imprisonment to any future Logan, or any person who "should carry on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States." Hamilton was not going to be balked of his war and his Miranda project by any sentimental Quaker; least of all, one whom Jefferson had procured a safe-conduct, and provided with a certificate of citizenship! Dr. Logan won great honor by this worthy and useful attempt; and in 1810, after an honorable public career in Pennsylvania, he went to England to endeavor, by the same means, to prevent war between the United States and Great Britain.

From his lofty seat in the chair of the Senate Jefferson surveyed the momentary triumph of the reactionists, and prepared to frustrate their intentions. Not for a moment was he deceived concerning the real disposition of France. One of the first letters that he wrote after reading the despatches of the envoys contains these words: "You will perceive that they have been assailed by swindlers; whether with or without the participation of Talleyrand is not apparent. But that the Directory knew anything of it is neither proved nor probable." The lapse of seventy-five years has added little to our knowledge of that intrigue. "Assailed by swindlers,"—that is about all we are sure of at this moment. In reckoning up the wrongs inflicted by France upon his country, he ruled out, therefore, all that mass of curious dialogue—thirty-six pages of cipher—between the envoys and the individuals whom Mr. Adams considerably named X, Y, Z, and who are at once named and explained to modern ears

by the word Strikers. Hence, his position and that of his friends, Madison, Gallatin, Monroe, Giles, and the rest of the Republican forlorn hope: "The peace party will agree to all reasonable measures of internal defence, but oppose all external preparations." With regard to the Alien and Sedition Laws, he thought they were an experiment to ascertain whether the people would submit to measures distinctly contrary to the Constitution. If the experiment succeeded, the next thing would be a life Presidency; then, an hereditary Presidency; then, a Senate for life. "Nor," said he, October, 1798, "can I be confident of their failure, after the dupery of which our countrymen have shown themselves susceptible."

He soon, however, had new evidence of the truth of the words he had spoken to his Albemarle neighbors on returning from France in 1790: "The will of the majority, the natural law of every society, is the only sure guardian of the rights of man. Perhaps even this may sometimes err; but its errors are honest, solitary, and *short-lived*."

How he toiled and schemed to enlighten the public mind at this crisis, his letters of the time reveal, and the hatred of the enemies of freedom attest. He was the soul of the opposition. By long, able, earnest letters to leading public men in many States, he roused the dormant and restrained the impetuous. He induced good writers on the Republican side, Madison above all, to compose the right articles for the press. Madison, overpowered in Congress, and regarding the Constitution as set aside and no longer any restraint upon an arrogant and exulting majority, had retired to the Legislature of Virginia, as a general falls back to make a new stand in the fastnesses of his native, familiar hills. "Every man," wrote Jefferson to him in February, 1799, "must lay his purse and his pen under contribution. As to the former, it is possible I may be obliged to assume something for you. As to the latter, let me pray and beseech you to set apart a certain

portion of every post day to write what may be proper for the public. Send it to me while here, and when I go away I will let you know to whom you may send, so that your name shall be sacredly secret. You can render such incalculable services in this way as to lessen the effect of our loss of your presence here." At the same time, Jefferson, acting on behalf of a club of choice spirits to which he belonged, endeavored to induce Madison to publish the notes taken by him of the debates in the Convention of 1787. The project failed. The work was, indeed, too voluminous, and yet all too brief, for the purpose of recalling the public mind to a sense of constitutional obligation. And what did the Hamiltons of the day care for the intentions of that convention? Every pen, however, that could be used with effect against the military faction, Jefferson sought out and stimulated; urging upon his friends the powerlessness of black-guard vituperation, if met by good sense and strong, clear, dignified reasoning.

He restrained as well as impelled. In the midst of the war fury of May, 1798, John Taylor of Caroline thought the time had come for Virginia and North Carolina to begin to think of setting up for themselves. No, said Jefferson; "if on a temporary superiority of one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the Union, no federal government can ever exist. If to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New England States alone cut off, will our nature be changed? Are we not men still to the south of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party spirit. What a game, too, will the one party have in their hands, by eternally threatening the other that unless they do so and so they will join their Northern neighbors!

If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and they will end by breaking into their simple units. Seeing, therefore, that an association of men who will not quarrel with one another is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy of nations down to a town meeting or a vestry, seeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New England associates for that purpose than to see our bickerings transferred to others."

No language can overstate the boiling fury of party passion then. Social intercourse between members of the two parties ceased, and old friends crossed the street to avoid saluting one another. Jefferson declined invitations to the usual gatherings of "society," and spent his leisure hours in the circle that met in the rooms of the Philosophical Society, ever longing for the end of the session and the sweet tranquillity of his home. "Here," he writes to his daughter Martha, in February, 1798, "your letters serve like gleams of light, to cheer a dreary scene; where envy, hatred, malice, revenge, and all the worst passions of men, are marshalled, to make one another as miserable as possible. I turn from this with pleasure, to contrast it with your fireside, where the single evening I passed at it was worth more than ages here." Again, in May: "For you to feel all the happiness of your quiet situation, you should know the rancorous passions which tear every breast here, even of the sex which should be a stranger to them. Politics and party hatreds destroy the happiness of every being here. They seem, like salamanders, to consider fire as their element." And again, in February, 1799: "Your letter was, as Ossian says, or would say, like the bright beams of the moon on the desolate heath. Environed here in scenes of constant torment, malice, and obloquy, worn down in a station where no effort

to render service can avail anything, I feel not that existence is a blessing, but when something recalls my mind to my family or farm."

If a man so placid as Jefferson was moved so deeply, we cannot wonder at the frenzy of nervous and excitable spirits. President Adams seemed at times almost beside himself. Many readers remember the remarkable account given by him of scenes in the streets of Philadelphia, on what he calls "my fast day," May 9, 1798; "When Market Street was as full as men could stand by one another, and even before my door; when some of my domestics, in frenzy, determined to sacrifice their lives in my defence; when all were ready to make a desperate sally among the multitude, and others were with difficulty and danger dragged back by the others; when I myself judged it prudent and necessary to order chests of arms from the war office to be brought through by lanes and back doors; determined to defend my house at the expense of my life, and the lives of the few, very few, domestics and friends within it." This record was mere midsummer madness. On referring to the Philadelphia newspapers of the time, I read, in Claypoole, of May 11, 1798, that "the Fast was observed with a decency and solemnity never before exhibited on a similar occasion."

There was, indeed, a slight disturbance. For the warning of students, and, particularly, for the benefit of those who may hereafter investigate THE LAWS GOVERNING THE GENERATION OF FALSEHOOD, I will copy two newspaper accounts of Mr. Adams's terrible riot. Claypoole, May 11: "After the solemnities of the day were ended, towards evening, a number of butcher-boys made their appearance at the State House garden with French cockades in their hats. Some disturbance ensued, but, several of them being taken up and committed to jail, order was restored, and tranquillity reigned through the night." The following is from another Philadelphia paper, the

Merchants' Daily Advertiser, May 10, 1798: "About six o'clock, information was received at the Mayor's office that a number of persons were marching about the city in a very disorderly manner, with French cockades in their hats. A short time after the Mayor, with the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, and one of the aldermen, being at the Attorney-General's office, were informed that thirty or forty persons of the above description were close at hand; they accordingly went out to disperse them. Upon the appearance of the civil officers, the mob took out their cockades and dispersed. However, one fellow, more hardy than the rest, persisted in keeping in his cockade, and swore he would not leave the ground, in consequence of which he was committed to prison. Several of these persons, after they had been dispersed, are said to have assembled again in different parts of the city; but the spirited exertions of the citizens soon put an end to the business. The cavalry paraded through the city during the night, and a number of young men, who voluntarily offered themselves to the Mayor as guards to the military stores, mint, etc., were accepted and stationed at their posts under proper officers. At the time this paper went to press (three o'clock in the morning), we could not learn that any fresh attempt had been made to disturb the public tranquillity."

Mr. Adams might have spared himself such an alarm. He was riding then upon the topmost wave of popularity. The only trace of opposition to the war measures which I can discover in the press during that month, except in the Congressional debates, is a toast given at the annual banquet of the Tammany Society of New York: "May the Old Tories, and all who wish to engage the United States in a war with any nation, realize the felicity they anticipate by being placed in front of the first battle." This sentiment was honored by an extraordinary number of cheers; even "thirteen." Nevertheless, Mr. Adams was safe in his house.

All men can be driven mad by outrage; but riot and violence are the natural and familiar resort of Old Tories. It is of the essence of Republicanism to prevail by arguments addressed to the conscience and understanding.

The conduct of the Republican leaders, in this year of supreme trial, was temperate, patriotic, and wise. They saw the Constitution of their country, even its most cherished and sacred provisions, those which made the United States an asylum to the *élite* of the nations, and those which secured to thought a free expression, — even those they saw trampled under foot. Their resort was to the reason and conscience of their fellow-citizens; they prepared to repeat the wise and humane tactics of the period preceding the Revolution, — eleven years of remonstrance and entreaty. In October, 1798, two Republicans, George Nicholas of Kentucky, and Wilson C. Nicholas of Virginia, met at Monticello, to consult their chief upon the situation. These brothers, like Madison, had retired from Congress to endeavor to make head in the legislatures of their States against the bold, blind, arrogant men who controlled the government. The result of their deliberations were the "Kentucky Resolutions," drafted by Jefferson, and the "Virginia Resolutions," drafted by Madison; by the passage of which the legislatures of those States declared that the Alien and Sedition Laws, being contrary to the plainest letter of the Constitution, were "altogether void and of no force." Jefferson's draft uttered only the simple and obvious truth, when it said that "these and successive acts of the same nature, unless arrested at the threshold, will necessarily drive these States into revolution and blood"; "for this Commonwealth is determined, as it doubts not its co-States are, to submit to undelegated, and consequently unlimited power, in no man or body of men on earth." The last of the Kentucky Resolutions provided for a Committee of Conference and Correspond-

ence, who should have it in charge to exchange information and sentiments with the legislatures of other States.

One would have expected Hamilton to pause and reconsider his course upon reading such a weighty and cogent protest as this. He did not. His was the unteachable mind of a Scotch Jacobite. His response to the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 is published at length in his works, in the form of his annual political programme for 1799, addressed to Jonathan Dayton, long the Speaker of the House, and then about to enter the Senate. Circumstances, he said, aided by the extraordinary exertions of "the friends of government," had, indeed, gained something for "the side of men of information and property"; but, after all, "public opinion has not been ameliorated," and "sentiments dangerous to social happiness have not been diminished." The Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions could be considered, he thought, "in no other light than as an attempt to change the government"; and it was "stated" that "the faction" in Virginia was preparing to follow up hostile words by hostile acts, and was actually gathering arms, stocking arsenals, and levying new taxes. In these circumstances, the "supporters of government," while preparing to meet force with force, should adopt "vigorous measures of counteraction," "surround the Constitution with more ramparts," and thus "disconcert its enemies."

He advised the following measures: 1. The division of each State into small judicial districts (Connecticut, for example, in'o four), with a federal judge in each, appointed by the President, for the trial of offenders against the general government. 2. The appointment by the President in each county of "conservators or justices of the peace, with only ministerial functions," and *paid by fees only*, in order to give efficacy to laws which the local magistrates were indisposed to execute. 3. The keeping up of the army and navy nearly on the scale adopted in view of war with

France. 4. A military academy. 5. The establishment of government manufactories of every article needful for the supply of an army. 6. The prompt calling out of the militia by new laws, "to suppress unlawful combinations and insurrections." 7. "The subdivision of the great States ought to be a cardinal point in the federal policy"; and Congress ought to have, by constitutional amendment, the power to subdivide them, "on the application of any considerable portion of a State containing not less than a hundred thousand persons." 8. "Libels, if levelled against any officer whatsoever of the United States, shall be cognizable in the courts of the United States"; "they ought not to be left to the cold and reluctant protection of State courts." Finally: "But what avail laws which are not executed? Renegade aliens conduct more than one half of the most incendiary presses in the United States; and yet, in open contempt and defiance of the laws, they are permitted to continue their destructive labors. Why are they not sent away? Are laws of this kind passed merely to excite odium and remain a dead letter? Vigor in the executive is at least as necessary as in the legislative branch; if the President requires to be stimulated, those who can approach him ought to do it."

Here we have a complete apparatus of tyranny, such as a Jeffreys might have sketched for a Stuart. It justifies Jefferson's severest judgment concerning the spirit and tendency of this limited and unwise man; and it calls to mind that sentence hurled at Demosthenes by his rival in the presence of the people of Athens: "He who acts wickedly in private life cannot prove excellent in his public conduct." I do not know enough of the laws of our being to explain the truth, but a truth it is, that the paramour of a Reynolds was never yet capable of founding a safe system for the guidance of a nation. Immoral men may be gifted and amiable; but they are never wise.

And now it fell to the lot of honest John Adams, by doing the noblest action of his life, to reduce Alexander Hamilton to something like his natural proportions, while dispelling his silly dream of leading an American army to conquest in South America, and picking up a French island or two on the way. We all know Mr. Adams's boisterous foibles. But if all the other actions of his life had been unwise, this one act, now to be related, would entitle him to a high place among the worthies of America.

Upon the return of Elbridge Gerry from France, October 1, 1798, he found himself, in the circles naturally frequented by a person of his character and services, the most odious of men. At Cambridge, even his family had been subjected to outrage in his absence. Anonymous letters reached his young wife by "almost every post," attributing his prolonged stay in France to the cause, of all others, the most distressing to an honorable woman; and "on several occasions," as his biographer adds, "the morning sun shone upon a model of a guillotine, erected in the field before her window, smeared with blood, and having the effigy of a headless man." It was known that his house contained only women and children; but savage yells, and bonfires suddenly blazing under their windows disturbed and terrified them at night. After leaving his despatches with the Cabinet at Philadelphia, and visiting his home, Mr. Gerry drove out to Quincy, where, most fortunately, the President was passing his vacation, — far from a Cabinet devoted to Hamilton and determined upon war. In long conferences, renewed from day to day, Mr. Gerry proved to the perfect satisfaction of Mr. Adams that the government and people of France desired peace with the United States, and would respond cordially to a re-opening of diplomatic relations. He showed to the President letters from Talleyrand, offering him, in the name of the Directory, a public reception; abandoning the demand for a loan and

an apology for the President's speech ; positively engaging to receive another American minister with all due respect ; and declaring a willingness to enter into just commercial arrangements on the basis of conceding to the United States the neutrality they claimed. Mr. Gerry had something better to show the President than promises. At Havre, as he was about to sail, he had received a copy of an order of the Directory to the French officer in command of the West India fleet, to restrain the lawless spoliation of American commerce by French privateers. He told the President, too, that the French, dazzled and inflated beyond measure by Bonaparte's victories, had treated other nations with far greater insolence than they had the United States. The government had sent off from Paris thirteen foreign ambassadors, and even gone to the length of imprisoning one, and confining another to his house under guard.

Mr. Adams, instructed and convinced by Mr. Gerry, had the great and rare courage to act upon his conviction. Against the opinion of his cabinet, contrary to the cry and expectation of his party, to the infinite disgust and cutting disappointment of Hamilton, as well as to his own speedy downfall and immortal glory, he reopened diplomatic relations with France, which led to a peace that has lasted seventy-three years. It was his own act, and Elbridge Gerry alone shares with him the glory of it. Mr. Adams, in one of his public letters of a later day, tells the story of Mr. Gerry's appointment and success in a few lines : "I called the heads of departments together and proposed Mr. Gerry. All the five voices were unanimously against him. Such inveterate prejudice shocked me. I said nothing, but was determined not to be the slave of it. I knew the man infinitely better than all of them. He was nominated and approved, and finally saved the peace of the nation ; for he alone discovered and furnished the evidence that X, Y, and Z were employed by

Talleyrand ; and he alone brought home the direct, formal, and official assurances upon which the subsequent commission proceeded, and peace was made." February 17, 1799, the President, to the equal astonishment of Federalists and Republicans, nominated William Vans Murray plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

Hamilton had a prompt and vast revenge ; but it inured to the good of the country. The strange manner in which both the folly and the crimes of public men in the United States have issued in lasting public benefit, is an argument for Providence that sometimes staggers the staunchest unbeliever. Hamilton destroyed the Federalists, and Calhoun killed slavery ! When the time came for choosing candidates for the Presidency, Hamilton was resolved to push John Adams from his seat, though in doing so he prostrated his own party. "For my individual part," he wrote to Theodore Sedgwick, "my mind is made up. I will never more be responsible for Adams, by my direct support, even though the consequence should be the election of Jefferson. If we must have an enemy at the head of the government, let it be one whom we can oppose, and for whom we are not responsible, who will not involve our party in the disgrace of his foolish and bad measures. Under Adams, as under Jefferson, the government will sink."

A bungling business he made of it ; but he had his way. His first thought was to lure General Washington from the retreat he so much loved, needed, and deserved ; but when the letter of Gouverneur Morris proposing this ungrateful scheme reached Mount Vernon, Washington lay cold in death. Then Hamilton brought once more into play that baleful ingenuity of his which had misled him so often. He attempted a manœuvre which every competent corporal knows to be necessarily fatal, — a change of front under the enemy's hottest fire. First, by secret manipulations of legislatures, and afterwards by an open, printed appeal,

signed by his name, he endeavored to bring C. C. Pinckney, the Federalist candidate for the Vice-Presidency, into the Presidency over Mr. Adams. By thus rending his own party in twain, he made the victory easier to the Republicans; and perhaps it was he who made that victory theirs in 1800, instead of 1804.

Nor can we award him even the credit of submitting to the decision of the people, — which is one of the two vital conditions of a republic's existence, the other being a pure ballot-box. The election in New York went against him: i. e. the people elected a legislature pledged to choose Republican electors. He instantly wrote to Governor Jay, urging him to summon at once the *existing* legislature (whose time had still seven weeks to run), and get it to pass a law depriving the legislature of the power to elect electors, and devolving it upon the people by districts. This manœuvre would give the beaten Federalists a second chance. It would rob the Republicans of their victory. It would compel them to gird on their armor again, and descend a second time into the arena. It was losing the game, grabbing the stakes, and demanding another chance to win them, with points in favor of the grabber.

To a person unacquainted with Hamilton's peculiar character, this advice to the Governor seems simply base. But the error, like millions of other errors of our short-sighted race, was not half so much moral as mental. It was ignorance and incapacity rather than turpitude. He said to the Governor, in substance: I own that this measure is not regular, nor delicate, nor, in ordinary circumstances, even decent; but "scruples of delicacy and propriety ought not to hinder the taking of a *legal* and *constitutional* step to prevent an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics from getting possession of the helm of state." *You don't know these Republicans, as I do, he continued. The party is "a composition, indeed, of very incongruous mate-

rials, but all tending to mischief; some of them to the overthrow of the government by stripping it of its due energies; others of them to a revolution, after the manner of Bonaparte. I speak from indubitable facts, not from conjectures and inferences." Now, my dear Sir, these people call to their aid "all the resources which vice can give"; can we then hope to succeed, we *virtuous*, if we confine ourselves "within all the ordinary forms of delicacy and decorum"? No, indeed. But, of course, we must "frankly avow" our object. You must tell the legislature that our purpose is to reverse the result of the late election, in order to prevent the general government from falling into hostile hands, and to save the "great cause of social order." To us, this long epistle to Mr. Jay reads more like mania than wickedness. This man had lived in New York twenty years without so much as learning the impossibility of its people being made to submit to an avowed outrage so gross! Governor Jay was at no loss to characterize the proposal aright. Instead of plunging the State into civil war by adopting the measure, he folded Hamilton's letter and put it away among his most private papers, bearing this indorsement: "*Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt.*"

Mr. Jefferson's attitude during this, intensest of all known political struggles is an interesting study. The simplicity of his political system was such, that he could give a complete statement of it in a few lines; and it was so sound, that the general government, from 1789 to 1873, has worked well so far as it has conformed to it, and worked ill as often as it has departed from it. Jefferson was so RIGHT that every honest, patriotic man who has since gone to Washington after having learned his rudiments from Jefferson, and has had strength enough to vote up to the height of his convictions, has made a respectable public career, no matter how ordinary his en-

dowments; while every public man who has not accepted this simple clew to the labyrinth of public business, has made a career which time and events will condemn, though he may have had the talents of a Webster or a Clay.

This is the Jeffersonian system, in brief: "Let the general government be reduced to foreign concerns only, and let our affairs be disentangled from those of all other nations, except as to commerce, which the merchants will manage the better the more they are left free to manage for themselves, and our general government may be reduced to a very simple organization, and a very unexpensive one; a few plain duties to be performed by a few servants."

This was the basis. He explained himself more in detail to Elbridge Gerry, in January, 1799. He said he was in favor of fulfilling the Constitution in the sense in which it was originally interpreted by the men who drew it, and as it was accepted by the States upon their interpretation. He objected to everything which tended to monarchy, or which even gave the government a monarchical air and tone. He claimed for the States every power not *expressly* yielded by the Constitution to the general government. He demanded that the three great departments of the government, Congress, the Executive, and the Judiciary, should each keep to its sphere, neither of them encroaching upon any of the others. He desired a government rigorously frugal and simple, and the application of all possible savings to the discharge of the public debt. In peace, no standing army; and only just navy enough to protect our coasts and harbors from ravage and depredation. Free trade with all nations; political connection with none; little or no diplomatic establishment. Freedom of religion; perfect equality of sects before the law; freedom of the press; free criticism of government by everybody; whether just or unjust. Finally, in the great struggle which began with the dawn of human reason and will end only when

reason is supreme in human affairs, namely, the struggle between Science and Superstition, he was on the side of Science. Personally, he was in favor of "encouraging the progress of science in all its branches"; and he was opposed to "overawing the human mind by stories of raw-head and bloody bones," which made it distrustful of itself, and disposed to follow blindly the lead of others. The first object of his heart, he said, was his own country,—not France, not England,—and the one no more than the other, except as one might be more or less friendly to us than the other. The depredations of France upon our commerce were indeed "atrocious," but he believed that a mission sincerely disposed to peace would obtain retribution and honorable settlement. These were his principles, but he indulged no antipathy to those who differed from him. "I know too well," said he, "the texture of the human mind and the slipperiness of the human reason, to consider differences of opinion otherwise than differences of form and feature. Integrity of views, more than their soundness, is the basis of esteem."

Such is a brief outline of his opinions, political and other, in view of the fact well known, that he would again be the candidate of his party for the Presidency in 1800.

The tranquil dignity of the candidate's demeanor was pleasing to witness. During 1798 and 1799 he devoted a great part of his time and strength to enlightening the public mind; employing for this purpose all that his party possessed of bright intelligence and practised ability. But when, in 1800, the contest lost the character of a conflict of ideas, and assumed that of a competition of persons, he ceased to write letters, withdrew to Monticello, and spent an unusually laborious summer in improving his nail factory, burning bricks for his house, and superintending his farms; rarely going farther from home than the next village; never too busy to keep up his meteorological records and look after

the interests of the Philosophical Society.

Indeed, if we may judge from his letters, the more furiously the storm of politics raged about him, the more attentive he was to philosophy. It was in the very heat of the war frenzy of 1798 that he wrote his well-known letter to Mr. Nolan, asking information concerning those "large herds of horses in a wild state," which, he had been recently informed, were roaming "in the country west of the Mississippi." He entreated Mr. Nolan to be very particular and exact in detailing "the manners, habits, and laws of the horse's existence" in a state of nature. It was, also, during the very crisis of the French imbroglio, in February

1799, that he penned his curious letter about the steam-engine; in which he expressed a timid hope, that, perhaps, the steam-engine, as now improved by Watt, might be available for pumping water to the tops of houses for family use. Every family, he said, has a kitchen fire; small, indeed, but sufficient for the purpose. To these years seems to belong also his invention of the revolving chair, which the newspapers of that day used to style "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig chair," now a familiar object in all countries and most counting-rooms. The party papers of the time had their little joke even upon this innocent device; insisting that Mr. Jefferson invented it to facilitate his looking all ways at once.

James Parton.

MOODS OF THE RAIN.

I.

O MANY-TONÉD rain!
 O myriad sweet voices of the rain!
 How welcome is its delicate overture
 At evening, when the glowing-moistur'd west
 Seals all things with cool promise of night's rest!

At first it would allure
 The earth to kinder mood,
 With dainty flattering
 Of soft, sweet pattering:
 Faintly now you hear the tramp
 Of the fine drops falling damp
 On the dry, sun-seasoned ground
 And the thirsty leaves around.
 But anon, imbued
 With a sudden, bounding access
 Of passion, it relaxes
 All timider persuasion,
 And, with nor pretext nor occasion,
 Its wooing redoubles;
 And pounds the ground, and bubbles
 In sputtering spray,
 Flinging itself in a fury
 Of flashing white away;

Till the dusty road
 Flings a perfume dank abroad,
 And the grass, and the wide-hung trees,
 The vines, the flowers in their beds,
 The vivid corn that to the breeze
 Rustles along the garden-rows,
 Visibly lift their heads,—
 And, as the shower wilder grows,
 Upleap with answering kisses to the rain.

Next, the slow and pleasant murmur
 Of its subsiding,
 As the pulse of the storm beats firmer,
 And the steady rain
 Drops into a cadenced chiding.
 Deep-breathing rain,
 The sad and ghostly noise
 Wherewith thou dost complain,—
 Thy plaintive, spiritual voice,
 Heard thus at close of day
 Through vaults of twilight-gray,—
 Doth vex me with sweet pain.
 And still my soul is fain
 To know the secret of that yearning
 Which in thine utterance I hear returning.

Hush, O hush!
 Break not the dreamy rush
 Of the rain:
 Touch not the marring doubt
 Words bring, to the certainty
 Of its soft refrain,
 But let the flying fringes flout
 Their gout against the pane,
 And the gurgling throat of the water-spout
 Groan in the eaves amain.

The earth is wedded to the shower:
 Darkness and awe gird round the bridal-hour!

II.

O many-tonéd rain!
 It hath caught the strain
 Of a wilder tune,
 Ere the same night's moon,
 When dreams and sleep forsake me,
 And sudden dread doth wake me,
 To hear the booming drums of Heaven beat
 The long-roll to battle; when the knotted cloud,
 With an echoing loud,
 Bursts asunder
 At the sudden resurrection of the thunder;

And the fountains of the air,
Unsealed again, sweep, ruining, everywhere,
To wrap the world in a watery winding-sheet.

III.

O myriad sweet voices of the rain!
When the airy war doth wane,
And the storm to the east hath flown,
Cloaked close in the whirling wind,
There's a voice still left behind
In each heavy-hearted tree,
Charged with tearful memory
Of the vanished rain.
The woodbine's leafy lashes wet
Drip with dews of fresh regret
For the lover that's gone.

All else is still.
But the stars are listening;
And low o'er the wooded hill
Hangs, upon listless wing
Outspread, a shape of damp, blue cloud,
Watching, like a bird of evil
That knows no mercy nor reprieve,
The slow and silent death of the pallid moon.

IV.

But soon, returning duly,
Dawn whitens the wet hill-tops blueely.
To her vision pure and cold
The night's wild tale is told
On the glistening leaf, in the mid-road pool,
The garden mould turned dark and cool,
And the meadow's trampled acres.
But hark, how fresh the song of the wingéd music-makers!
For now the moanings bitter
Left by the rain make harmony
With the swallow's matin-twitter,
And the robin's note, like the wind's in a tree.

The infant morning breathes sweet breath,
And with it is blent
The wistful, wild, moist scent
Of the grass in the marsh which the sea nourisheth.
And behold!
The last reluctant drop of the storm,
Wrung from the roof, is smitten warm
And turned to gold;
For in its veins doth run
The very blood of the bold, unsullied sun.

G. P. Lathrop.

THE THREE MARYS OF SHARPSVILLE.

THEY are all dead now, — as dead as their Scriptural namesakes, so that they may lawfully “become the prey of literature,” and, without any glamour of romance, only with the safety of time and distance, be made to live in the memories of the few Sharpville people who survive them.

Three unmarried Pollys they were, of different degrees of education and opportunity, but of the same social position, being that of “one that serves,” and of very nearly the same age.

In the early part of the century, Relief, Return, and Pedy (the diminutive for Experience) were common names in the parlor, and both Polly and Sally played the harpsichord and rustled in paduasoy, but, presently ascending to the genteeler titles of Mary and Sarah, left their cast-off appellations to do homely duty in the kitchen; and thus it came to pass that our three Pollys suited their names to their employment of scrubbing, nursing, and the mending of old clothes and carpets. Some of our kind-hearted and condescending magnates liked to call them Mary Frank and Mary Dexter, but the more conservative among us confined themselves strictly to the proprieties, and never varied from them out of a weak sympathy. But, indeed, I think neither of our three Pollys cared at all for such nominal elevation, being self-sustained as only full-blooded New-Englanders can be. Perhaps they foresaw that the whirligig of time’s revenges would some day bring Polly and Molly up again, and reduce Ellen and Angelina to the company of pots and pans.

Polly Frank had a story; a sorrowful one, of which I never heard many particulars, and those only years after my first guess. Poor thing! I suppose it was a comfort to her to whisper her sad secret to the ears of even a child, else why should she have told

me once that she had a son, twenty years old; and when I said, “I did n’t know you were married, Polly,” why did she unnecessarily confuse my infant mind by saying she never had been?

She must once have been very handsome, for her face was of the Grecian ideal type, with a line running straight from the low forehead to the tip of the nose and following a short upper lip and round chin that Aspasia would have been proud of. So much of beauty was left that age could not wither; with a tall, commanding figure, that never stooped nor bent to living man or woman. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, and strong-limbed she was as the charioted Boadicea, or as a daughter of the New Hampshire hills was wont to be.

Had she a father? had she a mother? And why was she scrubbing in any back-kitchen in Sharpville that happened to want her, when every one knew that she counted kindred with the bluest blood in W., and when she could n’t wash a floor or cook a dinner without making enough classical allusions to astonish a sophomore?

“How came you to know Latin, Polly?”

“Studied it, child, of course. My father taught me, Dr. Frank; and Greek, too.”

Then she would recite in what purported to be that tongue. We never thought of questioning the Greek or Latin then; but there came a day when doubt broke in upon us, and when we doubted everything, — I mean about her knowledge. That first day, so fatal to faith, I was reading in the kitchen, and looking up dutifully as usual, said, “Polly, where’s Crown Point? do you know?”

“Know! of course I know! Crown Point? why, it is off Cape Cod.” She leaned on her mop-handle, as on a sceptre, while she asserted this, fixing her eyes gravely on me. If manner

would have done it, the fortification would have been planted at Provincetown, and she doubtless thought it was, or else believed in herself as implicitly as Norna of the Fitful Head in her own prophecies. But, somehow, the assertion did n't fit in with Ticonderoga; and so, as I said, the whole fabric of faith came eventually to the ground. Do we remember when we first chipped the shells of childish belief, and shivered into the doubtful air? and how, having once changed doubt into conviction, we changed places also with our instructors, adopting even more than their infallibility and pomposity?

Whatever we might think of Polly's geography, or even Greek, we were heartily afraid of her knuckles in the nursery, and rather bore the ills of keeping our own faces clean, than have those hard hands at our windpipes. Then the wondrous tales by the kitchen fire at night! Even after we came to disbelieve one of the most frightful, we shuddered at the "black legs coming down chimney" as with the pleasant thrill from a theatrical catastrophe.

Polly had fallen from her high estate of maidenhood in W., and, as the custom was, had been discarded by all her large circle of unspotted relatives. Coming to Sharpville, where she was both known and unknown, she had some peculiar advantages. People could afford to sympathize with her; and, being down, she feared no fall. She readily found employment, and lived and died among us, an honest, industrious woman, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and a respected member at last, with three others, of the town's poorhouse.

To the poorhouse we all sent her friendly contributions of green tea, loaf-sugar, and such delicacies as are not provided by the selectmen; as also, from time to time, whatever garments she seemed likely to need. These she accepted with a lofty grace, quite her own, leaving us only humble that our offerings were not twice as many and better. Sometimes, in my mother's eagerness to bestow good gifts on Polly,

she quite forgot the proprieties, as when she sent her, all too soon, my father's winter drawers;—so that, returning from church in the teeth of a northeast wind, the good man was moved by conflicting emotions to exclaim with even angry, bitter personality as he rubbed the chilled surfaces of his sacred legs, "I met Polly Frank, going to the Orthodox meeting,—with my drawers on!"

Whosoever garments she had on, be sure she wore them royally, and gave her opinions to the day of her death in an ex cathedra style that beat the deacons hollow.

I should do wrong to say that she was "a professor." Sitting in the front pew, where the town's poor were paraded, in what seemed to me an indelicate and inconsiderate manner, Polly always stayed to the communion, quietly waiting for "the elements," which never came. The deacons would not bring them to her, as she had never given what was called "satisfactory evidence" of her fitness to sit at the Lord's table. They might have forgiven her for her much loving, as He did the other Mary, but they would n't do this without "a confession," as they called it, and this confession Polly would never make. Of her "misfortune" she would say nothing, literally nothing, at any time or to any person. Only she asserted with her grand air, "My skirts are clean"; from which oracular saying the deacons might have inferred much, if they had been less eager or curious, or more Christ-like.

So she soared about in Sharpville, in an empyrean of her own,—which was well; for in a thinner air, how soon her poor, broken wings would have brought her, stained and humiliated, to the ground! And, after all, what was anybody in Sharpville, that we should throw stones at her?

I guess that a keen sorrow to Polly Frank was that serpent-toothed one of her son's alienation. He never came near her in all her long life; and she never whispered, but to herself, his name. In those weary years, which

could not be called repentant ones, had she not paid, pressed down and running over, in her hard, disgraced life, for the sin of her young, foolish days?

Then again, putting one's self in the place of the wanderer, the nameless son, with no fair chance in life, — for the world has a wholesome severity for the innocent consequence as for the guilty cause, — can we condemn him for his hardness? He was inexperienced in the slipperiness of sin, and the young, being so good, are also so cruel! God only, who sees and understands all, has long ago cleared away the cloud and brought the son to the mother's heart!

I take the second Polly on the same principle as, when a child, I swallowed my "pikery drops," — to be done with it, and get the bad taste out of my mouth.

Of course, people cannot all be good, and we need n't have expected it in Sharpville. Nevertheless, there are reasons and reasons. And Polly Dexter, who was well-to-do, well enough connected, had no story, no mystery, no excuse, and was a "professor" besides in good church standing, had no business to be so heartily disliked and dreaded as she was, in every house where rents and holes made her advent necessary.

Polly Dexter was as mustard and vinegar to the feast; nay, rather like cayenne or horseradish; so sharp, so biting were all her sayings, so persistent her fault-finding, so faithful her transmission from house to house of every item of information unsuited to such travel!

For all that, Polly was as necessary to Sharpville as the air she filled with her mischief-making; for who, in her absence, could or would undertake the accumulations of carpet-mending consequent on limited means and social ambitions? From six in the morning (for she preferred breakfasting with her customers) till nine at night, she made her needle and tongue fly, transforming, with godmotherly skill, rags into ball-

dresses, and making darns at which the eleven thousand virgins would have hesitated. And then, the modest way in which she announced, after many years, that she must raise her price from twenty-five to thirty-three cents a day, because "wood has raised"! What was seven cents more or less, when put in competition with skill and patience like hers?

She had a dark, bony body, with coarse black hair tightly drawn back in a knot. So were her thin lips drawn from her teeth; and her black eyes, restless and roving, saw everything they should n't, and seemed like the child's description of Satan, "walking up and down, seeking how he might catch somebody."

Her arrival was the unwelcome signal for the portcullis of silence to descend before our lips; and the smallest among us, without understanding why, knew better than to talk before Polly Dexter. It was reserved for further experience to show us that it makes all the difference in the world to whom a thing is said, and that a remark as innocuous as a drop of fair water may fall on some minds poisonous as one of hemlock. Being instructed to "shut up," before Polly, we naturally associated her with the restraint of our position; but, indeed, she never said or did anything to make us like her. So, as I did n't and don't love her, it may be with a slightly acidulated sense of justice that I describe her, and feel a certain pleasure that, on a life like hers, bearing as it did only thorns and thistles, not the gauziest shadow of tender remembrance need be thrown; but that it should be left bare, — a reminder and a warning to carpet-menders and carpet-treaders as well. I mention the last, because it is a sad thought that the vices slip unawares into all floors, — scandal being harbored so frequently, even in parlors, as to have given rise in some quarters to the imputation of depravity in the general heart.

But judgment like this shows shortsightedness and narrow-mindedness. If such thinkers looked about in their own

neighborhood, they would see numberless disprovers of so pitiful an accusation. They would see how a sincere and hearty interest shades off unintentionally into a curious and unwarrantable interference; how the kindest sympathy wanders into careless expressions and unfounded speculations; so that when the various yarns are woven together and colored by a skilful and malicious spirit, a picture is so embroidered as to shock every one, though the spinning of the separate threads it might not be easy to deny. In the shudder with which we look at the completed ideal of malice, we prove the lack of native depravity. But what can be said for the bad painter, the malicious embroiderer? And now, we come back to Polly again.

How are we to excuse a person who has not even fallen? one who is poor-spirited and mean by nature, and has not been so placed as to remedy, educate, and destroy bad qualities? For, perhaps, no good-natured friend told her of them. Only everybody "shut up" as well as they could when she was by; and, except in a general way, when informed that with many millions of the same species she was a sinner, how was she to know? She was rich. She owned three houses in Sharpsville. But she was snappish, scandalous, and mean. On the other hand, she gave her money to the church when she died. The church, at least, ought to tread lightly on her grave; and be sure the deacons always gave *her* "the elements."

In another world, must she not be somehow made over, with tentacular instincts which may dimly reach towards something higher, something unknown and undreamed of here? No doubt, in that future state which is to clear up all the mysterious injustice of this, the monkey-like malice lingering in the undeveloped humanity of Polly Dexter will have dropped away and given her an equal chance with her fellows. Till when, what is there left in life for such as she, but to be pitied, avoided, and — not to put too fine a point upon it — hated?

That last expression sounds, and indeed is, both sharp and hard. How do I know what she has resisted? How do I know but that, when she was quite young and her mental bones still soft and flexible, something happened to her, so harsh, so cruel, so bad every way, that the experience of it entered every fibre of her being, and made her the bitter Polly she was? Shutting my eyes, I see her up in her mother's house, on Sugar-Loaf Hill, lying pale and senseless as a corpse. She is on a settle in the kitchen, and her mother cannot, with all her efforts, "bring her to." The man in a brown, hemlock-dyed surtout, who pushed past me and ran down the path to where Smith waited in his wagon for me, while I did my errand, — who was he, and why did he speed by Smith, and tear along down the hill? If he had looked back, he might have seen one Fury at least, in the person of Mrs. Dexter, who followed him and stood at the door, holding her level hand before her eyes, and grinding her teeth. She did not see me for a minute, or hear my trembling application for Polly's services in behalf of a departing carpet; and when she did see and hear, she still looked so like an avenging ghost, that if I had been fifty instead of five, I must have suspected and unriddled the mystery.

And then, being only Polly, and having no more soothing or stimulating influences than rags of carpeting and broken trousers, she had, so to speak, no materials for improvement. My elegant friend, Agatha M., whose betrothed left her on the eve of marriage, had the stimulus of avenging friends and great social opportunity. She was fitted for Washington and for St. James. She bound her wounds with gold tissue, and wreathed her brows with rosebuds; and if a savor of bitterness could always be discerned through her graceful ways and æsthetic tastes, only the few beloved ones understood why such a drop should mingle in a cup so fair and foaming as hers.

But Polly took her bitters every day and all day; and she had no opportunities, and no beauty. She might be said to have, in her expressive vernacular, "no nothing." And so Polly Dexter may have at least as good a chance as Burns gave to a worse spirit.

Like all New England villages fifty years ago, ours was full of original characters, sharply cut and definite in their manifestations. Even the mindless ones had their individual notions, which they carried out with vigor and dignity; like the half-witted Luna, who, being supplied daily by my mother from her own table, sent the following message to her benefactress: "If Miss P. is a *goin'* to send me my dinners every day, *I want 'em hot!*" Which was reasonable, divested of the conventionalities; and the rebuke was meekly accepted, with a corresponding reform.

All characteristics ran to seed in Sharpsville, the social pruning-knife of these days being unknown or disregarded; so that nothing could be more relishing than the curt phrases current among us which described individuals without naming them. We had every variety in our town, from the poor, generous Polly Frank, — who let in old Almy, gave up her own bed to her, while she herself slept on the floor, and, when I said, "Is n't old Almy dreadful, Polly?" answered tenderly, "She's dreadful *poor*, dear!" — to the rich man who, lending a hammer to his neighbor to drive a nail, thriftily charged three cents for the use of it.

Polly Forest, my third and best, owned a farm, or rather a part of one, in Sharpsville Swamp; and might have lived at home, had she so chosen, or if she had been afflicted with that disease of false and foolish pride which brings so many girls, in our days, to bad lives. But being neither self-important nor self-conscious, her affectionate nature and religious faith led her to devote herself to the interest of her employers with an assiduity and faithfulness that even the Apostle Paul

might have made an example of. Also, because she was self-reliant and independent, she despised putting herself forward, or out of her place, as she phrased it; and she kept that of a servant with a pertinacity only equalled by her modest dignity. At the same time she held herself as the dear friend of us all, and an unwearied correspondent when we were away from home; giving important particulars of the cat and fox, which she suspected might be forgotten in our parlor correspondence. Being a great reader, with also a pretty taste for verse-making, many were the pages of rhyme she sent us, always under the seal of secrecy, for she was far too modest to make any talk of what she was, or had learned. But in fact hers was

"A deedful life, — a silent voice."

My Polly the third had sorrows of her own, as well as Polly Frank, but not like hers. Indeed, I doubt if Cupid ever so much as brushed a feather of his wing against her red cheeks. They were those hard, unspoken sorrows, that admit no sympathy. An intemperate, lazy brother, and a mother, so proud, so unreasonable, and so reticent, that by no chance did a kindly or affectionate word ever escape her. To drunken Joe she addressed all her wordless kindnesses, insisting on Polly's outdoor services in his place. In-somuch that one day Polly came near being torn to pieces by the bull, and only escaped by climbing a small tree. Here, at the distance of a few feet from the roaring creature, tearing at the slight trunk with his horns and ploughing the ground with angry hoofs, did she await the threatened destruction, which, indeed, seemed inevitable. But for drunken Joe and a neighbor, who with much clubbing changed the bull's mind, where would have been my Polly? Polly always addressed her mother in the third person, as if she spoke to some potentate.

"Would ma'am like to have the door shut?" or, "Shall I get the water for ma'am?"

There was nothing to be afraid of,

that I could see, in Mrs. Forest, who seemed only a pale, stiffish woman; but to her daughter she was an object of awful deference, and she obeyed every token of her will more like a slave than a child.

I think Mrs. Forest had no objection to Polly's "going out to live," for a year at a time, though she never said so; and Polly always formally asked ma'am's leave, when she came to us, though she was twenty-five or thirty years old.

There were no "base laws of servitude" between us. It was always a love-matter. It was understood that she was to have the highest wages given in town (four and sixpence a week, and time to mend her own clothes after nine o'clock at night); but she earned it well in a family of sixteen, and with children about in all directions, hindering as well as helping her.

Before the kings of Ireland overran this land, and before the Yankee tendency to patent inventions had been so stimulated by ignorance and stupidity that a pail of water cannot be drawn in a natural way from the well, our Polly used to go smiling into the garden, and gather eight or ten kinds of vegetables for dinner, preparing each for the table, and they had a sweet freshness and flavor found in no market produce now.

Her skilled eye detected the full corn in the ear by the look of the husk, and she knew by the swell of the pod when the peas were ready for boiling; she knew what squashes not to get, and where were the crispest cucumbers. Indeed, she had that native talent which induced cows to give down their milk, even without the promise of a silk gown; the wit to make hens lay and chickens live; and rising, like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, while it was yet night, her washing was hung in snowy lines, or ever her breakfast was eaten. Whatsoever her hands found to do, that did she with her might. She was so fond of flowers, and so patient with them in their shortcomings and their ever-needed pottings, that I think

she must have a garden now somewhere in Paradise, and croons Methodist hymns over her flowers as she used to here, about

"The Lord into his garden comes!
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive,"

and so on; for I don't see how heaven is going to change one's tendencies unless one is made over; how a queen is to take up the role of a peasant, or a philosopher that of a stock-broker, merely by another place of residence.

My Polly! In that state or place where you are gone, do you find any one to minister to, to serve with loving diligence with heart-full, unwearied tenderness, as you did here? There was a tie between you and those you loved closer than that of a maid to her mistress, and that tie may remain in another world. She whom you loved so much, and in whose arms you died, when she too went to the world of souls, must have found you, I think, waiting for her, with the same simple devotion as when you left her, to take up your old relation of unselfish love.

Like most country girls, Polly could drive a nail and split wood if necessary, which I fancy it often was at her home. She was a pretty good carpenter, and, besides tinkering the house on occasions, could give form to her own inventions with some skill. A board for scouring knives of her make, with sundry contrivances and conveniences, lasted in my kitchen until silvering them came into fashion.

The greatest treat we had as children was to go to Polly's farm between whiles to visit her. I remember vividly the queer, long, narrow passages to remote parts of the house, which defied all rules of architecture, and which led nowhere, with a captivating mystery. I was glad to find something that illustrated the "Romance of the Forest"; — doubly glad when I got only into the back kitchen and was relieved from the fear of seeing a skeleton. Mrs. Forest was generally to be found there untiringly scrubbing; and a smell, inhaled there, of milk and very clean pans and

tubs, lingers in my memory to this day, as also the impression of the whole inside of the dwelling freshly white-washed always, the boards as well as plastering. It was fearfully and wonderfully clean at the Forest farm.

Then, not having the dread of the bull before our eyes, having ascertained that he was tightly confined, we strolled off into the woods that skirt South Mountain, where we gathered the tender checkerberry-leaves, or, if early in the season, the rich berries themselves and the delicate May-flower. Afterwards, being refreshed by ma'am's hospitality of rye and Indian bread and cheese, we set off at dusk, on our two-mile homeward way, and Polly stood at "the delectable gate," as we called it, guarding us with her smiles, till the long road bent, and shut her away from our sight.

I know, my Polly, that the recording angel never set down against you the little whiffs of temper that made you sometimes even throw the chairs out of window, or the little injustices that made my brother Ralph hate you. To me you were always kind, gentle, and patient; but who pretended you were

perfection? Only I would I could find a helper to my domestic infirmities one hundredth part as faithful, as clean and capable, faults all counted in; would there be any question of wages between us? Think of Polly "going to leave, because there is sickness in the family!" Think of Polly withdrawing from the storeroom portions of groceries, under some ethical delusion familiar to the Celtic imagination! Think of Polly at all in the same category with locks and keys, with modern notions of hire and service! The whole thing is as different as if we lived on another planet.

She was such a large part of my child-life, that it is difficult to look back without seeing her constantly. Now that she is gone, I naturally dwell only on her excellences; the more when I contrast her solid virtues with the flimsy ghosts of such that I see now in every kitchen,—her faithfulness that let nothing run to waste; her never-weary feet, that with angel-like persistence ascended and descended to minister to the wants of others; all her thoughtfulness, her sweetness, her patient energy!

C. A. H.

TWO WAYS.

I.

"THE spring returneth ever."

So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;

Up from the budding earth broke forth a cry,

"Welcome, O Spring!"

But, moving to and fro with steady pace,

She said, "It comes not back into my face.

Where is the tender bloom and youthful grace

That it should bring?

The spring returneth never."

"The spring returneth ever."

So sang the brooks as down the mountain-side

They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;

Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,

"Welcome, O Spring!"

“But no; it is not true, O waves!” she said.
 “Where are the hopes of youth, so long since fled,
 Where are the loved ones gone unto the dead,
 That it should bring?
 The spring returneth never.”

Thus she lamented ever;
 And in her garden sloping towards the sea,
 So full of birds' and blossoms' revelry,
 She never turned from her own misery
 To watch the spring;
 She never even saw an opening flower,
 She never even felt the balmy shower,
 But all alone she wandered hour by hour,
 And held the sting
 Close to her heart forever.

II.

“The spring returneth ever.”
 So breathed arbutus peeping from the snow,
 So thought the crocus in the garden row;
 Convinced at last, the lilacs whispered low,
 “*It is* the spring.”
 “Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of bloom!
 It is the spring,” she cried, “away with gloom!
 Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to meet the groom
 Whom it will bring.
 The spring returneth ever.”

“The spring returneth ever.”
 “I know it, know it well, O land and sea!
 All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;
 It is a full delight merely to be,
 To breathe, in spring;
 Though old my face, my heart again is young,
 Though old the roots, bright flowers again have sprung,
 And courage open wide the gates has flung
 To meet the King
 Who still returneth ever.

“Yes, hope returneth ever.
 It is the coward's part to loiter sad
 Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
 Even my dead are living and are glad
 In some far spring!
 Immortal am I,—mind, is there a choice?
 Immortal am I,—heart, O heart, rejoice!
 Immortal am I,—soul, lift up thy voice
 With faith, and sing,
 The spring returneth ever.”

Constance F. Woolson.

THE HARE AND MANY FOES.

THE horse, the bull, the sheep, and the calf, as we are told by Gay, in his instructive fable of The Hare and many Friends, all presented the cold shoulder to the poor hare who appealed to them for protection against a pack of hounds that came racing over the fallows upon her highly pungent foot-prints. They wished her well, each and all of them. Nothing could be more polite than the manner in which they expressed their regard for her; but as for rendering her any assistance, under the circumstances, none of them was in a position to do it. Each of the beasts had the goodness to refer her to the next one; meanwhile the hounds "viewed" her, and we are left to infer the tragical result.

The license of the fabulist is, of course, unlimited, else one might find cause to be dissatisfied with Gay for supposing that the hare could have any friends whatever, unless, indeed, when she becomes a domesticated and fireside companion. The life of the hare is one of perpetual worry and vigilance. The hand of every man is against her, the claw of every fierce beast and bird. The jaws of big lizards, the coils of constricting snakes, are ready for her in meadow and morass. She is, indeed, The Hare and many Foes, and as such let us give her some brief, but serious, consideration.

Lately, while inspecting the contents of a print-shop window, I saw a French colored lithograph entitled *La Chasse au Lièvre*, the stirring incident and energetic action of which presented with considerable vividness the ordinary relations between man and hare. The scene is a pleasant rural one, in such cultivated districts, one might suppose, as may lie in the vicinity of some great city. A hare, followed at a distance by a couple of hounds of some undescribed variety, is flashing along near the foreground, like a brown meteor

with a silver tail. From a commanding position near by, a young man of fashionable appearance, in a tight red coat and red hunting-cap, is firing at the hare; while another gentlemanly *chasseur*, attired in bright blue, and looking as if he had accidentally fallen out of a fashion-plate, kneels in front of him, ready to open fire upon the game should the other miss his mark. To preclude any possibility of the hare saving herself by stratagem or flight, a lackey, all in red, with an enormous French horn coiled around his body, is running up with some reserve dogs in a leash, ready to be slipped at the game when all other means of bringing it to bay have failed. There are several figures of the agricultural sort in the background of the picture. Most of these are provided with pitchforks or other bucolic implements, so that it is easy to guess at the fate of poor puss should she take refuge among them. What may be lurking for her outside the picture it is, of course, impossible to say; but one can easily imagine several farm-dogs joining in the chase, a *gendarme* with drawn sabre, a portly priest on horseback with a loaded whip, and a vast number of other figures proper to French rural districts, all in full yell after one small, frightened beast, with long ears, exaggerated hind-legs, no tail to speak of, and an effluvium that guides infallibly on her footsteps all such animals as follow the chase by nose.

"English hares just received; jugged hare to-day," is an announcement often to be seen, in winter time, placarded in the windows of certain restaurants in New York, and sometimes, even, inserted by enterprising caterers as an advertisement in the daily papers. Some of these imported creatures are usually hung up by the heels on the door-posts of the tavern, to catch the eyes of the *gourmets*. Far from their

native copses and the gorse-tufted moorlands on which, when leverets, they kicked their little heels in leporine glee, there they hang by the door, dead as the proverbial nails in it, to be gazed at by city men of large alimentary developments, who inspect them with hungry eyes, and even poke them with critical fingers to test their condition. Nearly all of these hares bear marks of wounds and worry upon their fur-clad bodies. Some are lacerated as by the teeth of dogs; others have evidently been raked with patent wire cartridges projected from what the correspondents of sporting papers call the "deadly tube"; while on the necks of some of them, evidences are to be seen of the deceptive snares with which lurking poachers entrap these persecuted animals.

Coursing the hare with greyhounds, which is a sport quite different from that of hunting it with harriers, is much practised in England and some other European countries, and is often conducted in a very scientific manner, and according to a code of rules. In some respects it may be compared with racing, as the dogs are pitted against each other for speed. These finely bred dogs are said to be of Asiatic origin, and the original stock from which they are derived is yet maintained in Persia and other countries of the East. I saw, not long since, in a menagerie, a brace of dogs called tiger-hounds from the East Indies, which were very much of the greyhound build, and seemed fitter for the chase of hares than for coping with savage beasts of prey. In England, high-bred greyhounds fetch very large prices; and their breeding is attended to with as much care as that of high-bred horses. Their training has been reduced to a science, and they take their daily exercise in body-clothes, just like racers. At the regular coursing meetings, — such as the Ashdown, for instance, — the sport is conducted with great formality and detail. The functionary in charge of the dogs is called a "slipper," and his duty is to let the dogs loose at the hare, from a

leash. These slippers are regular professionals, and their advertisements that they are open for engagements are to be seen in the sporting papers. As carried on in the country at large, by private individuals and small clubs, coursing is a very inexpensive sport. Anybody who can afford to keep a brace of greyhounds, and pay for a game license, can enjoy it. Horses are by no means necessary to this kind of chase, which can be followed on foot, a course generally taking place within a limited area. When the hare-finder announces that he has marked a hare lying in a hedge, or in a furrow of some open field, the person in charge of the dogs — a brace being usually slipped at a time — walks up to the place indicated, the eager hounds straining upon the leash, with their eyes almost starting from the sockets, knowing well that the hare is near by in close ambush, and may start up at any moment. Puss does not generally start until the dogs are close upon her, and I have more than once seen a slipper touch the hare with a stick before she would move. Then she is off like a streak of lightning; the dogs are slipped, and, bounding with serpentine grace, away they go after her, each doing his best to give her the first turn, these turns being credited to the score of the dogs, respectively. She does not usually run far before she is forced to double, the dogs being often so close upon her as almost to touch her with their noses. Doubling is the hare's game, for she can turn almost on her own length, while the dogs frequently lose several strides before they can get well round, thus giving her a fresh chance. In this way a course is often decided without leaving the field in which the hare was found. A strong hare, though, with a good start, will make her way straight across country for a considerable distance, taking all the ditches, brooks, and walls in her course in gallant style. On this account, the judge at regular coursing-matches on which money is laid must always be well mounted, so as to keep near the course

and watch all its turns and incidents. I have seen a hare pop between the rails of a five-barred gate and then double suddenly back, while the greyhounds went sailing clear over gate, and hare and all dashing furiously on for some distance before they discovered that they had been outwitted. On such occasions as this, — which is called “un-sighting,” or “blinking,” — the dogs stand still and gaze about them with a very sheepish, puzzled air. Greyhounds have no sense of smell, never putting their noses to the ground to recover the trail of a lost hare. Hence it is that the most destructive offshoot of the breed is that having a cross of the terrier, or other keen-scented dog. It is called a “lurcher,” and is the favorite companion and aid of English poachers, seldom allowing a hare to escape. There are greyhounds that can run down a hare “single-handed”; but this mode of coursing is not looked upon with much favor, the tact of the dogs in aiding each other to turn the hare being the very essence of the sport. When a greyhound catches a hare, he often pitches it up to a distance of several feet, and will sometimes catch it in his mouth as it comes down again. I have seen a hare so exhausted after a long course as to squat down just as the dogs were upon her, the dogs also dropping from sheer want of wind, and the breath from their nostrils blowing up the fur of poor puss, as she lay panting just at the tips of their sharp noses.

For centuries the greyhound has been an accessory of English field-sports. In the thirteenth century greyhounds were accepted by King John instead of money, in payment of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, and for renewal of grants. One fine, paid to this monarch in 1203, specifies “five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds.”

Greyhounds are often snappish with strangers, and can be very savage when roused. There is record of one that had killed a hare, and then lay down exhausted. Two men came by and

tried to steal the hare, but the dog took it up, and ran until he met his master, at whose feet he laid it. Then he attacked the men with great fury, but was so weak that he fell down, and was recovered only by bleeding and assiduous care.

In the year 1794, at Finchingfield, in Essex, a brace of greyhounds dashed at a hare from opposite directions, ran against one another, and were killed upon the spot.

Near Dover, some time about the beginning of the present century, a greyhound was slipped at a hare having some local celebrity as a good one to run. The hare, being closely pressed, made for the cliff, just on the brink of which she was caught by the dog. Both of them went over, and were dashed to pieces.

Gervase Markham, a quaint old writer about field-sports, gives the following versified description of a perfect greyhound: —

“If you wish to have a good tike,
Of which there are few like,
He must be headed like a Snake,
Neckt like a Drake,
Backt like a Beame,
Sided like a Breame,
Tailed like a Batt,
And footed like a Cat.”

The wretched, shivering, little fancy dog called an Italian greyhound is but a degenerate offshoot from the original stock, if, indeed, it is to be traced to the genuine greyhound at all. The hare has nothing to fear from this drawing-room pet. A dog of this kind was seen to turn and run from a hare, which was coming along a lane full tilt, and which he took for some ferocious animal bearing down upon him with hostile intent.

Hares are said to give the best runs in the month of March, when they are in first-rate wind and condition. Hence the old saying, “Mad as a March hare.”

The “pomp and circumstance” of the numerous packs of harriers maintained in the British Islands for the pursuit, exclusively, of hares are only second to those of fox-hunting estab-

lishments. That there is a great degree of importance attached to these hunts is evidenced by the fact that, lately, Windsor and its environs were thrown into a state of ferment by the announcement that the Prince of Wales had "intimated his intention of discontinuing to keep the splendid pack of royal harriers which have, for years, afforded sport to the residents and agriculturists of the Windsor district, as well as to the illustrious visitors who have from time to time been the guests of her Majesty at Windsor Castle." A public meeting was thereupon convened at Windsor, to take steps for continuing the pack of harriers "by hook or by crook."

Hounds of what kind soever, though, are the least of the foes against which the ever-vigilant hare has to be on her guard. She may blink the greyhounds in the course, may beat the harriers in the long run; but still she has to scud the gauntlet of the fierce carnivorous creatures that prowl along the hedges or hover overhead.

Mr. Thompson, a keen observer of the habits and actions of wild animals, relates the following incident in the Magazine of Zoölogy and Botany.

"A golden eagle was seen by Mr. Adams, lately gamekeeper at Glencairn, in pursuit of a hare. The poor animal took refuge under every bush that presented itself, and as often as she did, the eagle approached the bush so near as apparently to beat the top of it with its wings, and thereby forced the hare to leave her place of refuge. In this way she was eventually driven to open ground, which did not long avail, as the eagle soon came up with her and bore her off."

In Thomas Shadwell's play of The True Widow, Prigg sings,

"Then live at the hare,
Let old puss beware," —

a snatch of song that reminds one how the hare has always been a by-word for something to be tossed and tortured and worried out of shape by all whose path it may happen to cross. The lyrical effusions in celebration of the vic-

tories of dogs and horsemen over hares are very numerous. Sweet rural scenes are usually conjured up by the writers of these hunting ditties, but they never seem to give a thought to the protracted agonies of the small, harmless creature by whose wretched fate their theme is inspired. Says one of them, out of a thousand: —

"Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,
Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack pursues her amain.

"At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman 's the signal for death;

No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting, all pleasure and pastime must yield."

Of all the savage animals that prey upon the hare, none can compare in cruel voracity with the ordinary wild-cat of European mountains and forests; and in this country the lynx is one of the most relentless and sanguinary persecutors of the American hare in all its varieties. In the winter time, when the snow lies heavy in the swamps, bending down the cedar saplings until they look, in the mystic twilight of the morass, like crouching ghosts shrouded in white cerements, the track of the lynx is often to be seen where the snow is beaten by the coming and going of the numerous hares that frequent these gloomy retreats. Oftentimes the hunter comes upon a spot where the trampling in the snow, the blood-marks upon it, and the tufts of clotted fur lying about, indicate that the lynx has been there, and has been glutting himself upon the small venison of the place.

When pressed by hounds, the common European hare will frequently take the water, and swim boldly across rivers of considerable width. More nearly approaching the water *rodentia*, however, is the marsh-hare found in the maritime districts of the Southern States. This hare is common in the marshy grounds near the "reserves," or large ponds which, in the Carolinas and elsewhere, are dammed up for the irrigation of the rice-fields. Here they paddle and flounder about in the mud,

much after the fashion of muskrats, frequently falling a prey to the large snakes, alligators, and other voracious reptiles with which such localities abound. The marsh-hare is less fleet of foot than most of its congeners. Indeed, it is so unable to save itself by running, that the negroes catch it by setting fire to the weeds, and knocking it on the head when it tries to escape. It has the power of spreading its toes, which are nearly destitute of hair, and this enables it to swim with great facility, so that it may often be seen sporting about in the ponds for recreation, like the beaver or any other water animal. When danger threatens, it eludes pursuit by plunging up to its neck among the water-lilies and rank marsh weeds. Audubon kept one of these hares, which was caught when full grown. It soon became familiar, and would take food from the hand. Succulent vegetables, such as turnip and cabbage leaves, were very acceptable to it, but to these it preferred bread. It used to take frequent baths in water provided for it, and would show great uneasiness when the trough was removed. A species much resembling this one is the swamp-hare, also occurring in the Southern States, and which, when hunted, takes to the water. The footfalls of this kind of hare are very heavy, so that they have often been taken for those of a deer or other large animal.

The hare most frequently to be met with in this country is that called by naturalists the Northern-hare, which, like the *lepus variabilis*, or Alpine hare of Europe, turns white gradually as winter approaches, resuming its brownish-gray coat at the return of spring. Like all the rest of its persecuted family, it has foes innumerable. The jer-falcon, the red-tailed hawk, and other such rapacious pirates of the air, swoop down upon it by day, while at night it is the favorite quarry of the great horned owls and other evil birds of darkness, that sail silently through the witching glades of the swamp on their downy wings. The

lynx pounces upon it from its ambush in the low-branched hemlock. By day and by night the wily fox is ever on the watch for it. All the marten-cats are its foes; and even that little, sooty, serpentine water-weasel, the mink, is not wholly clear from the suspicion of proclivity for the blood and vitals of the hare. The habit of drumming upon the ground with its feet—a process by which the common rabbit gives warning to its companions when any sudden alarm has driven it to seek its burrow—is very conspicuous with this hare, whose rubadub can often be heard in the stillness of the woods. There lately appeared in the streets of New York a wandering Italian minstrel, who availed himself of this well-known habit of the hare tribes by affixing to the top of his barrel-organ a sort of drum or tambourine, which was beaten by a stuffed hare, or rabbit, having drumsticks attached to its fore-paws, which were put in motion by an automatic arrangement inside the machine. Among the foes of this and other kinds of hare is the dreaded rattlesnake. Bosc, the traveller, mentions that he took a common American hare from the stomach of a rattlesnake killed by him; and bloated snakes of various other kinds have frequently been killed by hunters, who, on examination, found full-grown hares within them. But man, after all, is the worst foe against which these hares have to pit their accurate senses. During the winter season tons of them are sent up by rail to the great cities, from all quarters. About Christmas-time the beams and door-posts of the city markets are festooned with them. Most of them are caught by netting, and in traps and snares. In Canada, when the snow lies deep on the ground, vast numbers of them are captured by the latter device. In the wooded hills to the north of Quebec, I have often followed paths that grew narrower and narrower as I went on. Little brush fences were built along the sides of these for some distance, and at the end of each of these wedge-shaped decoys a snare

was always set, which not unfrequently contained a dead hare.

One of the finest of the *leporide* is the *rekalek*, or polar hare, which is about twenty-six inches in length, and sometimes weighs as much as eleven or twelve pounds. This hare, which, like the one last mentioned, turns white in winter, is common in the wild, inhospitable ravines of Labrador, finding its subsistence among the moss-covered granite rocks, and in the scrubby thickets of juniper, pine, and poplar that clothe the flanks of the Watchish Mountains of that region. As this fine hare lies stretched under the lee of some lichen-covered rock, sheltered from the wreaths of driving snow, it is often pounced upon by the golden eagle or the swift jer-falcon, while at night it becomes the prey of the great snowy owl common to these savage wilds. Several years ago the districts lying along the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, far away below Quebec, were visited one hard winter by vast numbers of ptarmigans, or white grouse, supposed to have been driven thither from Labrador by the severity of the season. They were followed by numbers of snowy owls, which not only killed quantities of them, but made great havoc among the hares of the country, which the *habitans* look upon as their own proper game. The berries of the Alpine arbutus, the bark of dwarf willows, and the various mosses that abound mostly in sterile regions, enable the polar hare to sustain life during the long, dreary winters of Labrador and Newfoundland. Among its other foes is that malignant pest the moose-fly, from which this species of hare is said to suffer greatly during the summer.

At Walla-Walla, in Oregon, the Indians make much sport with the hares proper to that region, especially the species known as Townsend's Rocky Mountain hare, and a small kind called the wormwood hare. Sometimes crowds of the Indians assemble and beat the thickets in pursuit of these hares, driving them towards spaces enclosed with

nets fastened to the ground with stakes, where they are caught and knocked on the head with clubs. They are also killed with bows and arrows. The wormwood hare, on account of the celerity with which it bounds from one bush of wormwood to another, presents a mark very difficult to hit, and the young Indians are very proud of their skill in piercing it with their arrows while it is on the jump.

As a comparison for cowardice, the hare has, from all time, been made use of by the poets. In this way Shakespeare often refers to it. "A very dishonest paltry boy, and more coward than the hare," says Sir Toby Belch in the play. Again, we have "the fearful, flying hare," "coward hares," and "hare hearts." *Lepus timidus*'s the name given by naturalists to the English hare, although the adjective appears to apply equally well to all the known species. Albertus Magnus says of the hare, that, although a timid creature, it has a large heart, but that its blood and heart are both cold, on which account it goes forth to feed at night only. And so Goldsmith illustrates the approach of nightfall with,

"What time the timid hare limps forth to feed."

That a hare will sometimes act in self-defence, when its liberty is in danger, or its life, I can aver from experience. When I was a very small boy, an honest fellow presented me with a leveret caught by him while following his legitimate occupation as a hedger and ditcher. Delighted with the soft, big-eyed little creature, I was bearing it in triumph away, when it bit one of my thumbs nearly through, — the diversion thus created being so much more in its favor than in mine that it made its escape into some unexplored jungle of garden vegetables, and got clear away.

As for the flesh of the hare, it has long held a high place among the delicacies prepared by gastronomic artists for the gratification of the human palate. By the ancient Romans it was held in high favor. Horace makes frequent mention of it. He knew the

best bits of a hare as well as ever did Brillat-Savarin, or Soyer of the magic soup-ladle, or Blot of the knife-and-fork crusade against the barbarism of pork-and-beans. Describing the *menu* of a niggardly Roman snob, he tells us, among other things, of hares' shoulders, which are tough, served up without the loins, which are tender :

"Et leporum avulsos, ut multo suavius, armos,
Quam si cum lumbis quis edit . . ."

just as a shoddy Cræsus of our own time might put off his guests with a blade-bone of mutton, when a saddle could be had in the nearest market.

Regarding jugged hare, already adverted to in this paper, it suggests to thoughtful minds the question, Why, of all creatures that run, fly, crawl, or swim, should the hare be the only one subjected to the mysterious process of the jug? Of jugged sucking-pig nobody ever yet heard. Terrapin does not naturally waddle to jug, neither does canvas-back duck; so that one is forced to the conclusion that the dainty jug was reserved for the hare as one more incentive to the capture of that harassed creature, whether by the snare of the poacher or the greyhounds of the man of sport.

In olden times the hare must have been much sought after, owing to the many strange influences and medicinal virtues that were attributed to its flesh and other portions of its anatomy. Recurring once more to Albertus Magnus, that worthy old person tells us that though the use of hare's flesh as an article of diet causes the blood to thicken and is promotive of atrabilious secretions, yet that the head of the animal, calcined, and reduced to powder, is a specific for various maladies.

The tooth of a hare, says the same writer, is a cure for toothache, if laid upon the part affected. He also instructs us that the dried liver of a hare is good for epilepsy; and that its gall,

mingled with white honey, is an excellent remedy for *albugo*, or defluxion of the eyes. Even the lungs of a hare, he says, laid upon aching eyes, will alleviate pain; while pounded and converted into an unguent, they are sovereign for anointing the feet.

In our own times the foot of the hare, from its velvety texture, is used by hat-ters for imparting a gloss to their choicest productions, and by theatrical performers for conveying to their cheeks the auroral touches considered indispensable to a brilliant appearance before the foot-lights.

Cowper may be mentioned as one of the few human beings on record who have ever evinced a practical and sincere friendship for the hare. When in ill health, he amused himself by taming three of these creatures, a very interesting account of which he contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine. His hares displayed a curious sense of perception; on one occasion, for instance, detecting a new patch that had been sewn upon a carpet. Whenever a cat insulted one of them, he would retaliate by drumming violently upon its back with his fore-feet. Each of them manifested distinct individuality of character, which was developed and fostered, probably, by domestication and familiarity with the social arrangements of man.

The following memorandum was found among Cowper's papers, after his death:—

"This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain."

Puss was the last of Cowper's three hares; and marvellous, indeed, is his record, and forever enshrined in his memory, as the exceptional hare that lived happily all his years, and met his death without violence at last.

Charles Dawson Shanley.

A SURMISE.

OUR mortal day breaks from the great unseen,
 Whither once more it darkly vanisheth ;
 Two shadowy goals with faltering steps between, —
 O, tell me, which is life, and which is death ?

Nor is this but an idle questioning ;
 For every step must cross some dark surprise,
 Since life and death are what the moments bring,
 And we would know them through their strange disguise.

Joys we shall have that blossomed in the shade,
 And griefs that out of sweetest dreams awoke ;
 Doubts that grow clear, and certainties that fade ;
 A weary crown, a light and easy yoke.

Wrongs we shall see made servants of the right ;
 The noblest victories won by those that fail ;
 Great hearts that triumph, falling in the fight ;
 Death hand to hand with life, behind the veil !

Thus evermore we must our pathway thread,
 'Mid lights that beckon, shadows that dismay ;
 Till the bewildered heart, so strangely led,
 Wonders if life or death shall win the day,

As one might wonder, waking from a swoon,
 And seeing the far horizon half alight, —
 Is it the morning broadening to the noon ?
 Or is it evening sinking into night ?

Or as one standing on the silent shore
 If it be ebb or flow can scarcely guess ;
 Whether the lesser flowing to the more,
 Or but the greater lapsing to the less.

O shrouded mystery ! the baffled soul,
 Long coasting round thy solemn boundaries,
 Divines the rounded brightness of the whole,
 That first must wane upon these mortal skies.

The tide, when it lays bare the lonely strand,
 But lifts more high the great mid-deeps of sea :
 Does death work life ? Does losing fill the hand ?
 Does darkness feed the light that is to be ?

O, then it is no longer life and death,
 But life and life, in ever-circling light !
 Then ebb and flow of fortune or of breath
 Are equal tides that lift us to our height !

Louisa Bushnell.

DANISH SOCIETY AND ITS REVIVAL.

A RIDGE of hills and the sea on both sides, — that is Denmark. Both the peninsula and the islands are modelled after the same plan; but although this plan is very simple, it involves an infinite variety of landscapes, from the sweet, almost voluptuous idyl in the wood, under the midsummer suns, to scenes of the wildest horror, when the roaring surges, towering over the sandbars, break the large, strongly-built ship like a toy, and scatter her remnants on the strand, or when the hurricane catches the sand from the banks and hurls its terrible hail-storm over the country, often burying many acres of land, many years' labor, many men's hopes, under a drift which no sun will ever melt. Partly from actual experience, but mainly through the works of their poets and painters, the Danes themselves have acquired a very keen sense of the true though often latent character of their land. They recognize at once the place where the great calamity lurks beneath the sun-gilt, serenely rolling waves, or the place where the charming idyl sleeps among the snow-covered trees. But the foreigner who travels through the country will hardly see more than the general simple and uniform configuration of the land, — the ridge of hills with the sea on both sides.

The hills are low. The highest "mountain" in Denmark, "The Mountain of Heaven," is only four hundred and eighty feet high, and it swells so gently that I doubt whether the farmer from the Catskills would notice the difference between its ascent and descent. The ridges all run from north to south. Towards the east the hills slope downward, undulating in gentle but often characteristic curves, and the land is studded all over with rich woods treading so near to the sea that with one more step they would dip their feet in the waves. Towards the west the hills

are almost steep, leaving a broad margin of flat land between their walls and the sea. Near the hills the land is tillable, even fertile. Farther away it is heath, interspersed with swamps and meadows. Along the sea runs a strip of salt-marsh or a wall of sand-banks, without trees, with only a few dwarfish and sickly shrubs here and there in the swamp. The two poplars watching the place where the road through the heath makes a sudden turn, they are not trees; they are only a sort of resurrected broomsticks, and would look odious but for their modesty. The willows which guard the little orchard and garden behind the farmhouse are trees; but they are strangers here. Generally they are low and stunted, and even when they rise into the air with some thrift and vigor, they all bend their crowns towards the east. Every bough, every twig stretches eastward, and the branches which have to face the west drop their withered leaves in the beginning of July. For here reigns the west wind.

Only one wind blows in Denmark, — the west wind. When the others try, it is a calm. The west wind blows during three hundred days of the year, and it always blows a gale. When the other winds come, they come either as weak breezes bringing rain, or as short blasts bringing frost. The west wind is the ruler of the air, and there is something kingly in him, not because he wrecks a hundred ships every year, not because he makes the trees bow under his sceptre, not because he can send, on a hot summer day, a sudden mist which makes one shiver with cold — O no! in spite of this, there is something truly magnificent and generous in the Danish west wind. It does not sweep whistling over the ground as if it were pressed through a steam-pipe. It does not nip the skin as if it were filled with ice-needles. It

blows with a volume immense like that of the ocean from which it comes. It bursts into the air with full, round notes like those of an organ. It pounces down upon the earth in broad furrows, frisking and frolicking like a swarm of children let loose over a merry gambol.

The country-people of Denmark consist of three different classes,—the nobility, the peasantry, and the *tiers état*, which with a sneer for both the aristocracy and the peasants, calls itself the educated people. I will speak first of the nobility, not so much from deference as because there is so very little to say about this class.

The Danish nobility is rich in proportion to the general standard of wealth in the country. An income of twenty thousand dollars a year is not rare among them, and some have more than two hundred thousand. But they have no influence, or at least very little. They are not highly gifted by nature, and they are not well trained by education. Furthermore, they have no political or social privileges. There is no difference between the legal position of the nobleman and that of the peasant, except that in some cases the nobleman's estate is inherited by his eldest son; while otherwise, when a man dies in Denmark his property is disposed of so that one half falls to his wife, and the other half is divided in equal parts among his children. The chief reason, however, why the Danish nobility stands somewhat isolated, without partaking in the social development proportionately to the wealth of the class, is historical. The old, genuine Danish nobility formed a powerful and enormously wealthy aristocracy. But by a singular mistake of the other classes, and by some secret intrigues of the court, this aristocracy, which contained the germ of true popular freedom, was crushed in the year 1660, when Denmark was made an absolute monarchy; that is to say, when the government was made a completely arbitrary despotism. In the year 1661

no clock in Copenhagen dared to strike until the court clock had struck; and this little trait, communicated with much humor by Lord Molesworth, shows with sufficient clearness how matters stood. The noblemen retired to their mansions in the country, where they lived in a corner of their splendid palaces; for the king often imposed such heavy taxes on their property—the taxation, like everything else, being perfectly arbitrary—that they sometimes had to give up their estates, leaving the king sole master. Meanwhile the king, who still feared the old nobility in its sullen and impoverished retirement, built up a new nobility consisting mostly of German vagabonds, whom he ennobled, installed in military and civil offices, and provided for in a very high-handed manner. He assumed the right to dispose of the hand of every heiress in the kingdom; and in that way the new nobility, little by little, crept into the estates of the old that died away. But this new nobility, which was simply a court aristocracy, had no other relation to the people than a reciprocal hatred. Only two or three persons out of the whole swarm have acquired an honest name in Danish history; the rest are mercifully forgotten,—forgotten together with the court where they danced and drank and flirted and gambled. When, in 1848, the Danish people became a free people, and every citizen was called upon to partake equally in the government, the nobility suddenly sank into miserable insignificance. The whole artificial structure of the society which alone gave the noblemen any influence broke down. Their privileges were lost; their rank was gone; and, to make their misery complete, there was no longer any court. The king, Frederick VII., had married a milliner, who was too famous before her marriage ever to become the centre of an elegant circle; and it must be said to the praise of the ladies of the Danish nobility, they were visited, but they were not found at home. During the twenty years, however, which fol-

lowed, a change apparently took place in the position of the nobility. In their elegant retirement, the noblemen seemed to give up the German idea of a court paradise, and began to imitate the English aristocracy. They began to take the lead in many local affairs of importance, especially in agriculture. They introduced machinery and all modern improvements in the cultivation of their estates; they instituted races, and horse and cattle shows, at which prizes were given for the best specimens of domestic animals; and in these and many other new ways channels seem to open up for a beneficial influence from the noblemen upon the other classes.

To the second class, the educated people, Denmark is indebted for its free constitution and for the first endeavors towards making this constitution work successfully in practical life. They now form the kernel of the people. They have the influence. All great ideas originated with them, and were by them introduced in actual life. The ideas and manners of this class are the ideas and manners of the Danish people.

As this class comprises families many of which have an income of only one or two thousand dollars a year, while some have an income of more than ten thousand a year, there is a great difference between the social circumstances in which the members of this class live. Three different stages may be noticed. In the first stage a family eats with silver forks, and has a piano. It would be very hard in Denmark for a family to attain the position of belonging to the society of educated people, if it ate with iron forks and had no piano; that is to say, if it could not afford to give its life a certain appearance of elegance, or if its life lacked some important element of a liberal education, for instance, music. An educated Dane will eat pork and beans twice a day all the year round, and think himself very well fed, if he eats it with a silver fork; but if he is compelled to eat his meat with an

iron fork, he will weep over his forlorn condition. A Danish family, when utterly reduced by some misfortune, will look on with comparative indifference while the chairs and tables go to the auction-room; but when the piano is shut up and carried down stairs, a darkness will overcloud the room as if the sun were eclipsed, and a terror will seize upon the heart as in the days of the plague, when all the birds dropped dead to the earth and the woods at once grew silent. In the second stage, carpets make their appearance, and the family keeps a close carriage. Carpets are in Denmark not so generally used nor so highly appreciated as in England and America. A family, of course, finds its rooms cosier and more pleasant when in the fall the carpets are spread over the floors; yet in the spring, when the deep gray tinge of the sky brightens into light blue, when the sunshine grows warm, and the west wind blows balmily, every member of the family, from the grandmamma to the children, is glad to get rid of the dusty carpets; and, indeed, the bare wooden floor, often a costly mosaic, or tastefully painted, and always washed in the morning with cold water, gives the room, through the hot summer days, a very agreeable freshness and airiness. A close carriage, on the contrary, is highly appreciated, and the delight given by such an increase of a family's comfort is almost ludicrous. For a whole year every visitor is invited to go down to the stable and see "our new landau," and the best argument for a new dress is, "You would not have me sit in the new landau with this old thing!" In the third stage, the chandelier is hung from the ceiling, and the footman keeps guard in the anteroom. The ladies of the house cannot be seen until after three o'clock, and the master has a title, which, the more barbarous it sounds, the better it is. Some of these titles are composed of one German, one French, and one Danish word; and when a man has such a lictor to bear axe and rods before his name, and ten thousand dollars a year to

finish up the procession, he feels very happy. A title is a good thing; it acts upon the mind like a good conscience. When a man is *Geheime-états-raad*, he may say to himself that he cannot be so very bad. But these differences of social circumstances, however great they may be, are in the most pleasant manner thrown into the background, if not wholly forgotten, on account of the community of education, of ideas, interests, and manners; and it is quite common to find a family which never gives a dinner-party and never treats its guests with anything more than a cup of tea living in great intimacy and on a perfectly equal footing with a family whose footmen at every supper serve dainty dishes on silver plates. The community of education is always and everywhere a power stronger than old habits, stronger than in-grown prejudices, stronger even than incidental antipathies, but I doubt whether there is another place in the world where it exercises so noble and so lovely an influence as in the country life of Denmark.

Community of education must not be understood, however, to mean that all the members of the class are actually possessed of the same kind or of the same degree of education. This is not the case. Here, for instance, is a man who can neither read nor write. Thirty years ago he was a peasant-lad of somewhat disagreeable manners. He was a talker, and his success in business was so extraordinary that people were a little slow in putting confidence in him. He bought geese, lambs, calves, pigs, and fat cattle of the neighboring peasants, and transported them to Copenhagen, where he sold them. He gave a fair price, however, and paid promptly. He was always true to his word, even when it was sometimes a little rash; and people soon understood that he was a great convenience to them. The farmer, who formerly had some trouble in finding a buyer for his lambs and calves just when he wanted, could now send for the pig-broker, as they called him, and get money at any

time. Little by little people began to like and respect the man. He was money to them. Many a peasant who formerly raised only twelve geese a year and ate them all himself, now raised, without any greater outlay of money, a hundred geese, and laid away, every fall, a snug little sum of money. It was evident that cattle-feeding and raising of lambs and calves and pigs increased, nay, doubled, in every county to which the pig-broker extended his business; and soon he was looked upon half as a blessing and half as a wonder,—the more so, as he, who could neither read nor write, and did a business of more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, was never known to make a mistake. In the mean time, the man himself grew silent, overburdened as he was with his enormous business, and the richer he grew the more modest he became. But he delighted in hearing “learned people” talk. He felt the pleasure of intercourse with educated people, and longed for it. The first door he knocked at was the clergyman’s of the parish, and it so happened that the parson was a man of very refined manners, of strong literary sympathies, and the centre of the high-life of the whole neighborhood; yet he soon understood that the seat where the pig-broker sat was not empty, though the man who occupied it was very silent. The calm, gray eyes, always thoughtful, always attentive, often told more and better in a conversation than several gossiping mouths; and people of true and genuine education soon felt that, in spite of all differences, there was, in a social respect, an essential and noble sympathy between them and him. The pig-broker was received among the educated people; and if the difference between the members of this class is very great with regard to the degree of their education, it is still greater with regard to its quality. The Danes are by nature very apt to confine themselves to a specialty, and this national trait is, of course, most apparent among the educated portion of the people. I know one farmer who has a passion for

dramatic literature. The dunghill and the stage! the combination is certainly a little singular. His library consists of over twenty thousand volumes, and gives a fair representation of what mankind has produced in this line. It contains a great number of Indian dramas, written in Sanskrit on palm-leaves, and I suppose it contains, also, a fine edition of those English plays which bear the late Mr. Robinson's name on their title-pages. It is unique in its kind, and its owner is unique too. He is a diamond edition of his own library, and talks drama always and everywhere, even on the dunghill. I know another farmer who has a passion for antiquities. In his hall great cases with glass doors stand along the walls, and a complete collection of all the stone weapons and utensils which the ancient Scandinavians used before they learned to work metals is arranged systematically on shelves, each article being provided with a label telling where the specimen was found, what it was originally used for, how it was probably made, etc. The great label to the whole collection is the farmer himself. Ask him how he enjoyed himself in Copenhagen, or how he likes his new coat, the answer will invariably end on some one of the shelves. A third has a passion for roses. He will travel many miles to see a new kind, and he will become feverish if he cannot come into possession of it, as he becomes feverish when he cannot ingraft his passion upon other people. But he generally succeeds. The whole county in which he lives has become famous for its roses. It is called the land of the roses, and the farmer tells with a certain complacency that in June he can smell the smoke of his hearth when eight miles distant. A fourth has a passion for meerschaum pipes, and falls in love with every pipe of uncommon size or form. A fifth has a passion for politics; a sixth, for mesmerism; and so on. But if any one would infer from this difference, both in the degree and in the quality of the education of the

members, that there was no real community of education in the class, he would be much mistaken. In a society to which money opens the door, it is by no means necessary, in order to be admitted, that a man shall really own a certain amount of money; it is enough if he can only spend it. And in a society to which a certain education has the key, it is by no means necessary, in order to be admitted, that a man should actually possess this education; it is enough if he only respects it. In the class of the Danish nation called the educated people there are certain general ideas regarding the moral, intellectual, and social acquirements which make an educated man; and every one who understands these ideas and respects them is admitted into the society of the class, — which is certainly proper, as he has truly attained the first and most essential element of the education. Of course, as it is best to do what is good and only second best to leave undone what is bad, so it is best to be an educated man; but it is next to the best to have that veneration for education which guards one from giving offence.

What, then, is the Danish idea of an educated man? I will try to draw the outlines of this idea, considered, however, only from a social point of view. One condition is that the man shall be able to express his opinions, even when the conversation assumes the character of a passionate debate, in such a manner as does not hurt anybody's feelings or make the conversation disagreeable by personal excitement. It is an intellectual duty to form opinions in perfect harmony with our individuality on all subjects which concern us; and it is a moral duty to adhere to those opinions, to defend them to the utmost of our ability, to assert them with the whole strength of our personality. But in fulfilling this duty there may sometimes be shown an indifference to authority and politeness which in Denmark is never mistaken for true independence of opinions, and conviction

of character. It is simply considered as stupidity and roughness, and he who has once or twice displayed this sort of independence will hardly have occasion to do it the third time. Another condition is that the man shall be able to make certain differences in his behavior towards other persons; that he shall be able, so to speak, to shade his manners into perfect harmony with the circumstances. It is demanded of a man of consummate education that he shall have a different shade of manners for the prime-minister of the country and the tax-gatherer of the village, for the head of the Danish Church and the schoolmaster of Asmindrup, for H. C. Andersen and the printer's boy who brings the proofs of his tales. Perfect education enables a man to value correctly each number in the long scale, from the eminent merits which confer great benefit on a whole nation to the drowsy drudgery which plods along towards its bread and butter; and it ought also to enable him to show this valuation honestly and gracefully. There is a levelling and equalizing plainness of manners which in Denmark is never mistaken for true manhood, but is simply considered and treated as impertinent arrogance. Persons before whose eyes all differences vanish into insignificance are, in good company in Denmark, always surrounded and generally checked by a very significant silence. A third condition is that the man shall possess a certain amount of knowledge; that is to say, that his consciousness shall be widened so far beyond the spot of existence which denotes his own personal life, that on all sides it meets the infinite. Among educated people some have an eminently wide mental horizon, others a comparatively narrow one; but it is always a token of perfect education when the consciousness at no point is pained or dulled by the barriers which ignorance and self-conceit raise around it. As the sailor feels at home on the vast plains of the ocean, and understands the changing expression in the face of the sea long before

the passenger detects any change at all, the educated man must feel at home in the vast realms of human civilization, and understand whither the main streams come and whence they are going. Or, to go a little into details, according to the Danish idea of an educated man, he must have in his mind a picture of life in the ancient republics, under the feudalism of the Middle Ages, and in the democracy of modern times; and this picture must, in some of its details, be painted in full, giving clear and well-defined notions of the tendencies, religious or moral, scientific or artistic, political or social, which have been acting in different periods, or are acting in the present. Or, to go still more into details, a girl who had never heard the names of Socrates and Columbus; who had no idea of the difference between a picture of the Italian school and one of the Dutch school; who thought that *Romeo and Juliet* and *The School for Scandal* were written in France, or by the same author, or in the same century; who believed that Goethe wrote the libretto of the opera which Gounod composed,— would give pain in a Danish company, and nobody would know what to do with her. It is always supposed that the great peaks of civilization must have been visible to her from the hearth of her home, and it is always expected that she has been taught to look at them and to love them.

Where this ideal of education is generally acknowledged and striven for, life among educated people cannot fail to have both richness and sweetness. And these it has in Denmark. When on a winter evening the lamp is lit, and the ladies of the house gather round the table, one mending stockings and another mending laces, one reading the newest book and another making artificial flowers, one embroidering a smoking-cap for her brother and another making him six new shirts, the scene has a peculiar charm, like that of a breeze sweeping over a rose-bush, or that of a note struck on a well-tempered instrument. Although the same per-

sons find each other at the same place every evening through many years, there is no monotony in their intercourse. Their intellects are conversant with a multitude of different interests, their minds stored with a multitude of different ideas. Even the smallest incident awakens a long train of new and interesting associations. The conversation is carried on with an almost French volubility of tongue; and although neither Shakespeare nor Goethe is named or thought of during the whole evening, yet they seem not to be absent. Even the slightest remarks have, like summer clouds at sunset, a golden tinge, which shows that the person has been touched and is attracted by ideas far beyond the actual reach of his own personal life. Once or twice a week this uniformity may be enlivened by the presence of company, for the Danes are exceedingly fond of social intercourse. The hall-doors are thrown open and many lamps are lit. The diamond edition opens and tells how the play, which some of the company are going to give next week at an amateur performance for the benefit of a poor widow, originated on the sunny plains of Castile as a great romantic drama, brilliant, luxurious, and overwhelming to a Northern imagination; how it then wandered through every town in France, until, worn out and torn to pieces, it arrived at Paris, where some rags of it were dressed up as a burlesque; how this burlesque set out on a journey through Germany, where it was patched over with sentimentality, until, at last, the Danish Mr. Robertson laid hold of it, and redressed it after his own taste. The great label explains that his collection gives ample evidence of the manner in which Scandinavia was peopled by the Gothic immigration. The parson advances another theory. Maps are unfolded, peculiarities of dialects searched, other documents examined, weighed pro and contra and the explanation of the great label is found to be correct. The pig-broker, who seems to be a great friend of the young ladies, is seated among a

cluster of beauties, and gives a half-humorous, half-awkward description of the latest fashion in the metropolis, — a woollack on the back of the neck, and a half-pint pitcher on the top of the skull, which description never fails to excite immense laughter. The supper is served by the young ladies, even in families where footmen are in attendance, and it is served through all the rooms. A napkin, a plate, a fork, and a glass are passed to each person wherever he happens to stand or sit, and so are the dishes, the dessert, the wine, and the punch. After supper there is singing, a little dancing, and a little smoking, until the carriages drive up before the door, and the whole company, amid preparations for the long drive through the frosty night, breaks up in the most amusing confusion. When they are wrapped up in their furs and shawls, the husband does not know his wife, and the mother can hardly recognize her children. The general cry of "Good night, come soon and see us!" is every moment pierced by the still louder cry after Lise and Peter; and while Peter is sure that he has conducted Lise safely to the carriage, Lise is strolling about through all the rooms in search of Peter.

During the summer people do not visit each other much at their homes. They meet in the groves, where large and elegant pavilions are built for the purpose. Here the supper is served under boughs hung with colored lamps, while a tolerably good orchestra is playing. In places, however, where no pavilion has been built, the scene is always more pleasant and more romantic. Where the forest opens on the sea, a great fire is made close by the strand, — a huge beacon, whose long flames leap high in the air, painting the waves with gold and the trees with bronze, and sending up towards the sky a column of gilded smoke. Here the families spread their suppers around the beacon, with the waves for orchestra and the sky for a pavilion, and soon the whole air rings with songs and laughter.

This ideal of education and these manners of life, which, as above mentioned, have here been sketched from a social point of view only, are open to much criticism, as the Danes themselves know very well. During the last thirty years changes have taken place, both in the position of the Danes as a nation and in their organization as a state, which demand corresponding changes in their ideal of education. During the last generation the German people, with Prussia and Austria at its head, has pounced upon them twice, and bloody wars have ensued. The true cause of these wars was the necessity that the German princes should supply a temporary vent for the democratic fermentation in the German people; but the reasons given publicly were so subtle that foreign diplomatists hardly understood them, and so insignificant that foreign nations could hardly be expected to take any great interest in them. From these wars the Danes learned that, in order to vindicate themselves as a nation, they must be prepared to transform their whole land at any minute from a home into a camping-ground, and that, for many years to come, every man must sleep with his weapons under his pillow, — an idea which was very foreign to the ruling education. During the same time they became a free people, and this also led them to understand that their ideal of education was, in many respects, incomplete, and its realization, in some points, absolutely wrong. The more frequent and more intimate intercourse between the different classes of the people, especially between the peasantry and the educated class, which the free constitution brought about, made it natural that this class should exercise a great influence on the peasants. But this influence proved to be bad. That which the peasants needed was not possessed by the educated class, and what they took from it was its faults, not to say its vices. The first peasants who, under the freer constitution, entered into public life generally made a very unfavorable, even offensive

impression. They were stubborn, overbearing, and seemingly insensible to arguments. They were radical as far as their egotism reached, but beyond that they were very aristocratic. They irritated by their behavior, and when the irritation subsided they were laughed at. It is stupidity, was generally said. But it was not stupidity. It was half imitation, half revenge. The educated people had not succeeded in moulding their own manners to the circumstances. They had started from a wrong basis. They were submissive to those above them, and arrogant to those beneath them; and the peasant, who now addressed them in an overbearing, almost slighting manner, simply imitated them; while at the same time he probably vented an old ill-feeling. It was evident to a close observer that that by which the peasant gave offence was just that which he had learned from the educated class; and it could be said with truth that the peasants held before the eyes of the educated class a mirror in which its vices, its faults, and its failures were mimicked in the most hideous manner.

It was for several years a serious question how to educate the peasants. They were a drowsy, sluggish race, and utterly unintelligent. "We will have rain to-morrow," the peasant would say, "the sun sets big and red." This might be all right; but if you had tried to explain to him that the sun looked bigger and redder than usual because it was seen through a dense mist, and that it was this mist which would probably gather into a cloud and give rain the next day, he would merely have looked at you with the void glance of a dog, not knowing whether you were trying to fool him or whether you really explained the mystery. Nevertheless, he gave ample evidence that he was not dull by nature, he only lacked education. He was stupid as he trudged along behind the plough; but he often showed himself a shrewd observer both of natural phenomena and of human character, and in the small business he had to transact he always exhibited con-

siderable tact. Many of the greatest Danish merchants of this century were either peasants or the descendants by one generation from peasant stock. The pig-broker is by no means the only one among them who has shown a high degree of mercantile talent. In all sorts of exercise and games they were awkward and clumsy, and singularly afraid of trying anything new; yet they make excellent soldiers, quick in their movements, undaunted, cool, and resolute before the mouths of the cannon. They were phlegmatic almost to stupidity, nothing seemed to make any vivid impression upon them; and yet they had a very strong sympathy for animals, and for old and sick persons. I knew one who whipped his wife — literally whipped her — at least once a week; but when she was ill, he nursed her with a patience and kindness not to be surpassed; and when she fell very sick, and he was told that she must die, the cold sweat sprang from his forehead, and with many tears he asked her if there were anything he could do for her before they were separated, “for I have loved thee truly all my life through.” The worst, however, was that they had no sense of honor and no self-control. When a man stole, they gave him a nickname, — for instance, Theft-Lars; and they called him so, not only when they spoke about him, but also when they addressed him, and he was none the worse for that. Nevertheless, even in these respects it seemed as if the world, and not nature, had made them so. As a rule, they were very honest, and, when trusted, perfectly reliable. Only when a vice — for instance, drunkenness — took hold of them, they were lost. They did not drink till they were tipsy, but they drank till they were dead. A peasant once made a bet that he could waltz for twenty-four hours, and it was necessary to send for the police in order to prevent him from waltzing into his grave; and peasants often made the bet of drinking twenty-four “snaps” in twenty-four seconds, standing on one leg. There was generally a wild-

ness and impetuosity in their faults and vices which showed that there was a latent energy concealed behind their drowsiness. The important question was, how to awaken this energy and direct it into a proper channel. It was generally hoped that life, under a free constitution, in connection with a better school-education, would do this work. But both failed utterly. A compendium of Danish history, of the geography of Europe, and of some of the most striking features of the history and philosophy of nature were introduced into the schools. But, generally, the schoolmasters did not understand how to work with the new materials, and even where they did, even where seed was actually sown and planted, there came forth no fruit. How the free constitution influenced the peasants I have hinted. It seemed at the start merely to let loose what every man wished to see tied up as securely as possible. The situation grew worse instead of better. Efforts were made to influence them through their homes, but without success. A peasant's home in Denmark, twenty years ago, was very poor. His house consisted of four thatched buildings, united in a square, enclosing “the farmer's goldmine,” where the hogs dug out the treasures, and which made neither the most wholesome nor the most agreeable neighborhood. Behind the house was a garden with one or two fruit-trees, which grew wild, and one or two flowers, which nobody saw until he had trodden upon them. The dwelling itself consisted of three rooms, — the kitchen, the room, and the farther-room. The last was very seldom used; it was furnished with at least one feather-bed, sometimes three or four, which could be reached only by help of a ladder, and were hung with immense blue cotton curtains, which made each bed a separate room. Under the windows stood immense chests with brass handles, and between the windows were two or three seats. That was all. In “the room” the parents and children, and servants of both sexes lived,

together with the poultry, the sick lamb, and the pet pig. In this room one generation ate, drank, and amused itself, while another was born, and a third died; and, to make the picture more impressive, I will add that the window-sashes were nailed to the frames, so that the windows could never be opened. In this home the peasant rested after the day's drudgery, and with this home his amusements corresponded. A burial was one of his best pleasures. When a man died the whole neighborhood gathered together in the house of mourning early in the morning on the day of the burial, men and women eating, drinking, and feasting round the corpse: I have seen them play cards on the top of the coffin! Of course, it was not difficult for the clergy to make such roughnesses vanish; but though in the course of a few years the male servants were moved to a room in another building, though a separate sleeping-room was built for the parents, though the floor was laid with wood instead of clay, and though the windows were sometimes opened, yet the change which took place in the peasant's home-life was really only a change from roughness to vanity. The prospect was sad, nay, it was even dangerous; for the peasantry formed the most numerous class of the people, and, consequently, within a short time they would constitute the majority in the legislation.

Then came the revival, — that astonishing change which, in less than a year, made the slow, sullen peasant-lad a quick, enterprising man, communicative, eager to learn, and acting from the most liberal and generous impulses; that powerful change which within two or three generations will make the peasantry the kernel of the Danish people, and will alter the whole ideal of education by placing it on a much broader basis; that blessed change which will produce the future of Denmark, if any future she has, by showing to the world — what the world at present is somewhat liable to forget — that small nations may have a right to live be-

cause civilization may find offices for them which the great nations are unable to fill. That final perfection which art has never attained since the days of Greece, whence did it come? It came from the uniformity of the public which art addressed, from the happy circumstance that, in the Greek societies, all citizens stood on the same basis of education, with no other difference than that of degree and speciality. It was the popular unity in all essential ideas upon which life was based which gave their art its wonderful ripeness and consistency. In societies where there are forced together such discrepancies as the monk torturing himself in his cell and the knight gluttonizing in his hall, art will never reach far beyond the sickly affectation of a coterie. And not only art, but science and business, and every sphere in which human life develops, demand a certain uniformity among the different classes in society. But at present this uniformity is attainable by small nations only; and for this reason I hope that the Danes still have a future before them.

This revolution, or rather revival, is due to one man, Nicolas Frederik Severin Grundtvig. He was a bishop, and was about ninety years old when he died, a few months ago; but although drooping, with a feeble gait and weak eyes, he still rendered the impression of a mighty personality, even upon strangers who could not see the halo which his grand life and many men's hopes have set round his head. His life was one continual battle; but not so much against external adversaries; for, although every second line in his writings is polemical, his polemics are not especially noteworthy. His genius had no power of destruction. The ground on which he built was cleared and prepared by History herself, not by him. But he had to struggle against the impetuosity and turbulence of his own mind. As early as 1805 he wrote out and published the ideas of popular education which, half a century after, when put in practice, brought a new bloom upon

the country. But on their first appearance these ideas were very little heeded, not only because the soil was not yet prepared for them, but also because they were obscure in themselves. And so were all his ideas when they first appeared. His obscurity is not that which characterizes Tauler and Jacob Böhme. They retreated into obscurity, into the obscurity of the infinite; their minds found rest in the romantic twilight of a pious mysticism; he struggled out from obscurity, from the obscurity of a passionate, effervescent mind, towards the simple clearness of practical life, and he succeeded. His old age was an unclouded, majestic sunset. In the earlier days of his life the variety of his gifts seems to have distracted and impeded him not a little, though later on this many-sidedness proved to be the very condition for fulfilling the mission which was given him. He was a great linguist, a scholar not only in Latin and Greek, but also in Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon. His edition of Bjoelouf's *Drapa* has made his name celebrated among English scholars. He is a great historian. In spite of a number of whimsical ideas which they propound, his two great works, — the *Myths of the North*, and the *World's Chronicle* — rank among the first in Danish literature on account of the broad and elevated views they contain. His judgments of characters and tendencies and his prophecies as to the practical consequences of certain incidents, were very much laughed at when his *World's Chronicle* first appeared; but they proved true. He was a great poet. He wrote a grand drama giving a picture of the struggle between Christianity and the Scandinavian heathenism. It was written at that period when Goethe's *Faust* and Tieck's dramas had loosened and almost dissolved the dramatic form. It lacks unity and concentration; but it has one quality in common with the greatest poetry, — it grows upon the reader, and becomes more and more interesting after every perusal. Besides

this drama, he wrote a great number of ballads and hymns; and, as a poet, he is best known to his countrymen by these minor poems. They are very different in character, though they are equally excellent. His ballads breathe a passionate patriotism, and in some of them, for instance, in one called *Niels Ebbeson*, in which he mastered the Danish language as seldom had a language been mastered before, the passion is heightened to an almost overwhelming degree of excitement. His hymns, on the contrary, give the sweetest expressions of a mind's repose, of a soul's rest in faith and hope; and they show that, through the long and hard struggle of his life, one thing, at least, was always settled and sure.

It was, however, neither as a linguist, nor as an historian, nor as a poet that Grundtvig became the reformer of the Danish civilization. It was as a theologian and as a clergyman. Of course it could not be otherwise; no power but religion can straighten a soul distorted by vicious passions; no power but religion can awaken a soul dulled by thralldom. The rule is the same for nations as for individuals. Nothing but religion can save a nation when bad habits and bad passions have brought it to ruin; nothing but religion can lift a nation when it begins to sink by its dead weight to the bottom of civilization. Good schools and a free constitution are great influences in the life of a people, if they work on a foundation of religious feeling; if not, they are null and void. They can make a man swell, but they cannot make him grow.

In Denmark two different forms or conceptions of Christianity — the rational and the speculative — followed one after the other in this century, both originating from a similar movement in the German philosophy, and both equally barren and useless in practical life. They both agree in considering the Bible, not only as the *regula fidei*, but as the only source of true Christian knowledge; but while the former interprets the contents of the Bible till it

becomes consonant with human reason, the latter mythifies the contents of the modern consciousness till it becomes consonant with the Bible. But in both cases religious life is made an intellectual process entirely indifferent to the wants of the volition,—a discussion between science and revelation entirely indifferent to the demands of practical life. What did the peasant care whether reason found a natural explanation of the miracles of Christ, or whether a higher speculation saw fit to dispense with the laws of nature? He slept, and was about to lose his soul in the heavy dreams of his sleep. Then came Grundtvig. His first thesis is that the Bible is a book like all other books,—infinitely better because it teaches us how to save our souls, but still a book only, which, like all other books, demands to be read in and with a certain spirit, in order to be understood. His second thesis is that the way into Christianity is, consequently, not through the Bible, which demands that you shall be a Christian before you can read it, but through baptism. In baptism you make a contract with God; you promise to believe in the creed in which you are baptized, and to act up to your faith; and God promises that he will save your soul for the kingdom of his glory if you redeem your words. I cannot here undertake either to explain to the reader the great consequences involved in these theses, or to give any idea of the immense learning, linguistical, historical, and philosophical, which Grundtvig and his disciples have brought to bear on the argumentation of them. But I hope that one thing is evident, namely, that Christianity by these theses is transformed from an intellectual process into an act of the will, from a discussion into actual life; and this transformation was all that was needed. Its effects were wonderful.

During his long life Grundtvig made a great number of disciples. Indeed, to make disciples able to propagate and develop his ideas was the proper work of his own personal life.

Many of these were theologians, and rose, little by little, to the highest dignities in the Danish Church and at the Danish University. Others occupied very different positions in society. The queen and the old maids in the hospital where he was chaplain, some merchants, some noblemen, some peasants, and a considerable number of mechanics gathered every Sunday in his church. In spite of their very different social circumstances and very different education, all these people looked very much alike. A strong hue of religion and as strong a hue of nationalism characterized their every word and action. They danced, went to the theatres, played cards, drank wine, and enjoyed life as freely as other people; but the manner in which they did all these things was new. They carried religion with them everywhere, not in the form of a prayer-book, but in the form of a certain innocence and frankness which ennobled the amusement, and which was heightened in effect by the unflinching indignation with which they assailed all frivolity. In their speech and writing; they laid much stress on the purity of the language. Words of genuine Danish stock, which had been supplanted by foreign importation and were now living only in the dialects of the peasantry, were drawn forth, and often gave their utterances a peculiar pith and raciness. Even the most quiet and unpretentious among them were very different from other people; and as a great mental agility and great eagerness for practical enterprise characterized most of them, it was no wonder that they very soon made a sensation. It was thought, however, that the movement would be confined within comparatively narrow limits and soon die away; and thus it excited a general surprise, when all at once the party arose and took the lead in nearly every field of civilization.

Most wonderful and most beneficial was the effect on the peasantry. Winter schools were established, where the young peasants, male and female, spent

the winters, when there was very little to do at home on the farm. Here they learned to love their Bible and their hymn-book; their native tongue, its verses and its tales; their fatherland, its liberty and its history; and here they learned why a big and red sun indicates rain, what to do to get animals and trees to grow, how to live in order to live long and in good health. It is impossible to tell in detail what they learn and how they learn it; for there is no system either as to the materials or as to the method of instruction. This, indeed, is the invariable objection of all old fogies in Denmark against these schools, — that they have no system. But the objection is utterly unfounded. Men work either by inspiration or by system. When the inspiration is used up, the system must follow; but as long as the former is still alive, there is no need of the latter. And inspired these young teachers are who, with a full heart and two empty hands, go out in the country, hire a farther-room in a farm, and open the school. Their deeds speak for them.

It was an evening in July when I came home, after the absence of nearly a year. The village in which I was born is situated on the west side of the hills, and as I drew near the broad plain lay basking in the warm sunset. On the top of the hills the church stood, all in one blaze of splendor. The panes of the large windows in the steeple caught the beams of the setting sun, and reflected them as if a new sun was lit within the choir. Half an hour later, when the sun sank deeper, the panes of the farmhouses were illumined, and a golden belt seemed to gird the hills. On Sunday, at this hour, the peasants, male and female, used

to gather around the village pond, amusing themselves as best they could. But generally the chief amusement was the arrival of the cake-pedler with his basket; for while he sold cakes to the women, he sold spiced rum and other "sweet drinks" to the men; and in the evening the place around the pond often rang with indecent talk, with brawls and uproar. The sun sank below the horizon just as I reached my birthplace. The night was perfectly still, and the great bell in the steeple lifted up its solemn booming, telling over hill and valley that night was come. There were many people assembled at the pond, but there was no noise. They stood in groups under the old willow-trees, and when the last boom of the bell died away in the night, they all burst out in a beautiful hymn. I stopped amazed. When the hymn was over, they shook hands, and bade each other "good by," and family after family walked away, each towards its home. For a little while some children's laughter was heard, then the echo of some footsteps afar off, then the shutting of a window, and then nothing. I walked over to the pond. There were seats around the old willow-trunks, and the seats were painted. The pond was set with cut stones, and behind it was erected a shooting-gallery. I was still more surprised. What did it mean? Was there to be a feast? No, the change was not for the sake of one day. The houses were whitewashed. The doors hung straight on their hinges. Trees were planted behind every house, and a smell of roses floated in the air. I sat down and looked around, dimly feeling that this change foreshadowed the future of my fatherland.

Clemens Petersen.

BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.

THROUGH the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
 Here on the shore, with its drift-wood and sands:
 Over the river the lilies are waving,
 Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands:
 Over the river, the wide, dark river
 Spring-time and summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks, I am sitting,
 Sitting, and waiting, — my comrades all gone, —
 Shadows of mystery drearily fitting
 Over the surf with its sorrowful moan,
 Over the river, the strange, cold river.
 Ah! must I wait for the Boatman forever?

Wife and children and friends were around me,
 Labor and rest were as wings to my soul;
 Honor and love were the laurels that crowned me;
 Little I recked how the dark waters roll. —
 But the deep river, the gray, misty river,
 All that I lived for has taken forever!

Silently came a black boat o'er the billows;
 Stealthily grated the keel on the sand;
 Rustling footsteps were heard through the willows;
 There the dark Boatman stood, waving his hand,
 Whisp'ring, "I come, o'er the shadowy river;
 She who is dearest must leave thee forever."

Suns that were brightest and skies that were bluest
 Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
 Year after year went the fondest, the truest,
 Following that beckoning hand to the shore,
 Down to the river, the cold, grim river,
 Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered:
 Still have I toiled, though my ardors have flown.
 Labor is manhood; and life is but squandered
 Dreaming vague dreams of the future alone.
 Yet from the tides of the mystical river
 Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old, in the dusk I am waiting,
 Till the dark Boatman, with soft, muffled oar,
 Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel grating,
 See the dim, beckoning hand on the shore,
 Wafting me over the welcoming river
 To gardens and homes that are shining forever!

— *Christopher P. Cranch.*

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

XIII.

ORDEAL.

THEY had not planned to go anywhere that day; but after church they found themselves with the loveliest afternoon of all their stay at Quebec to be passed somehow, and it was a pity to pass it indoors, the colonel said at their early dinner. They canvassed the attractions of the different drives out of town, and they decided upon that to Lorette. The Ellisons had already been there, but Mr. Arbuton had not, and it was from a dim motive of politeness towards him that Mrs. Ellison chose the excursion; though this did not prevent her wondering aloud afterwards, from time to time, why she had chosen it. He was restless and absent, and answered at random when points of the debate were referred to him, but he eagerly assented to the conclusion, and was in haste to set out.

The road to Lorette is through St. John's Gate, down into the outlying meadows and rye-fields, where, crossing and recrossing the swift St. Charles, it finally rises at Lorette above the level of the citadel. It is a lonelier road than that to Montmorenci, and the scattering cottages upon it have not the well-to-do prettiness, the operatic repair of stone-built Beauport. But they are charming, nevertheless, and the people seem to be remoter from modern influences. Peasant-girls, in purple gowns and broad straw hats, and not the fashions of the year before last, now and then appeared to our acquaintance; near one ancient cottage an old man in the true habitant's red woollen cap with a long fall leaned over the bars of his gate and smoked a short pipe.

By and by they came to Jeune-Lorette, an almost ideally pretty hamlet, bordering the road on either hand with galleried and balconied little houses,

from which the people bowed to them as they passed, and piously enclosing in its midst the village church and churchyard. They soon after reached Lorette itself, which they might easily have known for an Indian town by its unkempt air, and the irregular attitudes in which the shabby cabins lounged along the lanes that wandered through it, even if the Ellisons had not known it already, or if they had not been welcomed by a pomp of Indian boys and girls of all shades of darkness. The girls had bead-wrought moccasins and work-bags to sell, and the boys bore bows and arrows, and burst into loud cries of "Shoot! shoot! grand shoot! Put-up-pennies! shoot-the-pennies! Grand shoot!" When they recognized the colonel, as they did after the party had dismounted in front of the church, they renewed these cries with greater vehemence.

"Now, Richard," implored his wife, "you're *not* going to let those little pests go through all that shooting performance again?"

"I must. It is expected of me whenever I come to Lorette; and I would never be the man to neglect an ancient observance of this kind." The colonel stuck a copper into the hard sand as he spoke, and a small storm of arrows hurtled around it. Presently it flew into the air, and a fair-faced, blue-eyed boy picked it up: he won most of the succeeding coins.

"There's an aborigine of pure blood," remarked the colonel; "his ancestors came from Normandy two hundred years ago. That's the reason he uses the bow so much better than these coffee-colored impostors."

They went into the chapel, which stands on the site of the ancient church burnt not long ago. It is small, and it is bare and rude inside, with only the commonest ornamentation about the altar, on one side of which was the

painted wooden statue of a nun, on the other that of a priest, — slight enough commemoration of those who had suffered so much for the hopeless race that lingers and wastes at Lorette in incurable squalor and wildness. They are Christians after their fashion, this poor remnant of the mighty Huron nation converted by the Jesuits and crushed by the Iroquois in the far-western wilderness; but whatever they are at heart, they are still savage in countenance, and these boys had faces of wolves and foxes. They followed their visitors into the church, where there was only an old woman praying to a picture, beneath which hung a votive hand and foot, and a few young Huron suppliants with very sleek hair, whose wandering devotions seemed directed now at the strangers, and now at the wooden effigy of the House of St. Ann borne by two gilt angels above the high-altar. There was no service, and the visitors soon quitted the chapel amid the clamors of the boys outside. Some young girls, in the dress of our period, were promenading up and down the road with their arms about each other and their eyes alert for the effect upon spectators.

From one of the village lanes came swaggering towards the visitors a figure of aggressive fashion, — a very buckish young fellow, with a heavy black mustache and black eyes, who wore a jaunty round hat, blue checked trousers, a white vest, and a morning-coat of blue diagonals, buttoned across his breast; in his hand he swung a light cane.

"That is the son of the chief, Paul Picot," whispered the driver.

"Excuse me," said the colonel, instantly; and the young gentleman nodded. "Can you tell me if we could see the chief to-day?"

"O yes!" answered the notary in English, "my father is chief. You can see him"; and passed on with a somewhat supercilious air.

The colonel, in his first hours at Quebec, had bought at a bazaar of Indian wares the photograph of an Indian warrior in a splendor of facti-

tious savage panoply. It was called "The Last of the Hurons," and the colonel now avenged himself for the curtness of M. Picot by styling him "The Next to the Last of the Hurons."

"Well," said Fanny, who had a wife's willingness to see her husband occasionally snubbed, "I don't know why you asked him. I'm sure nobody wants to see that old chief and his wretched bead trumpery again."

"My dear," answered the colonel, "wherever Americans go, they like to be presented at court. Mr. Arbuton, here, I've no doubt has been introduced to the crowned heads of the Old World, and longs to pay his respects to the sovereign of Lorette. Besides, I always call upon the reigning prince when I come to Lorette. The coldness of the heir-apparent shall not repel me."

The colonel led the way up the principal lane of the village. Some of the cabins were ineffectually whitewashed, but none of them were so uncleanly within as the outside prophesied. At the doors and windows sat women and young girls working moccasins; here and there stood a well-fed mother of a family with an infant Huron in her arms. They all showed the traces of white blood, as did the little ones who trooped after the strangers and demanded charity as clamorously as so many Italians; only a few faces were of a clear-dark, as if stained by walnut-juice, and it was plain that the Hurons were fading if not dying out. They responded with a queer mixture of French liveliness and savage stolidity to the colonel's jocosse advances. Great, lean dogs lounged about the thresholds: they and the women and children were alone visible; there were no men. None of the houses were fenced, save the chief's; this stood behind a neat grass-plot, across which, at the moment our travelers came up, two youngish women were trailing in long morning-gowns and eye-glasses. The chief's house was a handsome cottage, papered and carpeted, with a huge stove in the parlor, where also stood a table ex-

posing the bead trumpery of Mrs. Ellison's scorn. A full-bodied elderly man with quick, black eyes and a tranquil dark face stood near it; he wore a half-military coat with brass buttons, and was the chief Picot. At sight of the colonel he smiled slightly and gave his hand in welcome. Then he sold such of his wares as the colonel wanted, rather discouraging than inviting purchase. He talked, upon some urgency, of his people, who, he said, numbered three hundred, and were a few of them farmers, but were mostly hunters, and, in the service of the officers of the garrison, spent the winter in the chase. He spoke fair English, but reluctantly, and he seemed glad to have his guests go, who were, indeed, all willing enough to leave him.

Mr. Arbuton especially was willing, for he had been longing to find himself alone with Kitty, of which he saw no hope while the idling about the village lasted.

The colonel bought an insane watch-pocket for *une dolleur* from a pretty little girl as they returned through the village; but he forbade the boys any more archery at his expense, with "Pas de grand shoot, *now*, mes enfans! — Friends," he added to his own party, "we have the Falls of Lorette and the better part of the afternoon still before us; how shall we employ them?"

Mrs. Ellison and Kitty did not know, and Mr. Arbuton did not know, as they sauntered down past the chapel, to the stone mill that feeds its industry from the beauty of the fall. The cascade, with two or three successive leaps above the road, plunges headlong down a steep, crescent-shaped slope, and hides its foamy whiteness in the dark-foliaged ravine below. It is a wonder of graceful motion, of iridescent lights and delicious shadows; a shape of loveliness that seems instinct with a conscious life. Its beauty, like that of all natural marvels on our continent, is on a generous scale; and now the spectators, after viewing it from the mill, passed, for a different prospect of it, to the other shore, and there the

colonel and Fanny wandered a little farther down the glen, leaving Kitty with Mr. Arbuton. The affair between them was in such a puzzling phase that there was as much reason for as against this; nobody could do anything, not even openly recognize it. Besides, it was somehow very interesting to Kitty to be there alone with him, and she thought that if all were well, and he and she were really engaged, the sense of recent betrothal could be nowhere else half so sweet as in that wild and lovely place. She began to imagine a bliss so divine that it would have been strange if she had not begun to desire it; and it was with a half-reluctant, half-acquiescent thrill that she suffered him to touch upon what was first in both their minds.

"I thought you had agreed not to talk of that again for the present," she feebly protested.

"No; I was not forbidden to tell you I loved you; I only consented to wait for my answer; but now I shall break my promise. I cannot wait. I think the conditions you make dishonour me," said Mr. Arbuton, with an impetuosity that fascinated her.

"O, how can you say such a thing as that?" she asked, liking him for his resentment of conditions that he found humiliating, while her heart leaped remorseful to her lips for having imposed them. "You know very well why I wanted to delay; and you know that — that — if — I had done anything to wound you, I never could forgive myself."

"But you doubted me, all the same," he rejoined.

"Did I? I thought it was myself that I doubted." She was stricken with sudden misgiving as to what had seemed so well; her words tended rapidly she could not tell whither.

"But why do you doubt yourself?"

"I — I don't know."

"No," he said bitterly, "for it's really me that you doubt. I can't understand what you have seen in me that makes you believe anything could change me towards you," he added

with a kind of humbleness that touched her. "I could have borne to think that I was not worthy of you."

"Not worthy of me! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"But to have you suspect me of such meanness—"

"O Mr. Arbuton!"

—"As you hinted yesterday, is a disgrace that I ought not to bear. I have thought of it all night; and I must have my answer now, whatever it is."

She did not speak; for every word that she had uttered had only served to close escape behind her. She did not know what to do; she looked up at him for help. He said, with an accent of meekness pathetic from him, "Why must you still doubt me?"

"I don't," she scarcely more than breathed.

"Then you are mine, now, without waiting, and forever!" he cried; and caught her to him in a swift embrace.

She only said, "Oh!" in a tone of gentle reproach, yet clung to him a helpless moment as for rescue from himself. She looked at him in blank pallor, striving to realize the tender violence in which his pulses wildly exulted; then a burning flush dyed her face, and tears came into her eyes. "O, I hope you'll never be sorry," she said; and then, "Do let us go," for she had no distinct desire save for movement, for escape from that place.

Her heart had been surprised, she hardly knew how; but at his kiss a novel tenderness had leaped to life in it. She suffered him to put her hand upon his arm, and then she began to feel a strange pride in his being tall and handsome, and hers. But she kept thinking as they walked, "I hope he'll never be sorry," and she said it again, half in jest. He pressed her hand against his heart, and met her look with one of protest and reassurance, that presently melted into something sweeter yet. He said, "What beautiful eyes you have. I noticed the long lashes when I saw you on the Saguenay boat, and I couldn't get away from them."

"O please don't speak of that dreadful time!" cried Kitty.

"No? Why not?"

"O because! I think it was such a bold kind of accident my taking your arm by mistake; and the whole next day has always been a perfect horror to me."

He looked at her in questioning amaze.

"I think I was very pert with you all day,—and I don't think I'm pert naturally,—taking you up about the landscape, and twitting you about the Saguenay scenery and legends, you know. But I thought you were trying to put me down,—you are rather down-putting at times,—and I admired you, and I could n't bear it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Arbuton. He dimly recollected, as if it had been in some former state of existence, that there were things he had not approved in Kitty that day, but now he met her penitence with a smile and another pressure of the hand. "Well then," he said, "if you don't like to recall that time, let's go back of it to the day I met you on Goat Island Bridge at Niagara."

"O, did you see *me* there? I thought you did n't; but *I* saw *you*. You had on a blue cravat," she answered; and he returned, with as much the air of coherency as if really continuing the same train of thought, "You won't think it necessary to visit Boston, now, I suppose," and he smiled triumphantly upon her. "I fancy that I have now a better right to introduce you there than your South End friends."

Kitty smiled, too. "I'm willing to wait. But don't you think you ought to see Eriecreek before you promise too solemnly? I can't allow that there's anything serious till you've seen me at home."

They had been going, for no reason that they knew, back to the country inn near which you purchase admittance to a certain view of the falls, and now they sat down on the piazza, somewhat apart from other people who were there, as Mr. Arbuton said, "O,

I shall visit Erie creek, soon enough. But I shall not come to put myself or you to the proof. I don't ask to see you at home before claiming you forever."

Kitty murmured, "Ah! you are more generous than I was."

"I doubt it."

"O yes, you are. But I wonder if you'll be able to find Erie creek."

"Is it on the map?"

"It's on the county map; and so is Uncle Jack's lot on it, and a picture of his house, for that matter. They'll all be standing on the piazza—something like this one—when you come up. You'll know Uncle Jack by his big gray beard, and his bushy eyebrows, and his boots which he won't have blacked, and his Leghorn hat which we can't get him to change. The girls will be there with him,—Virginia all red and heated with having got supper for you, and Rachel with the family mending in her hand,—and they'll both come running down the walk to welcome you. How will you like it?"

Mr. Arbuton suspected the gross caricature of this picture, and smiled securely at it. "I shall like it well enough," he said, "if you run down with them. Where shall you be?"

"I forgot. I shall be up stairs in my room, peeping through the window-blinds, to see how you take it. Then I shall come down, and receive you with dignity in the parlor, but after supper you'll have to excuse me while I help with the dishes. Uncle Jack will talk to you. He'll talk to you about Boston. He's much fonder of Boston than you are, even." And here Kitty broke off with a laugh, thinking what a very different Boston her Uncle Jack's was from Mr. Arbuton's, and maliciously diverted with what she conceived of their mutual bewilderment in trying to get some common stand-point. He had risen from his chair, and was now standing a few paces from her, looking toward the fall, as if by looking he might delay the coming of the colonel and Fanny.

She checked her merriment a moment to take note of two ladies who were coming up the path towards the porch where she was sitting. Mr. Arbuton did not see them. The ladies mounted the steps, and turned slowly and languidly to survey the company. But at sight of Mr. Arbuton, one of them advanced directly toward him with exclamations of surprise and pleasure, and he, with a stupefied face and a mechanical movement, turned to meet her.

She was a lady of more than middle age, dressed with certain personal audacities of color and shape rather than overdressed, and she thrust forward, in expression of her amazement, a very small hand, wonderfully well gloved; her manner was full of the anxiety of a woman who had fought hard for a high place in society, and yet suggested a latent hatred of people who, in yielding to her, had made success bitter and humiliating.

Her companion was a young and very handsome girl, exquisitely dressed, and just so far within the fashion as to show her already a mistress of style. But it was not the vivid New York stylishness. A peculiar restraint of line, an effect of lady-like concession to the ruling mode, a temperance of ornament, marked the whole array, and stamped it with the unmistakable character of Boston. Her clear tints of lip and cheek and eye were incomparable; her blond hair gave weight to the poise of her delicate head by its rich and decent masses. She had a look of independent innocence, an angelic expression of extremely nice young fellow blending with a subtle maidenly charm. She indicated her surprise at seeing Mr. Arbuton by pressing the point of her sun-umbrella somewhat nervously upon the floor, and blushing a very little. Then she gave him her hand with friendly frankness, and smiled dazlingly upon him, while the elder hailed him with effusive assertion of familiar acquaintance, heaping him with greetings and flatteries and cries of pleasure.

"O dear!" sighed Kitty, "these are

old friends of his ; and will I have to know them ? Perhaps it's best to begin at once, though," she thought.

But he made no movement toward her where she sat. The ladies began to walk up and down, and he with them. As they passed her, he did not seem to see her.

The ladies said they were waiting for their carriage, which they had left at a certain point when they went to look at the fall, and had ordered to take them up at the inn. They talked about people and things that Kitty had never heard of.

"Have you seen the Trailings since you left Newport?" asked the elder woman.

"No," said Mr. Arbuton.

"Perhaps you'll be surprised then — or perhaps you won't — to hear that we parted with them on the top of Mount Washington, Thursday. And the Mayflowers are at the Glen House. The mountains are horribly full. But what are you to do? Now the Continent" — she spoke as if the English Channel divided it from us — "is so common, you can't run over there any more."

Whenever they walked towards Kitty, this woman, whose quick eye had detected Mr. Arbuton at her side as she came up to the inn, bent upon the young girl's face a stare of insolent curiosity, yet with a front of such impassive coldness that to another she might not have seemed aware of her presence. Kitty shuddered at the thought of being made acquainted with her ; then she remembered, "Why, how stupid I am ! Of course a gentleman can't introduce ladies ; and the only thing for him to do is to excuse himself to them as soon as he can without rudeness, and come back to me." But none the less she felt helpless and deserted. Though ordinarily so brave, she was so beaten down by that look, that for a glance of not unkindly interest that the young lady gave her she was abjectly grateful. She admired her, and fancied that she could easily be friends with such a girl as that, if they

met fairly. She wondered that she should be there with that other, not knowing that society cannot really make distinctions between fine and coarse, and could not have given her a reason for their association.

Still the three walked up and down before Kitty, and still she made his peace with herself, thinking, "He is embarrassed ; he can't come to me at once ; but he will, of course."

The elder of his companions talked on in her loud voice of this thing and that, of her summer, and of the people she had met, and of their places and yachts and horses, and all the splendors of their keeping, — talk which Kitty's aching sense sometimes caught by fragments, and sometimes in full. The lady used a slang of deprecation and apology for having come to such a queer resort as Quebec, and raised her brows when Mr. Arbuton reluctantly owned how long he had been there.

"Ah, ah!" she said briskly, bringing the group to a standstill, while she spoke, "one does n't stay in a slow Canadian city a whole month for love of the *place*. Come, Mr. Arbuton, is she English or French?"

Kitty's heart beat thickly, and she whispered to herself, "O, now! — now surely he *must* do something."

"Or perhaps," continued his tormentor, "she's some fair fellow-wanderer in these Canadian wilds, — some pretty companion of voyage."

Mr. Arbuton gave a kind of start at this, like one thrilled for an instant with a sublime impulse. He cast a quick, stealthy look at Kitty, and then as suddenly withdrew his glance. What had happened to her who was usually dressed so prettily? Alas! true to her resolution, Kitty had again refused Fanny's dresses that morning, and had faithfully put on her own travelling-suit, — the suit which Rachel had made her, and which had seemed so very well at Erie creek that they had called Uncle Jack in to admire it when it was tried on. Now she knew that it looked countrified, and its unstylishness struck in upon her, and made her

feel countrified in soul. "Yes," she owned, as she met Mr. Arbuton's glance, "I'm nothing but an awkward milkmaid beside that young lady." This was unjust to herself; but truly it was never in her present figure that he had intended to show her to his world, which he had been sincere enough in contemning for her sake while away from it. Confronted with good society in these ladies, its delegates, he doubtless felt, as never before, the vastness of his self-sacrifice, the difficulty of his enterprise, and it would not have been so strange if just then she should have appeared to him through the hard, cold vision of the best people instead of that which love had illumined. She saw whatever purpose toward herself was in his eyes flicker and die out as they fell from hers. Then she sat alone while they three walked up and down, up and down, and the skirts of the ladies brushed her garments in passing.

"O, where can Dick and Fanny be?" she silently bemoaned herself, "and why don't they come and save me from these dreadful people?"

She sat in a stony quiet while they talked on, she thought, forever. Their voices sounded in her ears like voices heard in a dream, their laughter had a nightmare cruelty. Yet she was resolved to be just to Mr. Arbuton; she was determined not meanly to condemn him; she confessed to herself, with a glimmer of her wonted humor, that her dress must be an ordeal of peculiar anguish to him, and she half blamed herself for her conscientiousness in wearing it. If she had conceived of any such chance as this, she would perhaps, she thought, have worn Fanny's grenadine.

She glanced again at the group which was now receding from her. "Ah!" the elder of the ladies said, again halting the others midway of the piazza's length, "there's the carriage at last! But what is that stupid animal stopping for? O, I suppose he did n't understand, and expects to take us up at the bridge! Provoking! But it's

no use; we may as well go to him at once; it's plain he isn't coming to us. Mr. Arbuton, will you see us on board?"

"Who — I? Yes, certainly," he answered absently, and for the second time he cast a furtive look at Kitty, who had half started to her feet in expectation of his coming to her before he went, — a look of appeal, or deprecation, or reassurance, as she chose to interpret it, but, after all, a look only.

She sank back in blank rejection of his look, and so remained motionless as he led the way from the porch with a quick and anxious step. Since those people came he had not openly recognized her presence, and now he had left her without a word. She could not believe what she could not but divine, and she was powerless to stir as the three moved down the road towards the carriage. Then she felt the tears spring to her eyes; she flung down her veil, and, swept on by a storm of grief and pride and pain, she hurried, ran, towards the grounds about the falls. She thrust aside the boy who took money at the gate. "I have no money," she said fiercely; "I'm going to look for my friends; they're in here."

But Dick and Fanny were not to be seen. Instead, as she fluttered wildly about in search of them, she beheld Mr. Arbuton, who had missed her on his return to the inn, coming with a frightened face to look for her. She had hoped somehow never to see him again in the world; but since it was to be, she stood still and waited his approach in a strange composure; while he drew nearer, thinking how yesterday he had silenced her prophetic doubt of him: "I have one answer to all this; I love you." Her faltering words, verified so fatally soon, recalled themselves to him with intolerable accusation. And what should he say now? If possibly, — if by some miracle, — she might not have seen what he feared she must! One glance that he dared give her taught him better; and while she waited for him to speak,

he could not lure any of the phrases, of which the air seemed full, to serve him.

"I wonder you came back to me," she said after an eternal moment.

"Came back?" he echoed, vacantly.

"You seemed to have forgotten my existence!"

Of course the whole wrong, if any wrong had been done to her, was tacit, and much might be said to prove that she felt needlessly aggrieved, and that he could not have acted otherwise than as he did; she herself had owned that it must be an embarrassing position to him.

"Why, what have I done?" he began, "what makes you think . . . For heaven's sake listen to me!" he cried; and then, while she turned a mute, attentive face to him, he stood silent as before, like one who has lost his thought, and strives to recall what he was going to say. "What sense,— what use," he resumed at last, as if continuing the course of some previous argument, "would there have been in making a display of our acquaintance before them? I did not suppose at first that they saw us together." . . . But here he broke off, and, indeed, his explanation had but a mean effect when put into words. "I did not expect them to stay. I thought they would go away every moment; and then at last it was too late to manage the affair without seeming to force it." This was better; and he paused again for some sign of acquiescence from Kitty, and caught her eye fixed on his face in what seemed contemptuous wonder. His own eyes fell, and ran uneasily over her dress before he lifted them and began once more, as if freshly inspired: "I could have wished you to be known to my friends with every advantage on your side," and this had such a magnanimous sound that he took courage; "and you ought to have had faith enough in me to believe that I never could have meant you a slight. If you had known more of the world,— if your social experience had been greater you would have seen . . . Oh!" he cried,

desperately. "Is there nothing that you have to say to me?"

"No," said Kitty, simply, but with a languid quiet, and shrinking from speech as from an added pang, "you have been telling me that you were ashamed of me in this dress before those people. But I knew that already. What do you want me to say?"

"If you give me time, I can make everything clear to you."

"But now you don't deny it."

"Deny what? I—"

But here the whole fabric of Mr. Arbuton's defence toppled to the ground. He was a man of scrupulous truth, not accustomed to deceive himself or others. He had been ashamed of her, he could not deny it, not to keep the love that now seemed dearer to him than life. He saw it with paralyzing clearness; and, as an inexorable fact that confounded quite as much as it dismayed him, he perceived that throughout that ignoble scene she had been the gentle person and he the vulgar one. How could it have happened with a man like him! As he looked back upon it, he seemed to have been only the helpless sport of a sinister chance.

But now he must act; it could not go so, it was too horrible a thing to let stand confessed. A hundred protests thronged to his lips, but he refused utterance to them all as worse even than silence; and so, still meaning to speak, he could not speak. He could only stand and wait, while it wrung his heart to see her trembling, grieving lips.

His own aspect was so lamentable that she half pitied him, half respected him for his truth's sake. "You were right; I think it won't be necessary for me to go to Boston," she said with a dim smile. "Good by. It's all been a dreadful, dreadful mistake."

It was like him, even in that humiliation, not to have thought of losing her, not to have dreamed but that he could somehow repair his error, and she would yet willingly be his. "O no, no, no," he cried, starting forward, "don't

say that! It can't be, it must n't be! You are angry now, but I know you'll see it differently. Don't be so quick with me, with yourself. I will do anything, say anything, you like."

The tears stood in her eyes; but they were cruel drops. "You can't say anything that would n't make it worse. You can't undo what's been done, and that's only a little part of what could n't be undone. The best way is for us to part; it's the only way."

"No, there are all the ways in the world besides! Wait—think!—I implore you not to be so—precipitate."

The unfortunate word incensed her the more; it intimated that she was ignorantly throwing too much away. "I'm not rash now, but I was very rash half an hour ago. I shall not change my mind again. O," she cried, giving way, "it is n't what you've done, but what you *are* and what *I* am, that's the great trouble. I could easily forgive what's happened,—if you asked it; but I could n't alter both our whole lives, or make myself over again, and you could n't change yourself. Perhaps you would try, and I know that I would, but it would be a wretched failure and disappointment as long as we lived. I've learnt a great deal since I first saw those people." And in truth he felt as if the young girl whom he had been meaning to lift to a higher level than her own at his side had somehow suddenly grown beyond him, and his heart sank. "It's foolish to try to argue such a thing, but it's true; and you must let me go."

"I *can't* let you go," he said, in such a way that she longed at least to part kindly with him.

"You can make it hard for me," she answered, "but the end will be the same."

"I won't make it hard for you, then," he returned, after a pause, in which he grew paler, and she stood with a wan face plucking the red leaves from a low bough that stretched itself towards her.

He turned and walked away some steps; then he came suddenly back.

"I wish to express my regret," he began formally, and with his old air of doing what was required of him as a gentleman, "that I should have unintentionally done anything to wound—"

"O, better not speak of *that*," interrupted Kitty with bitterness, "it's all over now." And the final tinge of superiority in his manner made her give him a little stab of dismissal. "Good by. I see my cousins coming."

She stood and watched him walk away, the sunlight playing on his figure through the mantling leaves, till he passed out of the grove.

The cataract roared with a sevenfold tumult in her ears, and danced before her eyes. All things swam together, as in her blurred sight her cousins came wavering towards her.

"Where is Mr. Arbuton?" asked Mrs. Ellison.

Kitty threw her arms about the neck of that foolish woman, whose loving heart she could not doubt, and clung sobbing to her. "Gone," she said; and Mrs. Ellison, wise for once, asked no more.

She had the whole story that evening, without asking; and whilst she raged, she approved of Kitty, and covered her with praises and condolences.

"Why, of course, Fanny, I did n't care for *knowing* those people. What should I want to know them for? But what hurt me was that he should so postpone me to them, and ignore me before them, and leave me without a word, then, when I ought to have been everything in the world to him and first of all. I believe things came to me while I sat there, as they do to drowning people, all at once, and I saw the whole affair more distinctly than ever I did. We were too far apart in what we had been and what we believed in and respected, ever to grow really together. And if he gave me the highest position in the world, I should have only that. He never could like the people who had been good to me, and whom I loved so dearly, and he only could like me as far as he could estrange me from them.

If he could coolly put me aside *now*, how would it be afterwards with the rest, and with me too? That's what flashed through me, and I don't believe that getting splendidly married is as good as being true to the love that came long before, and honestly living your own life out, without fear or trembling, whatever it is. So perhaps," said Kitty, with a fresh burst of tears, "you need n't condole with me so much, Fanny. Perhaps if you had seen him, you would have thought he was the one to be pitied. I pitied him, though he *was* so cruel. When he first turned to meet them, you'd have thought he was a man sentenced to death, or under some dreadful spell or other; and while he was walking up and down, listening to that horrible, comical old woman,—the young lady did n't talk much,—and trying to make straight answers to her, and to look as if I did n't exist, it was the most ridiculous thing in the world."

"How queer you are, Kitty!"

"Yes; but you need n't think I did n't feel it. I seemed to be like two persons sitting there, one in agony, and one just coolly watching it. But O," she broke out again while Fanny held her closer in her arms, "how could he have done it, how could he have acted so towards me! and just after I had begun to think him so generous and noble! It seems too dreadful to be true." And with this Kitty kissed her cousin, and they had a little cry together over the trust so done to death; and Kitty dried her eyes, and bade Fanny a brave good-night, and went off to weep again, upon her pillow.

But before that, she called Fanny to her door, and, with a smile faintly breaking through the trouble of her face, she asked, "How do you suppose he got back? I never thought of it before."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Ellison with profound disgust, "I hope he had to *walk* back. But I'm afraid there were only too many chances for him to ride. I dare say he could get a calash at the hotel there."

Kitty had not spoken a word of reproach to Fanny for her part in promoting this hapless affair; and when the latter, returning to her own room, found the colonel there, she told him the story, and then began to discern that she was not without credit for Kitty's fortunate escape, as she called it.

"Yes," said the colonel, "under exactly similar circumstances she'll know just what to expect another time, if that's any comfort."

"It's a *great* comfort," retorted Mrs. Ellison; "you can't find out what the world is, too soon, I can tell you; and if I had n't manœuvred a little to bring them together, Kitty might have gone off with some lingering fancy for him; and think what a misfortune that would have been!"

"Horrible."

"And now, she'll not have a single regret for him."

"I should think not," said the colonel; and he spoke in a tone of such dejection that it went to his wife's heart more than any reproach of Kitty's could have done. "You're all right, and nobody blames you, Fanny; but if *you* think it's well for such a girl as Kitty to find out that a man who has had the best that the world can give, and has really some fine qualities of his own, can be such a poor devil, after all, then I don't. She may be the wiser for it, but you know she won't be the happier."

"O *don't*, Dick, don't speak seriously! It's so dreadful from *you*. If you feel so about it, why don't you do something?"

"O yes, there's a fine opening. We know, because we know ever so much more, how the case really is; but the way it seems to stand is, that Kitty could n't bear to have him show civility to his friends, and ran away, and then would n't give him a chance to explain. Besides, what could I do under any circumstances?"

"Well, Dick, of course you're right, and I wish I could see things as clearly as you do. But I really believe Kitty's glad to be out of it."

"What?" thundered the colonel.

"I think Kitty's secretly relieved to have it all over. But you need n't *stun* me."

"You *do*?" The colonel paused as if to gain force enough for a reply. But after waiting, nothing whatever came to him, and he wound up his watch.

"To be sure," added Mrs. Ellison, thoughtfully, after a pause, "she's giving up a great deal; and she'll probably never have such another chance as long as she lives."

"I hope she won't," said the colonel.

"O, you need n't pretend that a high position and the social advantages he could have given her are to be despised."

"No, you heartless worldling; and neither are peace of mind, and self-respect, and whole feelings, and your little joke."

"O, you — you sickly sentimentalist!"

"That's what they used to call us in the good old abolition days," laughed the colonel; and the two being quite alone, they made their peace with a kiss, and were as happy for the moment as if they had thereby assuaged Kitty's grief and mortification.

"Besides, Fanny," continued the colonel, "though I'm not much on religion, I believe these things are ordered."

"Don't be blasphemous, Colonel Ellison!" cried his wife, who represented the church, if not religion, in her family. "As if Providence had anything to do with love-affairs!"

"Well, I won't; but I will say that if Kitty turned her back on Mr. Arbuton and the social advantages he could give her, it's a sign she was n't fit for them. And, poor thing, if she does n't know how much she's lost, why, she has the less to grieve over. If she thinks she could n't be happy with a husband who would keep her snubbed and frightened after he lifted her from her lowly sphere, and would tremble whenever she met any of his own sort, of course it may be

a sad mistake, but it can't be helped. She must go back to Eriecreek, and try to worry along without him. Perhaps she'll work out her destiny some other way."

XIV.

AFTERWARDS.

MRS. ELLISON had Kitty's whole story, and so has the reader, but for a little thing that happened next day, and which is perhaps scarcely worthy of being set down.

Mr. Arbuton's valise was sent for at night from the Hotel St. Louis, and they did not see him again. When Kitty woke next morning, a fine, cold rain was falling upon the drooping hollyhocks in the Ursulines' Garden, which seemed stricken through every leaf and flower with sudden autumn. All the forenoon the garden-paths remained empty, but under the porch by the poplars sat the slender nun and the stout nun side by side, and held each other's hands. They did not move, they did not appear to speak.

The fine, cold rain was still falling as Kitty and Fanny drove down Mountain Street toward the Railway Station, whither Dick and the baggage had preceded them; for they were going away from Quebec. Midway, their carriage was stopped by a mass of ascending vehicles, and their driver drew rein till the press was over. At the same time Kitty saw advancing up the sidewalk a figure grotesquely resembling Mr. Arbuton. It was he, but shorter, and smaller, and meaner. Then it was not he, but only a light overcoat like his covering a very common little man about whom it hung loosely, — a burlesque of Mr. Arbuton's self-respectful overcoat, or the garment itself in a state of miserable yet comical collapse.

"What is that ridiculous little wretch staring at you for, Kitty?" asked Fanny.

"I don't know," answered Kitty, absently.

The man was now smiling and gest-

uring violently. Kitty remembered having seen him before, and then recognized the cooper who had released Mr. Arbuton from the dog in the Sault au Matelot, and to whom he had given his lacerated overcoat.

The little creature awkwardly unbuttoned the garment, and took from the breast-pocket a few letters, which he handed to Kitty, talking eagerly in French all the time.

"What *is* he doing, Kitty?"

"What is he saying, Fanny?"

"Something about a ferocious dog that was going to spring upon you, and the young gentleman being brave as a lion, and rushing forward, and saving your life." Mrs. Ellison was not a woman to let her translation lack color, even though the original wanted it.

"Make him tell it again."

When the man had done so, "Yes," sighed Kitty, "it all happened that day of the Montgomery expedition; but I

never knew, before, of what he had done for me. Fanny," she cried, with a great sob, "may be I am the one who has been cruel! But what happened yesterday makes his having saved my life seem such a very little matter."

"Nothing at all!" answered Fanny, "less than nothing!" But her heart failed her.

The little cooper had bowed himself away and was climbing the hill, Mr. Arbuton's coat-skirts striking his heels as he walked.

"What letters are those?" asked Fanny.

"O, old letters to Mr. Arbuton, which he found in the pocket. I suppose he thought I would give them to him."

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I ought to send them to him," answered Kitty. Then, after a silence that lasted till they reached the boat, she handed the letters to Fanny: "Dick may send them," she said.

W. D. Howells.

THE MISSING LEAF.

BY chance, in the dusty old library foraging,
 Seeking some food for my fancy, I drew
 From its shelf a stout volume, entitled *The Origin
 And End of Creation* (a sort of review
 Of the Works of the Lord, by a confident critic).

"Now here should be something," I said, "that's worth saving,—
 Profound, philosophical, learned, analytic,"—
 Just what my insatiable soul had been craving.

I bore the rich prize to a nook by the window,
 And revelled straightway in the lore of the ages,—
 Chinese, Persian, Roman, Greek, Hebrew, and Hindoo,
 With modern research to its ultimate stages:
 All which, to what followed, was but the musician's
 Light touches to see if his strings were in tune, a verse
 Used by the wizard to conjure his visions:
 Then opened the writer's grand scheme of the universe.

He held the round world in his hand like a watch,
 With the sun and the stars for the chain and the seal;

Showed the cases of gold and of crystal, the notch
 Where the thing was wound up, pivot, main-spring, and wheel,
 And—in short, you'd have fancied, his knowledge was such,
 He could take it to pieces and put it together,
 And set it agoing again with a touch
 Of just the right oil from his erudite feather !

I read and read on, by divine curiosity
 Fired, in pursuit of one still missing page,
 One leaf, to redeem this portentous verbosity,
 Then— Well, I just flung down the book in a rage ;
 Through the window, out into the garden I sprang,
 Put screens of red roses and jasmynes between us,
 And cooled my hot brow and my anger among
 The dear little illiterate pinks and verbenas.

The martins that flew to their summer-house door,
 The voluble finches their little ones feeding,
 The snail with his pack on his back, taught me more
 Than all the pedantic sad stuff I'd been reading.
 The river moved by without ripple or swirl,
 The world in its bosom, a wondrous illusion !
 And even the slow kitchen smoke's upward curl
 Hinted beauties beyond my great author's solution.

A spider was weaving his net by the stream ;
 And in the thin gossamer's light agitation
 I saw my philosopher flaunting his scheme
 Before the vast, mystical web of creation !
 I watched the still swan on the water afloat,
 The sisterly birches bowed over the glass,
 Their white limbs reflected, the boys in their boat,
 The colts on the bank, fetlock-deep in the grass ;

I heard, over hay-fields and clover-lots wafted,
 The lowing of kine ; and so cool was the kiss
 Of the breeze on my temples,— the air, as I quaffed it,
 So sweet to my sense,— that mere breathing was bliss !
 And I cried, " Who can say how this life has its being ;
 How landscape and sky with delight overflow me ;
 Why sound should enchant ; how these eyes have their seeing ;
 How passion and rapture enkindle and thrill me ?

" I prize the least pebble your science can bring,
 Or whispering shell, from the shore of life's ocean ;
 No word the true prophet or poet may sing,
 But deep in my heart stirs responsive emotion :
 Yet who can tell aught of this afternoon glory,
 This light and this ether, this wave and this clover ?

Not a syllable lisped, of the marvellous story,
In all your nine hundred dull pages and over !

“What moulds to my likeness these limbs and these features,
This tangible form to the form hid within it?
Bright robe renewed daily and nightly by Nature’s
Invisible spindles, that ceaselessly spin it,
Marble-firm fibre and milky-fine filament:
The pulse’s soft shuttle mysteriously weaving
From dust and corruption a living habiliment:
Oldest of miracles, still past believing !

“And you — did you fancy that you could infold it,
And label it, fast in your tissue of fallacies?
While firm in the grasp of your reason you hold it,
It flies, it defies your most subtle analysis!
There’s something that will not be measured and weighed:
And brought to the test of your last sublimation;
And this is the little mistake that you made,
That you left it quite out of your grand calculation.

“Though other than bigots have deemed, the Creator
Is not the blind physical force you believe him;
Not less, O, be sure, but unspeakably greater,
Than creeds have proclaimed, or than sages conceive him!
This sky-enclosed world was all built by his law;
Yet only from perfect foreknowledge and plan
The crystalline marvel arose without flaw,
And life through all forms circled upward to man.

“Though in their beginning all things be one essence,
Through all, over all, flows the formative Soul;
In each particle thrills the Divine Omnipresence,
As gravity binds and embraces the whole.
Of nothing comes nothing: springs rise not above
Their source in the far-hidden heart of the mountains:
Whence then have descended the Wisdom and Love
That in man leáp to light in intelligent fountains?”

So, bathed in the sunset, I stood by the stream,
With a heart full of joy and devout adoration,
Enwrapped in my mystery, dreaming my dream,
Till my soul seemed dissolved in the Soul of Creation.
I looked, and saw wonder on wonder without,
And, looking within, beheld wonder on wonder,
And trembled between, like the swan floating out,
With one sky arched above and one sky imaged under !

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

I. FROM MASSACHUSETTS BAY TO THE DELAWARE.

FOR many years I had looked towards the Alleghanies with great longing. There, rather than anywhere else, we may find the key to the history of our continent. There the leaves of the great stone book, which are sealed upon the plain, are upturned and opened, so that we may read that wonderful record of the first stages of the life of sea and land. The student of mountains finds there an almost unexplored field; for though that chain, in its great stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, offers better opportunities for the study of those dislocating forces which have broken the earth's crust than are found in any other country, our students have given it little attention. Guyot has measured its height and described its general features, Leslie has studied its topography, and J. D. Rogers has used its evidence to support a remarkable theory of mountain building; but naturalists have not begun to anatomize these mountains, or to seek in their grand and simple outlines the general truths which may be sought in vain among the confused details of the Alps or the Himalayas. But it is not alone the interest of a naturalist or of the mere seeker for the picturesque which may well make the Alleghanies attractive ground for the traveller; he who looks with interest upon the future of the many different peoples who have settled this country will find there opportunities for the study of the most interesting questions. He will find in these mountains, with the permanence of character which mountains seem to infuse into their inhabitants, representatives of all the stocks which have been planted in our country. In the northernmost end, in the Notre Dame Mountains, dwells the purest blood of the Catholic French, who have given to

its peaks the name of their patroness and the guide in their wanderings. Then come the Puritan people, a world apart, in all that makes life, from their northern neighbors. Then, in different but equal contrast, the Dutch of the Catskills and the Hudson, the great valley which separates two sections of this great chain as diverse as their peoples. South of them are the Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania. Farther yet we come upon the pure English of Virginia; and in North Carolina the traveller may see the Gaelic blood of Scotland in more southern conditions than it has found on any other part of our continent. It is said, indeed, that you may still find Gaelic-speaking folk in the western counties of that State. Thus a journey of a thousand miles or so, through a region as picturesque as any part of Europe, though it may want the grandeur of Alps or Pyrenees, may give us as varied surroundings as any that could be found in a journey of equal length in the Old World.

But the reader must not think it possible to see all this in the common way of going. Students seeking to explore must be free to move in any direction the moment may require. There was but one way open: a journey must be made by the highway, and those who went upon it must be free to vary their course as the exigency of the time demanded. The party for whom the plans were to be made included over a dozen persons, — nine students, the writer and his family, and two servant-men. Any one who knows the character of our country inns could foresee that such a party, with the appetites which life in the open air gives, would soon be "taverned out." It was by no means pleasant to look forward to the chances of bed and board which might easily eclipse all the other satisfactions of

the journey. It was therefore determined that our holiday should begin with a declaration of independence of the most perfect kind. We would live in tents, cook by our own fireside, and be as free as Crusee. As our journey was to last nearly three months, this perfect freedom required a great deal of preparation. Although the men of the party expected to trust much to their legs, it was not thought prudent to have less transportation than would suffice to put the whole party on wheels and carry their necessary luggage. This required a traveling-carriage for the family, a luggage-wagon for the heavier camp-fixtures, and three lighter vehicles, such as chance and the least money brought to hand, for the younger men. Many a youth thinks, because he has walked his thirty miles or done five-and-twenty for three days on a stretch, that he can make his twenty miles as the average of a month's journey; but it is far safer as a boast than an experiment. If you walk for pleasure and for profit (other than pecuniary), don't do over ten miles a day. Otherwise your-soul goes to your shoes, and you have not nervous force enough left to be keenly appreciative of that which passes around you.*

As we had to provide for our own table, it was necessary to have a cook who could do his work by an open fire. It would seem as if a nation just out of camps should abound in cooks who had learned this primitive art. But

* For our shelter we carried four tents; the two largest nine feet by twelve, with the side-walls four feet high. One of these was provided with a floor of oil-cloth and a bright red woollen carpet, which served to give a look of warmth on many a rainy night and chilling mountain morning. Our beds were upon a simple plan which has proved useful on several journeys. A piece of sail-cloth three feet and a half wide is folded and sewed on the edges so as to make holes, through which stout turned rods of ash one and a half inches thick can be passed. This forms the bottom and sides of the bed. Two bits of plank a foot wide and three feet three inches long, with two holes near one border of each, three feet apart, form the head and foot. As separate pieces these pack readily, and weigh only about twenty pounds or less. When put together, they make a bed as soft as a hammock and as snug as a cradle.

though a throng as varied as Falstaff's legion came in answer to an advertisement, — decayed gentlemen, ruffian-looking foreigners of mixed nationality, broken-down actors, and sickly Irish boys, — not one could prove that he had ever cooked except through the medium of hot iron. It was necessary to send to Virginia for one of the race of cooks who have never unlearned the good old ways of getting fire to food. There are not many prizes in the domestic lottery in the way of cooks, yet we had good reason to be content with our lot. George — was as worthy a fellow as ever turned a flapjack, and he fed our ravenous appetites with the most exemplary patience.

We started from Cambridge on the morning of the 22d of June. Once in our wagons and in motion, after the chafing work of final preparation, there came a sensation like that of a school-boy when he climbs the hill which has hitherto bounded his little world. That lovely way which leads from Cambridge straight west through Waltham, now that it was the hither end of a thousand miles, seemed strangely unlike itself. Everything had something of the freshness of our own feelings. An hour's going took us past the homelike part of our road, over the six miles or so where the city shades away by interrupted grades into the country. There never seems to have been in the New-Englander that fancy for burying himself in the depths of the forest which we see in the old frontiersmen of Virginia and Kentucky. The spirit of Boone and Kenton, for whom the deep forest had an attraction as strong as that which drew the satyrs to their recesses, is not shown among this people. They have been far more social than the Virginia branch of the English stock. Every road has its strip of inhabited land beside it, and it is rare to see a house four hundred feet from the way.

The country is very beautiful; it lacks grand outlines, but it abounds in detail. The glacial period, that great night-time from which our world has

just awakened, though it did much to shear the great hills of their height, built of their ruins a surface wrought into a thousand varied forms. The mounds of gravel which make up the fields, the vast boulders, some bearing trees upon their tops, even the picturesque stone-walls, by far the most eye-satisfying things in this landscape, are due to that time. The stones which have been heaped in those walls, not so much to make boundaries as to give access to the soil, were once angular fragments, which, bedded in the mile-deep ice, have, in the chances of their long journey, been worn against each other until they have a sort of faceted roundness. Over the fences, when the orderly spirit of the owner is not too great, there grows a wealth of vines, which, with the mosses and lichens, make them the loveliest border to the way. At noon, being some nine miles on our road, we found a halting-place under some noble elms, where we could look away over the marshes of the Sudbury River and beyond to the sharp crests of Monadnock and Wachusett. The valley is broad and the river more winding than is usual with New England streams, which have something of the directness which marks all the other natural and acquired features of the land.

Our afternoon travel was through a rather monotonous country, relieved by its beautiful woods, and with pleasant distant views. We have left behind the mixed races of the city neighborhoods; all the people seem of the old New England stock, though the new look of the houses and farms makes the country seem as if it had not been settled more than a hundred years. It is interesting to notice how little curiosity is shown by the country people concerning the queer caravan we are taking over their roads; small boys are interested to determine the kind of *show*, and are somewhat puzzled by the answers; but the grown-up people scrupulously take no notice of us. We stopped at a country store to buy some chains to strengthen the

baggage-wagon. We were more of a spectacle, doubtless, than had been seen there in a half-year, yet the little knot of loiterers did not come to the door, no one "guessed" or "calculated" anything about us, at least in an audible way.

In Framingham, through which our road carried us late in the afternoon, we found the first of the manufacturing villages we were to encounter. There is a painful contrast between the aspect of the country people and those one sees on the streets of a mill village late in the afternoon. The country people are sturdy-looking in their way; rather lean, not showing the effect of much good food, but free from marks of drunkenness; well to do in every way. The factory hands look like another race, and, so far as a glance would tell, much inferior in bodily condition to the countryman. A bad climate is generally worse for indoor life than for the open-air occupations. We have much to fear for the future of a race whose parentage has felt the unhappy influences of our manufactories.

After passing Framingham we began to seek a camp-ground. The conditions of a good camp are not easily found; there must be open ground for the tents, wood and water for the cook, and poles for the tents. A native of Massachusetts, who had spent half his life in tents, thought it absurd to try to find camp-grounds in this country, "where all the land was in door-yards." But we did not search far before we found a pleasant wood where there was no fence to bar us out; and after some small mishaps we gathered round our first camp-fire. Though only a few hundred feet away from some scattered houses, we were troubled by no visitors. A few people passed on the wood-road, by the side of which we had camped, but they scarcely gave us a glance. In the morning the good woman on whose land our tents were pitched gathered courage to put a few questions, and hoped we might some day come that way again.

As we get away from the coast the

people and the face of the land both show some change. Nearly every village has drawn to it a mixture of out-landish people, and so has lost its native look ; but the people who bear the native stamp are sturdier than those seen on our yesterday's journey. Except under the shadow of the manufactories, there is no sign of growth since we got away from the stimulus of the city. But there are no abandoned houses, not a trace of poverty, save where some family from Ireland have planted themselves in a once neat home and are making havoc with its proprieties. We can perceive the effects of one such household over a radius of a quarter of a mile. Such stuff will try the digestion of our New England civilization ; if we can assimilate it, there is no fear of the Chinese proving fatal to the body politic. It would cheer the longest-faced Malthusian to see the scarcity of children in this country. One is at times tempted to think that the people must, like Topsy, be "born grown up." Something must be attributed to the school laws, which, enforced by the truant officers, keep all except the toddling infants off the streets during school-hours. But there are the children in arms to be accounted for. In two days we have not seen a child in its mother's arms.

A part of our day's journey was over an old stage-road ; its once broad way was contracted at times by the invasion of the stronger plants from the roadside, until the wheel-tracks and the narrow paths of the horses are all that remain perfectly clear of vegetation. Here one has the perfection of traveling, — an excellent roadway, dustless and nearly noiseless, and a country wild enough to satisfy the mind wearied of too much civilization. Yet there is something sad about the look of the land. One never sees an acre gained from the forest ; around the pasture-lands there is often a belt where the wood marks its gain upon the cultured tract. It is questionable whether more than one third of Massachusetts was ever at one time cleared from its forests.

If things go as they are now going, there will be much less than that within the century. One industry seems to be flourishing : cattle-raising is on the gain ; the few new roofs one sees are evidently for cow-sheds, and the large milk-cans by the roadside are manifestly awaiting the cheese-factory wagon. The farmers, who have evidently ceased to look to their annual crops for a support, seem to have more heart in this last work than in any other. The fact seems to be that the soil of this country has much run down by half-culture. The stones decay slowly, and cannot, like the limestone soils of Kentucky or Virginia, give new material as fast as the old is worn away by culture. Each year of the two centuries of culture has brought a certain waste, until the capital of the farmer has been consumed. It would seem as if the cheap device of the Western farmer, clearing more land, might be resorted to ; but clearing land here is no easy work. When the soil is stripped of the forest, the work is but begun ; there are the stones which must be buried or piled in broad fence-walls before the thin soil is reached. When this is done the clearing has cost from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre, — four or five times as much as the rich prairie soil would cost. There is one good symptom about the agriculture here : there are now and then signs that the country capitalists are taking to farming as an occupation of leisure. Such men can make new experiments without risking everything on the result of the trial, as the farmer who farms for a livelihood must do. Moreover, the man of the land may think better of his occupation when he finds that it is looked upon with favor by his richer neighbors. There are signs of the revival of the English love of land for land's sake, which has done more to keep up English agriculture than all the profit of the work. If we can only get the calculating Yankee to feel that a thousand acres pays at least three per cent interest in dignity and the imperceptible but weighty emoluments of social

life, he will get it and value it; until then he prefers a larger profit from a shoe factory. Nothing shows better the tangential force with which the Pilgrims flew away from the old English orbit, than the absence of all desire for land and tenants; that feeling, so strong in the old stock, has been utterly absent during the two centuries of the past.

Our second camp was near Worcester, at the west end of the bridge over Long Pond. Next day we struck away from the railway into the high country in which lie the towns of Barre and New Braintree. The rise of some hundred feet above Worcester led us into a region where the old stock was purer than before. The foreign tide which sweeps into New England follows the great routes of travel and gathers on the lowlands. It is rare to find it more than four hundred feet above the sea. On this, the highest part of Massachusetts east of the Berkshire Hills, we find the people what their climate, institutions, and forefathers made them. The result is good; better, perhaps, than can be found in any equally isolated people in the world. There is a manifest improvement in the average physical condition since we passed the centre of the State, and this notwithstanding the fact that for a century the population has been drained of its youth and vigor to feed the great West. The fact that the best and the most vigorous have been selected, and the feeble left to breed, must be always kept in mind if we would get a true measure of the natural results of the influences of this region, mental, moral, and physical. The drain of people to other regions is more evident here than before; though the fields have been kept under culture, from time to time one sees deserted houses,—four or five, I should think, during the day.

Our camp was made in a pelting rain-storm, in a large pine wood of second growth, where the ground was covered with moss; digging this away, we managed to get a solid basis of dry earth, and, as our tents only leaked at

one or two points, we were quite comfortable. Having got through a severe easterly storm, we felt quite sure of our equipments, and willing to look all the risks of the journey in the face. The early morning found us in the valley of Ware, near a charming stream which heads in the high land between the Connecticut and the Nashua, and falls with picturesque rapidity into the Connecticut. The many mills, with their clustered villages about them, and a new railway, gave a look of active life such as we had not seen in seventy miles. The Yankee has a remarkable appreciation of water-power; he follows the streams from the time they begin to be trout-brooks to the sea, seizing every chance to plant a mill, and get, by overshot, undershot, or turbine, a share of the solar force embodied in the stream.

Our route carried us by a shorter way than the river course to the Connecticut Valley. We came into that lovely region at Belchertown which, though separated from the river by a local uplift of trap rocks, is still in the great valley itself. The descent from the sterile uplands, its eastern boundary, into this valley, lovelier than the Hudson though not so grand, affords a wonderful contrast, reminding one of the transition from the rugged highlands of the Alps to the fertile plain of Switzerland. Our road lay through Northampton, and a *détour* of a few miles enabled us to visit Amherst College. Surely there is no school in the world so admirably placed as to the teaching power of an exquisite scenery; far enough within the valley to secure the fertility and shelter which it gives, yet sufficiently above it to obtain ample views up and down and over the broad and far-reaching vale. The college itself is one of the most satisfactory of our American institutions. Without pretending to do more than it is in the power of any institution which has neither the growth of centuries nor the strength of a kingdom for its support, it does thoroughly well the work required by the future of most of our

American youth. The buildings are generally simple and in good taste, and the village of Amherst is in happy accord with the college to which it owes its growth; a few broad, but unpretending streets, happily free from the stupid "blocks" which degrade with civic pretence the look of many of our American villages, well-individualized dwellings, half a dozen churches, two of them really charming bits of modern Gothic, and all free from undue ostentation, make up the town.*

We left the broad terrace on which Amherst stands, and went down into the wide grain-fields which border the Connecticut River. The valley is as charming in its near as in its distant aspect. The annual floods, which spread the muddy waters of the river far and wide over the grain and tobacco fields along its banks, give an extraordinary richness to the soil, the more remarkable from the sterility of the bordering hills. To these floods we owe also the absence of fences and houses on a large

part of the bottom land,—a charming feature, as the foreground of the view loses the choppiness so common to an American landscape. Over the mile-wide fields to the southward rises the rugged wall of Mount Holyoke, only a thousand feet high, but springing with such suddenness from the plain that the eye accepts it as a mountain. A gap, evidently the work of the river, though we do not see the stream, separates the serrated ridge from the more uniform outline of Mount Tom, which continues the line of hills to some twelve miles away in more massive curves. To the northward we have some noble trap-hills such as diversify the valley of the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. There they would each have some tottering masonry to top them,—robber castles or ruined windmills alike serving to hang some romance upon; in default of these we may admire the stately trees which crown them, and are, in their way, a nobler capping than the crumbling den of any mediæval toll-gatherer. The town of Northampton, which lies about six miles from Amherst and through which our road lay, rises over the level plain in a very stately fashion. The lofty hill in the centre of the town—where there should be either a church or a castle, according to the Old World precedents which we instinctively apply to this wonderfully European scene—is topped by a rather fine-looking building, once the famous Round Hill School, and now a water-cure. Northampton is a singularly well-balanced town. A little trade, a little manufacturing, a good deal of resident capital, agricultural interests,—all combine to support a charming little city. It is a good place for one to get an impression of the population of the valley, as there has been less influx of foreign population than in most New England towns of this size. The people look more stalwart than those we have been passing among for the last few days. Except for the difference in hue, one might often mistake persons here for English people of the most *beefy* sort. The women, especially, look in better

* One thing the proudest university of Europe might well envy Amherst; it is the collection of fossil footprints which fills the lower story of one of the largest halls of the college. As it is by far the most remarkable collection of any kind in America, one of the noteworthy geological monuments of the world, it deserves more than passing notice. At a mid-stage in the history of life on our earth, when land-life had just come out of the sombre clothing of the carboniferous time, the Connecticut Valley was already a broad trough, as it is now; but it was then filled by an arm of the sea up which the tides swept, and poured over the broad, marshy flats on either side. The museum contains a hundred or more slabs of this marsh-mud made up of the sand washed from the ancient hills, which still send their tribute to the valley, cemented with iron grains; and from these we see that, in that distant time, this valley had a strange peopling. Gigantic creatures, sharing the characters of reptile and bird, stalked along its shores, some with forelegs which were brought, from time to time, to the ground, as are those of a kangaroo; others with the free biped stride of the ostrich, though with a stretch which a man can hardly make in a bound, and a depth of imprint which seems to show a weight of many hundreds of pounds. Among these giants, which seem to have been as numerous as cranes in a Southern swamp, ran a host of lesser creatures, more birdlike than the others, down to forms as tiny as our sparrows. Some slabs are trodden into shapelessness by these prints; and they seem to point to thousands on thousands of the creatures who made them. All this stone is from little quarries, which altogether do not represent much more than an acre of area in the valley.

condition than I have ever seen them in New England.

Down the Connecticut Valley there have naturally flowed, from their homes near its source, large numbers of Canadian French. In all the factories and among the *navvies* on the railway there are many of these people to be found. Those who believe that the infertility of the French people in France has anything to do with the race should look at the history of our American French. There are reasons for believing that, from the few thousand colonists who settled the region about the river and gulf of St. Lawrence during the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries, there has sprung a population of not less than a million and a half of souls. This increase has been more rapid than that of the English dwellers in the same region, and the fecundity of the stock at the present time is probably greater than that of any other branch of the Aryan race. Of this people over half a million souls are now within the United States, and each year there is a great movement over the border line which separates their country from our own. Should they keep their marvellously rapid rate of increase, they will be to this State the great source of supply for laboring classes during the century to come. It may seem like a strange, but I am sure that it is not an improbable, result, that the old English blood of the tillers of New England soil should be washed out by that of a French colony. The conditions all favor it: the attitudes of the two nations in Europe are reversed, the French are to the north of the English here; the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" is losing that breeding power which has for so long been one of his most distinguishing physical characteristics, while the Frenchman has gained what his race once wanted, this same power of multiplying. It is not a pleasant thing for any one who has seen the wonderful influence of New England in this country, to think of its yeoman class being swept away by any other stock in the

world; but there can be no doubt that it would be better to have this branch of the Celtic people than the other, which has threatened to overwhelm us for so long, — better the French than the Irish. Though exposed to more change in climate and conditions than any other of the American colonies, these Frenchmen have changed less than any other of our stocks, — a reason to hope a good future for them. The Acadian is a true French peasant, his speech a little changed but nothing more; in size, manner, habits, and propensities, he is wonderfully near to his origin. Mingled with the Yankee population, the Canadians become a frugal, industrious, even hard-working people, somewhat given to drink and rather immoral, but with none of that shiftlessness which belongs to the Irishman of the same grade. Our hostler is a "Kanuck" of the Canada region. He is a little fellow, but very vigorous, energetic, plausible, able to make his way with his tongue to much advantage, careful of his money, and anxious to get it. With a name which might once have been noble, and a person which looks gentlemanly with the slightest aid of dress, he is still only a good specimen of the peasant-folk of his race.

From our quiet camp, on a pleasant glade within a deep wood a few miles west of Northampton, we began our climb up the slopes which lead into the Berkshire Hills, — the Massachusetts section of the great Appalachian chain. We mount from the valley by the easy stages of a road which leads up a pretty brook where the well-husbanded water turns a few mills; and every mile or two gives us a little village which seems to have made something out of the brook, for there is on every hand evidence of comfort and even of wealth. As we get some ten miles away from Northampton, the road rises faster, the branches of the stream no longer give enough water to turn the smallest wheels, and so are left to themselves.

The road grows steeper, the soil

more sterile, as we ascend the mountain. Our afternoon journey was through the most barren part of the country we had yet seen. It is evident that we have left old New England behind. There is a great deal of the frontier look of the far West, but not such as the best blood of New England makes. The school-houses begin to be poor, the farm-houses meaner, and the barns smaller than before. Very often the people remind me of those in Western Pennsylvania, or other regions far away from New England influences. There must be less of the Puritan leaven here than elsewhere in Massachusetts. But though there be little to tempt the settler or to keep the youth on the land, nature is very beautiful. The woods are fine, and varied in their admixture of deciduous and evergreen trees, as nearly all Massachusetts woods are, but richer in their detail than any I have ever seen. Ever since we passed Framingham, the ferns have been increasing in numbers and luxuriance; but as we ascend these steep hillsides to a thousand feet or more above the sea, they become a wonderful element of beauty; not a brook tumbles down the rocky hillside, but it is festooned with ferns and bordered or cased in mosses. Every dark dell is carpeted with them, and in the swampy places they are brave enough to face the sun in full luxuriance. Here we get the kalmias in abundance; after passing Worcester we begin to find stragglers, evidently the outposts of some great field where they abound; now the paths are bordered by their exquisite bells, richer and richer as we climb higher, until they surpass in floral effect anything I have ever seen. In the Alps the flowers are incomparably more varied than in our American mountains; but when our kalmias, rhododendrons, or asters are in their prime, what can equal them? There is such a rush of water from these hills, that I am tempted to believe that we must underestimate the inches of rain-fall here, as we have done in most parts of our Alleghany chain.

Every hill seems to have its brook, with water which is far better than in any mountain region I have traversed. What there may have been in the way of mineral material soluble in water has long since been washed away; each spring is equal to the others in purity.

Our sixth camp was made with some difficulty. So steep were all the slopes by the roadsides, that it took much pushing and pulling of our wagons to get far enough away to find seclusion. It was a lovely place, however; a brook, whose source was far up the steep mountain-side, came leaping out of the darkness of the wood which clung to the slope, lingered a moment on the terrace where we had ensconced ourselves, and then went clamoring down the glen. There was abundant shade, with the dryness which is found in the densest of those mountain woods. The morning brought with it a freshness which of itself was sign enough that we were well above the sea. For some hours the next day our road still lay upward, until at Peru we found ourselves at the highest point on the old highway between Boston and the great Western country. A more modern road-maker would have carried his road a little roundabout, to have saved half a thousand feet of height. This way was laid, however, at the time when the Puritans put more directness into their works, when they attacked a hill with something of the spirit with which they assaulted less substantial oppositions. One would like to think that it was the noble view which brought them so far against gravitation. There is no great mountain effect, for one is too much surrounded with country of the same level; but the long ridges with their processional pines, the deep valleys with their glancing streams seen through the limpid upland air, made a picture that was very beautiful.

Once over the mountain summit, the down grades enabled us to travel rapidly towards New York. A few hours carried us to Pittsfield, far more New

English in its look than the villages we had passed during the day ; exquisitely placed where the broad valley of the Housatonic is overlooked by the hills of the east and west members of the Berkshire Range. Out of the town our road led by way of a pretty brook up to a pass through the Canaan Range. The rock is the ancient Stockbridge limestone, the oldest work of life upon this continent. But all traces of its builders have disappeared. It is now a very crystalline rock, with no fossils, looking sometimes as white as statuary marble. While we are upon it we have soft outlines and a richer soil than usual ; but it sucks the water into its caves in such a fashion that we look long without finding a camp.

When we left the limestone we climbed the steeper rocks beyond, and found ourselves on the border line of Massachusetts and in sight of the valley of the Hudson. The view was enchanting ; past the rugged foreground of the barren hill-tops, the eye ranged over the broad valley of the Hudson. We were high enough to look down into several lesser valleys, tributaries of the great stream, and to see in the distance the lower mountain-chains which run parallel to the ridges we have been crossing, and in the farther distance the bordering hills beyond the river. Our camp-ground was on the skirts of one of the Shaker villages, in a wood which belonged to the community. The Elders, a little alarmed at this Gentile invasion, mustered in force, but, good, gentle men, were appeased with a kindly word, and welcomed us to the inexpensive hospitality we sought. Our camp-ground was on the hithermost side of their settlements, we were told ; and our morning's travel soon brought us into the country where these people had taken up all the land with their communities. The soil is very fertile indeed ; the Shakers show the skill of the old monks in planting themselves in the most fruitful regions. Our hosts were only an outpost of the greater communities some miles farther east. Their home was a simple

farmhouse and buildings, with one or two frigid-looking barracks for the required isolation of the sexes, and a bigger barn to house their good harvests. In time they hoped to grow as rich as the mother colony ; and to this aggrandizement of their "family," as the old souls called it, they will toil out their declining years with all the devotion that the conscious founder of a great house could feel. The country we have journeyed through has been cleanly and neat, but here we have order as an inevitable law. The first Shaker settlement we visited seemed like a deserted village ; all the men and most of the women were away at their work. One good woman was left, however, who took us over the grounds. She was greatly interested in the child of our party, and showed, in her way, how impossible it is, even with forty years of this life, to change the woman's instincts. To me the great barn was the most interesting of their economies ; it was a wonder of convenience, and more novel than any other thing I have seen here, — a circular stone building, one hundred and fifty feet across and forty feet to the eaves, with a cone roof and a central lantern ; a driveway from the hillside led to a huge door, through which the loaded hay-wagons could drive to a staging which carried the roadway quite around the inside of the building. A dozen wagons could unload at once, heaping their burdens into the vast central space. Beneath the roadway were stalls for beasts, who in the long winter were to empty the great central garner. At this season it was empty, and its vast space, lighted by the central lantern and fretted with its cobwebbed beams, was very imposing, — a sort of agricultural Pantheon.

As we come to the principal village, we are struck by the evident wealth of the people ; it looks the best-built village I have ever seen. The houses have one and all the look of extreme economy, not a penny being devoted to ornament, but every need of stability consulted.

As we needed another horse for

some of our party who had found that twenty miles a day afoot was more than a man was made for, it was thought better to trust to the proverbial fairness of these people than take the risk of buying at any chance by the roadside. A boy—something of a phenomenon here, where life has no provision for boys—who was ploughing by the roadside, said that the “boss” of his family had one to sell. It was the only horse I ever saw over ten years of age, by the seller’s reckoning; and his faults were given equal show with his virtues. The boss sent word that we could take or leave the horse, as we pleased, at the price fixed. Searching behind the scenes for this person, I found a silent man with a face of strong lines, but of fixed, almost fiercely stolid, expression. The bargaining, which brought but few low-toned words from him, did not in the least interrupt his work of finishing a wither-bottomed chair; his eyes followed his hands, and not his words. I doubt whether he saw me at all, or whether the matter, germane as it was to his life-work, broke the loneliness which seemed to surround him as it might some ascetic of old. At the communal store there was a buxom, pretty woman, who seemed as much in the world as the sour-faced boss was out of it. One may go a day’s journey without finding a brighter picture than this happy woman, seemingly busy with a thousand things, and without one trace of care. She showed us the sleeping-rooms of the “sisters,” which were miracles of neatness and taste, with a little less of a lived-in look than would be desirable if they are to pass as specimens of the actual quarters of the women; sold us with skill all and more than we wanted from the store; found time to see that we had bought the horse from Elder *So-and-so’s* family; told us which foot he was lame in, how it befell, and other minutiae. All the folk I have seen are evidently of American birth, and few carry the stamp of much intelligence. Their physical condition seems excellent;

temperance has left its mark everywhere.

Another sudden transition as we enter New York; a great change, and that for the worse, from all we have left behind. We come at once upon a people of a different origin; the growth is no longer from the Puritan seed, which seemed to have sprouted anew in the hard-faced folk we have just left. German, Dutch, and Irish faces are mingled on the streets, and their names entangled—O’s, Vons, and Vans—together on the signs of the villages. The bar-rooms appear, and when not in sight are well advertised by the bleary eyes and red noses carried by about one in five of the adult men. The sacred door-yard with its paling, propylæ to the domestic temple, has begun to go. The crowded dwellings jostle each other on the street line. The homes are less orderly, though, in a rougher way, as good as those in Yankee land. Strong faces there are,—broad Hollandish people, big-bellied and churlish; handsome when young, but generally looking a bit too animal-like when grown. The women are also stronger-looking than in New England, but less refined; children seem more plentiful. One sees the Dutch or German blood in nearly half the people; but the Dutch cleanliness, if it had been invented when our American offshoot left the parent bulb, has not survived here. The want of homogeneity makes a painful impression after one has travelled through New England, where, despite the much-talked-of expulsion of the original stock, the impression made upon the traveller’s eye is singularly homogeneous.

Our road carried us through Albany, whence our way was over a series of bad country-roads towards the Schoharie Valley. As we ascend the table-land at the base of the Helderberg Mountains, we get broader and broader views over the Hudson Valley; it is so wide that it seems more like a plain bordered by mountains than the excavation of the river which flows through it.

The population of the country west

of Albany is well-to-do until we leave the fertile section; but the general American aversion to poor land is shown as soon as we get into the more sterile region on the flanks of the Helderbergs. Our nooning, the first day's journey beyond Albany, was in a mean village where there was scarcely a trace of culture, and not a little of what came as close to squalor as could well be. There were no less than twenty men who seemed to have nothing better to do than to support the bar-room by constant application of their bodies to its walls, and its contents to their stomachs. Fortunately for us, the attention which our unwilling delay in the town aroused was divided by the diverting spectacle of an old farmer trying to hive a swarm of bees. The bees were gathered upon a branch of a pear-tree which overhung the road some ten feet from the ground, in a writhing, unhappy mass, as is their custom. The old fellow, his head wrapped in an apron, was beating a tin pan and shouting inanely. From time to time an ungyved prance showed that one of the offended communists had put a little young blood into the would-be appropriator of their labor. The loafers of the town bawled brave advice from a safe distance, abounded in *post factum* wisdom, and shouted their satisfaction every time the old fellow showed that he was bit. As we slipped away from the town a louder shout announced that either success or failure had ended the affair. As we got beyond the poor land on the northernmost spurs of the Helderbergs, and began to enter upon the fertile fields of the Mohawk Valley, we came upon more comfort and decency. The grain fields widen and deepen as we go on, and the richness of their hue is something wonderful. Poultry, so rare and dear in Massachusetts, is now becoming plenty; and all along the palings in front of the farms hang long rows of tin or earthen milk-vessels getting that mysterious something sunshine is supposed to give. Our cook's labors in search of the wherewithal for

a meal are lightened, and it looks as if we shall have a good dinner for the Fourth of July that comes to-morrow.

Our long and hot day's journey ended by the side of a lovely little lake, where, on a high bank covered with pines, through the branches of which we looked down upon the placid waters, and over upon a woodland bathed in the sunset, we found grateful repose. A universal bath—for even the horses were made to swim, and the wagons were washed—fitted us all to enjoy our evening meal and our sleep on the fragrant pine straw.

We left our camp-ground early, in order to make way for a picnic that was to occupy the same ground, and took our course towards the Scoharie Valley. Our pace was slower, for we were now on ground where every step was a revelation concerning the life of the early time when the lands were building beneath the sea; nearly every step rested upon some fossil which was one round of the great ladder of life.

All the country was pouring towards the town of Scoharie. There was nothing in the town itself,—a rather pretty village on one long street,—but the people were happy with the small sensation to be got from the slightest accidents of an unwonted crowd. Here we found the cabinet of an old gentleman who for a long lifetime had been gathering together the fossils of this country. His treasures were in an old shop beneath generations of dust, heaped in a disorder as great as that of the original deposition. The heap had overflowed the shop and had filled the sheds of the rear and was piled in cairns in the yard. He was a cheery person, with a bevy of children around him,—a dozen little girls, who, in their holiday clothes, played hide-and-seek among his stacks of stones.

Scoharie Creek has a lovely valley, amazingly fertile; it is also very picturesque. The settlers are the descendants of Hollanders and Germans, with a sprinkling of Americans. I have never seen a healthier-looking population. As we travelled on we passed, in

the afternoon, the village of Middleburg. Here was a throng of many thousands waiting for a procession of maskers on horseback; sidewalks, fences, windows, and house-tops were packed with people. There could not have been fewer than four thousand children in a crowd of five thousand or so. The sturdy look of the little ones, and the handsome, buxom women, make one sure that, whatever the fate of our race elsewhere, there is no loss of power here. Shortly came the maskers, thirty or so on horseback, tricked out in fantastic disguises; they rode down the street amid hootings and peltings. Our road was the same, so we, taken by most as a part of the show, shared in the carnival pranks. All night long tipsy revellers went roistering down the road beside which we camped, their whiskey hardly dampened by the pelting rain. The next day our camp was besieged by those who took us for gypsies; there came lovers, hand in hand, to have their fortunes told, who would not be deceived, taking our refusals as mere pretexts for a larger charge than usual for the vaticination. It is the end of our undisturbed life. In Massachusetts every one took pains not to see us; many a man who would, I dare say, have given a pretty thing to know what our queer caravan meant, fixed his eyes very resolutely before him, and looked only from their corners. Here we are beset by curiosity. Yet with all drawbacks, our journey was pleasanter than before. As the valley narrowed it became more picturesque, and here on the watershed between the Hudson and the Delaware we have lovely views as far as the Catskill Range, — a blue, serrated line, with a few noble peaks, rising across the wilderness which looks untrodden. Here again the land is poor and the crops shrunk to half their former size. One of the natives assured me that it was impossible to keep a woman on less than

one hundred acres of land! With the infertile land comes a meaner race, bad roads, no school-houses, and more bad whiskey. As the palm redeems the desert, so the laurel (*Rhododendron maximum*) redeems these sombre woods. We came upon it first on the Beaver Kill, a branch of the east fork of the Delaware; almost with the first flower came forests of it, every woodland path was made a fairy way with their myriad bells. Great bloom-laden branches swept into your face, and here and there the streams were whitened with the flakes of the fallen petals.

We spent several unhappy days on the bad roads, torn by continuous rains, which traverse this country, and at length succeeded in getting over into the vast, depressed plain which lies between the Catskill plateau and the Shawangunk Hills. As we came out of our wilderness the view out into this noble valley was enchanting; the foreground was as brilliant as culture could make it, and over the vast stretch of tilled and grazing land rose the stately arches of the Shawangunk Hills. In them we see the first trace of the symmetrical mountains we are to find in Pennsylvania. To the southward the valley down which our road lay was limited only by low rolling country, which we knew to be the border of the Delaware. Here already we begin to come upon the Germans of Pennsylvania. The barns begin to grow bigger, and the fields to have the cared-for look so characteristic of that people. The English people lose their thrift much easier than the Germans. Two centuries of struggle with the rude difficulties of our forests often break down their economical spirit, while the German preserves his intact. Out of the squalor and thriftlessness of the poor region we have traversed for several days, we come to the "Pennsylvania Dutch" with a sense of æsthetic relief.

N. S. Shaler.

MISS MEHETABEL'S SON.

"King. Is there no offence in 't?
Ham. No offence in' the world."

HAMLET.

I.

THE OLD TAVERN AT BAYLEY'S
FOUR-CORNERS.

YOU will not find Greenton, or Bayley's Four-Corners as it is more usually designated, on any map of New England that I know of. It is not a town; it is not even a village; it is merely an absurd hotel. The almost indescribable place called Greenton is at the intersection of four roads, in the heart of New Hampshire, twenty miles from the nearest settlement of note and ten miles from any railway station. A good location for a hotel, you will say. Precisely; but there has always been a hotel there, and for the last dozen years it has been pretty well patronized — by one boarder. Not to trifle with an intelligent public, I will state at once that, in the early part of this century, Greenton was a point at which the mail-coach, on the Great Northern Route, stopped to change horses and allow the passengers to dine. People in the county, wishing to take the early mail Portsmouth-ward, put up overnight at the old tavern, famous for its irreproachable larder and soft feather-beds. The tavern at that time was kept by Jonathan Bayley, who rivalled his wallet in growing corpulent, and in due time passed away. At his death the establishment, which included a farm, fell into the hands of a son-in-law. Now, though Bayley left his son-in-law a hotel, — which sounds handsome, — he left him no guests; for at about the period of the old man's death the old stage-coach died also. Apoplexy killed one, and steam the other. Thus, by a sudden swerve in the tide of progress, the tavern at the Corners found itself high and dry, like a wreck on a sand-bank. Shortly after this

event, or maybe contemporaneously, there was some attempt to build a town at Greenton; but it apparently failed, if eleven cellars choked up with débris and overgrown with burdocks are any indication of failure. The farm, however, was a good farm, as things go in New Hampshire; and Tobias Sewell, the son-in-law, could afford to snap his fingers at the travelling public if they came near enough, — which they never did.

The hotel remains to-day pretty much the same as when Jonathan Bayley handed in his accounts in 1840, except that Sewell has from time to time sold the furniture of some of the upper chambers to bridal couples in the neighborhood. The bar is still open, and the parlor door says PARLOUR in tall black letters. Now and then a passing drover looks in at that lonely bar-room, where a high-shouldered bottle of Santa Cruz rum ogles with a peculiarly knowing air a shrivelled lemon on a shelf; now and then a farmer comes across country to talk crops and stock and take a friendly glass with Tobias; and now and then a circus caravan with speckled ponies, or a menagerie with a soggy elephant, halts under the swinging sign, on which there is a dim mail-coach with four phantomish horses driven by a portly gentleman whose head has been washed off by the rain. Other customers there are none, except that one regular boarder whom I have mentioned.

If misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, it is equally certain that the profession of surveyor and civil engineer often takes one into undreamed-of localities. I had never heard of Greenton until my duties sent me there, and kept me there two weeks in the dreariest season of the year. I

do not think I would, of my own volition, have selected Greenton for a fortnight's sojourn at any time; but now the business is over, I shall never regret the circumstances that made me the guest of Tobias Sewell and brought me into intimate relations with Miss Mehetabel's Son.

It was a black October night that discovered me standing in front of the old tavern at the Corners. Though the ten miles' ride from K—— had been depressing, especially the last five miles, on account of the cold autumnal rain that had set in, I felt a pang of regret on hearing the rickety open wagon turn round in the road and roll off in the darkness. There were no lights visible anywhere, and only for the big, shapeless mass of something in front of me, which the driver had said was the hotel, I should have fancied that I had been set down by the roadside. I was wet to the skin and in no amiable humor; and not being able to find bell-pull or knocker, or even a door, I belabored the side of the house with my heavy walking-stick. In a minute or two I saw a light flickering somewhere aloft, then I heard the sound of a window opening, followed by an exclamation of disgust as a blast of wind extinguished the candle which had given me an instantaneous picture *en silhouette* of a man leaning out of a case-ment.

"I say, what do you want, down there?" said an unprepossessing voice.

"I want to come in, I want a supper, and a bed, and numberless things."

"This isn't no time of night to go rousing honest folks out of their sleep. Who are you, anyway?"

The question, superficially considered, was a very simple one, and I, of all people in the world, ought to have been able to answer it off-hand; but it staggered me. Strangely enough, there came drifting across my memory the lettering on the back of a metaphysical work which I had seen years before on a shelf in the Astor Library. Owing to an unpremeditatedly funny collection of title and author, the lettering

read as follows: "Who Am I? Jones." Evidently it had puzzled Jones to know who he was, or he would n't have written a book about it. It certainly puzzled me at that instant to define my identity. "Thirty years ago," I reflected, "I was nothing; fifty years hence I shall be nothing again, humanly speaking. In the mean time, who am I, sure enough?" It had never occurred to me before what an indefinite article I was. I wish it had not occurred to me then. Standing there in the rain and darkness, I wrestled vainly with the problem, and was constrained to fall back upon a Yankee expedient.

"Is n't this a hotel?" I asked at length.

"Well, it is a sort of hotel," said the voice, doubtfully. My hesitation and prevarication had apparently not inspired my interlocutor with confidence in me.

"Then let me in. I have just driven over from K—— in this infernal rain. I am wet through and through."

"But what do you want here, at the Corners? What's your business? People don't come here, least ways in the middle of the night."

"It is n't in the middle of the night," I returned, incensed. "I come on business connected with the new road. I'm the superintendent of the works."

"Oh!"

"And if you don't open the door at once, I'll raise the whole neighborhood, — and then go to the other hotel."

When I said that, I supposed Greenton was a village with three or four thousand population at least, and was wondering vaguely at the absence of lights and other signs of human habitation. Surely, I thought, all the people cannot be abed and asleep at half past ten o'clock: perhaps I am in the business section of the town, among the shops.

"You jest wait," said the voice above.

This request was not devoid of a certain accent of menace, and I braced myself for a sortie on the part of the besieged, if he had any such hostile intent.

Presently a door opened at the very place where I least expected a door, at the farther end of the building, in fact, and a man in his shirt-sleeves, shielding a candle with his left hand, appeared on the threshold. I passed quickly into the house with Mr. Tobias Sewell (for this was Mr. Sewell) at my heels, and found myself in a long, low-studded bar-room. There were two chairs drawn up before the hearth, on which a huge hemlock backlog was still smouldering, and on the unpainted deal counter contiguous stood two cloudy glasses with bits of lemon-peel in the bottom, hinting at recent libations. Against the discolored wall over the bar hung a yellowed handbill, in a warped frame, announcing that "the Next Annual N. H. Agricultural Fair" would take place on the 10th of September, 1841. There was no other furniture or decoration in this dismal apartment, except the cobwebs which festooned the ceiling, hanging down here and there like stalactites.

Mr. Sewell set the candlestick on the mantel-shelf, and threw some pine-knots on the fire, which immediately broke into a blaze, and showed him to be a lank, narrow-chested man, past sixty, with sparse, steel-gray, hair, and small, deep-set eyes, perfectly round, like a carp's, and of no particular color. His chief personal characteristics seemed to be too much feet and not enough teeth. His sharply cut, but rather simple face, as he turned it towards me, wore a look of interrogation. I replied to his mute inquiry by taking out my pocket-book and handing him my business-card, which he held up to the candle and perused with great deliberation.

"You're a civil engineer, are you?" he said, displaying his gums, which gave his countenance an expression of almost infantile innocence. He made no further audible remark, but mumbled between his thin lips something which an imaginative person might have construed into, "If you're a civil engineer, I'll be blessed if I would n't like to see an uncivil one!"

Mr. Sewell's growl, however, was worse than his bite,—owing to his lack of teeth probably,—for he very good-naturedly set himself to work preparing supper for me. After a slice of cold ham, and a warm punch, to which my chilled condition gave a grateful flavor, I went to bed in a distant chamber in a most amiable mood, feeling satisfied that Jones was a donkey to bother himself about his identity.

When I awoke the sun was several hours high. My bed faced a window, and by raising myself on one elbow I could look out on what I expected to be the main street. To my astonishment I beheld a lonely country road winding up a sterile hill and disappearing over the ridge. In a cornfield at the right of the road was a small private graveyard enclosed by a crumbling stone-wall with a red gate. The only thing suggestive of life was this little corner lot occupied by death. I got out of bed and went to the other window. There I had an uninterrupted view of twelve miles of open landscape, with Mount Agamenticus in the purple distance. Not a house or a spire in sight. "Well," I exclaimed, "Greenton does n't appear to be a very closely packed metropolis!" That rival hotel with which I had threatened Mr. Sewell overnight was not a deadly weapon, looking at it by daylight. "By Jove!" I reflected, "maybe I'm in the wrong place." But there, tacked against a panel of the bedroom door, was a faded time-table dated Greenton, August 1, 1839.

I smiled all the time I was dressing, and went smiling down stairs, where I found Mr. Sewell, assisted by one of the fair sex in the first bloom of her eightieth year, serving breakfast for me on a small table—in the bar-room!

"I overslept myself this morning," I remarked apologetically, "and I see that I am putting you to some trouble. In future, if you will have me called, I will take my meals at the usual *table-d'hôte*."

"At the what?" said Mr. Sewell.

"I mean with the other boarders."

Mr. Sewell paused in the act of lifting a chop from the fire, and, resting the point of his fork against the wood-work of the mantel-piece, grinned from ear to ear.

"Bless you! there is n't any other boarders. There has n't been anybody put up here sence — let me see — sence father-in-law died, and that was in the fall of '40. To be sure, there's Silas; *he's* a regular boarder; but I don't count him."

Mr. Sewell then explained how the tavern had lost its custom when the old stage line was broken up by the railroad. The introduction of steam was, in Mr. Sewell's estimation, a fatal error. "Jest kills local business. Carries it off I'm darned if I know where. The whole country has been sort o' retrograding ever sence steam was invented."

"You spoke of having one boarder," I said.

"Silas? Yes; he came here the summer 'Tilda died, — she that was 'Tilda Bayley, — and he's here yet, going on thirteen year. He could n't live any longer with the old man. Between you and I, old Clem Jaffrey, Silas's father, was a hard nut. Yes," said Mr. Sewell, crooking his elbow in inimitable pantomime, "altogether too often. Found dead in the road hugging a three-gallon demijohn. *Habeas corpus* in the barn," added Mr. Sewell, intending, I presume, to intimate that a *post-mortem* examination had been deemed necessary. "Silas," he resumed, in that respectful tone which one should always adopt when speaking of capital, "is a man of considerable property; lives on his interest, and keeps a hoss and shay. He's a great scholar, too, Silas; takes all the pe-ri-odicals and the Police Gazette regular."

Mr. Sewell was turning over a third chop, when the door opened and a stoutish, middle-aged little gentleman, clad in deep black, stepped into the room.

"Silas Jaffrey," said Mr. Sewell, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm, picking up me and the new-comer on

one fork, so to speak; "be acquainted!"

Mr. Jaffrey advanced briskly and gave me his hand with unlooked-for cordiality. He was a dapper little man, with a head as round and nearly as bald as an orange, and not unlike an orange in complexion, either; he had twinkling gray eyes and a pronounced Roman nose, the numerous freckles upon which were deepened by his funereal dress-coat and trousers. He reminded me of Alfred de Musset's blackbird, which, with its yellow beak and sombre plumage, looked like an undertaker eating an omelet.

"Silas will take care of you," said Mr. Sewell, taking down his hat from a peg behind the door. "I've got the cattle to look after. Tell him, if you want anything."

While I ate my breakfast, Mr. Jaffrey hopped up and down the narrow bar-room and chirped away as blithely as a bird on a cherry-bough, occasionally ruffling with his fingers a slight fringe of auburn hair which stood up pertly round his head and seemed to possess a luminous quality of its own.

"Don't I find it a little slow up here at the Corners? Not at all, my dear sir. I am in the thick of life up here. So many interesting things going on all over the world, — inventions, discoveries, spirits, railroad disasters, mysterious homicides. Poets, murderers, musicians, statesmen, distinguished travellers, prodigies of all kinds, turning up everywhere. Very few events or persons escape me. I take six daily city papers, thirteen weekly journals, all the monthly magazines, and two quarterlies. I could not get along with less. I could n't if you asked me. I never feel lonely. How can I, being on intimate terms, as it were, with thousands and thousands of people? There's that young woman out West. What an entertaining creature *she* is! — now in Missouri, now in Indiana, and now in Minnesota, always on the go, and all the time shedding needles from various parts of her body as if she really enjoyed it! Then there's that

versatile patriarch who walks hundreds of miles and saws thousands of feet of wood, before breakfast, and shows no signs of giving out. Then there's that remarkable, one may say that historical colored woman who knew Benjamin Franklin, and fought at the battle of Bunk — no, it is the old negro man who fought at Bunker Hill, a mere infant, of course, at that period. Really, now, it is quite curious to observe how that venerable female slave — formerly an African princess — is repeatedly dying in her hundred and eleventh year, and coming to life again punctually every six months in the small-type paragraphs. Are you aware, sir, that within the last twelve years no fewer than two hundred and eighty-seven of General Washington's colored coachmen have died?"

For the soul of me I could n't tell whether this quaint little gentleman was chaffing me or not. I laid down my knife and fork, and stared at him.

"Then there are the mathematicians!" he cried vivaciously, without waiting for a reply. "I take great interest in them. Hear this!" and Mr. Jaffrey drew a newspaper from a pocket in the tail of his coat, and read as follows: "*It has been estimated that if all the candles manufactured by this eminent firm (Stearine & Co.) were placed end to end, they would reach 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ times around the globe.* Of course," continued Mr. Jaffrey, folding up the journal reflectively, "abstruse calculations of this kind are not, perhaps, of vital importance, but they indicate the intellectual activity of the age. Seriously, now," he said, halting in front of the table, "what with books and papers and drives about the country, I do not find the days too long, though I seldom see any one, except when I go over to K — for my mail. Existence may be very full to a man who stands a little aside from the tumult and watches it with philosophic eye. Possibly he may see more of the battle than those who are in the midst of the action. Once I was struggling with the crowd, as eager and undaunted as the best;

perhaps I should have been struggling still. Indeed, I know my life would have been very different now if I had married Mehetabel, — if I had married Mehetabel."

His vivacity was gone, a sudden cloud had come over his bright face, his figure seemed to have collapsed, the light seemed to have faded out of his hair. With a shuffling step, the very antithesis of his brisk, elastic tread, he turned to the door and passed into the road.

"Well," I said to myself, "if Greenton had forty thousand inhabitants, it could n't turn out a more astonishing old party than that!"

II.

THE CASE OF SILAS JAFFREY.

A MAN with a passion for *bric-à-brac* is always stumbling over antique bronzes, intaglios, mosaics, and daggers of the time of Benvenuto Cellini; the bibliophile finds creamy vellum folios and rare Alduses and Elzevirs waiting for him at unsuspected book-stalls; the numismatist has but to stretch forth his palm to have priceless coins drop into it. My own weakness is odd people, and I am constantly encountering them. It was plain I had unearthed a couple of very queer specimens at Bayley's Four-Corners. I saw that a fortnight afforded me too brief an opportunity to develop the richness of both, and I resolved to devote my spare time to Mr. Jaffrey alone, instinctively recognizing in him an unfamiliar species. My professional work in the vicinity of Greenton left my evenings and occasionally an afternoon unoccupied: these intervals I purposed to employ in studying and classifying my fellow-boarder. It was necessary, as a preliminary step, to learn something of his previous history, and to this end I addressed myself to Mr. Sewell that same night.

"I do not want to seem inquisitive," I said to the landlord, as he was fastening up the bar, which, by the way,

was the *salle à manger* and general sitting-room, — “I do not want to seem inquisitive, but your friend Mr. Jaffrey dropped a remark this morning at breakfast which — which was not altogether clear to me.”

“About Mehetabel?” asked Mr. Sewell, uneasily.

“Yes.”

“Well, I wish he would n’t!”

“He was friendly enough in the course of conversation to hint to me that he had not married the young woman, and seemed to regret it.”

“No, he did n’t marry Mehetabel.”

“May I inquire *why* he did n’t marry Mehetabel?”

“Never asked her. Might have married the girl forty times. Old Elkins’s daughter, over at K—. She ’d have had him quick enough. Seven years off and on, he kept company with Mehetabel, and then she died.”

“And he never asked her?”

“He shilly-shallied. Perhaps he did n’t think of it. When she was dead and gone, then Silas was struck all of a heap, — and that’s all about it.”

Obviously Mr. Sewell did not intend to tell me anything more, and obviously there was more to tell. The topic was plainly disagreeable to him for some reason or other, and that unknown reason of course piqued my curiosity.

As I had been absent from dinner and supper that day, I did not meet Mr. Jaffrey again until the following morning at breakfast. He had recovered his bird-like manner, and was full of a mysterious assassination that had just taken place in New York, all the thrilling details of which were at his fingers’ ends. It was at once comical and sad to see this harmless old gentleman, with his naive, benevolent countenance, and his thin hair flaming up in a semicircle like the foot-lights at a theatre, revelling in the intricacies of the unmentionable deed.

“You come up to my room to-night,” he cried with horrid glee, “and I’ll give you my theory of the murder. I’ll make it as clear as day to you that

it was the detective himself who fired the three pistol-shots.”

It was not so much the desire to have this point elucidated as to make a closer study of Mr. Jaffrey that led me to accept his invitation. Mr. Jaffrey’s bedroom was in an L of the building, and was in no way noticeable except for the numerous files of newspapers neatly arranged against the blank spaces of the walls, and a huge pile of old magazines which stood in one corner, reaching nearly up to the ceiling, and threatening each instant to topple over like the Leaning Tower at Pisa. There were green paper shades at the windows, some faded chintz valances about the bed, and two or three easy-chairs covered with chintz. On a black-walnut shelf between the windows lay a choice collection of meerschaum and brierwood pipes.

Filling one of the chocolate-colored bowls for me and another for himself, Mr. Jaffrey began prattling; but not about the murder, which appeared to have flown out of his mind. In fact, I do not remember that the topic was even touched upon, either then or afterwards.

“Cosey nest this,” said Mr. Jaffrey, glancing complacently over the apartment. “What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and bluebirds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last spring. In summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round. I take it very easy here, I can tell you, summer and winter. Not much society. Tobias is not, perhaps, what one would term a great intellectual force, but he means well. He’s a realist, — believes in coming down to what he calls ‘the hard pan’; but his heart is in the right place, and he’s very kind to me. The wisest thing I ever did in my life was to sell out my grain business over at K—,

thirteen years ago, and settle down at the Corners. When a man has made a competency, what does he want more? Besides, at that time an event occurred which destroyed any ambition I may have had. Mehetabel died."

"The lady you were engaged to?"

"N-o, not precisely engaged. I think it was quite understood between us, though nothing had been said on the subject. Typhoid," added Mr. Jaffrey, in a low voice.

For several minutes he smoked in silence, a vague, troubled look playing over his countenance. Presently this passed away, and he fixed his gray eyes speculatively upon my face.

"If I had married Mehetabel," said Mr. Jaffrey, slowly, and then he hesitated. I blew a ring of smoke into the air, and resting my pipe on my knee, dropped into an attitude of attention. "If I had married Mehetabel, you know, we should have had — ahem! — a family."

"Very likely," I assented, vastly amused at this unexpected turn.

"A Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jaffrey, explosively.

"By all means, certainly, a son."

"Great trouble about naming the boy. Mehetabel's family want him named Elkanah Elkins, after her grandfather; I want him named Andrew Jackson. We compromise by christening him Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey. Rather a long name for such a short little fellow," said Mr. Jaffrey, musingly.

"Andy is n't a bad nickname," I suggested.

"Not at all. We call him Andy, in the family. Somewhat fractious at first, — colic and things. I suppose it is right, or it would n't be so; but the usefulness of measles, mumps, croup, whooping-cough, scarlatina, and fits is not visible to the naked eye. I wish Andy would be a model infant, and dodge the whole lot."

This supposititious child, born within the last few minutes, was clearly assuming the proportions of a reality to Mr. Jaffrey. I began to feel a little

uncomfortable. I am, as I have said, a civil engineer, and it is not strictly in my line to assist at the births of infants, imaginary or otherwise. I pulled away vigorously at the pipe, and said nothing.

"What large blue eyes he has," resumed Mr. Jaffrey, after a pause; "just like Hetty's; and the fair hair, too, like hers. How oddly certain distinctive features are handed down in families! Sometimes a mouth, sometimes a turn of the eyebrow. Wicked little boys, over at K——, have now and then derisively advised me to follow my nose. It would be an interesting thing to do. I should find my nose flying about the world, turning up unexpectedly here and there, dodging this branch of the family and reappearing in that, now jumping over one great-grandchild to fasten itself upon another, and never losing its individuality. Look at Andy. There's Elkanah Elkins's chin to the life. Andy's chin is probably older than the Pyramids. Poor little thing," he cried, with sudden, indescribable tenderness, "to lose his mother so early!" And Mr. Jaffrey's head sunk upon his breast, and his shoulders slanted forward, as if he were actually bending over the cradle of the child. The whole gesture and attitude was so natural that it startled me. The pipe slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Jaffrey, with a deprecating motion of his hand. "Andy's asleep!"

He rose softly from the chair and, walking across the room on tiptoe, drew down the shade at the window through which the moonlight was streaming. Then he returned to his seat, and remained gazing with half-closed eyes into the dropping embers.

I refilled my pipe and smoked in profound silence, wondering what would come next. But nothing came next. Mr. Jaffrey had fallen into so brown a study that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when I wished him good-night and withdrew, I do not think he noticed my departure.

I am not what is called a man of imagination; it is my habit to exclude most things not capable of mathematical demonstration; but I am not without a certain psychological insight, and I think I understood Mr. Jaffrey's case. I could easily understand how a man with an unhealthy, sensitive nature, overwhelmed by sudden calamity, might take refuge in some forlorn place like this old tavern, and dream his life away. To such a man—brooding forever on what might have been and dwelling wholly in the realm of his fancies—the actual world might indeed become as a dream, and nothing seem real but his illusions. I dare say that thirteen years of Bayley's Four-Corners would have its effect upon me; though instead of conjuring up golden-haired children of the Madonna, I should probably see gnomes and kobolds and goblins engaged in hoisting false signals and misplacing switches for midnight express-trains.

"No doubt," I said to myself that night, as I lay in bed, thinking over the matter, "this once possible but now impossible child is a great comfort to the old gentleman,—a greater comfort, perhaps, than a real son, would be. May be Andy will vanish with the shades and mists of night, he's such an unsubstantial infant; but if he does n't, and Mr. Jaffrey finds pleasure in talking to me about his son, I shall humor the old fellow. It would n't be a Christian act to knock over his harmless fancy."

I was very impatient to see if Mr. Jaffrey's illusion would stand the test of daylight. It did. Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey was, so to speak, alive and kicking the next morning. On taking his seat at the breakfast-table, Mr. Jaffrey whispered to me that Andy had had a comfortable night.

"Silas!" said Mr. Sewell, sharply, "what are you whispering about?"

Mr. Sewell was in an ill-humor; perhaps he was jealous because I had passed the evening in Mr. Jaffrey's room; but surely Mr. Sewell could not

expect his boarders to go to bed at eight o'clock every night, as he did. From time to time during the meal Mr. Sewell regarded me unkindly out of the corner of his eye, and in helping me to the parsnips he poniarded them with quite a suggestive air. All this, however, did not prevent me from repairing to the door of Mr. Jaffrey's snuggerly when night came.

"Well, Mr. Jaffrey, how 's Andy this evening?"

"Got a tooth!" cried Mr. Jaffrey, vivaciously.

"No!"

"Yes, he has! Just through. Gave the nurse a silver dollar. Standing reward for first tooth."

It was on the tip of my tongue to express surprise that an infant a day old should cut a tooth, when I suddenly recollected that Richard III. was born with teeth. Feeling myself to be on unfamiliar ground, I suppressed my criticism. It was well I did so, for in the next breath I was advised that half a year had elapsed since the previous evening.

"Andy 's had a hard six months of it," said Mr. Jaffrey, with the well-known narrative air of fathers. "We 've brought him up by hand. His grandfather, by the way, was brought up by the bottle"—and brought down by it, too, I added mentally, recalling Mr. Sewell's account of the old gentleman's tragic end.

Mr. Jaffrey then went on to give me a history of Andy's first six months, omitting no detail however insignificant or irrelevant. This history I would, in turn, inflict upon the reader, if I were only certain that he is one of those dreadful parents who, under the ægis of friendship, bore you at a street-corner with that remarkable thing which Freddy said the other day, and insist on singing to you, at an evening party, the Iliad of Tommy's woes.

But to inflict this *enfantillage* upon the unmarried reader would be an act of wanton cruelty. So I pass over that part of Andy's biography, and, for the same reason, make no record of the

next four or five interviews I had with Mr. Jaffrey. It will be sufficient to state that Andy glided from extreme infancy to early youth with astonishing celerity, — at the rate of one year per night, if I remember correctly; and — must I confess it? — before the week came to an end, this invisible hobgoblin of a boy was only little less of a reality to me than to Mr. Jaffrey.

At first I had lent myself to the old dreamer's whim with a keen perception of the humor of the thing; but by and by I found I was talking and thinking of Miss Mehetabel's son as though he were a veritable personage. Mr. Jaffrey spoke of the child with such an air of conviction! — as if Andy were playing among his toys in the next room, or making mud-pies down in the yard. In these conversations, it should be observed, the child was never supposed to be present, except on that single occasion when Mr. Jaffrey leaned over the cradle. After one of our séances I would lie awake until the small hours, thinking of the boy, and then fall asleep only to have indigestible dreams about him. Through the day, and sometimes in the midst of complicated calculations, I would catch myself wondering what Andy was up to now! There was no shaking him off; he became an inseparable nightmare to me; and I felt that if I remained much longer at Bayley's Four-Corners I should turn into just such another bald-headed, mild-eyed visionary as Silas Jaffrey.

Then the tavern was a grewsome old shell any way, full of unaccountable noises after dark, — rustlings of garments along unfrequented passages, and stealthy footfalls in unoccupied chambers overhead. I never knew of an old house without these mysterious noises. Next to my bedroom was a musty, dismantled apartment, in one corner of which, leaning against the wainscot, was a crippled mangle, with its iron crank tilted in the air like the elbow of the late Mr. Clem Jaffrey. Sometimes,

“In the dead vast and middle of the night,”

I used to hear sounds as if some one were turning that rusty crank on the sly. This occurred only on particularly cold nights, and I conceived the uncomfortable idea that it was the thin family ghosts, from the neglected graveyard in the cornfield, keeping themselves warm by running each other through the mangle. There was a haunted air about the whole place that made it easy for me to believe in the existence of a phantasm like Miss Mehetabel's son, who, after all, was less unearthly than Mr. Jaffrey himself, and seemed more properly an inhabitant of this globe than the toothless ogre who kept the inn, not to mention the silent Witch of Endor that cooked our meals for us over the bar-room fire.

In spite of the scowls and winks bestowed upon me by Mr. Sewell, who let slip no opportunity to testify his disapprobation of the intimacy, Mr. Jaffrey and I spent all our evenings together, — those long autumnal evenings, through the length of which he talked about the boy, laying out his path in life, and hedging the path with roses. He should be sent to the High School at Portsmouth, and then to college; he should be educated like a gentleman, Andy.

“When the old man dies,” said Mr. Jaffrey, rubbing his hands gleefully, as if it were a great joke, “Andy will find that the old man has left him a pretty plum.”

“What do you think of having Andy enter West Point, when he's old enough?” said Mr. Jaffrey on another occasion. “He need n't necessarily go into the army when he graduates; he can become a civil engineer.”

This was a stroke of flattery so delicate and indirect that I could accept it without immodesty.

There had lately sprung up on the corner of Mr. Jaffrey's bureau a small tin house, Gothic in architecture, and pink in color, with a slit in the roof, and the word *BANK* painted on one façade. Several times in the course of an evening Mr. Jaffrey would rise from his

chair, without interrupting the conversation, and gravely drop a nickel through the scuttle of the bank. It was pleasant to observe the solemnity of his countenance as he approached the edifice, and the air of triumph with which he resumed his seat by the fireplace. One night I missed the tin bank. It had disappeared, deposits and all. Evidently there had been a defalcation on rather a large scale. I strongly suspected that Mr. Sewell was at the bottom of it; but my suspicion was not shared by Mr. Jaffrey, who, remarking my glance at the bureau, became suddenly depressed. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I have failed to instil into Andrew those principles of integrity which — which —" And the old gentleman quite broke down.

Andy was now eight or nine years old, and for some time past, if the truth must be told, had given Mr. Jaffrey no inconsiderable trouble; what with his impishness and his illnesses, the boy led the pair of us a lively dance. I shall not soon forget the anxiety of Mr. Jaffrey the night Andy had the scarlet-fever, — an anxiety which so infected me that I actually returned to the tavern the following afternoon earlier than usual, dreading to hear the little spectre was dead, and greatly relieved on meeting Mr. Jaffrey at the door-step with his face wreathed in smiles. When I spoke to him of Andy, I was made aware that I was inquiring into a case of scarlet-fever that had occurred the year before!

It was at this time, towards the end of my second week at Greenton, that I noticed what was probably not a new trait, — Mr. Jaffrey's curious sensitiveness to atmospherical changes. He was as sensitive as a barometer. The approach of a storm sent his mercury down instantly. When the weather was fair, he was hopeful and sunny, and Andy's prospects were brilliant. When the weather was overcast and threatening, he grew restless and despondent, and was afraid the boy was n't going to turn out well.

On the Saturday previous to my departure, which had been fixed for Monday, it had rained heavily all the afternoon, and that night Mr. Jaffrey was in an unusually excitable and unhappy frame of mind. His mercury was very low indeed.

"That boy is going to the dogs just as fast as he can go," said Mr. Jaffrey, with a woful face. "I can't do anything with him."

"He'll come out all right, Mr. Jaffrey. Boys will be boys. I would n't give a snap for a lad without animal spirits."

"But animal spirits," said Mr. Jaffrey sententiously, "should n't saw off the legs of the piano in Tobias's best parlor. I don't know what Tobias will say when he finds it out."

"What, has Andy sawed off the legs of the old spinet?" I returned, laughing.

"Worse than that."

"Played upon it, then!"

"No, sir. He has lied to me!"

"I can't believe that of Andy."

"Lied to me, sir," repeated Mr. Jaffrey, severely. "He pledged me his word of honor that he would give over his climbing. The way that boy climbs sends a chill down my spine. This morning, notwithstanding his solemn promise, he shinned up the lightning-rod attached to the extension and sat astride the ridge-pole. I saw him, and he denied it! When a boy you have caressed and indulged, and lavished pocket-money on, lies to you, and *will* climb, then there's nothing more to be said. He's a lost child."

"You take too dark a view of it, Mr. Jaffrey. Training and education are bound to tell in the end, and he has been well brought up."

"But I did n't bring him up on a lightning-rod, did I? If he is ever going to know how to behave, he ought to know now. To-morrow he will be eleven years old."

The reflection came to me that if Andy had n't been brought up by the rod, he had certainly been brought up by the lightning. He was eleven years old in two weeks!

I essayed to tranquillize Mr. Jaffrey's mind, and to give him some practical hints on the management of youth, with that perspicacious wisdom which seems to be the peculiar property of bachelors and elderly maiden ladies.

"Spank him," I suggested, at length.

"I will!" said the old gentleman.

"And you 'd better do it at once!"

I added, as it flashed upon me that in six months Andy would be a hundred and forty-three years old! — an age at which parental discipline would have to be relaxed.

The next morning, Sunday, the rain came down as if determined to drive the quicksilver entirely out of my poor friend. Mr. Jaffrey sat bolt upright at the breakfast-table, looking as woe-begone as a bust of Dante, and retired to his chamber the moment the meal was finished. As the day advanced, the wind veered round to the northeast, and settled itself down to work. It was not pleasant to think, and I tried not to think, what Mr. Jaffrey's condition would be if the weather did not mend its manners by noon; but so far from clearing off at noon, the storm increased in violence, and as night set in, the wind whistled in a spiteful falsetto key, and the rain lashed the old tavern as if it were a balky horse that refused to move on. The windows rattled in the worm-eaten frames, and the doors of remote rooms, where nobody ever went, slammed to in the maddest way. Now and then the tornado, sweeping down the side of Mount Agamenticus, bowled across the open country and struck the ancient hostelry point-blank.

Mr. Jaffrey did not appear at supper. I knew he was expecting me to come to his room as usual, and I turned over in my mind a dozen plans to evade seeing him that night. The landlord sat at the opposite side of the chimney-place, with his eye upon me. I fancy he was aware of the effect of this storm on his other boarder; for at intervals, as the wind hurled itself against the exposed gable, threatening to burst

in the windows, Mr. Sewell tipped me an atrocious wink, and displayed his gums in a way he had not done since the morning after my arrival at Green-ton. I wondered if he suspected anything about Andy. There had been odd times during the past week when I felt convinced that the existence of Miss Mehetabel's son was no secret to Mr. Sewell.

In deference to the gale, the landlord sat up half an hour later than was his custom. At half past eight he went to bed, remarking that he thought the old pile would stand till morning.

He had been absent only a few minutes when I heard a rustling at the door. I looked up and beheld Mr. Jaffrey standing on the threshold, with his dress in disorder, his scant hair flying, and the wildest expression on his face.

"He's gone!" cried Mr. Jaffrey.

"Who? Sewell? Yes, he just went to bed."

"No, not Tobias, — the boy!"

"What, run away?"

"No, — he is dead! He has fallen off of a step-ladder in the red chamber and broken his neck!"

Mr. Jaffrey threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and disappeared. I followed him through the hall, saw him go into his own apartment, and heard the bolt of the door drawn to. Then I returned to the bar-room, and sat for an hour or two in the ruddy glow of the fire, brooding over the strange experience of the last fortnight.

On my way to bed I paused at Mr. Jaffrey's door, and, in a lull of the storm, the measured respiration within told me that the old gentleman was sleeping peacefully.

Slumber was coy with me that night. I lay listening to the souging of the wind, and thinking of Mr. Jaffrey's illusion. It had amused me at first with its grotesqueness; but now the poor little phantom was dead, I was conscious that there had been something pathetic in it all along. Shortly after midnight the wind sunk down,

coming and going fainter and fainter, floating around the eaves of the tavern with a gentle, murmurous sound, as if it were turning itself into soft wings to beat away the spirit of a little child.

Perhaps nothing that happened during my stay at Bayley's Four-Corners took me so completely by surprise as Mr. Jaffrey's radiant countenance the next morning. The morning itself was not fresher or sunnier. His round face literally shone with geniality and happiness. His eyes twinkled like diamonds, and the magnetic light of his hair was turned on full. He came into my room while I was packing my valise. He chirped and prattled and carolled, and was sorry I was going away, — but never a word about Andy. However, the boy had probably been dead several years then!

The open wagon that was to carry me to the station stood at the door; Mr. Sewell was placing my case of instruments under the seat, and Mr. Jaf-

frey had gone up to his room to get me a certain newspaper containing an account of a remarkable shipwreck on the Auckland Islands. I took the opportunity to thank Mr. Sewell for his courtesies to me, and to express my regret at leaving him and Mr. Jaffrey.

"I have become very much attached to Mr. Jaffrey," I said; "he is a most interesting person; but that hypothetical boy of his, that son of Miss Mehetabel's —"

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Mr. Sewell, testily. "Fell off a step-ladder and broke his dratted neck. Eleven year old, was n't he? Always does, jest at that point. Next week Silas will begin the whole thing over again, if he can get anybody to listen to him."

"I see. Our amiable friend is a little queer on that subject."

Mr. Sewell glanced cautiously over his shoulder, and, tapping himself significantly on the forehead, said in a low voice,

"Room To Let — Unfurnished!"

T. B. Aldrich.

A GERMAN BARON AND ENGLISH REFORMERS.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I LEFT Hofwyl sadly, as if departing from a life-home; a fair Latin scholar, an indifferent Hellenist, thoroughly grounded in mathematics, with a minutely detailed knowledge of German history, that has served me but little since; in the other college branches pretty well up; in one only, according to the judgment of our teachers, had I outstripped my fellows, namely, in literary composition.

M. de Fellenberg bought, for my brother and myself, a stout, light, open caleche; we took post-horses, and, passing by way of Zurich and Basel, and travelling by easy stages, we descended the Rhine. What an era in one's life is that!

I shall not describe our journey.

Half a century ago, when it was made, its details might have interested the American public. Now, the Rhine is almost as well known to us as our own Hudson. To me, in those days, that magnificent valley was hallowed ground. I had imbibed, during three years of German thought and German study at Hofwyl, a portion of that love, tinged with veneration, which the entire German family entertain for their Great River. Every town, almost every castle, along its banks had, for me, historical associations; and the verses we used to sing in its praise were familiar as household words.* Thus I

* "Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben;
Gesegnet sey der Rhein!" etc.

seemed to be journeying through a fairy-land of legend and of song.

A few incidents, that especially stamped themselves on my memory, may be worth recalling.

The great work, the masterpiece of all that ever came from Dannecker's chisel, the colossal statue of Christ, on which he was then engaged, and had been for five years. It was an order from the Dowager Empress of Russia, and was afterwards presented by her to her son Alexander I.; but it was not completed and sent to St. Petersburg until three years after I saw it. The head, throat, and shoulders, however, were finished; at least, I thought them so: and never have I seen, in sculpture or in painting, such an expression of mingled grandeur and sweetness, filling my conception of the Great Teacher, as on that wonderful countenance. It was something to remain stamped on the memory for a lifetime. A more princely gift was never, I think, presented by mother to son.

At Mannheim we hired a boat of size sufficient to float us with our carriage down past Mayence and "Bingen on the Rhine," to Coblenz, through that world-renowned valley, narrow, hedged closely in by mountain ranges. Is its scenery, with all the romantic accessories, equalled, within the same number of miles, on any other river-course in the world?

I know not. But when I recall my emotions during that dreamlike and luxurious trip, drifting down silently and without perceptible motion past towering walls of cliff, abrupt as the sides of a Yosemite cañon, and scarce leaving, sometimes, between their base and the river-bank apparent space for a bridle-path; past time-worn fortresses perched on what seemed inaccessible rock-pinnacles, where clouds might settle; then gliding by many gentler banks that slope far back and are clothed, to their top, with terraced vineyards; then coming, here and there, on some quaint old remnant of a walled and moated town, cramped, struggling for

room between mountain and river, but adorned with gray cathedral, rising from narrow and crooked streets that were darkened by the projection of massive gable fronts; then occasionally spying, far up on the heights, a solitary peasant-hut, or perhaps the slate roof and pointed spire of some lone cloister, aspiring toward heaven, — when I recall what I felt while there swept before me, lighted by bright autumnal skies, that magical panorama of beauty and romance, — I am tempted to join that most eloquent and artistic of all eccentrics, — adorer of Turner and detester of steamer and rail-car, — John Ruskin, in his notable crusade against all desecrating innovations in travel, and all modern scientific encroachments on time-honored modes of locomotion. Lazily floating on at the rate of five miles an hour, we certainly revelled in enjoyments which elude the time-pressed traveller of our day, busy and swift as bee on the wing, thinking no "shining hour" improved in which five times five miles are not left, forever, behind him.

Our trip was made at an interesting period. Napoleon's meteor career had ended at Waterloo six years before; and, as the result of his fall, the valley of the Lower Rhine (from Carlsruhe down) had been freed from what Germans called French desecration. They might well exult! The French rule on the Rhine, whenever their armies reached that river, had commonly been a rule of iron. We witnessed some of the desolation it had left behind. We found the luckless town of Speyer (Spires) still half in ruins, just beginning, under Bavarian rule, to recover from the atrocities which it suffered at the hands of France under her "Grand Monarch" and later, — atrocities with the details of which our professor of history, narrating to our class with flashing eyes that terrible episode which the Germans still call the *Mordbrenner Krieg* (the Murder and Burning War), had made us familiar. We thought of the miserable inhabitants driven forth by beat of drum; of

the seven-and-forty streets of the town ablaze for three days and nights; and of the miners afterwards employed to blow up walls, fountains, convents, the cathedral, even the tombs of the Emperors; till what had been Speyer was but a desolate heap of rubbish.

Mannheim fared little better. After the French general had announced to the townspeople that his master (Louis *the Great!*) had resolved to raze their city to the ground, he told them that, as a special favor, they would be allowed twenty days in which to complete the work of destruction themselves. When they refused to execute this atrocious order, they too were driven forth like cattle, and the soldiers did the work of destruction; leaving fourteen houses only standing. We found this town fully rebuilt, but in rectangular monotony.

I remember that at Coblenz we visited a trifling but characteristic memento of the recent decadence of the Empire. In the square fronting the Church of St. Castor we found a pretty fountain, erected in 1812, during a season of elation, by the French. It was intended as a monument of triumphs still to be achieved; bearing an inscription to commemorate the passage through the city of the French Emperor on his way to Russia. Little more than a year later, the Russians passing through the city in pursuit of the miserable remnant of one of the greatest armies of the world, their commander Priest left this monument, with its pompous boast, intact; but we found below the French inscription the formal and quiet, but bitterly significant words: "*Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblenz, Janvier 1^{er}, 1814.*"*

On the opposite bank we inspected another remembrancer of then recent political revolutions; finding the celebrated Ehrenbreitstein, as Byron had done a few years before, still

"Black with the miner's blast upon her height."

* The form used in viséing passports was adopted: "Seen and approved by us, Russian Commandant of the City of Coblenz, January 1, 1814."

The Prussians had made good use of the six years that had elapsed since this fortress had passed, in ruins, into their hands. We saw hundreds of workmen busy in restoring its walls and removing the traces of French devastation. It is now, I believe, after a cost of five millions, one of the strongest fortified posts in the world; five thousand men sufficing to defend it, and its magazines capable of containing wherewithal to victual that number throughout a siege of fifteen years.

Cologne — encompassed by its seven miles of castellated walls with their eighty-three picturesque flanking towers and their twenty-four redoubt-defended gates, and exhibiting perhaps the most perfect remaining example of the great fortified cities of the Middle Ages — seemed to have escaped the invader's destroying hand, but not her own folly. From her high estate — her period of prosperity and splendor, five centuries ago, when she could send thirty thousand men into the field — she had fallen, not by the ravages of war, but by the madness of intolerance. They showed us the Hebrew quarter of the city where, in 1349, the principal Jews who occupied it, to escape intolerable persecutions, shut themselves up with their wives and children, set fire to their houses and perished in the flames. In 1425 every Jew, and in 1618 every Protestant, had been ignominiously exiled. The absolute rule of bigoted ecclesiastics worked desolation as real as that by fire and sword; and the deserted city had little left in the way of consolation save the reflection that there rose from her religious buildings as many spires as there are days in the year.

Her cathedral, too, remained to her; an unfinished dream, indeed, but when to artistic dreamer ever came such a magnificent conception of beauty embodied in stone? — its towers to reach nearer to heaven than Egypt's pyramids; its choir, from floor to ceiling full a hundred and sixty feet. We ascended one of the unfinished towers on which, they told us, one layer of stone

had lain undisturbed for three centuries before the next layer was superimposed. After six centuries we found the estimated cost of its completion still put at five millions of dollars.

From Düsseldorf, where modern art had not then established a school of painting we crossed, chiefly, by level, sandy roads, through Hanover to Hamburg. One of our Hofwyl college mates, Adolph von Münchhausen, had given us a letter of introduction to his father, an old baron living a few miles from Hanover, and had exacted a promise that the letter should be delivered in person.

It was a charming visit, and we, fresh from legends of which the story of Götz von Berlichingen is the type, were at an age thoroughly to enjoy it. The Baron's château, a few centuries old, was moated and turreted, though no portcullis rose to admit us. Without, despite the clustering ivy, it had a touch of stately gloom about it; but within, from the first moment, we found bright cheerfulness and a cordial welcome. A few minutes after we had sent up our letter of introduction, there rushed rather than swept into the room the eldest daughter of the house, who, when I advanced to meet her, gave me both hands, led me to the sofa, and seating herself beside me, exclaimed: "And so you have seen my dear, dear Adolph; and you've lived three years with him! I'm so glad he gave you that letter to us. You must tell me all about him,—everything."

The deep blue eyes that met mine were moist with emotion; and their owner, a blonde of some twenty summers, without being regularly beautiful, had a face singularly expressive and attractive. Abashed, at first, by such unwonted cordiality, I found myself, after half an hour, conversing with her as frankly as if she had been my sister, instead of Adolph's. Then came in the father and mother; and it has never been my good fortune since to see a finer or more favorable specimen of the old *noblesse*, in its paternal type. Dignity was allied in their kind-

ly features to a simple and benevolent grace. The white hair dropped to the Baron's shoulder, and the gray curls stole from under the bright old lady's cap; and nature had set her grand seal of goodness on these genial faces, an earnest that was fulfilled, if four or five days' visit enabled me to judge, in that worthy couple's daily demeanor.

At a mid-day dinner we were introduced to a feudal dining-hall, its lofty walls half covered with old family portraits; and we had an opportunity of realizing what used to be meant by the expression, "below the salt." The Baron and Baroness sat at the head of the long table, opposite each other; next to them my brother and myself; then the young ladies, for there was a second daughter, prettier but less interesting, I thought, than the first; then some relatives of the family; and below them the house-steward, the factor who managed the estate, a gamekeeper, and two or three other dependants. It had a patriarchal look; and it was pleasant to hear the kindly tone in which the Baron occasionally addressed some remark or behest to those sitting at the lower end of the board.

During the afternoon, which was bright and warm, we strayed, under guidance of the young ladies, through the large, old-fashioned garden and over the stately park. When, on our return, we found the table already laid for supper, the elder exclaimed to her mother, "Liebe Frau Mutter, it's a shame to stay in the house losing a glorious sunset. Can't we have the evening meal (*Abendessen*) out on the lawn, in the shade?"

"Certainly, if you'll take the trouble, my children," said the old lady.

"It will be fun." Then to us: "You'll help us?"

But there seemed little need. In a twinkling, covers and dishes were removed to the side-board, and the two girls were about to carry off the table, when William and I interposed. The table laid (under one of several magnificent limes just in front of the house),

my brother and I returned for the chairs; but we were not suffered to take peaceable possession. The damsel who had first welcomed me, bounding lightly over a low ottoman while I was walking quietly round it, pounced upon the chair I had my eye on, and laughingly carried off the prize before I had recovered from my astonishment.

That little improvised banquet, literally "unter den Linden," has never faded from my memory. It was a jovial merry-making. Parents and children kept up the light shuttlecock of jest; and so catching was the genial laughter of that charming old couple, so winning the frank and graceful familiarity of the girls, that, ere the meal was over, two bashful college lads began to feel as if they were at home for the holidays with some fairy godfather and godmother, and two newly found sisters, "wonder-beautiful" as the Germans phrase it, to match. We asserted brotherly authority over chairs and table, restricting woman's rights to the transport of plates and dishes, until all was in due order again.

Next day Baron von Münchhausen conducted us over his farms, which seemed to be admirably managed. As we neared a pretty cottage, a young peasant-girl of fourteen or fifteen, with comely features imbrowned by exposure, approached us, but stopped at some distance, shy and embarrassed, courtesying.

"Come hither, my daughter," said our host, in his cheery tones; and the girl, encouraged, came up to us. "Ah, it is thou, Lisbethchen? How thou'rt grown! we shall have a woman of thee, one of these days; and then a wedding, no doubt. I see thou hast a story to tell; what is it?"

The girl made some humble demand on behalf of her parents, which the Baron granted on the spot; dismissing her with a kiss on the forehead, while she reddened with pride and pleasure.

We had a cordial invitation, earnestly pressed by parents and daughters, to remain with them for a month, and

the promise of a ball which was to come off the following week. I was sorely tempted to stay; but anxiety to reach home, and a promise to my mother not to delay on the journey, hurried us off. If fate *had* detained us there a month or two, I am not sure but that my father might have had a chance of having a German daughter-in-law; at all events I dreamed several times of the deep blue laughing eyes, before we reached Hamburg; and I have preserved to this day, warm in my memory, a tender recollection of that fine old chateau, with its large-hearted, bright-spirited inmates.

At Hamburg we came upon traces, recent then, of French inhumanity during the Empire. In 1810 the city had been conquered, its Constitution abolished, and the city declared a French town. In 1813 the inhabitants, who hated their conquerors, welcomed the Russians, who restored the old Constitution; but toward the close of that year the French, under Marshal Davoust, retook the place, and were afterwards besieged by the allies. During that siege Davoust robbed the bank of Hamburg of three millions and a half of dollars; and drove out, in the very depth of winter, forty thousand of the inhabitants. Of that number eleven hundred and thirty-eight perished miserably, from famine and exposure. We visited the monument that had been erected to their memory at Altona, which is close to the city.

Windbound for three weeks, we sailed, at last, in a British vessel, to meet with heavy gales and foul weather. Thrice we were compelled to put back to Cuxhaven, the last time under circumstances of great danger. We had been three days beating about some seventy or eighty miles on our way, dead-lights up all the time, and without a glimpse of the sun at noonday, whence to determine our exact position; off a sand-bar coast too, and a lee-shore. The captain's state-room was next to ours; and the third evening we overheard this:—

Mate. The dead-reckoning brings

us awfully near them cursed sand-bars.

Captain. We carried on too long. She's a jewel, close-hauled, and I hated to put back the third time; but it won't do: three hours more of this, and the masts would have to go to lighten her. We must lay her for Heligoland. We ought to see the light by eight bells, or soon after.

Mate. And if we miss it?

Captain. God help us! But the wind's in our favor; and we must trust to luck to make it. Go up and put her about at once.

Pretty serious! we thought it was. On cross-questioning the captain, he admitted that the coast to leeward of us and toward which, beating up under a heavy norwester, we had all day been drifting, was a very dangerous one, often strewn with wrecks. He said, however, that he thought we had a fair chance to make the lighthouse on Heligoland between twelve and one that night. If we did, it would give us our precise position, and the chief danger would be over.

"But if we did not?" I asked, as the mate had done.

The captain saw, I think, that I took it quietly; for after a pause he said, "I'll tell you the truth. We *may* be out in our reckoning, having only the log to trust to; and we might run on some sand-bar, inside the island, and have to take to the boats. But say nothing to the rest about it."

I asked him if we might lie down; and he said yes, in our clothes; and that he would wake us in time, if there was any danger.

In the cabin we found that the bad news had already spread. Some were bitterly bemoaning their hard fate; others sat, their heads buried in their hands, sobbing or rocking themselves to and fro: a small minority remaining self-possessed. My brother and I turned in, tired and sleepy, having been all day on deck, and never opened our eyes till seven o'clock next morning. Then we sprang up eager for the news.

"What!" said one of the passengers, — for they were all still assembled in the cabin, where they had passed sleepless night, — "don't you know that we made the lighthouse at one o'clock? Did n't you hear the rejoicing? Where have you been, in God's name?"

"Asleep," we told him; "the captain had promised to wake us up in good time."

They all stared; and I believe that our avowal caused us to be credited rather with callous apathy than with fortitude. I think youth and sound health and nerves braced by hardy exercise had more to do with it than either.

We made a fourth start, deserted, however, by some of the passengers; and a short run to London, under favorable winds, repaid us who still held to the vessel for past mishaps.

At home we found our father doing well in business; but, as a radical reformer, having lost much ground in public estimation.

He had been misled by prosperity, by benevolent enthusiasm; and there had been lacking, as steadying influence, thorough culture in youth. He had risen, with rare rapidity and by unaided exertion, to a giddy height. At ten years of age, he had entered London with ten dollars in pocket; at forty-five, he was worth quarter of a million. Then his *Essays on the Formation of Character*, backed by his success, pecuniary and social, at New Lanark, had won him golden opinions. He had been received, respectfully and sometimes with distinction, by those highest in position: by Lords Liverpool, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and by Mr. Canning; by the Royal Dukes York, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and especially by the Duke of Kent; by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sutton) and the Bishops of London, St. David's, Durham, Peterborough, and Norwich. Besides Bentham, his partner, he was more or less intimate with Godwin, Ricardo, Malthus, Bowring, Francis Place, Joseph Hume, James Mill, O'Connell, Roscoe,

Clarkson, Cobbett, Vansittart, Sir Francis Burdett, the Edgeworths, the statistician Colquhoun, Wilberforce, Coke of Norfolk, Macaulay (father of the historian), and Nathan Rothschild, the founder of his house. He had received as guests at Braxfield, among a multitude of others, Princes John and Maximilian of Russia, the Duke of Holstein Oldenburg, Baron Goldsmid, Baron Just, Saxon Ambassador, Cuvier, Henry Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Stowell, father-in-law of Lord Sidmouth. When he visited Paris, he took letters from the Duke of Kent to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), and from the French ambassador to the French Prime Minister; and he was invited to a visitor's chair by the French Academy. In Europe he made the acquaintance of La Place, Humboldt, La Rochefoucault, Boissy d'Anglas, Camille Jourdain, Pestalozzi, Madame de Staël, Pastor Oberlin, and many other celebrities. Then, too, his popularity among the masses quite equalled the favor with which men of rank and talent received him.

Is it matter of marvel that a self-made and self-taught man, thus suddenly and singularly favored by fortune should have miscalculated the immediate value of his social methods, and overestimated the influence of the position he had gained?

He worked, at that time, to disadvantage in another respect. He saw the errors of orthodox theology, and keenly felt their mischievous influence; but he did not clearly perceive the religious needs of the world.

He was a Deist. He stated his belief in an "eternal uncaused Existence, omnipresent and possessing attributes whereby the world is governed"; and that "man, the chief of terrestrial existences, has been formed by a Power, in our language called God, that eternally acts throughout the universe, but which no man has yet been able to comprehend."*

As to religion he said, "I am compelled to believe that all the religions of the world are so many geographical insanities." Nor did he except Christianity, for he added: "I should therefore as soon attempt to contend against the Christian religion in a Christian country as to contest any question with the inmates of a lunatic asylum."*

His strong, original mind, lacking the habit of critical study, tempted him to discard in gross, without examining in detail; and to overlook a fact of infinite importance in morals and legislation, to wit, that reverence, acting on man's spiritual part, is a legitimate and cogent motive that has influenced human actions in all ages of the world.

He was one of those who, like many of the ablest scientists in all countries, need experimental proof to convince them that, when the body is discarded at death, the man himself does not die, but passes on to another and higher phase of being; and till he was nearly eighty years old he never obtained such proof.

Through all the active portion of his life he was a Secularist; not denying a world to come, but believing that man had no proof of it, could have no knowledge of it, and ought not to trouble himself about it. Therefore he omitted from his system, as a motive to human conduct, all reference to another life; believing that men can be made to see so clearly how much it is for their interest to be temperate and industrious, just and kind, that, in virtue of such insight and without other prompting, they will act uprightly through life. He trusted to man's desire for happiness, aside from religion, to reform the world.

It may be set down, also, as partly due to his lack of critical scholarship, that he failed correctly to estimate Christianity; freely admitting, indeed, the truth and beauty of its precepts of peace and charity and loving-kindness, yet rating it no higher than Socrates's philosophy or the religion of Confucius. When he spoke of Christianity

* Debate between Robert Owen and the Rev. J. H. Roebuck, London and Manchester, 1837, pp. 7 and 25.

* Debate quoted, p. 106.

he meant, not the teachings of Christ himself, as an exact and patient student may fairly construe them from the narrative as it comes down to us through the synoptical gospels, but that orthodox theology, loaded down by extrinsic dogmas, which, especially in its Calvinistic phase, may properly be termed an Augustinian commentary on certain scholasticisms of St. Paul.

Some of the very truths he perceived tended further to discredit the Christian record in his eyes. He rejected, as an enlightened portion of mankind are learning to reject, the miraculous and the infallible; and he supposed, because King James's translators told him so,* that Christ claimed for himself miraculous powers. It did not suggest itself to him that the gifts or powers exercised by Jesus, though spiritual, might be natural, as occurring strictly under law. He did not believe that they occurred at all. He thought, as Rénan does, that Christ, governed by expediency, lent himself to imposture; and this, in his eyes, tended to disparage the person of Jesus and to cast suspicion on the narrative of his life.

So, also, as to inspiration. Unable to accept it, in its orthodox sense, as a special and miraculous gift direct from God, it did not occur to him that it might be an element of culture, traceable throughout the history of all ages and nations; a class of influences, ultramundane but not miraculous, coming to us, in virtue of intermundane laws, from a higher phase of being; and that, in this broad lease, inspiration more or less pure might be, as Bishop Butler suggests,† the original of all the religions of the world.

But for these errors and oversights, I think a spirit like my father's — benev-

* Every tyro in Greek knows that *dunamis* (which, in accordance with King James's instruction to his translators that "the old ecclesiastical words should be kept," is rendered, in our authorized version, *miracle*) means simply "power, faculty, efficacy": the word "dynamics" (certainly not a miraculous science) being derived from the same root.

† Analogy of Religion, Part II. Chap. II, pp. 195, 196, of London ed. of 1809.

olent, merciful, forgiving — would have felt that there *are* no such lessons taught by ancient philosophy, Oriental or European, as are embodied in parables like that of the Pharisee and Publican at prayer, and of the Prodigal Son; or in the record of that memorable scene in the Temple when the woman, who was a sinner, was brought up for judgment before Christ.

Robert Owen's mistakes, then, as a practical reformer, were, in my judgment, twofold.

First. He regarded self-love, or man's longing for happiness, rationally educated, as the most trustworthy foundation of morals. I think that the hunger and thirst after the Right,* which is induced by culture of the conscience, is a higher motive, and, because higher, a motive better fitted to elevate our race, than selfishness, however enlightened. Honesty *is* the best policy; truth *is* the safest course. But he who is honest and true for the sake of the Right is more worthy, alike of trust and of love, than he who is honest and true for the sake of profit to himself.

Secondly. He limited his view of man to the first threescore and ten years of his life, ignoring the illimitable future beyond. But the Secular school can never prevail against the Spiritual. It has nothing to offer but this world, and that is insufficient for man.

Acting upon his ardent convictions, and subordinating to these all considerations of money or fame, my father, in the autumn of the year 1817, after elaborate preparation, held three public meetings in the great hall of the City of London Tavern. In the two first he set forth his views on education and on the social arrangement of society; and these seem to have been favorably received, eliciting commendatory notices from the Times and other leading journals. Thereupon several sectarian papers called upon him to declare his views on religion, which, till then, he had withheld. And this appears to have produced a sud-

* Matthew v. 6.

den resolution which he disclosed to no one, wishing to take the sole responsibility; namely, at the third meeting (as he himself expresses it), to "denounce and reject all the religions of the world."

The day before this meeting (August 20) he had an interview, by appointment, with Lord Liverpool, who received him graciously; and when my father asked permission to place his name and the names of other members of the Cabinet on the committee of investigation the appointment of which he proposed to move at the meeting next day, the Minister replied, "You may make any use of our names you please, short of implicating the government."

The meeting was crowded by thousands, and thousands more went away unable to find even standing room. My father began by putting the question, "What has hitherto retarded the advancement of our race to a high state of virtue and happiness?" The words of his reply clearly indicate the enthusiastic excitement under which his mind was laboring: "Who can answer that question? who dares answer it but with his life in his hand?—a ready and willing victim to truth, and to the emancipation of the world from its long bondage of error, crime, and misery. Behold that victim! On this day! in this hour! even now! shall those bonds be burst asunder, never more to reunite while the world lasts!"

Then he proceeded to declare that the arrest of human progress toward a rational state was due to the "gross errors underlying every religion that has hitherto been taught to man."*

These sweeping and extravagant sentiments were doubtless uttered with the same sincerity, and in somewhat the same state of feeling, that prompted the monk Telemachus to confront in the arena of the Coliseum the anger of the Roman Emperor and populace, in an effort to put an end to the barbarity of gladiator shows. My father spared no cost in publishing

what he had said; purchasing of the London newspapers which appeared on the day succeeding each of his three lectures respectively thirty thousand copies. These papers, then heavily stamped, sold at fifteen cents apiece. In addition to this he printed forty thousand copies of each in pamphlet form, at a cost of more than six thousand dollars. In two months he had expended, for paper, printing, and postage, twenty thousand dollars.* The London mails, on the three days succeeding his lectures, were delayed, by the unexampled increase of mail-matter, twenty minutes beyond their set time.

My father, with fervid and exaggerated ideas of his mission, was evidently prepared for violence, even for outrage; † and he had enough of the martyr in him to face it: yet he need not have feared. The ages have long gone by when a self-sacrificing reformer imperils life, or loses it as the noble Roman monk did at the hands of the very sufferers for whose liberties and lives he was pleading, ‡ by an honest endeavor to benefit his race. The day is past, even, when, in a free-minded country like England, one incurs personal risk by expressing, however boldly, if only honestly and decorously and without exciting to revolutionary violence, any opinions, no matter how extreme or unpopular.

What he did incur was a certain measure of ostracism. The Times led on, wheeling into line against him, and other periodicals followed its lead. He lost caste in the eyes of the pious, the conservative, and, in a general way, of the influential classes; though some of these last, including the Duke of Kent and Lord Brougham, stood by him to the end. A few of his personal friends avoided his society, and many more were alarmed and dispirited.

He retained his hold, however, upon

* *Autobiography*, p. 156.

† *Ibid.*, p. 161.

‡ Telemachus was slain by the gladiators themselves, incensed at his interference, about A. D. 400, under the Emperor Honorius. — *Milman's History of Christianity*, Vol. III., Book IV. Chap. II.

* *Autobiography*, p. 161.

the working classes ; and in the sequel he extended and fortified an influence over them which is sensibly felt, alike in its truths and its errors, to this day. An official Report on Religious Worship, made in connection with the British census of 1851 to the Registrar-General, speaks of the prevalence of secularism among the laboring classes; its principal tenet, the reporter says, being that, as another world is matter of uncertainty, it is wise not to waste our energies on so remote a contingency, but to restrict our thoughts and exertions to the present life, adding : "This is the creed which probably with most exactness indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is entertained by the masses of our working population."* Thirty years ago the Westminster Review had said : "The principles of Robert Owen are, in one form or another, the actual creed at the present time of a great portion of the working-classes."†

The reviewer speaks here, of course, of my father's ideas on co-operative industry as well as on religion. I learned recently from an English gentleman who has taken the lead in forming co-operative unions, that the amount of capital now invested in co-operative stores, manufactories, and the like, throughout Great Britain, exceeds eight millions of dollars; that, with scarcely an exception, these have been a financial success; and that they are rapidly on the increase.

While all earnest believers in a better world than this must regret the prevalence of materialistic opinions among England's laborers, it is an open question whether the fallow ground of secularism be not better fitted to receive the good seed of vital religion than the dogmatic field of theology, often choked with a thousand noxious weeds.

There are various niches to be filled by those who would render service to

their fellows; and the ultra-reformer's is one of these. It needs a violent wrench to unsettle the deep-seated errors of centuries, before quiet truths and well-considered opinions—the sober second-thought which succeeds agitation—can take their places.

The pioneer, meanwhile, suffers for his rashness. Yet, on my return to Braxfield, I found my father as sanguine as ever, busy in perfecting his educational reforms, and apparently thinking little, and caring less, about the loss of his popularity. I myself was much occupied, for several years, in the personal supervision of the village schools, both day and evening. Several incidents that influenced, more or less, my after-life grew out of this occupation.

In the summer of 1824, when I was twenty-two years old, the first book I ever wrote, a small octavo volume of a hundred pages was published in London and Glasgow: its title, *An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark*. It was favorably received by the public; and, in glancing over its pages, now after an interval of half a century, I do not find much to retract. Left free by my father to say just what I pleased, I did not follow his religious lead. In our schools he had not only scrupulously excluded all opinions, such as he himself held, against the religions of the day, but he allowed brief portions of the Scriptures to be statedly read by the children, because their parents wished it. Their time, however, was mainly occupied, aside from lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in mastering the more important facts taught by natural science, geography, and history.

The ground I assumed was this : "A knowledge of these facts is a necessary preliminary to the study of the science of religion; and a child, at an early age, should become acquainted with them, instead of being instructed in abstruse doctrinal points. . . . An acquaintance with the works of the Deity, such as these children acquire, must lay the basis of true religion ;

* Report on Religious Worship made by Horace Mann, barrister of Lincoln's Inn, to the Registrar-General, under date December 8, 1853.

† Westminster Review for April, 1839.

because true religion must be in unison with all facts.*

In those days Jeremy Bentham was my favorite author, and I was deeply read in his *Principles of Morals and Legislation*. From him and from my father I accepted the theory that utility is the test and measure of virtue; and this caused me to fall in with what I now regard as one of Robert Owen's mistakes; to wit, the assuming enlightened selfishness as the most trustworthy basis of elevated morality. In the introduction to the account of our school system I find myself saying: "A clear knowledge and distinct conviction of the necessary consequences of any particular line of conduct is all that is necessary to direct the child in the way he should go; provided common justice be done to him in regard to the other circumstances which surround him in infancy and childhood." †

The publication of these and similar opinions procured for me, some time afterwards, an interesting introduction. Having accompanied my father on one of his visits to London, I told him that I much wished to make Jeremy Bentham's acquaintance. He replied that Bentham's aversion to new faces was such that his most intimate friends could not take the liberty even to propose an introduction, unless he had himself expressed a desire on the subject. But a week or two later he informed me that he had visited Bentham, who said to him, in his abrupt way: "Owen, I like that son of yours. I've been reading his book. Send him to see me, will you? No, I'll write him myself."

Ten days later I had an invitation to his *symposium*, as he sometimes called his seven-o'clock evening meal; at which, however, there was abundance to eat as well as to drink: the pro-

fane vulgar would have called it a late dinner—and a very good one.

I preserve a most agreeable recollection of that grand old face, beaming with benignity and intelligence, and occasionally with a touch of humor, which I did not expect. The portrait of him which is prefixed to the later English editions of his *Morals and Legislation* is very like him, as I saw him then, at the age of seventy-eight, six years before his death.

I do not remember to have met any one of his age who seemed to have more complete possession of his faculties, bodily and mental; and this surprised me the more because I knew that, in his childhood, he had been a feeble-limbed, frail boy, precocious, indeed,—taking his degree of A. M. at eighteen,—but with little of that health of body which is sometimes spoken of as indispensable to health of mind. I knew, also, that, in his early years, in that gloomy "Lincoln's Inn garret" (as he himself called it), and before he had made the acquaintance of the cheerful and talented circle at Lord Shelburne's, he had been sad and desponding, dispirited by the world's lack of appreciation of youthful efforts, which to-day are admitted to have given evidence of marvellous acuteness and promise. Add to this that his later attempts to have his principles of jurisprudence adopted, at first by his own government, afterwards by the United States, and not long before I saw him, by Spain, had all been unsuccessful; and yet there I found him, having over-passed by nearly a decade the allotted threescore years and ten, with step as active and eye as bright and conversation as vivacious as one expects in a hale man of fifty.

Our dinner-party consisted of John Neal of Maine, the author of *Logan* and other novels, and then, I think, an inmate of Bentham's house; and three or four others whose names I can no longer recall. I shall never forget my surprise when we were ushered by the venerable philosopher into his dining-room. An apartment of good size, it

* *New Lanark Schools*, pp. 52, 53, 56, 57.

† Work cited, pp. 12, 13, 16. I admitted elsewhere, however, that convictions as to our true interests might be counteracted by the influence of evil associates; confessing that "man is gregarious; and he might choose to traverse a desert in the company of others, though it led to danger and death, in preference to a solitary journey, though it conducted through gardens to a paradise." — p. 21.

was occupied by a platform about two feet high, and which filled the whole room, except a passage-way, some three or four feet wide, which had been left so that one could pass all round it. Upon this platform stood the dinner-table and chairs, with room enough for the servants to wait upon us. Around the head of the table was a huge screen, to protect the old man, I suppose, against the draught from the doors.

The dinner passed cheerfully, amid the lively, and to me most interesting conversation of our host; but I observed that he did not touch upon any of the topics of the day, nor allude to recent events, political or social; while his recollections of the past were vivid and ready. His talk ran chiefly on those principles of morals and jurisprudence which have made his name famous.

When the cloth was drawn and we had sat for some time over our "wine and walnuts," Bentham pulled a bell-rope that hung on his right. "John, my marmaladé!" he called out to the servant who entered; then, to us: "That Scotch marmalade is an excellent digester. I always take a little after dinner."

When another half-hour had passed, he touched the bell again. This time his order to the servant startled me: "John, my nightcap!"

I rose to go, and one or two others did the same; Neal sat still. "Ah!" said Bentham, as he drew a black silk nightcap over his spare gray hair, "you think that's a hint to go. Not a bit of it. Sit down! I'll tell you when I am tired. I'm going to *vibrate* a little; that assists digestion, too."

And with that he descended into the trench-like passage, of which I have spoken, and commenced walking briskly back and forth, his head nearly on a level with ours, as we sat. Of course we all turned toward him. For full half an hour, as he walked, did he continue to pour forth such a witty and eloquent invective against kings, priests,

and their retainers, as I have seldom listened to. Then he returned to the head of the table and kept up the conversation, without flagging, till midnight ere he dismissed us.

His parting words to me were characteristic: "God bless you,—if there be such a being; and at all events, my young friend, take care of yourself."

Bentham's standing as a reformer of jurisprudence was not, at that time, what it afterwards grew to be, especially in England; thanks to the translations and able editing of his works by Dumont, he was more highly appreciated in France. Yet his posthumous fame was greater than his reputation while living. I heard him often spoken of as an ultra radical by those who thought that one of the gravest terms of reproach. It is true that after I saw him, but while he yet lived, Mackintosh admitted that "Bentham had done more than any other man to rouse the spirit of judicial reformation." But it was years after his death that Macaulay paid him this higher tribute: "Posterity will pronounce its calm and impartial decision; and that decision will, we firmly believe, place in the same rank with Galileo and with Locke the man who found jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a science. In some of the highest departments in which the human intellect can exert itself, he has not left his equal nor his second behind him."

With John Neal I kept up the acquaintance thus begun. My father, ardent in his love of civil and religious liberty, had brought me up to think highly of America and Americans; and the young man's enthusiastic admiration of Bentham fell in well with my own. He was then engaged in writing, for Blackwood, sketches of the literary and political celebrities of the United States, which I read eagerly; and the stories he told of his native country had for me all the charm of romance.

One day, when I was walking with him in Hyde Park, we met Henry Brougham, who accosted me, Neal

sauntering on. I had spent several days of the previous week near Birmingham, with the Hills; Rowland, afterwards Sir Rowland, author of the penny-postage system, and for many years at the head of the British post-office; together with two other brothers, Frederick and Matthew; the former noted in later years for his work on *Crime and its Causes*; the latter, for his exertions in procuring law reform. They were then conducting a large boarding-school or private college for boys, justly celebrated in its day; and, as Brougham knew of my visit, he had stopped me to learn what I thought of that institution. I spoke of it, as I felt, in terms of the warmest approval. I remember that one trifling peculiarity which I related to him took his fancy, as it had taken mine: we were roused in the morning, not by the harsh clang of a bell, but by the soft tones of a cornet, gradually swelling until the musician concluded that they were loud enough to awaken the sleeping population of the house, — a most pleasant and harmonious ushering in of a new day, it had seemed to me.

Our conversation ended, I rejoined Neal. "Some schoolmaster, was it not?" he asked in an indifferent tone.

"No, indeed," said I; "that was Henry Brougham. I should have introduced you, if you had n't walked off."

Neal stopped dead short, and stared at me. "Henry Brougham!" he cried out at last. "The man of all others I wanted to see and know! What an ass I was! not to see, in his face, the power and talent he has, — to mistake him for some old pedagogue."

Henry Brougham, though then without title, had been, for years, a distinguished member of Parliament, eminent for his passionate eloquence and vehement invective; famous, too, as the legal defender of Queen Caroline. He had also been chosen a year or two before, though Walter Scott was his competitor, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and his recent work *On the Education of the People*

was attracting universal attention. No wonder, then, that my friend Neal, sanguine, impressible, and a worshipper of genius, was provoked with himself for having missed an introduction.

I may state here that there was, between Brougham and my father, so great a personal resemblance, alike in face and person, that the one was frequently mistaken for the other. A year or two after Brougham obtained his title, my father, passing through Macclesfield in the mail-coach, was accosted, while it stopped there, by a gentleman who said he was glad to see his Lordship again so soon. My father, guessing the mistake, protested that he was not Lord Brougham; but the other rejoined, "You wish to travel incognito; but you forget that I had the honor of dining with your Lordship three weeks ago." This was noised about; a crowd collected; and when the coach started again, they gave three hearty cheers for Lord Brougham, the people's friend.

My father, while I was with him in London, introduced me to a noted author, already known to me through two of his works, — *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*, — and as the husband, thirty years before that time, however, of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. William Godwin was then seventy years old; but he seemed to me older than Bentham. Feeble and bent, he had neither the bright eye nor the elastic step of the utilitarian philosopher. In person he was small and insignificant. His capacious forehead, seeming to weigh down the aged head, alone remained to indicate the talent which even his opponents confessed that he had shown, alike in his novels and in his graver works. His conversation gave me the impression of intellect without warmth of heart; it touched on great principles, but was measured and unimpulsive; as great a contrast to Bentham's as could well be imagined.

His face, however, twenty years before, if one might judge by what seemed a capital oil-painting that hung over

the mantel-piece, must have had a noble expression. A head of Mary Wollstonecraft, in another part of the room, was inferior as a picture. But the face, less masculine than I had figured it to myself, was very beautiful; a peculiar soft and loving expression about the eyes mingling with a look of great intelligence. Godwin assured me that it was an excellent likeness. I gazed at it, calling to mind some of the sad passages of her life as recorded by her husband, and wondering whether her brief union with him had made up for previous sufferings.

My visits to London were occasional

only, when my father needed an amanuensis.

At New Lanark I spent part of my time, during two or three years, in my father's counting-house, greatly to my after-advantage. I mastered, also, every operation by which cotton yarn is produced: for my father left me manager in his absence, intending that I should by and by take his place. This was not to be.

Meanwhile there occurred what forms one of the most romantic episodes of my life; of which I propose to give the details in the next chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE fourth volume of Dr. Palfrey's *Compendious History of New England* completes the series which places the result of his long and profound study of the subject within the reach of such as could not, for want of time or any other reason, acquaint themselves with it in his larger work. The first volume treats of the earliest explorations in this region, the geography, natural history, and native inhabitants; of the settlement of the different New England Colonies, and of their organization, their first union, and their political, social, and religious progress up to the middle of the seventeenth century. The second volume carries us forward to the year 1689, when William and Mary were proclaimed in Boston, and Governor An-

dros was arrested and shipped to England. It deals with such events and facts as the Quaker troubles, the granting of the charters by Charles II., and the whole relation of the Colonies to the Stuarts; King Philip's war; the disputes with England, and the final vacation of the charter of Massachusetts; the coming of Andros, and his proceedings here up to the time of his expulsion. We noticed the third volume in the *Atlantic* for November last, when we endeavored to do justice to its interesting presentation of such unpicturesque and undramatic, but very characteristic matters as the attempts of Massachusetts to regain her earlier independence; her disappointment and continued humiliation by those liberal

* *A Compendious History of New England, from the Discovery by Europeans to the first General Congress of the Anglo-American Colonies.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. Boston: H. C. Shepard. 1873.

Key to North American Birds, containing a Concise Account of every Species of living and fossil Bird at present known from the Continent north of the Mexican and United States Boundary. Illustrated by six Steel Plates, and upwards of two hundred and fifty Woodcuts. By ELLIOTT COVES, Assistant-Surgeon, United States Army. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. New York: Dodd and Mead. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1872.

Behind the Bars. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 12mo. 1871.

Contributions to Mental Pathology. By I. RAY, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1873.

Never Again. By W. S. MAYO, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons. 1873.

The Brook and other Poems. By WILLIAM B. WRIGHT. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By DR. SCHWEGLER. Translated and annotated by JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL. D., Author of the *Secret of Hegel*. New York: Putnam and Sons. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

Geschichte der Philosophie im Umriss. Von DR. ALBERT SCHWEGLER. Stuttgart: Franck. 1848.

princes from whom she had hoped so much; and her long disputes with royal governors about salary and other things, as well as the incidents of the ceaseless strife with the French and Indians; the disastrous failure of costly expeditions against the French colonies, and the terrible tragedies of the Salem witchcraft excitement. It brings the history of New England to the second quarter of the eighteenth century, at which period the fourth volume resumes the tale, and continues it until New England history is merged in American history by the revolutionary union of all the Colonies against Great Britain.

The three governors following Shute, namely, Burnet, Shirley, and Bernard, sustained with ardor the old controversy with the Legislature of Massachusetts. They demanded a fixed salary, as due to the representative of royalty in the Colony; and the Legislature steadily refused it, though ready and willing to make handsome occasional grants; and finally the executive gave up the hopeless contest. The Legislature never relaxed the hold on a refractory governor which the power to refuse him money gave them. It is curious to follow this controversy, and to observe how it never lost, in any recurrence, its original character; how it came to no decision, but simply expired by limitation, as it were. They were all Englishmen, New or Old, in that day, and it was maintained with true English doggedness, and at last simply shirked, by the losing side, in true English content with expediency.

But a far more interesting phase of colonial history was the Great Awakening of religious feeling in New England, to which Dr. Palfrey devotes one of his chapters. No doubt we degenerate people should not have found the religious temper or observances of the time lax, but there had no doubt been an abatement of the Puritanic zeal of earlier days. It is possible that the fierce theological abandon of the witchcraft excitement had something to do with this reaction; but however it was, the New-Englanders of 1734 were but an ungodly generation, comparatively speaking. The awakening began in the congregation of Jonathan Edwards, whose powerful sermons on justification by faith, and God's absolute sovereignty mightily stirred up the people of Northampton. "The noise among the dry bones," says the eminent preacher, "waxed louder and louder, . . . till there was scarcely a single person in the

town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned." The good work spread throughout the neighboring towns, and into Connecticut; and an account of it was sent to England and there published by Dr. Watts. George Whitefield was invited to New England, and came, remaining ten days in Boston, where he preached at one time to fifteen thousand people, — almost the whole population. He made a *furor* wherever he went, throughout the Province; he delivered his farewell sermon on the Common to an audience of thirty thousand; and under his exhortations and those of his colleagues, the entire people seemed to revert to its best Puritanical estate. "Persons not converted were sobered, so that the whole social aspect was changed. 'Even the negroes and boys in the streets surprisingly left off their rudeness. . . . Taverns, dancing-schools, and such meetings as had been called assemblies . . . were much less frequented. Many reduced their dress and apparel.' And it was 'both surprising and pleasant to see how some younger people, and of that sex too which is most fond of such vanities, put off the bravery of their ornaments.'" It is a sad story how the whole work was brought into discredit by the ill-advised zeal of one man, James Davenport, a minister of Long Island, who once preached a sermon twenty-four hours long, attempted miracles, ran about the country converting other ministers' congregations, and publicly crying out upon such ministers as he deemed not to have had a genuine religious experience, and who ended, poor man, by confessing that he had been wrong in all this, "being much influenced in the affair by a false spirit . . . and withal very offensive to that God, before whom I would lie in the dust, prostrate in deep humility and repentance on this account; imploring pardon for the Mediator's sake, and thankfully accepting the tokens thereof."

Hard upon this religious excitement came a period of military activity, during which the capture of Louisburg, the most brilliant exploit of our colonial history, took place. It was effected almost wholly by the colonies and forces; but England, with supreme indifference to their glory and safety, restored the fortress to France at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Some ten years later, the English again took the place, after a siege of seven weeks; and in 1759 Quebec fell, and New France became part of the

British Empire. This event did not give in London the unmixed joy that it gave in Boston; and it does not increase our hereditary love of England to know that there was not wanting an able English pamphleteer to deplore the downfall of the French colonies because the English Provinces, liberated from the incursions of the French and Indians, would now be more independent of the mother country, and more prosperous than ever. She had done what she could to keep them helpless by restricting their commerce and forbidding their manufactures; but this had not been effectual, and patriotic Englishmen felt with alarm that since the eighty years' war with New France was ended, since the people of the frontier villages were no longer in danger of the savage firebrand and tomahawk, and the great towns were released from the long waste of life and money, there were no lengths to which the unfruitful colonists might not prosper. In fact, such Englishmen were not so far wrong. The fall of Quebec may be considered one of the preliminary events of the American Revolution; and Dr. Palfrey traces with that admirable clearness of his the successive steps which led to that struggle from the time of the last French war. There is no heat nor haste in his judgment of England; but as one follows his cool and accurate statement of the facts, one feels with almost a novel satisfaction how richly that power deserved to lose the colonies which she governed with such mean jealousy, such greedy stupidity. We hope no reader will pass carelessly over these chapters of the history, because they deal with events and names as familiar as household words; the new light on them makes them newly significant; and we cannot too often refresh the sense that our national being was founded in wisdom and justice,—the feeling may help us over some doubts and fears for the present, and may touch us with a wholesome shame that we should in any wise have suffered such an inheritance to sink into disgrace and corruption.

The period which this volume covers has little of the charm which attracts us to the earlier times. The poetry of the first Puritan invasion of the wilderness has long since faded out of the story; the Quakers and witches are no longer persecuted to death; the terrible wars with the French and Indians have come to a final and prosperous close. The men who chiefly figure have not the austere picturesqueness of the

first magistrates and ministers; they are statesmen, with already more of the politician than the pilgrim in them. Yet on this grave neutral ground of colonial annals there is one bit of personal history which burns like a vivid touch of red in some gray-toned landscape. About the middle of the last century, Governor Shirley visited Europe, and "at Paris, when past the age of threescore, he had been attracted by the beauty of a young girl, the daughter of his landlord, and, having married her, he brought her to Boston,—child and Catholic as she was,—to take precedence in the society of the Puritan matrons of Massachusetts." We recommend this fact to some poet or romancer, looking about for a subject, as one of almost unlimited capabilities: only imagine the governor's happiness, the joy of the young French wife, and the satisfaction of the Massachusetts matrons in the situation! The historian leaves the fact with the simple statement we have given; but human nature demands something more: what beneficent genius will invent us something concerning it?

Another event of Governor Shirley's administration has already afforded us the finest English poem of our time; we mean the transportation of the French Neutrals from Acadia, which suggested to Mr. Longfellow the unsurpassable story of *Evangeline*. If the reader likes to read the history of that melancholy affair, here it is narrated in Dr. Palfrey's fourth volume with all the soberness, conciseness, and fidelity which characterizes his whole work.

We are struck, indeed, in glancing over the ground he has so faithfully occupied, with the singular fitness of the writer for his theme. It is not a history out of which the merely imaginative admirer of the past could make very much. Its dramatic incidents are few and meagre. It is sad-colored, austere, simple in character. It hides its poetry, and its high significance for the future of mankind, under an array of facts as little showy and romantic as the garb and visage under which each Puritan hid the tenderness and strength of his nature. It is the record of a God-fearing community abandoning home and country for the freedom of the wilderness, but carrying, like malicious kobolds, among their household gear the errors of superstition, intolerance, and persecution from which they fled. Yet they were a people who could learn mercy as well as righteousness. Their sins in the witchcraft ex-

citement were acknowledged and deplored with grave publicity by magistrate and minister and citizen, and all the forms of religious severity were relaxed as soon as New England ceased to be a company and became a nation. But what they felt to be right that they held fast. A charter might be granted or vacated; still they clung to the substance of liberty; and when this was threatened, after patient submission to many wrongs, they were first among the colonists to rebel against unjust authority, and to enter upon the contest that destroyed it.

Such a history needed for its narrator just those qualities of patient investigation, self-denying strictness, conscientious accuracy, judicial impartiality, and literary neatness which Dr. Palfrey so eminently possesses. A more colored or ambitious style would have ludicrously discorded with the grave and simple stuff of the annals; a greater tendency to hero-worship would have given us more striking figures and faces, but would not have given the unity and balance of an action in which the led were as important as the leaders; the spirit of the advocate could have made a more brilliant and effective case at many points, but justice and truth would have suffered. Dr. Palfrey relegates to the poets and the romancers their pilgrims, their heroes, their martyrs, and produces a close and careful study of the past with faithful portraits of such men and women as figured prominently in it. His work is not one that will take the idler from his "novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme," or from what Coleridge considers the analogous diversions of "gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge, smoking, snuff-taking"; nay, we doubt if he had it ever in his mind to allure the lover of these amusements. His history is wanting in all the effects that the mere time-killing reader enjoys; no fine costumes in picturesque groups; drums and trumpets few and of business-like note; no banners for the fights of the pathless woods and tangled morasses of the bitter and rocky coasts, the hard and hostile interior. It is the story of a serious people, told, as it was lived, with unostentatious dignity and with an unremitted endeavor for verity and justice.

—Manuals and text-books of zoölogy, as well as those works commonly ranked as "popular" treatises on natural history, have, as is well known, been usually prepared

by mere compilers, possessing few qualifications for the task. That worthless works, perpetuating antiquated theories and opinions long abandoned by investigators, should alone be accessible to persons seeking to know something of the special subjects of which they treat, is the fault more of investigators themselves, perhaps, than of the ignorant compilers of such works, or of their still more ignorant purchasers. The original workers in zoölogy are commonly too much engrossed with their special lines of study to care to devote their limited time to popularizing the latest views and discoveries in their respective fields of inquiry.

Packard's *Guide to the Study of Insects*, and Agassiz's *Seaside Studies*, have hitherto been the only works written in this country with the design of placing within the reach of the general reader any adequate guide to the study of any particular department of zoölogy. We have, until now, had no work, treating especially of any class of vertebrates, adapted to the needs of common students, nor anything in zoölogical literature comparable in point of completeness and detail with Gray's excellent *Manual of our flora*. Dr. Coues, in his *Key to North American Birds*, is hence the first to provide a manual of the character in question. Though moulded essentially on the plan that has for many years been so successfully adopted in the preparation of botanical manuals, Dr. Coues's work, as a zoölogical handbook, is thus far unique in its conception and execution. Its author has been long known to the ornithological world as an investigator of very high ability, and the conscientious care and accuracy that have marked his monographs and other special papers is sufficient assurance to his fellow-workers of fidelity and thoroughness in a work of the character and importance of the one forming the subject of the present notice. A critical examination of Dr. Coues's book reveals, it is true, here and there slight faults of execution, but they in no way detract essentially from its value as a reliable hand-book, and one well suited to meet the wants of beginners in ornithology, while it affords at the same time a standard and convenient work of reference for advanced students and even specialists.

The work is divided into three parts. The first consists of a general Introduction, occupying about sixty pages, and is devoted to an elementary exposition of the

leading principles of ornithology. It also contains very full descriptions of the external parts and organs of birds, and defines and explains the technical terms in ordinary use in ornithological literature; these descriptions and explanations being accompanied by suitable illustrations. The second part, or Key to the Genera and Subgenera, consists of a continuous analytical table, forming an artificial analysis of the genera, similar to the analytical tables employed in botany as a guide to the natural orders. The Introduction fully prepares the student for the use of the Key to the Genera. Having mastered the former, he is guided by means of the latter to the identification of any species of North American bird he may chance to have.

The remaining three hundred pages of the work are devoted to a Systematic Synopsis of North American Birds. In this synopsis are included all the birds of North America found north of Mexico, arranged after a generally approved system of classification. The higher groups are characterized with considerable detail, and the extra-limital forms being also included, the reader is made acquainted, in a general way, with the exotic as well as the North American families of the avian class. In the descriptions of the species, Dr. Coues has shown a happy skill in seizing upon such distinctions as are alone significant, the student thus escaping the confusion that results from the introduction of irrelevant matter, such as one too often finds in our best descriptive ornithological writings. The geographical distribution of each species is generally fully indicated, and occasionally are added terse characterizations of their habits. The size of the work necessarily precludes the introduction of extended biographical notices of the species, the lack of which is, in a measure, supplied by references to the works of Wilson, Nuttall, Audubon, and other standard authorities on the subject. By the use of abbreviations and a few arbitrary signs, a large amount of information is compressed into the few lines that constitute the specific diagnosis.

One of the most important features of this portion of the work, and one almost for the first time introduced into general works on ornithology, is the critical discriminations made between species and varieties or geographical races. Recent advances in the science have rendered these discriminations indispensable, and throughout the work they have been rigidly and judicious-

ly introduced. The number of forms recognized as specific has thereby been greatly reduced from the number current only a few years ago; but the reduction is one now sanctioned, it may be safely said, by the majority of American ornithologists. In respect to the genera, the author has adopted a less uniform practice, having correspondingly reduced these groups only among the waders and swimmers. In respect to the large number of genera admitted, the author says in his Preface that he was "led into this — unnecessarily, perhaps, and certainly against [his] judgment — partly by a desire to disturb current nomenclature as little as possible, and partly because it is still uncertain what value should be attached to a generic name." He intimates, however, that, on another occasion, he should probably extend the reduction of the generic names to the remaining groups.

Upward of two hundred of the woodcuts occur in the third part, or Synopsis, and are devoted mainly to the illustration of the generic and family characters, as the structure of the feet, the form of the bill, wings, etc. About one half represent the head, generally of the natural size, while each family has one or more full-length figures. A few of the figures give merely outlines of the parts illustrated, but the greater number are carefully executed drawings made by the author from nature.

The volume closes with a synopsis of all the fossil birds as yet discovered in North America. This forms an extremely valuable feature of the work, it having been prepared by the highest authority on the subject (Professor O. C. Marsh of New Haven), and being the only general exposition of this department of American ornithology that has been made.

— We omitted to notice *Behind the Bars* when it appeared; but it has proved the occasion of so acrimonious a controversy in the newspapers lately that we have been led to read it. Written by a lady, once a patient, it professes to expose certain evils incident to our asylum system. The purpose is legitimate and the *tone* (as distinguished from the matter, for we fear the book is not free from misrepresentation of facts) is unexceptionable. Indeed, the style, though somewhat rambling and at times deficient in superficial elegance, has a depth and fulness not often met with. The grievances against which she inveighs are

not of the Charles Reade-ian rib-breaking character, though it is true she describes an amount of strait-jacketing, stomach-pump feeding, night patrolling, and suppression of correspondence with friends, that certainly would fall under the head of "abuse" of power. But the testimony of a patient is always presumably untrustworthy, and we prefer to consider these accounts as grossly exaggerated, to say no more. The anecdote on page 331 of a girl so vivacious that she was put into a ward of demented patients and became demented herself in consequence, is told, we are sure, from an inadequate knowledge of the facts; and we are equally sure that the author is mistaken in what she says about the systematic separation of patients who have become "too intimate." But abstracting these matters, there remains a mass of complaint from what we may call the purely sentimental point of view, that is, perhaps, well founded in the asylum system; and to this she has given touching and forcible expression. Persons of sensibility and refinement like herself — and there are always some such in an asylum, not to speak of those whose sensibility is morbid and excessive, — must be vexed every hour in the day by the rigid discipline of an immense institution whose rules are made for the average convenience of all its inmates, wounded by the tactless authority of uncultivated attendants, and distressed by the deficient sympathy and discrimination which the overtaxed medical officers are able to bestow upon them. To the judicious reader, then, the book may be commended as a plea for one special interest, taking no account of the many others involved. It is feminine in its one-sidedness, perhaps in its inaccuracy, but also in its sympathetic insight. To the sane and practical world lunacy is a bed in which one cannot by any artifice lie straight, and in which an inch more or less of discomfort does not much matter. The patient is out of joint with the world of things, and at the best the world of things must thwart him. But there are degrees; and to the particular madman who feels that with a little more trouble on some one's part, the thwarting would bear less hard on *him*, your reference to general laws will always seem a mockery.

We know that the medical profession, as a whole, frowns on any attempt to invoke the public ear in these matters. But the fact is that reform here, as in other places,

is mainly or even wholly a question of money. To be faultlessly cared for when one is acutely insane requires a greater outlay than any but the very richest can meet. But, as no citizen is exempt from danger of the disease, every one is directly interested that the public provision of which he may some day be forced to become a beneficiary should be as faultless as possible. The public generosity must be called upon. But how, unless you let the public realize to some extent in imagination the evils incident to the present order of enormous, over-crowded establishments without any system of occupations or diversions for their inmates, can you get it into a liberal enough mood to pay for the new salaries, buildings, and apparatus which a better order of things would require? Of course the particular sort of jealous anxiety with which the public mind is filled by the "revelations" that are often made — revelations of abuses, properly so called, to which this book in a mild way adds its *quantum* — is, on the whole, quite groundless, and does the greatest injustice to the individual superintendents and others who fall under the ban of its suspicion. But even with this injustice included, we are not sure of its being on the whole pernicious. Public feeling has no power of direct interference; and so long as it remains an influence urging those who have authority to spare no exertion to disarm its cavils of whatever shadow of truth may lurk in them, it must bear wholesome fruit to the community as a whole. Specialists, indeed, claim to be able to give each other all the improvement they need. The kind of criticism an ignorant laity passes on their proceedings is apt to be wide enough of the mark; and to have to submit to this sort of prejudice, in addition to the ingratitude and slander they are sure to receive from a large portion of their patients, may well make the position of asylum physician seem unenviable. Nevertheless, we suppose there may be a certain amount of the partisan *esprit de corps* and routine even in a profession which for a hundred years past has had one of the brightest records humanity can show. And if there is only a grain of it, it is well to bear hard upon it from the outside. If individuals incur wrongful blame in the process, they can sternly console themselves with the thought that the honor of their calling is proportioned to its exposure.

Dr. Ray, the title of whose work follows next upon our list, stands as a writer easily

at the head of this honorable profession in our country. This volume is only a culling from the essays which, for a quarter of a century, have proceeded from his fertile pen. In all of them is to be noticed the same fluent and varied style, tending perhaps a little to diffuseness, and the same lucidity of thought and expression. Since he commends the book to the "general reader" as containing "nothing unworthy the attention of any thoughtful mind," we may assume that he approves of the public interest being awakened to the general subject of lunacy. A large proportion of the essays in the book are of a polemic, or at least an argumentative character. Although there is no express discussion of asylum "abuses," yet it would be easy to gather a string of extracts which would make a formidable looking reply to many of the current accusations. We give a few examples:—

"Hardness of feeling towards the hospital, the friends, or any others who have promoted or favored the patient's restraint, must always throw doubt on the genuineness of any apparent recovery. One who is fully restored will harbor no other than feelings of complacency and gratitude towards those who have cared for him when unable to care for himself, and shielded him from a mortifying and dangerous exposure of his infirmity. He will never cease to entertain the most friendly feeling towards those who, under every provocation calculated to try their temper and patience, pursued the mild and even tenor of their way, returned his abuse with silence or with gentle words, and exhausted all the arts of kindness in soothing his troubled spirit and restoring it to peace and happiness."

Dr. Ray speaks of "that advance in Christian sentiment which in these our days would bring within the benign influences of the hospital *all* the unfortunate victims of mental infirmity." And in another place, writing of the tests of a spurious recovery, he says: "Among the most prominent are a certain impatience, restlessness, and constant dwelling on the one idea of going home. The last is always a suspicious circumstance, and always a sufficient warrant for delay. Some manifestation of the feeling in persons who have long been separated from their homes, and are looking forward to the day which shall witness a renewal of their happiest relations, would not be strange. But this very natural trait can

generally be distinguished from the kind of restlessness in question, . . . which is far more persistent and out of all proportion to the occasions that are used in justification of it. It is beyond the reach of argument and all the arts of persuasion. The most patient and elaborate exposition of the reasons for further detention is followed by a renewal of the same restlessness and the same importunities. . . . After fully recovering, the patients admit that their restlessness was unreasonable and uncontrollable, and wonder that they should have been so completely under its control."

Referring to the alleged evil influence upon the reason of being shut up in an asylum in company with large numbers of lunatics, he says: "Of the hundreds of sane people within our cognizance who have been closely associated with the insane in large establishments for years together, we cannot call to mind one who became insane or was likely to be so. No doubt, where there is a strong disposition to the disease, such association tends to develop it; and this effect is especially obvious where the parties brought together are nearly related, and the offices of care and attention naturally incident to such relation draw largely on the bodily strength and the moral emotions. The danger arising from this cause is often a sufficient reason for removing the patient from home and the customary surroundings. . . . But it does not follow that the insane would be likely to lose the little sanity that remains by associating with persons more insane than themselves. Such is not the experience of men who have had charge of thousands of patients and observed them under every variety of influence. For the most part the insane are too much occupied with their own condition to be troubled by the conduct or discourse of others. . . . In modern hospitals the means of classification are so ample that the mischief that might result from improper association is reduced to almost nothing." We are not sure that the last subject is exhausted by Dr. Ray's remarks. And the reader will have noticed the rather startling facility with which he admits the principle in dispute when it works in favor of his doctrine that all patients should be sent to asylums, while denying it when it would work against their being kept there. The fact is, that a perusal of the book has strengthened the opinion in us that its author's mind is of the legal rather than the

scientific order, greater in arguing points according to a given scheme of thought than in making fresh discoveries and classifying things for himself. This is particularly striking in the exclusively technical point of view he takes in those essays in which he treats of the subject of insanity as an excuse for criminal acts. He is none the less an able writer, and no one can take up his book without being instructed and entertained. The concluding essays on the madmen of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dr. Johnson will, we suppose, find the largest number of admirers, though we confess, for our own part, to no great sympathy with the type of mind that delights in ingenious arguments as to whether Hamlet was or was not "really" and lawfully insane.

— We hope that any one who may be induced by the lavish praise of the English journals to read the novel, *Never Again*, will have the forethought to begin with the dedication, which gives the reader a very good example — except that it is not excessively long-winded — of what he will meet in the body of the book if he is tempted to go on. We need not quote it, the novel is by no means hard to be found, and every one may judge for himself whether or not the writer has a delicate sense of humor or a fair comprehension of the objects of his heavy satire. The plot of the story is so lamentably weak that it thereby forbids harsh criticism; it is but an humble outline, which the author has seen fit to use as a means of expressing his views of society, and to decorate with sketches of more or less life-like human beings, and with a series of anecdotes, as connected and naturally brought in as pastings in a scrap-book. There are two stories, which are closely connected, running through the novel; one about Mr. Ledgeral and his mercantile transactions, the other about the loves of his daughter Helen and Luther Lansdale, a lad from the country near Peekskill, New York, with lofty yearnings for New York. At the age of eighteen a disappointment in love and vanity at the hands of a woman of thirty-five, who corrects his spelling, causes him to groan "O stupid fool! dolt! idiot! But I have one resource, — Never shall she see me again! I will go — if I have to go penniless, friendless, and without my mother's blessing — far from this scene of my disgrace!" His mother, who, from the few words devoted to her description, we should judge to have been a woman of uncommon good sense, "was at

length compelled to give her consent, and she did so with less reluctance when he finally confessed the blunder of the album, and admitted the peculiar state of his affections." On his way to the city in Captain Combing's old sloop, he meets with what is called in the head-lines of the chapter *A Terrible Catastrophe*; that is to say, the sloop is run down by a North River steam-boat. All on board are saved, and Luther makes the acquaintance of the girl, Helen Ledgeral, who is to be the guiding star of his life. At first the young hero has to struggle with his morbid sensitiveness, and when she asks him to call on her and to get aid, should it be needed, from her father, he mutters, "I apply to her father for assistance of any kind! I put myself in her way again, after she has seen me in this plight, without hat or coat, and laughed at me! Never! — never! I hope I may die if I do! What do I care for her? Nothing! not the snap of my finger, not the flip of a copper. No, I won't think of her again. I have something better than that to do, I guess." But hunger and despair tame his proud spirit and bring him to the door of the Ledgerals. In their hall he faints, but Helen pleads for him so warmly that Mr. Ledgeral consents to give him a place in his office. Of course at the end he marries Helen, but only after a combination of melodramatic incidents which would make the fortune of a writer of one of those stories of which we occasionally see the beginning in a daily paper where it is inserted as an advertisement. This novel shares with those less highly praised stories that peculiar absence of any resemblance to life which goes far towards lessening the pleasure of reading. Incidents are brought in, characters are introduced, which bear few traces of invention on the part of the author; one might as well put a shovelful of sand into a pail of salt-water and expect to give the spectator a definite notion of the sea-shore. There is no reason why people in books should be unlike people in life. Stating disconnected facts about them is but a poor way of giving the reader a definite impression of their existence. If they are to be made to talk, let them talk, as human beings do, from the fulness of their hearts, not as if they were reciting phrases put into their mouths by a man who has collected a certain number of not too lively *mots*, which he wants to see in print. The whole novel is written in this way, from the outside, and

the result is that the reader lays down the book with the feeling that he has been spending his time over a story which is almost as unreal as a modern society play. In short, it is a novel which we cannot in any way commend either as a study of human nature or of that especial variety of it which is to be met with in New York. It seems to us a false and vulgar libel on American society, which may account for the favorable reception the book met with from foreign critics who, with English invariance, mistook strangeness for a flavor of the soil, as if there were no human nature on this side of the Atlantic.

— The Brook, by Mr. Wright, is an allegorized fancy of the progress of a streamlet from the mountain to the sea, with what matter of poetic meditation and description there should naturally be concerning the Brook in the valley, in the wood, over the cliff, at the mill, and elsewhere. The subject is a very pretty one; but it is hard to figure the brook for so long a time as a sentient, conscious thing, and Mr. Wright has freely called upon Mr. Emerson to help him.

"In his mystic pace does dwell
All the speed of Neptune's shell,
All the stealth of Mercury's heel,
All the fire of Phœbus' wheel.
Languors dull or grosser slumber
Never stay his ramping limb;
The gods gave all their gayety
When they modelled him,"

says Mr. Wright of his Brook; and of Love, —

"Anon he roves, a hunter bold,
Up and down by wood and wold,
The bow of fancy strives to tame,
And all things are his game:
Or the proud falcon of his song
Dismisses on his forage airy,
Where, circling on slow pinions strong,
Beauty sails, the perfect quarry.
Works anew the fiery leaven:
Now a warrior brave and liege,
The gods themselves 'scape not his siege,"

and so on to the great compassion and despair of his well-disposed critic. Yet, Mr. Wright can be natural and himself—when he does not take pains. Here, for example, is a bit of description which is quite his own, and very charming and fresh: —

"The year moves to its sad decline,
A dull gray mist enfolds the hills,
The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
In other lands the swallow trills;
For since they stole his summer flute,
The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
The slow hooves of the feeding kine

Crack the herbage as they pass,
The apples glimmer in the grass.
And woods are yellow, woods are brown,
The vine about the elm is red,
Crow and hawk fly up and down,
But for the wood-thrush, he is dead;
The ox forsakes the chilly shadow,
Only the cricket haunts the meadow."

The keen feeling for words, and the sympathy with nature here shown, are noticeable throughout the poem.

The volume is made up for the rest of darkling allegories and meditative unrealities to which we could not turn again for enjoyment nor instruction; and yet they have good things in them, very beautiful things; and we believe that Mr. Wright, who in his former volume wrote Tennyson, and in this writes Emerson, might write poetry, such as we should all be glad to have and remember, if he would only consent to write himself. We commend to his thoughtful attention the fact that the good passages of his poem, — the clearest, strongest, and sweetest — are those in which he has most entirely overcome his temptation to borrow a manner or an attitude.

— Schwegler's History of Philosophy, appearing originally as early as 1847 in the Stuttgart Encyclopædia, and published in 1848 in a separate volume, is generally regarded, to this day, in the German universities, as the most valuable handbook of the subject of which it treats. Up to 1867, there were sold twenty thousand copies of the work, — a rare event in the case of a similar compendium. The translation by Dr. Stirling of Edinburgh appeared in that city in 1867, and in five months the first edition was exhausted, two more editions being called for in the ensuing three years. We have it now in a neat duodecimo volume, issued in New York and Edinburgh; the translation running to 345 pages, and the annotations by the translator to 130 more.

This succinct review of the philosophy of the world throughout fourteen centuries, from the time of Thales to that of Hegel, is the most valuable contribution of its kind that has appeared for many years. It is a little open to the criticism that, in some of its appreciations, it is German rather than cosmopolitan. More than one tenth of the book — some forty pages — are devoted to Kant; while to the philosophy of Bacon scarcely three are allotted. It seems difficult for the German mind, even when actuated by strict candor, to do full justice to the chief of English philoso-

phers. Hegel says of him: "As Bacon has always had the praise of the man who directed knowledge to its true source, experience, so is he in effect the special leader and representative of what in England has been called philosophy, and beyond which Englishmen have not yet quite advanced; for they seem to constitute the people in Europe which, limited to understanding of actuality, is destined, like the huckster and workman class in the state, to live always immersed in matter, with daily fact for their object and not reason." And Schwegler evidently shares this disparaging conception of the inductive philosophy, saying: "To have established the principle of empirical science, — of a thinking exploration of nature, — this is Bacon's merit. But still only in the proposing of this *principle* does his import lie: of any *contained matter* of the Baconian philosophy we can, in rigor, not speak" (p. 152; the italics in original).

Indeed, if we would do justice to English philosophy, we must supplement Schwegler by referring to such writers as Lewes or Stanley. But aside from this shortcoming, it would be difficult to overrate the utility of Schwegler's work, or to find fault with the translator when he says of it: "It is at once the fullest and the shortest, the deepest and the easiest, the most trustworthy and the most elegant, compendium that exists in either language." And as to the shortcoming referred to, it is in a measure made up by the annotations of the English translator.

Nor can it be said that the first place in philosophy virtually assigned to Kant by Schwegler is without a certain warrant. It may be doubted whether any one system exerts more influence over the cultivated mind of the present day than does the Kantian philosophy. The chasm between thought and existence (that despair of philosophy) has been better bridged by Kant than by any other. He fortifies the ground earlier occupied by Descartes, that the sufficient proof to us of our existence is that we perceive and think; and that, for man, the external world is a reality in virtue of his own perceptions and thoughts. And no one has taken more pains than Kant to warn us off barren and unprofitable fields of research. No one has taken a more practical stand than he against the undue importance attached to the historical accessories of all religions. Schwegler sets forth this phase of the Kantian philosophy

very lucidly thus: "In every church there are two elements, the pure moral, rational belief, and the historico-statutory creed. On the relation of these two elements it depends whether a church shall possess worth or not. Whenever the statutory element becomes an independent object, claims an independent authority, the church links into corruption and unreason: whenever the church assumes the pure belief of reason, it is in the way to the kingdom of God. This is the distinction between true worship and false worship, religion and priestcraft. The dogma has value only in so far as it has a moral core. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, contains, in the letter, absolutely nothing for practice. Whether three or ten persons are to be worshipped in the Godhead, is indifferent, inasmuch as no difference of rule results thence for the conduct of life. Even the Bible and the interpretation of the Bible are to be placed under the moral point of view. Reason is, in matters of religion, the supreme interpreter of Scripture."

"With Schelling and Hegel," says Schwegler, "the history of philosophy ends." He does not even name Comte, whose Positive Philosophy had been published several years before, — Comte of whom Lewes, surely under infatuation, says, "In his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* we have the grandest, because on the whole the truest, system which philosophy has yet produced."

We welcome this appearance in an English dress of Schwegler's excellent handbook from an American publishing house. The translation is smooth, and, so far as we have compared it, faithful.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

AT no time have either Frenchmen or Germans been lavish in their praise of one another, and that since the war there should have been a great deal of wild writing on both sides is natural. To most Germans the French have seemed to be a frivolous race, destitute of any shadow of morality, ignorant and inordinately vain;

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Frankreich und die Franzosen in der zweiten Hälfte des XIX. Jahrhunderts. Eindrücke und Erfahrungen. Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Berlin: 1873.

Allemands et Français, souvenirs de campagne. Par GABRIEL MONOD. Paris. 1872.

the Frenchman's opinion of the German was of a cold-blooded, beer-guzzling pedant, crammed with useless facts, and inordinately proud and cruel. It has been the fashion to decry French ignorance of the Germans, and it has been justly done, but there is also room to find fault with German ignorance of France. A book, however, which is qualified to throw a good deal of light on that country, and which will be found of great service by Americans and English as well as Germans, is Mr. Karl Hillebrand's *Frankreich und die Franzosen in der zweiten Hälfte des XIX. Jahrhunderts*. Mr. Hillebrand is admirably fitted for the task he has assumed. He has lived for many years in France as a Frenchman, yet without losing his nationality; he has studied and written about questions which concerned French people, notably about the matter of education; and he has sought to make the French more familiar with some of the past history of his own country in his exceedingly interesting papers on Rahel and her contemporaries in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and as well as with the later position of Prussia in his *Prusse contemporaine*. He will be remembered, moreover, as a contributor to the North American Review, in which are now appearing some valuable papers of his on Herder. These facts may serve to show how cultivated a man he is, and every one who recalls any of his writings can bear witness to his intelligence. It is the fashion to sneer at cosmopolitanism, but it can also bear good fruits. The author has divided his book into six sections, as follows: Manners and Society, The Educational System, The Provinces and Paris, Intellectual Life, Political Life, The Rulers. There, is besides, an additional chapter on French views about the future of Germany and France. He begins with a slight sketch of French family life, which tells us nothing especially new, except for those who have formed their ideas from the French novels of the time, and who may be surprised at the tribute he pays to the respect in which it is held by many who are not prepared to be the heroes and heroines of what he calls a "certain literature." The virtues of the French, he says, are of a utilitarian character, they tend to the conservation of social order. Those virtues which he says are virtues for their own sake, for the sake of satisfying the conscience of him who practises them, he says, distinguish the Germans; while respect for property and the

family as the corner-stone of society, honor and decorum which give a charm to society, moderation and thoughtfulness which insure the duration of comfort and pleasure, these, according to him are the qualities most valued by the Frenchman. Especially does he praise the honesty of the French in their personal relations, while at the same time he grants that they look with very different eyes on the possibility of despoiling the state. The Frenchman is moderate, unextravagant, as well as not lavish in generosity. He freely confesses the laxity of the French with regard to what are some of the most important points of morality. A few words about their religious sentiment we have not the space to quote. He speaks at some length of what may be more narrowly called their social life, mentioning their ease, grace, and desire and capacity for pleasing. With considerable acuteness he paints their sensitiveness with regard to the opinions of others, which produces a certain uniformity in their views on most matters of taste, a uniformity which the character of their education does its share in producing. How different this is from the rich and varied eccentricity of Americans, English, and Germans is easily seen. All these qualities, resting as they do on reflection, on utility, suffice as long as life moves on in accustomed ruts, but fail when a day comes bringing with it unusual disturbance. Then something higher is needed to direct the man who falls a prey to every passing emotion. In a word, *Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais*.

The French system of instruction has been a fertile theme for many writers who have sedulously shown its defects, while there has been a growing indifference of foreigners towards what once had attracted them, as was more especially to be seen by the few who of late years preferred studying medicine in Paris, when they were able to go to Germany. How inefficient was the system of primary instruction which left so much almost ignorance in the country is an old story. A good description is given of the methods of teaching in the higher schools, which seldom succeed in lighting the fire of a real love for learning, and in conclusion there is an account of the highest educational institutions. The failure of the French system is probably nowhere seen more distinctly than here, for in nothing is spontaneity more desirable than in education.

Passing over the chapter on the provinces, we come to that on the intellectual life of the country. After a few words on the amusing light literature of the day, he speaks of what we, across the water, who care especially for the novels and plays, seldom see, namely, the solid, pompous books, written by some pedant who works up any given subject in order to make his name famous among his friends or to aid him in securing some position. Our author gives just praise to the living writers, whose excellence is of a sort which other countries have to go without. Among these he mentions Montégut, Renan, Taine, Larcey, Paul de Saint-Victor, and Scherer, and he compares their easy grace, their freedom from pomposity, with the heavy-handedness of so many German writers. He says that while in England and France the highest and most cultivated classes have devoted themselves to intellectual work, in Germany, for the last three hundred years, it has been ignored by all except professors and ministers. "It may have gained depth and seriousness, but it has lost with regard to breadth of vision." What should never be forgotten about French literature, its cleverness, he recalls to the Germans, who are apt to regard the possession of the quality as but little better than buffoonery. He says: "In this respect no nation can be compared with it. In its best time France has never produced a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Goethe; but in skilful work they have always been without a rival, and this, too, in art as well as in literature." To be sure, this is not the highest praise in the world, but it is not to be forgotten on that account. It is easier to forgive a man for not being a genius than for offending us by his awkwardness.

The author is no sneerer at the merits of the Germans, no extravagant adulator of the qualities of the French; he utters none of the boyish extravagance of the praise of Heine, for instance, which is so grateful to

the ears of the Parisians, and so distasteful to every one else. But by choosing those passages which do justice to the merits of the French, we have wished simply to show his absence of prejudice against them, and not an undue affection for them.

Properly to discuss his account of the political life of France would require more pages than are left us, and we are unwillingly obliged to pass them over in order to make a brief mention of the final chapter on the opinions of the French about the future of the two countries.

The books which he especially discusses are Renan's *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale*, together with the *Questions contemporaines* by the same author, and Monod's *Allemands et Français. Souvenirs de campagne*. How far the reader will agree with Mr. Hillebrand's views, or with those of the two French writers, will depend almost entirely on his already formed opinions; for argument is hardly of any more service than is muisic to an army: it animates the weak-kneed, but does not bring over deserters from the other side. He goes over the discussion of the question as to which side deserves the blame for continuing the war, but he does it in a very cool, dispassionate way. He portrays the dangers to which France is now exposed, and he foresees no thornless path open before Germany. He warns his country against the growth of "Americanisms," by which he means an exclusively practical, realistic education, under which men devote themselves simply to material benefits. We hope every one will read this chapter; they will see in it some severe criticism of what are serious faults, without undue partiality for either country.

The work of M. Monod, referred to above, is one that can well be recommended. It first appeared in Macmillan's Magazine, but in the French edition we fancy that we have found much additional matter. It is one of the most impartial books written near the time of the war.

A R T .

IT would be impossible, in the space at our command, to notice in detail all that may have merited attention in the March exhibition of the Boston Art Club. The water-color department was hardly as strong as that of the January exhibition, but the average of the whole collection did not fall far below that of the previous one. Among the foreign pictures was that of a slim-waisted girl, reputed to be a work of Hogarth, a Madonna and Child attributed to Annibale Caracci, and a tumultuous rout of fallen angels, of the school of Rubens. But all these, as well as some beautiful bits by Troyon, a Daubigny, and one of the usual deep and drowsy woods of Diaz, with its touch of sunlight in the midst, thick with medium and glistening with glaze, must be passed over, in order that we may surrender our eyes more freely to the work of the American painters represented. Chronologically, the first mention should be given to a portrait of General Warren, attributed to Copley; though we confess the face which would hardly have satisfied us, had not the illustrious names of painter and subject cast about it a certain radiance of national antiquity too seldom found to be neglected. But two small portraits hanging below this, and apparently of equal antiquity with it, attracted one as well by their color and quaintness and sturdy individuality as by the pleasant uncertainty in regard to authorship with which the parenthetical, questioning "Who?" of the catalogue surrounded them. The arrangement of these portraits was in the highest degree conventional; and yet there was almost an agreeable *naïveté* in the substitution of green, in the background curtain that relieves the venerable gentleman in maroon coat and gilt buttons, for the crimson of that which hangs behind the lady, his companion, and, as we take it, wife. A smaller portion of distant landscape, too, is allotted to him than that which she enjoys. Altogether, she comes off with a richer endowment from the painter than does her husband, whose grand white wig, and purple cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder, do not distract us from our admiration for her dress of ancient, rich brocade, and her long black veil of lace, drooping back from the hair to a point below the arm of the square-backed chair

in which she reposes. It would, however, be difficult to say which enjoys the more rubescent complexion; and we suspect that this fine, vital color, so strongly laid in upon the cheeks of either, is the very charm that has kept us so long before a pair of mere picturesque reminiscences, while the fresh-faced canvases of to-day hang waiting farther on. Two landscapes by Mr. F. D. Williams, *Clearing off Warm*, and *Clearing off Cold*, have especially interested us. They are artistic presentations of two differing phases in the dispersion of stormy or cloudy sky, — fleeting and every-day transactions of light and air, cast in little color-idyls. Mr. Williams is not, it strikes us, completely successful in this instance; but all his pictures appear to have issued from a sincere and direct personal communion with nature, and these two make no exception in this regard. The first-mentioned is the better achievement, however. A moist and maculated sky — pale white-yellow, gathered here and there into a faint mauve-tint and slate, which again diffuses itself into the former hue — constitutes the real field of action, above a dim stretch of woods, brown and blue with distance, containing a running hint of dark green; and a placid water between it and us. A group of distant elms define themselves on the right; and three birds hover over the lake. In the other piece, we feel too acutely the rawness of the time and condition represented, despite the merit of its cold whiff of chimney-smoke, spinning off on the chilly breeze, the water blown in spray from the wayside-trough, the pale blue sky strained sparsely through gray clouds. It may be questioned whether a picture should send an atmospheric chill down the back of the spectator: for this is neither pleasing nor nobly moving. American scenery abounds in effects of color that, by reason of its inherent northern coldness, appear to tremble on the verge of discord; but they never actually pass into it. When a painter fails to catch its delicate strain, then it is probably owing to some mistake in his seizure of relations, or to a strong inclination, for the moment, toward imitation, which disturbs the balance of creative apprehension. Mr. Norton shows a mistake attributable to something of this sort in his twilight scene

on the sea-shore. His *Wing and Wing*, however, a schooner laden with hay, and riding a smooth sea, is an exquisite triumph in every particular, though in quite another region of effects. This picture is struck from a high scale of color, but the profundity of the blue foreground-water is given with a delicate intensity that is all the more powerful for not employing intrinsic depth of hue. The aerial recession of the perspective must be noted, wafting into graceful prominence an advancing schooner, lighted on its starboard side (to our left), its spankers spreading one to right and one to left, the jib illuminated, the bow in shadow, — a delicate structure of *chiaroscuro*. In the background, at the left, is a steamer; at the right, three distant ships, the first of which is white, the second and third being farther away and of a slaty blue. High at the left, the white light of a shaded sun is admitted, and falls softly into the lower part of the sky, — a sky that nurses gentle glooms of gray, grading into palest green, — and there is re-echoed, less and less, until at last it dies away into the dream of distance at the farthest right. It is perhaps worth while to mention two large pictures of woods in autumn and winter, by Mr. T. L. Smith, as showing how much labor, expended in the statement of multitudinous detail, may be lost by the subjection of nature to a theoretic method of reproducing leafage. There is a certain fine spaciousness about these two scenes; but, by some means or other, which it must be left to more technical students to point out, they have been transformed, from fresh leaves out of nature's book of witchery, into pages of dry sylvan statistics, as it were. Mr. George Inness's small picture of a coming thunder-storm has all that these lack. The present dread of the darkened trees in the foreground, the sulphurous dimness farther back on the right, the threatening blue of the hills on the left, and the dusty gray on the tops of the approaching clouds, all purple-black beneath; the sheaves in the foreground, with three men in white, red, and dark blue shirts; and the last shifting gleam of light on a space of red earth, a little farther back in the valley, — these things demand recognition as genuine and sympathetic reproduction. Two larger and later works from the same hand, though praiseworthy, were hardly so pleasurable. In the *View on the Tiber*, below Perugia, the lines of an ancient olive-tree, lifting its warped and slender limbs against the dis-

tant valley, were especially notable for ease and grace; and the whole composition was full of the gray luxury of Italian air. But in this later style of Inness there is a certain severity of purity, that gives his work something of hardness, despite its superior refinement over his earlier manners. Perhaps, indeed, it is an over-refinement which causes it, a dryness of finish caught partly from the air of Italy, and a long abode among the chief examples of purist landscape-art. A Jourdan's picture of a lady reading, and called *The Latest Novel*, offered an instance of less conventional disposition in a portrait (if such it be) than we are usually treated to. A finely formed and beautiful woman sits before us, in a carefully arranged *négligée*, with a book open upon her knee, resting on a dress of pale mauve silk, just dimmed here and there by some reflected light, that gives it a hue of hazy blue. A kind of elaborated corsage of white satin, with a tuft of leaves and a rose at the top, leaves the graceful arms exposed, one of which lies in full and delicate roundness on the lap, very pleasingly and, as it seems to us, truly drawn. Upon the substantial and gracious neck hangs a slight chain of little pearls. There is a lack of richness in the coloring, though a certain agreeable silvery lightness and mystery is achieved. We may venture the opinion, however, that something of needful force has been lost, in the search for a soft harmoniousness, that reminds one of Huntington's manner in portrait. Perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory head in the exhibition was that of a Capri girl, by Mr. Ernest Longfellow. The rich and mantling cheek, remarkably vigorous in its vitality, lost nothing of its lustrous charm by the close proximity of a deep magenta cloth tied over the head, knotted, and richly embroidered behind. A line of small, close curls of deepest black, peeping out from under its front edge, furnished a potent contrast; and, from this, one's glance descended with keen relish to the beautiful, alert eye of the profile. Such a maiden brings to our revery a tinge of early morning, and its first pure touch of fire; breathing a positive æsthetic balm of semi-tropical richness and rest upon our meagre-dieted Northern senses. We may be honestly thankful to any one who renders so sweet a head so simply. Mr. Frank H. Smith contributed a quiet and careful little picture of a Marquise in a garden, — a lady with an odd type of face; that long, slen-

der nose above a somewhat wide mouth, and touching at the bridge the lines of wide-arched eyebrows, which, without being precisely pretty, belongs to a peculiarly and we might say pathetically, feminine character. In a deep wine-colored dress, she sits upon a stone bench, the arm of which stares out in a griffin's face under her elbow, and clutches the ground with a stony claw. Her hat, full of flowers, lies at her side, and a black lace shawl is drawn upon her head; so that, thus capped, and fretting a guitar with long and graceful fingers, she receives a certain slight inflection of Spanish suggestion. The abundant foliage behind her is, perhaps, a trifle too vaguely treated; but a cool gray luminosity prevades the picture, which is accordant with the leafy seclusion of the place. A large picture of a ram standing, and a lamb lying down, upon a greensward, under an uncertain sort of apple-tree to the right, and lent by the Union Club, does not show Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole at his best. It is but an expansion of the severe and almost unimaginative simplicity of pastoral greenness, matched with grays of cloud and the smoked white of sheep, which distinguish his very acceptable smaller pictures; and appears to lack something which is essential to masterly life-size representation. Among the chalk-drawings was a portrait by Rowse, hardly so captivating, however, as the fascinating, almost fantastic, head of a child, in oil, at the last exhibition. Mr. Bellows's water-color study in New Hampshire showed what may be accomplished with such simple native elements as a dark, still pool; an old gray barn with a glowing window; some purple logs lying near, yellowed at the ends; and a surrounding growth of quiet green saplings.

The habit of buying directly from painters, or through the exhibitions organized by them, will have to be much more generally cultivated than at present in American communities, before artists can take the independent position they should be allowed to occupy, or exhibitions be made thoroughly successful. When the present disadvantageous state of things in this regard is remedied, we shall not find painters gathering in an informal association, like that which proposes from time to time to hold an auction-sale under the name of Boston Artists' Sale. One of these took place last month, and among the hundred and odd oil-paintings offered on that occasion were many excellent

ones by Messrs. F. H. Shapleigh, J. Appleton Brown, Frank H. Smith, and others. Mr. Shapleigh, a disciple of Lambinet, distinguishes himself by an acute and sensitive grasp of mountain-forms; though as a colorist he may, we think, make still some considerable advances. His view of the Matterhorn, from Zermatt, gives with much strength and nicety not only the rugged bulk of the mountain, — a pale mauve mass of rock, under light layers of snow, — but also the fine deflection of the peak, like that of a candle-flame bowed by the slightest imaginable breath of air. The elastic woodiness of some willows, too, in a small Yosemite scene, should be noticed. Others of his contributions showed some unevenness; but Dixville Notch throws itself into a very graceful composition, appearing before us as a receding mountain-gap, lined by sheer, light-purple rock-walls, with woods and a road in the foreground, and a serene but scattered company of clouds poised in the blue, behind. We must speak of Mr. Brown's little twilight episode, near Kenilworth, — a dark brown water, with bare-branched trees behind, against white clouds involved in a delicate suspicion of rose. The artist inclines strongly to trace again and again these beauties of tree-lines thrown forward by a white, opaque sky, and in this field he is often happy; but we should be glad to see a little more responsiveness to climatic changes in his coloring than was instanced by the scenes at home and abroad here exhibited. Mr. F. H. Smith's Venetian scenes we should be glad to recall in words; but it can only be said that both eye and hand have, in turn, answered with unusual grace and fervor to those resonances of rich red and gold and crimson, those gleams of rare pale green and blue, which echo in our memories of Venice and her silent water-ways. We have only time to hint the fresh clearness and good faith of some seaside studies by Mr. Norton; one, in particular, showing an exquisite, sunny cumulus, glooming underneath, with a long, thin slip of slaty cirrostratus against it, looming stately over an inky sea, — a sign of storm. Nor can we describe, here, the fine group of sheep on a desolate wold by the sea, with soft gray clouds rolling here and there into white, which does Mr. Robinson credit. The vigor and variety in the entire collection are most encouraging.

SCIENCE.

IT was long ago observed that when stars are occulted by the moon, they disappear and reappear, not gradually, but instantaneously. That is, the star, in passing behind the moon, does not grow dim until it fades from sight altogether: it vanishes at once, and its reappearance, at the farther edge of the moon's disk, is equally abrupt. From this fact it was rightly inferred that the moon has no enveloping atmosphere. More recently spectroscopic observation has verified this inference, besides establishing the parallel fact that there is no appreciable quantity of water on the lunar surface.

This absence of air and water from the exterior of a planet so similar to the earth in its general aspect has always been regarded as a phenomenon needing to be accounted for; and very queer have been some of the hypotheses by which it has been sought to explain it. It has even been hinted that all the lunar air and oceans may have been carried off by a comet; or that, owing to a slight displacement of the moon's centre of gravity, the air and water may have entirely retreated to that hemisphere of the planet which is always turned away from us. At the present day neither of these suggestions is worthy of serious consideration. The first is simply ridiculous, in view of what we now know about comets; and the second, though not intrinsically incredible, will not bear examination. Any one, says Mr. Proctor, "who will draw a cross-section of the moon (in a plane passing through the earth), and endeavor to assign such a position to an atmosphere of moderate extent that even during the moon's extreme librations no signs of the atmosphere could be perceptible from the earth, will at once see that the theory is untenable."

A much more probable explanation supposes the lunar atmosphere and oceans to be frozen solid. The entire cessation of volcanic activity upon the lunar surface indicates that the planet has nearly or quite lost its primitive stock of internal heat, and this is what might be expected from the small size of the planet. The degree of cold implied by the solidification or "rigidification" of the moon's nucleus immeasurably exceeds anything within terrestrial

experience; and it may well have been great enough to freeze all the lunar oceans, and even to liquefy, or perhaps to solidify, the gases of the lunar atmosphere. The moon is indeed subjected at each rotation to the fierce noontide heat sent from the sun; but although this may scorch and blister the rocky surface, it can exercise but little melting power. From the airless surface of the moon, the solar radiance must be immediately reflected into space, as from the surface of a polished mirror. Just as on the summits of the Himalayas, where the atmosphere is so rare, the huge snow-masses remain through centuries unmelted, in spite of the sun's blazing heat, so upon the surface of the moon the air and water once frozen must remain frozen forever.

This explanation, however, does not give a satisfactory account of the disappearance of the lunar atmosphere. Granting the disappearance of the atmosphere, the maintenance of a more than arctic cold in spite of the utmost intensity of solar radiation may readily be admitted. But in this explanation the absence of a surface atmosphere is presupposed rather than accounted for. A far more thorough-going hypothesis was propounded some years since by M. Sæmann, in a paper on the unity of geological phenomena throughout the solar system translated by Professor Sterry Hunt, and published in the *American Journal of Science*, January, 1862. In his excellent pamphlet on the "Geology of the Stars,"* Professor Winchell, of the University of Michigan, has newly called attention to M. Sæmann's hypothesis, and shown that it gives a complete account of the facts in the case.

Observe first that the former existence of air and water on the lunar surface is not a mere inference from analogy. The moon having been originally a portion of the earth's equatorial zone, it is difficult to suppose that it does not contain materials which have from the oldest times constituted so large a portion of the earth's exterior. But besides this, the vast plains on

* *Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science*. No. 7. *The Geology of the Stars*. By Prof. A. Winchell, of the University of Michigan. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1873.

the moon which the old astronomers supposed to be seas, and named as such, have now been found to be areas underlaid by sedimentary rocks, thus attesting the former presence of water. Hence, as Professor Winchell sensibly argues, there must in all probability have been *winds* to excite the erosive movements of the water which caused this sedimentation. For tidal action upon the moon cannot be regarded as a considerable factor in the erosion, unless we go back to that enormously remote period when the earth's tidal pull was still dragging the moon's rotation into synchrony with its revolution.

Since, then, we have plain indications of the former existence of air and water on the surface of the moon, how does M. Sæmann account for their disappearance? They have been *drunk up* by the thirsty rocks. On our own globe the tendency of the surface water is constantly to percolate through the soil of the land or sea-bottom, and thence through the rocks, downward towards the centre of the earth. Yet with our present supply of internal heat, it is not probable that any water can reach more than one fiftieth part of the distance towards the earth's centre, without becoming vaporized and thus getting driven back towards the surface. In this way there is kept up a circulation of water throughout the peripheral portions of the earth's crust. But as the earth becomes cooler and cooler, the water will be enabled to circulate at greater and greater depths, thus materially lowering the level of the ocean. In this way, long before the centre has become cool, all the surface-water of the earth will have been sucked into the pores of the rocks, and the same will afterwards take place with the atmosphere. M. Sæmann shows that by the time the earth had reached complete refrigeration, the pores of the rocks would absorb more than one hundred times the amount of all the oceans on the globe, "and that the unfilled pores would more than suffice for the retirement of the atmosphere."

According to M. Sæmann, this state of things, which is by and by to be realized on the earth, is already realized on the moon. Being forty-nine times smaller than the earth, the moon has cooled down forty-nine times as rapidly, and its geologic epochs have been correspondingly short. "Its zoic age," says Professor Winchell, "was reached while yet our world remained, perhaps, in a glowing condition. Its human

period was passing while the eozoön was solitary occupant of our primeval ocean." More careful reflection will probably convince us that, with such a rapid succession of geologic epochs, the moon can hardly have had any human period. For the purposes of comparative geology, the earth and the moon may be regarded as of practically the same antiquity. Now, supposing the earliest apelike men to have made their appearance on the earth during the Miocene epoch, some five million years ago, we must remember that at that period the moon must have advanced in refrigeration very far beyond the earth. Supposing organic evolution to have gone on with equal pace in the two planets, it would seem a probable conclusion that the moon would be rapidly becoming unfit for the support of organic life at about the time when man appeared on the earth. Still more, it is a strictly logical inference from the theory of natural selection, that upon a small planet there is likely to be a slower and less rich and varied evolution of life than upon a large planet. Grouping together all these considerations, it does not seem at all likely that the moon can ever have given rise to organisms nearly so high in the scale of life as human beings. Long before it could have attained to any such point, its surface must have become uninhabitable by air-breathing organisms. With its rapid refrigeration, its surface air and water must have sunk into its interior and left it the mere lifeless ember that it is, — a type, nevertheless, of the ultimate condition of every one of the radiating and cooling members of the solar system. The moon would thus appear to be not merely an extinct world, but a partially aborted world, just as the still smaller asteroids and meteorites would seem to be totally aborted worlds; the quantity of planetary matter being so small in the latter case that there is an apparent incongruity in speaking of these bodies as worlds in any sense. Nevertheless, from the earth down to the moon, from the moon down to the asteroid, and from the asteroid down to the meteorite, the differences are at bottom only differences of degree; though the differences in result may range all the way from a world habitable by civilized men down to a mere dead ball of planetary matter.

Here we are introduced to an interesting series of reflections on the continuity of cosmic phenomena, concerning which we hope to say more next month. For the

present we would change the subject, and allude to the discoveries recently made by Mr. Calvert, which seem to point to the existence of human beings in the Miocene period. Sir John Lubbock writes to *Nature*, of March 27th, that he has learned by letter certain results obtained near the Dardanelles by Mr Frank Calvert, which are of striking significance for the antiquity of man. Mr. Calvert has found a fragment of a bone, either of a mastodon or of a dinotherium, "on the corner side of which is engraved a representation of a horned quadruped, with arched neck, lozenge-shaped chest, long body, straight fore-legs, and broad feet." Along with this are traces of other figures, partly obliterated. In the same stratum Mr. Calvert has found "a flint flake, and several bones broken as if for the extraction of marrow."

Of course these statements await verification, and to draw a positive conclusion from them at present would be in the highest degree unwarrantable. It can only be said that if these data are verified, and if it turns out that Mr. Calvert is not mistaken in the character of the stratum which he has been examining, the antiquity of the human race will have to be computed in millions of years rather than, as heretofore, in hundreds of thousands. But in this there need be nothing to surprise us. The non-existence of human remains in any Tertiary strata (save possibly in the uppermost Pliocene) has been an assumption based on purely negative evidence, like the older assumption as to the non-existence of fossiliferous rocks below the Silurian. We must be prepared at any moment, on the reception of positive evidence, to extend our conceptions of the antiquity of man, as well as of the number and duration of geologic epochs.

The immense antiquity of the human race, even as at present established at something like a million of years, affords

very powerful confirmatory proof of the derivation of man from some lower form belonging to the order of primates. Since the period during which man has possessed sufficient intelligence to leave a traditional record of himself is but a minute fraction of the period during which he has existed upon the earth, it is but fair to conclude that during those long ages of which none but a geologic record of his existence remains, he was by slow increments *acquiring* that superior intelligence which now so widely distinguishes him from other animals. Throughout an enormous period of time, his brain-structure and its correlated intellectual and emotional functions must have been gradually modified by natural selection and by direct adaptation, while his outward physical appearance has undergone few modifications; even the most striking of these being directly or indirectly associated with increase in brain-structure. These inferences are in harmony with the beautiful principle announced by Mr. Wallace, that so soon as the intelligence of an animal has, through ages of natural selection and direct adaptation, become so considerable that a slight variation in it is of more use to the animal than any variation in physical structure, then such variations will be more and more constantly selected, while physical variations, being relatively of less vital importance to the species, will be more and more neglected. Thus while the external appearance, and his internal nutritive and muscular apparatus, may vary but little in many ages, his intellectual and moral attributes and his cerebral structure will vary with comparative rapidity. Thus we may understand why man differs so little in general physical structure and external appearance from the other higher primates, while in the special point of cerebral structure and accompanying intelligence he differs so widely from his nearest living congeners.

POLITICS.

RECENT events, as they say in France, connected with civil-service reform may be briefly summarized in this way. Mr. Curtis has resigned the chairmanship of the Civil-Service Advisory Board, on the ground that several important appointments, recently made, showed that the President was unfaithful both to the letter and the spirit of the civil-service regulations. Mr. Medill has resigned from the board, on the ground that his holding the two offices of Mayor of Chicago and Civil-Service Commissioner is incompatible with the rule issued some time ago by the President, forbidding United States officials from holding State or municipal offices. The President has publicly renewed his declaration of fidelity to civil-service reform, both in letter and in spirit. The President has requested Mr. F. L. Olmsted to accept the chairmanship vacated by Mr. Curtis. Mr. Olmsted has declined. The President has requested Mr. Dorman B. Eaton of New York to the place of Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Shellabager of Ohio to take that of Medill. Mr. Eaton having accepted the appointment, it was immediately denied that he had been appointed at all; and at the same time it was announced that the rules were to be modified so as to enable the President to select as appointees for positions in the civil service men who were more in sympathy with the administration than the competitive system seems likely to produce. For the latest fact or rumor on the subject we must refer the reader to the newspapers; but of this at least there is no doubt that Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Eaton were actually approached on the subject, and that either selection was good. Mr. Eaton is a trained lawyer, a trained politician, and a trained reformer. He has studied politics too in the great national hot-bed of rotation and corruption, the city of New York. He knows what the evils of the present system are, and how they ought to be remedied. If there were no Caseys and no Sharpes in the service, the selection of Mr. Eaton might be accepted as a complete vindication of the President's honesty. But under all the circumstances, it merely serves to render the existing confusion on the subject of the relation of General Grant to the civil service more confused

than before. The mystery as to his real intentions we have not much hope of being able to dispel, because we do not believe that General Grant himself understands the meaning of civil-service reform well enough to have well-defined intentions on the subject. But some light may be thrown on the causes of the present confusion by one or two considerations which are generally overlooked.

What is civil-service reform? We have all been talking about it with great vehemence for the past six or seven years, but sometimes it seems as if we had ourselves forgotten what is its essential feature and fundamental peculiarity. It is generally spoken of as a political reform, like minority representation or the abolition of special legislation. Yet its nature in reality is rather moral than political. It is not merely that we wish to put an end to rotation, and introduce stability of tenure; we wish besides this, or rather by these means, to introduce into the American system the virtues of subordination, of obedience, of faithfulness in the discharge of duty, of respect for law, and to put an end to the recklessness, the extravagance, the lawlessness, selfishness, and corruption which now characterize it. Civil-service reform is merely a piece of machinery for giving sober, industrious, and thorough people the power and influence of which they have become, by force of circumstances, deprived. The essence of it is, after all, not the adoption of a series of rules for the examination of candidates for Treasury clerkships, but a real devotion on the part of the reforming power to those virtues we have named, a profound belief in the necessity of elevating the tone of the government; in short, a little of that sacred "passion of perfection" which leads men in troubled times to sacrifice to the general good their selfish appetites and love of ease. Without this spirit, there can be no life in the rules.

General Grant, however, has never given the public any reason to believe that he is possessed by this spirit, while he has given a thousand reasons for believing that he is not. It is true that, if we go back to the opening of his first administration, we find him announcing his determination to turn

the cold shoulder to the politicians, and make his appointments without regard to any other claims than those of fitness. We have no doubt that he was sincere in his professions, for he did nominate a Cabinet, selected with a view to what he considered fitness, and in doing so declared war upon the politicians, as he had promised. But it proved a bloodless conflict. He grew very tired of it. He was fond of popularity and ease, and in a few months a truce was declared. From that time to this he has not troubled himself about the matter. He has allowed "the machine" to be worked by the old crew for their own profit, quite content himself if they will work it without pestering him with questions for which he has by nature and education no disposition to deal. It would not be difficult to select from the principal acts of General Grant's administration those in which he himself took a lively interest; for when he does take a lively interest in anything, he is apt to make his friends and supporters, as well as his enemies, understand the fact. He did take a lively interest in the annexation of San Domingo. This was evident enough both from his messages, and from the urgency with which he half publicly importuned members of Congress. He took a warm interest in the Indian peace policy. He has showed a persistent determination to keep his brother-in-law Casey in the New Orleans Custom-House, and to support his government of Louisiana by force of arms if necessary. He has also wished, in an evident but unintelligent sort of way, to reduce taxation, to pay off the national debt, and to get the currency into a sound condition; we say unintelligent, because he has never pretended to have any definite ideas on economical subjects, except some antique exploded fallacies which can hardly be supposed to furnish the grounds for his practical recommendations, so long as we have the much more plausible explanation, that he has allowed his Secretary of the Treasury to drift him into a policy of which he neither understands the virtues nor the defects. The general desire of the country that England should pay the Alabama claims he undoubtedly shared, but he shared it with that perfect confidence of success in the end which prevented any violent longing or imperious demands. But San Domingo and Casey were very near his heart.

This indifference to reform, rather than opposition to it, we will believe, explains

much of General Grant's apparently eccentric conduct. General Grant belongs to a generation which had other ideas than those with which ours is familiar. He belongs to the period of American life when the energies of the country were mainly occupied in "developing our vast resources," and boasting of our vast exploits; when all that was asked of an American was, that he should be ready to lend a helping hand, whenever it was needed. General Grant, like thousands of others of us, was brought up to believe that ours is the best government the sun ever shone upon, and he believes it still. Besides this, his military education and experience, which we all supposed five years ago would certainly have prepared his mind for that kind of disgust at the existing political régime which would throw him into the reform camp, seems to have had in fact a precisely opposite effect. It has produced in him only that spirit of adaptability to the political *status quo* which is a virtue in a general, and a vice in a general who has undertaken to play the part of a statesman. The civil service he is willing enough should be reformed, as he would probably be willing that the Methodist church should be reformed; but he does not wish to be troubled about it. The people have seemed to desire some civil-service rules, and he has got them made. He is willing enough that they should be enforced, so long as they do not conflict with his own plans; but if they do, so much the worse for the rules. It was the misfortune of Mr. Curtis to mistake General Grant for a reformer, and this mistake undoubtedly made the situation absurd; but we should not shut our eyes to the fact that a great deal has been accomplished by getting the machinery in operation; with a resolute and sceptical man at the head of the board, determined that the rules shall be enforced in any case, much may be done in the next three years. General Grant's very love of repose and popularity would make him play the part of a reformer, in course of time; and his rules will be enforced as soon as some one is found who will make it easier for him to enforce than to suspend or modify them.

— The curious effect which a legal falsehood perpetuated for a number of generations may have in confusing the judgment and perverting the moral notions of a people is very strikingly shown in the case of the "presumption in favor of innocence"

favored by the traditions of the English and American common law. It was long ago laid down that the "common law favored life, liberty, and dower," though, with characteristic obscurity, the grounds of this selection were never explained. Why "dower" should have been selected as the only kind of property to be protected, except on the ground of the common law's "tenderness for married women," it is difficult to see. Certainly it was pretty much the only evidence of tenderness ever given; for during the existence of marriage, the law considered "the husband and wife as one, and that one the husband." "Life" and "liberty" are vague, general terms, too, which comprehend the life and liberty of the murderer as well as of the victim, the robber as well as the robbed, the felon condemned by this same law to be hung tomorrow, and the judge who condemns him. Indeed the maxim was so very vague, that hardly any serious attempt was ever made to explain its limits, except that so far as "life" was concerned, there was a presumption in the case of a criminal accusation that the accused was innocent, and that the accusing party must prove substantively his connection with the crime.

The presumption in question, however, rationally rests, whatever may be its historical or judicial origin, on no such foundation as the prejudice of the common law in favor of life and liberty. It was not because certain judges and lawyers whose minds were deeply impregnated with the spirit of common law, on inquiring of their legal consciousness what they liked, received as a reply, "life, liberty, and dower," and in reply to the opposite question, "death, incarceration, and the abolition of dower"; it was for a far wider and saner reason. The "presumption" exists in the civil as well as in the common law, and was part of the established Aryan jurisprudence as long ago as the trial of Socrates for corrupting the minds of the Athenian youth. When a crime has been committed and an arrest has been made, and the government or the injured party have accused the prisoner, there is no presumption *a priori* of guilt or of innocence. There is really no reason *a priori* why, in the absence of proof (and of course, so far as the jury is concerned, there has been no proof whatever, no matter what evidence may have been adduced before the committing magistrate), one man should be tried more than another. The reason why the prosecutor

must prove the connection of the prisoner with the crime is the same reason which compels any one who brings a civil action to prove that he has some ground of suit. The government says that a certain man, woman, or child has committed a certain crime; of course such a charge, like any other affirmative statement, must be proved. But there is, rationally speaking, no presumption at all in the case. In case of a failure of justice from want of proof, the common law, with its presumption in favor of innocence, says that nothing having been proved, the prisoner is innocent, and forthwith gives him the benefit of a verdict of "not guilty," from which reason and morality alike revolt. The only verdict which expresses the truth is the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

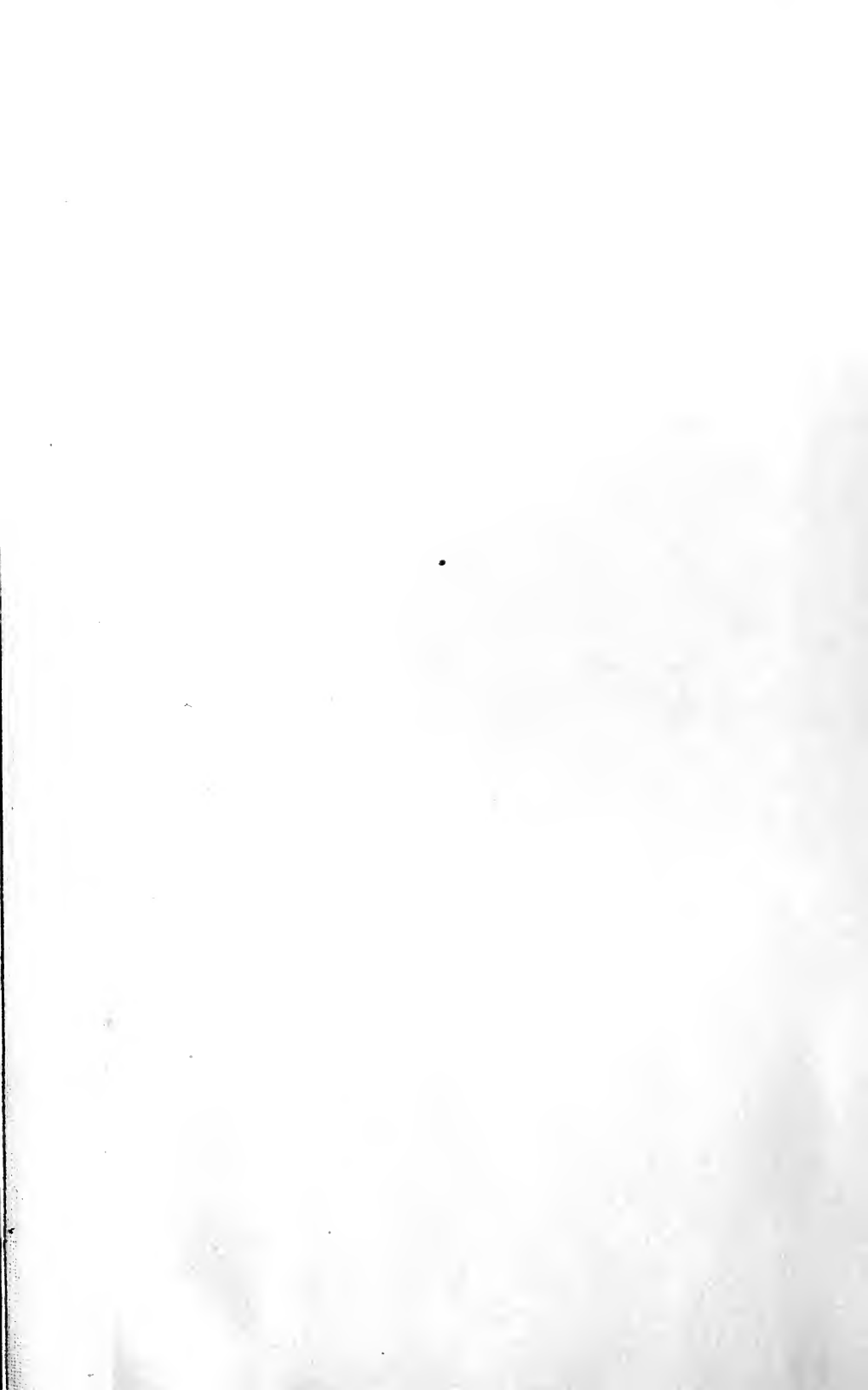
The absurdity of the notion that there is any presumption in the case of a man brought before a jury to be tried for the commission of a crime may be seen in this way. A presumption is merely a probability derived from the observed facts of life. It is an inference "drawn by a process of probable reasoning," "affirmative or disaffirmative," of a fact in the absence of proof or until proof can be attained. For example, there is a presumption that a man who was last seen several years ago in an open boat far out at sea, in a violent storm, and has never been heard from since, is dead. There is a presumption that when a letter has been sent through the mail, it has reached its destination. There is a presumption that a child born in wedlock is legitimate. No sensible man can deny the correctness of these inferences, because he knows that ninety-nine children out of a hundred born in wedlock are legitimate; ninety-nine letters out of a hundred sent by mail do reach their destination; ninety-nine out of a hundred who disappear in a storm at sea in an open boat are drowned. Therefore, in the absence of proof, he would say that there was preponderance of probability in favor of these conclusions. But no man could possibly say that, in the case of any one arrested on suspicion of a criminal act, there was a probability that it had not been committed by the suspected person. Whence could such an inference arise? Not certainly from a comparison of the number of cases in which such a conclusion would be correct with those in which it would be incorrect. Indeed it seems much more probable that, in a majority of cases, persons arrested for crime are guilty.

Nevertheless, the fact of the existence of the presumption in the common law that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty, must be admitted; and the presumption has imbedded itself in and become part of the mental constitution of the English race. In America, especially, the legal tone given to public opinion by the old school of constitutional politicians gave vague maxims of this sort a powerful hold on the national mind, the more so in the case of the presumption in favor of innocence that it harmonized with the prevailing feeling of *laissez faire* and general sympathy with everybody. The number of swindling contractors, disreputable lawyers, and degraded politicians who have triumphed over their enemies within the past few years by the simple fact that nothing had been "proved" against them is incalculable. Although every one knew in many of these cases that the wealth of the contractors, lawyers, and politicians in question could not be accounted for except by fraudulent profits, corruption of judges, or the purchase and sale of votes, nevertheless, every man was presumed to be innocent, and in fact was innocent, until he was proved to be guilty. At last a case happened in which the point of sheer absurdity was reached. Fisk, who, after years spent in open thieving, during which he had on one occasion confessed that he was a "robber," and had "sold his soul," and on another had broadly hinted that he kept murderers in his employ, and who was known throughout the world as the most notorious and shameless rascal of this century, finally found a defender in Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who gravely announced his opinion, on the strength of the common-law presumption, that Fisk ought to be considered an innocent man. This was a little beyond the endurance even of a common-law-abiding people, and certainly in New York the old presumption has never had such a good standing since.

But the presumption still exists in the minds of lawyers and judges, and it stands very clearly in the way of the good administration of criminal justice in a certain class of cases. In the case of "habitual criminals"—criminals who commit offences, not, as most people do, from a sudden im-

pulse of passion, but as a means of getting their living—there is clearly a very strong presumption that, when found in their usual "beats," they are there for no good purpose. There are thousands of these "professionals" in London, in New York, in Boston, and every other great city; the police know them, and generally know what they are about. But they come and go in hotels, cars, and steamboats, prowl about the streets at night, or have mysterious interviews with "fences" and "brokers," comparatively free from danger; they may be arrested, to be sure, but, unless their connection with some particular crime can be proved, they return to their predatory lives. A bill is now pending in the State of New York for the regulation of this class of criminals, founded on recent English legislation, the design of the bill being to make the presumption in the case of habitual criminals favor guilt instead of innocence. If the bill passes, it will be possible to arrest in public places any one known to be an "habitual criminal," take him into court, and, instead of being obliged to prove something against him, oblige him to prove that he was, at the time of his arrest, engaged in some lawful business, or be sent to prison. It is easy to see what the effect of such a law rigidly enforced would be. To give a good account of himself is exactly what the habitual criminal, whether he be thief, pickpocket, burglar, or "fence," or "broker," cannot do; he would be driven either into less dangerous occupations, or be kept in an almost perpetual confinement, or else be forced to change his place of residence.

We may say, in conclusion, that while it is never well to treat a serious subject with levity, still it is not easy to avoid a smile at the idea of the introduction of this bill in Albany. There must be something ludicrous in it to members of the New York Legislature themselves. Almost any thoughtful member might enjoy a quiet laugh over the fate which has put into such hands as his the supervision of criminals. It would be very difficult to discriminate, in the forum of morals or of law, between certain classes of "habitual criminals" and certain classes of habitual politicians.





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